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Enclosed find \$1.00 for which send me for one year The Queens County Gazette.

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NOTICE!

The undermentioned Non Resident Ratepayers of the Parish of Gagetown, County of Queens, Province of New Brunswick, are hereby notified to pay the amount of Rates and Taxes set opposite their names, together with the cost of advertising, 55 cents each, to the undermentioned Collector of Rates and Taxes within two months from the date hereof, otherwise proceedings will be taken to recover the same.

Gagetown, Queens Co., N. B., March 21st, 1898.

T. H. GILBERT,
Collecting J. P.

NON RESIDENT DEFAULTERS' LIST, PARISH OF GAGETOWN, QUEENS CO.

NAME.	1892		1893		1894		1895		1896		1897	
	County	Road	County	Road	County	Road	County	Road	County	Road	County	Road
Allingham, Albert	\$0.57	\$0.53					\$0.49	\$0.55	\$0.49	\$0.55		
Burchill, Thomas	1.00	.50	.85	.53	.85	.53	.80	.53	.78	.53	.90	.53
Babbitt, Frederick	.90	.53	.50	.53			.50	.53			.53	.53
Babbitt, John T.	.90	.53	.50	.53			.50	.53	.49	.53	.53	.52
Case, Mays	2.25	1.05	2.00	1.05	2.00	1.05	1.95	1.05	1.90	1.05	2.14	1.05
Carrigan, John	.75	.53	.65	.53	.68	.53	.65	.53	.65	.53	.70	.53
Cogswell, Calvin		.50	.53	.52	.53	.50	.53	.50	.52	.54	.53	
Crothers, T. B.		.50	.53	.50	.53							
Estabrooks, Henry A.		.53	1.55	1.55			.50	.53			.53	
Estabrooks, Leander	.90	.53	.50	.53	2.54	1.05	.35	.53	.35	.53	.36	.53
Forbes, Geo. C.					13.35	3.15						
Hoben, Ruben	.58	.53		.53			.50	.53		.53		
Hoben, John	.58	.53		.53	.50	.53	.50	.53		.53		
Gaunce, Frederick							1.00	1.05	1.80	1.05		
Logue, Wm. J.	.75	.53	.68	.53	.70	.53	.65	.53	.65	.53	.70	.53
McKeague, John											.53	.53
Mahoney, Thom as							.50	.53	.50	.53	.54	.52
McCracken, Mrs. John	.40	.53	.38	.53	.35	.53	.35	.53				
Miller, James	.75	.53							1.50	.53		
Norwood, Andrew	1.50	.53	1.30	.53								
Neales, J. DeVeber					4.00	1.05	3.90	1.05	3.90	1.05	4.25	1.58
Robinson, T. W.	1.15	.53	1.00	.53	.90	.53	.86	.53	.96	.53	1.08	.52
Scott, Charles L.									.54	.52	.54	.52
Scott, Mrs. Bessie	6.20	1.55	5.50	1.55								
Sutton, Wesley	.90	.53			.50	.53	.50	.53			.55	.52
Turney, Odhur T.					.33	.50	.33	.50	.33	.50		
Turney, C. H.	.58	.53	.50	.53	.50	.53	.50	.53	.50	.53	.55	.54
Trustees Late Daniel and Charles Smith	18.25	3.75	16.25	3.60	8.25	2.10					5.26	2.10
Van buskirk, John P.			.90	.53					.50	.53		
Watson, Charles									.50	.53		
Watson, Franklin							.50	.53				

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* * * **QUEENS COUNTY GAZETTE.** * * *
Good Type, Plenty of It, and Skilled Workmen handle It.

TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

Contributed by the I. O. G. T.

I hereby give notice that I have made satisfactory arrangements with the Editor of the QUEENS COUNTY GAZETTE by which this column will be devoted to the interests of the I. O. G. T. I make an appeal to all lodges throughout the county, and all persons interested in Temperance work, to do their part, so that the work may be a success from the beginning. Address all communications to, ERNEST M. STRAIGHT, Lower Cambridge, N. B.

The following report was sent to me by the Sec'y of Cambridge Union Lodge. The "clipping,"—"The Boy's Reasons" was contributed by a friend.

CAMBRIDGE UNION.

No! Cambridge Union is not dead. It has only been asleep,—just quietly dozing and taking things pretty easy. I think the following will convince all who read this that "She has some muscle left."

On the last night of meeting May 14th, there were 20 members, 10 visitors, and 4 children present.

The evening's programme was as follows:

- Speech, Rev. A. B. MacDonald.
- Reading, Janet MacDonald.
- Recitation, Ralph E. Coes.
- Vocal Solo, Mont R. Gilchrist.
- Speech, Geo. A. Wilson.
- Speech, Albert Vradenburgh.
- Reading, Donald DeWare.
- Duet, Will MacDonald and Willie Briggs.

THE BOY'S REASONS.

Many years ago, Mr. Hall, an English gentleman, visited Ireland for the purpose of taking sketches of its most beautiful scenery, to be used in an illustrated work on Ireland.

On one occasion when about to spend a day in the neighborhood of Lake Kilmarney, he met a bright young Irish lad who offered his service as guide through the district.

A bargain was made with him, and the party went off. The lad proved himself well acquainted with all the places of interest in that neighborhood, and had plenty of stories to tell about them. He did his work well and to the entire satisfaction of the visitor. On their return to the starting point, after a day of great enjoyment, Mr. Hall took a flask of whisky from his pocket and drank some. Then he handed it to the boy and asked him to help himself. To his surprise the offer was firmly but politely declined.

Mr. Hall thought this was very strange; to find an Irish boy who would not touch or taste whisky was stranger to him than anything he had seen that day; he could not understand it, and he resolved to try the strength of the boy's temperance principles. He offered first a shilling then half a crown, and then five shillings if he would taste that whisky. But the boy was firm. A real manly heart beat under his ragged jacket. Mr. Hall determined to try him further, so he offered the boy a golden half sovereign if he would take a drink of whisky.

That was a coin seldom seen by lads of this class in those parts. Straightening himself up with a look of indignation on his face, the boy pulled out a temperance medal from the inner pocket of his jacket "This was my father's medal, for years he was intemperate. All his wages were spent in drink. It almost broke my mother's heart, and a hard time she had to keep the poor children from starving! But at last my father took a stand. He signed the pledge, and he wore it as long as he lived.

"On his death-bed, he gave it to me, I promised him I would never drink any intoxicating liquors; and now, sir, for all the money your honor may be worth, a hundred times over, I would not break that promise." The boy's decision about drink was noble. Yes, and it did good too. As Mr. Hall stood there astonished he screwed the top on to his flask and flung it into the water of the lake near which they stood.

Then he turned to the lad and shook him warmly by the hand, and said, "My boy, that's the best temperance lecture I ever heard. I thank you for it. And now, by the help of God, I will never drink another drop of intoxicating liquor while I live.

A VIOLET.

God does not send us strange flowers every year.

When the spring winds blow o'er the pleasant places

The same dear things lift up the same fair faces—

The violet is here.

It all comes back—to odor, grace and hue—

Each sweet relation of its life repeated;

No blank is left, no looking for is cheated;

It is the thing we knew.

So after death the winter it must be.

God will not put strange signs in heavenly places;

The old love shall look out from the old faces—

Veilchen! I shall have thee!

—From the German.

"And this," said the gold seeker ditherly as he toiled painfully through the deep snow at the rate of five miles a day, "this is what is known as 'the rush to Klondike!'"

Poetry.

SEEDS.

Broadcast over the world we sow
Seeds of evil, seeds of good,
Weak and powerful, high and low,
Linked in human brotherhood.
What we scatter we never know;
Out of small things cometh great;
Weeds spring off and daffodils blow
Harvest ripen early and late.

Sown in gladness or sown in pain,
Fairest seedlings strike firm root,
Quick to vigor and growth attain,
Bearing sweet or bitter fruit.
Never one do we drop in vain,
Each, recorded angels keep,
Softly counting the loss or gain,
Men therefrom will some times reap.

Drones or workers in live's bee-hive—
All we do or leave undone,
Duties that fulfillment strive,
Things unperfected, just begun,
Seed-like, after us still survive,
Woe to careless hand or heart!
Weeds and thistles the swiftest strive,
Rarest buds are slow to start.

Noble action, or word, or thought,
Helps another to the light,
Guides him in the path he sought,
Teaches what is best and right,
Work in secret and silence wrought,
Foolish words unthinking said,
Each with blessing or curses fraught,
Influence eternal shed.

Broadcast over the world we sow
Seeds of evil, seeds of good,
Heedless trample and grind them low,
Life's true aim misunderstood.
What we scatter we never know;
Out of small things cometh great;
Weeds spring up and daffodils blow,
Nature's law inviolate.

WHEN I HAVE TIME.

When I have time so many things I'll do
To make life happier and more fair
For those whose lives are crowded now
With care,
I'll help to lift them from their despair,
When I have time.

When I have time the friend I love so well
Shall know no more those weary, toiling days;
I'll lead her feet in pleasant paths always,
And cheer her heart with words of sweetest praise,
When I have time.

When you have time! The friend you behold so dear
May be beyond the reach of your sweet intent;
May never know that you so kindly meant
To fill her life with sweet content,
When you had time.

Now is the time! Ah, friends, no longer wait
To scatter loving smiles and words of cheer
To those around whose lives are now so drear,
That may not meet you in the coming year—
Now is the time.

HYMN BEFORE ACTION.

The earth is full of anger,
The seas are dark with wrath,
The nations with their harness
Go up against our path.
Ere yet we loose the legions,
Ere yet we draw the blade,
Jehovah of the Thunders,
Lord God of Battles, aid!

High lust and forward bearing,
Proud heart rebellious brow,
Deaf ear and soul uncaring,
We seek Thy mercy now—
The sinner that foreswore Thee,
The fool that passed Thee by,
Our times are known before Thee,
Lord send us strength to die!

For those that kneel beside us,
At altars not thine own,
Who lack the lights that guide us
Lord, let their faith atone,
If wrong we did to call them
By honor bound they came,
Let not thy wrath befall them
But deal to us the blame.

From panic, pride and terror,
Revenge that know no rein,
Light haste and lawful error
Protect us yet again.
Cloak Thou our undeserving,
Make firm the shuddering breath,
In silence and unswerving
To taste Thy lesser death.

Ah, Mary, pierced with sorrow,
Remember, reach and save
The soul that stands to morrow
Before the God that gave;
Since each was born of woman
For each to utter need,
True comrades and true foeman,
Madonna, intercede!

E'en now their vanguard gathers,
E'en now we face the fray,
As Thou didn't help our fathers,
Help Thou their seed to-day.
Fulfilled of signs and wonders,
In Life, in Death made clear,
Jehovah of the Thunders,
Lord God of Battles, hear!

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Papa, if the Americans are victorious,
what then will they do?
My son, they will be like the toad that
tried to swell as big as the ox; (The toad
burst.)

A PERFECT SNAP

We are now manufacturing a Ginger Nut, or Snap, which all who have seen them call the most perfect ever placed upon the market.

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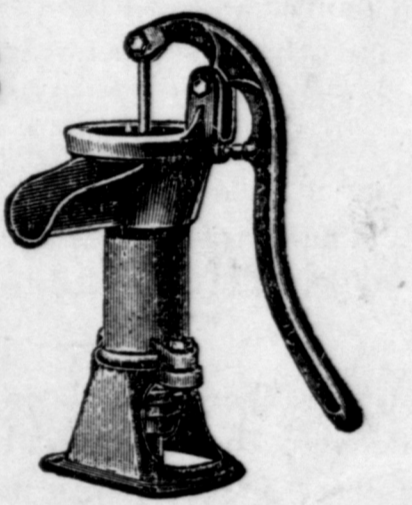
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GAGETOWN, JULY 2TH, 1897

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I am, yours gratefully,
JOHN C. CLOWS.

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Gone Astray.

A Bull two years old, dappled red and white. Any person giving any information concerning same would oblige the owner.

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