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WAR NEWS.

CAPE TOWN, Nov. 29.—The Allen Line Sardinian, Capt. Johnstone, from Montreal Oct. 28 and Quebec 30th having on board the Canadian contingent for South Africa 1009 strong, has arrived here.

MONTREAL, Nov. 29.—The Star's special cable from London says: "News was received this afternoon of the safe arrival at Cape Town to-day of the Allan Line Sardinian with the Canadian contingent. All well. The citizens of Cape Town have been waiting for several days for the coming of the Sardinian to show the Canadians in common with the Australians and the detachment from New Zealand, how much the British people of South Africa recognized the importance of this outward sign of the unity of the Empire in our hour of stress. When the Sardinian was sighted from Table Mountain the popular enthusiasm became intense and many hundreds of people made their way to the wharf to be first to cheer the bearers of a visible helping hand from distant Canada. Details have not yet come to hand concerning the demonstration which was witnessed at the wharf, but there is no doubt it will prove to be a historical event in the history of the Empire and the world.

LONDON, Nov. 30.—The Standard publishes the following despatch from Ladysmith, dated Thursday, Nov. 21: "Last Saturday I had a whole sack full of my correspondence returned to me, showing the difficulty of communicating with the outside world."

"The Boers announced us almost daily but there have been few casualties. Evidently the object of the enemy is to exhaust the spirits of the British troops by incessant harassing. "The prospect of the British advance from the south has impelled them to redouble their efforts. They are mounting more guns and drawing the lines of investment closer."

LONDON, Nov. 29.—Addressing a meeting of 7,000 people at Leicester this evening Mr. Joseph Chamberlain devoted the greater part of a long speech to a justification of the government's policy in South Africa and a refutation of the arguments of the Earl of Kimberley, Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman and others. According to Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman, said Mr. Chamberlain, we ought to have shulked back into our holes what Mr. Kruger refused to listen to our peaceful representations. That would have lost us South Africa, weakened our hold upon India and earned for us the contempt of mankind. He regretted that we were inevitable although doubtless Mr. Kruger would have preferred to wait until England was involved with some other power. Referring to the conditions under which the Gladstone government granted the convention of 1801, he decided that the grant was made because Mr. Gladstone feared a general Dutch uprising. "The reason," he asserted, "was because the Gladstone government believed the annexation of the Transvaal in 1877 occurred under the misapprehension by Lord Beaconsfield that a majority of the Boers desired annexation. It was afterwards proved that this was not their desire, and the annexation was cancelled. Referring to the basis and conditions of the settlement after the war Mr. Chamberlain said: "I do not like to divide the skin before I have caught the bear but I must insist that the Boers by their own action have created a clean sheet upon which to write what we please and I feel convinced that our loyal subjects in Cape Colony and Natal would regard no solution as durable which did not provide beyond doubt for the supremacy of the British flag, the only guarantee of settled peace and only security for the just treatment of all races in South Africa."

LONDON, Nov. 29.—A special despatch from Windsor says that General Methuen's despatch to the Queen after the battle of Modder River says: "The battle was the bloodiest of the century. The British shelled the enemy out of the trenches and then charged; the result was terrible. While the hills from the Modder River to the Diamond City are alive with the enemy there are no formidable streams in way and Methuen's column comprises the flower of the Army. No apprehension is felt as to the result of the march from the Modder and many army officers believe the Boers will make only one determined stand and then pour back into the Free State to defend the imperilled capital. A belated despatch from Orange river says Gen. Methuen's troops are advancing under the greatest difficulties, fighting an omnipresent, but almost invisible foe. LONDON, Nov. 29.—Gen. Methuen has defeated the whole Boer force at Modder River. The war office has received the following despatch from General Buller: "CAPE TOWN, Nov. 28.—Gen. Methuen reports, Modder River, Nov. 28. Reconnoitered at 6 a. m. the enemy's position on the River Modder and found them strongly entrenched and concealed. There were no means of out-flanking the river being full.

The action commenced with artillery and the mounted infantry and cavalry at 5.30 a. m. The Guards were on the right. The Sixth Brigade on the left attacked the position in widely extended formation at 6.30 and supported by the artillery, found itself in front of the whole Boer force, 8000 strong with two large guns, and four Krupp. The naval bridge rendered great assistance from the railway. After desperate hard fighting which lasted ten hours, our men, without water or food and in the burning sun, made the enemy quit his position. Gen. Buller was successful in getting a small party across the river, gallantly assisted by 300 Sappers. I speak in terms of the highest praise of the conduct of all who were engaged in the hardest and one of the most trying fights in the annals of the British Army. If I can mention one man in particular it is the two batteries of artillery."

LONDON, Nov. 28.—The British advance force in Natal, 10,000 strong, reached Frere station, well on its way to Colenso, Sunday. At least 5,000 more men, it is estimated, are coming up behind, so there will be 15,000 troops, somewhere about Colenso today. It seems doubtful whether the enemy will make any stand south of Ladysmith, but the latest despatches would indicate that both forces are moving north on converging lines that will cross near Colenso. The loss of the naval brigade in the battle at the Gras Pan was enormous. Out of 800 seamen and Marines, 106 fell, being more than 20 per cent.

LONDON, Nov. 28, 4.30 a. m.—A fresh interruption in the East African cable service at this interesting moment has caused a cessation of war news. As yet the war office has not received Lord Methuen's detailed list of casualties, nor is any information at hand regarding the whereabouts of the 9th Lancers, who were sent in pursuit of the Boers from Gras Pan.

The Daily Mail says that a private telegram announces that the Lancers are still occupying ahead of Methuen's advancing column but, as he announced yesterday that he was giving his men a day's rest, this is hardly possible. Indeed the greatest anxiety is felt, and more especially in view of the fact that a Berlin Journal, the Deutsche Warte, which regularly prints Boer communications, announced yesterday, before it could have been ascertained from British sources, that the naval brigade lost some hundred men at Gras Pan, and that the 9th Lancers were captured. It is understood that the government yesterday decided to proceed immediately with the mobilization of a sixth division of 10,000 men under a well known lieutenant general.

General Buller appears to be confident of Lord Methuen's ability and is devoting all his energy to Ladysmith. DURBAN, Nov. 26.—The latest reports of Gen. Buller's losses at the Deonon Hill engagement show fifteen men were killed and seventy-two wounded. The Yorkshire regiment suffered heavily. Major Hobbs was captured and several men are missing. Despatches from President Kruger and Gen. Joubert, found on a Boer prisoner, said the Boer losses at Deonon were ten men killed and forty wounded. In order to reassure the burghers it had been deemed necessary to fall back on Warrentown. A pigeon message from Colonel Ian Hamilton and Duff at Ladysmith, undated, reports all well. Another naval contingent from the British first-class cruiser Terrible, with two 4.7 inch guns, started for the front tonight. ERROUR, Nov. 26.—The railway bridge at Frere, spanning a wide stream, has been destroyed by the Boers, who are reported to be retiring rapidly. A general advance upon Colenso has been ordered and a flying column has left here to intercept the Boer raiding parties. A reliable messenger from Ladysmith says he gathered from Boers that they had proposed a combined attack all over the country for today. General Joubert is expected to stoutly dispute the passage of Tugela river.

CAPE TOWN, Nov. 27 (afternoon).—It is reported that Gen. Methuen has captured Honeyest Kloof, ten miles north of Gras Pan, and two rounds of ammunition. WASHINGTON, Nov. 27.—The British ambassador, Lord Pauncefote, has informed the secretary of state that, in view of a doubt, which appears to exist whether Her Majesty's government recognize that the hostilities now in course of progress in South Africa constitute a state of war between Great Britain and the two South African republics, he had been directed by the Marquis of Salisbury to inform the secretary of state as to the act of courtesy that the South African republic and the Orange Free State having declared war against Her Majesty, the Queen, and having invaded the British colonies of the Cape and Natal, a state of war has actually existed between England and the South African republic and the Orange Free State.

OTTAWA, Nov. 25.—News from the British war office, just received by Justice Girouard, informs him that his son,

Le-Col. Girouard, director of railways, South Africa, had come out uninjured through the Belmont skirmish on the 10th November. It will be remembered that the British force consisted of a reconnoitering party from Orange River to Belmont, and was composed of two squadrons of the Ninth Lancers, a battery of field artillery and one and one half companies of mounted infantry under Col. Gough. The enemy occupied a good position, with guns about nine miles west of Belmont. The fighting lasted about five hours and the British were forced to retire to their camp, losing a few men. Lt.-Col. Keith Falconer was killed and Lt. Wood, who originally came from Halifax, N. S., died the following day.

LONDON, Nov. 27.—Sir Thomas Lipton, in view of the fact that his steam yacht Erin cannot be utilized by the government as a hospital ship, has sent £10,000 to the Princess of Wales to be used at her discretion for the benefit of the soldiers and sailors. The executive committee of the American ladies' hospital ship fund has received an anonymous gift of £3,000 from the United States, together with a promise of as much more if it should be needed.

LONDON, Dec. 2.—The official list of the British killed and wounded in the battle of Modder River totals up to 438. OMAHA, Dec. 2.—The following cable has been received by the Governor General from Sir Alfred Milner, Governor of British South Africa: "CAPE TOWN, Dec. 1.—Just said goodbye to Canadian contingent. All well and delighted to be going to the front. People here showed in unmistakable manner appreciation of sympathy and help of Canada in their hour of trial. (Signed) "Milner."

STOMACH TROUBLE. A FREQUENT SOURCE OF THE MOST INTENSE MISERY. Mr. Harvey Price, of Bismark, Suffered for Years Before Finding a Cure—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored Him.

Those who suffer from stomach troubles are truly to be pitied. Life seems a burden to them; food is distasteful, and even that of the plainest kind is frequently followed by nausea, distressing pains and sometimes vomiting. Such a sufferer was Mr. Harvey Price, a well-known farmer and stock-grower living at Bismark, Ont. To a reporter who recently interviewed him, Mr. Price said:—

"I have found Dr. Williams' Pink Pills of such incalculable value in relieving me of a long siege of suffering, that I am not only willing but anxious to say a good word in behalf of this medicine, and thus point the road to health to some other sufferer. For five years I had been afflicted with stomach trouble and a torpid liver. I doctored and also denied myself of many kinds of food pleasant to the taste, but neither the medical treatment nor the diet seemed to help me to any degree. In January, 1898, the climax of my trouble appeared to be reached. At that time I was taken down with grippe, and that, added to my other troubles, placed me in such a precarious position that none of my neighbors looked for my recovery. My appetite was almost completely gone, and I experienced great weakness, dizziness, vomiting spells and violent headaches. I was also troubled with a cough which seemed to rack my whole system. I shall never forget the agony experienced during that long and tedious sickness. Medical treatment and medicines of various kinds had no apparent effect in relieving me. After existing in this state for some months, my mother induced me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In May last I purchased three boxes, and before these were gone undoubted relief was experienced. Thus encouraged I continued the use of the pills and with the use of less than a dozen boxes, I was again enjoying the best of health. I can now attend to my farm work with the greatest ease. My appetite is better than it has been for years, and the stomach trouble that had so long made my life miserable has vanished. I have gained in weight, and can safely say that I am enjoying better health than I have done for years before. I feel quite sure that those who may be sick of ailing, will find a cure in a fair trial of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make pure, rich blood, thus reaching the root of disease and driving it out of the system, curing when other medicines fail. Most of the ills afflicting mankind are due to an impoverished condition of the blood, or weak or shattered nerves, and for all these Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a specific which speedily restore the sufferer to health. These pills are never sold in any form except in the company's boxes, the wrapper round which bears the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." All others are counterfeits and should always be refused. Get the genuine, and be made well.

Chipman.

The remains of the late Mrs. Mary J. Moore, who died in the 73rd year of her age, at her daughter's residence in St. John, was brought here on Thursday afternoon and taken to the Baptist church at the station where Rev. Wm. McIntyre officiated and at the grave at the mouth of Salmon Creek where interment took place beside her late husband Mr. John Moore, who for many years formerly resided near Chipman on the Coal Creek road. Mrs. William Morrison, sr., of Chipman, is a daughter of the late Mrs. Moore and several daughters are married out west.

In the notice about the Xmas social at Briggs' Corner the word gentlemen should be gentlemen, and the apostrophe in the word Briggs should be placed after the s instead of before.

Mr. Andrew Darrach, our faithful mail driver is on time every day notwithstanding the rough state of the roads, and not many farmers can at this late season report such luck in the line of young poultry as Mr. Darrach, who of late had a missing hen come to light with a whole brood of young chickens.

Next week the Superior school at Chipman will give an entertainment for all of a school library, and in the evening a spelling bee will be held in which a large number of young people will participate. Mrs. Kaitz who has given good satisfaction in the school at Briggs' Corner, will continue in charge of the school next term.

Mr. Robert Baird will resign the school at Salmon Creek and seek a change for the winter.

White's Cove.

Dec. 2.—Mr. Crawford, representing Marshall & Co., Norton Confectioners, is doing the place by supplying the stores with candy for the Christmas trade. Mr. Crawford is on his way to Chipman and Newcastle.

Geo. Palmer and Chester Dean left some days ago for Maine to work the woods.

Mr. Thomas Carmichael at White's Point is in bad health.

Mrs. C. W. White is at Highfield to see her sister, Mrs. Vradenburg, who is very sick with slight hopes of recovery.

Hon. L. P. Ferris is away to Woodstock for a few days.

Despite the bad roads our mail drivers make excellent time. They are hustlers.

Mr. E. J. Wright is suffering from a severe cold.

ST. JOHN MARKET FEES. Beef per quarter, four cents.

Hogs of two hundred pounds or under, five cents, each additional hundred pounds, one cent.

Sheep, lamb, goat or veal, per carcass, each four cents.

Butter in tub, jar, pail or firkin, of ten pounds and under, two cents; every additional ten pounds or division thereof, one cent.

Butter in rolls and lard in cakes, for every ten pounds or under two cents.

Tallow for every ten pounds or under, one cent.

Cheese for every ten pounds or under, two cents.

Potatoes per one hundred pounds, two cents.

Turnip per one hundred pounds, one cent.

Oysters in tub or other vessels per gallon, two cents.

Oysters in shell per bushel, two cents. Turkey each, one cent. Geese each, one cent. Pigeons per dozen, one cent. Partridges, fowl or ducks per pair, one cent. Flour or meal per one hundred pounds, two cents. Oats per one hundred pounds, two cents. Peas and beans per one hundred pounds, five cents. Ham, shoulder, bacon per piece, one cent. Eggs for every five dozen or under, one cent. Beets, carrots, parsnips per one hundred pounds, three cents. Apples per one hundred pounds, five cents. Plums per one hundred pounds, five cents. Cherries per box one-quarter cent. Cucumbers per dozen, one cent.

TEA? Best Black (China) 30c. Bogalier Blend (Ceylon) 30c. P. N. & S. Blend Indo-Ceylon 40c. Our Black Tea is the same standard we have handled for past eight years. Bogalier Blend Tea is as good as ever, we can guarantee it equal or better than this offered at same price. P. N. & S. Blend in our opinion after three years trial, is the most economical tea in use at present time. It requires only one half the quantity of other teas to give the desired effect. Try a sample half pound and we feel sure we will supply you for the winter. Yours sincerely, P. Nase & Son, Indiantown, St. John, N. B. P. S.—Black Axe at 40c. each.









# POOR DOCUMENT

## Literature.

### All's Well That Ends Well.

(Continued from last issue.)

Hardly less agitated, Sir Frederic tries to disengage himself, and having succeeded, rushes off, after the intruder, while Lady Haworth sinks down upon the grass covering her face with her hands, only conscious that something terrible—she hardly knows what—is going to happen. How long she remains there she has no idea, but many minutes cannot have elapsed when her husband comes back to her side, lifts her—not ungently, but without a touch of his usual and until now untiring tenderness—from the ground, and half leads, half carries her back to the drawing-room, with such a strange, stern, terrible look upon his face that May can only sink helplessly back upon the cushions of the sofa on which he has placed her and cover her face with both little shaking hands, too much terrified even to weep.

For a few moments the silence in the room is unbroken save by Sir Frederic's hurried steps as he moves up and down the room, and by the faintest of sounds, but he has not time to speak; he has to look at the woman who is so pale and so beautiful, and who is so much like a child and addresses his wife.

"May," he says, in a quiet, stern voice, which falls upon Lady Haworth's heart like a blow, "I am waiting."

May lifts her head and tries to speak, but the words die away upon her lips as she meets the accusing, reproachful glance of her husband's eyes, and the pretty head droops once more.

"Have you nothing to say to me?" he asks, after a short pause. "Have you any explanation to give me of the scene of which I was an unwilling spectator last night?"

Once more Lady Haworth tries to speak; once more she fails. "I am sorry to distress you so terribly," she continues, "but I have nothing to say. The person who was with me," she speaks with a great effort, and her face is deadly pale, "was not my husband. I could not tell him, so that I am forced—"

"The explanation," she begins, faintly, lifting her head and turning towards him without raising her eyes to his face, "is mine by right; do not be angry. I have done nothing so wrong; I have—"

"Do not say anything," he repeats, with passionate disdain. "What is your standard of right and wrong? It must differ strangely from mine. Good Heaven! Is it possible! Am I mad or dreaming? I return home unexpectedly and find my wife—the woman I loved and trusted, the mother of my children—with a strange man, who sits at my appearance; and when I ask her for the explanation she says she has done nothing wrong! Who is that man? he continues, going over to the sofa, and taking the two slender wrists in his, forces her to face him. "I must be answered—I will have no preparation—no falsehood!"

She throws back her head, and her eyes meet his with a passionate, indignant glance.

"Falseness! Have you ever found me untruthful that you insult me so?" "Insult you?" he repeats, disdainfully. "I could hardly insult you after what I witnessed tonight. Who is that man? What brought him here tonight?"

There is a short breathless silence; then very slowly, very regretfully, May answers: "I cannot tell you," she says, faintly.

"You cannot tell me!" he repeats, with a strange menace in his voice. "You cannot! But I must know!"

"And I cannot tell you," she answers, unsteadily. "Oh! Fred, do not press me! Dearest, I am grieved, grieved beyond measure, to hurt you even a little; but try to believe me, my darling; it is not what you think. I shall never see him again—there is no need." "So that I am She has risen in her earnestness and has drawn near him, putting one little hand on his arm; but he shakes it off with contemptuous swiftness.

"Believe you!" he repeats, passionately. "How can I ever believe you? I trusted you as I loved you, with my whole heart, and you have betrayed me treacherously and basely. You feigned love—"

She interrupts him quickly. "I feign! I love you—you know that I love you with my whole heart!" she cries, passionately. "Fred, do you forget that I have been your wife, your true and loving wife, for nearly three years, and that I have never—"

She pauses abruptly, the slow hot color rises in her face and her eyes droop. "Ah! you cannot finish that sentence," he says, bitterly; "you have never deceived me! Never! But once, and that has been continuously from the time I saw

you first. I thought you true, and steadfast, and—"

His voice falls. Angry as he is with her, his pain and anguish are greater than his anger. He has loved her so deeply, so passionately, so entirely, and she is so false—so false! His very heart seems breaking with the weight of sorrow which has been so suddenly laid upon him. The anger dies out of his face, and the first sign of a smile with the misery he strives so vainly to struggle against.

At the first signs of softening on the face that has never until now looked with anger upon her, May springs to her husband's side and clasps her hand upon his arm in earnest supplication.

"Fred, dearest, listen to me. I have done wrong truly, but I have not deceived you as you think. Husband, listen to me. Try to trust me, dear, and to believe that I have never wronged you in thought or word, or deed. Darling, don't turn from me! You know I love you—you know that all my heart is yours, so, as it has been and ever will be, Oh, forgive me if I have pained you; forgive me if I have—"

"There have been now such great changes, such a shaking of the slender frame with terrible violence, as May leans her head upon her husband's arm in uncontrollable emotion; but Sir Frederic is not inclined to yield to prayers or entreaties until the mystery has been cleared up. His voice is, however, gentler now, and his touch less cold, as he gently places her upon a chair, and stands beside her until the nervous paroxysm has partly subsided; then, when she holds out a timid, trembling hand, he takes it into his strong clasp.

"You are better?" he said, gently. "You can listen to me? Forgive me if I was harsh; but I have suffered a lifetime of misery during the last half hour. May, what is this secret you are keeping from me so carefully? Who is the man you met to-night, and with whom I saw you sitting in the hall, and who has just been deceiving me?"

"I do not know," she says, faintly, letting her head droop against her husband's arm as he stands beside her. "You do not know?" he says, slowly, the tenderness dying out of his face.

"No," she repeats, wearily. "And yet you must know, as to say the least of it, a very unusual hour—and he dies at my approach!"

"Won't you trust me, Fred?" she says, tremulously. "Oh, darling, believe me, when I tell you there is no sin—only—oh, if I could tell you—if I could tell you!"

"May, listen to me. Nothing you can have done can hurt me so cruelly as this suspense—nothing could equal this torture! Think what you are letting me suspect—think to what degrading suspicions you are exposing yourself—May, be frank with me!" he entreats, passionately—"think how I have loved you—think of what I must suffer in the thought—the awful thought that you are false—you, my wife!"

"False!" she repeats, pitiously. "Ah! no, I never loved you more dearly than now! Fred, try and trust me. I am not false; and yet—oh, if I could tell you—but tell you!"

"This is childish!" he says, angrily, disengaging his hand from her clasp. "You expect me to believe—"

He broke off with a little cry of exultation, and anger, and pain, which makes May lift her head in surprise, and follow the direction of his gaze.

At the window she can see the outline of a tall, dark form, enveloped in a cloak; but before the cry of alarm and surprise which rises to her lips can find vent her husband has thrown open the window, and the stranger has advanced into the room.

He is a tall, slim, graceful man, of one or two-and-twenty, and eminently handsome in a dark, foreign style of beauty, which could not fail to be attractive.

White to his lips, Sir Frederic stands facing him, while May rises, leaning on a table near her for support.

"You must pardon such an intrusion," the stranger said, bowing with grave deference first to Sir Frederic and then to Lady Haworth, "but after my flight I thought it wiser to return and corroborate the explanation which Lady Haworth has probably given you, Sir Frederic."

He speaks easily and pleasantly, and with the least foreign accent giving piquancy to his speech.

"Lady Haworth refuses me any explanation!" Sir Frederic answers, haughtily.

"That is because she fears your indignation for an act of disobedience which is trifling in itself, but which—have I your permission to speak, Lady Haworth?"

May inclines her head slightly, but she says nothing; her lips are too dry and parched for speech.

"I first had the pleasure of seeing Lady Haworth at Homburg, two months ago," the stranger continues in the same easy manner. "You will remember your short stay there, and your careful avoidance of the gaming-tables at the Kursaal. I think you never entered them, Sir Frederic! No doubt, no doubt; but Lady Haworth had the natural curiosity of her sex, and one day when you were absent for an hour or two, she—"

"But I had so earnestly entreated you

begins Sir Frederic, turning to his wife, and May springs forward.

"I know you had forbidden it," she says, pitifully; but I was so curious. I was so curious. I was wrong I know; but once there—oh my husband, forgive me!—I did not try to resist the temptation! I played and lost, and played and lost, until I lost more than I could pay; and but for this gentleman's kindness I should have—"

"It was but for a moment," the stranger continues, seeing that May's emotion choked her. "Lady Haworth was agitated and distressed, but she allowed me to lead her out of the gambling rooms, and it was arranged that I should meet her the following day to receive the money she had allowed me to advance. But that night I was called away from Homburg, and I left without having communicated with her ladyship. Three days ago chance brought me to this neighborhood, and with a romantic desire for an adventure—for which I cannot forgive myself now—I begged Lady Haworth to meet me to-night in the grounds. If I had known the pain it would have caused her, I would have cut off my right hand first!"

There is no mistaking the sincerity and earnestness of the man's explanation, and Sir Frederic is so overjoyed, and relieved that he can only hold out his hand and mutter some incoherent thanks for the kindness shown to his wife, while he offers Monsieur de la Frenaye hospitality for the night—an offer which the latter declines, as he is expected at the friend's with whom he is staying; but he accepts an invitation to dinner on the following day, kisses Lady Haworth's hand with a low, earnestly spoken "Forgive me!" and Sir Frederic walks down the avenue with him, leaving May to recover the agitation she had borne.

Lady Haworth's thoughts are very mixed as she awaits her husband's return. He has such a horror of gambling, born not merely from his strict sense of honor and rectitude, but from the fact that a brother to whom he was most attached had committed suicide at a gaming table, and had been buried in the grave, and Sir Frederic is so earnest and so sincere; and she stands trembling and pale, waiting for her husband as a culprit might wait for his judge. But Sir Frederic is too overjoyed at the falseness of his suspicions, and too full of regret at the anger he has shown, to reproach his wife for her deception; and he is hardly less moved than himself when he takes her into his strong arms, and at the very same moment they utter an earnest "Forgive me!" and there is a confused sound of kisses and tender words and a sob or two in the pretty drawing-room.

"I will never, never deceive you again!" May whispers, presently. "I have been very wretched, Fred!"

"My poor darling, how could I be such a brute! If you get into a scrape again, love, you must come to your husband, and not accept assistance from good-looking foreigners. You must trust me all in all or not at all, May!"

"Forgive me, Fred, I was very wrong!"

"And forgive me, darling; I was unparadoxically cross; but if we were all punished as we deserved, sweet, few of us would escape a flogging."

"And I should have a severe flogging," said May, half smiling, half tremulous; but her husband silenced the sweet lips in a very effectual manner by the application of his own.

The lesson is a salutary one. Lady Haworth never dreams of deceiving her husband, and Sir Frederic has learned that it is not always prudent to judge by appearances.

(The End.)

Slaves of Circumstances.

All of us at certain periods of our existence are obliged to adjust our lives to altered conditions, which are sometimes of our own choosing, but often are forced upon us by circumstances. It requires a good deal of philosophy to accept the inevitable with good grace and to make the best of the situation, especially if, as is so often the case, a great wave of adversity engulfs us and our ships go down freighted with all that we consider necessary to our happiness.

In such a case nothing remains but to see what is possible to save from the wreck, and to reconstruct our lives on the new lines which fate has left possible for us. Often this patient readjustment is pathetically heroic.

An accident happens, for instance, whereby a man or woman full of life and happiness is stricken down and condemned to lead the life of an invalid. After the first great shock and impotent despair he or she begins slowly and painfully to enter the new existence with brave endurance. It is not uncommon to see a woman who, bereaved of husband and children, becomes a ministering angel, full of pity and sympathy for others; or to know people suddenly deprived of life long luxury show, in facing disaster, a heroism worthy of all admiration.

The world is full of these reconstructed lives, and it is to the credit of our human nature that we seldom succumb to misfortune.

Little May was showing the pictures in the album to the visitor, and on coming to the picture of her father's first wife she said: "That's my eldest mother."

COOK'S ANODYNE LINIMENT.

Came Too Late.

Traveller from frontier district, striking hotel where advanced fashions have obtained, observes with an expression of pleased surprise the finger bowl set before him at the close of the meal.

"What's that for, waiter?" "To wash your hands, sir." "I wish I'd 'a' know'd it 'fore I began my dinner."

Teacher—Who was the man who never told a lie? Scholar—My dad.

Thecher—No, no; George Washington. Scholar—Oh, all right, den. I'm going home to tell my dad you said he was a liar.

McGorry—O'll buyez no new hat, d'yez mind that? Ye are vain enough ah-ridly. Mrs. McGorry—Me vain! O'm not! Shure, O't don't tink meself half as good lookin' as O'm.

Fate.

"Oh, George!" wailed the maiden as she met him in the darkened hallway, "we can't be married to-morrow! It will have to be postponed!"

"What is the matter, darling?" said George, his knees trembling under him. "Is any relative dead? Has your Uncle Hiram failed in business?"

"Worse than that!" she sobbed. "There's a b-b-bull coming on the end of my nose!"

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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 the 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.

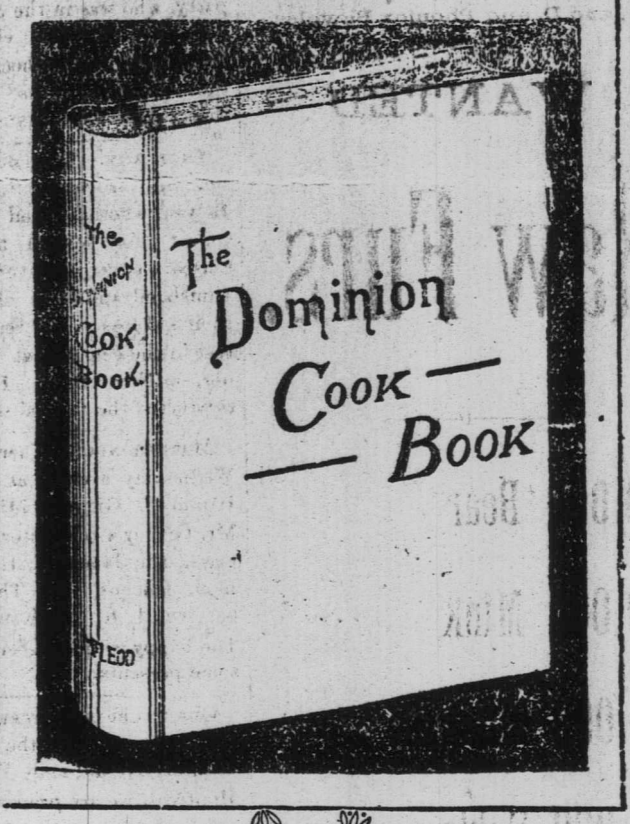
It should be mentioned that subscribers to The Herald during the next few months will enjoy to the full the opportunity which this paper is offering to all readers to secure valuable books at merely nominal figures.

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<b>Dominion Cook Book</b>	A Copy for Every Subscriber
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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. Size of page is 5 inches by 8 inches, bound in handsome old cloth covers. It would be a mistake to confuse this book with any paper-bound cook book that would go to pieces in no time.

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Estate Notice.

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.

SARAH GRAHAM, Administratrix.

When you are in St. John DON'T FORGET

Jewellery Store of A. POYAS, 545 MAIN STREET, N. E.

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Farrin and Household.

Care of Horses' Teeth. T. W. Hadley, V. S., of Lawrence, Kan., gives in an exchange the following excellent article on the care of the horse's teeth.

At the time the young horse is getting his second teeth when they should be carefully examined to see that he properly sheds his colt or milk teeth, so that his permanent teeth can come in even.

There is a fashion in the east, and in large cities to have horses' teeth regularly examined, if necessary, which is quite a good one, but as a rule it is unnecessary to do anything to a horse's teeth often than once in two years.

But if it is noticed a horse isn't doing so well or shows any pain or inconvenience when eating, his teeth should be examined at once by a competent dentist.

From the character of the food of horses, rubbing or grinding surfaces of the horse's teeth should be rough. Still, we must remember that the lower jaw is somewhat narrower than the upper jaw and from the fact that the teeth are not in direct opposition and of lateral motion of the jaw when the horse is masticating his food, a sharp ridge with points is left on inside of lower molars and on the outside edge of the upper molars, which will cut or lacerate the tongue or cheek and interfere with proper mastication, and as a result be sure to cause indigestion and colic to say nothing of other unpleasant things, such as throwing or jerking the horse, driving on one line, suddenly stopping, etc.

Some Delicate and Picturesque Ways of Utilizing Broth Bark.

"To think," said a young woman, recently, as she displayed a collection of pretty and dainty articles all made from birch bark, "that it was every bit the work of rainy days this summer."

"You did not get your bark on rainy days certainly," laughed her companion. "Oh, but that is just what I did do," was the rejoinder. "You seen we burned wood in the grate, and much of it was white birch. On rainy days, of course, we had a fire, and as I was usually in on those days I had time to peel the bark from the sticks in the wood basket."

Why, there is no end to the pretty devices for which it may be used. These birch bark canes in which I am going to plant ferns, I copied from the Indians, and these odd-shaped baskets for bonbons, fruits and nuts I invented myself. I am going to fill them all and give them to my girl friends for Christmas."

These photographs of water and woodland scenes I took myself, and it was my own idea to frame the greenish grounds upon which they are mounted with the lichen covered white bark. These are going as souvenirs of the summer to each of the guests who visited us in our mountain home this year. This photograph album, you see, is of the pretty white fragments of the bark and the green lichens, which are glued on the cardboard."

Embroidery Notes. Don't fail to use hoops for all large pieces of work, says the Canadian Home Journal.

Don't select crude, bright colors; delicate tones are much better.

Don't knot your threads. When single, run it backwards along the design for a little space, and work over the end. When double, pass the two ends through the eye of the needle, catching the loop on the under side of the material by passing the needle through, then drawing the thread taut.

Don't put work on any poor design. Don't fail to make your edges close and firm. A frayed border gives a ragged appearance, besides repeated washing does not improve poor work.

Don't allow your silks, when working to become rough. A careful housekeeper keeps them in a case made for the purpose.

Don't put good embroidery on coarse linen. Don't draw your material. Embroider evenly, so that the under side is one of neat appearances.

Don't use too many colors in one piece of work. One flower, artistically treated, is more satisfactory.

Don't think all embroidery should be fine in character; the splendid and rich effects are often gained by large stitches worked in a bold design.

Don't waste your labor on inferior materials. Linen should be pure in quality and not a mixture.

A great mistake made by mothers is that they allow the children the same food that themselves take, and the delicate stomachs of the little ones are disastrously called on to do the same work as those of grown people.

What food should a child be given? Plenty of milk, soft boiled eggs, toast and a moderate amount of fruit in season. Very little meat should be served to it, and that only at noon. All kinds of vegetables that are in season are proper food. Broths are nourishing and palatable made of milk and eggs. It would be better for children's stomachs if they did not know what nuts and candies were.

If mothers would rear their children according to this regimen, dyspepsia would not be so alarmingly on the increase.

COOK'S NEW BLOOD PILLS.

Salt in the Tub.

Packing a tub of butter has much to do with its value. Recently on South Water street, says The Creamery Journal several tubs of a shipment just received were opened and the packing was nowhere near right.

The surface of the butter was at least three inches below the head of the tub, and about half the intervening space was filled in with several pounds of coarse dairy salt, which lay in a heap on top of the cloth circle. There should have been at least ten pounds more of butter in each tub. The result of such packing was the butter sold for a cent a pound less than would otherwise have been obtained.

A Unique Window Screen.

The view from one of the windows of a pretty sitting room, which overlooks a neighbor's unattractive back yard, has been beautifully screened by the ingenious fingers of its owner in the following clever fashion: She procured from the glazier a number of panes of glass the exact size of those of the lower sash, and a ball of putty; then she covered the panes of the window with pressed autumn grape leaves, ferns and other brightly tinted foliage. She imitated the bunches of grapes with purple tissue paper, cutting out each grape separately, the tissue paper giving the same luminous effect as the pressed leaves. The stems and tendrils she painted in oils, gumming the leaves and grapes in place with a little mastic and adding a few butterflies which she brought from a collection. When her design was finished she covered each pane with the others she had bought, and fastened them in with the putty, making an illuminated window of great beauty.

Give Each Child a Separate Bed.

Each child should have a bed to himself and should not be deprived of the fresh air by masses of drapery, which may be very beautiful, but certainly not healthy. Sleeping rooms should be cool and clean and not overcrowded with furniture. If children have wool sleeping suits, it will not matter so much if the bedclothes are kicked off. Nightdresses should always be loose at the neck, waist and arms. Bedclothes should be warm, but light. Heavy counterpanes should have no place on the children's beds.

Making a Child too Quiet.

Play is the proper and natural outlet for a child's thoughts. To restrain his motion is to drive back his living faculty into the recesses of his mind, and the result is his confusion and unhappiness. Some children who are forced to be still and passive when they are longing for action find relief in whispering over stories to themselves, but it is an unsatisfactory substitute for dramatic action. And it is almost morally injurious, for the necessity of concealing one's ideas destroys after awhile the ability for fluent expression and brings about timidity and distrust of our friends.—Florence Hill Wintburn in Woman's Home Companion.

Pressed Beef.

First wash your beef nicely pickled; let it stay in pickle a week, then take the thin flanky pieces, such as will not make a handsome dish of themselves, put on a large platter, and let them boil until perfectly done; then pull to pieces, and season just as you would soups, with pepper, salt and allspice; then put it in a coarse cloth and press down until it comes very heavy weight. The advantage of this recipe is that it makes a most acceptable, presentable dish out of a part of the beef that otherwise might be wasted.

The Adaptable Child.

Washington Irving on being asked by a mother how to educate her brightest child: "Madam, teach them to be easily pleased."

How many young girls seem to believe that the sole aim and object of their education is to enable them to criticise their neighbors and find fault with their surroundings.

The refined, well bred girl is not difficult to please, either with people or circumstances. She adjusts herself with quiet grace to sharp corners and square corners, as well as to comfortable round ones, and smooths a rough temper with judicious much ease as she walks a mile and one into life and good humor. The tactful girl never goes to work with shovel and tongs to make her friends believe they are all wrong, but with a look, a word or a smile she simply convinces them that she is all right.

To raise the pile on velvet, put on the table two pieces of wood, place between them, bottom side up, three very hot flat irons, and over them by a wet cloth; hold the velvet over the cloth, with the wrong side down; when thoroughly steamed, brush the pile with a light wisp, and the velvet will look as good as new.

Mutton Outlets (Baked).

Prepare them the same as for frying, lay them in a greased pan with a very little water at the bottom. Bake quickly and baste often with butter and water. Make a little brown gravy and turn over them when they are served.

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TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

Contributed by the I. O. G. T.

WHERE THE CHILDREN SLEEP. Mrs. Georgia Hulse McLeod.

A mother knelt at sunset hour— Beside a new made mound, Only two graves could she call hers, 'Midst hundreds scattered round. "Full twenty years ago," she moaned, "My baby fell asleep."

And here I came day after day By his low bed to weep. "So beautiful my darling was That strangers turned again To look upon his bonny face, So free from death's dark stain. I thought no sorrow was like mine. With empty hands and heart I prayed to die, but still who left me In the world's crowded mart."

Oh, foolish mother, Gods knows best My baby safe, he keeps. But woe is me, where is the soul Of this my boy, who sleeps? Here just one little hour ago, They laid him near the sod, How blessed I should be to know, He too was safe with God.

A poor weak Abaddon! my son, I scarce can make it true, With victims of the death room send That they have numbered you. How bright and brave a true you were, 'Ere drink its work began, Only a sad and shattered wreck, When the foul work was done."

"Two graves, my graves, my baby boy, My son to manhood grown, And other mothers like to me, "Make this same sad life, shall!"

Oh men with fair and happy homes, How long shall these things be, Before you roll away the stone, And let our sons go free?

A PROHIBITION LOVING CUP.

A Prohibition western town has, it is said, presented to Admiral Dewey a "loving cup," which besides being a token of honor and affection, is also a symbol of prohibition. The New York Commercial Advertiser thus describes it: "A gorgeous cup, which whether it cheers or not certainly does not inebriate no matter what liquor is put inside it. It is a loving cup with handles enough for the most bedevilled hands to grasp; but over it huddles the figure of Fame, with outstretched arms—arms that guard the sobriety of heroes as Fame rarely guards the weak. For when the hero tries to partake of the generous quart the cup holds he receives a buffet on the cheek most disconcerting, and when he turns the cup about the hand of Fame smites him scripturally on the other cheek. Indeed, the pugilistic propensities of the allegorical lady are such that no one at the latest accounts had been able to drink a drop beneath her watchful eye."—Union Signal.

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NOTICE.

The subscriber wishes to inform the public that he has opened a shoemaking, cobbling and harness repairing shop in the building lately occupied by Wm. Brander, deceased. All kinds of work attended to at short notice. Terms strictly cash. WM. NEVERS, Gagetown, July 3, 1899.

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The Farm on Maquapik Lake, Queens County, known as Denton's Point, containing 80 acres, more or less, good dwelling House, barns and out-houses. Never failing well of water, good orchard and other fruit, farm well fenced with Cedar. For particulars apply to JACOB BALMAIN, Scotchtown, Queens Co., N. B.

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

Ladies' Blouses 75c. to \$2.00.	Black Lustre Plain or Figured 30c. to 75c.	COLORED Dress Goods 15, 22, 27, 35, 40, 55, 60 cts.	Ladies' Jackets Latest Styles \$2.75 to \$6.25
Jacket and Ulster Cloth 54 in. wide 75c. to \$1.75 yd.	Ladies' Black Cashmere Stockings Plain or Ribbed 25 to 55c. pair.	Boy's Iron Clad Wool Stockings 22 to 28c. pair.	Children's Cashmere Stockings From 16c. Up.
Wool Blankets \$2.55, \$2.65, \$3.25, \$3.65, \$4.00, \$5.00. Pair.	Black Serges 28 to 70c.	Shaker Flannel best makes nicest patterns starting at 5c. yd.	Corsets from 30c. Pair Up.
30 Yards Grey Cotton for \$1.00	Shaker Flannel Blankets 70 to 90c. pair.	Men's Underwear 25c. a garment and upwards.	Grey Flannel 14, 20, 22 cts. Yard.
Ginghams Starting at 5c. yard.	BLACK Cashmere 35 to 90c.	OVERALLS 60, 65, 75 and 80c. pair.	Men's Working Pants Strong & Heavy only \$1.25, \$1.40
OILCLOTH 2 yards wide only 45c. yard.	30 yards Grey Cotton for \$1.00.	Men's Top Shirts 25c. to \$1.20.	Lumbermen's Oversocks 55c. and \$1.00 Pair.
Tapestry Carpets 32, 40, 50, 55, 60c. yard.	Hemp Carpets 15, 18, 20, 22c. Yard.	Stair Carpets from 11c. yard Up.	Union Carpets 30c. and 40c. Yard.
Window Shades Best Rollers, 30 to 80c.	Trunks \$1.35, \$1.65, \$1.85, \$2.25.	Extension Bags 40c. to \$1.20.	Stamped Mats 25c. Each.

#### Correspondence.

**Spoil News Items Gathered by Gazette Correspondents**  
Summer Hill.

Dec.—Mr. Howard Weston, of Gagetown, has a crew of men in the woods in this vicinity getting out saw timber. There are several parties in this place who intend lumbering on quite an extensive scale this winter, among the gentlemen thus engaged may be mentioned Mr. Harry W. Scott, who recently purchased the McCready property, and Mr. Wm. Scott and Mr. David McCorkle, the latter having purchased the lumber on the estate of the late Jas. Hawshaw. Messrs. Harry McKee and James Kerr jr., his purchased the Wm. Reid property.

Messrs. John and Hugh Donald and Geo. Emery have gone to Mr., for the winter. We are sorry to report that Miss Annie Scott who has been confined to her bed for the past eleven months is not improving but gradually growing weaker. Miss Adelaide Corbett has returned home from Boston to spend the winter. Rev. J. B. Gough has been holding special services at Clones this week.

**Young's Cove.**  
Nov. 27.—The weather for the past week has been dull and gloomy. About two weeks ago we were treated to a severe snow-storm, which made travelling rather difficult. A number of men from this place have gone to the lumber woods to spend the winter, and more are to follow in the near future. The young folks of this place have enjoyed themselves very much, skating on the mill pond the last moonlight night. The ladies of the Methodist and Episcopal congregation are making preparations for decorating the churches for the Xmas season. The Methodist Sabbath school has closed, to reopen the first Sunday in May. Sunday morning the Rev. Mr. Gollmer preached an able sermon on baptism, and in the evening Rev. Mr. Watson preached to a large and attentive congregation. The Rev. gentleman has done quite a business in the matrimonial line, of late. Mrs. Watson's cousin, Miss Day, is visiting at the Parsonage. Mr. Richard's many warm friends in

this place are pleased to hear, through the "Telegraph," of his success in Yarmouth, Me. Miss Jennie McDonald, who has charge of the school here, has been engaged for another term. The school-room has been much improved by paint, paper and whitewash. Mr. Isaac Snodgrass, who has been visiting his sister Mrs. Baird, of Chipman, has returned home. Messrs. John M. and Edward Snodgrass are receiving congratulations on being so fortunate as to shoot a bear in the woods near Young's Cove-Corner. John M. Snodgrass has gone to Boston, N. H., to spend the winter with his brother. Mr. John McNamara and Mr. John Babbington of Young's Creek, are both very ill at present, Dr. Earle is in attendance.

Mr. Andrew Lipsitz, who has been ill since May, is still confined to his bed. Master John E. Nelson has returned from Boston, Mass., to spend the winter with his parents here. Miss Sharpe, of Jansong, has been visiting friends here for the last few days. Miss Robena McLean has returned from St. John much improved in health. W. T. Snodgrass, contractor and builder, is putting up a large store for D. Mott & Sons.

Willie A. Gale paid a visit to his home before starting for "Sunny South" where he intends spending the greater part of this winter. Mr. George Gale's family is prostrate with the measles.

**Red Hot from the Gun**  
Was the ball that hit G. B. Steadman, of Newark, Mich., in the Civil War. It caused horrible ulcers that no treatment helped for 20 years. Then Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him. Cures Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Boils, Felons, Corns, Skin Eruptions. Best Pile cure on earth. 25 cents a box. Sold by all Druggists.

**Mill Settlement.**  
Nov. 28.—Jas. W. Coy has the lumber about out for three large scores and expects to be at his camp at Central Blissville in about three weeks. Miss Ida Shanks and Mr. Wm. Kingston were married on Wednesday evening, Nov. 22nd, at the groom's residence. All join in wishing them a pleasant voyage through life. Miss Clara Knorr who has been spending a few weeks at Central Blissville has returned home. Mr. Fred Pender, of St. John, was the

guest of Mr. S. McCrackin last week. Mr. G. F. Byers who has been confined to his home for several months with a broken limb is able to be out again. Alfred McCoy of St. John, is spending his vacation at Mr. Uriah Fowler's.

**Beats the Klondike.**  
Mr. A. C. Thomas, of Marysville, Tex., has found a more valuable discovery than has yet been made in the Klondike. For years he suffered untold agony from consumption, accompanied by hemorrhages; and was absolutely cured by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. He declares that gold is of little value in comparison with this marvelous cure; would have it, even if it cost a hundred dollars a bottle. Asthma, Bronchitis, and all throat and lung affections are positively cured by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Sold at any Drug Store. Regular size 50 cents and \$1.00. Guaranteed to cure or price refunded.

**Young's Cove Road.**  
Nov. 30. 30.—The weather for the past few weeks has been very fine. Most of our young men have left for the woods, one of them, who left for Bangor, had the misfortune to have his hip struck by a falling tree and had to have three stitches taken in it. Misses Edie and Mildred Wiggins were the guests of Mrs. James Wood on Sunday last.

Mrs. Stanley Dunsmore and Miss Mabel Wiggins were the guests of Mrs. Dunsmore's mother, Mrs. Robert Jeffrey, on Thursday last. Mr. Abram Wiggins has the contract of repairing Young's Cove school house. Miss Alice Ferris has been spending a few days at Mill Cove, visiting friends. Miss Tamar Gunter, the teacher at Young's Creek, was called away on account of her niece being very sick. Mrs. Peter Jeffrey, of Bagdad, gave a party on Monday evening and a very pleasant time was spent. Mr. Andrew Elliott has started to the lumber woods for Alfred West. Mrs. Duncan McLean and Mrs. Wm. Jeffrey were the guests of Mrs. Abram Wiggins on Wednesday last.

**Working Night and Day.**  
The busiest and mightiest little thing that ever was made is Dr. King's New Life Pills. Every pill is a sugar-coated globe of health, that changes weakness into strength, indolence into energy, brain-fog into mental power. They're wonderful in building up the health. Only 25 cents per box. Sold by all Druggists.

**Shirley.**  
Nov. 30.—We are enjoying a spell of very mild weather but a little snow would improve the travelling. Most of our men have left for forest homes this winter, we wish them much success. Mr. Emery Lindsay has gone to Washington for the winter and will, no doubt, be much missed by some of his friends. Miss Belle Scott returned from St. John where she was visiting friends. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Thompson of Greenfield have come to spend the winter in our neighborhood. Mr. Merrie Rutledge has returned from St. John where he has been working during the summer. Mr. John Sageman has returned from the lumber woods on account of severe injuries which he received while working there.

Mr. and Mrs. John McMinn are receiving congratulations on a certain domestic affair—the stanger is a girl, also Mr. and Mrs. J. E. W. In this case the rejoicings are over a bouncing boy weighing 16 pounds. Mr. Escoe Currier of Upper Gagetown has a large crew of men to work here getting lumber on an extensive scale.

**Cambridge.**  
Nov. 28.—The pie social at McDonald's Corner, which was held under the auspices of the W. C. T. U., at that place on Nov. 20th, in spite of the inclemency of the weather proved a grand success. The contest during the sale showed how eager the bidders were for the pies. After the pies had been disposed of the public meeting was called to order by the President, Mrs. E. O. Hill. The following programme was very successfully carried out: Recitation—Ralph Oakley. Speech—Jay Hill. Recitation—Fred Keast. Recitation—Susie Camp. Recitation—Fred Jones. Temperance Song—Edward Coes. Recitation—Tillie Macdonald. Recitation—Beniah Humphrey. Recitation—Kenneth Macdonald. Speeches by Rev. A. B. Macdonald, and M. C. Macdonald, M. D.

At the close the pledge was passed around and signed by a goodly number. All who were present speak in the highest praise of the evening's entertainment. Much praise is due Mrs. H. O. Hill for the efficient manner in which the evening's programme was carried out. The ladies of the W. C. T. U. desire to thank the public for their presence and

also their generous donations (on this occasion. Mrs. James Robinson who has been prostrated with sickness is convalescent. Three more converts were baptized on Sunday morning at Lower Cambridge by the Rev. J. Bennett Anderson. Rev. A. B. Macdonald, preached a temperance sermon at Cambridge on Sunday evening. Joseph D. Macdonald, of Boston, who has been spending a few days with his parents, Rev. A. B. Macdonald and wife, returned home on Monday, the 27th inst. Councilor Colwell was at Macdonald Cor., on the 27th inst. to see Capt. James H. Lloyd, who is lying very low with consumption. Deers are quite plentiful in this section. One young man who has not reached his majority boasts that he has shot three during the present month. Miss Seelye was the guest of Miss Coes last week. Miss Susie Gilchrist did not return to her school this week on account of sickness in the family.

**Oody's.**  
Nov. 27.—Inspector Steeves visited the school in this section this week. Ex-councillor Leonard arrived from St. John, yesterday. Captain Worden and Isaac Northrop of the strmr Star are home. Mrs. T. P. Hetherington who has been very ill is able to be around again. Mrs. Arthur Vradenburg of Hightfield is very ill. Mrs. W. B. Thorne is very sick. Mrs. E. Hunter, George Hunter, and M. J. Doney were the guests of L. C. Perry on Sunday. Miss Maggie Patterson of Salmondale was the guest of Miss Lizzie Hornbrook on Sunday. Rev. Mr. Campbell, Presbyterian and Rev. David Patterson, Free Baptist, intend holding a series of Union revival meetings in the New Hall in a few weeks. Amanda Starkey of Starkey's is very sick. Mr. Samuel Moore arrived home on Saturday. The Baptist church at Thornstown is without a pastor at present.

Nov. 30.—A very successful concert and basket social was held last night in Cody's Hall in connection with the C. of E. Sunday School. The hall was decor-

ated with evergreens and looked well. The baskets were sold by James F. Roberts, Esq., and realized about \$20. After the good things had been disposed of the following programme was carried out: Opening Recitation—Hurry Day. Music—"Pilot Brava," by the Choir. Christmas Dialogue. Music—Around the Camp Fires," by the Choir. "Aunt Tabitha's Perplexities," (in two acts). Music—"The Old Home." Children's Recitations. Music—"Come where the Lilies Bloom." Reconstructed Man. Music—"Hundred Fathoms Deep." Dialogue, "The Widow's Mite." Closing Recitation. "God Save the Queen."

Special mention might be made of some of the little boys and girls who carried out their parts so nicely, viz.: Jas. F. Roberts jr., H. Roberts, Winnie Leonard, Grace Leonard, Harold Armstrong, Etta Roberts, Emma Roberts and others whose names your correspondent does not know. Miss Maggie Cody presided at the organ during the whole entertainment. A concert will be held in the new hall on New Year's eve for the purpose of getting additional seats and lamps. The following are the committee in charge: Dr. A. F. Armstrong, Fred Leonard, Scott Foster, Miss Emma Starkey, Miss Lizzie Hornbrook, Mrs. Kate Warren and Robert Patterson. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hetherington are in St. John this week. Miss Ada Small will teach the school in Thornstown next term. Miss Maggie Patterson will remain in Salmondale for another term. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Perry and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Perry of Salmondale were the guests of Elisha Perry on Monday. Mrs. E. M. Armstrong is visiting friends in Jenkinville. Your correspondent had the pleasure a short time ago of visiting the school taught by Miss Julia Burney at Long Creek. Miss Burney has some scholars in her school that for their age are farther advanced than any in this parish. She conducts her school in such a manner that it would be well for some other teachers to drop in and take a few lessons on "How to Conduct a School." The trustees intend to repair the school room next term by sheathing the walls and placing in new furniture. Miss Burney will teach in Goshen next term.