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 All kinds of Hats!  
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**COME AND TRY US.**

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 Wanted a boy to learn the printing business. Apply to  
**JAS. A. STEWART.**

**THE BEAUTY AROUND US.**

There's beauty all 'round us  
 We heed not,  
 Aye, see not,  
 And sometimes we care not  
 To see where we might,  
 For blossoms that sprinkle  
 The meadows,  
 And heifers,  
 But cling to the shadows  
 And turn from the light.

We hug to our bosoms  
 Our losses,  
 And crosses,  
 And crush the green mosses  
 That lie at our feet,  
 Pluck rue for our weeping,  
 Complaining,  
 Restraining,  
 Our hands from obtaining  
 Full morsels of sweet.

"LITTLE MONSIEUR."

**How Dieulafoy Lends Piquancy to Parisian Life**

There are but three or four ladies in France who have availed themselves of the benefits of that law which prohibits women from wearing male attire on obtaining a permit from the authorities, which can be had for a merely nominal fee if valid reasons are given why the applicant wishes to wear male garments. Among these few ladies, Madame Dieulafoy, the wife of the well-known explorer and orientalist, is certainly the most interesting. Like Lady Burton she accompanied her husband on his voyages and in order to avoid the unpleasantness always experienced by women when traveling in Oriental countries, as well as for better protection, she adopted boy's clothing at that time, being of a very slight build. While Lady Burton on her return into civilized countries resumed the garb of her sex, the French traveler kept up her habit of wearing the male costume she had grown fond of, and in it she is to-day frequently seen in the literary and scientific society of Paris.

Not long ago a German journalist requested an interview of Madame Dieulafoy, whom he had never seen, and received a very gracious reply to call the next day. He must evidently have been under the impression that she took the male attire when sailing out, and that she, like all others of her sex, would prefer the soft gowns, now so much in use by Parisiennes at their homes. When entering her boudoir, a charming room with a wainscoting of old oak and blue cloth draperies, he beheld a rather small gentleman stretched in an easy chair with the feet toward the open grate, in which a log fire was burning brightly. The reporter became confused at seeing an apparently young man, where he had expected to meet a lady of mature years, and stammered: "Beg pardon, sir, I requested the honor of meeting Madame Dieulafoy," whereupon the little monsieur replied smilingly: "Why, that's I!" The visitor was dumfounded, and in his own words we state his experience: "I could not for the moment stammer an excuse, nor an explanation. I mechanically took the preferred chair and sank into it. In silence I attempted to collect my senses, to re-establish my presence of mind. I stared at her, and all I know is that I continually repeated to myself the words: "And that is a woman!"

Mme. Dieulafoy was faultlessly attired. She had just returned from a wedding. Her Prince Albert coat, closely buttoned, fitted her form wonderfully well; it did not reveal even the slightest trace of female shape. A chambray colored waistcoat and a well tied blue bow could be seen above the coat; her trousers—thanks to God, the world is out—her trousers, then, were of a peculiar grey cloth. She wore pale English leather shoes of the broad-heeled English pattern. Her brown hair was cut short and brushed back smoothly like those of a man and not curly like those of a mannish woman. Her face was rather pale but expressive, and her piercing grey eyes seemed to penetrate into the inmost recesses of mine. I have seen many chess players who look like her, still there was nothing theatrical or constrained about her. While I was perplexed and could not even speak coherently, she, like a true woman of the world, kept up the conversation in order not to let me feel that she noticed my surprise. She was very much at home in her peculiar attire and looked quite serious, almost too serious.

Madame Dieulafoy accompanies her husband everywhere in the costume she has adopted for good, but this is not the case in very comical episodes. Not so very long ago they attended an evening entertainment in one of the families of the fashionable set. The "portier" (attendant at the door) who was to announce them, received their card, which read: "Monsieur et Madame Dieulafoy." He looked at the card, then at the strange couple, finally he turned to the door in dismay and called in: "The two Messieurs Dieulafoy," much to the amusement of everybody who knew them.

**The Cuban Trocha.**

The war reports from Cuba have a great deal to say about the trocha. It is a new term in military science, and there is more or less confusion in the public mind as to what it means. In a general way it signifies a strategic line across a given scope of territory, separating one army from another. The line in the present instance extends from Havana to the southern coast of the island, and its original purpose was to divide the insurgent forces, part of which were in the western portion of the island under Maceo, and the rest in the eastern portion under Gomez and Garcia. It consists principally of a barbed-wire fence 3 feet 6 inches high, with sentinel detachments immediately behind it. And about forty yards back of it is a trench three feet wide and four feet deep, with a breastwork of palmetto logs; and fifty yards further back are log houses in which the troops are quartered. The number of soldiers required to guard the whole line is about 15,000. It was Gen. Weyler's idea of comprehensive and effective strategy, and he is said to be very proud of it.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**Bran a Substitute For Coal.**

Because of the excessive rates charged for coal, various schemes are concocted throughout the State of South Dakota to secure some sort of a substitute for coal. The roller mill at Kimball, that State, is doing its share toward beating the coal trust, bran instead of coal being utilized for fuel. As it would be impossible to feed the furnace in the ordinary way without endless toil, Engineer Perkins invented an ingenious contrivance that feeds the bran to the fire-box automatically. The contrivance holds the steam gauge to 80 pounds for hours at a time without regulating.

**A Successful Mother.**

Life has been a success for a mother if she has made a home where there was sunshine as well as order and system and there was no friction.

**Moonlight.**

If the whole sky were filled with full moons, the light would be no brighter than that of ordinary daylight.

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

**THE VIOLIN'S FORM**

**HISTORY SHOWS IT HAS REMAINED THE SAME THRO' CENTURIES**

**Modern Ingenuity Has Failed to Improve It—The Masters of Its Mechanical Shape—Paganini, Its Unequaled Master in Another Way.**

And at the spot where they appear he hears,  
 Surprised at the unwonted sights of being,  
 He hears, alas, no music of the spheres,  
 But an unallowed, earthly sound of nothing.

—Byron's Don Juan.

The violin consists of three parts, the neck, the table and the workmanship board. The strings are tuned in fifths, the compass of the instrument exceeding three octaves. The violin assumed its present shape in the beginning of the seventeenth century. Many attempts have been made to improve upon the original idea, but it is significant that the oldest violins are ever regarded as the best. The instruments manufactured by the Amati, Stradivarius and Guarnerius families of Cremona are especially celebrated. Stradivarius, or more properly, Antonio Stradivari, the great violin-maker, was born in 1644 and died in 1737. Almost the whole of his life was passed in Cremona, Italy, where, in his gloomy workshop, he spent his days and most of his nights. He was in early life a workman in the violin factory of Amati, also a famous violinmaker, and there learned his trade. Evidence of his workmanship is thought to appear in many of the Amati violins, which become the more valuable from that circumstance. The violins made by Stradivarius in his prime differ in many particulars from those of previous makers. Though the differences, in themselves, seem trifling, the sum was sufficient to bring the violins of this celebrated maker into the highest repute, even in his own time, and no subsequent maker has been able to effect any improvement in the manufacture of this delicate instrument. The secret of the superior excellence of a genuine Stradivarius violin is believed to be partly in the wood employed, partly in the outlines and partly in the finish, said to be a secret composition. The greatest improvements he effected were in the bridge, which, before his time, was made almost at haphazard, and in fixing the exact shape of the sound holes and their position in the instrument. His violins, in his own time, were sold for four Louis d'or, in England for £4. Nearly a thousand violins from his factory are known to exist, and he made a great many kites, lyres, mandolins, theorbos, lutes and guitars. His instruments are very unequal, some being too weak to bear the pressure of the bow in playing, but a genuine Stradivarius of good quality has been known to change hands at from \$2000 to \$3000.

The name of Amati was borne by a large family of violinmakers at Cremona, in Italy, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Cremona was at that time the heart of a rich agricultural district and had many wealthy churches and monasteries. It was, therefore, a great musical and artistic center, and for two centuries enjoyed almost a monopoly of the manufacture not only of violins but of violas, violoncellos, basses, mandolins, guitars and other stringed instruments. The Amatis were the founders of violinmaking in Cremona, and one of the most famous of the family was Nicola, or Nicolo, Cremona, supposed to be famous for its violins till about 1760, the names of Stradivari, Guarneri, Landolfi and Serain being almost as famous as that of Amati. The value of the violin depends altogether on its qualities and in no degree on the name of the maker, nor on ornamentation. There is a common superstition that every violin bearing the name of one of the great Cremona makers is a treasure from that circumstance alone, but the fact is that the violins of Cremona are very unequal, and while some are practically priceless, others are worthless save as curios; not a few even of those made by Amati and Stradivari, being too weak to bear the strain incident upon the high pitch of the present day.

Why, it may be asked, was the violin called a fiddle? The violin is said to be the modern form of the viola da braccio, a small viol supported on the arm. It differed from the true viol in having the back as well as the front arched, in the number of strings and in various technical points. Earlier than the viol were the troubadour's instruments known variously as giegies, crowds, rebecks and fideles. They were rested on the shoulder and played with deeply curved bows, and were much smaller than the modern violin. Originally they were so small that they produced only shrill notes, fit to accompany boys' voices; to get deeper tones for men's voices larger instruments were used, and from them came the viola, and from the viola the violin was refined. The name fiddle, though now used almost always contemptuously or humorously, is the proper English name for the violin. The word comes from the middle Latin *vitula*, a fiddle, and is found also in the Teutonic languages in various forms.

Paganini was the most remarkable genius with the violin that the world ever knew. His technique was something wonderful, but more technique would never have accomplished the results he obtained, nor would it have thrown the musical world into spasms of admiration as he did. The accounts of his playing seem almost incredible. With the first note the audience was spell-bound and remained so to the last. From the violin he drew tones which were unsuspected to exist, and invented and played passages believed to be impossible. Moore said: "Paganini can play divinely, and does so for a minute or so, then come his tricks and surprises, his bow in convulsions, his enharmonics like the mewling of an expiring cat." The main technical features of Paganini's playing were his unfailing intonations, his wonderful rapidity and a command never equalled of harmonics. He was wonderfully tricky, however, and often accomplished effects not understood even by experts, by tuning his violin in a different manner from that usually employed. A certain trick passage running up two octaves while holding B flat seems to be impossible to the ordinary violinist, but, it is said, by tuning a semi-tone higher the passage presents no unusual difficulty. He never allowed anyone to hear him tune his violin, and when professional people attempted to solve the problem of his playing by requesting him to play in private he invariably contrived, in some way or other, to disappoint their expectations. The secret of his execution died with him, and he has never been equalled as a violinist.

**Undoubtedly.**

Fred—"What do you think of this case where a man was fined \$20 for kissing a girl?" Dolly—"I think he got the wrong girl."—Philadelphia North American.

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