

## LETTER WRITING.

The following are the letters which were written by Arlie Dickie, John Palmer, Misses Annie Dickie, Winfred Babbitt, and Pearl Peters in competition for the best letter writing for which prizes were offered at the Grammar School closing.

ARLIE DICKIE.

SALISBURY, Rhodesia,  
March 10, 1899.

My dear Nephew:

I know I should have written sooner but as we have had a considerable amount of drill and patrol work lately, I really had no time. I was very much pleased to see, by your letter, that you won the prize, for running in your school sports. I believe I was more pleased at that, than if you had won a prize for classics or mathematics, for between ourselves, I always thought more of athletic sport than of books when I was a boy.

The Transvaal question is not near settled yet. The Uitlanders, who on the whole have been very badly treated by "Om Paul," have the entire sympathy of the British element in this country. Some of our fellows are just spoiling for a crack at the Boers, but if war does break out they will find it no child's play.

Since I wrote last I have had quite an exciting adventure. About two weeks ago Dr. Regan, our regimental surgeon, and I rode out to Bengula to shoot a couple of lions, who were destroying the flocks of the natives. Bengula is a fair-sized native village about twenty-five miles north of Salisbury. Starting early in the morning we arrived at Bengula before noon. Having eaten our dinner, the Dr. proposed going out and shooting some buffaloes. Accordingly mounting our horses we set off, and soon came up with a herd of six buffaloes. Dismounting we each selected a victim and then fired. Both animals fell, mine stone dead, while the Dr.'s being only stunned soon regained its feet and dashed away. Hastily remounting Regan gave chase but not for long, for the buffalo soon dashed into a neighboring swamp. Regan, who is a trifle short sighted, did not see the swamp, and the result was that he and his horse parted company. When I galloped up I found the horse standing at the edge of the swamp, and Regan buried head and shoulders in the swamp with his long legs waving about like danger signals. Leaping from my horse I seized hold of his feet and pulled him out. He began scooping the mud out of his mouth, ears, and neck with his fingers, and muttering maledictions at his long-suffering horse, while I simply roared at the ridiculous figure he cut. His hat remained in the swamp, and from the crown of his head almost to his waist he was coated with black slimy mud. After he had scraped the worst of the mud off, we remounted and rode back to the village, and sent a native out to bring in the head and some of the flesh of the animal which I had killed. After supper the Dr. and I lay outside the hut smoking and chatting until the moon rose. We then picked up our rifles and went out to the cattle kraal to wait for the lions. We took up our position near a path that led to the kraal, and down which the lions usually came. We had a weary wait of about four five hours, but at last our patience was rewarded, for about midnight we heard a snapping of twigs, and shortly afterwards a lion and a lioness came trotting down the path.

Cooking our rifles we waited until they were within fifteen yards, and then I gave a shrill whistle. Both beasts came to a dead stop, and at that very instant we fired. Regan at the lioness, I at the lion. The lioness fell without hardly a struggle, but the lion, being only wounded, uttered a terrible roar and charged. We both fired again but without effect, for in another moment he alighted at our feet. Springing on Regan he knocked him down, and then commenced to maul him. Just then catching sight of me, he left Regan and sprang at me. I threw down my empty rifle and drew my knife. Throwing myself on one side I managed to dodge his fore-paws, and at that very moment plunged my knife into his side. He tried to wheel around, but staggered and fell dead. Regan scrambled to his feet and I found to my great joy, that with the exception of a few scratches and bruises he was uninjured.

We then set to work and skinned the lions. When we returned to the village the inhabitants almost went wild with joy. After breakfast we saddled up and rode back to Salisbury, well pleased with our success. As soon as my lion skin is tanned, I shall send it to you. They make excellent floor rugs.

I shall have to close now, as I hear the bugles sounding for drill. Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain,

Yours Uncle,  
CAPT. BERTRAND CECIL.

JOHN PALMER.  
GAGETOWN, N. B.,  
June 10th, 1899.

Dear Friend Jim:

I received your letter on the 1st inst. and was very glad to hear of your promotion, to the private secretaryship of Hon. William Patterson, Minister of Customs for the Dominion of Canada.

By your letter I surmised that you had

grave doubt of being able to hold your lucrative position very long on account of the threat made by the United States, of disallowing Canadian produce to enter their markets if the Alaskan Boundary Question was not settled satisfactory to them. If this threat were carried out there would be less work for that department of the Cabinet, hence, some of the secretaries would be discharged.

The past disputes which have been settled by arbitration, have, according to our views, been unjust to Great Britain simply because the English appointed men from England who had but a vague idea of British rights to the disputed territory and therefore could not impress clearly upon the minds of the arbitrators their rights. While on the other hand the United States appointed competent men who were familiar with the question, and could easily deceive the careless Englishmen, who at that time looked upon Canada as rather a burden instead of a source of food supply.

Thus I getting the better of these disputes by arbitration and by gaining brilliant victories over the Spaniards in 1898 have made our Republican neighbors very boastful as well as avaricious and now think that they can force proud England to comply with their demands. But the times have changed to such an extent, that the British Minister allows the Canadian Government to appoint men who they think would be as much interested in the welfare of their country as if it were their own estates.

The reason that the Canadians and Americans cannot agree upon the various questions is simply because the Americans are so greedy as to ask for such unreasonable terms that if the Canadians were to consent to it, in a few years our noble Canada would float the stars and stripes instead of the Union Jack.

Now, the United States talk, that if England does give them the land they claim to be theirs, they will take it by force of arms. It is true that the United States have a far greater population and their resources are more substantial, yet they have not the fleet to cope with the British who in that respect have always been superior to any of the other great powers for instance the defeat of "Spanish Armada" in 1588. Did the Americans achieve any such success in 1898?

I think that before the United States begin such an undertaking, they will count the cost and find that it will amount to a greater sum than the Klondike would be worth.

So I have come to the conclusion that there is no danger of the Americans converting the threat into an act of Congress. Hoping that you will like the departmental work, I remain,

Your affectionate friend,  
SAM HOLMES.

MISS ANNIE DICKIE.  
GAGETOWN, N. B.,  
June 21, 1899.

My dear Cousin:

I suppose you will be wondering why I have not written before, but I have been so busy studying for examinations, that I really did not have time, but I will try to make up for the letters I should have written by writing a long one.

In glancing over your last letter, I see the question "What kind of a place is Gagetown? Please give me a description of the surrounding country, school houses, scholars and the inhabitants in general." I will try to answer these questions but as you already know I am not a very good hand at describing characters, places, and in fact anything, do not be disappointed if my descriptions fail.

Gagetown, as I suppose you know, is situated on a creek which is a tributary of the St. John River. It is a very pretty country town.

Judging from the large number of blocks, and streets it was intended to be a large city; this I am sorry to say it failed to do.

People say it was the intention of the government at one time, to make Gagetown the capital of New Brunswick—Pity they hadn't, isn't it?

The scenery at all times is lovely, but it is especially so when on some fine June morning, just as the sun is rising, you glance up the creek and see the sun casting its rays over the water, hills and trees. This always makes me think of three lines of Wordsworth's poem entitled "Upon Westminster Bridge."

"Never did sun more beautifully steep  
In its first grandeur, valley, rock, or hill;  
No'er saw I, never felt a calm so deep!"

When you come down this summer I will be able to show you the scenery—that is if I can get you up in time, and I am sure you will think this view perfect. We have also fine views of the Jemseg and St. John Rivers and Grand Lake.

I shall not further describe the surrounding country, as I hope to show it to you when you come.

The inhabitants of Gagetown are a happy-go-lucky people. Many think they can support themselves, and their families by walking the streets with their hands in their pockets.

But aside from this class—please do not think for a minute that all the inhabitants are like this, for they are not—there are some very diligent people, though it would not hurt Gagetown to have a few more energetic, and ambitious men, at least then it would escape the

name it gets now: "Sleepy Gagetown."

A gentleman once remarked to another gentleman friend, "I think Gagetown must be a finished city." "Why so?" asked his friend, "Well" replied the other "I spent an afternoon in Gagetown not long ago, and during my three hours stay I heard neither a hammer, or a saw." From this he drew his conclusion that it was a finished city.

Do not think this is the way all the time, for it is very likely, the inhabitants were just taking an afternoon nap that day. How appropriate these lines of Shelley would have been at that time—"How calm it was—the silence there By such a chain was bound That even the busy wood-pecker Made stiller by her sound The inviolable quietness."

Now you people of the United States, who are forever praising up your men, please send some of them down here, and if they are one half as good as you maintain, they will soon make this little town one of the leading cities of the world. As to the scholars I do not think there could be found a nicer "lot" in the Dominion.

There are more girls than boys in our school, while in the primary school it is just the reverse. You will likely think it strange, that I did not mention that we have two school-houses, but I think you will remember that I spoke about it in one of my last letters.

The peace and serenity of Gagetown was lately disturbed by the coming of a Merry-Go-Round in our midst. This great attraction brought the people from far and near, eager for a ride, and I am afraid many of the school girls and boys neglected their studies for, perhaps, the better liked work of standing on fences watching others ride, or of having rides themselves.

Now my dear Edith do not think by the tone in which I am writing this, that I have been a model character and stayed at home studying lessons while others were enjoying themselves. Oh no!

I spent a lot of my time up there, but never fear I studied my lessons also, else I would not have been allowed to go.

In your last letter you mentioned that you were twenty-one years old on May 10th, and just think I am now seventeen. Why! we are getting old fast. I expect our hair will soon be turning gray.

I was very much pleased with the description you gave me of your trip on the Continent.

I wish I had the faculty of describing events that you have.

I am very sorry the boys will not be able to come down this summer, but as the attraction at home is very great just now, I suppose I ought not to expect them.

There! I hear someone calling to me not to sit up all night so I suppose it must be getting late. Just think! there is a whole hour and a half gone out of my life while writing to you. Be sure when you answer this letter to write a good long one and, please, continue the description of your trip.

Now I must really close or I will not be able to get up to-morrow at all. Give my love to all the family.

Yours affectionately,  
DAISY DEANE.

MISS WINIFRED BABBITT.  
WOLFVILLE, N. S.,  
Oct. 12th, 1899.

Dear Madge:

Well, at last, I have found time to write to you. I suppose I should not say, found time, as I could have taken it after school hours, but I wanted first to get acquainted with the girls of my class.

We have the great honor of being called Freshmen, this our first year. We do not feel flattered by the name. I, for one, dread it. I hope all the girls do not feel as green and awkward as I do, here among all these professors, teachers and students. Each morning as I rise I dread going through the day. Yet, I feel, now at the end of two weeks, more at home than I did the first few days. I suppose I may as well confess first as last that I am a little homesick. You need not laugh at me for this, because you would feel the same way if you knew you were to be separated from your friends for seven months.

Perhaps you would like to know something of our daily routine. The bell is rung at six every morning. We do not like the sound knowing we cannot take another nap, and think mother will not mind if she has to call again. After having prepared our toilet, we have either to practise or look over our lessons. We are called to breakfast at eight, after which we are expected to attend devotional exercises in the chapel. We go to the class-room at nine. Our school hours are about the same as they are at home. After we are dismissed in the afternoon we go for a walk, generally accompanied by a teacher. The tea ball sounds at six. When we have finished tea we are allowed to go out on the grounds for an hour, which seems to us a very short time for recreation. After that, studies and practising begin again. We are supposed to be in bed at ten o'clock, at which time the lights are extinguished. Now you see how we spend each day.

I hope to get along all right with my studies, except Geometry. You know I never had the misfortune to know much about that.

Wolfville is a very pretty place. The view from my bedroom window is beauti-

ful. In the foreground is the town, and towering in the distance is Cape Blomidon while between lie the clear waters of Minas Basin. I never thought when naming over the capes of Nova Scotia, in the school house at home, that I would spend four years in sight of this one.

We have had one rainy day since I came here. But, the fresh look of everything after it fully repaid us for the loss of our out door sports.

I would like to give you a description of this place, but, time will not permit. It is now half past nine at night, and I must prepare for bed. So good-bye for the present.

Yours lovingly,  
LOLA FAIR.

MISS PEARL PETERS.  
GAGETOWN, N. B.,  
June 20, 1899.

My Dear Grace:

I am so glad to hear that you are going to the Conservatory of Music, it has always been my ambition to go, and someday I hope I will.

Music has many charms. I think it is one of the greatest blessings that we have. It often unites families together and makes people understand each other; it comforts the heart of the sorrowing, and often relieves those who are in pain.

Some people are fond of music when the attraction of everything else fails. Congreve says

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

Animals too love it, dogs listen to it by the hour, and even spiders and snakes are said to be fond of it. I once knew a cat who, whenever the piano was played, got up on a chair at the side of it and stayed there until the music ended.

There must be something wanting in a man who does not love music. Shakespeare says

"The man that hath no music in himself Nor is moved with concord of sweet sounds, Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils."

The ancient Platonists supposed that the music of the spheres was caused by the revolution of the crystal orbs, in which they thought the heavenly bodies moved. This music was very sweet and loud, but it could not be heard by the human ear.

No music could be prettier than the birds singing in the very early morning when one goes out to the woods.

You must write and tell me how you get on with your music and who your favorite composer is. Mendelssohn is one of my favorite ones.

We have had such a lot of thunder and rain storms lately, I wonder if you are having the same kind of weather in Toronto.

Everything is so lovely and green now, and the flowers are coming out nicely; but I believe we are behind Toronto in that respect.

I think I must close now, with much love and hoping to hear from you soon, I remain,

Yours very affectionately,  
POLYMINA.

PASSING ON YOUR PLEASURES.

It is a good plan to make a resolution to be kind to everybody as we possibly can while they are alive. When they are dead, it is too late.

A friend of mine—and I may mention she is an Irishwoman, and a delightful one—makes a rule, whenever she receives a present or an unexpected windfall of any kind, to "pass something on," as she herself words it. I wish every one would make the same rule. Some one has her a set of furs once. Immediately she sent off a warm dress to a poor woman of her acquaintance, who was in need of comfortable winter clothing. "Now I can enjoy my cosy furs," she remarked, as she addressed the parcel. Another friend sent her a necktie of beautiful Indian workmanship. She immediately selected a pair of ear-rings from her by no means unlimited store of jewelry, and gave them to a girl she knew who gets few presents.

Why not teach our children to "pass things on" in this delightful sense? It would bring to them riches we could never count—the habit of self-denial, of thinking of others, of making generosity a pleasure instead of regarding it as a disagreeable duty, and that power of turning dross into gold which only a generous heart can exercise.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

COOK'S SURE COUGH CURE.

The following from an exchange is worth preserving. If a splinter has been driven into a child's hand it can be extracted with steam. Nearly fill a wide mouth bottle with very hot water, place the injured part over the mouth and press it slightly. The suction thus produced will draw the flesh down, and in a minute or two the steam will extract the splinter and inflammation together.

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