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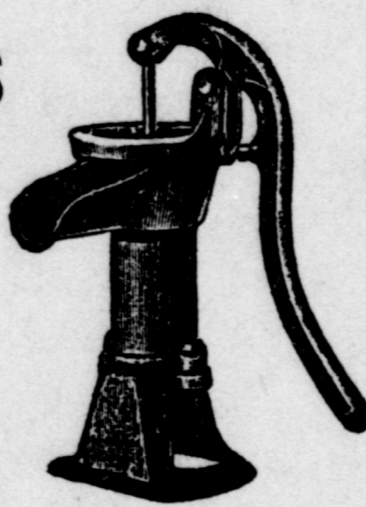
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ADDRESS,

JAS. A. STEWART,

Gagetown, N. B.

Poetry.

SHE KEPT THE SECRET.

As farmer Brown in his easy chair,
Sat reading the news of the day,
At his left hand stood the well trimmed lamp,
And beside it his pipe of clay.

Across the table of ample width,
Was the face of his blue eyed wife,
The little woman of cheerful ways,
Who had gladdened a hum-drum life.

"Just listen to me," said farmer Brown,
"And I'll read you some of the news,—
What will you have, Maria my dear,
You are welcome you know to choose!"

His wife looked up with a sunny smile,
While a blush on her cheek did glow,
"Well, Obediah, if you don't mind,
I always like poetry you know."

Then farmer Brown turned the pages
O'er,—
Perhaps with a little surprise—
"Ah, here's an "In memoriam," dear,
Right here on hand to greet my eyes."

He cleared his throat all ready to read,
And then paused, and muttered—
"Golly!"

"See here, Maria, they call this thing,"
"To my dear departed Polly."

"Go on," said his wife, with head bent low,
"I would like you to read the rest."
"All right, Maria, I'll read it all,
But if that's poetry—I'll be blest!"

"O Polly dear,
You went away,
Because on earth,
You could not stay.

Just two years old,
You would have been,
If you had lived,
Another Spring.

And now your gone,
I know not where,
But O Polly,
You know I care.

Dear Polly O,
They say you died,
For want of breath,
And how I cried.

Alas, no more,
I'll feed thee chaff,
"Good-bye," my own,
My brindle calf!"

The farmer groaned in his easy chair,
Then he uttered a hearty laugh,
"My dear, if I should meet that poet,
I'll just send him after the calf."

Now farmer Brown your sweetly dream-
ing,
There up stairs in your cosy bed,
But your little wife, the joy of your life,
Sits all alone with grief bowed head.

"O, Obediah," she whispers low,
"If you'd cared a little bit,
But now as long as ever I live,
You will never know—I did it!"

A SUFFERER.
Douglas Harbor, N. B.

THE UP-TO-DATE MOTHER.

By H. A. P.
She's the happiest mother,
You ever, ever saw;
She's equal to her brother
In medicine and law;

In letters and religion,
In politics and schools;
She studies art and science,
And masters rules and tools.

On farm, in shop and garden,
She lends a helping hand;
The laws which govern nature
She strives to understand.

She is a winsome beauty,
In manner, form and mind,
Devoted to her duty
Ane the good of all mankind.

She's wary, wise and healthy,
And with the gifts of tongues,
Combines a vigorous, healthy,
Expanded pair of lungs.

With feet and foresight nimble,
With soul inspiring voice—
Of all that's best, the symbol—
She makes the world rejoice.

With beauty, light and gladness,
Her soft, caressing hand
Was made to banish sadness,
With Love's imperial wand.

She's sunshine, dew and fragrance,
She is a ring of gold,
Encircling all who know her
Within its precious fold.

She has the cheeriest husband,
The merriest girls and boys,
And how they trust and love her
And burden her with joys.

When once your eyes behold her,
You will not care to roam.
By this sign you shall know her,—
Where she is there is home,

KITTY.
"Are you the defendant in this case?"
asked the judge, sharply.
"No, sah," answered the mild-eyed
prisoner. "I has a lawyer hired to do de
defendin'. 'Is de man dat done stole de
articles."

TO THE CREEK GOSSIP.

We would like to ask a question
Has the gossip gone to sleep—
Or were our insinuations
A little bit to steep?

There yet is news in plenty;
She may gossip if she will!
But we think she has decided
It is best to just keep still.

If she now resigns the business
We must bid her "Au Revoir;"
Yet the fame of our Creek gossip
Will be sung from shore to shore.

TO EDITOR QUEENS COUNTY GAZETTE.
Dear Sir: Speaking of Shakespeare re-
minds me of something else. I agree with
one of your correspondents who says we
have too many poets (!) Well does
Shakespeare say:—

"I'd rather be a kitten and cry mew,
Than one of these same ballad mongers."

The latest poetry from here is an at-
tempted parody on the first verses of
"Lionel's Bridge." It runs this way:
I stood on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour;
Close by me stood fair Marion
Who heeded not Hal's lore.

We stuffed in drops of chocolate,
And cradled the crackers fast;
Oh! if felicity like that
Could only always last!

Thus we are tortured with hideous
doggerel. And so sharply as they deal
with one another that we can apply the
words of another great poet:

"Such shameless bards we have; and yet
'tis true
They are as mad abandoned critics too."
Yours truly,
AJAX.

Scotchtown, May 18, 1899.
Gentlemen of Leisure.

In the down hill of life when I find I'm
declining,
May my lot no less fortunate be
Than a good snug armchair can afford for
reclining.

And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea."
—Coldridge.

Such was the desire of the bard, and
such is the fortune of our genial wharf-
inger, Mr. Edward Hastings, of "Mount
Gilead." The noble St. John supplying
the place of the wide sea, a good substancial
farm house the place of the cot and a
dry goods box in the Post Office the
place of the armchair. These slight differ-
ences may be considered by some as
drawbacks, but to Mr. Hastings they are
"all right me bye."

It is both instructive and amusing to
hear the old gentleman tell of the "days
gone bye" when he did two days' work in
one and considered it play. (His son
James says it must have been a long while
ago, as he has no remembrance of such an
occurrence.) Be it as it may, Uncle
Edward who has just the allotted three
score and ten years, is still hale and
hearty, and willing and ready to give ad-
vice to any one in need thereof, and even
to those who endeavor to be "their own
pilots." The old fellow is also a noted
vocalist, and often are the hills made to
ring with "Black Eyed Susan" "When
you and I were young Maggie" "The fit
comes on me now," or "Angels hovering
around."

Another noted gentleman of leisure is
Colonel Charles Kinkade, of the "Blue
Mountain Rangers." The Colonel whose
native home is Gagetown, is at present
making a tour of the country for the
benefit of his health and complexion.
He passed through Woodville on the 9th
enroute for Go-out Run where he will stop
a few days to sketch the beautiful scenery
of that locality. All wishing to commu-
nicate with the Colonel are requested to
direct their correspondence, to New
Jerusalem, Q. Co.

Our little town boasts of several more
gentlemen who take things easy, but as
our time and space are both limited, we
must refrain from giving their names or
descriptions.

The renowned poetess of Hampstead is
writing a poem on human nature. Here
is a sample of her verses:

"When I was young and in my prime
(That was some time ago,)
Both late and early did I work,
Saw wood or shovel snow.
But time has changed things right about,
My folks cry with alarm
Now, we the shovel have to wield,
And she supplies the storm."

Not bad for the poetess, is it! The
poem when completed, we have not a
doubt will place the poetess among the
forward ranks of all our noted authors.

But the hour grows late and we are
getting sleepy so we will close with three
cheers for the skipper.
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also requests those who are indebted to
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