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CHAS. F. JENKINS.

**Literature.**

(FOR THE QUEENS COUNTY GAZETTE.)

"Come wife," said Farmer Jones, as he took his pipe from the mantel piece, and began filling it, "when you get those tea things put away, tell me," (as he placed two chairs in the open doorway), "did you have a pleasant time at the sewing circle this afternoon?"

Farmer Jones dearly loved those evening chats with his wife in the open doorway, one reason being that he could spit upon the smooth gravel without, and watch the smoke from his pipe melting away in tiny weaths into space.

But let us leave him to enjoy his pipe, and his wife to put away the tea things, while we turn back the pages of time to the year 1819, when this beautiful home-stead with its broad acres of well cultivated land was one broad wilderness.

Alexander Jones, or as he was more familiarly called, "Sandy Jones," allured by the flattering accounts given of America—where land could be got for the asking, and soap, sugar and molasses came of the same tree, and fruit of every kind grew in abundance, left his Highland home with his wife and three children, the eldest a boy of seven years, and after a passage of seven weeks they landed in what is now our "Beautiful City by the Sea."

Here he found a man with a skiff, going up the river. He secured passage with him and put his wife and children on board, with what little goods they possessed, and up, up the noble river they went, until far into the night they reached the home of a friend who had been in Canada some two years.

But pardon me, reader, it I seem to stray from my story to tell you of Mrs. Jones' disappointment.

Looking from her friend's door next morning Mrs. Jones saw what she supposed was fruit; (it was in September, when our Canadian forest is all aglow with autumn leaves), and she killed her skirts and started for the nearest tree. But, alas! like many of our anticipated pleasures, when we think they are just within our grasp, we find them "nothing but leaves," and there, seated beneath the tree, she shed the first, but not the last, bitter tears in America.

But let us return to "Uncle Sandy" as he was often called by the young people. I don't know why they gave him that title. Perhaps it was because he loved the society of the young, and his ready wit, together with his kind disposition made him beloved by every one.

One day Sandy brushed up his seedy garments and called upon the Governor, Sir Howard Douglas, but what passed between the governor and Sandy, I am not prepared to say. It was something very generous, upon the governor's part and very pleasing to Sandy, however, for he paid twelve pounds into the Crown Land Office, and got the two hundred acres that he wanted, and his pocket book was as empty when he called upon the governor as it was when he returned home.

But Sandy was delighted, and said to his wife, "wife, we will call the first son born upon our own farm, Douglas."

So Sandy felled the first tree upon the new farm, built a log shanty and stuffed the open places with moss; thatched the roof with straw, and into this home moved his wife and children, and then began the struggle for existence.

Unaccustomed to our northern winters, with their deep snows, poor roads, poorer clothing, and scant, coarse food, they toiled on—sometimes carrying a bushel of grain four miles upon their back, to the nearest mill, and then carrying the flour home again. Still they struggled on with that determined will that always characterizes the Scot "to conquer or die." But the privations and sufferings they endured is only remembered by God Himself.

But the sturdy trees fell before the well-aimed strokes until field was added to field and the shanty was replaced by a substantial frame house.

How little the present generation know as they sit in a top buggy, with cigar in mouth, spinning over our smooth roads behind a spanking team, what the first settlers of our "fair Canada" suffered.

But, pardon me, reader, for I seem to get ahead of my story. I must tell you that the first son born upon the new farm was named Douglas; but he was a delicate child, and when he was three years old he left them, and they laid him in the first grave made upon the hill yonder, and when their second son was born, they called him John, or Jock, and the farm Douglasville, and it is called by that name until this day.

One Spring time when Uncle Sandy had numbered his three score and ten years, as he rose from the breakfast table he turned to his son John, and said:

"Jock, my lad, my lease of life is ended, for I am now seventy years old, and when I die, bury me beside the mither, and lad, always be true to the principles we have taught thee. Love God, and your neighbor, and take good care of the farm, my lad, and it will take good care of you."

"Oh, father! don't talk of leaving us, yet," cried John; "for we will have you with us for many years. I am going to put in that field of wheat to-day, and I want you to sow it for me, for no one can do it as well as you."

"Yes," said the old man, as they went out together, "I can do that if I am sev-

enty," and as he took up the basket of wheat and started across the field, scattering the grain from right to left, his figure was so erect and his step so elastic that he seemed not more than fifty years. But the Angel of Death met him and without one parting word to his son, who was at a little distance, his spirit was gathered into the garner of God, while the lifeless fingers still grasped a handful of wheat.

But John never forgot his father's last words. In fact he seemed to slip right into his father's place. Some said he was a "chip of the old block." Like his father he was good to the poor and no one was ever turned away from his door empty. In fact he was a model farmer; perhaps that is why he was called "Farmer Jones." He read the best periodicals of the day, and gathered all the information he could upon farming, and supplied himself with all the modern implements that he needed. He remodelled the house and built a veranda, and in summer the wild grapes and clematis made it a bower of green. The well kept lawn with its flower beds, cut into the green sward, spoke of a refined taste, and it was no wonder, as he sat in the doorway one evening taking in the beauties that surrounded him, that he heaved a deep sigh as he thought, "I have no son to inherit my labors." But he felt his wife's hand upon his shoulder the next moment, and heard her say, "Why, John, what is the matter? It is not often you sigh like that. But come, I am ready to tell you about the sewing circle," and she seated herself in the chair, and took up her knitting.

Let us look at this couple as they sit in the open doorway for they deserve more than a passing glance. They had passed their fiftieth year; their hair was well sprinkled with grey and there were lines across their foreheads that told you at a glance that they had seen sorrow. Yes; disease had entered their home and they had laid one loved one after another in the old graveyard, until only one remained, a girl of thirteen years, and as we glance at her, as she is playing with a large Newfoundland dog upon the lawn, we think the time is not far distant when they will have to lay her beside the other dear ones.

But whatever might have been her parents' fears upon the subject, they never talked it over, for their many bereavements had sent them to God for comfort, and if the face can be called the index of the soul, then, you could not doubt as you looked at their serene faces, as they watch the sun drop behind the western hills that their peace was made with God, and under the most trying circumstances they could say: "Thy Will Be Done."

(To Be Continued.)

Death in the Pot.

The use of enamelled iron ware for culinary purposes is becoming very common. Most households possess one or more of these articles, which have much to recommend them on the score of ease in cleaning, and the rapidity with which heat penetrates to the contents. Mr. Sharpin, F. R. C. S., of Brighton, has, however, called our attention to this latter property, and shown that it may constitute a source of danger. He met with the case of a cook who, in cleansing a saucepan made of this ware had been pierced with a small piece of the enamel under the finger-nail. Upon examination after extraction, the fragment proved to be like glass in appearance and sharpness. He points out how readily this enamel breaks off from the subjacent iron, if it be submitted too rapidly to a great heat. This he attributes to the rapid expansion of the metal without a corresponding extension of the enamel. Once cracked moisture obtains access to the iron, which becomes rusty, and the enamel then peels off in small flakes or large pieces. Mr. Sharpin ascertained that it was very difficult to pick these pieces out of certain vegetables, for example, spinach or cabbages, and draws the inference that many people eat food to which particles of enamel are adherent. He then inquires whether such being the case, this may not account for the greater frequency of certain intestinal troubles at the present than in the days before enamelled ware came into present use. . . . He therefore advises that all housekeepers and others in charge of the domestic arrangements in households where enamelled saucepans, etc., are used should have them overhauled at frequent intervals, and that those in which the enamel is defective should be at once discarded.—British Medical Journal.

Harry was sent to bed because his mother thought he had the chickenpox, but he laughed at the idea. The next morning, however, he came down stairs and said very seriously, "You're right mamma, it is the chickenpox; I found a feather in the bed."

Failure in love to a woman is worse than failure in business to a man.

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ROBERT F. DAVIS, Administrator.

Dated at Gagetown, Queens County, this 15th day of May, A. D. 1899.

**NOTICE.**

All persons having claims against the estate of the late Henry J. DuVernet, of Gagetown, Queens County, are requested to present the same, duly attested, to the undersigned within one month of the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

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Gagetown, April 26

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ANDREW DONALD, Executor.

Dated at Hampstead, this 9th Jan. 1899.

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