



Come around and see us and

‘We’ll Tap a Keg’

For you. Our nails outweigh the weight we weigh them with. That is a way we have of winning customers. Whether hardware is wanted in large or small quantities try us.

JAMES S. NEILL,
Fredericton, N. B.

J. Edgecombe & Sons,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Carriages

AND

Sleighs

OF ALL KINDS.

York Street, Fredericton, N. B.

Factory: 19 to 33 York St. and 181 to 187 King St.

PAINTING & REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Write for Price Lists and other Information.

J. W. DICKIE,

DEALER IN

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.

ALSO COUNTRY PRODUCE TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS AT CURRENT PRICES.

All Goods are of Purest and Best Quality. Call and see Goods and Prices. Superphosphates of all Kinds on hand and to arrive at opening of navigation.

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,

JAS. A. STEWART,

Gagetown, N. B.

Literature.

A BACKDOOR NEIGHBOR.

BY MARY E. CHILD CURRIE.
(Continued from last issue.)

It was amazing how entirely the workings of the Corby family were brought to Mrs. Jemson's knowledge. She seemed to possess a sixth sense. She knew when a bushel of potatoes or a roast of meat was carried in through the back door. She knew the exact instant when Tommy Corby came down with measles. She knew when her neighbors had company, and who they were and what part of this broad land they hailed from, and what they had to eat. She knew how Mrs. Corby managed her household and how she made over her last year's silk, and how much Mr. Corby paid for his shoes. It was wonderful. Mrs. Corby often thought that Mrs. Jemson knew more about the family than she did herself.

Upon the occasions of Mrs. Corby's visits to her old home (Mrs. Jemson having full and complete data of everything concerning expense, route and wardrobe of the lady and her children), her neighbor instituted herself a committee of one to look after the Corby premises, and kept her eye upon things in and out of the house in a manner that would have put to blush nine detectives out of ten. Mrs. Jemson knew the exact number of times that Jane had company, how often she played on her mistress's piano, the occasions of her sweeping the front part of the house, and just what hour Mr. Corby came home of evenings. She told Mrs. Corby afterwards.

In short, Mrs. Jemson in a manner took the Corby family under her protecting wing. She appeared to regard herself as their guardian angel, and to that end spared no trouble to acquaint herself with their life at home and abroad.

"Confound that woman," muttered Mr. Corby, one evening, after Mrs. Jemson had been over (for the second time that day) and had regaled them with a dilute conversation concerning what she had said to Mr. Jemson and what Mr. Jemson had said to her.

Mr. Corby had been aching to take up an interesting book and had been an unwilling martyr to "neighboring." Perhaps he will be pardoned for his expression—"Confound that woman!"

"O Harry! what am I to do with her?" asked Mrs. Corby, helplessly. "We are being neighbored to death. If it were not that we are so near, I should do some thing desperate, decisive, and end it all. But we are so close together, it would make it very uncomfortable to have any ill-feeling. I will endure almost anything rather than have a neighborhood trouble."

"Mrs. Corby," responded her husband, solemnly, rising to his feet, and looking down at her with feigned earnestly, "you might cover that woman with insinuations and not really offend her. And why? Because she must be intimate with someone. She is one of those unfortunate females who must be going to some place to cackle, or else die. The very thought of spending a half hour by herself has to her almost as fatal a result as a drop of prussic acid to other people. You might tell that woman, point blank, that she appears in our domicile too often, and though she might go home with fire in her eyes, in a few days she would return again, as if nothing had happened."

Mrs. Corby laughed at her indignant spouse.

"You've overdrawn it a hair's breadth, haven't you? Though really, I wish Mrs. Jemson were more like the other neighbors. They are all so nice; they do not overwhelm us. Mrs. Jemson would say that they 'stood on ceremony,' for they seem to prefer entering by the front door."

"Papering?" inquired Mrs. Jemson, a few mornings after, appearing "informally" in the dining room, and gazing meditatively at the few lengths of paper already in place. "I thought it was wall paper, I saw a man leave here yesterday. It's very pretty, I'm sure. I told Mr. Jemson only the other day I didn't see what you were thinking of to allow that old paper to stay on. It was so gloomy. Why didn't you get ingrain?"

"We prefer the figured," Mrs. Corby answered, making up her mind to be as uncommunicative as possible. Yet before her visitor left she had found out where the paper was purchased, what its cost, and how many rolls were required for the room.

Mrs. Jemson ran over in the afternoon to see what progress had been made. She also ran over the next morning, quite early, to note the effect of the finished work, having told Mr. Jemson that it was wonderful how different a room looks newly papered.

Now it happened that the second time Jane was not in a particularly angelic mood. Something had disturbed her equilibrium, and she was not in a temper to be trifled with. The screen door was hooked, and she did not hurry herself to let Mrs. Jemson in. Indeed, so far as she was concerned, she would have looked on cheerfully while that lady fairly sizzled in the sun.

"Dear me, Jane, how slow you are!" exclaimed Mrs. Jemson, her usual smile darkening to a frown.

"There's a front door to this place,

there is. I ain't hired to be a lettin' folks in the back way." Jane murmured under her breath.

Mrs. Jemson heard, as Jane meant she should.

"I shall tell Mrs. Corby of your impudence," she cried, scornfully, sweeping into the dining room.

"Mrs. Corby, how can you endure that insolent creature in your kitchen. She positively insulted me! I think she is the most independent piece I ever saw!"

"Indeed?"

"And wasteful! If you could see, as I do, what she throws away. I should think she'd ruin you. Time and time again, when I've run over in the morning, I've noticed that she left enough oatmeal in the kettle to feed a good sized family."

Mrs. Corby sighed, though not as Mrs. Jemson supposed, at Jane's shortcomings. After a shorter call than usual, the visitor took her departure by way of the side door, conveying the impression in a few disdainful words, that she never cared to look on Jane's face again, and evidently thinking that she left Mrs. Corby in a very anxious frame of mind, for fear she would allow Jane's unladylike illusions to interfere with future neighborliness, or cause her to be more ceremonious.

She stayed away for three whole days. It was delightful. Mr. Corby read for three blissfully undisturbed evenings. Mrs. Corby sewed and managed her household for three never-to-be-forgotten days, herself.

But this, as she knew, was too good to last. The fourth morning Mrs. Jemson appeared (at the back door) as smiling as usual. She beamed upon Jane as if nothing unpleasant had ever happened between them. After that she was, if possible, more neighborly and less ceremonious than before.

At the time that Jane took her vacation, and Mrs. Corby was obliged to become for the nonce her successor, Mrs. Jemson was most kind. She brought over a pie one day, or a cake or a batch of cookies the next. That was really kind and neighborly, of course. But she spoiled it by generally following up her contributions herself, and spending a good share of the morning in the Corby kitchen.

"Don't mind me. Go right on, as if I weren't here. I'll just sit a minute."

Mrs. Corby, flushed and nervous, made a virtue of a necessity and went on, but not in a manner satisfactory to herself or to her work.

Jane came back in two weeks. She was rested and in good humor, and all was apparently going well. But one day, by accident, she spilled a panful of grease upon the floor. Housekeepers will agree with me when I say that that was just the moment to let Jane alone. But Mrs. Jemson did not know. Just at the evil hour that the girl was trying to repair the damage, Mrs. Jemson appeared at the screen door. Jane was—well—Jane was furious.

"I wish folks would come visiting as they had ought, to the front door, like Christians, 'stid o' poppin' in on you mornin' noon, an' night," she muttered as she slowly rose to her knees, in a voice carefully pitched so that every word reached Mrs. Jemson's ears. "Never saw sich people as are in this town. Never know when they're about, a-pokin' an' a-pryin' au' a-mindin' everybody's business but their own."

Mrs. Jemson heard. Mrs. Jemson fled. She remarked to Mr. Jemson that evening that she had always felt that Mrs. Corby came of poor stock, but a woman who kept a servant like that was common—positively common. She, for one, Mrs. Jemson was assured, did not think she should trouble Mrs. Corby very soon again.

"Mrs. Gray, if you knew what I had done for that family," she said, solemnly, giving her version of the affair to another neighbor. "I have actually put myself out, often, to be neighborly, because they were strangers. More than once Mr. Jemson has said: 'Susie, you will have your trouble for your pains. You will not be appreciated.' And I would say: 'Mr. Jemson, perhaps I will not, but I must do my part.' They really seemed a nice family at first, don't you think? But I made up my mind some time ago that they were very peculiar. Mr. Corby is very nice, but it's easy to see he's henpecked. It's Mrs. Corby who rules in that house. And children! Well, I never saw any like them. Perfect little outlaws! To tell the truth, I became disgusted with the family long ago. As for housekeeping, Mrs. Gray, if I told you of some of the things I'd seen in that house, you wouldn't believe me. You see, living so close, I couldn't help knowing. As I told Mr. Jemson, I never saw such a family in my life."

For all that, only eternal vigilance is the price of the Corby's liberty. There has never been an open break between the ladies; Mrs. Corby is far too well bred. But there is a decided frigidity in the manner of the entire family, from Mr. Corby to Jane, in their attitude towards the Jemsons. As by instinct, each knows that Mrs. Jemson will pounce upon the faintest overture with avidity and be as neighborly as before. Indeed, she has shown plainly that she is willing to forgive and forget, but if the Corbys can help it, she will never have an opportunity.

Mrs. Corby has learned that there are neighbors and neighbors. She has gained much experience. Hereafter she will

promptly nip in the bud the first symptom that may appear in any one living near her of being neighborly by way of the back door.

THE END.

A New Electric Piano

A musical genius in Nova Scotia claims to have perfected a piano which, if all that is claimed for it, must attract very general attention. It is an electrical piano which registers, or records, the notes of the player with unerring accuracy and then by reversing the motion performs it again precisely as it was given by the player.

If the instrument will do all this it requires no argument to show that the invention is a valuable one. For years inventors have been at work endeavoring to produce machines for recording music as played. Some of them have come pretty near to a realization of their dreams, a Frenchman having reached a point where his recording piano has been exhibited with success. But the idea of a piano which will not only record, but reproduce at the same time, is something until now considered outside the probabilities and its advent must awaken great interest.

By means of the new contrivance it is claimed that any inspired pianist may skim across the keys and the electric current will with equal rapidity fix the notes upon a scroll with the certainty of the picture of the kinetoscope. In fact the operation is quite like the electric photographs, and the reproducing of the music is to the ear much like that of the picture to the eye. And the wonder is no greater in the one than the other. In fact it seems that the greater marvels have already come, and that there is nothing improbable in the story of the electric piano of Nova Scotia.

It is further claimed by the inventor that he will start with his invention on a tour, and that he will invite any musician in the audiences to come upon the stage and improvise upon the piano. He will then reproduce the piece immediately after the composer leaves the stage. It will be seen that the possibilities of the invention are boundless. It is to be hoped that the inventor, George Cove of Amherst, N. S., really has all that he claims or he thinks he has, and that he will let us see his piano in the States before very long.—The Prezio, Boston.

Returned From the Klondyke.

Twelve years ago J. W. Tustin, of Tenawanda, N. Y., had some trouble with his family and went west. When the news of the discovery of gold in the Klondyke reached the States he was among the first to start for the new gold regions. He was lucky, and that is why he is now on his way home to surprise his family. He brought with him about sixty thousand dollars in nuggets to make reconciliation easy. He is about 30 years old, but the hard life of the Klondyke has added ten years to his looks. He says:

"There isn't much in this grip. I've got a clothes stake and a pickle bottle full of nuggets. I left home twelve years ago. I didn't have to go, but I thought I did, because I was an impetuous youth. Well, it's all come out well and good, and what's the use. Here I am back again, hearty and healthy and wealthy."

In speaking of the threatened famine at Dawson city, he said it was greatly exaggerated. Before he left supplies in plenty were within a few days' travel of the city. He reached Seattle three weeks ago.

Another Tonawanda man who went to the Klondyke is Oliver Lawson. A letter has just been received from him by his brother. It gives a graphic description of the trip over the Chilkoot. He says that many of those who 'started for the gold fields with a light heart and plenty of enthusiasm were forced to abandon their provisions and outfits, and that a large number had given up the trip entirely and had turned back.

Tired Locomotives.

Locomotives, like human beings, have their ailments, many of which defy the skill of those deputed to look after them, says the Toronto Mail. We hear of tired razors, a simple complaint which vanishes after a brief period of repose, but locomotives are apt to betray indisposition even after a day's rest and much oiling of the various parts.

Two good engines may be made on the most approved principle. They may each cost—as those of the London and Northwestern railway do—£2,200, and yet one will exhibit from the first a hardihood of constitution altogether wanting in its companion. A first class locomotive of 300 horsepower, costing \$2,000, is expected to travel during its life 200,000 miles, or say 18,000 miles per annum for 15 years, yet now and then an engine is found so impervious to the assaults of time as to be able in its old age to do its daily work with all the zest and vigor of a youngster.

A Change of Heart.

He—I think I shall have to preach a bicycle sermon to-morrow advising all my parishioners to ride a wheel.

She—Why, Joseph, it was only three weeks ago that you denounced the wheel most thoroughly.

He—Yes; but remember, my dear, that was while I was learning to ride.

John G. Adams, UNDERTAKER

—AND—

Funeral Director.

Caskets, in Brocade, Velvet, Broad cloth (Black or White), Rosewood, Walnut, Oak, French Burl and Stained Wood, Highly finished in different Styles and Qualities, All Sizes, Prices Reasonable.

Polished Woods and Cloth Covered Coffins, Robes, Shrouds, and MOUNTINGS.

A FIRSTCLASS HEARSE

in connection with White or Black Mountings for Young or Old. Orders from the Country carefully attended to at Moderate Prices.

Opp. Queen Hotel, Fredericton Telephone No. 26.

We Carry a Large Assortment of PICTURE MOULDINGS.

HALL'S

BOOK STORE,

FREDERICTON.

New Advertising Dodge, SEE!

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: The subscriber is prepared to supply all Schools and Colleges with

TEXT BOOKS,
At lowest figures for Cash.

—ALSO—

MUSIC BOOKS

of all sorts and kinds, and for all Instruments and Voices AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

I can't tell you half there is to be seen but will invite you all to come and see.

—OXO—

M. S. HALL,

The Bookseller and Music Dealer

G. T. Whelpley.

—NOW IN STOCK—

Hungarian, Frid of Manitoba, Jersey Lilly, White Rose, Peoples and Crown of Gold Flour.

CORN MEAL, OAT MEAL.

TEA

in 3, 5, 10 and 60 Pound Packages, at very low prices. A good Tea at 18 cts a pound, or 7 pounds for \$1.00. An extra good Black Tea at 25 cts.

—ALWAYS ON HAND—

Oats, Bran, and Middlings or Heavy Feed.

Bear in mind we buy for cash, and in large quantities, which enables us to sell at greatly reduced prices.

G. T. Whelpley,

310 Queen St., Fredericton.

James Stirling, Manufacturer of Harness, St. John.

I have recently bought out the stock of the estate of the late William Robb, consisting of

Harness and Saddles

of all kinds. Some great bargains will now be offered. My stock on hand is second to none in the city, to choose from. Working Harness, Light Harness from \$14 and upwards. Give us a call.

JAMES STIRLING,

12 Charlotte St., - St. John, N. B.

ESTABLISHED 1791.

A. CHIPMAN SMITH. STRUAN ROBERTSON.

A. Chipman Smith & Co.,

Druggists and Apothecaries,

No. 1 City Market Building, Charlotte St.,

Saint John, N. B.

KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND

Fine Drugs and Chemicals, Materia

Medica, Druggists' Sundries,

Dye Stuffs, Perfumery,

Soaps, Brushes, Combs, Etc., Etc.