

POOR DOCUMENT

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BOOTS AND SHOES.

Some Quaint Folk Lore About Old-Time Foot Coverings.
The Elizabethan shoe was a really artistic affair, and, when powdered with gold and worn on the foot of a shabby or a dandy, was a thing to look upon. When Leicester received his Queen at Kenilworth he wore shoes of waste velvet. The queen herself was a connoisseur in shoes. The shoe and the scabbard into the boot about the middle of the fifteenth century, and in stout boots, with tops and spurs, Yorkists and Lancastrians rode against each other on many a bloody battlefield. Their boots were so heavy that their removal fell to the lot of squire or page, or any other attendant. After the revolution (1689) the immense roses on shoes were replaced by buckles and large, wide straps. At first these buckles were not unlike those in shape and size. Since that period the buckle has undergone every variety of form and dimension, and in the year 1777 buckles and buttons on the coat became so enormous that they gave birth to many ridiculous caricatures.

High-heeled boots were worn by ladies for three parts of the eighteenth century. They raised their fair wearers some inches, and rendered walking difficult and tiring out of the question. Boots and shoes of all kinds have been worn in England; shoes made of leather, wood, and red, brass-bound, iron-bound, gold-bound; with wide, blunt toes, with narrow pointed toes a foot long, but the right shoe and the left shoe exactly the same shape. About fifty years ago a young surgeon lost his election as resident surgeon for a country infirmary, in spite of first-class testimonials, because he wore lutton boots and a flat watch in his waistcoat pocket. Instead of his breeches he wore a pair of David Bridges, a well-known character, of a set, and a good, hearty fellow. "Yes," and how they were, he asked the other. "Why," returned David, "there is a good deal of genius in the toes of boots," adding to square toes he wore to avoid corns.—*Illustrated Magazine.*

Rules of the Wheel.
Rules of living differ in the country and in the city where the vast number of strangers to be met with requires to a considerable extent one's behavior. As in walking, a woman on a bicycle should be on a man's level, she should protect her. Should she dismount she should immediately follow suit, no matter what the cause. This self-protective rule is too often neglected.

In overtaking anyone going through a narrow place or a narrow street, the man should take the lead, but on the other hand, on an open road, where the path is narrow, the woman should lead, otherwise the man may set too fast a pace and tire her out. In riding side by side, the man's wheel should be a trifle behind—perhaps with the front wheel even with her hands.

There are many miles of country road-ways where there is but a foot of hard soil at one side of the road. If it be on the right side of the way as you ride, that side of the road is yours. If it be on the left side of the way, it belongs to you only so long as no one coming in the other direction wishes it. Many a woman, however, counts on her chances and rides along without the least thought of the rights of others who meet her when she is on their side of the road; and while no man should insist on his rights in such cases, it is just as true that no woman should compel him to give up the path when it belongs to him. In the same way a woman should ride with one whom she knows very well, until she can ride eight or ten miles without constantly stopping or falling off or showing in other ways that she has not mastered the rudiments of wheeling. If she sets out for 20 miles and finds herself incapable of going beyond five without great difficulty she is causing every one else in the party great inconvenience.

What Is the Future of Greece?
What of the future? The Greek people went to war to strengthen the Hellenic race and help to fulfill the Hellenic ideal. Have they irretrievably weakened the one and destroyed the other? At a first glance it would seem so. The Turk is stronger than he has been for many years. He has learned that no power will control him. The millions of Greeks in Asia Minor have lost confidence in Athens. Crete is farther from union than ever. She will have to submit to the terrible indignity of placing her revenues under foreign control, for a time at least. The dynasty has been shaken, and the name of the heir to the throne indelibly connected with an overwhelming national humiliation. The corruption of Greek politics, the miserable personal struggles which have usurped the place of party government, the "spoils system" at its very worst, have had their natural effect, and the Constitution is thoroughly discredited. The national idea of windy enthusiasm for great ends, combined with unwillingness to perform the solid labors by which alone these can be secured, has at last brought despair into the hearts of the best Greeks at home and abroad. A friend writes me from Athens to-day that there is little sign of the national dignity being taken to heart. Is it the end?—*Henry Norman, in Scribner's.*

Chulalongkorn and His Brother.
The King of Siam has a singularly winning smile and manner. He is free from all tincture of self-consciousness, and can say smart things. One of his sayings was very Oriental in its significance. The brother next in rank to him in his Foreign Minister. There is nobody to replace him at Bangkok; at any rate, for the transaction of great affairs. When, therefore, the King was pressed by M. Hanotaux to make some concession to France, he asked how could he, and his Foreign Minister were too long absent to be well up in current affairs. "But why, then, did you bring your brother to Europe?" asked the French Minister. "For a very good reason. Had I left him behind, I should on my return have found him on my knees." "Why not have let, then, as Foreign Minister, your other brother, who is with you?" "For a stronger reason. He is both ambitious and ferocious. The eldest would not have beheaded me if I went back, but the second might."—*London Truth.*

Wishing on Falling Stars.
Would you know the origin of the custom of making a wish when a star falls? If so, you need not travel all the way to Galicia, a province north-east of Hungary, whence it comes. There it is believed by the peasantry that when a star falls it reaches the earth in the form of a beautiful woman with long, glittering, blonde hair. Every handsome youth she meets in her wanderings becomes the victim of this starland beauty because she has the power of magic. At least that is what they call it in Galicia. Having bewitched her victim she entices him in her arms and then slowly strangles him to death. If certain words are murmured the moment the star falls, the woman has no power to harm that particular person.

Equal parts of ammonia and turpentine will take paint out of clothing even if it be hard and dry. Saturate the spot as often as necessary and wash out in warm water.

SWEET PEAS.

A host of dainty, wing-like flowers,
A bowl of Dresden china,
Bedecked with some lovely hours
With poetry far dear
Than in the roses, wondrous fair,
Which languish in their glory
In stately vase of pattern rare,
Breathing the summer story.
A swarm of pink-bellied butterflies,
On your frail stems and try to rise,
Seeking the wind, your lover,
Sweet peas, by fancy and my heart
You charm with your faint fragrance,
I challenge Dame Nature's art
To match you, lovely vagrants.

HANGED THAT HE MIGHT LIVE.

Peccant Surgical Operation Performed
in a California Hospital.
A very delicate and extremely rare surgical operation has been performed successfully at the French hospital in this city upon C. Hoffmann, young German farmer. By it not only his life has been saved, but he is enabled to begin the recovery of health. Hoffmann was employed on a farm near Knight's Ferry. During the past of July he fell backward off a wagon, striking the hard ground with the back of his head, and fracturing the third cervical vertebra, an injury which in nearly every case proves fatal. An examination by the physicians in the hospital disclosed the seriousness of the injury, and they gave it as their opinion that not one in a thousand ever could survive it. The fracture prevented the moving of the injured man's head in any direction. The slightest attempt to move the head caused violent vomiting, brought on fainting spells and impeded respiration. The patient was given very little nourishment with a spoon, and had to be kept constantly in one position. His frame weakened away and yet he ingested, with great success.

On Aug. 11 he was brought to the French hospital in this city, where the physicians decided upon an operation as the only possible means of saving the life of the patient. In the presence of the hospital house staff and a number of consulting physicians the operation was performed Aug. 15. An incision was made in the neck exposing the vertebrae, which showed the injury to the third process, the arch of which was crushed, as was a portion of the second vertebra, thus removing the obstacle to the unimpeded motion of the head. The wound was closed and an extension apparatus applied. The patient rests on an inclined plane. The weight of the body acts as a counter extension to the weight applied to the extension apparatus which is attached to the head, and the patient is virtually suspended by the neck until he shall be restored to health. The wound has been closed and the patient is doing well. At the last dressing Dr. Oscar J. Mayer, the operating surgeon, was sanguine that his patient would soon be restored to perfect health.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

A Dart That Didn't Stick.
No better and at the same time no more courteous robbery could well be imagined than that once committed by Beaumarchais, the author of the famous "Barbier de Séville." He was the son of a Parisian watchmaker, but had gained fame, rank and wealth through his own pen and exertions. A conceited and curious young nobleman once undertook to wound the pride of Beaumarchais by an allusion to his humble origin. In the presence of a large company of people who had a regard for the talented young author, this young man handed him a watch, saying that when he declared that I was too awkward to be a watchmaker.

Brought in "Pa's Prayers."
Once upon a time sickness came to the family of the poor old pastor of a country church. It was winter, and the pastor was in financial straits. A number of his flock decided to meet at his house and offer prayers for the speedy recovery of the sick ones and for material blessings upon the pastor's family. While one of the deacons was offering a fervent prayer for blessings upon the pastor's household there was a loud knock at the door. When the door was opened a stout farmer boy was wrapped up comfortably. "What do you want, boy?" asked one of the elders. "I've brought pa's prayers," replied the boy. "Brought pa's prayers? What do you mean?" "Yes, brought his prayers, an' they're out in the wagon. Just help me an' we'll get 'em in." Investigation disclosed the fact that "pa's prayers" consisted of potatoes, flour, bacon, cornmeal, turnips, apples, warm clothing and a lot of jollies for the sick ones. The prayer meeting adjourned in short order, and the boy returned to his home.

Moosh on Pat.
Two Irish soldiers stationed in the West Indies were accustomed to bathe daily in a little bay which was generally supposed to be free from sharks. Though on good terms with each other, they were not what might be called fast friends. One day as they were swimming about one hundred yards from the shore, Pat observed Mick suddenly making for the land as hard as he could, without saying a word. Wondering what was the matter, Pat struck out vigorously after him, and landed at his companion's heels. "What are you doing, Mick?" inquired Pat, feelingly. "Nothin'—nothin' at all," replied the other. "This what did ye make such a sudden retreat for, an' leave me?" continued Pat. "Behead," answered Mick, coolly, "I noted the in an' a big shark about twenty feet ahead, an' I thought while he was playin' wid you it would give me time to reach the shore." It is not to be wondered at that Pat declined to bathe with Mick any more.

Best Built of O-men.
Stiffened cement has been used successfully in the construction of a boat by an Italian named Gabellini. The frame is of steel bars, a third of an inch in diameter, over which is spread a wire netting. On this the cement is laid, and the outer surface is polished. The boat is heavier than one built of wood would be, but it is cheaper and slips better through the water. Experiments have proved its strength.

Bismarck's Brain.
Bismarck's brain, according to the estimate from external measurements made by Herr Ammon, an anthropologist, and the sculptor who made the Iron Chancellor's bust, probably weighed 1387 grammes, in which case it is the heaviest on record. Currier's brain weighed 1330 grammes. Byron's 1397, Kant's 1350, and Schiller's 1380. The average weight of the brain of an intelligent European is 1380 grammes.

"Stuberton, have you any good rule for the use of shell and will?" "Yes; whichever I think it ought to be I take the other."

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