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THE OTTOMAN'S VIEW

HOW THE PEOPLE OF TURKEY REGARD THE PRESENT SITUATION.

The Other Side of the Story—A Turkish Paper Believes His People to Have been Imposed Upon by Made, Christian and Eucherian Deceits.

The Ottoman Empire is surrounded with many great dangers; it is surrounded by voracious nations, whose insatiable appetite is constantly demanding more and more; it is surrounded by religious hypocrisy, which is steadily invading its sacred chambers; it is surrounded by Christian aggression, which is constantly harassing pacific and law-abiding citizens; it is surrounded by crowned princes who most blindly adhere to the old feudal saying that "might makes right"; it is surrounded with wary and debased diplomacy, that never looks upon the face of unparagoned recitude and integrity but with the malignant and hypocritical smile of disdain and contempt; it is surrounded by wild boars that are waiting an opportunity to devour it. There is no doubt that the mild and hospitable Oriental has been imposed upon by the crude and uncharitable Occident. There is no doubt that the Ottoman Empire has been preyed upon by the avaricious nations of Europe; there is no doubt that the scale of justice is buried in the sand, out on the shores of corruption, and the hand of debauchery and rapacity is exhibiting its horrid power. And if the Ottomans are not sensible of these things, it will be to their interest to open wide their eyes and look sharply about them. The marauders are approaching, and the hand of Europe has already a clutch. To break that hand should be the prime duty of every Ottoman who has the least desire of seeing his country before him ready to defend and protect him in the same manner. But this hand is mighty; it is a hand of iron, and it is not to be trifled with. So let us all contribute to it our cool and woad; let us join our forces in kindling it, and let all the silly and nonsensical talk of partitioning the empire perish in the flames of this fire with the greedy and corrupted hand of the powers.

Ottomans! In uniting we stand, in dividing we fall. In uniting we retain our gain dignity and honor; in dividing we gain humility and disgrace. In uniting we gain strength; in dividing we grow weak. In uniting there is happiness and progress; in dividing there is misery and depression. In uniting we live, in dividing we die. And, finally, uniting we can cope with the powers of Europe; in dividing we remain their subject slaves, to have at us when they please, to dictate to us when they will, to trample on us whenever they feel disposed, to trample upon our sacred rights whenever they see to do so, and to tear our majestic robe of state in shreds at their pleasure.—From The Ottoman Empire.

Poor Soul! Poor Devil!

Our enemies when we are old—and who is without them?—no longer annoy us. Indeed, they have ceased reviling; to them we are as dust in the "out of mind," to whom the proverb De mortuis applies. And our friends are twice our number to one who is not "aid by" can understand the depths of human sympathy. Even our acquaintances become our friends, and the least and hearted of visitors murmurs to himself, "Poor soul!" or perhaps (with equal commiseration), "Poor devil!" What is most curious is the interest, if we have in any way become known to the public at large, complete strangers take in our physical and mental condition.

If prescriptions could cure us we should be in ruder health indeed. The materials are sometimes a little difficult to procure. I have seen a letter from New Zealand recommending an old gentleman suffering from rheumatic gout in his hands in whales. In that island whales, it seems, are occasionally thrown up on the seashore, when rheumatic patients hasten to lie in them during the progress of their excruciating purposes of commerce. The extreme rarity of whales upon the Thames embankment seems to have been unknown to the writer. Some correspondents give most excellent practical advice, but too late for its practical application. An aged poet who had lost the use of his limbs was exhorted by an admirer to dig, "even if it were but in his back garden," for an hour or two every morning before breakfast; all that was wanted, he was assured, for complete recovery was "restless perspiration followed by a healthy glow."—James Fays, in Nineteenth Century.

Man Who Wore a Hat. They were gliding girls of the kittenish age, and being out on a lark without chaperons they spoke their thoughts aloud and made game of everyone and everything they saw, on the principle that all was fair that came to their eyes.

One passenger on the elevated railroad particularly amused them, from the fact that, although it was the month of black November, he wore a white daisy in his buttonhole, a fine specimen of the rag and bone variety. It was conspicuous from its size, and the girls regarded it as a legitimate object of sport. Not being deaf nor blind the man who wore the modest flower with the yellow heart grew embarrassed over the attention he received. At last one of the girls made a discovery.

"It is genuine," she suggested to the others in a loud whisper.

"W-h-a-t?" they trilled in chorus.

"It is a base counterfeit."

"No! Never!"

"Yes, it's a cloth daisy!"

By this time the man upon whom all eyes were focused was ready to leave the car. Before he went he touched his hat to his tormentors.

"Yes," he said pleasantly, "this is a cloth daisy." My little daughter, who is an invalid, made it, and planned it on. She asked me to wear it, and I had not the heart to refuse her. I hope I have your permission?"

A group of shamed-faced girls sneaked out of the car at the next station.—Chicago Times-Herald.

How the Scene Was Once Lighted.

It must have often struck people when reading of the old performances in the last century, how it was that the lighting was contrived. The power of oil lamps was limited enough. Theatres like Drury Lane and Covent Garden were of enormous size; there were no foot-lights, at least until about the middle of last century, and there were the humble "bonns," dim enough. Yet there was ample light to observe expression and play of features, so necessary in interpreting the fine old comedies of character. Nowadays, the stage is one blaze; it is literally bathed and suffused in light. There are no shadows, and yet it might be said the amount of necessary light is no more than there used to be, and it is not nearly as satisfactory. How was it then?

In the theatres of Garrick and earlier days the stage was really lit by four great chandeliers, which hung, directly over the heads of the actors, from the arch of the proscenium and just outside the curtain. When the play was over

Mike Shure, an' phere's thot illigant watch Oi seen yer widge.

Pat—Faith, Oi had to sell it ter get this chain fer it.—New York Journal.

these were lowered slowly, a signal for the audience to depart. These chandeliers furnished a goodly amount of light on a circular zone immediately below them; the actors' faces and figures were lit in the natural way, as the sun would light them, but the rest of the stage was comparatively dark or gloomy.—Gentleman's Magazine.

The Remembrance of Vulgarity.

"Linkman" writes in London Truth: There are two sorts of vulgarity—voluntary vulgarity and involuntary vulgarity. Voluntary vulgarity is the height of good manners; involuntary vulgarity is the height of bad manners.

When Lady Leverick, for instance, talks loudly, laughs loudly and dresses like a Parisian Phryne, we at once perceive that the lady is a social star of the first magnitude. When Mrs. Bung, the wife of the brewer, sends her's where they should be scolded, or is effusively amiable, we suspect her supportable.

There are two sub-sections of vulgarity—vulgarity of motive and vulgarity of motion.

The fashionable man or woman is self-assertive and supercilious in order to impress; the would-be fashionable man or woman is considerate and generous in order to attend.

The latter motive is unparadiseable, in these calligraphic days, to wish to please is especially displeasing.

Vulgarity of motion is more difficult to detect, but it may be taken as a general rule that confidence now, not diffidence, is the quality of good behavior.

Patience Falls

"It wasn't the fall I minded," said Pat, describing the sensation in falling from a scaffold. "Begorra, I could have gone on travellin' that way forever. It was the stop at the end that inconvenienced me."

This seems to be the experience of many that have been precipitated from a height; while falling they were conscious of no pain, no terror, though perfectly aware of what was transpiring.

Mr. Whymper, who perhaps has had more bad falls than any living man, says that he once fell and rebounded from rock to rock in the Alps, and felt absolutely no pain, though he heard himself strike. As in drowning, the whole previous life seems to flash through the mind, and this gives way by delightful stages to dreamless unconsciousness.

Among the ancient Norsemen, an old story tells of a man who fell from a cliff to fall in battle, usually threw himself from the top of a cliff, to gain admittance to Valhalla. The pleasant experience of those who had fallen and escaped alive may have had something to do with the practice and belief.

A Writer in Hardware

A writer in Hardware says: I once had two clerks. Eames was getting \$12 a week, and Robert \$15. Eames asked for a raise. I told him that his services would not, as yet, justify it, and that the business could not afford it. He was not satisfied, even after I told him I would do better by him just as soon as I could.

A few days afterward, Robert had occasion to criticize his associate for a very apparent lack of interest in the job in hand. Eames answered: "Well, I guess I do it well enough for \$12 a week."

It was in that spirit his work was done. He was getting \$12, and was determined to earn no more until paid more. Robert, on the other hand, put in his best efforts, and made himself more valuable with every day that passed.

I am to-day paying Robert \$20.00 per year, while I was compelled to discharge Eames at the end of his first year.

The King and the Harvester.

George III. was one day visiting a small town in the south of England, and being anxious to see something of the country, took a solitary walk. He came to a hayfield in which there was one woman at work. The King asked where all the rest were and was told that they had all gone into town to see the King.

"Why didn't you go to see the King?" "Pooh!" she answered, "I wouldn't go three yards to see him. Besides, they've got a day's work, and I'm too poor to do that with five children to feed."

His Majesty alighted a sovereign into her hand and said: "When the rest come back, tell them that while they were gone to see the King the King came to see you and left you his portrait in gold to remember him by."

Chocolate Biscuits

Chocolate biscuits are a novelty for a luncheon and are delicious when carefully prepared. Break six eggs, separating the whites and yolks. Add to the yolks half a pound of powdered sugar and beat the mixture thoroughly. Beat up the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth and add three-quarters of a cupful of flour that has been thoroughly sifted. Stir the flour in, taking care that the "cells" of the beaten eggs are not broken. After this add four table-spoonfuls of freshly-grated chocolate. Pour the batter in little paper cases and bake in a moderate oven until they are light and thoroughly done.—Boston Budget.

Old Facts

The Labrador fisheries have proved a total failure. The fishermen have no money, they cannot get credit and great hardships are feared.

Kentucky "allows" it has an onyx bed in its bonds and its colonies feel that its value is billions of dollars. It is said to be from 20 to 25 miles long and almost 15 miles wide. Onyx is worth from \$3 to \$15 a cubic foot.

The London police are much worried over the problem of what to do with drunken men when in charge of electric cabs. They don't know exactly how to stop the cab, and they don't know what to do with the cab when it does stop.

A Modern Miracle

He picked up a rusty gun. His friend was standing near. In a playful mood he raised the stock to his shoulder.

He took aim.

"Look out," he cried; "I'm going to fire!"

He pulled the trigger, but the gun didn't go off.

It wasn't loaded!

Nobody was killed!

Who says that the age of miracles is past?—Cleveland Leader.

"When there isn't company," said Edith, "the baby wakes up only with his eyes, but when there is company he wakes up with his mouth too."—Judge.

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