

**QUEENS COUNTY
GAZETTE**

MISSING ISSUE

February 17, 1897

QUEENS COUNTY GAZETTE.

VOL. I. Published Every Wednesday Morning. GAGETOWN, N. B. WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1897. LOCKETT & STEWART, Publishers. NO. 3.

Pungs Must Go Now. We Will Sell Them Cheap. REPAIRS DONE NEATLY AND PROMPTLY.

SCOTT BROTHERS, Steam Saw Mill and Carriage Factory. MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN Carriages and Sleighs of every description.

HOTELS. Hotel Dingee, MAIN STREET, GAGETOWN, N. B.

RIVER VIEW HOTEL, Upper Jemseg, N. B. C. B. COLWELL, Proprietor.

Queen Hotel, FREDERICTON, - N. B. J. A. EDWARDS, Prop.

First Class Livery, IN CONNECTION. J. R. CURREY, Attorney and Barrister, Notary Public.

W. A. CURRIE, D. D. S. (Late Instructor in Boston Dental College.) EVERY FORM OF Modern Dentistry.

Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty. Chestnut Building, - Fredericton.

Frank L. Cooper, Fredericton.

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A Railway Wanted. To the Editor of the QUEENS COUNTY GAZETTE.

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ST. JOHN MARKET REPORTS. SUPPLIED BY SLOOM & ALWARD. WHEOLESALE.

Table with market prices for various goods including Lamb, Beef, Pork, Butter, Eggs, etc.

The Lamp Upped. FREDERICTON, Feb. 17. -A dreadful accident happened last night to three members of the family of an Alderman James Flanagan.

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POOR DOCUMENT

Wm. Brander,
MANUFACTURER OF
BOOTS AND SHOES,
Harness,
Laragans,
Shoe Packs,
Etc., Etc.
REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

Highest Cash Price Paid for
HIDES, CALF AND SHEEP SKINS.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED.
GIVE US A CALL.
MAIN ST., GAGETOWN.

C. L. SCOTT,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
CARRIAGES, CARTS AND SLEIGHS.

Highest Grade Farm Machinery of
all kinds.
Designer and Builder of a very light
Double Truss Trotting Skeleton,
pronounced by horsemen the finest.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.
MAIN ST. GAGETOWN, N. B.

THIS SPACE RESERVED FOR
The Fredericton Business College.

WHEN IN FREDERICTON
CALL ON

J. H. FLEMING

HE KEEPS A NICE LINE OF
Gents' Furnishings,
Hats and Caps.

The Latest Novelties in
NECK WEAR,

ALWAYS ON HAND.
PRICES ARE RIGHT.

Patronize the
GLOBE LAUNDRY,

2 Doors Below Queen Hotel,
Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

E. C. LOCKETT, Agent Gagetown,
G. R. PERKINS, Proprietor.

SLOCUM & ALWARD,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
CITY MARKET, - ST. JOHN, N. B.

COUNTRY PRODUCE
of all kinds consigned to us will receive
our careful attention.

Prompt Returns Made.
COLWELL'S

STEAM GRIST MILL,

UPPER MEMSEG, N. B.

This Mill is well equipped with all the
modern machinery. Grain of all kind
Ground and Cracked at Short Notice

A full line of
Cracked Grain and Heavy

Feed always in Stock, at

LOWEST PRICES.

JAMES COLWELL, JR.

WIT AND WISDOM.

DOMESTIC QUIET.
"I'm glad to know," remarked Miss Cayenne, "that Mr. and Mrs. Jinkles 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 incontrovertible truth," said the man with the bald head, "that the only advice in that line which is of the slightest value is contained in three words."
"Which are?"
"Don't try it. Don't let your enthusiasm 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 description, 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 looked into each other's eyes and said in perfect 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 business man.
"Yes."
"You do him an injustice."
"He has disappointed me 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 husband."
"—Life.

RESPONSIBILITY.
"And you didn't eat the captive? Now, I'll engage civilization was responsible for that."
The savage sighed.
"Yes," he answered, "it was the cook's day out."
"—Truth.

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?"
Von Miser—"And cut themselves out of future jobs? Well, they are not that foolish, I guess!"—Cincinnati Commercial.

HE CAN'T READ HER.
She—"You men get married just like you go to business. You run like everything 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 courting."—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 inside 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 polished 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 cow.

Barnet's Many Successes.
R. A. Barnet, the clever Boston librettist, whose long list of successes, beginning with the now famous "1892" and ending 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 making a noise about it, and they hadn't no better neighbor in the county."
It was Farmer Waddy that was doing the talking and the Squire of the township only interrupted to ask whether the farmer 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 the kind afore you got that new man of yours or afore Mckinley was elected President. I distrust Hank Stuffer with my life, squire."
"Don't be too confidin'," insisted the squire. "Many's the apple I've seen that looked perfect on the outside, but was rotten at the core. Hank seems all right, but I wouldn't be surprised no day to see him fished up afore me. Things ain't right in this community since he fixed it."
"That's so, but there's a million things happened outside of Hank's comin'. His fogle could 'nt eat all the things what's stole on 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.

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 Edmund Lechere, baronet and deputy lieutenant 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 romance. 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 burned in by flames in one of the wings of the building. Sir Edmund saw her danger, wrapped himself in a wet blanket and 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 London.

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 Josephine 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 sensation 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 pleaded with her parish priest, the Rev. Father McMillan, to marry her to Dr. Whipple, but he refused unless her husband would embrace her faith. Then she appealed to Archbishop Kan. He refused consent and advised her to go into a convent. She refused and the archbishop 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 she could go through the formality of excommunicating 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 cockles from the pullets. Both will be gainers from such separation. The pullets will be spared the vexatious attentions of those lusty young males, and the males will become quieter and more peaceable. A still further division is advisable when it can be made, and that is that the cockles be intended 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, perhaps, almost too early to crowd the fattening, but they can be got into condition for killing, so that a little crowding will finish them off in nice shape. The breeding and exhibition cockles should have a good range, plenty of bone and muscle forming food, and should be kept growing, 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 exhibition birds, in order to give the latter a better chance. The food for layers and those intended for breeders and exhibition, however, would not be materially different at this time of year.—Reliable Poultry Journal.

Cleopatra.
Where does Cleopatra's body rest? Scarcely a layman who would not answer: "Why, in Egypt." After her coronation, her wife, her life of intense if not exalted loves, Cleopatra was laid in one of the loveliest tombs that have ever been fashioned by the hand of man. But what a change 2000 years has brought about! Today an ugly mummy with an emblematic 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 heed not,
Ay, we do not,
And oftentimes we care not
To see where we might,
For blossoms that sprout
The meadows
And hedgerows,
But cling to the shadows
And turn from the light.

We hug to our bosoms
Our loveliness,
And cross,
And cross the green meadows
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 Parisian Life

There are but three or four ladies in France who have availed themselves of the benefits of that law which provides that women may wear male attire 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 interesting. She accompanied her husband on his voyages and in order to avoid the unpleasantness always experienced by women when traveling in Oriental countries, she adopted the dress of a man. Her adopted boy's clothing at that time being a very slight, light suit, which she wore until her return to civilized 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 literary and scientific society of Paris.

Not long ago a woman journalist requested an interview of Madame Dieulafoy, whom she had never seen, and received a very gracious reply to call the next day. She must evidently have been a very agreeable person, for she only asked for an interview when going out, and she said she had all others of her own.

Madame Dieulafoy is a Frenchwoman, now so much in use by Parisiennes that her name is almost a synonym for a charming room with a transom of old oak and blue cloth draperies, he looked 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 literary and scientific society of Paris.

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Lockett & Stewart, Publishers.

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Main Street, Gagetown, N. B.

EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,

In time for Despatch by the earliest mails of the day.

The Subscription price will be \$1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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- Pamphlets,
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- Posters,
- Circulars,
- Labels,
- Tickets,
- Tags,
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- Etc., Etc.

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Chas. Babbit,

GENERAL DEALER IN DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES,

Boots, Shoes, Hardware, &c.

In this first issue of the Gazette, I have much pleasure in thanking the public for their patronage during the time I have been in business, and hope by catering to the wants of my customers in a manner, satisfactory as to prices and quality of goods, to merit a continuation of the same. It will be my aim in the future to supply my customers with goods, which for quality excels, and at prices that defy competition.

HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR Butter and Eggs.

J. W. DICKIE,

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES.

Fruits, Canned Goods, Tobacco, Cigars, Drugs, Patent Medicines, Stationery, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Dry Goods, Country Produce of all Kinds.

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PUNGSS AND LEIGH'S.

You can get the best Pung or Sleigh for the Least Money at Oliver Burden's, Phenix Square, Fredericton.

ALBERTS' THOMAS PHOSPHATE POWDER Applied to all kinds of soil will give Good Results.

J. Edgecombe & Sons,

MANUFACTURERS OF Carriages AND Sleighs OF ALL KINDS.

York Street, Fredericton, N. B.

Factory: 19 to 39 York St. and 131 to 137 King St.

PAINTING & REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. Write for Price Lists and other information.

Wampum.

When Columbus discovered America he found the Indians carrying on trade from tribe to tribe with wampum. Anything that has value may be used as money. In ancient Syracuse and Britain tin was used as money, and we find that iron was so used at one time in Sparta, pieces of silk in China, cattle in Rome and Germany, leather among the Carthaginians, nails in Scotland, lead in Burma, platinum in Russia, cubes of pressed tea in Tartary, slaves among the Anglo-Saxons, salt in Abyssinia, etc.

Wampum is an Algonquin word meaning "white." The Indians have ever been fond of ornaments, particularly of beads. The used to make beads of seashells in the following way: A fragment of stone was with much care "worked down" to the size of a small nail, having one end quite pointed, and it was then fastened to a piece of cane or a reed. With this simple tool the Indian workman chipped off a bit of the inside of a hard shell, or a part of the shell of a hurch clam, and rubbed it down to the size desired; this bit of shell he held in his hand, placed the sharp end of the stone against it, and turned the stone around and around until a hole was drilled entirely through the shell.

The shell beads thus tediously manufactured were called "wampum." These beads were either white or of a purple color—the last being valued much higher than the first. It was the very laborious way of making wampum that gave its value.

The wampum was artistically strung upon hempen threads and used as necklaces, bracelets and rings; often it was woven into "belts" about three inches in width and two feet in length. The wampum belt served many purposes; it was sent from tribe to tribe with solemn promises and messages; it was used in making peace, in asking for aid in time of war, for personal adornment, and also as a "circulating medium." The coast tribe Indians were the wampum-makers; the interior Indians spent their time hunting and exchanging game of all kinds for the wampum made by the coast tribes.

For a long time after white people had settled in the new world small coins were scarce and wampum was used as "change." Finally the "pale-faces" set up lathe by treadles for the purpose of making wampum, and soon the Indian wampum-makers were, as we say nowadays, "out of a job."

Barley as a Stock Food.

A Butler Co., O., farmer writes as follows: "I have 300 bushels of barley that I cannot get more than twenty cents a bushel for. It is sound but a little discolored as we had frequent rains about the time I sowed it. I think I will have it and corn ground, half and half, and then add equal parts of bran or middlings, and feed to my cows and horses. It will also feed corn-fodder, clover and some ear corn to cows and horses and ear corn to pigs and brood sows. Can I do anything better with it? I have thought I might pay better to grind barley fine and mix with bran and middlings, equal parts, and feed it to my horses and cows. Let him ask the one making the statement to let him what food is commonly used in England and North Edgore for feeding fattening farm stock, especially? Let him further inquire what food the Arab gives his horse and on what grain horses are commonly maintained, on the Pacific Coast in this country."

Barley is an excellent stock food. On the coast it is crushed between rollers instead of being ground, in which case the grains are flattened by this process into chaff, just as a lead bullet if we strike it with a hammer. These flattened, crushed grains seem more palatable to the horse and do not tend to form a pasty, thick mass with the saliva in the mouth.

Probably the highest use for barley is to finish off fattening hogs, for it is said to give the flesh a firm consistency while leaving it tender and with the best of flavors. It will also prove an excellent feed in the way proposed by our correspondent.—"Poor W. A. Henry in Breeder's Gazette."

"Actors are Made, not Born."

J. E. Dodson does not believe that actors are always born. "In my opinion," he says, "they are mostly made. Hard work and plenty of it—that forms the alternative route to the yet undiscovered royal road to success. My training was long and arduous. When a boy I dabbled in amateur theatricals, and after I had given up reading for the law I first faced the foot lights as a full fledged professional. That was at the Prince's theater in Manchester, England, and while fulfilling stock engagements there and elsewhere I supported such actors as Barry Sullivan, Charles Matthews, Jefferson Phelps, Ellen Terry, Adelaide Neilson and Toole. The stock system was then at its best, and I can tell you I played during a week in those days as many parts as the average actor on tour now plays in a couple of years. I don't regret it, though, for it gave me a range of work and an insight now almost wholly denied to those who have entered the profession under the conditions imperative to the touring system.

Absent-minded professor, who had disrobed himself in his chamber: "Donneretter! There was something I was to do. What was it now?" He reflects for about half an hour.

"Ah, I have it. I intended to go to bed."—Filigee's Blast.

Erratic Geography.

Mountains and Lakes Found on the Map, But Nowhere Else.

Among the anomalous results that geographical exploration is constantly calling to the front is the annihilation of "landmarks" which have been considered to be firmly established. Less than three years ago it was discovered that Mount Isewan, a peak of the Great Alps, which figured on all detailed maps of the Alpine regions with the very respectable elevation of upward of 15,000 feet, had no existence in fact, and the assumed mountain has since been consigned to oblivion. A somewhat less complete effacement was announced in the early part of the past year in the removal of 7,000 feet from the height of Mount Brown in British America—generally credited with an altitude of 16,000 feet in place of the 800 feet, which is now given to it by Professor Coleman—a condition somewhat similar to the experience of Mount Hood, in Oregon, which, when being gradually reduced to its present height of 16,000 to 11,000 feet, brought out the facetious remark that with a few years more of grace the mountain would be a hole in the ground. It is not alone the miser explorer, however, who is responsible for the perpetuation of geographical error of observation. Sir Samuel Baker, the discoverer of the Albert Nyanza, the second great basin of the Nile, stated that from his position on the lake no boundaries of it could be traced southward to the limits of vision; whereas Stanley and others have since shown that not only did the lake terminate within a few miles of where Baker stood, but that its southern shore was actually bounded by high mountains.

G. Scott Elliot, in his recent publication, "A Nature's History of Africa," turns corrects Stanley's error with the no insignificant statement that "Mount Gordon Bennett, Mackinnon Peak and Mount Lemson are not mountains, but quite insignificant sand hills, if they had any existence at all." He also said: "I spent much time and trouble in trying to discover where on earth the enormous freshwater sea, discovered and christened the Alexander Nyanza by Mr. Stanley, could possibly be. Of course, it is now clear, had no existence what ever." And finally, as the latest negative contribution to geographical knowledge, we have in the Jackson-Harmerworth report from Franz-Josef land (recently brought to London by the vessel of the expedition, the Windward), the assurance that not a trace of the so-called Perimeter Land of Lieutenant Beyer could be discovered, and that even Lilly Led's merely a detached architectural mass of entirely inconsiderable extent.

The life of a clam. The clam's body is completely encased in the mantle, except for two openings, through which the foot can be pushed out. The other is for the siphon, or what is commonly known as its "neck." In some respects the clam may be a little better off than we are, for he has little brain in his foot and also a gland for secreting strong fibres. With this he spins a byssus by which he can attach himself to whatever he likes. He does not even have to search for his food, but waits for it to come to him. He makes a furrow in the mud or sand, attaching himself to the bottom of the byssus. Then he thrusts his siphon through the mud and water until it reaches the surface. The siphon is made up of two tubes, the water flows in through one and out the other.

When a clam's current, laden with minute plants and animals, reaches the gill chamber, some of these are strained out and retained for food. The water, after being thus strained, is pumped out and some matter is left behind. This matter is the clam's excrement. The clam's eggs are carried by the mother on her gills. When there are fish in the water with them, their claws discharge the eggs, which she catches, but if there are no fish they carry the eggs until they decay. The reason of this strange behavior is that when the eggs are free in the water they soon hatch, and the young fish, which are then dropped off, sink to the bottom and form burrows for themselves. This curious semi-parasitic life is no doubt a reversion to the habit of some ancient ancestor.—Appleton's Monthly.

Pugot Sound Flux.

Every fresh test of the quality of Puget Sound fish results in confirming the claim that the quality of any of the world and far superior to most. The progress in establishment of its production as a steady and permanent industry is nevertheless very slow. The Fisheries Commission has given aid in securing experiments in culture, and it is not probable that further appropriations can be had except to maintain the station. An effort will be made to persuade the State Legislature to extend financial aid, but the outlook for it is not promising. The success of such production will depend chiefly upon the enterprise and perseverance of the farmer who will pay attention to the requirements of good fish, and will utilize the necessary machinery necessary to turn the fish into marketable form. The manufacturers and insure a fair profit on their investment.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

The Worst Liver on Earth.

"The scourge of China," is what they call the Yang-tse-kiang River. During the last 20 years its floods have fourteen times forced the massive dams of the central provinces and each time covered its banks with thousands of human corpses. In 1883 its inundation ravaged the province of Hubei to an extent which can be retrieved only by the labors of many successive generations. Another terrible flood occurred a few years since, which spread its havoc over an area of 250,000 square miles in the most densely populated districts of China. The loss of life on that occasion has been estimated at 70,000, even after deducting the hundreds of thousands that succumbed to the sun's scorching fame or those who fell to the hands of marauders and hungry cannibals.

Poisoned

They broke the news to the convict as gently as possible, but he was nevertheless quite overcast. "Pardon?" he shrieked, "surely you don't mean me, Pardon?" "For me?" After I have been habituated to every luxury it will kill me. Mercy? I'm sorry for you, mercy? "But there was no mercy. The will of the law was inexorable."—Detroit Tribune.

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Queens County Gazette.
 GAGETOWN, N. B., FEB. 24, 1897.

TARIFF ON LUMBER.

The Committee on Ways and Means at Washington in planning the new tariff bill, which will be presented to Congress when it meets in March, have finished the lumber schedule, which is similar to the old McKinley tariff. It is as follows: White pine, sawed, is made dutiable at \$2 per 1,000 feet, an advance of \$1 per 1,000 feet over the law of 1890; pine shiplap boards are raised from \$1 per 1,000 feet to \$1.50 per 1,000 to equal spruce; white pine shingles are raised to 30 cents per thousand, on a par with spruce; timber squared or sided, made dutiable at one half cent per cubic foot; sawed boards, planks, deals and all other timber of hemlock, whitewood, spruce, fir and basswood, \$1 per 1,000; sawed timber not commercially provided for \$2 per 1,000 feet; and on timber, planed or finished, an additional 50 cents per 1,000 feet is to be added for each side planed or finished; also 50 cents per 1,000 feet tongued or grooved; cedar posts, ties, telegraph and telephone poles, 20 per cent. ad valorem; sawed boards and plank deals, and all forms of sawed cedar, lancewood, cherry, mahogany and other cabinet woods not further manufactured than sawed, 90 per cent. ad valorem; casks and barrels, empty packing boxes, etc., 330 per cent. ad valorem; houses and cabinet furniture of which wood is the chief material, not otherwise provided for, 35 per cent. ad valorem.

The correspondents are telling us many things about Greece, but none of them have explained the extraordinary activity of the European powers and the apparently perfect agreement that exists among them. These many months they have been watching the massacres in Armenia in a helpless sort of way, each afraid to stir because of the rest, all paralyzed by strained relations and conflicting interests. Now they are apparently acting like one man. One does not know whether to admire most their perfect harmony or the fearlessness with which they are confronting the mighty power of Greece. Fancy Prince George being told, right to his face, that if he interfered with Crete the navies of Europe would blockade the Piræus! So sonorous a threat has not been heard in Europe for many a long day. "Blockade the Piræus!" The very words sound like the blast of a trumpet or the roar of the cannon of the united navies of Europe. In all seriousness, however, the situation seems to indicate, first, there is something graver expected than the transfer of Crete from Turkey; and second, that the troubles has been anticipated, and that the European powers have been prepared for it. So far the despatches have thrown very little light upon the affair.

American newspapers are enlarging on the demolition of trusts without statutory restrictions. The collapse of an agreement among lumbermen some time ago may be repeated in modern experience. An output of 2,000,000 feet was found too great to maintain high prices, and the ten leading firms agreed to restrict their output to 100,000 feet each, thus making a total of 1,000,000 feet for the next year. Each member of the combine thought it an excellent chance to unload a large output on a favorable market, and each faithfully broke through the agreement. The result was a total output of 2,500,000 feet coming on the surplus has been the previous year and swamping the market. It is scarcely necessary to add that the combine broke.

Killed on the Track.

MONCTON, Feb. 16.—There was another fatality at Palmer's Pond curve, the I. C. R., this afternoon, at the very spot where the C. P. R. express recently ran off the track.
 William Dixon, a deaf mute, was walking along the track going towards Dorchester station. He naturally could not hear the train, nor could the engineer see him until too late. Henderson's special, which was immediately behind, struck the unfortunate man and instantly killed him. Deceased was a bachelor and about 50 years of age. An inquest will be held tomorrow morning.
 The driver is Mr. Jack Stewart. The official report says that Dixon, when seen, was walking outside the track close to the rail. The train was close upon him when first seen. The deceased's back was broken by the blow, and his skull was crushed in. He lived at Middleton, near Dorchester.

Legislature of N. B.

FREDERICTON, Feb. 18.—House resumed committee of supply and remained in session till after midnight.
 At half-past twelve this (Tuesday) morning, every item of supply had passed.

On motion of Mr. Tweedie, seconded by Mr. Emmerson, further consideration of supply was made the order of the day for Tuesday, the twenty-third inst.

Adjourned.

A lengthy discussion took place today as to the powers of the public accounts committee. The opposition contended that any member of that committee at its meetings had a right to call for and get copies of all contracts, tenders and other papers. The government members, while willing to furnish the committee with all accounts in reference to any item of expenditure, argued that the papers referred to could only be produced in the usual way after notice of motion in the house. Messrs. Osman and Killam supported the government view and Mr. Sumner the opposition.

Dr. Stockton committed a bill further amending the practice and proceedings of the supreme court in equity, Richard chairman. Agreed to.

Tweedie committed a bill to continue the act consolidating and amending the acts relating to the south west boom company and all amendments thereto, Richard chairman. Agreed to.

Alward committed a bill incorporating the seaman's mission society of the port of St. John, Richard chairman. Agreed to with amendments.

Killam committed a bill relating to the Young Man's Christian Association of Moncton, Richard chairman. Agreed to with amendments.

FREDERICTON, Feb. 19.—Mr. Dibblee said he wished to refer to a question of privilege. He desired to call attention to the Fredericton correspondent of the St. John Globe in which it is stated that seven members representing the counties of Carleton, Victoria and Madawaska had had a conference with Mr. Sumner, representing the opposition. Mr. Dibblee read portions of the correspondence and said that the statements made therein were not true. It was true that hon. members representing the up-river counties had had a meeting but it was upon matters relating to their own local affairs. Mr. Sumner happened to drop in but no such overtures or representations were made, either from Mr. Sumner or the hon. members representing these counties as was stated in the Globe. He could say for himself and also for the members from the up-river counties that they stood true to the government.

Dr. Stockton.—I see; but that is not a question of privilege.

Hon. Mr. Emmerson.—You are sorry to hear that.

Mr. Dibblee.—If the government continues to use us as well in the future as it has in the past, we will continue to support them.

Dr. Stockton.—Do you speak for them all?

Mr. Dibblee.—Not all, the rest of the gentlemen are here and can speak for themselves.

Mr. Smith said that explanations seemed to be the order of the day and he did not want to be behind the others. He had been asked to meet with the other members of the three up-river counties to discuss matters pertaining to such counties. The hon. member for Westmorland (Sumner) came into the room and he (Smith) said that it would be a bad piece of business to get into the Gleamer.

Mr. Siveright.—When Mr. Sumner left, what did he state was his object on going?

Mr. Smith.—I don't know, but the hon. member certainly held out some very tempting offers. The bait was good, but not good enough for the fish to bite.

With respect to the Moncton taxation bill, he had voted the way he did because he thought he was right and he would always vote that way if he had to vote against every member of the house.

Mr. Beveridge said he did not wish to go so far as to say that the members of the up-river counties were all in unison and that they were opposed to the government.

He claimed to be a free man. The government had always treated him well and his county well, and why should he go against them? It might be thought from the article in the Globe that some underhanded movement had been taking place against the government, but such was not the case.

Mr. Porter said that he had been invited to attend the meeting in question and did not know what the object was. He got there. It was not safe to contradict the newspapers. The meeting was very informal. The hon. member for Westmorland was there but he made no proposals. When he left the room he (Porter) had suggested that he had better send in Dr. Stockton. The only idea advanced by the hon. member for Carleton (Dibblee) who had invited him was that the up-river members should be united as to the interests of their counties. He (Porter) was willing to endorse that idea.

Dr. Stockton.—It was the hon. member for Carleton (Dibblee) who called the meeting.

Mr. Porter.—Well, he called me. I would say that we did not pass any resolution for or against the government, nor do I think we anticipated forming any government just then, but we wanted to see how strong we were and what we might do in the future.

Mr. Sumner said he happened to be going upstairs and saw these gentlemen from the up-river counties there and he had walked in and said to Mr. Dibblee, "You are looking for an office in the government you can get one in our government." I told him the chances were good and I would like to say that they are good. I say now for the benefit of all concerned that the chances are good for offices on this side and all the offices.

Hon. Mr. Tweedie.—That is according to your notion of chances.

Mr. Sumner.—No, I mean it. The Globe may have been misled a little but it is not entirely wrong. "We were all there that is sure." The question is, How did we get there? Well, I can assure the House that I did not go there with any

bad motive. I saw the hon. members there very naturally did not wish the idea to go abroad that he was not the sole owner of the Transcript. He (Emmerson) had not been for some years connected with any newspaper. His experience in the past had quite satisfied his aspirations in that direction. The hon. member (Lockhart) seemed to take it deeply to heart that was suggested that he might be connected with the St. John Sun. If he (Emmerson) had offended in that regard he wished to very humbly apologize as he did not wish to associate himself with anything that he might deem discreditable.

Press Opinions.

We have received the first number of the Queens County Gazette, published at Gagetown by Messrs. Lockett & Stewart. It is a most readable issue, and is well filled with local, provincial and foreign news. It has a large advertising patronage from the merchants of Fredericton. It starts off well and if it is kept up to its present standard it ought to receive a generous support from the people of Queens and adjoining counties.—Fredericton Farmer.

The Queens County Gazette, the first newspaper ever published within the limits of that New Brunswick county, has made its appearance. The Gazette is an eight-page paper independent politically, and the first number is a very readable one. The publishers are Messrs. Lockett & Stewart. The first named gentleman is Mr. Edwin Lockett, formerly of Bridgetown. The Gazette has a monopoly of the newspaper business in Queens, and the Monitor wishes it abundant success.—Bridgetown N. S. Monitor.

The first issue of the Queens County Gazette, appeared on Feb. 10. It is a bright, newsy and well printed six column eight page sheet and reflects much credit on the publishers Lockett & Stewart. It starts with good advertising patronage, and before the first and only paper in the county will no doubt have a large subscription list both in Queens and Sunbury counties.—Albert Maple Leaf.

The Queens County Gazette, published at Gagetown by Mr. Jas. A. Stewart and Mr. Lockett, has been received. It is non-political.—Chatham World.

Queens County now sports a weekly paper published at Gagetown, the Queens County Gazette. The first issue came out last week. It is called the Queens County Gazette, and the issue to hand is certainly a creditable one. It will be good for the county if the publishers can continue to give the people as good a paper every week.—Fredericton Reporter.

The Queens County Gazette, Gagetown's new paper, has made its appearance. Its typographical appearance is fine and it contains a thorough supply of local, district and general news. In politics the Gazette is strictly neutral. This new journal is published by Messrs. Lockett & Stewart, the latter of whom recently published The Chatham Herald.—Moncton Transcript.

Five Persons Will Die.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, Feb. 19.—The family of Jacob Cielez, of 663 Canal street, was almost completely wiped out of existence this morning by a holocaust of flames. Eight people were burned in the fire; of these it is thought five will die. The injured ones are at the Cleveland General Hospital. Jacob Cielez, his wife and three children, aged three, two and one year, were in bed. John Cielez, a brother of Jacob, arose about five o'clock to light the fire. He took what he thought was the kerosene can. Instead he got hold of the gasoline can. He poured the gasoline on the kindling and touched a match to the stuff. In an instant there was an explosion. John Cielez was hurled to the end of the room, his clothing on fire. The fire communicated to the feather bed in which were Mrs. Jacob Cielez, three children and another woman. Jacob Cielez was also in the same room at the time of the explosion. With their clothing all ablaze the father, mother, and the other woman seized the three children and ran out into the yard. Passing workmen rushed to the rescue. They took off their coats and heroically did all they could to extinguish the flames that were consuming the people. It is thought at the hospital that at least five of the unfortunate people will die.

Open Air Celebration.

LONDON, Feb. 20.—The Queen has decided, in connection with the celebrations in June in honor of the sixtieth anniversary of her reign, that a thanksgiving service shall be held in the open air outside the west front of Saint Paul's Cathedral. The reason for holding the service out doors is that Her Majesty is too rheumatic to ascend the stairs of the Cathedral, and does not wish to be carried.

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CITY OF MONCTON, N. B.,
 Jan. 15th, 1897.
S. KERR, Esq.,
 DEAR SIR,—I am pleased to add my testimony, with that of many others, concerning the efficiency and thoroughness of your business course. Mr. J. C. PAETERSON, W. and L. Dept., City of Moncton, and Mr. L. G. B. Lawson, my assistant (also old students of yours) are both in this office. They have spoken to me on different occasions in the highest terms of the training received at your college, and their work certainly adds weight to their testimony.
 (Signed) J. C. PAETERSON,
 City Clerk, City of Moncton.
 Business and Shortland Catalogues mailed to any address.
S. KERR & SON,
 St. John Business College.

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Rubbers : and : Rubber : Boots,
Pyle's Pearline, Gillett's Lye,
 and have in stock a complete assortment of
Dry Goods, Choice Groceries, Flour, Corn Meal,
Oat Meal, Granulated, Pulverized and Yellow
Sugars, Choice Barbadoes Molasses.
 Best American Oil, and a full stock of Men's, Women's and Children's Boots, Shoes and Slippers, Crockery, Glassware, Water Sets, Lamps, Lanterns, Paints, Oils, etc.
 If you want to buy goods and save from 10 to 20 per cent on your purchase come in and examine our stock and prices.
COUNTRY PRODUCE taken at market rates in exchange for goods.

Chas. S. Babbit, — MAIN STREET,
GAGETOWN.

FEBRUARY 24th, 1897.

Anderson & Walker's,
Merchant Tailors,
Fredericton, N. B.

New Spring Goods just in. Blue and Black Serge Suits to order, \$14 to \$22. Fancy Tweed Suits to order, \$11 upwards. Pants to order, \$2.50 to \$7.00. Hundreds of different patterns.

WE HAVE A

Sterling - Silver - Stem - Winding - Watch,

with a Waltham jeweled movement, that we can sell you for

\$7.50 Cash

This Watch looks as well as a Watch costing \$15.00, and we guarantee satisfaction.

Give your boy a chance to do a little extra work for one. You'll find that it will be the best investment of \$7.50 you ever made.

Shute's, Fredericton. (Diamond Time Inspector C. P. R.)

PUNGS AND SLEIGHS.

You can get the best Pung or Sleigh for the Least Money at Oliver Burden's, Phenix Square, Fredericton.

ALBERTS' THOMAS PHOSPHATE POWDER

Applied to all kinds of soil will give Good Results.

ISAAC E. VANWART,
HAMPSTEAD, N. B.
 DEALER IN

Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Medicine, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes and Rubbers, Ready-Made Clothing, Etc.

AND A FULL LINE OF GOODS USUALLY KEPT IN A GENERAL STORE.
 Customers will find our stock complete, comprising many articles it is impossible here to enumerate, and all sold at moderate prices.
FULL LINE OF TURKISH DYES ALWAYS IN STOCK.
Produce of all kinds taken in exchange for goods.

THE WORLD SEEMS FAIREST

WHEN we are in the line of progress. Are you still sticking to the old rut, and paying the same long price for your DRY GOODS, or are you with the people of progress who make their purchases at

97 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.?

We are proud of our DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT, because it is one of the BEST in St. John. The styles we keep are perfect, and the materials are honest. NO SHODDY INTERIOR. A short time ago one of our out-of-town customers sent to us for samples of NOVELTY DRESS GOODS, and at the same time sent to another and larger city house for samples. In returning them some of the other firm's samples were mixed in with ours. We found two exactly the same as we had in stock, and here is the way the prices stood:—

Theirs, 65 cents. OURS, 60 cents.

Theirs, 85 cents. OURS, 79 cents.

CONVINCING, ISN'T IT? Now, if you want DRY GOODS of any description come to us, and we will save you money, or if you cannot come send for samples.

Our Stock of Spring and Summer Prints and Wash Fabrics

are now complete. We think the designs and patterns the most handsome that have ever been produced. Thousands of patterns to select from.

FRED A. DYKEMAN & CO., - - - 97 King Street, St. John, N. B.

If You Want THE BEST Molasses AND AMERICAN KEROSENE OIL IN GAGETOWN GO TO JOSEPH RUBINS Main Street Opposite Hamilton's Blacksmith Shop.

OLD POSTAGE STAMPS. BEFORE 1870. Will give from \$1.00 to \$5.00 each for the rare kinds. They are worth more when left on the envelopes. Address W. A. KAIN, 139 Elliott Row, St. John, N. B.

IN THE SUPREME COURT: The Dominion Converted Elections Act. Election Petition for the Electoral District of Sunbury and Queens. JAMES PETERS BLISS and GEORGE SAMUEL GILBERT, Petitioners, and The Honorable ANDREW GEORGE BLAIR, Respondent. TAKE NOTICE that the above petition will be tried at the COURT HOUSE, in the Parish of Burton, in the County of Sunbury, in the Electoral District of Sunbury and Queens, on Friday, the 5th Day of March Next, at Eleven o'clock in the Forenoon of said day and on such subsequent day as may be requisite. Dated the Thirteenth day of February A. D. 1897. By Order of the Chief Justice, T. CARLETON ALLEN, Clerk of the Court.

NOTICE. NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislature of New Brunswick at its present session to incorporate the "VALLEY RAILWAY" COMPANY to construct, or construct and acquire, a railway and railway rights from a point at or near Saint John to Edmundston or for a part or parts of said route, connecting by branches or otherwise with other railways in the St. John Valley, running for the greater part of the distance near the western bank of the St. John River, with power to make, acquire or arrange for deep water termini. Dated the Seventeenth day of February, A. D. 1897. J. S. ARMSTRONG, C. E., for Applicants.

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.

FARM WANTED. Wanted to rent, within seven miles of Gagetown, a farm with fairly good buildings, with the option of purchasing at any time within five years. For further particulars apply to the office of the QUEENS COUNTY GAZETTE.

LOCAL NEWS.

To Commerce Sawing.—Crotthers Bros. here steam saw mill at Upper Gagetown will commence sawing the 10th of March. POSTPONED.—The Basket Social and Dance that was to take place in the Temperance Hall, this evening, is postponed until Tuesday evening next, the 2nd March.

When in Fredericton call at Anderson and Walkers and see the fine trunks and leather valises, etc. Prices away down—valises 50c to 75c.

THE CHURCHES.—Last Sunday services were held in both the Episcopal and Methodist churches. In the evening two persons were admitted as members into the Methodist Church by the Rev. Neil McLaughlin, pastor.

COMMITTEE MEETING.—The executive committee of the Queens and Sunbury teachers' institute convened at Gagetown Saturday afternoon, Feb. 20th inst. Arrangements were made for the teachers' institute, which meets at Hamstead, May 20th, 1897.

ANDERSON & WALKER, Fredericton, N. B. are now shipping—direct to London—new spring overcoats. They are the Merchant Tailors who carry the big stock of Scotch, English and Canadian Cloths—always prompt—always reliable.

HANDSOME CONTRIBUTIONS.—Alex. Gibson forwarded his check for \$500 to the Governor General yesterday as Marysville's contribution to the India famine fund. The offertories at Christ Church Cathedral Sunday were for the same purpose and amounted to \$100, which has been sent to the Bishop of Montreal.—Fredericton Herald.

DEATH OF MR. EARLES.—Thos. Earles, a former school teacher in this place, was brought here for interment on Thursday. Mr. Earles was the son of a captain in the British army. Misfortunes and illness compelled him in his old age to seek parish assistance and he was buried by the parish from St. John's church, with only the poor masters and undertakers to pay him his last tribute.

LUMBERING AT MILL BROOK.—Lumbering is carried on in this vicinity very extensively, and there will be a very heavy drive in the spring. There has not been so much lumber got out on the stream for the last twenty-five years. Andrew Lipssett will get out several thousand pieces. James McGlaulin & Sons will get out a large amount. Among those that are not engaged so extensively are: Messrs. John Doherty Sons, Edwin Hughes, John Wrath, James and Havelock Patterson.

SECRETARY-TREASURER'S OFFICE. Gagetown, Feb. 20th, 1897. The trustees of the various school districts in Queen's County are requested to promptly present their county school drafts at the office of the secretary-treasurer for payment. All drafts sent by mail must be properly endorsed and post-office address of sender plainly written, otherwise the drafts will be laid aside without attention. Secretaries in sending blank school assessments to be filled must give their post office address. R. T. BABBET, Sec. Treas.

DEATH OF MR. HAWKSHAW.—Mr. James Hawkshaw, whose sudden illness at Dr. Casswell's office was mentioned last week, died at his home, Summerhill, on Wednesday. His funeral took place on Friday and was largely attended. The large church at Head Line was completely filled with people. Mr. Hawkshaw was a man very highly respected at Summerhill and his genial presence will be very much missed in the community. He leaves a wife and six children, five daughters and one son. Two of the daughters are married one is paralyzed and the son is a cripple, so the family has been left peculiarly helpless and the deepest sympathy of the community is extended to Mrs. Hawkshaw.

NOTICE.—A public meeting will be held in the Temperance Hall, on Monday, March 1st, at 8 o'clock, to which all those interested in sidewalk construction are respectfully requested to attend. Business of importance will be presented for consideration including the financial standing of the association. By order of Chairman.

THE STORM.—Yesterday's were visited by one of the worst storms of the season, and which commenced about the hour of midnight the night preceding. It is estimated that about four inches fell during the progress of the storm. The wind blew a very strong gale from the east, and the lightness of the snow will have a tendency to impede travel for at least a few days, as the roads in some places must be badly drifted.

JOHN E. SULLIVAN'S CASE.—Transcript: Notwithstanding that Sullivan's doom is fast approaching there is no apparent change in his condition. Rev. A. D. Cornier visits him frequently, but the impression made as yet does not appear to be observed. Although naturally of a placid and reserved disposition sometimes there is a marked irritability and anxiety manifested by the prisoner.

A few days ago the inception of the petition asking for the commutation of his sentence he seemed buoyed up and confident that the petition would be granted. Recently, however, that confidence has been noticeably affected, and when his spiritual advisor is with him his attentiveness is marked. On Monday he was heard to remark that he would endeavor to get himself in the right frame of mind, and if the inevitable was to come he would accept him as best he could. The petition asking for the commutation of Sullivan's sentence has been signed by about 2,000 names.

SUPPER AND LECTURE AT JEMSEG.—The supper and lecture, which was held in the Temperance Hall, Jemseg, last Wednesday evening, under the auspices of Llewellyn Lodge, No. 196, I. O. G. T., was a grand success in every particular, the hall being filled to its utmost capacity and it is estimated that nearly \$25 was raised, which is to lift a debt that is hanging over the hall. Shortly after six o'clock an unusually good and heavy supper was served, several of Jemseg's most charming young ladies acting as waiters. When the third table had finished, E. G. Merritt, of Sirion Lodge, St. John, was called upon and acted as auctioneer, selling the few remaining pies, after which the Rev. Mr. Townsend was introduced by the chairman, Deacon Colwell. The gentleman very ably delivered one of his famous lectures on George Whitefield, which was listened to with the greatest attention throughout. The lecture was both impressive and instructive, and when it was finished a vote of thanks was tendered the lecturer by the good folk of Jemseg. Llewellyn Lodge is to be congratulated on the able and enjoyable manner they entertained, their fame in that line being well known throughout the county, as a very large number drove from afar. The whole affair was an unsurpassed success, and it is hoped it will soon be repeated.

BORN TO HIS LAST RESTING PLACE.—The funeral of the late Thomas S. Purvis, youngest son of David Purvis, took place on Tuesday, at 1 o'clock from his father's residence. Mr. Purvis was in his 22nd year. A little over two years ago, he caught cold while returning from Welsford to Gagetown, being caught in a very heavy snow storm, which developed into that dread disease consumption, and which caused his early death. He was beloved by all who knew him, being of a mild and gentle temperament, and will be greatly missed by all his associates. He was a member of Queens Division, No. 21, S. of T., for seven years and held the office of Recording Scribe for a number of terms, which office he filled to the satisfaction of all. The members turned out in regalia and met the funeral procession at the foot of Main street and proceeded

up Peter street to Queen, thence to the Methodist Church, where Rev. Neil McLaughlin preached the funeral sermon from the following text: "The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." 1 Cor. 15th chap., 56-57. The procession again formed at the church, and proceeded along Queen street to the Methodist Cemetery, where the burial service of the Sons of Temperance was delivered by the Chaplain, A. S. Corey, the members responding. The pall-bearers were:—Alan B. Dingee, John Law, jr., Fred W. Couper, Geo. W. Allingham, Fred L. Corey, and C. Fred Scott.

PERSONAL. Mr. William Edgcombe, of the firm of J. Edgcombe & Sons, Fredericton, was in town last Friday.

Mrs. John Cambridge, of Burton, Sunbury County, is seriously ill with hemorrhage of the stomach.

Messrs. Edward and David Purvis arrived home from Connecticut, U. S., Monday night, to attend the funeral of their brother Thomas.

Rev. N. G. and Mrs. Hansen went to St. John, N. B., Sunday.

The President of the Transval has at last made up his mind what damages to claim for the Jamestown raid. He asks for \$27,000 for material damages and \$1,000,000 for moral and intellectual damage, besides private claims. The moral and intellectual item will probably be reduced to sixpence or less before being paid. The Boers are by no means modest in their demands.—Exchange.

DEED. At Summer Hill, on the 17th instant, James Hawkshaw, in the 61st year of his age, leaving a wife, one son and five daughters to mourn their sad loss.

C. B. PIDGON, Merchant Tailor. Read his ad. next week.

J. + R. + Vanwart, GROCER, General Dealer in Flour, Oats, Feed, Country Produce, Fruits, Meats, &c. BRIDGE ST., INDIANTOWN, ST. JOHN, N. B. COLWELL'S STEAM GRIST MILL, UPPER JEMSEG, N. B.

This Mill is well equipped with all the modern machinery. Grain of all kind Ground and Cracked at Short Notice A full line of Cracked Grain and Heavy Feed always in Stock, at LOWEST PRICES. JAMES COLWELL, JR.

T. F. Granville, General Groceries and Provisions, Flour, Meal, Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Pork, Fish, Farming Implements, etc. Country Produce consigned to me sold at highest market prices and quick returns made. Quantities solicited. Produce of all kinds taken in exchange for goods. Robertson's Wharf, Indiantown.

When You Ask for Pelee Island Wine Be sure you get our brand, as other Canadian Wines are sold as Pelee brand. Brandy—Pelee Port, Dry Catawba, Sweet Catawba, Isabella, St. Augustine, Old Port, Concord, Unfermented Grape Juice, Chateau Pelee Claret. St. John, N. B., Sept. 10, 1896. E. G. SOOVL, Agent Pelee Wine Co.—Dear Sir: I have been an invalid suffering from general debility for some years, have used all kinds of medicines here and in the States and could get no relief, and have been confined to my bed for past three years, when a friend sent a bottle of Pelee Island Wine. I had not used it three days before my appetite improved and I was able to get up and now I am able to go out and attend to my work and am daily improving. Yours truly, Mrs. SARAH GRMAN, 50 Forest Street, City.

E. G. SOOVL, Tea and Wine Merchant, 22 Union St., St. John, sole agent for Maritime Provinces. Telephone 523.

WATCH THIS SPACE FOR W. G. BROWN'S SPRING IMPORTATIONS OF ROOM PAPER, Wholesale and Retail.

WATCH THIS SPACE FOR MRS. A. PATERSON Indiantown, DRY GOODS! Look out for this space next week.

Established 1852. John McCann, Importer and Dealer in GROCERIES, FLOUR, LIQUORS, &c. Corner Main and Bridge Streets, INDIANTOWN, N. B.

Currie's Collecting Agency, FREDERICTON, N. B. All bills collected and good returns given. Address, WM. F. CURRIE or A. T. CURRIE, P. O. Box 195, General Agents, Fredericton, N. B. A. F. Curry will solicit. Agents wanted to canvass on books. Write us at once.

John Harvey, PHOTO ARTIST 164 Queen St., Fredericton. All the Latest Styles of PHOTOS.

WATCH THIS SPACE NEXT ISSUE K. BEZANSON, Jeweller and Music Dealer, MONCTON, - N. B.

THIS SPACE IS RESERVED FOR G. G. & W. C. KING, Chipman, N. B.

But once. We pass this way but once, dear heart...

He was a New Yorker, and proud of his city...

Killing Oats in the Pulpit. CADILLAC, Mich., Feb. 17.—The announcement that the Rev. W. L. Laufman...

The Cold Weather Liar. The group in the grocery store had been discussing the weather...

Household Hints. Mating should be swept with a softening brush, plied with the grain of the weave...

Have the Same Whiskers. The night editor was at the speaking table. "Where's that out of the Sultan of Turkey?" he asked.

Not on your life. "Not on your life," returned the city editor. "Slip in that last picture of Al-geld and let it go at that. His beard will carry it off all right."

He Got His Answer. As the train pulled out of Chicago, a quiet, gentlemanly-looking man entered the buffet-car...

"Now, Kiss Me." A funny incident occurred in a neighborhood city, says an exchange, a few days since, and one too good to be lost.

The name of Amati was borne by a large family of violinmakers at Cremona, in Italy, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Wh-what did you say, Miss? "I can't do it. I never kissed a young lady in my life," said the clerk.

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THE VIOLIN'S FORM.

HISTORY SHOWS IT HAS REMAINED THE SAME THRO' CENTURIES. Modern Ingeniously Has Failed to Improve the Masters of Its Mechanical Shape—Paganini, Its Unequaled Master in Another Way.

The violin consists of three parts, the neck, the table and the sounding board. The strings are tuned in fifths, the compass of the instrument exceeding that of the human voice.

The name of Amati was borne by a large family of violinmakers at Cremona, in Italy, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

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GOOD SHOES.

Rules Which Will Enable You to Buy Them Every Time. The boot that is well fitted to the foot is well made. There are two kinds of boots.

The natural shape of the foot is nearly straight, with the second toe a bit in advance of the great one, and a rounding decrease in the length of each of the other three.

Three Arrangements for the Hair. To speak of fashion in dressing the hair of a school girl of twelve or thirteen is to speak of a thing that is not a thing.

For the Young Woman who aspires to the severity of a nun, should copy with the utmost faithfulness masculine fastidiousness about collars.

Do not put on ancient and slightly frayed collars under the fond delusion that the ragged edge will escape notice.

Lapped dress skirts buttoned at the top, with real or simulated buttonholes on the silk lined flaps, will be a feature of many of the new spring walking costumes.

Some of the handsome Russian-blue costumes are made up with a bolero jacket, girle and cape collar, edged with mink fur, with a blouse vest of blue, cream, gold and green plaided silk.

FAMILIARITY oftentimes breeds contempt, but not for THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO'S PAINTERS' COLORED PAINT. Painters swear by it because it goes farther and is cheaper than any other Paste Paint in the market.

JAMES S. NEILL, Agent, Fredericton, N. B. ISAAC E. VANWART, HAMPSTEAD, N. B. Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Medicines, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes and Rubbers, Ready-Made Clothing, Etc.

Watch this Space Every Week! 17th FEBRUARY, 1897. Good Cloth and a Nice Fitting Stylish Suit are Fine Things to Have. Try

Anderson & Walker's, MERCHANT TAILORS, Fredericton, N. B., - - Opposite Post Office. PROMPT ATTENTION TO YOUR ORDERS.

WE WANT TO MAKE SHUTES, A Household Word in Every Home in QUEENS, SUNBURY AND YORK COUNTIES.

For 36 years we have given the public a clean record for HONESTY AND LOW PRICES. We want YOU to try us for any thing in our line.

A. A. Shute Tests the Eyes. D.E. Crowe Repairs your Watches. Shutes Fredericton. CUT THIS OUT!

And return it to us with a year's subscription 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, LOCKETT & STEWART, Gagetown, N. B. Advertise in the Gazette Terms Reasonable. Only \$1.00 per year.

THE GHOST OF A GALLOW'S.

BY ALFRED STODDART.

It was an extremely awkward situation. Even I, who am somewhat slow to think as a rule, realized that instantly. At my feet in the dusty roadway lay a revolver still hot and smoking from its discharge, the report of which had just startled the quiet of that country lane, while not forty feet away from me there lay in the road the body of a man who had fallen from a dog cart to the ground, apparently stone dead. And the worst of it was that the man who lay there in the road was my bitter enemy.

The horse stopped and swerved with terror at the discharge of the pistol and this action threw the man, dead or wounded, from the cart. The groom who was sitting back to back with his master jumped from the vehicle and ran toward the prostrate figure, while the horse, left entirely to his own devices, came toward and went past me in a mad gallop.

As a drowning man thinks, so did I, in that brief period. When the groom reached the body of his master he saw in an instant that the man was dead. Then he looked at me. I was still reviewing the situation. But there wasn't much time to spare.

It was not I who fired the fatal shot. The road at this point was lined on one side with a high edge and I knew that the murderer had fired from this ambush and dexterously thrown the revolver to where it lay just at my feet. But I was quick enough to realize that no jury in the world would ever believe this unless I could produce the fatal shot.

Instantly I knew that my only hope lay in his capture, and I immediately dashed through the hedge in search of him, while the groom, thinking no doubt that I was attempting to make my escape, came in hot pursuit of me.

Inside of the hedge there was no sign of any living being. The fair green fields stretched away to the hills, beyond which the white wall of a farm house were just visible, as peacefully as if there could be no such thing as the tragedy which had just taken place upon the other side of the hedge. I looked up and down the long hedge-row in vain. There was not the slightest clue to the murderer to be seen.

However, I determined that the man might possibly make for the railroad station, from whence I had just come, for I knew that there was a train to the city due in a few minutes. Could the ruffian catch it? And could I overtake him before he did so? If not I reflected I might easily telegraph to the next station and have him apprehended.

I was running all the time as hard as I could inside the hedge and toward the railway station. The groom had given up pursuit of me, doubtless thinking it his duty to return to his master's body. It wanted six minutes before the train was due, as I saw by a hasty glance at my watch, but I did not know how far the station was from where the murder occurred.

I never ran so hard in my life before, but I felt that my dependence on the chance of securing the murderer, and consequently the effect on me no strain. My wind began to tell on me, however, at the end of the first quarter-mile and I was just wondering vaguely how long I could keep it up when I came upon the empty dog-cart with the runaway horse quietly cropping grass by the roadside. Here was luck indeed. I jumped into the cart as speedily as my exhausted strength would let me and gathered up the reins I struck the whip and we were off as fast as the animal could run towards the station.

I reflected that there was still about two minutes before the train was due and I felt sure that the station could not be more than a third of a mile distant. Suddenly I heard the whistle of the locomotive and with it came an inspiration. The murderer might never be found. At events all I could not lay my hands on him just then. Why not take the train and make good my own escape while the opportunity presented itself. It seemed a terrible thing to thus flee from justice because of a crime which I had not committed, but I could not for my life see any other course open. So I urged the animal to still greater speed and pulling up at a bend in the road before I reached the station, I jumped down and ran, just in time to scramble upon the train as it was moving off.

It was a curious freak of chance, if indeed, it was chance alone, which had brought me down to Hopeville that morning and thrust me into the unfavorable position of a suspected murderer. I had received a telegram from Randolph Cutting, the man whom I had just seen murdered, asking me to come down immediately to Hopeville, and in obedience to this summons I had taken an early morning train down from New York. Hopeville is an exceedingly unpretentious little New Jersey village, if indeed a country store and two small houses be situated on the spot so described. When I stepped out of the train I looked about in vain for Randolph Cutting's carriage. As it was not to be seen and as anything in the shape of a hired conveyance was an utter impossibility at Hopeville, I set out at a brisk walk in the direction of Randolph Cutting's place, which I knew from a former visit was

about a mile and a half from the station.

Randolph Cutting and I were second cousins and the very slight degree of affection which always existed between us was not increased materially at the death of an uncle of ours, who left his money to me and his will was so involved that there was a lawsuit between Cutting and myself. As it happened, by the terms of the will, most of my uncle's property was left to me, and Cutting tried to have the will broken upon certain technical grounds which are not essential to this story. The courts upheld me, however, and declared the will perfectly valid. As a consequence Randolph Cutting and myself had not spoken for five years, and I, of course, had not been near his home until that eventful day, when I hurried down there in response to his telegram. True, I did think that it was a curious thing for Cutting to do—to telegraph for me to come down to Hopeville, but on second thought I concluded that some business of importance, in connection with certain interests which were still mutual required that he should see me, and that perhaps he was unable from illness or some other cause to leave his home.

This brief explanation of the cause of my visit to Hopeville was only a small part of the thoughts which crowded my brain when I was safely seated in the train and whirling towards Jersey City. As I have said, Randolph Cutting and I were bitter enemies, and the evidence which pointed to my having committed the crime seemed so blackly conclusive that I could almost feel the rope tighten about my neck. When the train stopped at the next station I trembled in every limb, fully expecting to see some one come on the car to arrest me. Nothing of the sort happened, however, and I passed several more stations in safety. However, I did not allow myself much hope, for I felt sure I would be apprehended at Jersey City. After some thought I concluded that it would be the best plan to go right in rather than get off at any of the out-of-town stations, as there would be much less risk of being noticed in the crowd which would get off the train there.

When the train pulled into the Jersey City depot I made my way with all possible haste toward the waiting room, and greatly to my surprise I was not molested. Suddenly I heard the trainman call out a train for Philadelphia, and acting upon impulse I hastily secured a ticket and was soon comfortably ensconced in a parlor car on the way to the Quaker City.

I can never describe that night of horror which I spent in Philadelphia. Some idea of my feelings may be imagined when I saw in an evening paper a despatch telling of the murder of Randolph Cutting, a well-known New Yorker, near his country place at Hopeville, N. J. The account in the papers said that detectives from New York were at work upon the case, and that though they refused to give out any of the facts, they were in possession of a clue which they felt sure would enable them to capture the murderer within a few hours.

I sought a quiet hotel upon a side street registering under an assumed name and then endeavored to compose myself to await results. I hardly think I slept a wink that night, but tossed feverishly upon the bed, wondering whether I had not acted very foolishly in thus running away when I was perfectly innocent. Undoubtedly by so doing I had strengthened the chain of evidence against me, but under the circumstances I did not see what else I could do. There was still a chance for me, I thought, if the murderer were to die before I was brought to trial, but I did not know how I was to escape. I had not a single friend in Hopeville who knew me. I had not a single friend in New York, and my only hope lay in the fact that I was not a native of the place.

Why, the very diabolical love, an I believe she got every blessed one of them named; it's known its name!"

"The evening passed on and night set in; the moonless night of the Texas prairies, where everything seems so shadowy and unsubstantial, and where one cannot be sure whether he is walking on solid ground or on the brink of a fathomless gulf.

"How I wish she might have liked me," Beth said to herself, as she leaned out of her low window and looked into the darkness. "I suppose it's because I'm not like other girls. She's always known nice girls, of course. I'm not nice. I whistle and ride bareback, and run races with Nero. But then I couldn't sit up in a chair and look prim, not if it were to save me. I tried it once, over in town, when I was visiting at Sheriff Martin's, and how did that turn out?"

She did not answer her own question, but I know that the experiment had not been successful in the least. Beth had been trying to "be ladylike," as she told her father afterwards, when the Sheriff said something that astonished her and she whistled before she thought; and when he and his son both laughed, she ran out and sprang upon her pony, and was at home again before she had time to think.

She left the window, now, with something shining in her eyes, if only there had been anyone to see and it had not been so dark. She had looked forward for a long time to the coming of this sun, and had expected much from her companionship; and now the sun did not look like her!

Beth went to her bed, but she could not sleep. Invisible fingers pulled her eyelids open, and twitched at her fingers,

and pinched her arms. And something in her impatient young nature made her sit up with a jerk, finally, and feel about in the dark for her clothes.

"I'll go sit in the hammock for a while, and maybe I'll get sleepy," she said, and in a few moments she was out at the window, and had stolen along the veranda, and was quietly swaying back and forth in the hammock.

The moon was about to rise, away beyond the low line of the prairie. The first faint whiteness from it was dawning along the horizon, and in that direction there was an unsubstantial light over everything. Beth sat and watched it dreamily. She had seen it many times before, and it always made her think of those stories which had been interesting to her from the time she had heard the first one, and which she was almost sorry she could not believe in.

Now there, for instance, one could almost be sure that there were half a dozen moving figures away yonder, just this side of where the moon was going to rise. She swung lightly in the hammock, watching the twilight across the prairie. It must be little floating-ghosts of mist. She began to weave all kind of quaint fancies about them. Suppose they were knights in armor, riding up here to lay siege to the unwatched castle. Suppose—

And then all at once the knights paused a little, as though they were consulting where the most would be most shallow, and where the wall would be weakest, and then all at once they commenced again, and all at once she heard the sounds of horses' hoofs.

"What several people, after all. What would they do at that time of night? And what could be the reason that Nero was having nothing to say about their coming?—he that never allowed anyone to approach his house unchallenged."

A moment later the men dismounted, and while some held the horses, the others were coming—were stealing softly ad towards the house.

It was some minutes in Beth that made her slip from the hammock and creep along the veranda to the end, and there step down to the ground, where she crouched and waited. "Something was wrong; men did not come up to a Texas house in such style as that. She remembered with agony that every door and window in the house was wide open, and that there was nothing to bar their entrance; nobody in that country thought of shutting up the house in the summer weather. And the "help all slept in the houses at the other end of the lot, too far away to be of any assistance."

There was a sound of stealthy feet along the veranda. Beth, peeping out from the shadow of the vines, saw six men creep silently into the house, and the first one held a dark lantern in one hand. The next moment there was a flash of light, a screech, a scuffle, a crash, and a minute of wild turmoil. Then she rose slowly, and looked in through the vine arbor. Mrs. Neal was bound fast to the bed upon which she was lying, and Mr. Neal and her father had been thrown side by side upon the floor, where they lay helpless, tied with ropes.

"An' now you kin show us where the money's hid," suggested one of the masked men, playfully touching up Mr. Neal with his foot.

Beth waited to hear no more. Swiftly and silently she crept around the end of the house, sid down through the yard keeping in the shadow of the shrubbery. Away at the lower corner of the yard she stumbled against something that started her, and leaning down to touch it she found Nero lying there, his body not yet stiff. Only a few hours ago he had moved out with the walk with her, poor fellow. Well, there is no time for sorry now. She slipped the rope, and the man who had been around the fence that she saw on the farm in the other direction from that in which the robbers had approached.

"It's ever so much farther to town," she said to herself, "but it's the only way we can get out. And now if Ladybird will only come to my call."

And then she whistled; a low soft call that might have been a flash of light, or a cry of a bird. Instantly there was a rush of feet, and here Ladybird came, sweeping over the ground with her pretty head up, and when she came to the fence she rose and vaulted over it, light as a feather, and stood still to rub her nose against the hand held out to her.

There was a sound of excited voices at the house—her flight was about to be discovered, she thought; but Beth did not hesitate for one moment. With her hands on the pony's back she sprang to her seat, and with a word to her pet and a hand on the silky neck she was off like the wind. A shot rung out from the veranda, and she had swung her feet, but she did not stay for that. Let her shoot as they pleased, they could not follow, for their horses were away at the other side of the house.

Suppose they should divine what she intended to do, and should try to stop her at the arroyo! But Beth was thinking fast. Out of the main arroyo led a smaller one. She had found it once, a few months ago, and had hidden there and surprised her father when he was riding by, not knowing that anyone was near him. She could take that end of the gorge tonight, and Ladybird would pick her way through and come up on the bank a quarter of a mile from the main road.

All this time the pony's speed had never slackened, but just before reaching the great arroyo, along which the road skirt-

ed, she checked her for an instant, and listened, with parted lips, and with her heart beating so that she could hardly hear. Yes, there they came. She heard the sound of hooves, though it was evident that the riders were running through the thick grass beside the road, having left the main path.

A few steps further and Ladybird went down into the deep arroyo. The sides were so steep that an inexperienced rider would have gone over her head, but Beth did not fall. Down the dry bank of the gulch went Ladybird, as though she was going to meet the robbers, who were coming so near; and then all at once she turned sharply to the right, up the smaller arroyo, and the robbers were left behind. Their heavy horses would never undertake that perilous journey. A rush along the bottom of the gulch, a scramble up the steep side farther on, and then Beth and Ladybird were away like the wind again.

Sheriff Martin had just brought a prisoner into town, and was opening his gate to pass into his own home, when the sound of running attracted his attention and brought his hand to his pistol. Before he could speak, however, the pony had dashed up and Beth had slipped down beside him.

"Well, if it isn't my little Beth," he cried, in the moment when she gasped and could not speak. But then she found her tongue.

"Our house is full of robbers," she cried. "They got in and have tied papa and uncle and aunt, and are trying to make them tell where the money is."

The Sheriff's deputies had but that moment entered town. Without a word to Beth, he left her standing in the road and ran to the corner, blowing a whistle as he went. For a moment there was great confusion; a servant came running with the horse from which the Sheriff had just dismounted; and half a dozen men were there before Beth could think. In another minute, it seemed, they were all mounted, and she was seated upon her horse, and they were sweeping over the prairie towards her home.

But the robbers had worked hard. The escape of the girl had discomfited them, though they argued that she was only a girl, and had probably run away instead of going for help. At any rate it would be a long time before any help could come, and they would have time to do what they wished.

Their first effort was to make Mr. Neal tell where his money had been hidden. With this end in view they had threatened him with death if he did not tell, but he only looked at them and kept silence. Then they had tried his wife; and if she had known she would have told; but she had looked them over and over again, that she knew nothing about the money, and that Mr. Neal had but little money with him anyway, so far as she knew, they were forced to believe that she was ignorant. As for the weather-beaten old farmer, Beth's father, he smiled at them, and said banteringly:

"An' ye'd like to find it, would ye? Well, jest go to work an' look for it. They ain't no law preventin' ye, as I can see."

But after awhile the search was over, and nothing had come of it, and the robbers slumped about their prostrate victims and looked down upon them with evil eyes shining through the black cloths with which they were masked.

"An' now well begin on you," the leader said, to Mr. Neal; "where we ought to a' begun at first, 'where you tell where that money is, an' tell it quick, do you understand? or else we'll be compelled to string you up here in the back room. It'll be easier on you if you tell it first."

"Which do you say—yes or no?" "You'll never hear it from me," said Mrs. Neal, raising the corners of her shawl and revealing a pile of gold and silver. "It's all yours, if you want it."

Immediately they began their greedy preparations. One of the men threw a rope over a joist, while the others pulled the helpless form up from the floor and dragged it into the back room. Mrs. Neal began to scream, and a ruffian threw a pillow over her head and extinguished the sound. They were all pre-occupied with the business in hand, and were making a good deal of noise about it; and they did not hear the sounds from without until there was a sudden rush, and every man among them found himself looking into the muzzle of a six-shooter.

"Well, like, you're mine at last," said Sheriff Martin, as he watched his men take the prisoner. "Been leading me a pretty lively chase, haven't you? And how does it strike you for the reward to be taken in by a little girl like that?"

The next day Mrs. Neal made open confession.

"I made such a mistake," she said. "I thought Beth was a mere hoyden, and that there was no depth to her character. But what a girl she is! Brother Nathan, I shall send back East for a lovely woman I know, who needs a home, and Beth shall have as fine an education as money will afford. Just think of that brave little girl, and that long, lonely ride. What a woman she will make."

CAMPING OUT IN WINTER.

The New Pleasures of Spending the Ice and Snow.

The early morning of Thursday, the last day of January, was clear and still. The heavy snowstorm of the day before had ceased during the night, leaving a new layer a foot in depth, upon that which already lay deep over mountain and lake, and piling itself high upon every branch and twig of the dense forest about us writes C. Grant La Farge, in the Atlantic. I had awakened at 3, still conscious of the effects of yesterday's long tramp of eight hours following fresh carbon tracks through heavy timber and in deep, soft snow, only to find that the waking day bids us strike out for camp for the further route of our game was still to be disentangled from a labyrinth of tracks, made where they had stopped to feed. We had eaten our lunch as we marched, delay being a thing to avoid and fire out of the question on fresh trails, and when we reached camp again, just as darkness closed in, we were a tired and hungry party. So it was with difficulty now that I summoned up resolution to perform the duty of which the biting cold upon my face and the snapping of the log walls of our camp apprised me, and resisted the insidious argument that I really was not awake. To leave the snug shelter of warm blankets in order to rake together a few almost extinct embers, nurse them into a glow and pile the stove full of wood is not an alluring task at such a time, but campfire etiquette, sometimes relaxed in the milder autumn season, must be rigidly adhered to, for, indeed, in these long, frigid winter nights, therefore my companion and I had made the usual agreement that he who awoke in order to rake together a few almost extinct embers, nurse them into a glow and pile the stove full of wood is not an alluring task at such a time, but campfire etiquette, sometimes relaxed in the milder autumn season, must be rigidly adhered to, for, indeed, in these long, frigid winter nights, therefore my companion and I had made the usual agreement that he who awoke in order to rake together a few almost extinct embers, nurse them into a glow and pile the stove full of wood is not an alluring task at such a time, but campfire etiquette, sometimes relaxed in the milder 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POOR DOCUMENT

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QUEENS COUNTY GAZETTE, GAGETOWN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1897.

CORRESPONDENCE

Summers Hill.

Summers Hill, Feb. 22.—The highly respected residents of this town, who died suddenly on the 19th inst., being due, it is supposed, to heart trouble. He left his home on the morning of the 19th, apparently in good health, drove to Gagetown, and was about to return home when he was suddenly taken ill in Dr. Caswell's office. Under the doctor's skillful treatment, he recovered sufficient strength to be removed to his home, accompanied by Dr. Caswell and Mr. J. H. DeVeber. Hopes were entertained of his recovery until the morning of the 17th, when at the hour of 7 o'clock he expired. The deceased was 61 years of age, and was a man of the highest integrity, genial and kind, and honored and respected by his friends and neighbors. He was for a great many years an active worker in Christian duties, and was one of the most zealous and liberal-hearted members. Since his early years deceased had been engaged in farming pursuits, and his life of steady industry, and his death was a great loss to the community. His wife, who survives, has a daughter of the late Wm. Forrester. He leaves five daughters, and one son, also one sister, Mrs. C. Nelson, besides a large circle of friends. The family have the deep felt sympathy of the community in their loss of a kind and loving father. His remains were interred at St. James' Cemetery on Friday, the 20th inst., and the services were conducted by Rev. C. W. Townsend, who preached an appropriate sermon from the text, (1 Peter 4:1) "Forasmuch as ye believe in God believe also in Me." St. John 14-1.

Mr. William Setton has returned home on a visit, in leave of five months' absence from his business in the United States.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Kerr have returned from the United States.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Kerr have taken a pre-emptory home in this place. Sufficient to recommend this locality as a place for abode, is the quick return of its inhabitants.

John Russell has also returned to his home after an absence of twelve years in the Western States.

Lower Jemseg Notes.

Lower Jemseg, Feb. 19.—The funeral of the late Mrs. Caleb Huestis took place on Jan. 21st. Rev. A. J. Gollmer conducted the service at the grave. On the following Sunday the sermon was preached by Rev. W. J. Blakeney at Upper Jemseg. The deceased leaves a sorrowing husband, six sons, five daughters, and a large number of relatives to mourn their sad loss.

The funeral of the late Philip Huestis will take place this afternoon at McDonald's Corner. Rev. C. W. Townsend is expected to preach the sermon.

A basket social was held in the hall on Tuesday night. The amount realized was near \$11, which goes towards paying for the sleigh which belongs to the circuit (Methodist).

There is a considerable amount of cord wood and logs being cut this winter. The main operators are C. Young and S. R. Huestis.

The farmers at present have their ice all stored for the coming season. There was about 100 tons stored.

A two-year-old child of Mrs. John Van Buskirk came near losing its life Thursday. The child was eating meat, and a small piece lodged in its throat. Mrs. Van Buskirk forced her fingers down the child's throat and extracted the meat, which gave the child relief instantly.

Capt. Robert Van Buskirk and his six children arrived in Fredericton on the evening of the 20th inst. from their visit to their brother's home.

Scotchtown Notes.

Scotchtown, Feb. 20.—The weather of late has been very fine. G. D. Carle and Samuel Colwell intend getting out several joints of logs during the coming month.

Several of our enterprising farmers went to St. John this week with heavy loads of farm produce. They found the markets very slow.

The special services that were being held at this place last week ended on Tuesday evening last.

It is with pleasure we learn that Mr. Allison Lunn, of Lakesville Corner, is soon to become a resident of this place.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Olmstead intend moving to Fredericton the 1st of March. They will be greatly missed throughout the community.

New lamps and reflectors and a chandelier have been procured for the Baptist Church.

Mr. T. L. Purvis, the popular carpenter of this place, is making a desk for the Baptist Church.

One of Frydericton's popular sports and first class horse show has been doing this place for the past week in pursuit of deer.

We learn with regret that some of our friends have failed in their attempt to get a piece published in reference to one of Scotchtown's young men visiting outlying districts and his being an agent. We learn however that the party referred to has become a regular subscriber to your valuable paper.

New York Letter.

There are many readers of the QUEENS COUNTY GAZETTE who can look back with much pleasure to days or weeks spent in New York. No one who can afford the money and time should hesitate to take the little trip that will place him in touch with the largest, wealthiest and most bustling centre of the American continent.

The question has often been asked, why do all New Yorkers rush about as if their very existence depended upon their activity? Well, if one does not stop high, wide and lively here, he gets left. Streams of people circle about everywhere, and everyone is constantly trying to get ahead of someone else. In the morning you must rush to get a seat in the elevated train, or someone will pop into it before you, or you must step lively to board the horse or cable car, as often it will not stop for you, so you must act quickly and catch it as it rushes past you.

If you call upon a business man at his office, you must be prepared to state your business quickly, for he may have to rush away and leave you. At least time you must rush to the nearest restaurant or the best vendors have disappeared within other fellows who have rushed there before you. It is related that a broker went to a particular restaurant every day for lunch at precisely twelve o'clock. So rushed was he that he only had time to order a sandwich which he hastily despatched. To save time he arranged to have the waiter stand at the door and send the sandwich to his passed.

It is a common sight to see a man in his coat and hat and day out in one continual bustle of pushing himself ahead of your neighbor, because if you don't, you are simply getting continually left, of being obliged to take what is left after your more active fellowman has helped himself to the best of everything. Even after a New Yorker dies, he is rushed to the cemetery. Funerals do not walk here, but teams and coaches take along, as if the living had little time to attend to such duties. Often two funeral processions will race with each other to the place of burial, and cases are known where the hearse has collided with a coach, and the coffin has been thrown out upon the ground.

The lower part of the city more especially, is the business district, the centre of which is Wall street. Here thousands upon thousands of dollars are lost and gained every day. At the head of Wall street stands Trinity Church on Broadway, keeping an eye, as it were, upon the bustling activity surging at its feet.

In the morning thousands of people pour into the lower, from the upper part of the city, and from Brooklyn and parts of the State of New Jersey, to attend to business. At night they all rush away, and it is in the evening, just when everyone is intent upon reaching home as quickly as possible, that the best idea can be obtained of the great multitudes who earn their bread and butter down town. So great are the crowds, that it was not for the unwritten law, that every one and every moving vehicle must keep to the right, there would be many more accidents than at present, in fact there would be little use in trying to move over sidewalk or street.

Here is rather a good story: A city man took a friend down Broadway just at the time when everybody wanted to come up. They elbowed their way through the crowd for a while, when the friend said, "I say, old chap, let's stand in this doorway and wait till the crowd goes by. But they didn't do so, because it takes about two hours for the crowd to pass."

Cambridge Notes.

CAMBRIDGE, Feb. 22.—Mr. W. H. White has gone to Boston to see his sister, Mrs. Charlotte Macdonald, who is very low with that dread disease consumption. Mr. Fred McAlary has charge of the business during Mr. White's absence.

Rev. C. W. Townsend has charge of the Baptist Church at the Narrows. The spiritual wants of the people are well looked after at this place. In addition to the Rev. C. W. Townsend we have Rev. Mr. Lewis, F. O. B., Rev. Mr. Parker, Methodist, and Rev. Mr. Gullmer, Episcopalian.

Miss Annie L. Briggs has charge of the school at the Narrows, west side.

Mr. Edward DeWitt's youngest son, Montie, died on Wednesday morning at 1 o'clock. He had been sick for a few weeks, but was supposed to be convalescent until Thursday when he grew much worse and passed away the next morning. This is a very heavy blow to his parents, who are almost prostrate with grief. But they have one great comfort in their deep sorrow, that this young lad of 13 years, has gone where sickness never comes, nor death never enters, but where the cross bloom perennial. His funeral took place on Sunday, the 21st, at half-past ten a. m. Services were conducted both at the house and grave by Rev. C. W. Townsend.

Mr. Philip Huestis, aged 78 years, passed peacefully away on Tuesday evening, the 16th inst., after a very short sickness. His funeral took place on Friday, the 19th inst. The high respect which he was held in the community was shown by the large number who were present to pay their last respects to the deceased.

Mr. McLean, a young man eighteen years of age, was brought before Magistrate Langin last Wednesday, under a serious charge preferred against him by Elizabeth Ann Wellwood, who resides with her Uncle, Christopher Wilson, at Briggs' Corner. The crime is the more revolting in that the plaintiff who is small and deformed has been for several years past the subject of periodical attacks of insanity; and only a week ago was brought home from the provincial lunatic asylum, whither she was taken early last September. One of the female nurses there in charge of the ward observed that her patient was not only non compos mentis, but with returning reason was also becoming embittered and it was deemed expedient to send her home.

Young McEwen, who has lived with Mr. Wilson during the last six or seven years, was found guilty in the magistrate's court of an indecent assault upon the plaintiff, and under custody of Constable Daigle was immediately conveyed to Gagetown jail to await his trial at the next session of the Supreme Court.

H. McLean has a number of men employed in building a boom pier in the river to hold logs in readiness for his new saw mill now in course of erection.

G. G. & W. C. King are having a new coat of paint applied to the interior of their store to be in readiness for the spring trade.

John McKinney, of Red Bank, is laid up with a broken leg caused by his team running away in the woods and dragging him some distance.

Nathaniel Ferris, who sent his team in charge of his son Ren. to haul logs for John Parkhill, had one of his horses badly kicked in the leg by one of Mr. Parkhill's horses and the wound will lay the horse up for some time to come.

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Miss Lue Orchard, who is teaching at Cumberland Point, is home spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Orchard.

Miss Annie McLaw, of St. John, is visiting at Jas. Stephens, Mill Cove.

Mrs. Frank McDermott, who has been ill, is recovering.

The Titus mill at Mill Cove is shut down for the want of water.

Isaac D. Pearson and wife, of Pearsonville, are visiting at C. W. White's.

Robt. Orchard, who got hurt by falling from a load of hay recently, was taken worse yesterday and is now dangerously ill.

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Sheffield Notes.

SHEFFIELD, Feb. 20.—The long looked for and much needed snow has arrived at last, which makes the faces of the lumbermen look more cheerful than they have of late.

Rev. J. Parkins is quite sick and was unable to attend all his appointments for last Sunday.

The social that was to be at Mr. Albert Ferguson's on Saturday evening was postponed on account of sickness.

Mrs. Thomas Thompson left last week for Carleton Co., where she proposes spending several weeks with her brother, Mr. Corbett.

Mr. Albert Ferguson has been dangerously ill for some weeks past, and little hopes are entertained for his recovery.

Miss Carrie Bridges has returned from a visit to friends and relatives in Magerville.

Sussex Notes.

Sussex, Feb. 19.—The fancy dress carnival and promenade concert held in the "Aberdeen" skating rink, on the evening of the 16th inst., far surpassed anything of a similar nature held in Sussex this year.

The attendance was larger than on any previous occasion, and for originality, beauty and ludicrousness, the costumes have been very seldom equalled.

The prizes were awarded as follows: Dr. J. J. Daly, 1st prize, original; Percy Hallett, 2nd; J. P. Byron, 3rd; and Miss M. L. Bell, 4th.

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J. D. Reardon, of Whites Cove, arrived here on the 20th inst.

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