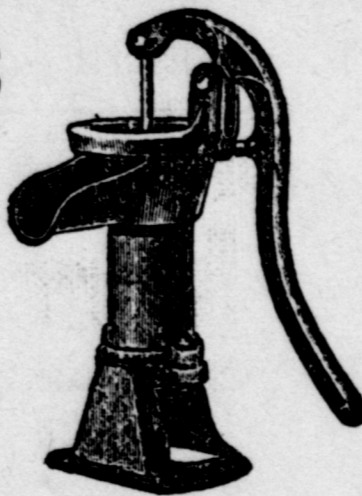



**Barbed Wire Fencing,**  
4 POINTS—6 INCHES APART.  
**Plain Wire Fencing,**  
**Woven Wire Fencing,**  
**Poultry Netting, Etc.**



**Pumps for all Purposes**  
WATERING STOCK,  
WASHING CARRIAGES,  
WELL PUMPS,  
HOUSE PUMPS, &C.  
Send for our Pump Catalogue.  
**T. McAVITY & SONS.**  
ST. JOHN, N. B.

**THE BEST PLACE TO BUY**  
**Farm Machinery and Carriages**  
—ALSO—  
**Bicycles a Full Line always in stock**  
**AT**  
**A. MYRES,**  
82 Germain St., Saint John.

They banish pain  
and prolong life.



ONE GIVES RELIEF.

**RIPANS**

No matter what the matter is, one will do you good, and you can get ten for five cents.

**Do You Think of Building**

I manufacture every description of . . .  
**Building Materials,**  
and will furnish prices and estimates.  
**Give Me a Trial Order.**  
**A. A. MABEE.**  
212 and 214 Main St.,  
ST. JOHN N. B.

**CUT THIT OUT**

And return it to us with a year's subscription to The Queens County Gazette.  
**The Queens County Gazette,**  
**Gagetown, N. B.**  
Enclosed find \$1.00 for which send me for one year The Queens County Gazette.  
Name.....  
Post Office address.....  
ADDRESS,  
**JAS. A. STEWART,**  
**Gagetown, N. B.**

**Poetry.**

**TO THE SMALL POET'S CHAMPION.**  
Oh, bard of Spring! Oh, bard of Spring!  
Why take things so to heart?  
At you we did not mean to fling  
The bitter inky dart.  
'Twas on that poetizer dread  
Who's howls disgrace the powerless dead,  
That we alone would put a head.  
And, sir, how could you think that we,  
Who'd ne'er your ditty seen,—  
For ere we spoke of bards so free,  
It published had not been,—  
Referred to thee? Your lines were good,  
By all we'd have this understood,  
So be not in an angry mood.

We quoted but the public's voice,  
When of the Spring time bard  
With whom all nature does rejoice,  
We spoke with small regard.  
But no particular bard meant we,  
We had no reference, sir, to thee.  
This one with half an eye can see.  
Your Muse's smouldering fires you arouse,  
It seems your chosen lot  
The low grade poets to espouse,  
And for us make it hot.  
Spring's gentle zephyrs mild and tame  
To fan its embers to a flame.  
Should bear a hand within the game.

For at your will we know are they  
Like to a magic wand,  
Your pen points and they must obey,  
It brings them right to hand.  
Oh zephyr like, dear sir, be mild,  
And, don't we beg of you, go wild,  
It grieves us much to see thee riled.  
You say a headstrong little worm,  
If on thee, we should sit  
Or tread, you'll prove and twist and squirm.  
We doubt this not a bit.  
For, oh, you are chock full of fight.  
Thy genius, like the glowworm's light,  
Will steer us clear of thee all right.

David to play perhaps you think?  
You trust that, soon or late,  
You pen the sling, the stone your ink,  
To dent our graceless pate.  
But Sampson you had best to play;  
The weapon with which he did slay  
His foes much better can you sway.

But, champion, ere another blow,  
Or throw at us you take,  
Tell us, for, oh, we fain would know,  
Tell us, for mercy sake!  
Tell us, what means this, we entreat:  
"And if his temper is but sweet,  
We think the fool is best to meet."

What is it, pray, that he should meet?  
Is is another fool?  
If so to him 'twould be no treat,  
For does not poetry's school  
By scores, yes, hundreds, turn them out?  
For most the babbling spring song leut,  
Is seen among the many rout.

And tell us, most respected sir,  
What does this couplet mean  
Your morals are we slow to slur,  
But sounds this not obscene?  
"And one above will shove his nose  
To prove that others can compose."  
Expound, pray do, in rhyme, or prose.

Who is it that will shove his nose?  
Why should he shove it? hey!  
This paper that lots can compose,  
It's self well proves we'd say,  
For it prints poems both "show" and tall,  
And poems that are not poems at all.  
They simply are overflow of gall.

Bring you the Bible do you say?  
No; that we will not do;  
But England's grammar we straightway  
Will forward unto you.  
Peruse it, ere you strive to wean  
From folly with your wit so keen,  
Us, that we may know what you mean.

\*Short and tall: short and long, tall  
necessary to rhyme with at all.  
"And there is one to shove his nose  
To show that others can compose."  
A. H.

See "To my Critic," in issue of May 10th.

**COOK'S SURE COUGH CURE.**  
In the "Clarion Office."

(SELECTED)  
"I come to pay"—the stranger said;  
Said the editor, "Say no more,  
But sit you down in the office chair,  
For my heart is sad and sore."  
"I came to pay"—the stranger said,  
Said the editor "Say no more,"  
But rest you here, and I'll give you lunch  
As I never did before.

For checks are few and money's tight,  
And bills grow more and more;  
So sit you here, my welcome guest,  
And eat of my humble store"

"But you mistake," the stranger said,  
"For as I said before,  
I came to pay"—"Rest, rest, my friend,"  
Said the editor, "say no more"

The care was gone from the editor's brow  
And a pleasing smile he wore,  
And the stranger fed till the beans were gone  
And the cider flowed no more.

Then straight the editor from the safe,  
A pond'rous ledger bore,  
"Nay, nay," said the stanger, "not for me;

I tried to say before,—  
I came to pay respects to you,  
And the loan of a "V" implore"  
Then the editor's face grew black as night  
And a fearful oath he swore.  
And down the stairs in one fell swoop,  
That stranger sought the door:  
And left the trail of a sanguined nose,  
Upon the office floor.

**THE COLWELL CREEK.**  
Had I a gift poetical,  
This charming vale I'd seek,  
And I would sing my sweetest song  
In praise of Colwell's Creek.

The morning sun's advancing rays  
Spread o'er the western hills,  
And all the fragrant valley with  
The soul of music thrills.

Above the meadows, damp with dew,  
Like an orchestra in flight,  
The boblinks, on wings of song,  
Salute the morning light.

How fair at noon that meadow banks  
Beneath the linden trees,  
And ancient elms that murmuring rise  
Obstructive to the breeze.

How pleasant drifting with thy tide,  
Where the golden lilies grow,  
And, floral-draped, the leaning trees  
Their mettled shadows throw.

At evening purple-fringed the clouds  
Escort the sun to rest,  
And lend from the sunset sky a tint  
To linger on thy breast.

'Mid scenes like these I love to stay,  
For there's a double charm  
Attaches to the Colwell Creek,  
And to the Hendry farm.

I wonder not that ye halt and tarry  
In circling eddies slow,  
For sweet remembrances ye carry,  
Of the "happy long ago."

When rippling on this pebbly beach  
Thy crystal waters smiled,  
And held in wavering duplicate  
My mother as a child.

WICKHAM.  
**TO CONSUMPTIVES.**

The undersigned having been restored to health by simple means, after suffering for several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease Consumption, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To those who desire it, he will cheerfully send (free of charge), a copy of the prescription used, which they will find a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis and all Throat and Lung Maladies. He hopes all sufferers will try his remedy, as it is invaluable. Those desiring the prescription, which will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing, will please address,  
REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,  
33-1yr. Brooklyn, New York.

**IN MEMORIAM.**

Lines in memory of Stanley Miller, who died April 29th, 1899, aged 23 years.  
I mourn for him, he was my child,  
Lord pity my distress.  
Thy rod seems heavy, yet, my God,  
Thy name I'll ever bless.  
My Saviour's ever kind to me,  
I love Him fond and true.  
He don't forbid my father's heart  
To love my Stanley, too.

How patiently my darling lay,  
How gentle was his moan,  
But he's gone where the Rose of Sharon bloom,  
And left me here alone.  
God's angel bade my pain-racked child  
On earth no longer stay,  
Wiped his fever'd brow with soft white wing,  
And bore his soul away.

Can he be dead or has a dream  
My throbbing brain beguiled?  
Or shall I in this world again  
No more behold my child?  
His red lips still their cheek caress,  
They hear his plaintive moan,  
They felt his arms around their necks  
Saying "Comrades, take me home."

But his tender voice is silent, now,  
I listen oft in vain  
To hear the sound of kindly tones  
I'll never hear again.  
His body's gone, 'tis laid away,  
It sleeps beneath the sod.  
But he tunes his harp with an angel hand,  
In the Paradise of God.

In golden fields beyond the tomb,  
There will my darling dwell,  
A flower of immortal bloom;  
Now Stanley, dear, farewell.  
I leave you in your Saviour's arms,  
On that eternal shore,  
Where loved ones parted here below,  
Shall meet to part no more.

COMPOSED BY JOHN B. GRAVES.  
Chipman, Queens, Co.

**ACTIVE SOLICITORS WANTED EVERYWHERE** for "The Story of the Philippines" by Murat Halstead, commissioned by the government as Official Historian to the War Department. The book was written in army camps at San Francisco, on the Pacific with General Merritt, in the hospitals at Honolulu, in Hong Kong, in the American trenches at Manila, in the insurgent camps with Aguinaldo, on the deck of the Olympia with Dewey, and in the roar of battle at the fall of Manila. Bonanza for agents. Briful of original pictures taken by government photographers on the spot. Large book. Low prices. Big profits. Freight paid. Credit given. Drop all trashy, unofficial war books. Outfit free. Address, F. T. Barber, Sec'y., Star Insurance Bldg., Chicago.

**Notice To House Keepers**  
**HOUSE CLEANING**

TIME IS APPROACHING AND YOU WANT TO

**Refurnish Your House**

DO YOU WANT A

**Bedroom Sett,**  
**Parlor Suit,**  
**Dining Sett,**  
**Fancy Tables,**  
**Fancy Chairs,**  
**Spring Mattresses,**  
**Lamps,**  
**Dinner Setts,**  
**Tea Setts,**  
WE CAN SUPPLY THEM ALL.  
We also have a beautiful line of

**Baby Carriages and Children's Carts,**

—AT—

**LEMONT & SON'S,**

FREDERICTON, N. B.  
Mail orders promptly attended to.

**ASK YOUR GROCER FOR EDDY'S**

REAGLE	Parlor Matches 3000s.
VICTORIA	do. do. 1000s.
LITTLE COMET	do. do. 600s.

THE CHEAPEST IN THE WORLD—NO DUNSTON.

**The E. Eddy Co., Limited, Hull, Que.**

**THE GLOBE,**  
TORONTO, CANADA.

**The Leading Newspaper of the Dominion.**

**THE DAILY**  
—Has over 12,000 more regular circulation every day than it had in 1897, and nearly 4,000 more than one year ago. IT GROWS BECAUSE IT PLEASES. IT HAS ALL THE NEWS EVERY DAY.

**The Saturday Illustrated.**  
With its 24 or 28 pages every Saturday its illustrated supplement, its many special features—Short Stories and Sketchy Articles—besides having the current news of the day, has become a strong rival to the monthly magazines.  
**IT IS CANADA'S GREATEST NEWSPAPER.**  
You can have THE GLOBE every day and the SATURDAY ILLUSTRATED for about the same price as you have to pay for many of the smaller dailies.  
**THE WEEKLY GLOBE**  
Has had several new features added, has all the news of the week in concise form, and keeps its readers in close touch with every part of the world, and more especially our own country.

Subscription rates and full particulars can be had at the office of this paper, any newsdealer or postmaster, or send direct to  
**THE GLOBE,**  
TORONTO, Canada.

**NOTICE!**

Take notice that the firm of CHEYNE & PALMER, of Hibernia, Queens County, have dissolved partnership, and that all debts due said firm are to be paid to T. W. PALMER, who will still continue the business.  
Dated at Hibernia, Queens Co., October 24th, 1898.

**FREDERICTON The Business COLLEGE.**  
W. J. OSBORNE PRINCIPAL.  
**No Vacations!**  
As we have no vacations, students may enter at any time, and remain until the completion of the course, without interruption.  
Send for a Catalogue, if for no other reason than to learn how a first-class institution is conducted.  
Address,  
W. J. OSBORNE, Principal.  
Fredericton, N. B.

**Seeds Seeds!**  
—ALSO—  
**JUST IN AT**

**G. T. Whelpley's**  
1 Carload Timothy and Clover Seed.  
1 Carload Ontario Seed Oats, (Assorted Kinds) Banner, White Russian, Rosedale, Early Gothard.

—ALSO—  
**The Usual Large Stock of Fine Groceries, Flour, Corn Meal, Oat Meal, &c,**

**TEA A SPECIALITY.**

—X—X—  
**G. T. Whelpley,**  
310 Queen St., Fredericton.

**R. WOTTRICH,**

**Gun Maker,**  
MANUFACTURER OF  
**All Kinds of Sporting Goods.**

Special attention given to Winchester Rifles and Revolvers. Also repairing of all kinds of Bicycles and manufacturer of Surgical Instruments and Trusses. Perfect fit of Trusses guaranteed. Made to order.

254 UNION STREET, ST. JOHN.

THIS SPACE RESERVED FOR

**DR. CASE,**

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

**St. John Semi-Weekly Sun.**

**Cash in Advance, 75 cents a Year.**  
The Cheapest and Best Newspaper for Old and Young in the Maritime Provinces  
Twice a Week—Wednesday & Saturday  
Reliable market reports.  
Full shipping news.  
Sermons by Dr. Talmage and other Eminent Divines.  
Stories by eminent Authors.  
Despatches and correspondents from all parts of the world.

Call and see our Type-setting Machines in operation. The greatest invention of the age.

**St. John Daily Sun**

IS A NEWSPAPER  
First, Last and all the Time.  
2 CENTS PER COPY FIVE DOLLARS PER YEAR

In quantity, variety and reliability of its despatches and correspondence, it has n rival.

Using Mergenthaler Type-casting Machines THE SUN is printed from new type every morning.  
Established in 1878, it has increased in circulation and popularity each year.  
Advertising rates furnished on application

ADDRESS:  
SUN PUBLISHING COMPANY, Ltd.  
St. John, N. B.

**NOTICE.**

Mrs. Joseph Rabins wishes to thank the customers of her late husband for their patronage during the three years he was engaged in general merchandise business in this place; and also solicits the continuation of the patronage of the general public, as she intends to carry on the business in future in her own name. She also requests those who are indebted to the estate to kindly settle their accounts at earliest convenience.

**WM. PETERS,**

—DEALER IN—  
**Leather, Hides, Tallow,**  
Furriers' and Tanners' Tools,  
Shoemakers' Findings, etc.  
Manufacturer of the Famed Bluenose Buffalo Sleigh Robe.  
266 Union St., St. John, N. B.