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WIT AND WISDOM.

DOMESTIC QUIET.
"I'm glad to know," remarked Miss
Cayenne, "that Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins
are living far more quietly than they
were formerly."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. I am informed that they have
not spoken to each other for weeks."—
Washington Star.

THE ADVICE OF EXPERIENCE.
"Do you know anything about buying
crockery ware for the house?"

"The man with the bald head looked at
his questioner playfully a moment before
replying:

"A little," he said, at last.

"You've tried it, have you?"

"I have."

"Then you're just the man I want.
You see, I need a little advice in regard
to dinner sets."

"You may put it down as an incontro-
vertible truth," said the man with the
bald head sarcastically, "that the only ad-
vice in that line which is of the slightest
value is contained in three words."

"Which are?"

"Don't try it. Don't let your enthusi-
asm and self-confidence permit you to
make the mistake of your life. Just give
the money to your wife."—Chicago Post.

CANDID.
Jack Dashing—"We must break the
engagement."

Perdita—"Why?"

Jack Dashing—"I do not think your
father can afford a son-in-law."

GOOD REASON.
"Why so sad, dear boy?"

"Storm put off washday five days in
succession in our boarding house, and we
got five washday dinners without being
able to make a lick."—Truth.

PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENON.
"It is pleasant," said the girl who reads
mystical philosophy, "to have some friend
whose ideas are thoroughly in sympathy
with yours."

"I see—I suppose it is," replied the
young man who reads the sporting page.

"Some one who thinks as you think
whose words are simply echoes of your
own thoughts."

"No," he interrupted in a positive
tone, "I draw the line there. I found a
friend today who answers that descrip-
tion, and it wasn't at all pleasant. I can
assure you."

"How wonderful!"

"Nothing strange about it. We met
on the avenue and rushed toward each
other with common impulse. We had
not finished shaking hands when we look-
ed into each other's eyes and said in per-
fect unison: 'How are you, old man? Can
you lend me ten dollars?'"—Washington Star.

NOT UNRELIABLE.
"Did I hear you remark that that
young man was unreliable?" said the busi-
ness man.

"Yes."

"You do him an injustice."

"He has disappointed in a number of
times."

"That's true, but he's not unreliable.
Whenever he makes a promise you can
be perfectly sure that he is going to
do anything of the kind."—Washington Star.

YOUNG CHICAGO.
"Well, Jack, how did you enjoy the
Brown's party?"

Jack, aged 8—"Pretty well, but I'm
afraid there'll be trouble; Mrs. Brown
kissed me, and right before her hus-
band."—Life.

RESPONSIBILITY.
"And you didn't eat the captive? Now,
I'll engage civilization was responsible
for that."

The savage sighed, "It was the cook's
day out."—Life.

ALBUQUERQUE BUSINESS.
Van Wither—"Another North Pole
expedition? Why in the world don't
some of those discoverers actually discover
the thing, I wonder, and have done
with the matter?"

Van Miser—"And cut themselves out
of future jobs? Well, they are not that
foolish, I guess!"—Cincinnati Commer-
cial.

HE CAN'T READ HER.
She—"You men get married just like
you go to business. You run like every-
thing till you catch your car, and then
sit down and read newspapers."

He (nervously)—"Yes, my dear, you see
we can understand the newspaper."—
Cincinnati Commercial.

SPACE OR HASTE.
She—"Why is it that you never will
come home till 12 or 1 o'clock?"

He—"Because I find it impossible to
change the habit formed when we were
courtng."—Detroit Free Press.

A Curious Wooden Watch.
The most curious timekeeper perhaps
that has ever been made in this country
was the work of one Victor Dorset, who
lived at Bristol, Tenn., about 20 years
ago. This horological oddity was nothing
more or less than a wooden watch. The
case was made of birch root, and the in-
side works—all except three of the main
wheels and the springs, which were of
metal—were made from a piece of an old
boxwood rule. The face, which was pol-
ished until it looked like a slab of finest
ivory, was made from the shoulder blade
of an old cow that had been killed by the
car.

"Dorset's queer watch," as it was
called, was an open faced affair, with a
glass crystal, and was pronounced an ele-
gant piece of workmanship by all the
watchmakers in east Tennessee. St.
Louis Republic.

Barnet's Many Successes.
R. A. Barnet, the clever Boston libret-
tist, whose long list of successes, begin-
ning with the now famous "1892" and end-
ing up to date with one of the few real
money winners of the present season,
"Jack and the Beanstalk," has never
made a failure. Mr. Barnet is a quiet
unassuming gentleman, who is rarely
seen around theatres or places where
theatrical men congregate. His manner
is pleasant and affable, coupled with an
air of preoccupation that would stamp
him as a lawyer to the ordinary student
of human nature. He is at present hard
at work rehearsing the new burlesque for
the Boston cadets, who have so far had
the honor of being the first to produce
all of Mr. Barnet's successes.

Hank Was All Right.

"I never took to a man as I did to Hank
Stuffer. He moved in here without mak-
ing no noise about it, and they hadn't no
better neighbor in 't' county."

It was Farmer Waddy that was doing the
talking and the Squire of the township
only interrupted to ask whether the farm-
er had ever missed any chickens or shots
before Hank settled in the vicinity.

"No, I never did," admitted Waddy,
"but I never lost nuthin' of 't' kind afore
you got that new man of yours or afore
Mckinley was elected President. I distrust
Hank Stuffer with my life, a squire."

"Don't be too confidin'," insisted the
squire. "Many's 't' apple I've seen that
looked perfect on 't' outside, but was rot-
ten at 't' core. Hank seems all right, but
I wouldn't be surprised no day to see him
fetched up afore me. Things ain't right
in 't' county since he moved in."

"That's so, but there's a million things
happened outside of Hank's comin'." Hip-
pyles could not eat all 't' things what's tole
en' he don't sell nothin'."

"Watch him," insisted the squire, and
he took his leave with a fine imitation of
the man who looks after the morals of the
entire neighborhood.

"Farmer Waddy did watch, and he hired
colens to help him watch. If this were
fiction it would be the squire and his new
man who was trapped. But truth is an
exacting mistress. It was a worthless fel-
low living in a log hut that was doing
all the stealing. It wasn't the squire that
set bearing on the case that he was sell-
ing all the plunder to the squire at half price."
—Detroit Free Press.

A Romantic Marriage.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Feb. 17.—F. Payne
Wright an attorney of Pittsburg will play
a prominent part in the sweetest wedding
of the year in London which place he
left last night. He will give away his
sister Miss Katherine Wright to Sir Ed-
mund Lechere, baronet and deputy lieu-
tenant of Worcestershire.

Miss Wright is 32 years of age, and was
the reigning belle of London last season.
The marriage is the outcome of a real ro-
mance.

In the fall of 1895 while Miss Wright
was visiting one of Sir Edmund's castles
in Worcestershire the castle took fire and
she was hemmed in by flames in one of
the wings of the building. Sir Edmund
saw her danger, wrapped himself in a
sheet soaked in water, dashed in, picked
up the insensible beauty wrapped her in
the sheet and ran through the flames to
safety.

Sir Edmund's hair and eyelashes were
burned so he was quite bald and his
sight was threatened. Since the rescue
he has been a constant attendant of Miss
Wright and the match is the talk of Lon-
don.

The marriage will take place in St.
George's Church, Hanover Square March
15.

Gives up Church for Love.

St. LOUIS, Mo., Feb. 17.—Miss Jo-
phine Rowley, one of the reigning belles
in west end society, who has won no less
social favors than her sister, the wife of
General John Sigrist, has created a sensa-
tion here by casting aside the religious
faith of her ancestors and herself for the
man she loves.

Miss Rowley is to be married to Dr. W.
L. Whipple, a prominent physician on
Monday next. Miss Rowley has been a
Catholic and Dr. Whipple is a protestant.
Since their engagement Miss Rowley has
pledged with her parish priest, the Rev.
Father McMillin, to marry her to Dr.
Whipple, but he refused unless her hus-
band would embrace her faith. Then she
appealed to Archbishop Kan. He re-
fused consent and advised her to go into
a convent. She refused and the arch-
bishop told her that if she married she
would at once be excommunicated.

Miss Rowley gave her decision to the
archbishop today. She told him that he
could go through the formality of excom-
municating her, but that she would be
no less a Catholic, and would marry the
man she loved. The consequence is
there is a flurry in high Catholic circles.

Separate the Sexes.

If it can be done, now is a good time
to separate the cockerels from the pullets.
Both will be gainers from such
separation. The pullets will become
quieter and more peaceable. A still fur-
ther division is advisable when it can be
made, and that is that the cockerels in-
tended for breeders and exhibition should
be removed from those intended to be
killed. The latter can be more closely
yarded than the former, and should be
fed on highly fattening food. It is, per-
haps, almost too early to crowd the fatten-
ing, but they can be got into condition for
killing, so that a little crowding will fin-
ish them off in nice shape. The breed-
ing and exhibition cockerels should have
a good range, plenty of bone and muscle
forming food, and should be kept grow-
ing, in order that they may develop their
possibilities. A like division can be made
of the pullets if any are intended to be
slaughtered, or indeed, one can separate
the layers from the breeding and exhibi-
tion birds, in order to give the latter a
better chance. The food for layers and
those intended for breeders and exhibi-
tion, however, would not be materially
different at this time of year.—Reliable
Poultry Journal.

Cleopatra.

Where does Cleopatra's body rest?
Surely a layman who would not answer;
"Why, in Egypt." After her colorless,
her white, her life of intense if not exal-
ted loves, Cleopatra was laid in one of the
loveliest tombs that have ever been fash-
ioned by the hand of man. But what a
change 2000 years has brought about!
Today an ugly mummy with an emble-
matic bunch of decayed wheat and a
coarse comb tied to its head—mere roll
of tightly swathed dust—lies crumbling
in a hideous glass cage at the British
museum. It is Cleopatra, the once great
queen, a Venus in charm, beauty and
love. "To what base uses may be not?"
etc.—St. Paul's Magazine.

THE BEAUTY AROUND US.

There's beauty all 'round us
We need not
Aye, see not,
And sometimes we care not
To see where we might,
For blossoms that sparkle
The meadows
And hedgerows,
But cling to the shadows
And turn from the light.

We hug to our bosoms
Our lace and
And crosses,
And clutch the green mosses
That lie at our feet;
Puff run for our wearings,
Complaining,
Our hands from obtaining
Full morsels of sweet.

"LITTLE MONSIEUR."

How Dieulafoy Leads Piquancy to Paris-
ian Life

There are but three or four ladies
in France who have availed themselves
of the benefits of that law which pro-
vides that women may wear male ac-
tivity in obtaining permits from the
authorities, which can be had for a
merely nominal fee if valid reasons
are given why the applicant wishes to
wear male garments. Among these
few ladies, Madame Dieulafoy, the
wife of the well-known explorer and
orientalist, is certainly the most in-
teresting. Each of her adventures
accompanied her husband on his voy-
ages and in order to avoid the un-
pleasantness always experienced by wo-
men when traveling in Oriental coun-
tries, as well as for better protection,
she adopted boy's clothing at that time,
being a very slight build. When
Lady Burton, after her return into civil-
ized countries resumed the garb of her
sex, the French traveler kept up her
habit of wearing the male costume,
she had grown fond of, and in it she
is to-day frequently seen in the liter-
ary and scientific society of Paris.

Not long ago a woman journalist
requested an interview of Madame
Dieulafoy, whom he had never seen,
and received a very gracious reply to
call the next day. He must evidently
have been somewhat impatient that
she only came to see him when go-
ing out, and she said she had all orders
of her wardrobe made up by Paris-
ienne's tailor, and that she would
bring her bonnet, a charming room with
a transom of old oak and blue cloth
draperies, he had a rather small
gentleman stretched in an easy chair
with the French traveler kept up her
habit of wearing the male costume,
she had grown fond of, and in it she
is to-day frequently seen in the liter-
ary and scientific society of Paris.

"Beg pardon, sir, I requested the hon-
or of meeting Madame Dieulafoy?"
replied the little reporter, who replied
amiably: "Why, that's it!" The visit
or was dumfounded, and said his
words were "What a strange expe-
rience!" "I could not for the moment stammer an
excuse, for an explanation, I instan-
taneously took the proffered chair and sank
into it. In silence I attempted to re-
establish my presence of mind. I stared at her, and all
I knew is that I continually repeated
to myself the words: "And that is
a woman!"

Mrs. Dieulafoy was faultlessly at-
tired. She had just returned from a
wedding. Her dress, a simple, elegant,
closely buttoned, fitted form wonder-
fully well; it did not reveal even the
slightest trace of female shape. A
chamois colored waistcoat and a well
fitted blue hose could be seen above the
cut short and brushed back smoothly
like those of a man and not curly like
those of a woman's hair. Her face
was rather pale but expressive, and
her piercing grey eyes seemed to
penetrate into the inmost recesses of
mine. I have seen many chess play-
ers who look like her, still there was
nothing theatrical or constrained
about her. When she perplexed and
could not even speak coherently, she
like a true woman of the world, kept
the conversation in order not to let
me feel that she noticed my surprise.
She was very much at home in her
English attire and looked quite serious,
almost too serious."

Madame Dieulafoy accompanies her
husband everywhere in the costume
she has adopted for expeditions, but
even results in very comical episodes.
Not so very long ago they attended
an evening entertainment in one of
the families of the fashionable set,
the "porties" (afternoon at the door)
who was to announce them, received
their card, which read: "Monsieur et
Madame Dieulafoy." He looked at the
card, then at the strange couple, finally
he turned to the two Messieurs
Dieulafoy, much to the amusement
of everybody who knew them.

The Cuban Troops.

The war report from Cuba have a
great deal to say about the troops.
It is a new term and less confusion in
the public mind as to what it means.
In a general way it signifies a strate-
gic line across a given scope of terri-
tory, separating one army from another.
The line in the present in-
stance extends from Havana to the
southern coast of the island, and its
original purpose was to divide the in-
surgent forces, part of which were in
the western portion of the island under
Maceo, and the rest in the eastern
portion under Gomez and Garcia.
It consists principally of a barbed-
wire fence 3 feet 6 inches high, with
sentinel detachments immediately be-
hind it. And about forty yards back
of it is a trench three feet wide and
four feet deep, with a breastwork
of palmetto logs and fifty yards fur-
ther back are log houses in which the
troops are quartered. The number of
soldiers required to guard the whole
line is about 15,000. It was Gen. Wey-
ler's idea of comprehensive and ef-
fective strategy, and he is said to be
very proud of it.—St. Louis Glob-
Democrat.

Bran a Substitute For Coal.

Because of the excessive rates charged
for coal, various schemes are con-
sidered throughout the State of South
Dakota to secure some sort of a sub-
stitute for coal. The roller mill at
Kimball, that State, is doing its share
toward heating the coal trust, bran in-
stead of coal being utilized for fuel. As
it would be impossible to feed the fuel
in the ordinary way without end-
less toil, Engineer Perkins invented
the contrivance that feeds the
bran to the fire-box automatically.
The contrivance holds the steam gauge
to 80 pounds for hours at a time with-
out regulating.

A Successful Mother.

Life has been a success for a moth-
er if she has made a home where
there was sunshine as well as order
and system and there was no friction.

No-Hits.

If the whole sky were filled with
full moons, the light would be no
brighter than that of ordinary day-
light.

THE REAL OF THE IDEAL.

Pendulo—"Isn't she a widow?"
Jack Dashing—"Grass, or under the
grass?"

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