

# POOR DOCUMENT

### Correspondence.

#### Spicy News Items Gathered by Gazette Correspondents.

##### Hampton.

March 4.—The weather since March came in has been delightful and the lumbermen are taking advantage of it by hauling in large quantities of logs, which find a ready market at Flewelling's mills.

The new tin factory has commenced to manufacture and will ship some large orders in the near future.

Hampton is to have a new druggist in the person of Thos. Donald of St. John. This place has long felt the want of a first class drug store. We wish Mr. Donald every success.

Mr. R. B. Smith has purchased the house and lot owned by Miss Annie Barnes. After extensive repairs Mr. Smith will move to the Station.

Mr. C. K. Leonard, jr., artist, has taken the shop in connection with Leonard Hotel. Mr. Leonard intends building a new shop in the spring.

Mr. Michael Livingston has secured another fine draft horse. As a rule the last horse a man owns is the best, at all events in this case we think the saying true.

Farmers and speculators along the I. C. R. are quite indignant at the manner in which the Government has advanced the freight rates. We can see no reason why Mr. Blair should do this unless he is tired of the position he holds and requires a rest.

Mr. Geo. Wetmore agent for the Singer sewing machine is still on the war path.

Dr. J. N. Smith has just closed a contract for the construction of seven new tenement houses. The Doctor is bound to make Hampton a city.

The death of Mary J., wife of A. J. Sproul occurred at the private Hospital St. John on Monday last. Mrs. Sproul underwent an operation for cancer which terminated in her death. She leaves a husband and one daughter who have the sympathy of the entire community in their affliction.

##### PERSONAL.

Conductor Weir was in town on Tuesday.

Mr. Bruce McDermott of Gagetown was in town last week visiting friends.

The friends of Mr. H. Pickett are pleased to learn that he is improving.

Capt. David Coy drove to Upper Gagetown last Thursday.

Mrs. Henry Pierce, who has been ill for some time is not expected to recover.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ross, intend renting a house and will remain here in the future.

Miss Emma has left for Cambridge.

Mr. Rufus Henderson is soon to join the benedictines.

Mr. Watson Fenwick left for Digby yesterday to visit friends.

##### Scriptural Reading.

"After this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes."

Rev. 7:9.

John, the beloved disciple of our Lord, and then His apostle for the name of the master and the preaching of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, was banished to, or on the lonely Isle of Patmos, where Jesus sent His angel and revealed to him wonderful things which should take place or come to pass, which a great part of the vision of John, the revealer, has taken place or is coming to pass as the years go by, and what he saw and testified he was commanded to write referring to the future judgment; and hearing the number of the many different tribes that were sealed, he says after this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes. Now Jesus had made it possible that all men might be saved, but not that all will be saved, though many have taken the benefit of His mercy and shed blood, though believing in Him to the saving of their souls. And these are those referred to in the vision; therefore not only a few in this Christian land shall be clothed in white robes.

But our Father in heaven has a numberless family here on earth made of all tribes, tongues and people. The Lord will not hear the prayer, save me and my wife, John and his wife, us four and no more. For God so loved the world that whosoever believeth in Him should be of that company clothed in white robes. So God's children are of a certain part of all nations, kindred, peoples and tongues, and of all the different denominations believing in Christ the Lord as their great head, therefore all go to make up the militant church of Christ. God's people are true believers in Jesus, irrespective of the name or creed. We must not think God has made a mistake because He did not make us all just alike, in every sense, in looks, understanding, and of different gifts, because great is the mystery of godliness. All do not see or understand His holy work alike. If we did, and if all who are trusting in Jesus as the foundation of their hope, and all of the same mind in regard to the sovereignty of God and the accountability of man, and if all the different names worshipping God throughout all the Christianized part of world, were of one body in belief in the

ordinances which our Lord has instituted for His people to observe, methinks there would be many more vacant seats in our churches today than there are under all existing differences. Are our ideas and minds so narrow contracted as to think that the gospel ship is sailing by without captain or rudder? Jesus, the great mariner of the universe, is at the helm, and will gather all His believing family of all nations, and kindreds, and peoples, and tongues and clothe them with white robes as an emblem of the purity of those washed in His own precious blood. The great head of the church, doubtless, is satisfied with all these things as they are. Or He would order them otherwise. And if so why should we complain if some have greater knowledge of God than others, what have they that they did not receive?

Now, if all who believe in Jesus as their Saviour were of one body, though divided in different church houses, allow me to ask where would the interest be? For we say that is everybody's business is nobody's business, then where is the anxiety for the welfare or support of the church. In a literal sense—our families as they grow up leave their homes, which is as natural as life, and make homes for themselves, and are expected to have more care for their new home than strangers or even the dearest friends of the old home, which is reasonable and right. If not so, such homes would go down. So it is with our different church houses; we are naturally more anxious and do more in the name of the Master. And if we do not look after our own household, it is said we are worse than infidels, not despising others that are not identified with us, but as we have opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially those of the household of faith.

Paul says I am made all things to all men that I might by all means save some. We should never turn a deaf ear to the Macedonia cry; but always be ready to lend a helping hand for the furtherance of God's cause in this world. Jesus says other sheep I have which are not of this fold; whether referring to Jews or Gentiles—them must I also bring. He is no respecter of persons. But all we who fear God, not as we would fear the treachery of an enemy, but fear to offend Him, dishonor or disobey Him, and work-eth righteousness are accepted of Him. And He will clothe them with a white robe of His own righteousness. If you and I sat out for Heaven and immortal glory by way of any of the different church organizations, with Jesus as leader, on arriving there we would not be questioned as to what way we came. Jesus says "I am the way, no man cometh unto the Father but by Me." There is little or no reason in the unbeliever yet to such an one Jesus says come and let us regard together. Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as wool; though they be red like crimson they shall be white as snow.

T. E. BARBIT, Cambridge.

Gibson, March 7th, 1898.

##### Cambridge.

March 8.—Queens County District Lodge I. O. G. T. convened with Queens Own lodge in the Temperance Hall at the Narrows, on Saturday, the 6th inst. Although the day was stormy there was a very large representation present from the lodges of the county.

At 7:30 p. m. there was a large number present when the following program was successfully carried out:

Singing, by choir.

Reading of Scripture, by Rev. A. B. Macdonald.

Prayer, by Rev. C. W. Townsend.

Singing, by choir.

Speech, by Rev. C. W. Townsend.

Singing, by choir.

Speech, by Rev. A. B. Macdonald.

Singing, by choir.

Recitation, by Miss Dana Dykeman.

Speech, by M. C. Macdonald, M. D.

Singing, by choir.

Essay, by Ernest M. Straight.

The programme was good but special mention should be made of Mr. Straight's essay. This essay showed that Mr. Straight had given much time and thought to prepare it.

The many friends of Mrs. Mary White will be pleased to learn that she is recovering from a severe attack of grippe.

Miss Melinda Straight has been quite ill, but is some better.

Amos A. Wilson, barrister of St. John, passed through here on his way home from Gagetown, on Wednesday, the 2nd inst.

Miss Ella McAlpine, of Upper Hampstead, is the guest of Miss Ollie Merritt.

The following persons from Kings Co. were the guests of Mr. James McAlpine, last week, Miss Mary Musgrove, Miss Fenwick, Miss Killam, Miss McLeod, Mr. Musgrove and Mr. Killam.

Mr. Howard Mott spent Sunday at the Meadowslands.

Mr. Wilfred Robinson, of Big Cove, spent Sunday at Macdonald's Corner.

Mr. Alfred Slipp, wife and daughter, of Hampstead, were the guests of Mr. Jas. McAlpine on the 7th inst.

Mr. A. Gordon Boyne, of St. John, is visiting Mr. John Robinson, jr.

The members of the W. B. M. A. S. will hold their annual missionary meeting on Thursday evening, the 10th inst., in the Baptist church, at the Narrows.

"A Liquid Paradox."—"Any soft drinks?"

"Only hard cider."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### Some Dogs of Ours.

DEAR FRIENDS.—These letters to you will be just devoted to a little talk about those faithful canine friends of ours. I know that these poorly put together scribbles of mine will bring back sad as well as pleasant memories of your youth when life was all before us with its joys and sorrows, the sorrows we knew would surely banish with our increased wisdom and the friendly assistance of time.

Prot is the first I will talk about, as he has so lately left us to enter dogs paradise and we are still mourning his loss. I know some of you have never saw him, so I will just give a brief description of his appearance. A little brown eyed, brown curly coated dog, which in the torrid days of August became a faded yellow and gave him the appearance of a very common cur, which he was not either by blood or taste, but had very aristocratic possibilities. He also possessed a very sharp bark and when the occasion required it was incessant, also very sharp teeth which many a tramp could testify to. I like stopping just here to moralize over these dogs of ours and dogs in general. What can be more faithful and true than the love and devotion of a dog, no matter whether you live in a lowly cabin or mansion grand or your board be scanty or plentiful, you still have their devoted love and faithful companionship. Byron speaks of the honest watch dog's bark, which means so much to those who are living alone and hear in the quiet of the night the bark of the honest watch dog, who would guard his masters house with his life if need be. Well Prot was all this and a great deal more to us. I never knew a dog with so jealous a disposition with the exception of a few friends he was jealous of all who came to our house.

As regards children he hated them cordially, particularly if they caressed or were at all attentive to them, and a bit of baby talk to an infant was dangerous. The very chickens who came to our door to be fed we had to be careful and not call them by pet names. If a precocious chick or gosling came into the world ahead of time and the mother was tardy in hatching the rest, those youthful birds were in daily peril as Prot did not care to have such pets about the place. As regards kittens he never allowed them many hours of life, one old wise cat of ours had her kittens up a life without eggs. Prot, nothing daunted, scrambled and climbed his way up, despatched the kittens, then dropped them down, then scratched his way down where he reached the agonized mother who was with her dead kittens. He then carried the pain in triumph away and buried them as neatly. Some relatives of ours who had a very intelligent dog named Prot was rather afraid. This dog had all the comforts of life, but on one occasion when his master was ill and the household in the care of very unkind servants poor Pop, for such was his name, fared badly, they tied him so he could not hunt a bone for himself, and the poor dog was on the verge of starvation, then Prot came to the rescue, broke the rope, and bringing home poor starving Pop to dine, stood by with glistening eyes while his hungry friend devoured the dinner, and a good dinner too for Prot was rather given to gluttony and always had stacks of provision to backle. The entertaining of Pop at home went on for some time until the servants again tied him with a stronger rope, then Prot was obliged to carry the meal to him which occupied a greater part of the day as he had to crawl thro' a hole in the fence and it was all done with great patience and care. After a time Pop's master recovered his health, the servants were dismissed, and better days dawned for Pop and Prot was at leisure again to eat as much as he liked. I remember on one occasion a carriage passing accompanied by a large dog, who seemed annoyed at the persistent barking of Prot and stopped to give our poor little dog a sound drubbing rolled and dragged him in the filth of the street and left the poor little creature bitten, bruised and breathless. Prot gathered himself up and called upon Pop, who was a courageous fighter, and evidently told him the whole story, for the two dogs paddled the street the live long day and just before night the same carriage again passed our gate with the same dog following, then Pop advancing upon the scene tackled the dog thrashing him soundly when the stranger finally got free he went on his way limping and sore and possibly a wiser dog. Prot was with us nearly a year before we heard the sound of his bark, so used to entreat of him to bark if only a little, but he found tone at last, when my sister left home for a short time and he was not allowed to accompany her, he barked the rest of the day and all thro' the night, my brother's shouts from the window had no effect, and not till the dawn when we called him in did he stop. Prot was much attached to our eldest brother, who had concluded to finally settle in another country, Prot took his departure much to heart, retired for some hours under the bed of the room lately vacated by my brother, refusing all food. He also bore a sorrowful countenance for some days after. I could tell you many anecdotes of this funny little dog, but you might think me tiresome and I have not other dogs to talk about. So I will close with a sigh for the dogs we have lost and the days that are flown.

Prince the first was a very ordinary looking dog with a straight black coat and an uncertain colored eye which might at times have a look of shot silk but never

that of a coward, just the style of a dog you would expect to see busking on the banking of a log cabin and then his lean, wiry form never gave credit to the bountiful meals or the extra surreptitious bits which were slyly taken from the pantry by some of the youthful members of our household. Well, Prince the first served all the good things that he got. A more faithful watch dog never lived. How often dear mother had to listen to the angry description of some passing pedestrian who had been suddenly bitten as he passed to near the gate or some unfortunate tramp would be chased to the door with chattering teeth or torn clothing. Mother would make apologies and express astonishment at the strange conduct of the dog, and explain in her delightful way the reason why she tolerated the creature "because he was so fond of the children and they of him." Poor mother's pains had frequently to be the healing salve with often food and raiment thrown in.

(To Be Continued.)

### Farm and Household.

#### Butter Making on the Farm.

The first consideration of successful butter making on the farm is cleanliness. First by keeping the cows in a clean stable, otherwise the milk will taste of the stable, i. e., if stabled at all.

Second, all vessels used in connection with butter making should be kept perfectly clean.

Next the duration of time of letting the milk set, should be in summer about eighteen hours, in winter about thirty hours.

Milk should never set too long or a bitter mould will form on the cream which will also make the butter have a bitter unpleasant taste. Then when the milk has set until ready to skim it should be at once skimmed and as soon as the cream has become ripe, it should be churned.

Cream should never set longer than twenty-four hours at most. After it is ripe the sooner it is churned after ripening the sweeter the butter will be, and I think cream churned before souring makes the sweetest of butter. But I do not think it profitable to churn cream sweet.

First, because so much butter cannot be obtained from sweet cream as from sour or ripe cream.

Second, because it takes so much work to churn sweet cream.

The churn should be scalded and rinsed before churning and washed at once after churning, and kept well aired. The color of butter depends on the feed and the temperature in which the cream is kept. The feed in summer should be grass, of which blue grass produces the finest color, and in winter a mixture of bran, corn fodder and clover hay will produce the finest color from my experience.

As above stated the color of butter depends on the temperature in which it should be about 58 degrees until a short time before churning which should then be raised to about 64 degrees.

I am bothered in winter frequently by whitecaps or dried cream, which may be prevented by laying papers under the milk covers. But if any occur remove by washing the butter through two waters which are near the same temperature of the cream.

I use the barrel churn, which is so nice to wash the butter in and leaves it in such grain. After butter has been churned twenty four hours always rework it to make it free from water which has formed from the salt dissolving; neither will there be any appearance of salt grains on the outside of the butter.

Salt the cows every morning if you want the butter to come quick.

#### Dairy and Creamery.

About this time of year there is difficulty in ripening cream. A starter should be used in such a case. You can make one yourself out of pure fresh milk, simply kept warm enough to sour and ripen quickly and naturally, or there are commercial starters of good quality that you can buy.

At the New Hampshire dairy convention the dairy butter that took sweepstakes prize was made from pasteurized cream, and one of the commercial butter culture starters was used to ripen it. At Minnesota dairymen's convention the butter that took first prize was also made from pasteurized cream. Still we don't know about this pasteurizing idea. We claim that where immaculate cleanliness is observed in the care of milk and cream and the making of butter there is no need of pasteurization. We are sure that fact will bear us out in this assertion.

This is the time to breed cows to give you a full flow of milk next winter. A cow is as sensitive as a human being in her nerves and affections. If two cows that like each other and have been together for several years in pasture and in stall go separated, they will both fret and shrink in milk for a time till they in some measure forget. If they are kindly treated, they will become as fond of their owners as did our horse would be.

Professor Hoeker's rule for determining whether a calf will make a good cow: Measure with the eye the distance down the ball, about halfway down from the pump, as it drops straight down to the rear line of the thigh. The greater the distance between those two points and the more curving the thigh the better the cow.

Do not work butter too much. The butter workers that were once so popular have in many places been discarded, because they punched and squeezed the product too much and destroyed its grain. Results show that the least possible manipulation of butter there is, the finer it is. Some high class creameries wash and salt the butter in the churn and then pack it not using the worker at all.

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