QUEENS COUNTY GAZETTE GAGETOWN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1897.

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Cures Coughs, Colds, and Builds up the System. Made from the

key I have used about all the tree washes

ever recommended, and some that have not been, for fruit trees. Some are good, some good for nothing, and some posiused and recommended is made by leaching hardwood ashes, or dissolving polash in water. It should not be stronger than one pound of potash to four gallons of water. This wash will kill all moss and fungus on the bodies, and will cause the loose, scaly bark to drop off and make trees look nice and smooth. But I don't like it half as well as one made of caustic soda, or soda ash. The potash wash will leave the trees looking red, and in about a year they will have plenty of loose bark hanging from them again. While it kills all foreign growth and removes the loose bark, it seems to sort of burn the young bark, and I have abandoned its use for the soda wash. While this is fully as effective in freeing the trees of moss, fungus and scaly bark as the pot-

ash, it leaves the tree with a smooth bark and looking green instead of reddish, and is the most satisfactory and getting does not cause another coat of loose bark the largest sale? to form.

To prepare the wash, if caustic soda or soda ash can be obtained use it; if this cannot be found, buy the common sal soda, of all markets, and put it into any iron kettle and heat it until it turns red. This renders it caustic and nearly as good as the purchased article. Dissolve one pound of this in three gallons of water for young trees, and in two gallons for

## LOVE'S MISSICIN.

Love is the centre and circumference, The cause and aim of all things; 'tis the

To sorrow and joy, and the recompense For all the ills that have been or may be

Love is the crown that glorifies, the curse That brands and burdens; it is life and death;

It is the great law of the universe; And nothing can exist without its breath.

Love is the impulse which directs the world, And all thing know it and obey its power; Man, in the maclstrom of his passions

whirled: The bee, that takes the pollen to the flower.

The earth, uplifting her bare pulsing breast To fervent kisses of the wooing sun; Each but obeys creative love's behest Which everywhere instinctively is done.

Love is the only thing that pays for birth.

Or makes death welcome. Oh, dear God,

This beautiful but sad perplexing earth, Pity the souls that know-or know notlore.

--ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

# SAVED BY A NEGATIVE

"Father," said my son Donald to me one day; "father, how do they take these wonderful photographs of lightning flashes that are printed in magazines? They don't know when a flash is coming, and can't make it stay still while they photograph it, can they?" "Not likely," I laughingly replied; "the

lightning 'takes' itself. If there is a thunderstorm at night all that is necessary is to put a sensitive plate in the camera, uncover the lens and point it at the sky, when the next flash of lightning will record itself upon the plate, which must then be developed in the usual way.

"Is that all?" returned Donald. "How very easy. Couldn't we take some? Do let us try.

"All right," I replied. "But first of all we must wait for a thunderstorm, so when there is another at night get your photograph traps ready and we'll see what we can do."

The marvelous photos of lightning

the suit of Solenski, and when she admitted that she had that day accepted Solenski his jealousy and rage overpowered him-being a very hot tempered fel-low-causing him to rush from the house, muttering the terribly incriminating threats now used as evidence against him. After leaving "Forest Hall" (his counsel continued) reason gradually prevailed, and he proceeded to go home, his path lying across the common in front of my house. Being anxious to arrave there before

the threatened storm broke, and partly to cool his fiery temper, he ran; but, his foot catching in the stump of a furze bush, caused him to fall heavily to the ground, and with such force as to render him unconscious.

He declared that his pockets must have been rifled by some malicions passer-by while he lay in that state, for whereas he fell on his knees, when he recovered consciousness he was lying on his back He reached home too weak and dazed to think or observe, but great was his surprise the next morning to find " pockets empty; watch, chain, purse, loose cash, hunting knife (which he always carried) and everything, all gone. Counsel dwelt strongly upon this fact, and maintained that the accused was not the culprit, but that when lying unconscious the real murderer robbed him, taking, among other things, the knife used with such fatal effect upon Solenski-whose pockets he also rifled -leaving the murderous weapon in the inad man's breast, to divert suspicion from himself to its innocent owner. The jury smiled, in that supercilious, superior sort of way common to the British juror at the palpable weakness of the defense: and after a short consideration they returned their awful verdict, "Guilty!" Gerald Merrilees was sentenced to death.

IV.

Some time after the foregoing events, I was sitting up waiting the arrival of my wife and son, who were returning from London by a midnight train, or, rather, an early morning one-reaching Dean Station at three a.m., after which they had to drive the intervening five miles home.

It was weary work waiting. I had finished reading my novel, and was looking about for something to do, when I



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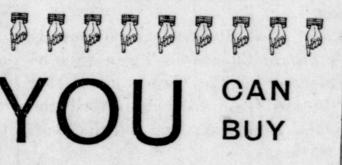
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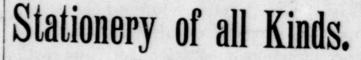
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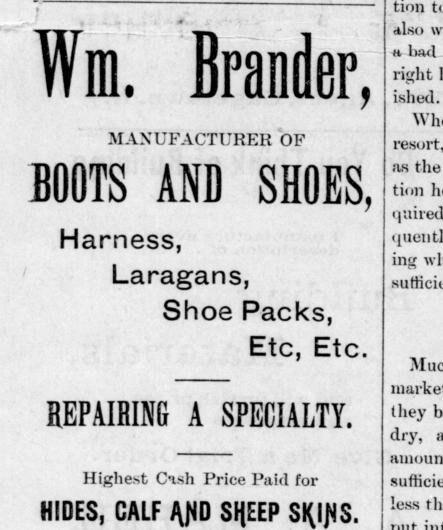
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ST. JOHN, N. B., Sept. 16, 1896. E. G. Scovil, Agent Pelee Wine Co.-Dear Sir: I have been an invalid suffering from general debility for some years, have used all kinds of medicines hereand in the States and could get no relief, and have been confined to my bed for past three years, when a friend sent a bottle of Pelee Island Wine. I had not used it three days before my appetite improved and I was able to get up and now I am able to go out and attend to my work and am daily im-Yours truly, proving.

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older trees

The Horse and the Whip.

While it is true that with some horses the whip must be occasionally used it should be the very last resort; and remember always that one, or at most two, cuts, with a few sternly spoken words, are more efficacious than an hour's punishment. There is no more vicious or

false idea than that a horse is benefitted by a "sound thrashing." On the contrary it is the very worst thing you can do, because the horse's recollection of the pain and fright occasioned by it is more vivid and enduring than his remembrance of why it was administerd, and the next lesson he is nervous and afraid, and at least note of anger in the voice (for horses judge the mood of the trainer by his manner and tone of voice), he may become almost uncontrollable in his efforts to escape the flagellation. It is a safe rule for any one having a hasty temper not to have a whip at hand; the tempta-

tion to use it may be too great, and it is also wise not to attempt to teach him in a bad humor, for if he does not do just right he will probably be unjustly pun-

When whipping is used only as a last resort, the necessity for it seldom arises; as the horse makes progress in his education he understands better what is required of him and transgresses less frequently; and nearly always a sound rating when he knows he is misbehaving is sufficient.

Musty Hay.

Much of the bladed hay that comes to market is musty. Most farmers when they bale hay think it need not be very dry, as the bales are small. But the amount of hay packed in them is always sufficient to get up a violent ferment unless the hay is properly dried before it is put into the bale. If there were more care used in baling hay the price for it would be much better than it is, as the hay itself would be better worth it.

bashes that appeared in the Strand had excited Donald's wonder and curiosity, leading to the conversation with which this story commences.

We had not long to wait for a thunderstorm, for on that very night raged cne of exceptional violence. It began about 11 o'clock, and Donald, who had retired to bed some time before, burst into my room, fully dressed, and shouted:

"Come on, father; there's a tremendeus thunderstorm coming up, and such fashes of lightning! I'm off to the dark room to put some plates in the slides, so get the camera ready. The front bedroom window is the best place to expose from.'

Here let me state that our house stands about ten feet from the roadside, and the view from our front windows comprises the road and the sommon opposite us, a small piece of waste land partly surrounded by the noble trees of the New Forest.

By the time that I had made the necessary arrangements at the window Donald rejoined me, bringing three double dark slides loaded with the sensitive plates. "We ought to get at least one successful photo out of this lot," said he.

Soon the storm, which had gradually been drawing nearer, burst over us with terrible fury, the lightning flashing with amazing brilliancy, the thunder rolling with deafening roars. One by one the plates were exposed under conditions that justified the expectations of good results, and Donald was in high gles, Just as I was about to expose the sixth -and last-plate he said: "Why don't you take a flashlight thoto of the common with that one? Illuminated by the celestial electric light, you know. Point the camera towards the centre of the common, just for fun. I'd like to see how it comes out."

I acted upon his suggestion, and no sooner had I got the camera into position then a flash of lightning so vivid and brilliant in its intensity as to momentarily blind us and wring from us a fearsome and terrified "Oh!" imprinted the scone on the sensitive plate. "I'm glad that's the lost plate." said

Donald, when the deafening peal of thunder allowed him to make himself heard, "for I should not care to stand at the window during another such flash as that. Shall we develop the plates to-nicht ?"

"Not if I know it." I replied. "Be off to.bed now. and we'll do them the first thing in the morning."

II.

Bit we didn't; for we were awakened early by a violent ringing of the bell, and upon going down in my dressing gown and opening the door I beheld the village constable, with white, haggard face, on which fear was strongly marked in every line.

"Oh, sir." he gasped, "will you come over on the common with me? There's

suddenly thought of the plates we had exposed on the night of the thunderstorm, and had lain undeveloped and forgotten till now. "The very thing!" I exclaimed. "I'll set to work and develop them at once. It will pass the time nicely.'

The first plate developed was a failure. Why, I don't know, for I immediately threw it away and commenced another. "Ah!" I thought, "this one is something like a photograph." Truly, it was a most wonderful photo of lightning; the wavy lines of fire-there were four, springing from one stem-streaming down from the dark and angry heavens right on to the earth, where the trees of the New Forest in the background were sharply silhouetted against the tongues of fire, from which little side-streams spread out in all directions I felt, and still feel, proud of that photograph, for it caused no little excitement in the scientific world. The next plate was a bit of a mystery to me, for it was a negative of the landscape in front of our house and I wondered when it was taken, until I remembered that Donald had asked me to take it as ; flash-light landscape view with the last plate on that memorable evening of the storm. As development proceeded and the objects became more and more distinct, I was surprised to see several human figures portrayed in it. With a magnifying glass I gave it closer examination, the result of which made me tremble with excitement. "Good heavens!" I exclaimed, "this is

a photo of the murder of Solenski!" and indeed it was; taken at the identical moment that the crime was committed. There was the whole scene unerringly depicted on the plate by that brilliant flash of lightning! I examined the plate more minutely, and the result was startling in the extreme; there was the murderer in the very act of plunging the knife into Solenski's breast! The faces of both men were plainly

distinguishable, and—that of the murder-er was not Gerald Merrilees, but of a short, thick-set man with a heavy beard; and there, farther in the background was an inanimate form, with upturned face, lying upon the earth. "Good heavens!" I again exclaimed.

"So Merrilees is innocent, after all! How wonderful that we should have taken this photograph, and thus be able to prove his innocence! To-morrow I will go to Winchester with it, and procure his release.

Suddenly I reeled as if shot. "Tomorrow, did I say? Why, to-morrow is the day of his execution! It is 'to-morrow' now, for it is after three o'clock! In five hours all will be over; another victim sacrificed to miscarriage of justice." What was I to co? Twenty miles from Winchester, with no means of communicating with the authorities to avert the tragedy which would soon Groceries. be enacted-here was I with evidence that would save an innocent man's life; and that man a dear friend, too!

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Value of the Egg in Sickness.

The value of egg albumen as food in certain diseased conditions is pointed out by Dr. C. E. Boynton. When fever is present an appetite is nil, he says, when we want an asceptic article or diet, the white of an egg, raw, serves both as food and medicine. The way to give it is to drain off the albumen from an opening half an inch in diameter at the small end of the egg, the yoke remaining inside the shell; add a little salt to this and direct hour or two. In typhoid fever this mode of feeding materially helps us in carrying out an antispetic plan of treatment. Furthermore, the albumen to a certain ex-

tent may antidote the toxines of the disease. Patients may at first rebel at the idea of eating a "raw" egg, but the quickness with which it goes down without the yoke proves it to be less disagreeable

#### Turkeys as Grasshopper Foragers.

# A flock of turkeys may be fattened on

corn alone and will become very fat and juicy if fed all they will eat for a few days before they are sent to market. They are great insect hunters and will keep a farm clear of grasshoppers when all other means fail. We have known one man to sell over \$400 worth of turkeys in one season which had been reared principally on grasshoppers on his own and his neighbors' farms. One year when the hoppers were particularly bad the neighbors were very glad to have half a thousand turkeys run over their meadows and through their cornfields.

The boy stood on the burning deck and rubbed his hands in glee. "I'm just from Klondyke," he exclaimed; "this feels all right to me,"

he corpse of a man lying there, and I fear he's been murdered, for there's a knife stuck in his breast. I want you to come as a witness before I touch the

body." "Lying on the common! Murdered! Impossible!" I said. "But wait a moment till I have dressed and I'll come with you.'

The constable's tale was only too true, for there, lying on the damp grass-his hair and clothes sodden with last night's rain; with upturned face, and with the blade of a large knife buried deep in his heart-lay the corpse of Ivan Solenski, the handsome young tenant of "The Hermitage," and suitor for the heart and hand of the lovely Marie Devereux of "Forest Hall." While the constable guarded the body I hurried for the doctor, who upon his arrival declared that life had been extinct for some hours.

"Good heavens!" he ejaculated. "this knife belongs to Gerald Merrilees! See. here are his initials!" and there, on the silver-mounted handle, were the letters "G. M."

That evening Gerald Merrilees, the handsome, well-built young owner of "The Home Farm," and Solenski's rival for the affections of the beauteous Marie Devereaux, was arrested on a charge of murder, upon the sworn in-formation of the butler of "Forest Hall." who denosed that on the previous evening Merrilees had bad a stormy interview with Miss Devereux, in which Solenski's name was mentioned several times, and that Merrilees had suddenly dashed out of the house, muttering: "I'll kill him! I'll kill him!" Upon this evi-dence and that of the knife found in the dead man's heart Merrilees was committod for trial at the forthcoming assizes about to be held at the Guildhall, Winchester.

#### III.

Doubtless the reader remembers the acount of the trial, which was published so fully in the daily papers at the time. but in case he may not recall it to mind I might here briefly give Merrilees' defence. In spite of the strong proofs his guilt, he persitently declared himself innocent and pleaded "nor guilty." He fully admitted the truth of the evidence of the butler of "Forest Hall." and his counsel explained that he had that evening proposed for the hand of Miss Devereux, but had been rejected, upon which he had accused her of favoring

Open to the public.—"One thing sur-prised me out in Yellowstone Park." "What was that?" "I didn't see any signs around 'Keep off the geysers'."

What could I do? I groaned aloud in my anguish, and great beads of perspiration dropped from my brow.

Just then my wife and son returned. and were alarmed to see my agitated state, but upon explaining matters, my wife's ready wit suggested that I should ride to Winchester on my bicycle. The very thing!

At 6.45 that same morning I rode up to Winchester jail, and demanded to see the governor immediately, and upon being admitted to his presence, showed him the heaven-sent witness, which he deemed of such importance that he telegraphed to the Home Secretary, , giving him details of my marvelous photograph, with the result that in this eleventh hour Gerald Merrilees was reprieved-he was saved!

The nature of the evidence that es-tablished Merrilees' innocence, and all particulars concerning it, were kepu strictly secret by the police, who had my negative enlarged, and sent copies of the photograph—whereupon the fea-tures of the murderer were clearly portrayed-to all the police stations in the kingdom, with the result that within ten days the real culprit was arrested in the foreign quarter of Soho, and upon being charged with the murder confessed his guilt, stating that Solenski was an absconding Nihilist, who had fled to England to avoid carrying out a horrible task imposed on him by the particular rules of that dreaded society. By so doing his life became forfeited, and to the murderer was allotted the duty of carrying out the society's vengeance. Hoping to escape, Solenski had lived in retirement in our village, but was tracked by his inexorable executioner, who stated that on the night of the great storm he had come across the prostrate and senseless form of Merrilees, from whom he took everything available, including the fatal knife with which he stabbed his victim (whom he accidentally met immediately after leaving Merrilees), just as the defending

counsel had surmised at the trial. In due time, Merrilees received 'a full and unconditional pardon (for a crime that he had never committed!), and 1 should not at any time be surprised. to hear of his engagement to Miss Devereux.

He and I are the strongest of friends, as he says he owes his life to me, but I tell him it is not so, but that he owes it to the magazine that prompted us to take the photos on that eventful night. -Tid-Bits.

A Madgebury editor has been arrested for speaking disrespectfully of Emperor William's breeches. He probably called them pants.

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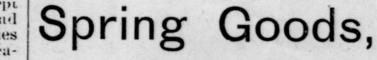
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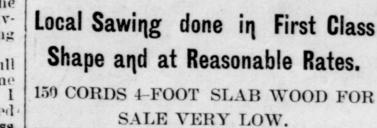


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