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Wanted a boy to learn the printing business. Apply to
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HE WANTED A PERSPECTIVE.

Case of Wrath of a New York Man Against Ally Sloper.

In Harlem there lives a young man, who up to a year ago or less was content to be known merely as a clever and rising business man, a reputation which he was successfully cultivating. Then something or other gave his ambition a twist, and he decided to shine socially. To this end he proceeded to part his mane in the middle, and an exceedingly wide composite part his middle mane made. Next he got his father to set up a stable for him and began to figure as "So-and-so, the well known and popular young whip and society man."

Certain deficiencies of education and training interfered with his ambition in some directions, but his money and horses gave him a certain prestige of which the most evident effect was the acquisition of a manner which his family and friends described as "highfalutin," "cheesy" and "hoopful," according to their various vocabularies. That is why they are making merry over a recent take down inflicted on the young man.

Not long ago he had occasion to make inquiries in regard to the course at a certain collegiate institution in this vicinity, not for himself, as he is several years past the age at which most boys go to college, but for a young relative. His letter was written in characteristic style, not wholly exempt from faults of orthography and rhetoric, but very grandiose, and emphasizing the fact that it beheld the institution to take steps toward securing the honor of the attendance of a member of his family. So little did the dean of the college like the tone of the communication that he tossed it into his scrapbasket without taking the trouble to answer it.

How it came into the hands of a certain student of the college, who knew the writer of the letter, does not appear, but that is what happened. He read it and found in it an injunction, not a request, that there be forwarded at once "a perspective of the school."

Here was the student's chance, and as he is something of a joker he was quick to take it. Getting a catalogue of the college with an illustration, giving a view of the main buildings, he posted the picture on a sheet of the college writing paper. Then he marked across the illustration along the background of the illustration and attached this legend:
"This is the perspective."
Below he appended this notice:

DEAR SIR—Your honored letter just received. In reply I may say that if by "perspective" you mean "prospects" you can obtain what you need in the line of instruction in an ordinary English grammar school. Yours respectfully,
ALLY SLOPER, For the Faculty.

Great was the indignation of the youth when he received this letter. He had never heard of that patron saint of jokers, Ally Sloper, and he sent around among his friends breathing threats of vengeance against the college in general and "that old Sloper" in particular. To several of his acquaintances he showed the note, demanding their sympathy for the blackguardly outrage to which he had been subjected. Their good will went for nothing to restrain him from writing a warlike letter to the president of the college, but not so far as to keep the matter quiet. It has become town talk in Harlem, and so rouse the deadly resentment of the youth with the widely respected name one has only to say to him, "Yours respectfully, Ally Sloper."—New York Sun.

Gentlemen, Fire First.
The opposing forces were within 50 feet of each other, and Lord Charles Hay, advancing in front of his regiment (the English guards), pulled off his hat to the French officers, who politely returned the salute. "Tell your men to fire!" cried Hay. "No," replied the Count of Ancre, "we never fire first." This famous incident is well established by the testimony of those who were present, that it cannot be questioned, but it has been much misconstrued. It was not a display of excessive courtesy, most unbecomingly when the fate of a battle and the lives of soldiers were at stake. It was a rule of tactics, not a bit of rhodomontade, to which Auteroche gave utterance.

In a book called "Mae Reveries," written by Maurice de Saxe, and in which he stated the principles of military tactics, we find this rule laid down with emphasis. When two battalions approach, the one that fires first is beaten. "You are beaten," he says, "if you fire against an enemy approaching with rapidity. Your troop flatters itself that its fire will annihilate the enemy, and when it sees how little effect it has produced it will surely run; the company which has fired is out of countenance when it sees approaching through the smoke those who reserved their fire. In those days of poor guns the number who fell at a discharge was often very small. "I have seen whole detachments which did not fall for men," he says, "and I have never seen enough harm done to arrest an advance." Firing made more noise than it did harm, he continues. It was at the bayonet charge that men were killed, and he who did the killing won the battle.—"France Under Louis XV," by James Brock Perkins.

Please, Some Sugar on It.
An Italian woman knocked on the door of a fashionable flat on Lexington avenue at about dusk, says the New York Commercial. She was accompanied by a curly headed lad of 8 years, with large round eyes and the face of a cherub. The cherub's face was somewhat dirty, however, and his clothes were conspicuous from their many hood patches. When the door was opened, the pair began a voluble appeal in the language of their native land. The impression conveyed was that they were strangers in New York, having arrived recently on a vessel from Genoa. Money was at once forthcoming for the woman, and the kind hearted tenant of the flat brought out a slice of bread and butter for the boy. Up to this point the conversation had been carried on in Italian only, but the lad looked up suddenly and with an unmistakable Bowery accent said, "Say, miss, won't yer put some sugar on it?"

The Baconian Cipher.
"William," said Bacon one day, "I am short. Lend me an X."
"Oh, wisest, etc., of mankind," replied Shakespeare, "I will lend thee just 1. Thou canst add a cipher and make a 10 out of it."
"I will!" muttered the other, ventrally, as he turned away, "and I will afterward put that cipher in your works, old man!"—Chicago Tribune.

The Bulgarians do not go into athletic sports enthusiastically, and with the exception of "horu," the national dance, wrestling is about the only diversion they allow themselves. It is said that at some of the best matches the Bulgarians will stand around the ring without a sound of applause.

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CAREERS FORETOLD.

SOME REMARKABLE PREDICTIONS THAT WERE FULFILLED.

Men Who Achieved Fame Just as It Was Prophesied They Would—But We Must Not Forget That Many Are Called, but Few Are Chosen.

For one prediction that comes true many hundreds fail, of which we never hear. Many a fond mother predicts a professorship or judgeship or bishopric for a favorite son who nevertheless drifts through the world among the crowd of unknown people. For all that sundry remarkable predictions have at various times been uttered which have come true, and yet nothing miraculous has been attributed to them.

Sulla said of Cæsar, when he pardoned him at the earnest entreaty of his friends: "You wish his pardon—I consent, but know that this young man whose life you so eagerly plead for will prove the most deadly enemy of the party which you and I have defended. There is in Cæsar more than a Marius." The prediction was realized.

Cardinal Morton, archbishop of Canterbury, early predicted the future of Sir Thomas More. Pointing to the boy one day, he said to those about him, "That youth will one day be the ornaments of England."

Cardinal Wolsey, though a butcher's son, had an early presentiment of his future eminence. He used to say that if he could but once see the boy, he would introduce himself there. And scarcely had he obtained admission at court, the possessor of a humble benefice, than he did not hesitate to say that "henceforth there was no favor to which he dared not aspire."

At 18, Goethe, according to Cardinal Retz, composed certain reminiscences of early studies, on reading which Richelieu exclaimed, "Here's a dangerous fellow!" Milton in his early writings foreshadowed his great poem, then not matured in his mind. He declared his intention many years before he commenced his task of writing some great poem for posterity, "which the world would not willingly let die."

Mazarin early predicted the brilliant career of Louis XIV. He said of him, "He has in him stuff for four kings." Another time, "He may take the road a little later than others, but he will go much farther."

One day a mason named Barbe said to Mme. de Maintenon, who was at that time the wife of Louis XIV.: "After much trouble a great king will love you, you will reign; but, although at the summit of favor, it will be of no benefit to you." He added some remarkable details, which appeared to cause her some emotion. Her friends called her the prophetess, when the conjurer said to them with the air of a man confident of the truth of what he said, "You will be glad to kiss the hem of her garment then, instead of amusing yourself as her expense."

On the other hand, Louis XIV. once observed to Richelieu and the Duc de Crequi: "Astrology is altogether false. I had my horoscope drawn in Italy, and they told me that after having lived a long time I would fall in love with an old woman, and love her to the end of my days. Is there less likelihood of that?" And, so saying, he burst out laughing. But this did not nevertheless hinder him from marrying Mme. de Maintenon when she was 50 years old. So that both the prediction of the mason and that of the Italian conjurer came true at last.

When Voltaire was engaged in the study of classical learning, the Father Lejay was once very much irritated by the insolence of his pupils, and taking him by the collar shook him roughly, saying: "Wretched youth! You will some day be the standard of detest in France." Father Paul, Voltaire's confessor, did not less correctly divine the future career of his young penitent when he said of him, "This boy is destined by a thirder for celebrity."

Sterne had told an anecdote of what happened to him at Halifax. The schoolmaster had got the ceiling newly whitewashed, and the mischievous boy, mounting the steps almost before the job was completed, dusted with a brush on the ceiling the words, in capital letters, "Lau, Sterne." For this the master cruelly beat him, as displeasure and said, before Sterne, that he would not have the name effaced, seeing that Sterne was a boy of genius and certain to make a reputation in the world.

Let us conclude by adopting the thought of Goethe: "Our desires are the presentiments of the faculties which lie within us—the precursors of those things which we are capable of performing. That which we would be and that which we desire present themselves to our imagination, about us and in the future; we prove our aspiration to an object which we already secretly possess. It is thus that an intense anticipation transforms a real possibility into an imaginary reality. When such a tendency is decided in us, at each stage of our development a portion of our primitive desire accomplishes itself, under favorable circumstances, by direct means and in unfavorable circumstances by some more circuitous route, from which, however, we never fail to reach the straight road again."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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