

Poetry.

BONIS NOCET QUISQUIS PEP- ERORERIT MALIS.

One morn o'er Douglas Harbor's snow- clad plain; Came wafted on the breeze a cry of pain; And in a voice of anguish, sad and slow, Broke on my startled ears this cry of woe:

"Oh! is there none who to my aid will fly? None to relieve a "Sufferer" ere he die? With FUROR POETICUS, yea, and briny tears, I cry for pity, but ye stop your ears.

Oh, toilers! turn from selfish labor yet. And AURI SACRA FAMES e'u forget. SISTE, VIATOR! do not pass me by; Here IN EXTREMIS does a "Sufferer lie!"

Touched to my heart by such a plaintive plea, I turned my footsteps toward the sound to flee, And presently before my wondering eyes There came a sight which filled me with surprise:

Upon a crumbling rock, well-known as "self-conceit," In wild confusion towered several feet What seemed, at first, upon its surface ridged, A pile of Daniel Webster's unabridged.

But as I looked with wonder and amaze, A stranger sight met now my puzzled gaze:

There pinioned fast, with scarcely room to breathe, A prostrate figure grovelled down be- neath.

In words like once they used in ancient Rome, He bade me quick remove each ponderous tome; But something stirred me to a strong dis- trust, And so I answered him, as needs I must:—

"I first must know how came you in such plight, And then I'll set you free, if I think right; For I'm inclined to think, to set you free Would to the world no wondrous bless- ing be."

Hearing my last remark with inward hate, But heeding not, he did his tale relate. That tale, though clothed in Latin guise, Being translated, readeth in this wise:

"Behold before you in this humble state, A man of wondrous gifts and genius great, Who 'though the beauteous heavens downward fall Let justice still be done!' would call.

Not long ago, a voice with boastful roll Wakened the slumbering fires of my soul, And called my wandering thoughts from far off Tiber— It was the voice of that upstart "Subscri- ber."

The same "Subscriber" filled me so with wrath, I rose in haste to sweep him from my path; And soon I planned to raise a tower com- plete, To help me bring about my foe's defeat.

Upon a rock where oftentimes I go To gaze upon my fellow-men below, I build a wall of dictionaries strong, And waited for my foe to come along.

Then, from my fortress strong with Web- ster's arts, I stood prepared to fling my inky darts, When something—'twas the treacherous base perhaps— Caused the whole massive structure to collapse.

And now you would not have me lie here still, While that "Subscriber" roams the world at will? Oh, haste to lift from me this cumbrous weight That I may deal him out an awful fate."

And then I answered with sarcasm straight, To this poor "fellow-man," ill-used by Fate,— "Why have I been so very fortunate That I should meet and talk with one so great?"

And now in turn I beg to introduce The very subject of your late abuse; And since "Subscriber" you so long to see, Behold him now,—for I, dear sir, am he!

With boastful words you called the world to view The fall of the "Subscriber" dealt by you— That 'dreadful fate' upon your own head fell— Receive your just reward—and now, fare- well!"

Surprise and rage one moment held him fast, But forcibly his speech returned at last, And, when with mocking bow I turned to leave, The words I heard would make old Web- ster grieve.

And still when I had left him far behind, His ravings wild came wafted on the wind; Now cries for help, now threats the air that rent

Followed my ears as, laughing, on I went.

Mingled with maledictions that, per- chance, Caesar's vocabulary did of old enhance, Fainter and fainter did the echo come. "TAT JUSTITIA RUAT COELUM!"

SUBSCRIBER

THE POPULAR POET.

We rhymsters have full many, Blest with little wit, (if any), And talent, (?) Well, that blessing they keep hidden well from sight. Still some sickening ignoramus Fancies that he's really famous; Well, come to think it over, he in one re- spect is right.

For he as a fool is noted, On by fools he too is doted, To them he is a Shakespeare, Burns, a Byron or a Pope. They will quote his rapid sayings, Empty as a donkey's brayings. The "Fool Destroyer" marks them, they are doomed without a hope.

All scorn the springtime poet. "He is lunny and don't know it," Of green fields does he babble, and of streamlets loosed from chains. He the birds has all set singing, With their noted the woods are ring- ing; And his sole reward is ("crazy") luckless fellow for his pains.

But the rhymster that's all glorious, Is that poet so notorious For composing to the memory of some loved one gone before. For his style is so pathetic As to knock you paralytic Oh, he is the fancy poet and the pious him adore.

The songs of Waats contorted, Oh, how oft do we see sported To the memory of defunct ones by this versifier dread, Even Godly Cobby's—ditties— Is it not a thousand pities? Has he robbed of rhyme and metre, to the glory of the dead.

True, he spoils the works of others, But it pleases wives and mothers Who by death has been afflicted, for it whiles away their grief; And it gives them views of heaven, So the knave must be forgiven, Though he is, we must acknowledge, a cheap, literary thief.

But the "dear ones," could they hear him, Like us mortals would not cheer him; Within their graves with anguish they most certainly would turn. Or for vengeance madly thirsting, From the tomb you'd see them burst- ing.

That the dead are quite impotent from this plainly do we learn.

WOODVILLE.

IN MEMORIAM.

In memory of Uncle William Wilson, who died Oct. 1st., 1898. How sadly I remember, when, With silent solemn tread, We gathered round the couch Of our dear beloved dead.

Brothers and sisters, do not weep For the one you love so dear; He has gained a better home, Than to be with you here.

His trials they are ended, His sufferings are all o'er, For death's dark river he has crossed; And is safe on the other shore.

He often spoke of Jesus, And sang of his Heavenly home; Spoke, of the bright and glorious hope He had beyond the tomb.

He knew he could see in the distance. The scene of the great white throne. And he heard the angels singing, "The Lord but takes his own."

Then came like a glorious sunset, The holy triumphant death; And we sadly gathered round him To lip to his dying breath.

Some wept loudly, others lowly, As his spirit homeward fled— While not one returned an answer To the last good-bye he said.

The pain that he did suffer, No one on earth could tell; But he has tried the monster, Death, And gone with Christ to dwell.

Seven brothers and one sister Are left behind, to mourn: May they prepare to meet him On that resurrectin morn.

One sister she has gone before To dwell with Christ above. And he has gone to meet her On that happy golden shore.

But may we all be ready, When the Lord for us shall come, To meet that loved one And Christ who died for all.

Older brothers are still waiting And wondering if it will be long, Before the Lord will come and take them To the home where William's gone.

Composed by Alma Wilson. Chipman, April 14, 1899.

COOK'S NEW BLOOD PILLS.

SPRING.

Oh! welcome to the joyous Spring, While round the earth your mantles fling, And wake the charms of nature's forms, While winter leaves us with its storms.

Oh! gentle Spring, the crows return, Brings us a messenger we spurn; But glad we are his form to see When he brings us good news of thee.

The wild goose haunts upon the marsh; His voice upon the ear sounds harsh; But we don't think of that you know, When thy soft winds begin to blow.

The duck returns again to stream and lake, His voice again the woodlands wake; And sends a thrill of pleasure through Most everyone; 'tis news to you.

The snow it melts upon the hill, And fills each pond, and starts the fill. But who now cares for wet and mud, We all defy the flying scud.

The ice upon the river pales, While water rushes through the vales; Then with a sigh, a crash, a roar, It leaves the waters blue once more.

A robin on the gate-post sings, Then o'er the field his way he wings, And picks a worm up from the ground. Oh! gentle Spring thou art around.

The trees they clothe in garments green; The grass thy loving form hath seen. All nature wakes without a sigh, Her winter garments fling by.

The swallow comes from far away, And other birds have come to stay. The farmer tills the fertile soil, And laughs and jokes while at his toil.

Oh, happy Spring! Oh, joyous Spring! In every heart the joy bells ring. Wake up the sparkle of the eye, And from each soul keep back the sigh.

A. H.

OUR JOHNNIE SLEEPS.

In loving remembrance of Johnnie Mc- Allister, who died April 5th, 1899.

Our Johnnie sleeps—his still, pale face Against the snowy pillow pressed; His little hands with childish grace Were folded on the pulseless breast.

Our Johnnie sleeps—his form we've laid Within the cold and silent tomb; And trusting his spirit is with God— There is a light within the gloom.

Our Johnnie sleeps—he prayed to God For the forgiveness of his sin; The gates of heaven opened wide, And Jesus took our darling in.

Our Johnnie sleeps—life's conflict o'er In seventeen years, the victory won Through him who all life's sorrows bore, And the immortal life begun.

Our Johnnie sleeps—beyond the tomb, Where streams of living water flow; And brightest flowers ever bloom Beneath the sun's eternal glow.

Our Johnnie sleeps—his bright eyes now Are softly closed in slumber deep; To rest with Him in Paradise, Who giveth his beloved sleep.

Flo.

The Signs of The Times.

Every man in Canada is interested in the upholding of British fair play or should be. The common people can only judge the drift of public opinion by the utterances of our public men, in the discharge of their duties, and private utterances on public matters. My attention has been called to the utterance of the Hon. J. Israel Tarte in Parliament. He, Tarte, branded those Settlers, who reside at Fox Bay, Anticosti; as professional wreckers (murders of the worst class). Now the public calls on Mr. Tarte either to substantiate his utterance, or to apologize or give a substantial reason for such a grave charge, coming as it has from a member of the Dominion Government. Was that charge made because these unfortunate people happened to be Metho- dists and not French or Catholics? If so the people of Canada wants to know; and place the public in a position to form a correct judgment of the drift of the present administration at Ottawa. I noticed that Mr. Tarte made frequent reference to Catholics and Catholic influence etc., etc.

I consider such remarks uncalled for in a representative of British Parliament. The great majority of the people of this country cares very little whether he, (Tarte) is a Catholic or a Pagan. We ask for even handed justice and no favors so far as our religious views are concerned; and we only hear the religious question brought up by a certain class of politicians that have unfortunately worked their way in the Parliament of Canada; and they imagine that the world was created for them and their church; as was proved at the Costigan Banquet in St. John, N. B. Here are his remarks as given in the St. John N. B. Telegraph of April 7th:

"He had been in the government and properly or not had been recognized as the representative of the Catholics in that government, the solicitor general now occupied a similar position." We never here such remarks coming from Metho- dists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Bap- tists, etc., etc; and perhaps these persons have as much interests in the morals of

our country as Tarte, Fitzpatrick, Costi- gan & Co. But it is not the moral well- being of our country that these men have at heart; but there is an underlying prin- ciple, that over shadows all moral or social reform, that is cherished in the hearts of those gentlemen referred to above. We find a movement on foot among the Catholics of Canada asking to have the Coronation oath changed as you will find by referring to the Montreal Daily Witness of April seventh; the item referred to can be found on the eleventh page of said paper. It is by small straws we can tell which way the wind blows.

"A word to the wise is sufficient."

JOHNSTON — — — Queens Co. N. B.

TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

Contributed by the I. O. G. T.

WHY WE OPPOSE THE RUM TRAFFIC.

The argument usually employed in favor of the sale and use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage may all be reduced, I think to these three, viz: First, the financial benefit which the traffic confers upon the country at large. Second, the benefit of alcoholic drinks to the consumer, when used in moderation and third, the right of man to do as he pleases. The first proposition in answer to this offence is that the country gains nothing in a financial point of view by the traffic in strong drink. In order to show that any busi- ness is a financial benefit to the country we should be prepared to show that it in- creases the amount of active capital, or else that it develops some branch of na- tional industry. That a large amount of capital is invested in the business is un- deniable; but a little consideration will convince any unprejudiced mind that the same money directed in other channels would be of far greater good to the country. It is time the government re- ceives a large income but it is equally true that it expends a large sum on account of the rum traffic. On the credit side you may put the amounts received for licence and for excise and import duties, then on the debit side put the salaries paid for collecting those duties; the sums paid for the suppression of crime caused by the use of strong drink; the amounts paid by public and private charity for the support of paupers made so by the same means. The value of the property which strong drink annually destroys—and you will have more figures than on the credit side. And this is not all; for we have yet to es- timate the loss which the industry of the country sustains through the drinking customs of the day. Let it be remembered that every day spent in idleness by a working-man—say a mechanic—is not only so much lost to himself and his fam- ily but it is so much taken from the ag- gregate wealth of the country at large. If any one doubts this let him calculate what would be the result financially if all the laborers, farmers, mechanics etc., were to suspend labor entirely for one year. The result would be national bankruptcy and universal famine. Every- day, therefore, which is lost to productive labor tends so much to impoverish the county. The second proposition is that the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage is never beneficial to the individual. He it not benefited financially. Every year hundreds of men are reduced to poverty by drunkenness, but who ever heard of the drinking habit helping its victim to fortune.

He is not benefitted physically. It has always been a strong point with our opponents that by the moderate use of alcoholic liquors a man can be made stronger and better fitted to endure fa- tigue and that the habit conduces to health and long life. Alcohol interferes with digestion in two ways, by impairing the action of the gastric juice and by in- juring the coats of the stomach. Be- sides injuring the stomach alcohol hurts the action of every other organ of the body with which it comes in contact with. The principal effect is upon the great nervous centres especially the brain. At first the result is pleasing but as the quan- tity is increased and the habit grows the effect becomes frightful. That which at first gave rise to a pleasing exuberance of fancy now rouse up a whirlwind of bale- ful passions. Reason loses its controlling power and the shattered bark drifts hope- lessly onward until it strikes upon the rocks of crime and then goes down for- ever. Neither is he bettered in a moral and social point of view; for strong drink so blunts all his moral preceptions that the most solemn appeals are thrown away and it so destroys all of the finer feelings and sympathies of his nature, so that the once slaved husband and affectionate father becomes a mere brute—nay worse a fiend. Example upon example might be given to illustrate this point, but they are so frequently met by us all that I need not go farther. If these are some of the effects produced by strong drinks who will dare to say that a man is made better, physically, morally or socially by the use of them.

STUD HORSE FOR SALE!

Mr. Cyrus Burpee, of Burton, Sunbury County, offers for sale his handsome Stud Horse. This horse is 9 years old, weighs 1600 pounds. Color dark brown. The sire of this horse is the "Night of Chester" and the dam is the "Perley Percheron" For further information apply to the subscriber.

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