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Feed always in Stock, at
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WIT AND WISDOM.
 DOMESTIC QUIET.
 "I'm glad to know," remarked Miss
 Cayenne, "that Mr. and Mrs. Jinkles
 are living far more quietly than they
 were formerly."
 "Indeed?"
 "Yes. I am informed that they have
 not spoken to each other for weeks."
 —Washington Star.

THE ADVICE OF EXPERIENCE.
 "Do you know anything about buying
 crockery ware for the house?"
 The man with the bald head looked at
 his questioner pityingly a moment before
 replying:
 "A little," he said, at last,
 "You've tried it, have you?"
 "I have."
 "Then you're just the man I want.
 You see, I need a little advice in regard
 to a dinner set."
 "You may put it down as an incontro-
 vertible truth," said the man with the
 bald head oracularly, "that the only ad-
 vice in that line which is of the slightest
 value is contained in three words."
 "Which are?"
 "Don't try it. Don't let your enthusi-
 asm and self confidence permit you to
 make the mistake of your life. Just give
 the money to your wife." —Chicago Post.

CANDID.
 Jack Dashing—"We must break the
 engagement."
 Perdita—"Why?"
 Jack Dashing—"I do not think your
 father can afford a son-in-law." —Truth

GOOD REASON.
 "Why so sad, dear boy?"
 "Storm put off washday five days in
 succession in our boarding house, and we
 got five washday dinners without being
 able to make a kick." —Truth.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENON.
 "It is pleasant," said the girl who reads
 mystical philosophy, "to have some friend
 whose ideas are thoroughly in sympathy
 with yours."
 "I—er—I suppose it is," replied the
 young man who reads the sporting page.
 "Some one who thinks as you think;
 whose words are simply echoes of your
 own thoughts."
 "No," he interrupted in a positive
 tone; "I draw the line there. I found a
 friend today who answers that descrip-
 tion, and it wasn't at all pleasant. I can
 assure you."
 "How wonderful!"
 "Nothing strange about it." We met
 on the avenue and rushed toward each
 other with a common impulse. We had
 not finished shaking hands when we look-
 ed into each other's eyes and said in per-
 fect unison: "How are you, old man!
 (Can you lend me ten dollars?)" —Wash-
 ington Star.

NOT UNRELIABLE.
 "Did I hear you remark that that
 young man was unreliable?" said the busi-
 ness man.
 "Yes."
 "You do him an injustice."
 "He has disappointed us a number of
 times."
 "That's true, but he's not unreliable.
 Whenever he makes a promise you can
 be perfectly sure that he is not going to
 do anything of the kind." —Washington
 Star.

YOUNG CHICAGO.
 "Well, Jack, how did you enjoy the
 Brown's party?"
 Jack, aged 8—"Pretty well, but I'm
 afraid there'll be trouble; Mrs. Brown
 kissed me, and right before her hus-
 band." —Life.

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

A LUCRATIVE BUSINESS.
 Van Wither—"Another North Pole
 expedition? Why in the world don't
 some of those discoverers actually discover
 the thing, I wonder, and have done
 with the matter?"
 Von Miner—"And cut themselves out
 of future jobs? Well, they are not that
 foolish, I guess." —Cincinnati Commer-
 cial.

HE CAN'T READ HER.
 She—"You men get married just like
 you go to business. You run like every-
 thing till you catch your car, and then
 sit down and read a newspaper."
 He (mildly)—"Yes my dear: you see
 we can understand the newspaper." —
 Cincinnati Commercial.

Hank Was All Right.
 "I never took to a man as I did to Hank
 Stuffer. He moved in here without mak-
 in' no noise about it, and they hadn't no
 better neighbor in th' county."
 It was Farmer Waddy that was doing the
 talking and the Squire of the township
 only interrupted to ask whether the farm-
 er had ever missed any chickens or shoats
 before Hank settled in the vicinity.
 "No, I never did," admitted Waddy,
 "but I never lost nuthin' of th' kind afore
 you got that new man of yours or afore
 McKinley was elected President. I distrust
 Hank Stuffer with my life, squire."
 "Don't be too confidin'," insisted the
 squire. "Many's th' apple I've seen that
 looked perfect on th' outside, but was rot-
 ten at th' core. Hank seems all right, but
 I wouldn't be surprised no day to see him
 fetched up afore me. Things ain't right
 in this communerity since he jined it."
 "That's so, but there's a million things
 happened outside of Hank's comin'. His
 folks couldn't eat all th' things what's stole
 an' he don't sell nothin'."
 "Watch him," insisted the squire, and
 he took his leave with a fine imitation of
 the man who looks after the morals of the
 entire neighborhood.

A Romantic Marriage.
 *Farmer Waddy did watch and he hired
 others to help him watch. If this were
 fiction it would be the squire and his new
 man who was trapped. But Truth is an
 exacting mistress. It was a worthless fel-
 low living in a log hut with a dog was
 doing all the stealing. It hasn't the slight-
 est bearing on the case that he was selling
 all the plunder to the squire at half price.
 —Detroit Free Press.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Feb. 17.—F. Payne
 Wright an attorney of Pittsburg will play
 a prominent part in the swiftest wedding
 of the year in London for which place he
 left last night. He will give away his
 sister Miss Katherine Wright to Sir Ed-
 mund Lechere, baronet and deputy lieu-
 tenant of Worcestershire.
 Miss Wright is 32 years of age, and was
 the reigning belle of London last season.
 The marriage is the outcome of a real ro-
 mantic love affair.

**St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 17.—Miss Jose-
 phine Rowley, one of the reigning belles
 in west end society, who has won no less
 social favor than her sister, the wife of
 General John Siegrist, has created a sensa-
 tion here by casting aside the religious
 faith of her ancestors and herself for the
 man she loves.
 Miss Rowley is to be married to Dr. W.
 L. Whipple, a prominent physician on
 Monday next. Miss Rowley has been a
 Catholic and Dr. Whipple is a protestant.
 Since their engagement Miss Rowley has
 pleaded with her parish priest, the Rev.
 Father McGlynn, to marry her to Dr.
 Whipple, but he refused unless her hus-
 band would embrace her faith. Then she
 appealed to Archbishop Kain. He re-
 fused consent and advised her to go into
 a convent. She refused and the arch-
 bishop told her that if she married she
 would at once be excommunicated.
 Miss Rowley gave her decision to the
 archbishop today. She told him that he
 could go through the formality of excom-
 munitating her, but that she would be
 no less a Catholic, and would marry the
 man she loved. The consequence is there
 is a flurry in high Catholic circles.**

Separate the Sexes.
 If it can be done, now is a good time
 to separate the cockerels from the pul-
 lets. Both will be gainers from such
 separation. The pullets will be spared
 the vexatious attentions of those lusty
 young males, and the males will become
 quieter and more peaceable. A still fur-
 ther division is advisable when it can
 be made, and that is that the cockerels
 intended for breeders and exhibition should
 be removed from those intended to be
 killed. The latter can be more closely
 yarded than the former, and should be
 fed on highly fattening food. It is, per-
 haps, almost to early to crowd the fatten-
 ing, but they can be got into condition for
 killing, so that a little crowding will
 finish them off in nice shape. The breed-
 ing and exhibition cockerels should have
 a good range, plenty of bone and muscle
 forming food, and should be kept grow-
 ing, in order that they may develop their
 possibilities. A like division can be made
 of the pullets if any are intended to be
 slaughtered, or indeed, one can separate
 the layers from the breeding and exhibi-
 tion birds, in order to give the latter a
 better chance. The food for layers and
 those intended for breeders and exhibi-
 tion, however, would not be materially
 different at this time of year. —Reliable
 Poultry Journal.

Barnet's Many Successes.
 R. A. Barnet, the clever Boston libret-
 tist, whose long list of successes, begin-
 ning with the now famous "1492" and end-
 ing up to date with one of the few real
 money winners of the present season,
 "Jack and the Beanstalk," has never
 made a failure. Mr. Barnet is a quiet
 unassuming gentleman, who is rarely
 seen around theatres or places where
 theatrical men congregate. His manner
 is pleasant and affable, coupled with
 an air of preoccupation that would stamp
 him as a lawyer to the ordinary student
 of human nature. He is at present hard
 at work rehearsing the new burlesque for
 the Boston cadets, who have so far had
 the honor of being the first to produce
 all of Mr. Barnet's successes.

Cleopatra.
 Where does Cleopatra's body rest?
 Scarcely a layman who would not answer:
 "Why, in Egypt." After her cajoleries,
 her wiles, her life of intense if not exalt-
 ed love, Cleopatra was laid in one of the
 loveliest tombs that have ever been fash-
 ioned by the hand of man. But what a
 change 2000 years has brought about!
 Today an ugly mummy with an emblem-
 atic bunch of decayed wheat and a
 coarse comb tied to its head—mere roll
 of tightly swathed dust—lies crumbling
 in a hideous glass cage at the British
 museum. It is Cleopatra, the once great
 queen, a Venus in charm, beauty and
 love. "To what base uses may be not!"
 etc.—St. Paul's Magazine.

THE BEAUTY AROUND US.
 There's beauty all 'round us
 We heed not,
 Eye, see not,
 And sometimes we care not
 To see where we might,
 For blossoms that sprinkle
 The meadows
 And hedgerows,
 But cling to the shadows
 And turn from the light.

"LITTLE MONSIEUR."
 How Dieulafoy Lends Piquancy to Parli-
 sian Life
 There are but three or four ladies
 in France who have availed themselves
 of the benefits of that law which pro-
 vides that women may wear male at-
 titude on obtaining a permit from the
 authorities, which can be had for a
 merely nominal fee if valid reasons
 are given why the applicant wishes to
 wear male garments. Among these
 few ladies, Madame Dieulafoy, the
 wife of the well-known explorer and
 orientalist, is certainly the most in-
 teresting. Like Lady Burton she ac-
 companied her husband on his voy-
 ages and in order to avoid the un-
 pleasantness always experienced by
 men when traveling in Oriental coun-
 tries, as well as for better protection,
 she adopted boy's clothing at that time,
 being of a very slight build. While
 Lady Burton on her return into civil-
 ized countries resented the garb of her
 sex, the French traveler kept up her
 habit of wearing the male costume,
 she had grown fond of, and in it she
 is to-day frequently seen in the liter-
 ary and scientific society of Paris.

Not long ago a German journalist
 requested an interview of Madame
 Dieulafoy, whom he had never seen,
 and received a very gracious reply to
 call the next day. He must evidently
 have been under the impression that
 she only wears male attire when go-
 ing out, and that she, like all others
 of her sex, would prefer the soft
 finery at their homes. When entering
 her boudoir, a charming room with a
 wainscoting of old oak and blue cloth
 draperies, he beheld a rather small
 gentleman stretched in an easy chair
 with his feet toward the open grate
 in which a log fire was burning
 briskly. The reporter became con-
 fused at seeing an apparently young
 man, where he had expected to meet
 a lady of mature years, and stammered:
 "Er, pardon, I requested the hon-
 or of meeting Madame Dieulafoy?"
 whereupon the little monsieur replied
 smilingly: "Why, that's I!" The vis-
 itor was dumfounded, and in his own
 words we state his experience: "I
 could not for the moment stammer
 an excuse, nor an explanation. I mechani-
 cally took the proffered chair and sank
 into it. In silence I attempted to col-
 lect my senses, to re-establish my pre-
 sence of mind. I stared at her, and all
 I know is that I continually repeated
 to myself the words: "And that is
 a woman!" —

Mme. Dieulafoy was faultlessly at-
 tired. She had just returned from a
 wedding. Her Prince Albert coat,
 closely buttoned, fitted her form wonder-
 fully well; it did not reveal even the
 slightest trace of female shape. A
 champagne colored waistcoat and a well
 tied blue bow could be seen above the
 coat; her trousers—thanks to God, the
 word is out—her trousers, there, were
 of a peach grey cloth. She wore na-
 tural leather shoes of the broad-heeled
 English pattern. Her brown hair was
 cut short and brushed back smoothly
 like those of a manish woman. Her face
 was rather pale but expressive, and
 her piercing grey eyes seemed to
 penetrate into the inmost recesses of
 mine. I have seen many chess play-
 ers who look like her, still there was
 nothing theatrical or constrained
 about her. While I was perplexed and
 could not even speak coherently, she,
 like a true woman of the world, kept
 up the conversation in order not to
 collect my senses, to re-establish my pre-
 sence of mind. I stared at her, and all
 I know is that I continually repeated
 to myself the words: "And that is
 a woman!" —

The Cuban Trocha.
 The war reports from Cuba have a
 great deal to say about the trocha.
 It is a new term in military science,
 and there is more or less confusion in
 the public mind as to what it means.
 In a general way it signifies a strate-
 gic line across a given scope of terri-
 tory, separating one army from an-
 other. The line in the present in-
 stance extends from Havana to the
 southern coast of the island, and its
 original purpose was to divide the in-
 surgent forces, part of which were in
 the western portion of the island un-
 der Maceo, and the rest in the east-
 ern portion under Gomez and Garcia.
 It consists principally of a barbed-
 wire fence 3 feet 6 inches high, with
 sentinel detachments immediately be-
 hind it. And about forty yards back
 of it is a trench three feet wide and
 four feet deep, with a breastwork
 of palmetto logs, and fifty yards fur-
 ther back are log houses in which the
 troops are quartered. The number of
 soldiers required to guard the whole
 line is about 15,000. It was Gen. Wey-
 ler's idea of comprehensive and ef-
 fective strategy, and he is said to be
 very proud of it. —St. Louis Globe-
 Democrat.

Bran a Substitute For Coal.
 Because of the excessive rates charg-
 ed for coal, various schemes are con-
 sidered throughout the State of South
 Dakota to secure some sort of a sub-
 stitute for coal. The roller mill at
 Kimball, that State, is doing its share
 toward beating the coal trust, bran in-
 stead of coal being utilized for fuel. As
 it would be impossible to feed the fur-
 nace in the ordinary way without end-
 less toil, Engineer Perkins invented
 an ingenious contrivance that feeds
 the bran to the fire-box automatically.
 The contrivance holds the steam gauge
 to 80 pounds for hours at a time with-
 out regulating.

A Successful Mother.
 Life has been a success for a moth-
 er if she has made a home where
 there was sunshine as well as order
 and system and there was no friction.
 —No-light.

THE REAL OR THE IDEAL.
 Penelope—"She's a widow."
 Jack Dashing—"Grass, or under the
 grass?"

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