

Correspondence.

Spicy News Items Gathered by Gazette Correspondents.

Greenfield.

Notwithstanding the deep snow and heavy storms, business is progressing finely in this locality.

Mr. Willard Thompson, who worked in the woods up river in the early part of the winter, is now engaged cutting cordwood for Mr. Edward Banks who with his team of greys is hauling astonishing loads of lumber of all kinds to Beaver Brook.

Mr. George Goodine, with his little chestnut trotter is also hauling boompoles sometimes fifteen at a load.

Mr. Abraham Banks is busily engaged getting out a large quantity of snow lumber for Mr. Robert Davis of Upper Gagetown. Mr. Banks has also been engaged removing the household effects of Mr. Frank McManus of Boyd Settlement, to St. Mary's, York Co., where he intends to take up his residence.

Mr. Elipholet is engaged hauling for Mr. Cruthers of Upper Gagetown.

The school is still under the charge of Miss Bulley and, in spite of the inclemency of the weather, has only lost one day, and kept up a good attendance.

Mr. Ransford Jordan is very busy cutting cordwood.

Lower Salmon Creek.

Feb. 18.—The fine warm days of this month have been broken by the light snow storm of Wednesday and Thursday.

Last Monday Miss Edna Baird had the misfortune of upsetting a pail of boiling water on her leg which left her a very severe scald.

Mr. Wm. Fowler has been very sick for the past few weeks, but is now recovering.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Barton have returned from visiting relatives at the Range.

Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Baird were the guests of Mrs. Henry Fowler on Tuesday last.

Miss Martha Fowler is visiting her sister Mrs. E. F. Gale of Young's Cove.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Chase spent Thursday at Mr. Wm. Fowler's on their way to visit their uncle, Mr. George Chase of Brigg's Corner.

Mr. G. F. Brannen and Mr. T. Black of St. John spent part of last week with friends at Chipman.

Mr. Arthur Orchard and Mr. Thomas Black accompanied Mr. Henry Fowler on a deer hunt last Tuesday. After their unsuccessful chase of five hours, they returned home fatigued and disappointed.

Mr. John Dykeman who has been very sick for some time, is, under the treatment of Dr. E. O. Earle, fast improving.

Sheffield.

Feb. 21.—The roads in this section of the country are in an excellent condition.

On Saturday last Mr. S. L. Peters while on his way from Fredericton let eighteen loads of hay pass him at one place.

Mr. and Miss Page of Williamstown, Carleton county are visiting Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Parkins.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Barker, of Upper Sheffield entertained a number of their friends on Friday evening.

Miss Dykeman, of Jemseg, returned home on Saturday after spending a few weeks with her uncle Dr. Campe.

Mr. W. J. W. Bridges, of Lower Sheffield, lost, on Tuesday last, between his home and Mr. C. J. Burpee's post office, a horse blanket. Finder will be rewarded by leaving same at Mr. C. J. Burpee's store.

Messrs. Moses Dykeman and Fred Purdy, of Upper Jemseg spent Friday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Mary A. Bridges.

Rev. O. P. Brown will occupy the pulpit in the Baptist church at this place on Sunday next, morning and evening.

Mr. John D. Bridges, of Mangerville, has the contract for repairing the high water wharf at McGowan's landing.

Mr. T. B. Bridges who has been working in the woods at Little River is home again.

Miss MacGee, of Mangerville passed through here last week on her way home from visiting friends at Newcastle.

Stray Dog.

TO EDITOR QUEENS COUNTY GAZETTE.

Sir: I wish to give notice, through the columns of your paper that somebody's dog has forced his companionship upon me, and is at the present time a partaker of my hospitality. The only excuse, Mr. Editor, which I have to offer in asking for space in your valuable paper for this announcement, is the fact that very many persons differ with me as to the real worth of the canine race. Why, sir, I have heard good men say that dogs were "noble animals." So, although I do not entertain a very exalted opinion of canine nobility, myself, yet, in obedience to the Apostolic injunction, "Look not every man on his own things, but, also, on the things of another," I feel it to be my duty to do all I can toward making it known throughout the entire land that I have an uninvited dog-visitor at my house at Indian Point.

The search, which I have no doubt has long since been instituted by the friends of my guest, will probably be very much

facilitated by the following description of him:—He is of gigantic stature, and has an abnormally long and heavy cantal appendage; his complexion is very dark, with a little white spot between his massive forelegs, and his general appearance seems to indicate that he is of Newfoundland extraction. He appears to have been well brought up, for his manners are pleasing to all and he has an excellent disposition which has won the last ing esteem of my children, who take delight in rolling over and fondling him. Indeed, I think, upon the whole, he is about the most respectable canine that it has ever been my misfortune to meet. It is the general opinion that he came across the lake with some parties who were returning from St. John with a load of goods. When he came here he was threatened with immediate expulsion, on the ground that he had never been invited; but his kindly ways and genial disposition have so won my regard that I shall continue to deal generously with him, and will do all I can to prevail upon him to prolong his visit until this announcement reaches the eyes of some of his friends.

Thanking you for space, Mr. Editor, I have the honor to subscribe myself

Your obedient servant,

JOHN PALMER,

Scotchtown, Queens Co., Feb. 11th., 1898.

Burton.

Feb. 18.—The young people of this vicinity have been taking advantage of the excellent snow shoeing; as snow shoeing parties have been the order of the day.

Mrs. J. L. Cambridge's many friends will be glad to hear that her health is slowly improving.

Miss Dottie Burpee is visiting friends in Fredericton.

A social will be held at the residence of Mr. E. Asa Burpee on Thursday evening March 3rd. The ladies who are undertaking this, hope to see a large number present to enjoy the dainties of the supper table. Proceeds for repairs on Methodist Pine Grove church. Tea at 6.30 p. m.

From Woodstock.

Feb. 20.—I hardly imagine how I would get along if it were not for your very valuable paper the QUEENS COUNTY GAZETTE which I receive at frequent periods and I read very carefully and find that new things are being brought to light at Scotchtown, especially so along the line of natural science. I imagine by times that I was there and matters in general were taking a turn.

I find that by the tone of the correspondence which I see from Douglas Harbor that he refers to a strange looking animal. It also infers that several of the young men of Scotchtown are deeply interested in the study of natural history, and I must say I am glad to see them interested in that study and above all I must say, Mr. Editor, that I am glad to learn that one of Douglas Harbor's most prominent young men is interesting himself in this study also. It would seem that his particular branch of this science is the study of entomology. He has found it is said one of the greatest marvels yet known to scientists of the nineteenth century. It is an entirely new specimen, not yet classified. It has been viewed by several and is considered a wonder by all. It is I understand his intention of reporting this to the Natural History of N. B. I think that it is about time that Scotchtown and Douglas Harbor's organized party who were going to the Klondike were off on their journey. I think, Mr. Editor, that the Klondike they'll go to will be picking strawberries next summer. Hoping that the D. H. reporter may have success, I am yours truly,

A READER.

TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

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

Rise up ye Women that are at Ease

TRUST.

Sparrow, He guideth thee! Never a flight but thy wings He upholdeth, Never a night but thy rest He unfoldeth; Safely He guardeth thee.

Lily, He robeth thee!

Though thou must fade, by the summer bemoaned,

Thou art arrayed fair as a monarch enthroned;

Spotless He robeth thee.

Hear, thou of little faith!

Sparrow and lily are soulless and dying— Eternity thine; will He slight thy crying?

Trust, thou of little faith!

SAVED BY A PRAYER.

"God-by, Harry; remember that mother will always pray for your safety."

There were the last words Harry heard as he went out of the gate toward the railroad station to take the next train for the city of New York. Harry had always been on the small farm near his home in Joyville since he was born, about seventeen years ago. His uncle, who lived in the large city of New York, had lately written that he had work for one of the boys in the new establishment on Broadway. As there were six boys in the family, Harry's father thought it

would be well for one of them to go and take charge of the work Uncle George had written about, and Harry was now leaving his home to take charge of the new position which he believed God had assigned him. Little did Harry realize the dangers that would beset him in the city to which he was going. His mother, however, had lived in the city for many years, and thinking of the dangers her boy would now have to encounter, gave him the assurance that she would never forget to offer a prayer for her absent boy. "Mamma will always pray for your safety;" these words kept ringing in Harry's ears as the train passed rapidly out of the small village and new scenes came to his view. At the station in New York city his uncle was waiting for him. Harry was soon in his uncle's handsome home. Handsome, indeed was the present home, but Harry longed for the simple furniture the old rail fence, the cat and kittens, and old Bruno, the house dog. The artificial life of the city did not commend itself to his free nature.

In a few days Harry was at work in the new grand store of his uncle. There he soon became acquainted with many young men of his own age; they all seemed very friendly, invited him to join them in their excursion parties in the evening, and visit them at their homes. Before the first week had ended Harry had visited three of the boys and taken a trip over to Jersey City, where several other boys took a trip on their bicycles. Harry had brought his wheel with him and enjoyed the trip over the new country very much. One thing, however, happened on this trip which made Harry not feel at ease with his new companions. After they had gone a distance into the country they rested from their long ride. One of the young men suggested that they go into a store near by for refreshments. All seemed agreed, and Harry, following his new friends, soon found himself standing at a bar in a saloon. "What will you have, Harry?" he heard one of his new friends inquiring. "I'll take a glass of lemonade, if you please," answered Harry. "Pretty good joke, Harry, but you don't get such stuff here; we are all going to have a large glass of lager beer; I'll order one for you, too." And before Harry could think of an answer, the bar-tender had poured a glassful and placed it before him. Harry felt that to refuse to drink it would be to invite the smiles and scornful remarks of his friends upon him.

He had been taught at home that the drunkard would never enter the kingdom of heaven, and that the first step toward a drunkard's life was drinking the first glass of intoxicating liquor. His mother had warned him against the drink habit the last evening he was at home, and he had promised to refuse the tempter's glass if it was ever placed before him. Harry felt that he ought to refuse, but also felt that he lacked courage. He thought: "I shall drink this time, but never after this" and was about to take hold of the glass before him when he heard, it seemed to him, his mother's voice at his side saying: "Harry, remember that mamma will always pray for your safety. Harry relaxed his hold on the glass and a determined look was in his eyes as he turned away from the bar. The other young men had half emptied their glasses and were setting them down when they noticed Harry had not touched his.

"Drink, Harry," said one of the young men, the one who worked next to Harry at the store, "I treat next."

Harry felt a lump in his throat, but with a fixed determination answered:

"No, I do not drink."

"Pshaw," exclaimed one of the young men, "you are not temperance, are you?"

"A glass of beer cannot hurt you; it is healthful," said another.

"I promised mother," replied Harry, "that I would not drink anything that might make a drunkard of me, and if I never begin I shall never have to stop; no one has ever become a drunkard who refused the first glass, but many are drunkards who meant to stop after they had tasted beer or liquor just once; no, I shall not drink."

It was a long speech for Harry to make but he thought of his mother's prayer and resolved that she should not pray in vain. He expected the boys to ridicule him for his remarks. When Tom Ankers, the young man who worked next to him at the store, therefore, took him by the hand and with emotion said: "Thank you, Harry, my mother used to tell me the same thing; she thinks her boy has never brought the intoxicating cup to his lips; I promise you that from tonight on I shall try to keep my promise to her never to touch it. It surprised Harry greatly. But his surprise increased when one of the other young men came forward and said: "I promised my present employer that I would never again enter a saloon to drink, when he saw in one the last time, and told me he could not keep young men in his employ who were addicted to the drink habit; I wanted to keep my promise, but I always was afraid to refuse when in the company of others."

"Boys," said Adam Wagner, "this is the first time I ever took a drink; my father died a drunkard, and I have often heard him say that the first glass was the opening to the life of misery. He often asked me to leave all intoxicating drinks alone. I meant to do so after today, and you fellows must help me to keep my promise."

"We shall, we shall," replied his friends immediately.

"But, tell me, Harry, said the young

man who had spoken after Tom, "how was it possible for you to refuse? Didn't you expect us all to laugh at your remarks? What gave you such courage in this hour of danger?"

Harry told them the story in his simple truthful manner, concluding with the words: "Boy's my mother's prayer saved me."

"Harry," said Adam, "when you write home again tell your mother about the occurrence this evening, and be sure to say that we were saved by her prayer."—New York Observer.

Farm and Household.

Frills of Fashion.

Netties of tulle, chiffon and cream net are a very fashionable addition to both dressy and plain gowns. They are cut wide and long enough to pass twice around the neck and tie in a bow, with ends to the waist, and are trimmed with a frill of lace, insertions and tucks between. It is a very becoming fashion, too, except for women with short necks.

Other things in neckwear are the little odd colors and frills of linen lawn and dainty lace made especially for wear with tailor gowns. These are cut in odd squares and points and narrow double bands edged with narrow lace, which turn down over the edges of the dress collar and are sewn on a straight band of lawn, which is basted inside.

Gathering Butter.

Oftentimes both the farmer's wife and professional dairymen experience considerable trouble in gathering the butter into a solid mass, even after it appears in the churn in small granules and floats about in the buttermilk. The usual plan is to manipulate with the dash until the butter can be removed from the churn in a more or less compact form. Thus treated it too often presents a greasy appearance, and by the time the usual washing and the proper quantity of salt is well worked in, the granules are mostly broken, and the result is that the output is marketed at a low price. Very much of this trouble can be avoided by a simple process, easily understood, and within the reach of all. As soon as the butter appears and the process of gathering is about to take place, then, for an eight pound churning, pour gradually over the floating butter in the churn two gallons of cold water in which a teaspoon of fine salt has just been dissolved. Let it stand for a moment and manipulate with the dash as in the usual manner in completing the churning, and the chances are the butter will be well gathered and in unbroken granules. The reason is that the water containing the salt increases the density or specific gravity of the buttermilk, causing the granules to rise to the surface. It also hardens them, removing a certain substance or coating from their surface allowing them to readily unite under pressure such as obtained by the use of the dash or revolving churn. Butter gathered by this process is much firmer, better granulated, and consequently better flavored. The only objection to be offered is the addition of salt to the buttermilk; but for feeding purposes, if added to the swill or house slops, no ill effects to the swine are ever observed. When fed to the hogs at clover pasture, the action of salt removes all danger from blots by simply increasing their desire for drink.

How to Make Egg Gems.

Egg gems are an acceptable way of using up very small pieces of cooked meat or poultry one may have at hand. Chop the meat finely and add to it half its quantity of stale bread crumbs. Season well with butter, salt and pepper and make the mixture slightly moist with sweet milk. Butter shallow gem cups and fill them three-quarters full with the mixture and then carefully break an egg on the top of each one. Sprinkle the eggs lightly with salt and pepper, some fine cracker dust and a few bits of butter, and bake from eight to ten minutes in a hot oven and serve at once.

It is unquestionably the tendency of the times in this particular decade of the Victorian era to strengthen, in every possible way, the position of woman, and one may look long and vainly nowadays for that tame acquiescence in destiny which was such a marked characteristic of the gentler sex when the century was younger. The fact is that women no longer look to marriage as the sole end and aim of existence, but are bestirring themselves with a will to map out careers which shall afford an outlet for their energies, and at the same time secure them a niche in the busy world, where they may earn a living for themselves, and perhaps help those dear to them.

Leaves and Out Straw.

There is one point of advantage in the use of cut straw or leaves which largely influences laying in winter, and that is warmth retained in the poultry house. It is not that these materials create warmth, but they keep the winds from coming in along the floor, and as they also absorb dampness they prevent the settling of moisture on the walls. Let any one go into a stable or stall that has four or five inches or more of leaves on the floor, and the stall will be found warmer and more comfortable than one having the floor bare.

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