

# POOR DOCUMENT

QUEENS COUNTY GAZETTE, GAGETOWN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 9, 1898.

3

## Do You Think of Building

I manufacture every description of...

## Building

### Materials,

and will furnish prices and estimates.

Give Me a Trial Order.

## A. A. MABEE,

212 and 214 Main St.,  
ST. JOHN, N. B.

## A. KINSELLA,

FREESTONE, GRANITE AND MARBLE WORKS,

No. 112 MILL STREET,

Next to I. C. R. Station, St. John, N. B.

Monuments, Tablets and Gravestones, Baptismal Fonts,  
Mantle Pieces and Plumber's Slabs.

Orders from the country promptly attended to.  
Satisfaction guaranteed.

E. C. LOCKETT, Agent, Gagetown, N.

## CUT THIS OUT

And return it to us with a year's subscrip-  
tion to The Queens County Gazette.

The Queens County Gazette,  
Gagetown, N. B.

Enclosed find \$1.00 for which send me for one  
year The Queens County Gazette.

Name.....

Post Office address.....

ADDRESS.....

JAS. A. STEWART,

Gagetown, N. B.

## THAT JOB OF

## PRINTING

You may need soon can be neatly and promptly executed at the office

QUEENS COUNTY GAZETTE.

Good Type, Plenty of It, and Skilled Workmen handle it.

Established 1862.

John McCann,

Importer and Dealer in

GROCERIES, : FLOUR,

LIQUORS, &c.

Corner Main and Bridge Streets,  
INDIANTOWN, N. B.

CROTHERS BROS.

STEAM SAW MILL,

Upper Gagetown.

Local Sawing done in First Class

Shape and at Reasonable Rates.

150 CORDS 4-FOOT SLAB WOOD FOR

SALE VERY LOW.

R. WOTTRICH,

Gun Maker,

MANUFACTURER OF

All Kinds of Sporting Goods.

Special attention given to Winchester  
Rifles and Revolvers. Also repairing of  
all kinds of Bicycles and manufacturer of  
Surgical Instruments and Trusses. Per  
fect fit of Trusses guaranteed. Made to  
order.

254 UNION STREET, ST. JOHN.

## FOR SALE.

One Sable Island Pony, with or with-  
out sleigh and harness.

JAMES FLOWER,

McDonald's Corner.

## TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

Contributed by the I. O. G. T.

I hereby give notice that I have made  
satisfactory arrangements with the Editor  
of the QUEENS COUNTY GAZETTE by which  
this column will be devoted to the in-  
terests of the I. O. G. T. I make an ap-  
peal to all lodges throughout the county,  
and all persons interested in Temperance  
work, to do their part, so that the work  
may be a success from the beginning.  
Address all communications to,  
ERNEST M. STRAIGHT, Lower Cambridge,  
N. B.

I have been requested by the writer of  
the following letter to have it published  
in the GAZETTE. It will explain itself.  
CHATHAM, N. B.  
Feb. 19th, 1898.

ERNEST M. STRAIGHT, Esq.,

Lower Cambridge, N. B.

Dear Sir and Brother:—A few days ago

while looking over the QUEENS COUNTY

GAZETTE I saw, with pleasure, that the I.

O. G. T. had a column set apart especial-  
ly for their benefit, therefore I thought I

would drop a few lines to that valuable

paper and to congratulate you on having

secured the privilege from "mine" friend

Stewart for allowing the I. O. G. T. com-  
munications to be published, as I know

it will greatly strengthen the order, and  
will be a wonderful benefit to the temper-

ance cause throughout the province, not  
only in interest, but it will be the means

of increasing the membership. Since my

enjoyable trip to your progressive and  
beloved county, I have visited several

lodges, not only in New Brunswick but  
throughout the province of Nova Scotia

as well. I shall never forget the good old  
times I had while travelling in Queens

county, and the visits to the several  
lodges in that part of the country are still

fresh in my memory. I suppose it would  
be only proper that I should give an out-  
line of the working of the noble order in

the town of Chatham. Well, up here we  
have a splendid lodge with an average at-  
tendance of fifty, which considering there

is a division S. T. in town, is a very  
good thing. Chatham lodge is to hold their

annual social on the 8th of March, when the  
members propose playing a fine and drama

as entertainment. The drama which is  
very good, promises to be of unusual in-  
terest, and is entitled "The Jail Bird."

Following is the cast of characters:  
Matthew Morgan—From Upper New

York State, who has come to the  
Great City to seek employment—Geo. T.

Stewart.  
Bill Donovan—Alas Jinks, alias the

parson—Robt. Ward.  
Darby Jones—A New York Detective—

E. G. Merritt.  
Solomon Jackson—A Jewish "crook"—J.

W. Wells.  
Mr. Denham—A wealthy broker—Massan

Frost.  
Bob Wilkins—A street urchin—F. H.

McNaught.  
Joe—A workman—Wm. Abbott.

Jennie Foster—Afterwards Matt's wife—  
Miss Woods.

Mrs. Babington—Whose tongue never  
times—Miss Saxsmith.

Time, the present; place, New York.

Beside the above programme there will  
be songs, readings and speech making,

after which refreshments will be served.

As this letter is getting rather long and  
timeous, I will close but expect to write

soon again.  
Wishing all my sisters and brothers a

happy and prosperous year,  
Yours in F. H. and C.,  
BROTHER E. G. MERRITT

Grand Marshall of N. B.

P. O. Box 193  
Chatham.

The following excellent paper is con-  
tributed by Susie J. Gilchrist, of Mac-

Donalds Corner.  
"To every one there is an allotted time—

A time of trial and probation."

On trial here, but be thou patient still  
And faithful to thy calling.

The deeds of this world form the char-  
acters and conditions of their actors in

the next. This thought, together with  
the idea of our accountability to Almighty

God is what makes time of such fearful  
importance.

Into a few brief years are crowded all  
the duties of a lifetime and all the pre-  
parations for eternity, where there will be

no change. There is an allotted time of  
trial and probation and when that ceases

our destiny is fixed. This is why God  
says, "Behold, the time for the days are  
evil." Time is invaluable, nothing can

purchase it. It is given in moments, one  
at a time. It is counted by heart throbs.

Each throb tells us it is here, each pulsa-  
tion that it is gone forever. Thus God

seeks to reach us, how precious, how  
priceless it is.

Time is uncertain. We do not know at  
what moment it may cease to each one of  
us. The past we cannot recall, the future

is uncertain, the present alone is ours.  
Death is ever near. Sooner or later our

labors on earth must end in the grave,  
and we are covered up by the silent dust,

and our souls go to receive the reward of  
our labors. There is but a throb of the

heart, a breath of air between us and the  
end of time.

Improve that time. Once past it can  
never be recalled. It is gone forever.

No regrets can bring it back. No tears  
of penitence will avail. Even while we

weep and repent more precious moments  
are passing away.

Of all things God has bestowed upon us

we should be most miserly of time. There  
is not a moment too many in which to  
fulfill all our duties, for the command is,  
"Occupy till I come." Each day, each  
hour, each moment has its duty, its bless-  
ing, its enjoyment.

Time sometimes seems to hang heavily  
on our hands, and so we look around for  
something to while away the tedious hours.

We generally seek some amusement and  
thus spend the priceless moments in fun  
and folly. If we continue to do this,  
when we reach the end of our lives we

will lament over mis-spent years.  
"Wasted!"

Precious pearls of time,  
Moments rich as diadems,  
One by one they came unmeted,

One by one they floated,  
One by one till myriads died,  
Far away to join the dead,

Till the lost life, shattered, broken,  
Went no heaven-born light, nor token,  
Has drifted to that fearful shore!

"Wasted!"  
Founts of deepest love,  
Gifts of mercy from above,

Treasures from affection deep,  
Waking but to wreathe and weep,  
Wasted—youth's rich golden hours!

Wasted—loftiest, mightiest powers!  
Wasted—manhood's glorious prime!  
Hopes, and aims, and thoughts sublime.

"Weepst thou? Ere life's setting sun,  
Ere times fleeting sands be run,  
Rouse thee from ignoble rest,  
Toil to win the land more blest.

Swiftly are the moments flying—  
Up! ere hopes be drooping, dying."

Idleness is the fountain from which  
intemperance, vice and folly often rise.

Earth and Heaven only crown the head  
of those whose hands are hard with toil,

whose minds are expanded with knowl-  
edge, and whose hearts are full of faith

love, truth and purity.  
Let us improve the time for the days  
are evil. The friends of intemperance

are doing all they can to give drunken-  
ness, and the traffic in alcoholic drinks,  
respectability and legal indorsement.

Activity on our part has only stimulated  
them to renewed action. They are work-  
ing with a zeal worthy of a better cause.

We then have no time to loose. Let us  
fulfill the duties of each day, and thus by

improving the time, exhibit that faith,  
toil and perseverance that deserves and  
insures success.

If we work with a will we need not  
fear, for God is on our side. We shall

succeed because His will is to be done on  
earth as it is in Heaven, His kingdom to

rule over all. The struggle will be hard,  
but intemperance must die. It may con-  
tinue to exert an influence, to corrupt

men and women. Its existence may be  
prolonged for some time yet, but it must  
die.

The day will come when intemperance  
shall be prohibited by a just law, sustain-  
ed by public opinion, when government

shall administer laws for the benefit of  
the whole people, and Christianity shall  
erect her holy temple in every heart.

"Live for something, be not idle,  
Look about thee for some employ,  
Sit not down to idle dreaming;  
Labor is the sweetest joy.

Folded hands are ever weary,  
Selfish hearts are never gay;  
Life for thee has many duties—  
Active be then while you may."

S. J. G.

## Zola's Trial Ended.

PARIS, Feb. 14.—Writing for the As-  
sociated Press on the result of the Zola

trial, Mrs. Emily Crawford says:  
"The Zola trial is ended. The jury

agreed days ahead of the verdict and its  
unanimity was due to threats. It stayed

in the jury room for a few minutes, and  
the sentence is one year for M. Zola, and

four months for M. Perreux, the nominal  
director of the *Aurore*.

The hour was seven in the evening and  
the court was lighted by electricity which

revealed the face of every person. A very  
striking object, Christ crucified, hung

high behind the bench, Maître Laborie  
ended his speech by saying: "The name

of Pilate is the most abhorred in his-  
tory."

The figure of Christ caught Zola's eye.  
After sentences had been passed with

poignant decorum, he exclaimed: "Today  
associated with Christ, I too am a victim

of mob-violence, official cowardice and a  
grand miscarriage of justice." But he

did not wince or flinch, he looked as in-  
different as a mere spectator.

Madame Zola's devoted heart at first  
seemed broken, but when she felt that

she must brace herself up to rise to the  
height of Zola's grand situation, she be-  
came calm and self possessed.

His friends, the artists Brunau and  
Desmoulin, were more broken-hearted  
than she. They accompanied Zola, pro-  
tecting him from mob violence. M. La-  
borie was also greatly upset.

Zola's other friends were delighted.  
They declared that by the sentence he was

redeemed from all past faults, that it set  
him on a radiant pedestal, gave him a  
unique position and would make him the

representative man of humanity. They  
had greatly feared a severe sentence, but

one wiped off with the benefit of the first  
offenders law. In this case he would not

have gone to prison.  
"M. Clemenceau pleaded for the hum-  
ble Perreux and tried to cheer him. He

poor fellow has no compensations,  
no world-wide advertisements for his

works, no blaze of glory.  
At a late hour last night I was in Zola's

house. As I passed through the flower  
adorned vestibule, I thought that a year's

imprisonment would be a wholesale  
change from this luxury. M. Zola's taste

is Italian and is home is furnished much  
in the Italian manner richly and hand-  
somer. I found him more nervous than

on the hearing of the verdict, but bearing

up with a stiff lip. He says he is sorry for  
France, but thinks she will right herself.  
The house was filled with bouquets of  
flowers, that had come from all parts, the  
gifts doubtless of Jewish ladies."

## TO THE PUNITAN.

Lozies in pink and flay lace,  
A ray in blue, the sweet Irene,  
Minerva of the classic face,

In glowing red a stately queen,  
A court of beauty's honor maid!  
The richest robe from royal loom

Best mates such loveliness, yet aids  
Not cheeks that slumber on rose bloom.  
But, though them all I do admire,  
I turn from balmy visions back,

From beauty, colors, jewels and  
To seek a little girl in black.

Oh, little girl in black, to you,  
Where naught distracts, in calm most  
I come to learn what is the true,

Where naught distracts, in calm most  
I come to learn what is the true,  
Where naught distracts, in calm most

Through sparkling glance and bright array  
The sense touch with potent charms,  
They wait in the steady day.

The music dies in harsh alarms  
That fill the world of busy strife,  
So in the hard and clodden track

Love lights alone I would through life  
Walk with the little girl in black.  
—George Henry Dougherty in *Woman's*.

## NEVER "BROKE" AGAIN.

An Improvident Young Man Who Will Al-  
ways Have a Dollar in His Pocket.

"Queer things happen at funerals,"

said a clergyman recently who has offi-  
ciated at many, "and I remember one

occasion which impressed me greatly  
on account of the standing of the family

in which it happened, as well as from  
the peculiar circumstances surrounding the  
incident—the bestowal of money on a

dead man.  
The narrative was urged to relate the  
story, and on the promise that no names

would be mentioned he continued:  
"It was a funeral at the house of one  
of my parishioners, and I was greatly

surprised when I received notice to at-  
tend and conduct the services. I had not

heard of any member of the family be-  
ing ill, nor had I been summoned to the  
deathbed, but I jumped to the conclu-  
sion that it was an old servant who had

died.  
"It proved to be a bad son—the black  
sheep of the family—whose shadow had

not darkened their doors for years, but  
who, it was always believed, had been

supported at a distance far enough to  
prevent him from disgracing the family  
by his misdeeds.

"Now he was brought home dead,  
and I was expected to give him as little

blame as much praise as was con-  
sistent with the dignity of my office and  
his relation to the family.

"I need not go into that part of the  
ceremonies, but come to what I consider  
the real expression of feeling which

concentrated the memory of the man as  
nothing that I said could have done.

"Just before the casket was closed  
his old mother arose from her seat with

the mourners, and, approaching the  
dead, slipped a silver dollar into his

vest pocket.  
"Jim never liked to be without

money in his pocket," she said, with a  
low, tremulous voice. "Many's the dol-  
lar I've slipped into his pocket un-  
known to him, but he always found it

and was thankful. I don't expect he's  
going to need it now, and maybe he will  
never know that mother put it there,  
but somehow I shall feel better if he

has it."  
"And I felt that the woman who had  
loved much and forgiven much had

pressed a sermon of forgiveness and  
mercy before which I with my platitudes  
must remain dumb."—Chicago  
Times-Herald.

## Typographical Bulls.

A head writer on the St. Paul Pioneer  
Press wrote the top line of a "slug

head" this way, "Minnesota a Sheep  
State." The wooden headed murderer

of common sense set it up "Minnesota  
a Cheap Skate." This puts us in mind

of two "bulls" made by Gig Martin on  
the old Omaha Herald in 1886. One

night Gig got hold of a chunk of Frank  
Morrissey's editorial headed "Mutton

in Parvo," and he set it up "Mutton  
in Fargo." Once again Martin caught

one of Frank's effusions captioned "A  
Red Letter Day," and printed it "A Red  
Setter Dog."

But about the worst break ever made  
on the old Herald was made by Billy

Hardy. This style on The Herald in  
those days was to hyphenate and abbrevi-  
ate to beat the band. For instance,

Farnam street was styled "Farnam-st.,"  
and Capitol avenue as "Capitol-av."

Hardy listed a tale of commercial re-  
view off the book one night, and it  
quoted Bradstreet as saying this and

that. Bill, ever mindful of the style  
and ignoring common sense, arranged  
the type to read "Brad-st. predicts,"

etc. Of course it was "marked" on  
him, but Bill wouldn't have it. He

went down into the proofroom and kick-  
ed for a "ring," demanding an apology

and wanting to know "if they were go-  
ing to change the d—d style every

day."—Dyersville (Ia.) News-Letter.

## Her First Thought.

A steamer was passing by a settle-  
ment on the shore of one of the great

lakes, and along the water front were a  
few houses built out on piles. An old

man and an old woman, evidently trav-  
eling that way for the first time, stood

by the rail. Presently the woman no-  
ticed one of the houses built over the

water.  
"Well, my gracious, Henry," she ex-  
claimed, "just look at that house!