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THE ISLAND OF APPLE TREES.

It lies among the outer seas,
O'er many a mile of water wan,
And seldom any living man
Across the clamorous waves has past
And found ere he for death was cast,
Avilion, isle of apple trees.

Atlantis was its name of old,
And many a drowning mariner
Twixt life and death has sighted her
Gold apples growing on the verge.
Then, as he sunk in stifling surge,
Cursed her and all her fruit of gold.

And now upon the boughs one sees
No golden fruit, but only red,
Sweet apples moving overhead,
In a soft wind that speaks of May,
And still one sees and sails away
From that dim isle of apple trees.
—North Hopper in Black and White.

BEE'S LIKED HIS ODOR.

How a Farmer Unwillingly Bought a New Pair of Shoes For a Tramp.
As I sat on the veranda with the farmer after supper I asked him if he was not greatly bothered with tramps, and his reply was:
"Waal, a good many of 'em come along and want a bite to eat, and some of 'em are pretty sassy, but only one man of 'em ever saved me a real mean trick."

"Pardon, your dog?" I queried.
"It was meaner than that. We was eatin' dinner one day in the spring when a hive of bees started to swarm. I'd bin expectin' it and watchin' 'em and had a new hive ready. When bees swarm, they will light on most anything handy—a limb, a bush or even the pump. Jest as the bees began to pour out of the hive and circle around along comes a tramp up the path to ask for somethin' to eat. The queen bee settled down on his old hat, and the hull swarm follered her. In two minits that tramp's head and shoulders was covered with bees, and I yells to him for heaven's sake not to try to fight 'em off or he'd be stung to death."

"He must have been terror stricken," I said.
"Not a bit of it, sir. He was as cool as a cucumber, and when I told him he'd hev to stand in a smudge till the bees was killed off he jest laughed. When they'd all settled down on him and I was goin' to start a smudge, he sez:
"Old man, what d'ye consider this swarm of bees wuth in cold cash?"
"About \$5," sez I.
"Are ye willin' to give \$3?" sez he.
"What fur?" sez I.
"Because ye'll either pay me \$3 or I'll walk off with the bizness and sell out to somebody else!"

"And you had to buy him off?" I asked.
"That's where the meanness comes in," replied the farmer. "Them bees was my property, and I wasn't buyin' what was my own. He offered to take \$3, but I couldn't see how he could git away with 'em and refused to come down. Then he starts off. I reckoned the bees would git angry and sting him to death, but nothin' happened. He jest walked out into the road and down the hill, and he carried them bees seven miles and sold 'em for a new pair of shoes."
"And he wasn't stung?"
"Not once, sir. The bees seemed to like the smell of him, and he paddled along the road as grand as you please."—Washington Times.

The Irish Difficulty.

I believe that the full development of agricultural organization points the only way by which the agricultural industry in Ireland can be saved. The Irish farmers, who formerly had to compete only with their fellow workers in the United Kingdom, are now brought into competition with the farmers of the whole world. The time has come when they must intelligently apply to their industry those methods of combination which have been resorted to by those engaged in every other industrial undertaking, and by farmers of other countries. The system by which we are seeking to attain this result has already proved its economic soundness, and it is only lack of funds sufficient to send organizers qualified to educate bodies of farmers, who are ready to listen to them in almost every parish in Ireland, in its principles and procedure, which delays its universal adoption. May I point out that in providing the sinews of war a splendid opportunity is open for some wealthy lover of Ireland to confer upon her people an incalculable boon?

The principle upon which under modern conditions the salvation of Ireland must be sought becomes more manifest every year. The Irish difficulty has long been rather economic than political, and it is more than ever today. Solve the economic problem, and in the process the Irish people will be so elevated and strengthened that they will be able to solve the political problem for themselves. I am firmly convinced that all future attempts to deal with the Irish question on purely political lines are doomed to share the fate of Irish policies in the past.—Right Hon. Horace Plunkett, M. P., President Irish Agricultural Organization Society, in North American Review.

Spanish Peasants' Trick.

In one respect the Spanish peasants are ahead of the rest of the world—they have learned to make cocks hatch eggs and look after the chickens, while the men, being at liberty, can and does lay more eggs than she would if hampered by her maternal duties. The trick is performed in this way: They carefully pluck the feathers off the rooster's underside, and the bare skin is then irritated with nettles until inflammation sets in. The cock soon finds that the pain caused by this cruel process is mitigated by warmth and softness, and this makes him willing and eager, although for purely selfish reasons, to hatch a brood and let the little chicks sit under him.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Blunder in a Catalogue.

"Punishments—Curious Collection—A most interesting lot, some perhaps a little gruesome, but on the whole amusing (sic), more especially those punishments allotted to certain women.—A negro girl with a weight chained to her neck (sic), by Bartolozzi, 1793, is perhaps as nice a plate as any in the collection."—Notes and Queries.

Effective Antidote.

"You know what a scold Smally's wife is? Well, he has finally found a pleasant relief from her noise."
"How's that?"
"Joined a brass band."—Detroit Free Press.

The bullet from a mauser rifle goes through a large tree with ease. It seems to be true that the bullet often passes through the human body without disabling a combatant, the wound of exit not exceeding in size that of entrance.

The average life of a note of the Bank of England is a little less than 70 days. Notes are never reused.

FOR SALE—Notes of hand and receipts for sale at the QUEENS COUNTY GAZETTE office.

GROWTH.

Yes, build your dam as high as you can.
You think I'm small, but I'll tell you all
I'll get over it—over just so—
And make your wheel buzz down below.
You can't stop me while water flows.
I may be a river yet—who knows?

See how the brown mold over me sifts.
Bury me deeper 'neath leaves in drifts.
Forget I'm here, deep out of sight,
Where it is dark—as dark as night.
You can't hide me while acorns grow.
I'll be an oak tree the next you know.

Keep me in dresses and play I'm a girl!
Keep my long hair nicely in curl!
But I'm a boy, doubt that who can,
And some bright day I'll be a man.
The world will know me—that's what I said—
For I've a thinker in my head.
—Sarah E. Winslow in St. Nicholas.

TOOTHBRUSH AIDS HEALTH.

Sound Teeth and Body Only to Be Had by Its Frequent Use.

It is but a little thing, yet on its proper use depends much of the happiness of modern man. Why civilized teeth should be so rotten is a question which has often been debated, and probably the true answer is more complex than some would think. Many good mothers are content to put all toothache down to lollipops, but that sugar in itself is not responsible for bad teeth is proved by the splendid "Ivories" often possessed by negroes who practically live upon the sugar cane and thrive upon it, too, during the whole of the season when it is in maturity. Dental decay is common enough, however, among negroes in towns, and it seems clear that the caries of the teeth which is so common among most civilized races is due not to any particular article of diet so much as to digestive and nutritive changes imposed upon us by our mode of life and to some extent by the fact that by hook or crook we do somehow manage to live, notwithstanding our bad teeth, whereas in a state of nature the toothless man soon dies.

Recognizing, then, that until the time arrives when some great social reformer either mends or ends our present social conditions our teeth will tend to rot, and that, whatever the predisposing causes, the final act in the production of caries is the lodgment of microbes on and around the teeth, we see that for long to come the toothbrush will be a necessity if the health is to be maintained. It is only by the frequent use of this little instrument that those minute accumulations can be removed which are at the root of so much mischief. A few elementary lessons in bacteriology would, we fancy, greatly startle many people and certainly would show them the futility of trusting to one scrub a day. The fact is that if people, instead of looking at the toothbrush from an æsthetic point of view and scrubbing away with tooth powders (!) to make their front teeth white, would regard it merely as an aid to cleanliness, they would see that the time to use it is after meals and at night, not just in the morning only, when the debris is left from the day before has been fermenting and brewing acid all night through. They would also see how inefficient an instrument the common toothbrush is unless it is used with considerable judgment. One of the secondary advantages of spending a good deal of money on dentistry is that at least one learns the value of one's teeth. By the time we have got them dotted over with gold stoppings and gold crowns we learn to take care of them, even although that may involve the trouble of cleaning them more than once a day and using perhaps more than one brush for the purpose.—Hospital.

Naming the Baby.

She was a young mother, and it was her first. It was the prettiest, the most intelligent—in fact, there never was such an infant. So she thought it should have a name which would distinguish it from all others. After a great deal of thinking she announced her decision.
"Papa," she said to the happy father, "I have thought of a name for the baby. We will call her Imogen."
Papa was a matter of fact man, who knew there was nothing in that baby different from most others, and he didn't wish to see his child saddled with a name that wouldn't fit in with other circumstances.
"Fancy her marrying a man named Snooks," he thought. "Imogen Snooks will sound nice, won't it? But if I say so she'll begin to cry and will insist upon it."
After a little reflection he thought of a plan.

"I think that's a lovely name, my dear!" he cried. "It was my first sweetheart's. She will take it as a compliment, and it will always remind me. Yes, that and your dear mother's name, Mary, are the best I know."
"I think, papa," she said after a pause, "we had better call her Mary, after my mother."
And the artful man chuckled to himself.—Strand Magazine.

A Conspicuous Precedent.

"Shiftless as ever, Thomas?" said the wealthy uncle. "Still making a failure of life, as you always have done?"
"I don't know that I'm such a terrible failure," sulkily answered the poor relation.
"Why, you have nobody but yourself to support, and you can't make both ends meet."
"Well, the rainbow has only itself to support, and it doesn't make both ends meet either."—Chicago Tribune.

Antwerp Bells.

From the cathedral tower at Antwerp 80 bells have for over 200 years rung out the grandest music for the benefit of the people living on the green fields which border the Scheldt. Once a year, in the month of February, the authorities select the music, and the organ plays every hour from the old masters of Christian song.

When Cortes invaded Mexico for the second time, he had 80 musketeers and 80 crossbowmen.

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