

POOR DOCUMENT

QUEENS COUNTY GAZETTE, GAGETOWN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1899.

PLAIN WORDS, THESE

Mr. W. H. Bower Tells of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Says He's Proved Them to be all They're Claimed to be—A Positive Cure for Kidney Complaints.

St. John, N. B., Feb. 6.—Among the business men and commercial travellers of this province, no man is better known, more popular, nor more highly and justly esteemed, than Mr. W. H. Bower, a genial "Knight of the Grip," whose home is in this city.

Mr. Bower is known to be a man whose word is as good as his bond, and who could not possibly be induced to originate nor countenance an incorrect statement, no matter how unimportant it might be.

Knowing this, our readers will at once see that the statement Mr. Bower makes below, will carry conviction to the most sceptical person.

Mr. Bower says: "I believe Dodd's Kidney Pills to be a splendid tonic. They're good enough for me, at any rate."

"I may state that I have used them for severe pains and aches in the back, and have proved them to be all that it is claimed they are, viz., a positive cure for Kidney troubles such as mine."

Now, two things are made apparent by Mr. Bower's public statement.

One is that the great Kidney Remedy—Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him of Kidney Disease, as indicated by backache, etc. The other is that Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure any other case of this disease.

This is good news to the thousands who are suffering the tortures of Kidney Complaint. They can be cured. They may have used other remedies, which did them no good. Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure them. There is no doubt, no uncertainty about it.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are sold by all druggists at fifty cents a box, six boxes \$2.50, or sent, on receipt of price, by The Dodd's Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Co-operative Dairying.

The question has often been asked, why not have a creamery in this section of country?

This subject has been discussed by our farmers at local meetings and elsewhere, but no definite or good reason appears to have been stated why it could not be a success. Some may raise the objection that the soil here is not suitable to the profitable feeding of dairy cattle. But other sections with equally as poor a soil have made dairying a great success. Then why not here?

The first thing to be considered is, can the farms support more and better cattle than at present? It has been proved that this is possible.

First, by the raising of proper fodder. This does not mean hay alone, as to many of our farmers depend upon, thus incurring too much expense. Cheaper feed must therefore be raised to make this business profitable.

As the soil is usually well adapted for the production of corn, this must necessarily be the main dependence.

Such a large quantity can be grown on so small an acreage, that a small farm would feed quite a sufficient number of cattle.

Of course the farmer would require a silo, which would enable him to keep his stock cheaper than any other way.

It would not do for us to attempt to raise the same variety of crops as formally, as it would require most of the manures, etc., for the growing of fodder crops.

In speaking of fertilizers, we might say that a valuable fertilizer lies within reach of nearly every farmer, being in the form of manure, which, abundant in vast quantities in our swamps and ponds. If properly handled it is almost as valuable as barn-yard manure. The commercial fertilizers being expensive, it would be wiser and more to the advantage of the farmer to use manure, which can be had for the digging. This has been experimented with to some extent with good results, especially in the production of corn.

Dairying under these circumstances ought to be successful, and would be, if the farmers would engage in co-operative dairying. Then our farms would become richer, and the farmers more prosperous and contented to remain in the country.

This question should be of more interest to farmers than the production of vegetables, which bring such a low price in our local markets.

We would like to see this subject discussed through the columns of our valued paper the GAZETTE.

A FARMER.

Douglas Harbor, Jan. 28th, 1899.

His Life Was Saved.

Mr. J. E. Lilly, a prominent citizen of Hamblin, Me., lately had a wonderful deliverance from a frightful death. In telling of it he says: "I was taken with Typhoid Fever, that ran into Pneumonia. My lungs became hardened. I was so weak I couldn't even sit up in bed. Nothing helped me. I expected to soon die of Consumption, when I heard of Dr. King's New Discovery. One bottle gave great relief. I continued to use it, and am now well and strong. I can't say too much in its praise." This marvellous medicine is the surest and quickest cure in the world for all Throat and Lung Trouble. 50 cents and \$1.00, at any Drug Store; every bottle guaranteed.

TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

Contributed by the I. O. G. T.

There are many forces in operation to advance the temperance cause and overthrow the strongholds of the liquor traffic.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union is a mighty power. These noble Christian women have done a great work in rescuing drunkards, restoring the abandoned, lessening the number of licenses, helping the poor, educating the young and creating a more advanced temperance sentiment. They have also fostered and extended the idea that women have a right to vote, at least on all moral questions. Noble army of ladies, march on to still greater victory.

I appeal to every woman not to countenance the drinking custom by giving wine on New Year's day or any other day. Let me also press upon you the importance of being a member of the W. C. T. U.

Let us all help the organization by going in on sympathy and personal aid. Temperance organizations such as "The Good Templars," "The Sons of Temperance," "Royal Templars" and temperance conventions have done and are doing a mighty work. Every total abstainer and advocate of temperance and prohibition is helping to turn the tide. As temperance people, do not buy groceries or dry goods from a man that runs a liquor store. Encourage people to do right.

Those whose politics harmonize with their temperance and Christian principle are turning the tide. I do not believe in establishing a third party but believe that we, as Christians and temperance people, should make our influence so felt on nomination day and at the polls, that both political parties will bow to us and politely ask "What do you want? We are your servants." Let every Christian and temperance man put temperance higher than party politics and vote for temperance men.

The many moral and Christian homes where temperance principles are practised and inculcated, and where parents, sons and daughters are companions, are raising up a temperance generation.

Sabbath schools and Bands of Hope are doing a good work that cannot be estimated. Every Sabbath School should have a Band of Hope organized or train the children and young people as total abstainers. Youth is the time to promise to do right. Boys and girls hold the pledge sacred. A brewer's son I know was offered beer by his father. He said "I belong to the Band of Hope; give me water."

The day schools are, in many places, doing important temperance work, and they may be made a still more potent factor. The young people's societies in all our churches are doing a great work. There is little danger of those that are converted and brought into the church in youth becoming tipping church-members.

We should educate the young in our homes, schools and churches to TOTAL ABSTINENCE. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was one of the principal agents God employed in abolishing slavery as it educated the young against inhuman traffic.

The Church of Christ is the great power to abolish the evil. While it has done so much, we with our advanced light must arouse and do more or be re-trograde to duty. The great Presbyterian Dr. Carter, says "What a burlesque it is to style that church organization, a salt of the earth, which has a trimmer in the pulpit and tipplers in its pews."

Let every church member count him, self or herself a member of Christ's total abstinence society, and, by example and precept, teach that the world needs prohibition. The Church of Christ can overthrow Satan's strongholds and impede the diabolic work of the liquor men, and by her moral influence, votes and prayers, eventually close the legalized bar-room, saloon, brewery and distillery. Every member is guilty of neglect or complicity who does not earnestly seek to do so.

No Right to Ugliness.

The woman who is lovely in face, form and temper will always have friends, but one who would be attractive must keep her health. If she is weak, sickly and all run down, she will be nervous and irritable. If she has constipation or liver trouble, her impure blood will cause pimples, blotches, skin eruptions and a wretched complexion. Electric Bitters is the best medicine in the world to regulate stomach, liver and kidneys and to purify the blood. It gives strong nerves, bright eyes, smooth, velvety skin, rich complexion. It will make a good-looking, charming woman of a run-down invalid. Only 50 cents at any Drug Store.

"Dere's no use talkin'," said the gray haired burglar, "I am gettin' too old fer de biz. I'm goin' to retire."

"Why, ole pal, wot's de trouble?" asked a fellow professional.

"Me glims is failin' me, det's de trouble," replied the old man as he tried to suppress a sigh. "Last night I spent 'ree hours crackin' a safe, an' when I finly bus'ed it open 'twasn't nuthin' but one 'dem measly ole foldin' beds."

WANTED—SEVERAL TRUSTWORTHY PERSONS in this state to manage our business in their own and nearby counties. It is mainly office work conducted at home. Salary straight \$900 a year and expenses—definite, bonafide, no more, no less salary. Monthly \$75. Reference Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope, Herbert E. Hess, Pres., Dept. M., Chicago.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

BY A SUFFERER.

Who is it fills our hearts with woe, And makes these winter days so slow? That mailman!

Who is it thinks nothing of breaking a promise, Caring not what it may bring upon us? That mailman!

What is it comes out on fine days like the snail, But stays in its house when the wind blows a gale? That mailman!

What is a falling of those Government "Grits?" Forgetting their duty to send into fits—That mailman!

But who is it will get hurt some day, And perhaps in the "tar and feather" way? That mailman!

Douglas Harbor, Jan. 28th, 1899.

IF I HAD THE TIME.

If I had the time to find a place, And sit me down full face to face With my better self which stands no show In my daily life that rushes so; It might be then I would see my soul Was stumbling still toward the shining goal; I might be nerved by the thought sublime, If I had the time!

If I had the time to let my heart Speak out and take in my life a part, To look about and to stretch a hand To a comrade quartered in no-man's land; Ah, Heaven! If I might but just sit still And hear the note of a whiff-poor-will, I think that my wish with God's would rhyme — If I had the time!

If I had the time to learn from you How much for comfort my word could do, And I told you then of my sudden will To kiss your feet when I did you ill — If the tears a-buck of the bravado Could force their way and let you know — Brothers, the souls of us all would chime — If we had the time!

THE KEARSARGE.

They may name another Kearsarge, They may build her walls of steel, They may make her 'tilts and shapely From her masthead to her keel. They may clothe her ribs with armour, They may give her straight and speed, That may sometime for the country, Fill the measure of its need.

They may give her wondrous cannon, With the thunder in their tones, And the lightning in their missiles, That the deadly Storm King owns. They may make her Queen of Terror, Make her mistress of the sea, Give her souls of tested valor, Crown her prow with victory.

But with all their modern triumphs, And their blazonry of war, They can't revive the Kearsarge, Wrecked and dead on Roncesador.

A SHATTERED DREAM.

I lay in a dim place, and never knew Exactly what it was that faintly blew Across my cheeks the while dark Nubians' slaved. And quick my every needless motion saved; The while that aromatic perfumes thin And subtle music strove my praise to win;

The while a gentle maid soft sang and danced, Till in deep ecstasy I lay entranced — And then—there came to me a voice of ire, "Samuel, you must get up and build the fire!"

EXAMINATION.

Just before the crucifixion In the early eventide, Sat the Saviour at the table, His disciples at His side. To their utter consternation, Fell these words upon their ear: "One of you shall soon betray me, Filling all their hearts with fear."

Then began examination, "Is it I?" asked one by one, "Can it be that I'm the traitor, That I would betray the Son?"

Let us ask ourselves the question: "Are we true to Christ, today?" And if we are found unfaithful, Haste at once to watch and pray.

ACTIVE SOLICITORS WANTED EVERYWHERE for "The Story of the Philippines" by Murat Halstead, commissioned by the government as Official Historian to the War Department. The book was written in army camps at San Francisco, on the Pacific with General Merritt, in the Hospitals at Honolulu, in Hong Kong, in the American trenches at Manila, in the insurgent camps with Aguinaldo, on the deck of the Olympia with Dewey, and in the rear of battle at the fall of Manila. Bonanza for agents. Briskful of original pictures taken by government photographers on the spot. Large Book. Low price. Big profits. Freight paid. Credit given. Drop all trashy unscientific war books. Outfit free. Address, F. T. Barber, Sec'y., Star Insurance Bldg., Chicago.

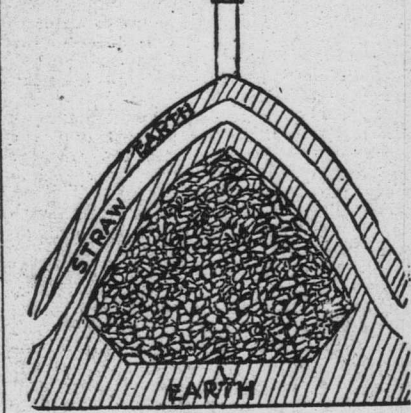
FARM GARDEN

STORING ROOT CROPS.

A Modified Form of a Method Used in Europe.

A method of keeping mangels, beets and turnips for stock feeding, which the one who describes it says he has never seen equalled for cheapness and convenience, has been presented in the Iowa Homestead.

Select a place that will be convenient for feeding and open a trench 6 feet wide at the bottom and 20 inches or 3 feet deep. Let the sides be sloping. A



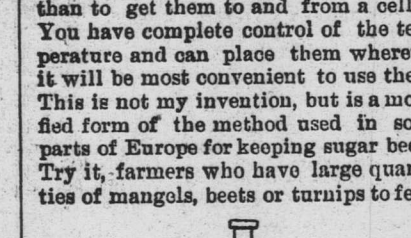
TRANSVERSE SECTION.

plow and scraper will do the work well. Leave the dirt excavated along the sides of the trench.

Take a spade and in the bottom of the trench cut a smaller one of a spade's width and a foot deep from end to end. Lay sticks or short strips of board across this narrow trench and on these lay a common fencing board. This will leave the small trench sufficiently open for ventilating purposes. In one end of the trench cut a narrow ditch put a square pipe made of boards, six inches inside, and let it slope outward from the end of the ditch at an angle of 45 degrees. Now commence piling in the mangels and fill the ditch, beginning at the ventilating pipe already set, and fill till they rise in the shape of a neat rick 3 or 3½ feet above the ground. As soon as you have a few feet in length of the trench so filled shovel on dirt sufficient to cover the mangels so that none can be seen and continue so building and so covering till all are stored.

At the last end of the rick put in a pipe set at an angle like the one above mentioned. If your rick is more than 30 feet long, set one up in the middle, connecting it also with the narrow ditch in the bottom. Use no straw or litter of any kind between the dirt and the mangels. After all are stored and covered have straw convenient, and when the ground is about to freeze for the winter put on a coat of straw, when pressed down will be about six inches thick and cover with a light coat of dirt. When the weather is cold, shove an old gunny sack down the ventilators, when warm, take them out and let the wind blow through the slanting ventilators to change the air. By this method I have kept mangels till April as fresh as when first piled—no wilt in the least.

Commence feeding from one end when not too cold, and the dirt and straw are at hand to close it up with. It is easier to put them up in this way than to get them to and from a cellar. You have complete control of the temperature and can place them wherever it will be most convenient to use them. This is not my invention, but is a modified form of the method used in some parts of Europe for keeping sugar beets. Try it, farmers who have large quantities of mangels, beets or turnips to feed.



SIDE VIEW OF COMPLETED MANGEL.

but let the covering dirt come in contact with the roots. Use no straw till the second covering. Have your ventilators so that a cat can go in at one end and out at the other.

Seaweed as a Manure. While seaweed is not strictly comparable with farmyard manure, it has about the same value per ton. It is an all round manure, specially rich in potash and specially poor in phosphate. While, just as in the case of farmyard manure, it is difficult to place an exact money value per ton on it, it has a considerable value for all round manuring if supplemented with some phosphatic manure, and in special cases by some sulphate of ammonia or nitrate of soda, and it has a special value for all soils deficient in potash and for all crops which specially require potash. Its richness in potash partly explains why it is so largely used for potatoes and why when used on pasture it is said to cause such a marvellous growth of clover. A subsidiary but by no means unimportant advantage which seaweed has over dung is that it does not carry the germs of disease or the seeds of weeds, says Professor J. Hendrick, a Scotch agriculturist.

How Bees Ventilate Their Homes. The buzzing sound that bees make in their hives and which can be often heard by those standing outside is not produced for the sake of the music. It is to expel the bad air, and a row or file of them may often be found near the entrance engaged in that health giving operation.

Meanwhile there is another little company standing just outside, "huffing" the fresh air in. All this time the little messengers between hive and flower, go come and go and brush past the ventilating corps with their little loads of honey.

As many as 30 bees may be engaged at once in this praiseworthy process of giving fresh air to their homes.

"Nothing like plenty of sleep to make a boy happy and healthy," said the visitor.

"I git too much at night," said the little boy, "but not enough in the mornin'."

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