

# POOR DOCUMENT

2

QUEENS COUNTY GAZETTE.

JWN. N. B., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19, 1899.

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A new style bottle containing ten R. P. TABLETS in a paper wrapper (without glass) is now for sale. It is made of the finest material and is not broken by the heat of the sun. The contents of the bottle are guaranteed to be pure and of the highest quality. The R. P. TABLETS are made in New York and are sold in all parts of the world.

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**JAS. A. STEWART,**

**Gagetown, N. B.**

## Poetry.

### IN MEMORIAM.

Lines written on the death of James Hawke, of Chipman, Queens county, who was injured in a blow of logs in New Hampshire, on the 28th day of April, 1886, and died the 2nd day of May, after six days severe suffering, in the 25th year of his age.

The Doctor told him he must die,  
He could no longer live.  
"Oh, God!" he said, "can that be so?  
How will my parents grieve."

"I have a praying Father home,  
Likewise a mother, too,  
But, ah! alas! here am I doomed!  
No one to pray for me."

And, oh! how hard it seemed to him,  
So far away from home;  
No earthly friend to cheer his heart  
That he could call his own.

But he had friends he knew not of  
Who watched him night and day,  
Attended him in every need,  
To God for him did pray.

"Oh, God!" they cried, "this dear one spare,  
If it should be Thy holy will,  
If not wilt Thou his soul prepare  
At Thy right hand to dwell."

Their prayers were heard on his behalf,  
God's grace it did appear;  
He died rejoicing in the Lord,  
Which did their spirits cheer.

And unto God he cried, himself,  
His precious soul to save,  
His last expiring words were,  
"Tell my parents I am saved."

He told his friends around his bed  
He was happy in the Lord,  
And hoped to meet his parents soon  
In heaven's bright, blessed abode.

He being young and in his prime,  
And resolute also,  
He ventured where none others would  
Which caused his overthrow.

But God works in mysterious ways  
By His own sovereign will,  
In various ways we know not of  
His purpose to fulfill.

When the sad news had reached the home  
Of his own parents dear,  
A note was sent by his kind friends  
That did their spirits cheer.

It stated that their son was saved  
Through Christ our risen Lord;  
He hoped to meet them all one day  
In Heaven's bright, blessed abode.

His spirit has fled, his soul has gone  
To its eternal rest;  
He's left earth's dear ones just behind,  
For mansion of the best.

His life a sweet example gave  
Of kindness, peace and love,  
And actions that have budded here  
Will bloom in heaven above.

In bloom of youth he was laid low,  
He knew that death was near;  
But calmly felt resigned to go,  
Tho' strong were home ties here.

Rejoice ye broken hearted ones  
He just has gained the shore  
A little while, and we shall meet  
Where parting is no more.

Written by Wm. Hawks, Esq.  
Coal Mines, Queens County.

**THE POET AND THE GRIG.**

John Calahan McCarthy is a citizen of St. John, who is well known in St. John. The public have recognized him thus far as a yeoman, but henceforth he will be known to the literary people as a minstrel of rare intelligence. London has recently been thrown into a whirl of excitement by the poems of Francis Thomas, a man who rose from the depths of Bohemianism to the utmost heights of literary possibilities. Mr. McCarthy is most unpretentious in fact, exceptionally backward. Yet he is possessed of a gift that would make Tennyson, Longfellow, or Shakespeare blush with shame. His writings have a depth that no poet has yet attained, combine the humorous, pathetic and descriptive, and best of all, retain an originality that is most enterprising. The following lines were written by Mr. McCarthy a short time since.

A man in his carriage was riding along,  
A gayly dressed wife by his side;  
In satin and lace she looked like a queen,  
And he like a king in his pride.

A wood-sawyer stood on the street as they passed,  
The carriage and couple he eyed,  
And he said, as he worked with his saw  
On a log,

"I wish I was rich and could ride."  
The man in the carriage remarked to his wife,  
"One thing I would do if I could—  
I'd give all my wealth for the weary road  
And the health  
Of the man who is sawing the wood."

A pretty young maid with a bundle of work,  
Whose face as the morning was fair,  
Went tripping along with a smile of delight,  
While humming a love breathing air,  
She looked in the carriage, the lady she

saw,  
Arrayed in apparel so fine,  
And said, in a whisper, "I wish from my heart,  
Those satins and laces were mine."

The lady looked out on the maid with her work,  
So fair in her calico dress,  
And said, "I'd relinquish position and wealth  
Her beauty and youth to possess."

Thus it is in this world, whatever our lot,  
Our minds and our time we employ  
In longing and sighing for what we have not,  
Ungrateful for what we enjoy.

We welcome the pleasures for which we have sighed,  
The heart has a void in it still,  
Growing deeper and wider the longer we live,  
That naught but Religion can fill.

**THE GRIP.**

How often a trifle might save a man's life,  
When he is near starving from want,  
He tries to live happy all through his life time,  
But finds in the end that he can't;

His friends seem to shun him, he knows not the cause,  
But he thinks it is poverty's curse,  
Oft times he is tempted to steal but he don't,  
It is bad, but it might have been worse.

Chorus.  
Then give what you can to a man in distress,  
Let it be but a dime or a penny,  
And remember that many can always help one,  
While one cannot always help many.

And then he takes sick, laid low by the grip,  
His rich friends they all pass him by,  
They know not his needs, they care not for his wants,  
He is left there alone for to die.

But then the reporters in looking for news,  
Many cases of want they lay bare,  
Then the people they strive to keep poor folks alive,  
Destitution is now very rare.—Chorus.

Once I was wealthy but now I am poor,  
No money is mine to bestow,  
But if kind words will help a poor person through life,  
I will cheerfully give as I go.

Sometimes a kind word is as good as a coin,  
When a poor man is not feeling right,  
If you speak from the heart see how cheerful he looks,  
He was downcast, but now he is bright.—Chorus.

When a poor man feels gloomy, some loved one has died,  
Try to cheer him up as if you can,  
He may not want to say, but give a kind word,  
And you surely will cheer up that man.

Now my friends one and all when they found I was sick,  
They offered their help with a will,  
Which shows that St. John is free-hearted and good,  
And will give the poor people their fill.—Chorus.

The schooner Annie M. Allan is gallant and gay,  
And is owned by Captain Craft from Maco's Bay;  
The captain is a man of high renown,  
And is liked by every one in the town.

Her cabin is the finest I ever seen,  
And is fit for any king or queen,  
Her banks are made of the finest down  
That can be got in Boston Town.

Her decks are polished most and clean,  
And everything is grand to be seen,  
Her sailors are fine to be seen,  
There ain't one of them that looks green.

The captain he is good to McCarthy,  
And gave him a meal that was good and hearty.  
DOCTOR CALLAGHAN MCCARTHY,  
Poet Laureate of Canada.

**OUR TEACHER.**

We have got a brand new teacher,  
His christen name is Mike,  
And whispering in school  
Is something he don't like.

When he catches you talking  
He stands you on the floor,  
And makes you cast your eyes around  
To see if there are any more.

And there you stand and reconnoitre,  
With the crimson on your face,  
Until you see some unfortunate one  
Which you call to take your place.

Each morn he reads the Bible,  
And prays into the Lord,  
Each night he drives the whole way home

To save his weekly board.  
For now he's got a horse,  
At least he's got the frame  
No more he rides the train.

His face and legs are pretty thin  
His clothing is like-wise  
His hair is light, his mustache brown,  
And azure are his eyes.

But in spite of his thinness  
We dare not raise a squeak,  
For we poor, timid chickens,  
Are frightened of the Hawk.

## Public Notice.

All persons liable to be rated in the Parish of Gagetown, County of Queens, are requested to bring into the undersigned Assessors, within thirty days from the date of this notice true statements of their property and income liable to be assessed.

Valuation lists will be posted as follows: One in Robt. Davis' store, Upper Gagetown; one in the office of Registrar of Deeds, Gagetown; and one at post office, Lower Gagetown.

Dated this 27th day of February, A. D. 1899.  
A. W. EBBETT,  
JAMES REID,  
BLANCH CROTHERS, Assessors.

**THE E. E. Eddy Co., Limited, Hull, Que.**  
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**EDDYS**  
"EAGLE"  
"VICTORIA"  
"LITTLE COCKER"  
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Has had several new features added, has all the news of the week in concise form, and keeps its readers in close touch with every part of the world, and more especially our own country.

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Dated this 27th day of February, A. D. 1899.  
A. W. EBBETT,  
JAMES REID,  
BLANCH CROTHERS, Assessors.

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## NOTICE.

Mrs. Joseph Rubin wishes to thank the customers of her late husband for their patronage during the three years he was engaged in general merchandise business in this place; and also solicits the continuation of the patronage of the general public, as she intends to carry on the business in future in her own name. She also requests those who are indebted to the estate to kindly settle their accounts at earliest convenience.

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—DEALER IN—  
**Leather, Hides, Tallow,**  
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