or Dr. Earl's.

### Literature.

## A MATRIMONIAL SCHEME.

John Barclay of Barclay, Commings & Co., looked wearily at the stock of letters which the postman had just deposited upon his desk and then, turning to his partner, who sat opposite to him, said:

"I tell you, Philip, I must have some assistance with the correspondence. We must have a stenographer and type writer."

said Cummings. "Very good," "Shall it be a male or femael?"

John looked at Philip for a moment. "You know my objections to bringing a woman into an office unless she be old and ugly," he said.

By Jove, Cummings broke in abruptly, there's a letter from a lady who wants a position. She says she's 20, is a fair op

erator and begs us to give her a trial. "I wonder how she came to apply to us," said John.

"Ah, here it is," replied Cummings. reading further. "She says it was intimated to her that we were thinking o taking on some one in the capacity of type-writer on account of the increase in our business and correspondence."

"Well, she may have heard it from some of your friends," said Barclay, for I never said a word to anyone about the matter.

Nor I either, except perhaps a mother's at dinner. I suppose my sister Julia heard me and boasted to her dressmaker of her brother's success, and the lady of sacques and gowns told her friend and so on.

"Pass the letter over and let me see how she spells and punctuates. Why. hello, it is addressed to you personally. It is addressed to me personally, but

as manager of the house, Cummings has tened to explain.

If Barclay had looked very keenly at his partner just then, he would have noticed a certain confusion that had sud denly come upon him. The fact was when Phillp opened the envelope he discovered the photograph of a very beautiful girl, and he was puzzled exceedingly at its presence.

The letter is very brief, businesslike and modest, said Barclay, and such a one as no gentleman can ignore, I should suggest that we grant the request for an interview.

Philip assented readily.

At precisely 2 the following day a dainty card bearing the name of Miss Catherine Austin was handed John Barclay by the office boy.

Tell the lady we'll see her in just minute, he told the boy and then, tossing the card over to Philip, continued: I want to say one word before we meet this young person. We have not yet seen her, and I want to make an agreement with you that neither of us shall during the time she may be in our employ show her any attention more than the courteous consideration which her sex demands from gentlemen.

"I'll agree to that," responded Philip, and the young partners shook hands.

When Miss Austin was summoned Philip took his place at the rear of the room, with his arm resting on the mantel over the gate, where he could watch the effect of Miss Austin's appearance upon his partner without being himaelf observed.

She appeared—tall, lithe, and graceful, wearing very deep mourning. Every bit of her showed the lady, but when she lifted her veil both partners were ready to fall down and worship her. She was womanly and queenly. I place the attribute of womanliness first, because I consider it the higher of the two. Miss Austin was dignified and perfectly self pos

After a few words Barclay dictated a number of letters to her to test her skill, and as the result was satisfactory, she was engaged and duly installed.

As time rolled by every one in the outer office came to regard Miss Austin with admiring deference.

One bright day in June, Philip took Barclay to task in a jocular way.

"I've been trying for some time," he said, "to interpret the term courteous consideration,' and I didn't know whether it included bringing a beautiful bouquet every morning from the country and placing it upon our fair employee's desk. Perhaps as you are the author of the expression . you will advise me as to its breadth."

Barclay blushed for a moment, and then with a look of mischief in his eyes replied:

"Yes, flowers are certainly permitted, but most assuredly not bonbons or love stories."

It was now Cummings' turn to blush, and the affair ended in a hearty laugh on

both sides. Late the same day the firm received a cable which summoned Barclay to London, and he prepared to leave by the steamer which was to sail at at 11 o'clock

the following morning. After the office closed for the night Philip stepped into a fireproof vault or safe off the private office, where len documents and letters were filed, was looking for a certain paper, when sound of his partner's ve cause to start as he thought a re g. the day but the watchma. H have immediately left his I lice c cealment had not John's next wo.

which were spoken very rapidly, cau.

him to reconsider such a determination,

and to remain where he was. "I love you better than my life," John was saying. I loved you the first moment I saw you. I want you to marry me now and go with me to Europe."

Philip could almost hear his own heart beating as he waited for Miss Austin's reply.

It came at last.

"And you asked me to come here in order to tell me this, Mr. Barclay?" she sing "Only Once More." said, "I am very sorry for you. I'm sure I respect you, but I don't love you and cannot think of marrying you. It is hard to love and not to be loved in return. I know it, for I have suffered it.

A silence followed. Then Barclay said, "You must love some other man." "I do," replied Kate.

"Tell me," said Barclay. "Is it-i

it-Philip you love?" "You have no right to ask, and I have no right to tell you," answered the girl

resolutely. "Well," said Barclay, "it's the old, old story of unrequited love. I suppose I must bear my burden as best I can, and 1 assure you I can do it like a gentleman. Miss Austin, you have my respect and admiration, and you must not let this matter interfere with our business relations. Be assured no further allusion

shall be made to the matter." Philip heaved a sigh as he heard them go out and close the outside door after them. Cummings saw Barclay off on the steamer next day and noticed that he was as philosopohical and cyncical as as ever-no more, no less. Then he went back to the office and wrote a letter and addressed it to Miss Catherine Austin and posted it at so late an hour that it could not be delivered before the following day.

While Philip was opening the mail the next morning Miss Austin came and stood at his elbow. She had an opened letter in her hand and she was pale and much agitated.

"Mr. Cummings," she began, in a voice calm and exceedingly low, I cannot understand this letter. You say my services will not be required after 12 o'clock to-day. May I not beg for an explanation. Although you say your decision to dispense with my services is final and itrevocable, and I do not wish to appeal from it, still I think that as I have a sense of having performed my duties faithfully and satisfactorily I have a right to an explanation."

Philip's face was a study for a moment. "You certainly have a right to an explanation, but I have no right to explain my action until after 12 o'clock. If you'll myself." allow me I shall be most happy to do so

Miss Austin said nothing, but return- ply. ed to her desk and busied herself with her duties. The clock was on the last stroke of 12 when Philip arose and went over to where Miss Austin was sitting.

"You are now no longer in the employ of this firm, Miss Austin," he said, "and I have to speak. I want you to be my wife. I love you-I loved you before I saw you. I even loved your photograph."

Miss Austin was weeping hot tears of sorrow now. Philip put his arm about her and drew her to him. She looked up into his eyes.

"I have my answer," he said and kissed her. Catherine was silent for a mo-

ment then she said: "You spoke of my photograph. Where

and when did you see it?" "Why, it came with your letter of application for a position with this house. If it had not, I don't think I should have sent for you, and if my partner had seen it he would certainly would not have permitted me to do so. He always was afraid of handsome women."

Catherine understood it all after a mo-

ment's reflection. "And why did you wait until you had dismissed me before you asked me to

marry you?" she asked. Philip was about to tell of the compact between his partner and himself, and then he remembered Barclay's violation of it and generously forbore.

"Why?" urged Catherine, noticing his

"Well, you see, I didn't want any one to ssy I had proposed to an employee of the house," was the lame excuse he

That evening Philip told his sister of his engagement to the beautiful type writer and expected a storm, but she only said: "It's just as I wanted it to be. Kate Austin was my chum at Vassar. Her parents died having lost all their money, and as I loved her I wanted her in the family. It was I who got her to write to your house for a place. It was I who directed the letter to you, and it was I who put the picture in the letter without her knowledge, knowing you dear, old, susceptible fellow that you could not resist it. I knew that I had only to start the ball rolling and the end little thoughtful, patient, supervision

would be happy." But you dear thing, how did you know she would not fall in love with my partner, and then you would not have her in the family after all."

"You just trust a girl for that," exlaimed Julia. "I had any number of : pictures at college, and I told her orts of stories about you. Why, I er in love with you long before she ollege."

R ANODYNE LINIMENT.

### Humorous.

Professor Wetthedust (a few years hence)-Good morning, Mr. Tiller! Anything in my line to day? I have brought my balloons and explosives along

Mr. Tiller (American farmer)-Well, dunno. What's the price of rain now?

Chairman (at concert)-Ladies and gentlemen, Miss Discordant will now Sarcastic Critic-Thank heaven for

Chairman (coming forward again)-"Only Once More," Miss Discordant will sing "Forever and Ever." Collapse of S. C.

She-Which would you rather be, a little toad in a big puddle or a big toad in

a litle puddle? He (after long and serious thought)-Well, all things considered, I'd rather be

a big toad in a little puddle. She-There! I have always thought that you had no real ambition to make a man of yourself.

Mr. Lingerer-"I must tell you about the dream I had last night; ic was an aw fully pleasant one."

Miss Weary (indifferently)-"Indeed!" Mr. Lingerer-"Yes, I dreamed that I was hundreds of miles away from here.' Miss Weary (with enthusiasm) -- "Oh, how delightful."

"Do you take an outing this summer

"Yes; I get my innings in August."-Chicago Record.

McSwatter-He has everything at his fingers' ends, that professor.

McSwitters - Even real estate-Syracuse Herald.

Coals of Fire.

Ethel-Lottie Totkins said you was too mean to live, 'cause you wouldn't let me play with her.

Fond Mother-And what did you say,

Ethel-I heaped coals of fire on her head I said I hoped her mamma wasn't as mean as you are.

Well Preserved.

At a cafe a group of gentlemen were discussing politics. A young fellow entered and joined in the conversation, but his argument did not please the others, and one of them said to him:

"Be quiet! At your age I was an ass

"You are wonderfully well preserved, sir." was the immediate and crushing re-

A felon by the name of Hogg once appealed to the witty Sir Nicholas Bacon and besought him to spare him on the score of relationship, "for," said he, "hog is akin to bacon."

"But," answered Sir Nicholas, "hog is not bacon until it is hung. Until you are hung you are no relation of mine."

## 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 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 contain the prescription the prescription which will contain the prescription the prescription that the prescription is th siring the prescription, which will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing, will please address,

REV. EDWARD A. WILSON, Brooklyn, New York

Germs.

A person with a sound constitution, an active liver, normal skin, healthy kidneys, and strong heart action is in little danger from germs. Germs lay in wait for weak people.. There are two things they do not like. One is sunshine the other is open air. The garret, with its bats and owls, its cobwebs and dust and Crockery, debris, is an ideal health resort compared to the cellar, dark. dingy and damp, with its decaying vegetables and musty smells. The merest whiff which comes from the hidden nook in the cellar is populated with a flock of disease germs compared to which the frogs were sent to Fruit Jars. plague Egypt were but very poor company. Sunlight kills germs within a very short time. Germs are not found in mountain uplands. They must have a moisture, dampness and darkness. They multiply in the damp, dark cellar, where neither sunshine nor air currents invade to molest them.

The little ones must do something, and it is often as easy—if there was nothing else to be considered in the matter-to think of some "really work," as a new game. It is surprising how many useful things these little helpers can do with a from the mother, even less than is often needed to keep them simply amused, and aside from the actual assistance, they are learning habits of industry and helpfulness, which are invaluable.

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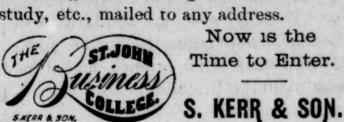
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