

Poetry.

BY AND BY.

We shall see a mighty change,
By and by,
See some revelations strange,
By and by,
All the customs of to-day
In the past will fade away,
Life will be as sunny May,
By and by.

Men whom we elect to power,
By and by,
Of the land will be the flower,
By and by,
They will seek the people's weal,
Will not look with tireless zeal
For a chance to make a steal,
By and by.

Politicians will be pure,
By and by,
Doctors never fail to cure,
By and by,
Our officials all will be,
Clear of sin and infamy,
From dishonesty be free,
By and by.

Not a tattling tongue we'll hear,
By and by,
Not a scandal wound the ear,
By and by,
Ministers will cease to teach
Doctrines out of common reach;
Pure religion they will preach,
By and by.

Sex will surely cut no ice,
By and by,
Women will not shy at mice,
By and by,
When they get the coming chance
They will march in the advance,
And may even wear the pants
By and by.

They will never wed for fame,
By and by,
Will not ask a titled name,
By and by,
No divorces will be given,
Not a marriage tie be riven,
Every home will be a heaven,
By and by.

Lawyers to the truth will stick,
By and by,
Nor attempt a legal trick,
By and by,
In the courts the men of fame,
And the men of humble name,
Will be treated just the same,
By and by.

This will be our funny state
By and by,
It is coming, sure as fate,
By and by,
Though your lips and mine be dumb,
In the grave 'tis sure to come
With the great millennium,
By and by.

—The Denver Evening Post.

Literature.

A SHIP'S COMEDY.

When Mrs. George Holden lifted her laces and red morocco heels across the gangway of the R. M. S. Lady of Lorraine, she was possessed strongly of the feeling that something was going to happen soon. She had felt the same prophetic touch before in very many ways, but today it bubbled to the phenomenal. "Such a presentiment, my dear," she remarked to her companion, "that it came in with a buzz, and stays in my head like a neuralgia."

For 9 months 12 in Mrs. Holden held all but every right of married life, widowhood, maidenhood. As she herself expressed the situation, "it is charming to think and feel like a widow and all the time your husband to be living and in Africa." Her philosophy might be summarized in three phrases—that nothing lasts long, that nothing matters much and that it will be the same a hundred years hence. There was a husband in the case. Possessed of devils of unrest he was exploring the Congo with a camera, joining his wife at Tenerife for the "round the world" trip. Jack Holden's sister said that he married Georgie for her eyes, which were violet and blue and nine other colors, as the light caught them. But no man has denied they were worth the marrying.

Well the ship left her berth in the dock, Mrs. Georgie slept and the presentiment flourished as the bay tree. So that when the breakfast gong sounded and the ship was heading down the channel she at the companion met and touched eyes, as it were, with a man on the same burnished stair, she drew in her toes and said half aloud, "I felt so sure it would be." "We've met in another place?" he asked gravely. "Oh, dear no! I'm sure we've never met," she said decidedly and swept past him into the saloon. But—so it happened—that they were cast to the captains table and allotted consecutive seats. This was the beginning of things.

Now flirtation in towns, is on one or other side, not above the constraining touch of diplomacy. But on a ship when the husband is a fortnight ahead circumstances are sadly plastic and manageable. There flirt and flirt meet at all meals and in between. After dinner in the forepeak straining over the ship's rail, they watch the white moonlight strike

the ship's bottom and glint blunted from the copper, or, leaning on the anchor whisper little things to the tinkle of the lady's banjo. Yet later they may sit against the wheel box, losing themselves in the utter loveliness of it all, and heedless of the brown little flying fish, dreaming of puck and the fairies. There is in these circumstances, as they saw in the law difference operative and material.

"Let's forget all about consequences and husbands and all horrid things," she said once in a white fluffy muslin thing she sat by the aforesaid wheel box. "Tis the divine right of queens," he answered, lightly. He was a man who prided himself on taking things as they came along—mercies, great or small; loaves or crumbs were all the same to him.

Following a night across a card table she in cross meaning arraigned him for parsimony in parting with his hearts. So in the small hours, he with an industrious penknife extracted all the hearts from the pack. Heaping them into an envelope, he sent them to the lady, quilling on a visiting card the pretty paraphrase, "take all my hearts, my love, oh, take them all!"

At Santa Cruz Holden came on board, and his wife was gala gowned and delightful. They ate, drank and were glad until they touched the tropic of Capricorn. Then his wife got a fever a common conch, for a fortnight sort of thing, and full of sighs and fury was instantly quarantined to the ships hospital. Matthew the man was nervous and sent messages, but the husband sat by her side for many hours, brought her contraband chocolates and read her light verse in the language of France. On the third day she sat up a little and was merry.

It was Sunday, and bedtime brought banishment to Holden, and he came on deck. They were crossing the line, and the head hung over them as a shroud. Aft a trailing glory of phosphorescent light spreads itself fanwise from the ship's screw, and over the ship from keel to truck whispered the humming stillness of the tropic night.

The ship was breathing heavily, as a creature in pain. It lifted its great breast to the waters, and trembled like one who would be free, but was held to a bondage.

A weeping low set moon dropped its lips to the night tenderly as a mother's kiss.

In the engine room the pumping sob of the piston rods beat out a music of misery, and the tortured stokers lifted their heaving shoulders to the airshafts and prayed for a death by freezing.

Holden crossed the main main deck, took the companion to the promenade. For seven days in the tropics most of the men sleep on the upper deck, the women in the drawing rooms. Holystoned and ash white in the moonlight, there was something so eerie about this camp of silent forms that shudderingly he picked his way to the taffrail, bent his shoulders and wondered at the waters.

There was a cry from below, and he saw the black shadow of a man drop from the side like a bag of sand, plunge and disappear. On it floated in the wash—on toward the screw. In the instant, with tight hands, Holden leaped the rail and fell struggling into the water. McWhirter was officer on the bridge. He heard the dip of the falling bodies, and the instinct of the sailor told him the cause. Springing to the telegraph, he jammed the handle to "Stop her," then dead across to "Full Speed astern." Along the ship sounded the pipe of the boatswain's whistle and the quick call of "Man overboard." On poop and fore peak the watch caught the cry, and the frightened passengers alert from sleep, whispered and turned frightened eyes to the sea.

There was a hurrying to and fro. "Lower the gig!" roared McWhirter. The boat was lifted from the docks, the men let go the trigger, she swung out on her davits, and, with ropes long jawed in the strain, dropped like a skimming gull on the oily waters. On the ship—so still it was—they heard the creak of the whipping oars. And the green starboard light glittered as an evil eye.

Holden, holding the man by the armpits, had spent his strength when the boat reached them, and they were dragged dripping across the gunwale. Plying oars brought them to the ship's side. Afterward on the deck the doctor demonstrated the Sylvester method of resuscitation. The rescued was promptly appreciative and sat up, calling for whiskey, but for three hours they worked on the obdurate rescuer until at the flood some show of life returned. Although the adventure was entered in the logbook as a "regrettable accident," it was nothing of the sort. It was the result of a mad impulse, familiar phenomenon to every sea captain, when the sight of black water of a sudden stirs the blood to the leap.

In the morning that followed Holden sat up in his berth. From his porthole he watched the porpoises wallow and plunge in the still sea. Ineffably weak with that prostrate drooping weakness that comes of a bad time in the water, he fell back at last and slept. Later a deputation comprising the second officer, the surgeon and three picked passengers, waited on him. "Mr. Holden," said the doctor, "we are elected of the ship, which asks the honor of your company at dinner to-night. We wish to drink your health, sir, and if you are well enough,

have you drink your own." He looked down and thanked them, said that, though he didn't quite care about the business, he'd be amazingly pleased to show up. "No one'll disturb you again," said the doctor, "so pull yourself together by 8."

On the average of three in half an hour he exchanged penciled notes with his wife. The pencil broke down and he climbed from his berth to find another. There are many bad places to find lead pencils, but a lady's chateleine is one of the worst. His wife's was an arrangement in steel and oxidized silver, and from it he unhooked a dainty prong which after much labor might make holes. When, trying to rehang it, the whole affair dropped from his fingers on the boards. An envelope slipped from the needle pocket, scattering a shower of tiny red hearts, and uppermost in the centre lay a gentleman's visiting card. On the front was a line of verse, on the back an original idea for an appointment. It was engraved "Reginald Mathew" and signed "Reggie."

He poised the card for a time, wondering; then a cold wind came into him, and he understood.

Like the first night at a treatre or the moment in church before the bride blushes down the aisle, there was something living, electric, contagious in the in the atmosphere that evening. Mrs. Georgie, had she been well enough to dress and dine, would have likened the sensation to "sitting between two worlds before a thunderstorm." Admittedly one ship's dinner is very like another. Still to-day there was a touch of the special in the superwhiteness of the table covers, in the gleaming glass and plate, in the freshened palms; the ship's officers, gilt braided and blue serged; men in simple dinner jackets and immaculate shirts, women in blouses of muslin and grass lawn and white weeping pongee silk, and here and there a pretty face and here and there a diamond.

No one stayed on deck till the joint that evening, and at eight, when the lights were switched on and Holden very weak and white, walked to his seat on the captain's right, there was a rattle of sparkling glass and from women's eyes little bright shots of admiration. For the hour he was unquestioned hero, albeit a grave enough type of the heroic. Matthew sat opposite to him trying to catch his eye but shy of making a scene.

Holden initialed his wine card for a bottle of volnay and afterwards talked chartroom mysteries with the captain.

A light ground swell listed the ship lightly, and the bergs of ice in the deep sea tumblers pinged against the glass like the dropping of small shot. The porthole shoots were alert for fresh air, but vainly, and a yellow heat haze filled the saloon and touched the skin like prickly fever.

People who were imprisoned for six weeks catch at excitement with both hands, as a God's gift precious beyond prayer. To-night it ran as a whisper through the soup, and if fish begat steadiness by the joint it was again rife and bubbled mercury like from sweets to salad. It was terribly hot, but at coffee time all settled in their seat, well fed and cozy. Then across the table the captain caught the eye of the enquirer, and the chief nodded to the doctor.

With a hand on each lapel the doctor, dapper and rotund, stood at his ease to talk. They were proud, he said, among other things, to carry Mr. Holden in the ship; proud to think that, whether in a Netherlands' hooker or in H. M. S. Birkenhead—aye, in any floating craft, from a tramp—there were still men, large hearted and strong limbed, ready at call to offer their lives in another's service.

Ladies sparkled at Holden, beat hands and smiled, as in tournament days they garlanded their knight in flowers, and the men shook their glasses and deeply "Hear, heard!" Then the captain lifting his glass to the level of the lights called out cheers for Holden, and a wheezy, salted piano drummed hoarsely rearward, and the men on the watch wondered why the saloon dinner was run mad.

Lifting himself to his feet, Holden stood with an effort. "I have only to say," he said quickly, "that rather than have saved this man's life, I would have given up my own. Yet I am glad to pull round to call him a blackguard, a cur and—He lifted his glass and, stem to finger, flung the burgundy full tilt in the man's face.

Oddly enough, the next morning Matthew, too, fell sick. He kept his cabin till the steamer hove at Cape Town, when he went ashore without ostentation in a hired dingey. His baggage followed in the tender.

And Mrs. Georgie sat up in her gauffered nightdress and with large appealing eyes told of the man's relentless persecutions, of her merciless snubbings and how she had kept counsel from her husband for peace's sake. "You don't know Jack! God! You don't!" she said.

And Holden believed Mrs. Georgie, for it is written he was in love with his wife's eyes. They looked at him now full of depths and wonders and meanings, like the dream of Alnaschar.—J. P. Blake in Black and White.

Attic Wit.—"I don't think that new prima donna will do," said the boarder who has the attic room. "She is too much like the furnace here—at least her voice is." "How is that?" asked Mrs. Hashcroft. "Very weak in the upper register."

TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

Contributed by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Hampstead, N. B.

Rise up ye Women that are at Ease

THE DAY IS BREAKING.

Rejoice! the day is breaking;
The gloom of night is gone;
The people are awaking,
And work has to be done.
The temperance reformation
Must steadily roll on,
Until a sober nation
Shall hail the victory won.

Rejoice! the cause is telling,
With power it clears the way;
Uprooting and dispelling,
Delusions which betray.
Drink customs still prevailing,
Through centuries have grown,
But, with the truth assailing,
These shall be overthrown.

Rejoice! our tide is flowing,
By means of tongue and pen,
Choice gifts of love bestowing—
"Peace and good-will to men."
With temperance light increasing,
The brighter day shall come,
And earnest work, unceasing
Shall seal the tempter's doom.

DOWN WITH ALCOHOL.

The Blue Cross of France has issued the following stirring appeal: "Citizens! Two Doctors of Paris in a recent work has formulated these sinister conclusions: 1. Alcohol is a poison. 2. France offers to us the desolating spectacle of a nation literary rushing towards a decay through alcohol. Patriots! A revolution develops itself. Do you wish a new tyrant to reign over us? In all parts of the country cafes and taverns are multiplied; it is the multiplication of suicides, of crimes, of insanity. Alcoholism enfeebles intellectually and morally the leading classes while it increases the army of the helpless, the poor and the discontented. Alcoholism diminishes the birth rate, and increases the death rate. Alcoholism costs our country yearly a hundred thousand francs. Alcoholism, therefore, is a ruin to the public health and endangers the public security. Is it not enough Frenchmen? Let us unite for the suppression of the demand for alcohol. Let each give up personally, radically, courageously the use of spirituous liquors. Thou, who wilt go to shed thy blood at the frontier, art thou ready for sacrifices more obscure but more efficacious? Thou, who wilt renounce all to save France, wilt thou renounce, in order to deliver her, thy small glass, thy appetizer, thy spoonful of brandy? Down with Alcohol! This is to say, long live France."

"THE LITTLE RIFT WITHIN THE LUTE."
There was but one crack in the lantern, and the wind had found it out and blown out the candle. How great a mistake one unguarded point of character may cause us! One spark blew up the magazine and shook the country for miles around. One leak sank the vessel and drowned all on board. One wound may kill the body. One sin destroy the soul.

It little matters how carefully the rest of the lantern is protected, the one point which is damaged is quite sufficient to admit the wind, and so it little matters how zealous a man may be in a thousand things, if he tolerates one darling sin; Satan will find out the flaw and destroy all his hopes.

The strength of a chain is measured, not by the strongest but by the weakest link, for if the weaker snaps, what is the use of the rest? Satan is a close observer and knows exactly where our weak points are; we have need of very much watchfulness, and we have great cause to bless our merciful Lord who prayed for us that our faith fail not.

Either our pride or our sloth, our ignorance, our anger, or our sensuality would prove our ruin, unless grace interposed; any one of our senses or faculties might admit the foe, yea, our virtues and our graces might be the gate of entrance to our enemies.

Let us watch and pray that God's holy grace may safe-guard us against approach of evil.

A "moderate" estimate of the drink-caused mortality in Canada puts the figure at 3,000 lives per annum.

The average production of Canadian breweries for five years is stated to be: Whiskey, 4,538,000, and beer and ale together, 17,150,000.

The entire number of retail liquor dealers in the United States for the year ending Jan. 30th, 1894, was 214,419 as against 219,863 in the year previous. It takes 2,000,000 boys every generation for raw material for the saloons.

How can prohibition increase taxation? What do we pay taxes for? Is it not for policemen, judges, sheriffs, courts, jails, almshouses, asylums, etc.? Then, if you do away with 85 per cent. of the work of these forces, how can that increase taxes?—Missouri Voice.

You may not be able to leave your children wealth or the inheritance of a great name or eminent social advantages, but you can leave them the results of fidelity and precious memories of devotion to the holy task of trying to make them know what God says to us in the Old and New Testaments, and what he wants us to believe and to do and to be.—Dr. F. A. Noble.

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