

QUEENS COUNTY

GAZETTE

MISSING ISSUE

November 22, 1899











# POOR DOCUMENT

## Literature.

### All's Well That Ends Well.

"Then you won't come with me, May?"  
"Don't put it so disagreeably," Lady Haworth says, coaxingly. "It is not that I won't, you know, Fred, but merely that I do not feel inclined to go to Lady Lechmore's with you. I have a bad headache."  
"So you had the last evening we were invited to Lechmore House?"  
"Ah, but that was a real headache!"  
"The one from which you are suffering to-night is evidently ordered for the occasion?"  
"Not quite," May says, forcing a smile. "I really shall have a headache if you speak to me again in that tone."  
But Sir Frederick does not seem much inclined for barter; there is a heavy frown on the handsome face, and a look of pain in his dark gray eyes, which make his young wife's voice falter when she addresses him, and the little hand she lays upon his arm is unsteady.  
"Don't be vexed, my darling!" she whispers softly. "It is not so serious. It will be a very stupid party, Fred, and I should be bored! Make any excuse for me you like, as you think you ought to go, and I will stay up for you, and we can have a chat when you come back—What! still cross, dear?" she adds, trying to speak gaily.  
"I think I have some reason, May!" he answers, gravely. "This is the second time that you have refused to accompany me to Lechmore House, and Lady Lechmore may justly be annoyed at your absence."  
"But I really meant to go, Fred. I should like to have gone with you," she said, earnestly, "but—"  
"Surely your head is not so bad that it would prevent you spending an hour at Lechmore House. You can go in that dress, cannot you?"  
Lady Haworth glances down at her pretty dinner-dress with a smile.  
"Not exactly," she says, carelessly. "But that need not matter, for I am not going, Fred."  
"You have quite made up your mind?" he said, coldly, shaking off her hand with a little anger. "You will not come?"  
"I do not quite see that I am bound to make a martyr of myself to please Lady Lechmore," Lady Haworth answers, pettishly.  
"It is not to please Lady Lechmore," he says, quickly; "it is to please me! Come, little wife, be reasonable," he adds, taking her into his strong arms. "Go and dress, if you think it necessary, but indeed you look pretty enough for anything as you are."  
"Don't insist, Fred," she said, wistfully; "I do not like to refuse you, but indeed, resting her head wearily upon his shoulder, "I do not feel up to it tonight, and you know that I never cared for Lady Lechmore."  
"Nonsense!" Sir Frederick's patience is evidently coming to an end, and his voice is sufficiently sharp to startle May considerably. "I insist upon your going! Your headache is but a pretext, and it is one which will not satisfy me. If you have any other motive for refusing to accompany me, say so frankly. I can excuse anything but a deception!"  
Every shade of color faded from Lady Haworth's cheeks and lips. Never during the two years and a half of their wedded life had her husband spoken to her in that tone, and never has she seen that angry glitter in his eyes when they are turned upon her.  
Startled and greatly moved, she turns almost mechanically to the door, and makes a few steps toward it, but she is trembling so violently that she is obliged to stop midway and catch at the back of a chair for support.  
But Sir Frederick cannot see the pallor of her face, for her back is turned toward him, and he misinterprets the movement.  
"Did you understand that I ordered you to go?" he says, sternly.  
"Yes," she replies, very quietly.  
"And you will go?"  
"No."  
The little monosyllable is the only word she can force her lips to utter, and during the silence which follows it seems as if the beating of "her own heart" were the only sound she heard.  
"No!" he repeats, slowly. Then without softening his stern voice, he adds, "What am I to conclude from this, May? Do you consider yourself free from the vows you made at your marriage?"  
"Fred!"  
The name breaks from the pale, parted lips like a cry of pain, and she runs toward him, holding out her hands in earnest entreaty.  
"Fred, my dearest, don't be angry! Forgive me for disobeying you, but I cannot—I cannot go to-night!"  
"This is childish!" Sir Frederick says, impatiently. "You must have some reason for such a persistent refusal. May," he continues, harshly, laying his hand upon her shoulder. "Are you deceiving me? You know that I can forgive anything but that. Have you any special reason for staying at home to-night?"  
"There is a moment's pause, during which May Haworth's sweet eyes glisten in one earnest appeal to her husband's face, which is grave, and stern and harsh.  
"No," she replies; then, before he has

time to speak, she goes on, half petulantly, half pleadingly. "How is it possible for me to go now? You have made me so nervous that I feel quite hysterical, and I should only break down altogether if you drag me into a hot room to smile and chatter to people for whom I don't care a jot!"  
"Another excuse," he says, haughtily, as he turns away from her, and without another glance at the fair, agitated face, he leaves the room, and in two minutes after May hears the sounds of the carriage wheels driving rapidly away.  
Heavy-hearted as her little ladyship feels, she does not follow her first inclination and throw herself upon a sofa to find relief in a good fit of crying. Two great hot tears well up in the pretty eyes and roll down the pale cheek, but no more fall.  
"My recollection clunks back her emptying pocket-book her pocket-handkerchief with an air of decision.  
"It is our first quarrel," she says, softly, "and it will not be difficult to win my pardon when he comes home. He will forgive me anything—anything," she breaks off, and the smile dies away.  
"Anything but deceit," she resumes again in a moment. "And he must never know. Oh, if I only had had courage what it would have saved me! What anxiety—what terror—what humiliation!"  
She began to pace rapidly up and down the pretty drawing-room, clasping and unclasping her hands in her agitation; while the color comes and goes in her beautiful, earnest face.  
"And I was so sorry, so very sorry to vex him," she goes on in a moment, speaking half aloud in her restless agitation. "I was so grieved to see the pain as well as anger on his face. My darling! He is always so good to me, and so patient with me. But after this evening I will never vex him again. There will be no need. I shall be safe then."  
Even as she speaks a little timepiece on a mantel near her chimes out ten silver strokes, and Lady Haworth starts violently at the sound; then thivers and glances round the room as if she is afraid that there is some unknown presence watching her.  
"For a moment only, then her terror seems to pass away, for she laughs a little—not a very musical laugh, nor a very merry one—and taking out a letter from the pocket of her dress, she reads it attentively.  
"Half-past ten o'clock," she says, meditatively. "The grounds. It was just a little unreasonable of him; he might have let me send it by post, but however it will only be for a few minutes, and then I shall be free. Ah! how bitterly I have repented my disobedience! How wrong it was of me—how very, very wrong!"  
Once more the sweet lips begin to quiver, but once more Lady Haworth conquers her emotion, and crossing over to the mantelpiece, holds the letter to the flame of the candle until it is reduced to ashes, then she goes over to the French window, and opening it, looks out into the quiet grounds.  
It is a fine summer night, with a dark blue starlight sky, and a soft, silver-scented breeze moving among the plants in the flower-garden and the trees in the shrubbery.  
All is very still and quiet both in the grounds and in the house. The household were lingering over their supper, and there was no one to wonder why her ladyship was leaving the house alone at that time of night, looking, too, so pale and nervous as she passed out of the drawing room into the quiet starlit night.  
Lady Lechmore's drawing rooms present a gay and animated appearance when Sir Frederick Haworth enters them, but he is far too preoccupied and unhappy to take much heed of their brilliancy; and the look of pain had deepened in his eyes when, having crossed his wife to his hostess, who received the excuse with smiling concern and the slightest uplifting of her delicately-penciled eyebrows, he mingles with the guests who through the gaily lighted salons.  
It is the first serious disagreement he has had with his wife during their married life, and he feels it keenly, all the more because he cannot help suspecting that she must have had some reason for refusing to accompany him other than the headache which was her ostensible excuse.  
She is generally so unselfish, so self-denying, so heedless of her own wishes, but so careful to meet his in every way, that it seems strange beyond all things to think that she would thwart him in this matter, which, though it was trifling in itself, had been magnified by the earnestness of his desire that she should go with him.  
Strive as he may, he cannot forget that unlucky quarrel. He had lost his temper, certainly, but he had had good reason.  
She had seemed well enough all through dinner—a little pale perhaps; but then she was often pale, and had never been of the dairy-maid order of beauty. And it was only when he had mentioned Lady Lechmore's soiree that she had complained of a headache. She had started a little, he remembered, and had seemed confused. Oh, surely there was some mystery!  
And yet May is so good, and true, and

and hearing the carriage, had darted away.  
He goes on slowly, when suddenly, as he turns into a covered walk leading to the shrubbery, he catches sight of two figures standing at the end.  
There is not sufficient light to distinguish their features, but he sees that they are of opposite sexes, and that the woman wears a trailing white gown such as his wife had worn that evening, and that the man is enveloped in a large cloak, which is thrown around him in a quaint foreign fashion.  
Sir Frederick's heart seems to stand still in a sudden fear; then it begins to beat furiously, and for a moment he cannot move; then he walks rapidly towards them.  
He sees that two faces are turned towards him in swift, startled surprise, and that something—a small parcel or a letter—is passed from one hand to the other; then the man rushes away, and is lost in the thick darkness of the shrubbery; and Sir Frederick hurries forward, his passage

is barred by his wife, who, white and trembling and terribly agitated, throws herself upon his breast, clinging to him with unsteady, clasping hands, and uttering little cries of terror and entreaty.  
(To Be Continued.)  
Absent Mindedness.  
"Charlie Youngpop's body is beginning to talk now."  
"Has Charlie begun boring you with stories about it?"  
"No, but I sat near him at the lunch-counter to-day and I heard him say absent-mindedly to the waiter girl, 'Dim me a jinky water please.'"  
AGENTS WANTED—FOR "THE Life and Achievements of Admiral Dewey," the world's greatest naval hero. By Murat Halstead, the life-long friend and admirer of the nation's idol. Biggest and best book; over 600 pages, 8x10 inches; nearly 100 pages halftone illustrations. Only \$1.50. Enormous demand. Big Commission. Outfit free. Chance of a lifetime. Write quick. The Dominion Company, 3rd Floor Carlton Bldg., Chicago.

and hearing the carriage, had darted away.  
He goes on slowly, when suddenly, as he turns into a covered walk leading to the shrubbery, he catches sight of two figures standing at the end.  
There is not sufficient light to distinguish their features, but he sees that they are of opposite sexes, and that the woman wears a trailing white gown such as his wife had worn that evening, and that the man is enveloped in a large cloak, which is thrown around him in a quaint foreign fashion.  
Sir Frederick's heart seems to stand still in a sudden fear; then it begins to beat furiously, and for a moment he cannot move; then he walks rapidly towards them.  
He sees that two faces are turned towards him in swift, startled surprise, and that something—a small parcel or a letter—is passed from one hand to the other; then the man rushes away, and is lost in the thick darkness of the shrubbery; and Sir Frederick hurries forward, his passage

### Gentlemen's \$5.00 Watches.

Our line of Gentlemen's Watches at \$5.00 will attract probable buyers. The Cases are Solid Nickel and are dustproof. The Movements are Waltham, stem winding and setting. Every Watch is guaranteed a good timekeeper. Sent by Mail post paid on receipt of price. Your money back if examination which is not satisfactory.

**L. L. SHARPE,**  
WATCHMAKER AND OPTICIAN,  
25 King Street, St. John, N. B.

## THE WITHOUT CHARGE.

# End-of-the-Century Offer.

AN EXTRAORDINARILY LIBERAL PROPOSITION.

FOR LESS THAN THE	<b>2 PAPERS</b> AND A <b>300 PAGE BOOK</b>	PRICE OF ONE PAPER
-------------------	--	--------------------

First, and properly, in making a choice of reading for the home you select your own home-paper. However good may be the reading of other papers, there is none that comes home so closely to you as your local weekly. It is to further increase this interest by adding to our list that the following liberal proposition is made to subscribers. We have endeavored to form combinations only where we knew we were touching safe ground and could thoroughly recommend the publications offered. Read carefully every word of this offer for it means a saving of money to you.

## Montreal Daily Herald

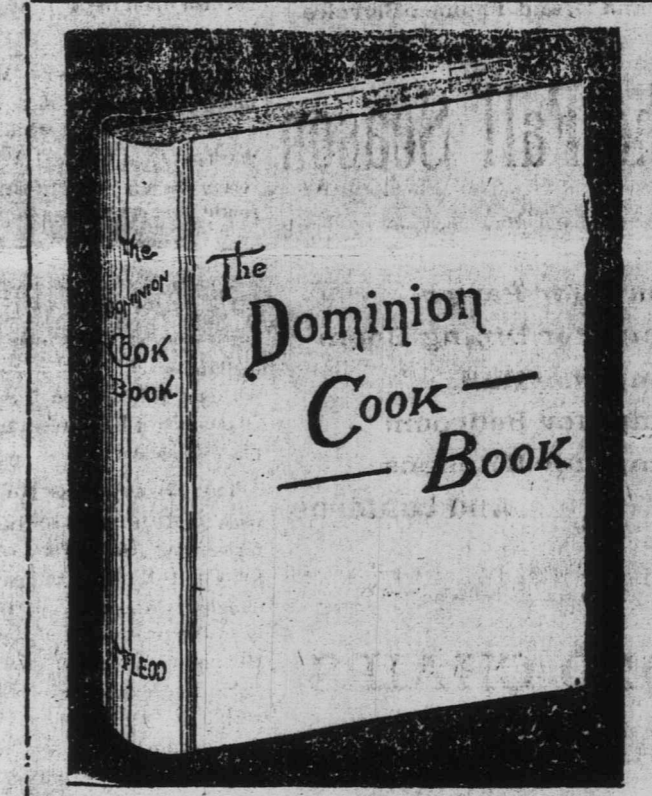
A GREAT METROPOLITAN DAILY

WE are pleased to announce that we have been able to make most extraordinarily liberal arrangements with the publishers of one of the greatest of Canadian dailies—The Montreal Daily Herald.

The Herald has achieved a well-deserved reputation for the remarkable value it gives its readers. It is one of the most enterprising newspapers in the Dominion, and in thousands of home circles is welcomed on account of the great interest it manifests in subjects of special interest to the family. It is admittedly the favorite daily of the women of Canada. To the farmer and business man, it appeals through its accurate market reports and business columns. To the young men, through the attention it bestows on clean, manly sport. To the lover of fiction, through the excellent stories appearing regularly in its columns. To the politician, through the calm and moderate tone of its editorial expressions.

The only reason which prompted the publishers of The Herald to make us this offer, which enables us to club the two papers at the extraordinarily low price given below, is their desire to immediately introduce the Daily Herald in large numbers in this neighborhood. The offer they now make will hold good for a limited time only.

It should be mentioned that subscribers to The Herald during the next few months will enjoy to the full the opportunity which that paper is offering to all readers to secure valuable books at merely nominal figures.



<b>Dominion Cook Book</b>	A Copy for Every Subscriber
---------------------------	-----------------------------

IN the best sense of the term this is an Ideal Cook Book—ideal in being a practical book—a book which the housewife will want to keep constantly by her side and can depend on, because of the simplicity and reliability of every recipe. Starting with a chapter on soups, naturally the first course, throughout its three hundred pages and over there are to be found more than 1,000 recipes, winding up with an excellent chapter on sick room cookery. Following the cookery section there is a department entitled "The Doctor," in which are recipes selected from eminent authorities, and which will be found invaluable where the doctor is not readily available. The recipes are numbered throughout the book, and each is prefaced with a list of the ingredients called for by the recipe, rendering it unnecessary for the housewife to hunt through the entire recipe and make calculation of what is wanted. It would be a mistake to confuse this book with any paper-bound, cook book that would go to pieces in a time.

## OUR BIG OFFER

an Ideal Local Paper, every week, from the present date to January 1, 1901.....	\$ 1 00
THE MONTREAL DAILY HERALD, One Year.....	3 00
THE DOMINION COOK BOOK, over 300 pages and more than 1,000 recipes, bound substantially in white cloth.....	1 00
	\$ 5 00

**ALL THIS FOR \$2 00**

Wisdom suggests taking advantage of this offer quickly. If you are now a subscriber to either paper, and your time has not yet expired, by taking advantage of our big offer promptly, your subscription will be extended one year from date of expiry. Everything will go to you at once. The Herald, during the closing months of 1899, will make some wonderfully liberal offers to subscribers. The Cook Book is mailed to you promptly on receipt of order, and coming along Fair Time and Thanksgiving Day, and later Christmas and New Year's, you want this book beside you. Drop into the office the first time you are in town, or, if more convenient, sit down now and write a letter, enclosing amount, and everything will have our prompt attention.

Address all communications to  
**Jas. A. Stewart,**  
Gagetown, N B

POOR DOCUMENT

BIGGLE BOOKS

A Farm Library of unequalled value—Practical, Up-to-date, Concise and Comprehensive—Elegantly Printed and Beautifully Illustrated. By JACOB BIGGLE

No. 1—BIGGLE HORSE BOOK. All about Horses—A Complete Course of Treatise, with over 74 illustrations and 16 engravings. Price, 30 Cents.

No. 2—BIGGLE BERRY BOOK. All about Raspberries, Strawberries, and other berries. Price, 30 Cents.

No. 3—BIGGLE POULTRY BOOK. All about Poultry; the best Poultry Book in existence; tells everything within colored illustrations of all the principal breeds; with 125 other illustrations. Price, 30 Cents.

No. 4—BIGGLE COW BOOK. All about Cows and the Dairy Business; having a great deal to tell you about the best breeds of cows, and how to keep the animal in good humor, to induce her to fatten that she is being milked, and, sensitive creature that she is, to prevent her from kicking back her milk.

No. 5—BIGGLE SWINE BOOK. All about Pigs—Breeding, Feeding, Butchery, Diseases, etc. Contains over 86 beautiful illustrations and other engravings. Price, 30 Cents.

The BIGGLE BOOKS are unique, original, useful—you never saw anything like them before. They are written by one who knows a Horse, Cow, Hog or Poultry, or grows them. You cannot go to any other place to get the way for the BIGGLE BOOKS.

FARM JOURNAL. 25 year paper, made for you and not a matter. It is 32 years old; it is the great hold-down, his all-out-of-the-way.

Any ONE of the BIGGLE BOOKS, and the FARM JOURNAL 5 YEARS (remainder of the 100, 200, 300 and 350) will be sent by mail to any address for the price of \$2.00.

WILKINSON ATHERTON, Editor, FARM JOURNAL, PHILADELPHIA.

FALL GOODS! FALL GOODS! You will not doubt visit the Exhibition and anticipation of that we have our FALL STOCK ready for your inspection in our many lines, viz: Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Dry Goods, Gent's Furnishings, Etc.

ALSO: Suits for Custom Tailoring Trade. We have the best stock of Long Boots in St. John. It will be to your advantage to see them before buying your winter boots.

C. B. PIDGEON OPPOSITE STREET CAR SHEDS, NORTH END. We carry a line of School Books, School Supplies and Stationery.

FOR BOSTON INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. Commencing July 8th the Steamship "ST. CROIX" will resume the popular DIRECT TRIP TO BOSTON leaving St. John every Wednesday and Saturday, at 9:30 p. m., arriving in Boston about next day.

Notice is hereby given that Letters of Administration of the Estate and Effects of Thomas Allen Graham late of the Parish of Peterborough in the County of Queens, Farmer, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned.

When you are in St. John DON'T FORGET TO CALL AT THE Jewellery Store of A. POYAS, 545 MAIN STREET, N. E.

H. B. HETHERINGTON, Barrister-at-Law, Etc., Fire and Life Insurance Agent.

James Stirling, Harness Manufacturer, No. 9 Charlotte St., St. John.

James Stirling, Harness Manufacturer, No. 9 Charlotte St., St. John.

James Stirling, Harness Manufacturer, No. 9 Charlotte St., St. John.

James Stirling, Harness Manufacturer, No. 9 Charlotte St., St. John.

James Stirling, Harness Manufacturer, No. 9 Charlotte St., St. John.

James Stirling, Harness Manufacturer, No. 9 Charlotte St., St. John.

James Stirling, Harness Manufacturer, No. 9 Charlotte St., St. John.

James Stirling, Harness Manufacturer, No. 9 Charlotte St., St. John.

James Stirling, Harness Manufacturer, No. 9 Charlotte St., St. John.

James Stirling, Harness Manufacturer, No. 9 Charlotte St., St. John.

James Stirling, Harness Manufacturer, No. 9 Charlotte St., St. John.

Farm and Household

Points About Milking It is not a paradox to say that there are several ways of milking cows, says The English Dairy World. The best way is that which obtains the maximum quantity of milk.

Just a Guess. "Er—hm—my dear children," rather pompously began Mr. Tubman, standing before an assembly of school children.

Nov. 29th—James Wilson, Glen Cross, Man. Hay loader. 64,756—Jos. Victor Monfetta, Ste. Sophie de Levard, P. Q. Device for handling stones.

64,798—V. Laballe & A. Dorais, St. Laurent, Co. Jacques Cartier. Acetylene gas generator.

In a railroad train—Two men discussing a book that had just been offered to them by the newsboy.

First man—That's a great book, sir—a masterpiece of work.

Second man—I wonder how it is sailing!

First man—Selling like hot cakes. Never saw anything like it. You see, I am the publisher, and ought to know.

Second man—Your information delights me. I am the author.

First man (with fallen countenance)—Well, that is—it hasn't had much of a sale yet, but I think it will have. Big risk, you know, bringing out this sort of book.

Nov. 29th—The government crop for Nova Scotia says: Total yield of hay 38 bushels per acre. The oat crop has reached 110, as compared with 84 last year.

WANTED—SEVERAL BRIGHT AND EAGER persons to represent us as Managers in this and other counties.

Wood's Phosphatine. The most complete Food for all ages, and the most reliable.

110 for 10 Cents. The best value for the money.

THE BOOK OF THE YEAR. "The Bow-legged Ghost and Other Stories."

Household Hints. Sweet oil with a little vinegar added will restore the lustre to the leather backs.

WANTED. A girl to do general house work. Must have references.

FOR SALE. The subscriber offers for sale the lot adjoining the one occupied by his residence known as the Stockford Lot.

COOK'S SURE COUGH CURE. The secret of household economy lies in giving careful attention to all household supplies, and in the judicious use of the left-overs.

Breaking a Sitter. When a hen wishes to sit she is usually fat. If you break her she will lay five or six eggs and become broody again.

Nov. 29th—James Wilson, Glen Cross, Man. Hay loader. 64,756—Jos. Victor Monfetta, Ste. Sophie de Levard, P. Q. Device for handling stones.

64,798—V. Laballe & A. Dorais, St. Laurent, Co. Jacques Cartier. Acetylene gas generator.

In a railroad train—Two men discussing a book that had just been offered to them by the newsboy.

First man—That's a great book, sir—a masterpiece of work.

Second man—I wonder how it is sailing!

First man—Selling like hot cakes. Never saw anything like it. You see, I am the publisher, and ought to know.

Second man—Your information delights me. I am the author.





Our Calendars for 1900 are out. If you do not receive one write to us.



LADIES' FLANNELETTE WRAPPERS.

\$1.15, \$1.50, \$1.60, \$1.90, \$2.00.

OPEN EVERY EVENING

UNTIL

9.30.



Play Checkers on this Ad

If you wish—it is intended for the service of the public. But our Ads really serve a better purpose than this—do you a great service. They tell you where and how to get desirable goods at reasonable prices. From so well assorted a stock you are sure to find something to exactly suit you.

SHARP & McMACKIN,

385 MAIN STREET, St. John, N. B., North End.

Table listing various goods and their prices, including Ladies' Blouses, Black Lustre, Wool Blankets, and more.

Correspondence.

Play News Items Gathered by Gazette Correspondents. Mill Settlement. Maudsville. Nov. 21.—The river here is almost clear of ice...

Mr. Mathew Glen and son, Benjamin, have gone to Woodstock to spend the winter. A number of young ladies intended visiting the camp of Mr. Geo. P. Boyd...

no body who feels aggrieved with our local justice ruling after this appeal to a county court as Justice Parkhill and Fleming will forward him and some of victor in the end. Boyd is preparing to move his family to St. John. All the pews of the Methodist church at Chipman remain for anybody who stands the expense of the same.

Comic Irish Song—James McBratry. Dialogue, "Playing Big Folks," Bertha Bernard, Mabel Bernard, George Kincaid and Pratt Perry. Two Little Temperance Girls—Ethel Bernard and Ella M. Kincaid. Song, "From a baby to a Grandmother," James M. Bratry.

Fighting in the Soudan. CAIRO, Nov. 25.—Lord Cromer, the British minister here, has received the following despatch from Gen. Kitchener: "Wingate's force came up with the Khalifa's force seven miles southeast of Omdurman and attacked it. After a sharp fight we took his position. The Khalifa, who was surrounded by a body-guard of Emirs, was killed and all the principal Emirs were killed or captured except Osman Digna, who escaped. The dervishes were utterly defeated, their whole camp was taken and thousands surrendered. A large number of women, children and cattle also fell into the hands of the Anglo-Egyptian force."

A PUBLIC PIT-FALL. Shubensacdie Man has a Dangerous Experience. Pooled by an Imitation of Dodd's Kidney Pills—Took two boxes of the spurious remedy—Found out his mistake in time. It is a well-known fact that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the first medicine that ever cured those formerly incurable maladies, Bright's Disease and Diabetes. Dodd's Kidney Pills are likewise famous for curing Rheumatism. They have a marvellous reputation for curing Heart Disease, Dropsy, Bladder and Urinary Disorders, Female Complaints and Blood Diseases. That anyone could be deceived into taking another preparation for Dodd's Kidney Pills is on their first incomprehensible, in view of the reputation they enjoy.