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NOTICE!

The undermentioned Non Resident Ratepayers of the Parish of Gagetown, County of Queens, Province of New Brunswick, are hereby notified to pay the amount of Rates and Taxes set opposite their names, together with the cost of advertising, 55 cents each, to the undermentioned Collector of Rates and Taxes within two months from the date hereof, otherwise proceedings will be taken to recover the same.

Gagetown, Queens Co., N. B., March 21st, 1898.

T. H. GILBERT,
Collecting J. P.

NON RESIDENT DEFAULTERS' LIST, PARISH OF GAGETOWN, QUEENS CO.

NAME	1892		1893		1894		1895		1896		1897	
	County	Road	County	Road	County	Road	County	Road	County	Road	County	Road
Allingham, Albert	\$0.57	\$0.33	\$0.49	\$0.57	\$0.49	\$0.55
Barrhill, Thomas	1.00
Babbitt, Frederick
Babbitt, John T.
Cass, Mays	2.25	1.05	2.00	1.05	1.05	1.05	1.05	1.05	1.05	1.05	2.14	1.05
Carrigan, John
Cogswell, Calvin
Crothers, T. B.
Estabrooks, Henry A.
Estabrooks, Leander
Forbes, Geo. C.
Hoben, Ruben
Hoben, John
Gannoe, Frederick
Logue, Wm. J.
McKeague, John
Mahoney, Thomas
McCracken, Mrs. John
Miller, James
Norwood, Andrew	1.50
Needles, J. DeVeber
Robinson, T. W.	1.15
Scott, Charles L.
Scott, Mrs. Bessie	6.20	1.55	5.50	1.55
Sutton, Wesley	1.50
Turney, Odmar T.
Turney, C. H.
Trustees Late Daniel and Charles Smith	18.25	3.75	16.25	3.00	8.25	2.10
Van buskirk, John P.
Watson, Charles
Watson, Franklin

R. DEB. SCOTT.

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Poetry.

CHEER UP PATRIOTS.

Cheer up patriots! see the war cloud
Overspreads the sky,
Courage! aid is surely coming,
Uncle Sam is nigh.

Chorus:—
Long the strife has been, and bloody,
Long ye've starved and bled,
On your foe now Freedom's champion
Comes to put a head.

Long your grief and woe, he's pitied,
Now has come his chance
To uphold the cause of Freedom,
With the sword and lance.

Long the Don has jeered at Justice,
But to you he gave deliverance
When he wrecked the "Maine."

Old John Bull does smile approval,
Saying, "go in Sam
I'll little scrap will umpire
I'll their eyes, too, d—um.

Servile louts may censure Sammy,
And hurray for Spain,
But their curses, prayers, and wishes,
All will be in vain.

'Tis not long till Butcher Blanco
"Blacked" will surely be,
And the flag of Independence
Waves o'er Cuba free.

Chorus:—
So hold out a little longer,
Soon will fall the blow,
That avenges well your Wallace,
Gallant Macco.

JOHN DUNHAM.

THE LOSS OF THE ALVIN.

(Composed by George Durst.)

'Twas on a Sunday afternoon,
The haze obscured the sky,
And the dark clouds rolling quickly up
Warned all the storm was nigh,
The village people hurrying home
From service on that day,
Did chance to see

A gallant ship far out upon the sea,
Meanwhile the storm had closer drawn,
And rushing o'er the deep,
Tore up the bosom of the main
In a tempestuous sweep,

Then onward like a monster,
Sat free from bond and chain,
All living beings upon that ship
Would suffer it was plain.

Oh! see her reel before it
As if she would go over,
And from her masts the canvas
In shreds are quickly torn,
And see the billows rising
As if they'd draw her down
Beneath their angry surface,
But still she plunges on.

The sailors to the rigging
Are clinging in despair,
They know their time is coming
As onward through the gloom
Their ship is driving toward the reef
And flying toward their doom.
Of the signal guns are fired
But little hope have they.

That aid will ever reach them
Out on the stormy way,
Yet onward with each billow
They're quickly swept along
Toward the reef, the cruel reef,
Where other ships went down,
Oh! see she has struck on a hidden rock,
Her masts goes by the sea.

Oh! hear the cry of the sailors
As they sink and rise no more
Where the waves recede, her hull is seen,
But a short way from the shore
Then the next she is gone, and ne'er is
seen no more,
The storm had passed and the ocean
placid lay

But the beach is strewn with the wreck,
age and dead
Of the ill-fated German bark.

THE APPLE BLOSSOM.

The apple tree is dressed in bloom,
Its blossoms they are gay,
But so is youth, but soon the tomb
Will hide it all away.

The apple blossom's life is short
Not long with us they stay,
But soon from off the tree they drop,
And quickly do decay.

So life is short for every one,
Who on this earth doth dwell
The fair of form in youth may be,
Death soon will rob it of its bloom
Then down into the dark cold tomb
Where the hungry worms will soon de-
vour

It must be laid away.
Now you who chance those lines to read,
Remember what I say
The young you are
You know not when you must be called
away:
It may be when you are at work
Or when you are at play,
This on your mind I would impress
For death will surely come to all of us
We know not when the angel from on
high

Will strike us with his flaming sword
Are you prepared to die?
Modiste—"What style of sleeve would
you prefer, Miss De Fashion?" "What is
the correct thing this season—too tight or
too loose?"

TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

Contributed by the Woman's
Christian Temperance Union
of Hampstead, N. B.

Rise up ye Women that are at Ease
w. c. t. u.

In Toronto recently this question was
discussed by Chaplain Seales and Chan-
cellor Sims—from different standpoints,
but each brought out this fact, that there
are more victims of the drink traffic who
never drink than of the actual drinkers
themselves.

Dr. Seales gave some very pathetic in-
cidents in his own personal experience.
His father was a drinking man, and prob-
ably the most vivid remembrance of his
life was, that at the early age of ten years
he saw all that was in their humble home
under seizure for debt, in consequence of
that fact, and his hard-working and God-
fearing mother sitting down with her el-
bows on the table crying as though her
heart would break at the immediate pros-
pect of their home being thus broken up
and the family being driven out into the
world. His little effects of clothing were
tied up in a small cotton handkerchief,
and he was then compelled to walk out
and face the world, to enter into the bat-
tle of life as best he could, under such
terribly disadvantageous circumstances,
and for such terribly unjust reasons.

From a distant hill he looked back
on the broken-up home, and on the
broken-hearted mother, and with such
feelings in regard to the drink traffic and
those engaged in that dreadful business
as have made him an earnest Prohibition-
ist ever since. For one victim of the
drink traffic in that family who did drink
there were several whose cup of earthly
bitterness was also great who never
drank!

Dr. Sims referred to the important
fact of the very able paper of Dr. Croth-
ers recently, who states that, after years
of study of the great question of Inebri-
ety, he is convinced that eighty per cent
of all that unfortunate class owe
their misfortune to heredity, and the
most prolific cause of all this is the mod-
erate drinking habits of the fathers.

From this cause thousands and tens of
thousands constantly go out in life with
unbalanced mental and physical organi-
zations, and are thus handicapped in all
their life-long battles, and so become an
easy prey to the allurements of drink,
and narcotics, and disease, and a score of
evils that too often cause them to be
wrecks, and burdens on society.

It is just in this way that many of our
jails are being supplied with criminals,
our hospitals with patients, our reform-
atories with inmates, and our asylums
with victims—a veritable millstone of
burden on the necks of all the taxpay-
ers—and who but for these indirect cur-
ses of the drink traffic would never have
found their way there at all. Surely this
large class are far more to be pitied than
blamed in their misfortune. A share of
all that blame, too, must rest on those
who are consenting parties to the con-
tinued legal existence of a traffic well
known to be productive of just such re-
sults.

How can the innocent be properly pro-
tected against the crimes of the guilty by
laws that continue to sanction and pro-
tect a tree that bears such fruits? Of
what practical value are governments and
laws unless they afford just such protec-
tion?

A report has been recently published
of the Medical Superintendent of the In-
sane Asylum at Marseilles, France, in
which he points out that in consequence
of the increase of the drinking habits of
that locality, the present asylum accom-
modation must needs be increased, and
also the significant fact that from the
same cause hundreds of the school chil-
dren there to-day are not capable of be-
ing educated. He raises the alarm that
unless some change comes many of the
rising generation will be of the low intel-
lectual level of so many well known
idiotic children of the inhabitants of the
Alps.

Dr. Workman, late of the Toronto In-
sane Asylum, said: "We have here
more inmates, the offspring of drinkers
than we have of the drinkers themselves.
You may make use of the fact as you
like," he also related, at the same time,
a painful incident of a man and his wife,
both being brought to that institution.
"I suppose," he said, "you would class
them both victims of the drink traffic,
though she never drank at all. Her
reason gave way under the burden of
anxiety, disgrace, abuse and poverty,
brought on by his drinking, and, I think,
hers is the more hopeless case of the
two."

The Prohibition movement is a neces-
sity for the protection of the tens of
thousands of innocent victims, against
the thousands of drinkers. Can they
possibly be protected in any other way?
Many other ways have been tried, and
things surely demonstrate.

"The fathers have eaten sour grapes,
and the children's teeth are set on edge,"
applies as truly to the result of the drink
traffic to-day as it did to the proverb of
the land of Edom referred to by the pro-
phet Ezekiel. The iniquities of the
fathers are being visited on the children
to the third and fourth generation. Many
of these fathers of such children were
not drunkards at all, but moderate drink-
ers. Many of them have not even in-

poorished their homes, or ill-treated
their families. Many of them, probably,
never once imagined that their convivial
habits would prove such a terrible legacy
to their posterity. One of the worst
young inebriates that I have known was
the son of a much respected and wealthy
father, a model citizen in the estimation
of the community, and yet it seemed well
enough understood that the poor fellow's
downfall was the result of heredity, ex-
tending over two generations back of
moderate drinking.

Drunkenness is not the only evil of
drinking by any means. The foregoing
facts have been mentioned in vain if they
have not conveyed that idea. Our license
laws might, possibly, be so framed and
so rigidly enforced that actual drunken-
ness might be stamped out—a bare pos-
sibility but not probable—but even then
such terrible evils as have just been re-
ferred to, the cry of which surely goes up
to heaven, would not be averted. Mod-
erate drinking, as well as drunkenness,
has its victims, direct and indirect.—
Christian Guardian.

Good Milk.

To make good butter one must have
good milk, and this comes only from
healthy cows, fed on good, sweet pasture
or on good, sweet grain and other forage,
and which have pure water to drink and
pure air to breathe. Certain obnoxious
weeds—leeks, wild onions, rag-weed, and
others—give the milk and the butter
made from it a decidedly bad flavor; so
also does damaged, rotten silage, mouldy
corn fodder or hay, and many damaged
grains. Impure water has its effect, both
on the health of the animal and on the
quality of the milk. In many pastures
are seen small pools in which the cows
stand during the heat of the day to rid
themselves of flies. The water in these
becomes filthy and is kept stirred up by
the movements of the cattle, and where,
as is often the case, it is the only water
obtainable, the cows are compelled to
drink it. This can usually be avoided by
fencing the pond and keeping the cattle
out. If this water is needed for the cat-
tle it can be drawn out by a pipe laid on
the lower side into a trough from which
the cows can drink.

In a close, crowded, ill ventilated
stable, where there is too little air space
for each animal, the air becomes foul from
the exhalations, and this affects the milk
as well as the health of the animals. The
remedy in this case is to provide more
room for the stock and better ventilation.
The stable should be kept as clean as
possible and the cows well bedded and
clean. The utmost cleanliness should be
observed in milking. All dirt should be
brushed from the cow before beginning to
milk, and it is best to dampen the udder
and flank of the cow, so as to prevent the
just and dirt from falling into the milk.
The milk should be strained immediately
after milking and not allowed to stand in
the cow stable any longer than is abso-
lutely necessary.

Horse Radish for Home Use.

All horse radish should be got out of
the ground as soon as the frost is fairly
out. That for home use is best preserv-
ed by grating finely while fresh, putting
the pulp in bottles with wide mouths,
and corking closely to keep out air. It
is very difficult to keep the roots in warm
weather. Those kept dry will become
dry and worthless. Those put in sand
with any moisture will start to grow,
and the root will become acrid and of
poor flavor.

Calisthenics for Girls.

Every girl ought to be able to let her
muscles meet at the back, though few can
manage it. No girl should use dumbbells
without skilled advice as to the weight
they should be. Much harm has been
done by overworking the muscles in cal-
isthenic exercises, and there are so called
professors of the art who do more harm
than good. Sometimes the weight of the
heads is too great, and very often the ex-
ercises are such as exhaust the strength
of the girls.

Delicate girls suffer very much from
overdoing even ordinary exercise, and the
very strongest must feel their strength
impaired by the lavish use of any one set
of muscles. The best time for practicing
these exercises is immediately after the
morning tub. They improve the circula-
tion and prevent the tendency in stoop-
ing, which almost every one experiences
who never does any gymnastic work,
brace the muscles, benefit the figure and
impart the graceful, erect carriage which
should distinguish every athletic and
sport-loving English woman. Only ten
minutes should be the limit.

Robertson's Point.

The weather is quite pleasant now.
Charles Robertson has finished hauling
his cordwood.
F. Taylor is doing quite a business
making honey and sugar this spring.
Charles Gunter injured his back while
cutting a sill for his new house and was
laid up for a week, but he is out around
again. He has the house nearly com-
pleted, it is four story the largest in the
neighborhood.
Edward Darost has twenty cords of
steamboat wood on the bank that he cut
and hauled this winter.
Miss Pearl White of this place is teach-
ing school at Union Settlement.
The ice is about out of the foot of the
lake.
The wild geese are scarce this spring.

John G. Adams.

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