Poetry.

AUTUMN DAYS.

When woods are gold and hedges gay

With jewelled autumn's bright array,

The robin sings

For dying things.

And diamonds sprinkle every spray.

His soft melodious well-a-day

Yet often when a riotous night

Has ruined half the woods delight

As though his April were in sight

Vhen you see a fellow-mortal

Hanging on the skirts of others,

Bowing low to wealth or favor,

Willing to be drove or led;

Ready to retract or waver,

When you see a theologian Hugging close some ugly creed,

Fearing to reject or waive

Holding back all noble feeling,

Without fixed or fearless views,

Walking in their cast-off shoes;

With abject uncovered head-

Walk yourself with firmer bearing,

Throw your moral shoulders back,

Show your spine has nerve and marrow.

Just the things which his must lack.

A stronger word

Was never heard

Dogmas which his priest may read;

Choking down each manly view,

Than to know the good and true;

Throw your moral shoulders back,

A stronger word

Crawling through contracted holes,

When you see a politician

Begging for some fat position

In the rings or at the polls,

Destitute of plack or ballast,

Double-sided all around;

With no sterling manhood in him.

Nothing stable, broad or sound,

Walk yourself with firmer bearing,

Throw your moral shoulders back,

Show that you have bone and marrow,

Just the things which he must lack.

A stronger word

Was never heard

In sense and tone

A modest song and plainly told;

The text is worth a mine of gold;

NEVER TO MEET!

For many men most sadly lack

A noble stiffness in the back.

Never to meet! Oh, can it be

Than this-Backbone.

Show your spine has nerve and marrow.

Was never heard

In sense or tone

Than this-Backbone

Caring more for forms or symbols,

Walk yourself with firmer bearing,

Than this-Backbone.

There breaks a spring day, warm

And the thrush sings

Of quickening things.

BACKBONE.

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Early

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and other hurry for CH,

Goods.

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VDRY,

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tomers on the river solicited. Consignments of fat cattle, sheep, poultry, etc., solicited.

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PHOSPHATE POWDER IN HAMPSTEAD AND VICINITY, I will call on all farmers as soon as possible. Those intending to purchase will do well to hold their orders until I call or write for prices.

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March 4.

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One Single Horse Deering Ideal Mower, 3½ Foot Cut. Mowed twelve tons of hay last season, almost as good as new. Will be sold away below the regular price. Also one second hand Farm Wagon, in good repair. Terms on application to S. J. KINNEY.

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High Grade Fertilizer Provincial Chemical Fertilizer Co.,

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Orders by mail promptly attended to C. L. SCOTT,

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42 Dock Street, St. John, N. B. For 15c. in stamps we will

send by mail post paid a good Thermometer. Try one!

NOTICE. Public Notice is hereby given that let-ters of administration have been granted Wellesley T. Hamilton in the estate of the late Thomas Hamilton, and all par-ties indebted to the said estate and all having claims against the estate are requested to have the same filed with

him, duly attested, within one month from the date of this notice. Dated at Gagetown, June 14th, 1898. WELLESLY T. HAMILTON,

Flour,

Meal.

Hay,

Dats

Robertson Wharf, Indiantown, N. B.

E.B. Eddy's

Matches

Feed, Etc

That fondest hopes must end like this Never to meet! No more to see The face that held a world of bliss! Niles

Say, it is all some idle dream, That will, on waking, fade away; Say that our hearts in joy supreme, Shall beat as one for now and aye! & Sons, Never to meet my sweet? Never, as years pass o'er? -DEALERS IN-

Never again, in joy or in pain, Never, Oh nevermore! Never to meet! The words are said. Yet surely true they cannot be? Can all the moments past be dead! So sweet for you love, and for me? Ah! no, no, no! those words unsay, When joy shall rule in place of pain;

That idle dream bid pass away, And let our lives be one again! Never to meet, my sweet? Never, as years pass o'er? Never again, in joy or in pain, Never, oh nevermore!

O, fill my soul with heavenly love,

And breath its unction there! Descend, O blest, angelic dove,

A Hymn In The Night.

Dear Saviour, seal this heart of mine, Correspondence solicited and A consecration wholly thine; promptly attended to. With Thy pure love, my life refine, And bind it unto Thee. Write for quotations.

Bestow thy riches from above, Answer my humble prayer! Then shall hope's star-enkindling beam Its warmth my soul entwine, And faith shall part with radiant stream The cloud's deep vail of gloom, with Production Of light from the Divine. Its clasp shall still the mourner's sigh, Shall dry the mourner's tear,

And raise to heaven the dewy eye From shadows deep, the sunny sky Emerge with holy cheer. God and His Son by man be known As never known before.

When Faith and Hope and Love have Their righteous fruits, the earth shall own | like almon The truth's victorious power. VINA A. SUMNER. FOR SALE Notes of hand and receipt

for sale at the QUEENS COUNTY GAZETTE

THE GENTLE THACKERAY.

Was a Sad Christmas Eve When His Bright Light Went Out. Bright Light Went Out.

"I have known Thackersy 18 years, and I don't know him yet," said Douglas Jerrold. There was a reserve in the manner of the great satirist and humorist which prevented his friends from being near to him, and yet when the humor suited him he would open his heart as though he had never known the feeling of reticence. He cared little for display and adulation, and when a banquet was tendered him on his departure for America he said he wished it were over, as such things always set him trembling.

trembling.
"Besides," said be, "I'll have to make a speech, and what am I to say? I'll see if I speech, and what am I to say? I'll see if I can hammer out something. I am afraid it will be stammering by and by."

At the time "Vanity Fair" was published, Charles Dickens was producing in monthly form the story of "Dombey and Son." Thackeray read with eager delight each number as it came from the press. Where Dickens described the death of little Paul with a depth of pathos which produced a vibratory emotion in the hearts of all who read it, Thackeray seemed electrified at the thought that there was a man living who could exercise so complete a control over him. Putting the copy of "Dombey and Son" in his pocket, he hurried down to Mr. Punch's office and, dashing it down on the table with startling vehemence, exclaimed: "There's no writing against such power as this—one has no chance. Read that chapter describing Paul's death. It is stupendous!"

Thackeray was found doad in bed on the eve of Christmas, 1868. He had laid his "weary pen" aside and sunk into his last dear sleen after months and veers of his "weary pen" aside and sunk into his last deep sleep after months and years of

My song, save this, is little worth.

I lay the weary pen aside

And wish for health and love and mirth,
As fits the solemn Christmastide.

As fits the holy Christmas birth,
Be this, good friends, our carol still,
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
To men of gentle will.

If these simple but impressive words may be taken as a shadow of what his feelings may have been when called upon to lay aside his pen for the last time, wo may well believe that at that sad moment his thoughts were full of prayer for the earthly peace of all.—Detroit Free Press.

"TELL HER SHE MUST."

The Doctor's Mistake, Which Was Corrected by the Married Man. The family physician puffed meditative ly at his cigar for a few minutes before coming down to business.

"I have been to see your wife, as you requested," he said at last, "and I asked you to come in so that I could tell you what should be done. She's in a pretty

"Yes. No regular sickness, you know. but generally run down and in bad shape. With rest and care she'll come out all right, but you'll have to look after her pretty closely."

"I beg your pardon?"

"I say you'll have to look after her pretty closely. You'll have to appoint your-

ty closely. You'll have to appoint yourself sort of general averseer or supervisor
of everything pertaining to her welfare for
a time and be very strict with her too. In
the first place, tell her she must"—
"Doctor, are you acquainted with my
wife?" interrupted the husband.
"Not intimately at all," replied the astonished physician. "I've been called upon
to treat her ones or twice, as you know.

to treat her ones or twice, as you know. but that is all." "Possibly that may be urged as an excuse," said the husband, "but it's not a particularly go I one. There are women with whom you unite well acquainted, are there not

"Mary ome:
"Many em.
"And st ou ad ise me to tell my wife that she must do so rething or other?"
The physician lowed at the husband, and the husband looked at the physician. and the husband locked at the physician.

"My dear sir," said the physician at last, "it flatters some men to talk to them that way, but I see you are a man of judgment and sense what prefers the truth to all else. Of course what I mean is that you ought to suggest by your wife that, if it is in accord with her judgment, possibly it might be a good thing to follow the advice that I will now give you. Naturally, being married, I know as well as you that 'must' is a word that ought to be ellini-

'must' is a word that ought to be eliminated from the English language or at the most confined to the intercourse of parents with children."—Chicago Post. A Queer New England Betrothal. Hawthorne found romance on the shores of old New England, and there is a good deal of it unminded in the modern life of the Yankees. The following story of love and marriage, strange as it may seem, is known to the writer to be true:

Years ago a summer boarder at a cottage on a point of land which formed the pro tecting arm of the harbor of a fishing town in Massachusetts was shown a girl baby only a few months old. He looked at the babe and admired; then said to the moth-

The mother had known the young man for several summers; she liked him, and therefore answered promptly, "Yes."
"Will you promise never to tell her that you have selected me as her husband?"
"Yes."

The conditions of the singular betrethal

The conditions of the singular betrothal were observed. The girl baby grew up, and summer after summer the young man courted her. When she was 18, he married her, and not till then did she know that she had been betrothed to her husband while in her cradle. Can old romance be more romantic than this story of a New England fishing town?—Youth's Companion.

Stars, but Not In His Line. "You referred to me this morning, sir," howled the eminent actor, "as 'the Algol of the theatrical profession!' Allow me to ask you, sir, if that is a miserable attempt to play upon the word 'alcohol,' as a reminder, sir, that I was once addicted to the excessive use of the intexicating

bowl!"
"By no means, sir," protested the newspaper man. "I meant by that expression to convey the idea that you were a 'variable star'—sometimes brilliant and at other times not so brilliant." With a muttered apology the eminent actor turned on his heel and stalked away. "And this," bitterly exclaimed the newspaper man what comes of

One of the is a huge v

Blanks and at the Gaz

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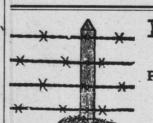
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