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Literature.

THE LOST MEDAL.

Ralph Gordon had just returned from college, where for the past two years, he and his bosom friend, Harry Irving, had spent such delightful times, but as his mother looked at him with motherly pride, she noticed a troubled look on his usually bright face. She did not question him, for she thought perhaps, when he had had a good night's rest, he would be his own bright self again.

He arose in the morning with a dull headache, "the long drive in the train and the smoke of the engine, he told his mother, "had caused it." As the day wore on, and his head did not get any better, his mother became anxious fearing it was the dreaded fever he was taking. She insisted on sending for a physician but Ralph told her it was nothing serious.

In the evening, as he was telling about his college friends and the good times he had, she surprised him by saying, "I would like to know why you have not mentioned your dear friend, Harry Irving." "Oh mother!" he cried "don't mention that name, much as I used to love it, I now detest it," as he finished these words, he hid his head in his mother's lap and burst into tears. For a few moments he continued to weep and his mother was astonished, what could her poor boy mean, for she knew he had loved Harry from childhood. "Do tell me what he has done to cause you to utter these words." "Oh mother! he's a mean thief and a liar beside. "Ralph, what do you, what can you mean." "Mother I will tell you all about it. Last month the teacher told us boys, whoever had the best essay on natural science would receive a prize and of course we were all anxious to win it. At the end of the term I received the prize. It was a lovely gold medal. I was so proud of it, I had it put in a glass case where I could look at it without disturbing it. One morning to my horror, as I entered my room, my case and medal were missing and Harry was not in the room. I at once began to search for it, thinking Harry had hid it just to see what I would do, but I could not find it anywhere. I then became convinced that it had been stolen, as no one else was allowed in my room I laid the blame on Harry. I stayed in my room and after a time Harry came up and I asked him where he had put my case. Your case, why I have not seen it since last night. I then grew very angry, Harry, said I, you have my case, tell me where you have put it. As Harry went out of the room, he turned back and said, "I will make you wish you had not said that before long," and I have not seen him since he went away that day; and mother I can never forgive him for I firmly believe he had stolen my prize," and again the poor boy burst into tears. His mother tried to console him but in vain. She told him to go to Harry's home and make up friends but Ralph replied: "I can never forgive him, Oh mother I can never forgive him." "Ralph," replied his mother, "have you forgotten how much the dear Saviour has forgiven you, and yet you will not forgive your dear friend who you only suspect of doing this wrong." "Dear mother," cried Ralph, "pray God to give me strength to forgive Harry, but I feel I can never pray for forgiveness again."

"Oh, my poor boy come and kneel beside me," cried the mother, as the hot tears streamed down her cheeks. As he fell on his knees before his Heavenly Father, he sobbed out, "Lord Jesus forgive me and help me to forgive my dear friend whom I used to love so much. Amen burst from the lips of his mother. As he rose from his knees he threw his arms around his mother's neck and cried "I will go this very moment and ask Harry to forgive me for my hasty words that day in my room." But ere he had finished these words the postman's rap was heard and Ralph ran to the door to receive the letters, and to his utter astonishment he looked at Harry Irving's handwriting on one of his letters. "Where could Harry be?" On opening it he found he had gone away with his uncle, who was captain of a vessel bound for England, and he had written to let him know he had forgiven him. "Oh Ralph," he said, "how could you think I had stolen your medal, you know I would not think of wronging you, my dearest friend, but I forgive you from my heart and I pray God you will no longer believe me guilty." As Ralph read these words, he cried, "oh, I can never be happy until I see Harry and ask his forgiveness." At this moment Mrs. Gordon came into the room with the morning paper in her hand. "Listen Ralph," said she, "while I read you something that I know will cause you much joy. Found:—A gold medal was found in the room of one of the students of C. College, by the chamber maid, (Madam Bixley.) Whoever will give certain proof that the medal belongs to them will receive it by writing to Professor Montgomery and describing it accurately. "Oh mother, I remember now where I left it. I was showing it to Harry one night and after he went out I put it under my pillow, and oh! to think I would forget so soon; but thank God I have found it at last, but too late. I will write today to Professor M. and get my medal but I don't deserve it, do I mother?" The following day the medal arrived and as Mrs. Gordon looked at it she said, "Here Ralph take it and put it in your

room and I hope whenever you look at it, it will help to remember never to accuse a person of any wrong until you have absolute proof for so doing. Nothing more was said on this painful subject for the space of two years and during this time Ralph had heard nothing more of Harry. Ralph was now a sturdy lad of eighteen.

It was a beautiful day in September when the yearly yachting party came off, which all the young people looked forward as a day of pleasure; but this day proved to be one of mingled sorrow and joy to Ralph Gordon. They were all enjoying themselves when suddenly one of their number was seen to grow deadly pale, and utter a cry of surprise, as he gazed at a figure in one of the opposite boats, for a moment he seemed as one in a dream; when suddenly he reeled and fell with a splash into the sea. As the tide was very swift it carried away before the boat could be turned around; but he was not destined to end his young life yet. A young man in one of the opposite boats had been watching the scene and immediately sprang overboard and swam to the rescue. He was soon beside the sinking youth and with his strong arm, held him above the water till help came. He was placed into the boat and on re-activing he looked into the face of his old school chum, Harry Irving. Ralph flung his arms around his rescuer's neck and with a cry of joy said, "Oh Harry have I found you at last." "Well, replied Harry I rather think it is just the other way, I have found you but do tell me have you ever found your medal? Then Ralph told him the story, I have been trying to tell you and when sitting in Mrs. Gordon parlor the medal was brought to Harry. He looked up into Ralph's face and exclaimed, "I told you I would make you repent" saying those words Mrs. Gordon looked from Harry to Ralph with smiling eyes and said, "dear boys, I hope you will take as your motto, Judge not that ye be not judged."

This happened many years ago. Ralph is now an old man, but as his grandchildren clamber round his knee, there is one story he never tires telling and that is the story of the The Lost Medal.

A Saver of Time and Health.

More than ten years of my life were lived on a plantation, and were I asked now what feature of farm life caused the most unceasing, unremitting labor to farm wives and daughters, I should unhesitatingly say: "Bringing in and taking out the water necessary to keep the house and inmates up to that mark of cleanliness, which is deemed but a step behind godliness." Could the numberless hours consumed in travel to and from the cistern, and from the waste barrel, be devoted to reading, rest and the planting of flowers, how infinitely brighter and happier would be the farmhouse woman. A sink in the kitchen, with a water tank to supply it, and a bathroom with proper means of taking off the waste water, are undreamed-of comforts in thousands of farm-houses. I will describe a simple device, which can be constructed of material that accumulates about every farm.

In the bottom of an empty four barrel, saw a square hole of about four inches, and of the same size through the kitchen floor. Place the barrel over this, so that the two apertures come exactly together, and secure the barrel firmly on the floor with several nails. Into the top of the barrel fit an ordinary tin dishpan, having cut in the bottom of it a small hole that can be stopped with a bottle cork. The pan rests on and is secured to, with four small screws, a four-sided wooden gutter, which extends from the bottom of the pan through the aperture in barrel, and rests on another gutter lying along the ground and emptying into the garden or some convenient ditch. Thus we have a homely but useful sink. To supply it with water, take the largest hogshead or barrel to be had, and elevate it outside the kitchen wall a foot or so above this sink. Put a faucet at the end of this pipe, over the dishpan, and your kitchen is supplied with water, as well as means to get rid of it. Any rough logs or planks will do to build the elevation on which the hogshead is to rest, and it must be filled from the roof gutter. Even though it become empty occasionally from lack of rain, it were better economy to pay a boy a few cents to fill it than that time and strength be wasted by the farm wife in daily travel with heavy bucket to and from the cistern.

Cumberland Point.

May 15.—We have had some lovely weather of late and the farmers of this locality are all busy with their spring's seeding, some having their potatoes most all in.

Miss Lue Orchard spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Orchard. Mr. Thos. H. Drillen's many friends will be pleased to hear that he has so far recovered as to be able to work.

The new post office named Rees, lately established here with Mr. Jas. H. Rees in charge, has given general satisfaction and supplies a long felt want.

The Rev. John Coombs went to St. John Thursday to visit friends and expects to be absent some time.

Fogg thinks that the Turks are a stingy lot. In their travels in the rear of the Greek army they demanded a pass at every station; and what's more, they got it.

A MAIDEN'S PRAYER.

She prays for me; her sweet voice hushed
 and faint,
 A yearning look within her eyes so meek;
 A touch of color on her soft fair cheek;
 Her lips a-tremble! hands crossed like a
 saint,
 That artists in a God-sent vision paint.
 Around her head the glory of her hair
 On which the sunlight falls in touches
 rare,
 A maiden pure, without an earthly taint,
 She prays for me!

MARVELLOUS CURES.

Report of a Visit to the Head of a New School of Medicine in Paris.
 Here is what happened, according to a Paris newspaper, at the visit of a Parisian journalist to the offices of Dr. Dumas, the head of the Vitalist School of Medicine, and a locally recognized authority on occultism. The home of the new medicine is in a magnificent hotel in the Rue de Lisbonne. In answer to the question whether he believed that there was any correlation between the agents of vitalism and the magnetic fluid he replied in words which will better express his meaning by being quoted verbatim.

"Yes; I fully believe there is," he said. "And the exteriorization of will power is nothing else but a part of the changes undergone by the medium. The medium is a person who has the gift of exteriorizing her ambient vital force, as some have the gift of ventriloquism. But with this difference, understand, that the exteriorization of a dynamical contingent of his being will have but a momentary effect on the subject benefiting by the exteriorization."

"It does not follow from this, though, that magnetism does not cure, but it certainly does not cure always, for the reason that the fluid which it possesses, and which it exteriorizes, may not agree with the subject in whose favor this exteriorization is made. I am not a medium, but I believe in vital dynamism because I can prove its efficacy to you now. I have at the present moment 30 patients waiting for me. I have eight among them whom I will relieve before your very eyes, without uttering one word or giving them the shadow of a suggestion."

Touching an electric button an attendant ushered in a mother and child; the latter nervous and complaining of constant pains in his head. His face was pale, his eyes bright with fever, and it could be plainly seen that the little one could hardly stand. The doctor took up a little instrument, about the size of a five franc piece, and applied it to the right temple of the suffering child, talking to the mother all the time. Two minutes had hardly elapsed before every manifestation of an alleviation of the child's condition was visible, and, in fact, when the doctor took his apparatus away the boy was brighter, gayer and promised a complete cure.

"The child is not cured," said the doctor, "but he will be in a few weeks."

A second patient was then ushered in, but this one was a woman, who had come to relate a marvelous cure, not to seek medical aid. She told of a friend who had been given up for dead by doctors, by the priest even, and for whom another friend, a patient of the new school, had hastened to Dr. Dumas and obtained from him his apparatus which she had immediately applied to the apparently dead woman's temple.

Hardly five minutes after the application signs of life were discernible, and at the present moment the supposed dead woman was on the fair road to recovery.

"Now, my dear sir," concluded the doctor, turning to me, "are you enlightened on the value of vitalism? I could show you a score of patients under course of treatment. You could question them, did you so desire. You would see consumptives who have left their beds, cured and with no fear of a relapse. And when they turn to me you may rest assured that they have been given up by official doctors. And you would also discover that paralysis in all its forms does not long resist the influence of vitalism."—New York Herald.

Cheap Restaurants.

New York feeds over half of its population in hotels and restaurants. Many of the latter are of the cheap variety, dinners costing from 5 to 50 cents, and lunches from 25 to 25 cents. Vast quantities of spoiled meats, poultry, game and fish are utilized. These could not be cooked and eaten at respectable homes, because of their quantity, but the restaurants restore them to a sort of edible freshness by the liberal use of chlorid of calcium. This wonderful muriated metal possesses the power to destroy odors to such a degree as would sweeten a hamburger cheese. No "high" meats need go to waste when there is chlorid of calcium to be had.

Wines are served at all the table d'hote places in the city with 25 and 50 cent dinners, and I have heard people express astonishment thereat. It need surprise no one. These wines are the cheapest California clarets, costing a gallon from 15 to 20 cents as there are five or six quart bottles, it will be seen that the prices are respectively 4 and 2 cents each. Table d'hote claret is nearly as cheap as water.—New York Press.

The Japanese Spaniel.

The most valuable of small dogs is the Japanese spaniel. A dog a year old, weighing 3 1-2 pounds, is worth \$200. The dogs seldom weigh less than 1-2 pounds, but as they decrease in weight they increase in value. A three-pound spaniel is worth more than one weighing 2 3-4 or 2 1-2 pounds very much more. Japanese spaniels have been sold for as much as \$300.

There are large Japanese spaniels that are not imported and have no special value; the small dogs are very rare and their rarity, doubtless, adds considerably to their value, but they are highly prized otherwise. They are good-natured, lively little creatures. Their markings are black and white, and white and yellow, and some dogs are marked with all three colors. The Japanese spaniel lives about ten years.

Mythological Faunty.

The custom of the bear feast is observed in part to this day. Formerly, according to the old sagas, the whole animal was served. On him, the sun offering, says the Edda, the people laid their hands and made their vows. By this means they thought to propitiate the sun god, who in his anger against the world caused gloomy winters by withdrawing from the earth. In atonement the bear, the animal sacred to him, was sacrificed to him; that is, was eaten in his honor. To eat roast pork on Christmas eve is a custom observed even at the present day in German families of Bavaria, and in the markets of Brandenburg, Prussia, the pig's head is a frequent sight on holidays, but the cakes have remained the most symbolic of the bear sacrifice.

In Mexico the school children who have done best are allowed to smoke cigars while pursuing their lesson.

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Notice is hereby given that the firm of LOCKETT & STEWART has been this day dissolved by mutual consent of both parties, and the first named E. C. Lockett has retired from the business. The said business will be carried on by Jas. A. Stewart, who will collect all debts due the said firm.
 (Signed) JAS. A. STEWART,
 E. C. LOCKETT,
 Dated this 22d day of March, 1897.

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