

Correspondence.

Spicy News Items Gathered by Gazette Correspondents

TO EDITOR OF QUEENS COUNTY GAZETTE.

I have been credibly informed that your special correspondent, for New Canaan, Mr. S. T. C., reported that most of the people left the house, while I was speaking on the Plebiscite.

By careful enquiry, I have ascertained that five persons left. The house was packed to suffocation; there were probably not less than 200 persons in the school house.

Now, your correspondent's statement, that most of the people, or a large number left, is as near the truth as could be expected of him.

If my address on the Plebiscite was not up to your correspondent's ideal, you may be sure that the people of New Canaan have better manners than to treat a speaker, intending well, in the way that he states; and any-way would regard his report as ill-mannered.

Some people may have been disappointed, as they expected to hear a sermon from Rev. Mr. Carpenter. I arranged with Mr. Carpenter that he should preach a short sermon after me, bearing on the Temperance question. He gave an address.

That people do not always leave a congregation because they are not satisfied with the discourse is evident from the fact that your correspondent, a few weeks ago, left just before the collection:—he went out to tie his horse.

JOHN MOSER.

New Canaan, Jan. 7th, 1899.

TO EDITOR QUEENS COUNTY GAZETTE.

Dear Sir. Your very valuable paper so bright and full of all the latest news from Queens County and elsewhere reaches me every week.

I see by the Douglas Harbor correspondence that a severe storm passed over that section and somewhat ruffled the smooth waters of the Grand Lake. This was a serious affair as I see it caused some of the fair sex of that section to commence window washing, etc.

It would be a great source of pleasure to me to be in Queens county and enjoy the pleasure that attaches itself to the freezing of the Grand Lake.

Edenside the favorite resort of the young people of Scotchtown and vicinity is as usual visited by many who delight in the pleasures of the day. This favorite spot affords many pleasures in summer as well as winter. Great facilities for boating, etc., can be had there.

Any of the musical turn of mind can feast their ears with sweet music of all kinds.

The inmates of the Edenside cottage are all trained musicians and give an up-to-date concert at any time.

I see that the people are complaining about your much valued paper not reaching them at the proper time. I would think, Mr. Editor, since they have worked so hard for a reform government, that they would be able to get what they asked for in the way of better mail privileges. This was promised them but it seems their promises are like pie crust,—"easily broken."

I must congratulate the members of the young peoples popular club on their success at their business meeting held some time ago. I'm sure their series of entertainments to be held at the home of each member will be as interesting and entertaining as their social gatherings in the past have been. I assure you Mr. Editor that they will be conducted on up-to-date principles.

The surprise party at Mrs. J. W. McFarlane's residence must certainly have been the most enjoyable social event of the season. I can imagine the crowd of pleasure seekers filling the spacious room and moving to and fro very gracefully.

I hope Mr. Jas. A. Purvis may have success with his Gen. Dewey.

I have thought for some time past that many of the residents of Scotchtown had succumbed to the frosty blast of a winter's morn. I see that Bjax still lives.

We are having very disagreeable weather in this section. It is only here and there that any snow can be seen.

It has been good wheeling but is somewhat muddy at present.

I have been attending Farmers' Institute meetings a few times lately. They are very interesting and some lively discussions are brought about.

Hoping, Mr. Editor that this year's subscription list is double what it was last year and wishing you all the compliments of the season, I am,

Yours very truly,

AJAX.

Strathroy, Jan. 5th 1899.

Young's Cove Road.

Jan. 5.—The weather for the past week has been disagreeable owing to the bad storms. The roads are nicely broken by the mail carriers, Mr. L. D. Ferris and Mr. Thomas Hughes.

Miss Lena Hughes, of St. John, has been visiting her parents, of Partridge Valley, and also was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Hughes on her return to St. John.

Misses Susie, Olive and Bertrum Reid were the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Hughes on Tuesday last.

Messrs. John and David Hughes, of Fredericton, have been visiting friends and relatives in this place.

"Nebber Man Spake Like Dis Man."

Contributed.

In a long low room, the upper story of a rude wooden structure, which has its location on one of the back streets of the city of A——, North Carolina, the Mount Zion church—coloured—are wont to assemble for worship and mutual edification.

The furniture is of the plainest and almost rudest kind conceivable. The rafters are bare and blackened with the smoke from "lightwood" torches and foul-smelling kerosene lamps; nevertheless, it was the writer's privilege to hear, even in that humble place, a sermon, which for originality of thought, and power of delivery has seldom been surpassed.

The speaker was a man about forty years of age, massive in build, black as ebony, with a voice like an auctioneer. His text was taken from the gospel of St. John, 7th chap. and 46th verse: "Never man spake like this man."

"My frens," began the preacher, "de debbil nebber met his match tell he met the Lord Jesus, den he was matched by de Son ob God, son ob Mary as well."

"Adam was one mighty strong man, but he was badly wusted in his encounter wid ole satan; de old boy, gib Adam de wust fall he ever got. Between de debbil and de woman, de fust man got an awful tumble. For my beloved breddren, he fell, yass, he fell from a state ob innocence, till he so shamed ob hisself he try fer to make a shirt ob fig-leaves, so he might hide from de all-seeing one. He fell from happiness, my frens, an de angel ob sorrow has nebber left his posterity; he fell on de hard rocks ob transgression, and de scars and de bruises, dat our fader Adam received, hab been transmitted by his children likewise. De debbil, triumph ober all de race ob man, till he met de seed ob de woman, den he get his skull cracked wid de cross ob de son ob man. He lock up de tomb of Jesus, an he station de gloomy ward-en, Death, dere, hard by its portals, an he say, ah death! you keep de Son ob God a prisoner forebber more, don't you go for to let him out;" and death he answer, "no mas'es, he'll nebber get out," an God sittin up in de highest Hebben, he laugh at death an de debbil; an bimby he reach down his mighty srm an wid de finger ob omnipotence he hurl back de mighty stone from de sepulchre and he fling death in de dust ob defeat an shame, and wid de hand ob lib and power, he lifted up de Son ob God, an set him on de throne, an God he say, to Gabriel and Michael, you worship my son, and he say to de shining, one ob Hebben, "let all de angels worship him", and he speaks to the tribes ob earth an say, "kiss de son, least he be angry and ye perish from de way, when his wrath is kindled but a little; an God he gib de Son a name dats above every oder name, fer at de name ob Jesus ebery knee shall bow an ebery tongue confess dat he is Lord ob all."

But my frens, de text an kaperible ob a berry wide interpretashm. It an true dat nebber man spake like dis man; it also an true, dat nebber man libted like this man; nebber man oiled like dis man; nebber man prayed like dis man, and nebber man suffered like dis man.

"Dose hossifer, dat went to rest de son ob God, nebber heard him but de once. Dey was'ent in de temple when de boy Jesus dumbfoundered dose hyars, by asking and answering questions; dey was'ent at de gates ob de city ob Nain when he took de prey from de mighty, and gave de widowed mother her only son back again; dey was'ent in de ole burial ground ob Bethany when God's sunlight fell on de tears ob Jesus and made a rainbow ob promise round about de grave ob all de sleeping saints; dey did'ent, hear him call to de dead man, Lazarus come forth, an de dead got up and came out and kissed his two sisters Mary and Martha; dey did'ent see him, take de little zehilen up in his arms, and bless dem; dey did'ent see him in de garden when night wrap her mantle about de Son ob God, an de wind sigh and moan troo de leaves an de lubby face of Jesus was all crisoned with the bloody sweat. Had dey seen him on de cross, when de gloom ob crucifixion shrouded him like a pall, an de earth quaked, an de stars come out at noon; day while de sun muffle his brightness in de sable folds ob mourning; yea, had dey seen him risen from de tomb, an forty days after cleavin de sky, while all de hosts ob Hebben attended him, dey would, yea, dey would hab worshipped him as de Son ob God."

"From every part of the house resounded fervent, amens and hallelughahs. Poor souls; to them indeed it was a gospel feast full of fat things. One, may not analyse a spiritual effect, though conscious of its presence and power, continuing, the preacher, said:

"But my frens, its not so much de manner ob his speakin, as de matter ob it, in oder words, its not so much as how he say a ting as what he say, dat fills de soul wid joy and makes it forebber true dat nebber man spake like dis man."

"He speaks to de weary an de heavy laden and he say, chile come to me an I will gib you rest. When de pore man am sick an de meal an de bacon are gettin mighty skase, while de gaunt wolf ob hunger am standin wid his feet on de very treshold ob de cabin; den de Son ob God, say, bressed are ye poor, for yours is de kingdom ob Hebben. Up in de glory land, dere aint no pore, an dere aint

no hungry ones, an dere aint no sick ones a nobody ever cries up dere, and it all belongs to you, fer all tings are yours. Dere dere pore man get comforted, fer de joy bells ob Hebben make music in his soul, an he wipe away de tears, and say to his wife, wife you help me sing, an togelder dey sing dat ole hymn:

"How can I sink wid such a pop As my eternal God: Who bears de earth's huge pillars up And spreeds de Hebbens abroad."

"Ah yes! I know how it is, I've been dere, you tink God has forgotten you, dat he don't see you; don't take no notice ob you whatebber. My brudder, you member, when you was baptized and joined de church; you member, when you went down in de watery-grabe, and you thought nobody was dere but your breddren and sistern as witnesses? Well, I want to tell you dat God de Fader was dere, God de Son was dere, God de Holy Ghost was dere; an God has nebber taken his eye off ob you all dese years day or night, fer he nebber sleeps, neither does he get weary, and when you're in trouble he comforts you, and when you're lost your way he guides you, and when you're perplexed he tells you what to do; he's a God for ebery day in de week, an for ebery year ob yours life: He will be our guide eben unto death."

"Dere is sorrow eberywhere, my frens, sorrow in de pore man's cabin, and in de homes ob de rich and great, sorrow on de land, sorrow on de sea. De hurricane, swoop down on de ship and beat de great ocean into an awful passion, and de cloud rack is dark overhead an de air is full ob flying spume, de blast ob de tempest, de crash ob spars, and de shrieks ob drowning men and women, but de Son ob God who walked on de wafers ob old is dere, an he tell his children dat its just as near to glory troo de foam an troo de sea as it is on dry land. He go into de cabin, where de mudder is weepin ober her dead chile, and he say, mudder you shall see that chile again, where de shadows nebber darken de treshold, fer it is de treshold ob Hebben. He tell de pore sinner weepin ober his sins, dat dare is joy in de presence ob de angels ob God ober de one sinner dat repenteth, an den he say, son dry sins be forgiven de; when de pore old blackslidder comes a weepin, back home, he runs to meet him, an he don't say, got off you miserable vagabone; you're a disgrace to me and my church; ah no, my frens, but he puts his arms about dat ragged sinner, an kisses him an he tell de wondering angels, to bring out de best robe, an de best pair ob shoes an kill de stall fed calf, fer dis my son—my son mark you—which was dead, is alive again, which was lost is found."

He was but a plain uncultivated man, with no pretension to learning or elegance of style, yet there was so much of honest conviction and unquestioning faith in the manner as well as the matter of his utterances that one could not doubt, but here was one, even in that humble obscure place, whom God had called to minister to his people.

One by one, the torches flickered and went out, the lamps dimmed and waned; and the people rose to receive the benediction. On the dusky faces of the congregation could be seen the traces of tears, as well as the glow of enthusiasm.

As the large gathering slowly filed out of the place of worship, one was reminded of our Saviour's prophetic utterance, and its evident fulfillment; "and other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold and one shepherd."

"Our Father which art in Heaven. Hallowed be thy name."

A Short Sketch Of The First Settlers Of New Canaan.

Dec. 16.—When it became known that two of Mr. Keith's little girls were lost in the woods or stolen by the Indians the whole settlement turned out and formed themselves into a searching party. The search was kept up day and night until it was certain that if the children were lost it was impossible for them to be alive, yet the search was not abandoned and the general opinion was that the Indians had stolen the children. Mr. Keith determined to visit all the different settlements where the Indians were camping. He visited Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island as well as the different settlements in New Brunswick but could find no trace of the missing children and he was forced to give up all hope of recovery. About thirty years afterwards there appeared two women in the settlement and they claimed to be the two girls, but their identification was never certain. One of them returned to her old Indian home and the other remained, living a kind of wandering life among the different white settlements.

In the early part of the present century New Canaan was visited by the Rev. David Crandall, then a prominent figure in the Baptist Denomination. The inhabitants of the settlement, being of the old Puritan stock, they received the word gladly and a Baptist church was formed, being one of the earliest churches of the province.

The cold seasons of New Brunswick greatly retarded the progress of the settlement as several of the settlers left the settlement and located themselves in different parts of the province. Some went to Upper Canada but in a few years returned to New Canaan full of tales of woe and suffering.

About this time there arose a general political agitation all over the province of which New Canaan was deeply concerned. The old Government known as the Family Compact had mis-ruled until their acts were so oppressive and unjust that it became necessary to form a new party and they called themselves Reformers. The first candidate on the Reform ticket in Queens Co. was Mr. Harrison, of Jemseg. The polling-booth for the whole county, in those days, was Gagetown. Every parish had its day for voting and as the votes were cast by registering your name the result of every day's voting was known. Party feeling ran high. The old party using all the devices in their power to secure a majority of votes. When all the parishes had voted except Brunswick, the government candidate had a small majority and the result of the election depended on the Brunswick vote. Thirty or more men were seen filing into Gagetown on the last day of polling. They were surrounded by leading men of both parties and anxiety was soon ended as one of the men of Brunswick gave them to understand that every man from Brunswick was going to vote for Harrison. The men from Brunswick took their dinner and a little of the old Jamaica rum at Glass's Hotel and filed out with the intent of voting they found the door to the polling-place fastened and the entry blocked by friends of the old Family Compact.

HER PICTURE.

At his watch he looked intently, While his smile lights up his face, And I know as well as can be There's a woman in the case.

—J. W. L. in Puck.

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