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Is your paper, made for you and not a misfit. It is 22 years old, it is the great boiled-down, bit-the-nail-on-the-head, quit-after-you-have-said-it, Farm and Household paper in the world—the biggest paper of its size in the United States of America—having over a million and a-half regular readers.

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WILMER ATKINSON, Address, FARM JOURNAL, PHILADELPHIA

CHAS. F. JENKINS.

Great Clubbing Offer.

The "Queens County Gazette" has made arrangements with the publishers of the "Vermont Farm Journal," which enables us to make the most remarkable clubbing offer ever before heard of in this section. Here it is:

- QUEENS COUNTY GAZETTE 1 YEAR.
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This great combination meets the wants of the entire household. The Queens County Gazette gives all the local and county news; it is your home paper and no member of the household can do without it.

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MANKS & CO., 65 Charlotte St.

WE BUY RAW SKINS

Wanted now—Bear, Raccoon and Skunk.

WE SELL

All kinds of Hats

All kinds of Caps!

All kinds of Furs!

COME AND TRY US.

John McCann,

INDIANTOWN, N. B.

Still keeps up his stock of

FANCY GROCERIES

...CONSISTING OF...

FLOUR,

MEAL,

FISH,

SALT,

MOLASSES,

PORK,

Other articles too numerous to mention.

Oils American and Canadian.

REAM TARTAR LOW AS USUAL.

Prices to suit the times

MONCTON

1899 Woolen Mills 1899

I have much pleasure in announcing to my customers and the general public that I will make them my annual call with a full line of goods from the above mills which will consist of

YARNS, SHIRTINGS, FLANNELS,

BLANKETING, RUGGING, HOME-

SPUNNS, TWEEDS, OVERCOAT-

INGS, AND DRESS GOODS.

These goods need no introduction to you as for the past ten years I have called upon you. You have seen that great improvements have been made each year in the style, coloring and finish and this year is no exception. I am confident that I can offer you goods not excelled by any mill in the maritime provinces, and as this will be the last season I will call on you in this country I trust you will continue to give me the patronage you have so generously bestowed in the past and assist me to make my sales the largest of any year I have had the pleasure of dealing with you. I am,

Yours very truly,

A. D. McLEAN.

CAMBRIDGE, April 17, 1899.

Michael T. Coholan,

Merchant Tailor,

126 MILL STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

A Full Line of Cloths in stock,

Perfect Fit Guaranteed,

CALL AND SEE US.

WANTED AGENTS.

To represent us in Cities, Towns and Country Districts. Those who are not earning big money will do well to correspond with us. It costs you nothing to start. We have

OVER 600 ACRES

under cultivation. A complete list of Hardy Stock grown expressly for New Brunswick. We hold certificate issued Government Inspector, pronouncing our Nurseries free from San Jose Scale. Agents supplied with copy.

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NOTICE.

The Subscriber writes to inform the many patrons of

GOLDEN STAR, JR.,

that the great success of last year (his first season), induces him to place this favorite Stallion on same route during the Coming Season.

S. T WORDEN,

OWNER.

Poetry.

IN MEMORIAM.

In memory of Dorothy Armstrong who was drowned at Green Head on August 15th 1899.

Composed by David H. Emery.

When we see the tender one

That we tended with such care,

So quickly taken from our number

How our hearts almost despair,

She was called quickly from us,

Our darling one so fair

To go and dwell with Jesus,

From this world of toil and care.

Around her grave we lingered,

All on an August day

With hearts that felt most saddened

With the way she passed away.

She's only gone from our number here on earth,

Not counted out in heaven so high

So that we can live to meet her,

With God upon the day we die.

'Twas God who called her from us

All in her tender years,

With hearts that felt most saddened

To mourn and wipe our tears.

We must not mourn of her departing

Or speak of her death alarms,

'Twas the way our Saviour took

To call her to his arms.

Farewell Dorothy! we shall miss thee,

There will be one vacant chair,

Though your race on earth is ended

We hope to meet thee over there.

Aug. 17th, 1899.

HE DON'T KNOW ME.

MRS. A. L. McMILLAN.

(The following lines were suggested by a visit of mercy paid by the writer to a poor, abandoned woman in her prison cell.)

Dark in the dungeon where she hides,

Crushed by her sin and shame,

Fair is her face and young is she,

Lost—but for her Christ came,

One who has felt the touch of God,

Tells of His love so free,

Whispers of pardon not said she,

"Woman, He don't know me."

Once in the years not long gone by,

One little babe just born,

Nestled close to its mother's heart,

Glad was its young life's morn.

Ah, seems to me I hear them yet,

Prayers by that mother given,

"Father, Oh, lead my baby's feet

Straight to the gates of heaven."

Years roll away, that mother died,

Sin claimed that life so fair,

Now she is sinking 'neath her shame,

Filled with a dark despair.

Thus when these words were said to her,

"Jesus is seeking thee,"

Melted to tears she sadly said,

"Woman He don't know me."

Ye, who are mothers, dost thou hear

This poor girl's sad refrain?

Press to your heart your daughters fair,

Shield them from sin and pain.

Yet as ye would they were done by,

Do to this one, she

Who in her shame hides from her God,

Saying, "He don't know me."

Ye who are 'neath the blood of Christ,

Blow ye your trumpets, blow!

Bring the poor lost ones home to God,

Go to the desert, go!

Can ye who feel the love of God,

Setting your spirits free,

Go on rejoicing while lost souls

Cry out, "He don't know me."

Oh, for the hearts that feel the cost,

Christ for the lost ones gave,

The hearts that care not where they go

God's erring ones to save,

Washed in the blood of Christ from sin

And shame, they shall be free,

Our Saviour came to save the lost,

Who say, "He don't know me."

Lyons Kans.

Few farmers know how much it would take to support their families in the way they live now, if they had to pay house rent and hand out the gold cash for every thing they consume; and that is the reason so many come to grief after selling or renting their farms and going to live in town.

Farm Poultry Houses,

It is much better where large numbers of fowls are to be kept to build several houses for them, and to make them light enough so that they can be drawn on a stone sled from place to place, thus avoiding contamination of soil and the disease which will almost certainly follow if the same land is used year after year for a hen run. From 20 to thirty hens are enough for a single house. If more are kept, they will be in each others way, and it will be strange if egg eating or other bad habit, do not become contagious among them. The most important thing about the location of the poultry house is that all the land around them shall be underdrained. This will enable the plow or cultivator to be used almost any time when the ground is unfrozen. Drained land is much drier for poultry than the hillside or knoll which is often recommended for that purpose.

A GOOD INCULCMENT.—The Farm Journal is choke full of gumption and it has the largest circulation of any farm paper in the world. It is good everywhere. We offer it for a short time as a prize to advance-paying subscribers to the QUEENS COUNTY GAZETTE a year ahead and the Farm Journal five years, all for the price of our paper alone.

THAT APPLE STORY.

Did Noah Webster Steal It, or Did the Irish Steal It From Noah?

Said an old man who was an ardent admirer of Noah Webster:

"Was Noah Webster a plagiarist or did the English steal from him? I was led to ask these questions by being shown the Universal Spelling Book, published in Dublin in 1829 by T. Tegg & Co., which contains the story of the boy that stole apples, with an exact reproduction of the Websterian illustration. It runs as follows: 'An old man found a rude boy upon one of his trees stealing apples, and desired him to come down, but the young saucy box told him plainly he would not. 'Won't you?' says the old man. 'Then I will fetch you down.' So he pulled up some tufts of grass and threw at him, but this only made the youngster laugh, to think the old man should pretend to beat him off of the tree with grass only. 'Well, well,' says the old man, 'if neither words nor grass will do, I must try what virtue there is in stones.' So the old man pelted him heartily with stones, which soon made the young chap hasten down from the tree, and beg the old man's pardon."

"Now, when I first read that story, something more than 50 years ago, no doubt entered my mind that it was made in Connecticut. And the picture accompanying it was not that little house Jerry Griswold's, and the 'old man' 'Priest Pruden'?

And the boy, did he not bear a striking resemblance to me in my best white trousers? All these impressions remained until recently, when I saw the picture in the Universal Spelling Book, where it looked wonderfully Irish to me. I wish some of you fellows would find out whether Noah Webster was a plagiarist or the victim of British publishers.

"In the 'Universal Spelling Book' under the headline 'Words of Seven Syllables Accented on the Fifth Syllable,' I find circum-na-vi-ga-ti-on, and, under the line 'Words of Five Syllables Accented on the First Syllable,' fa-shi-on-a-ble, and having got so far I didn't wonder any more that some of my Irish brethren find it difficult to catch on to the pronunciation of English words. But that is only a small part of what the 'Universal Spelling Book' contains. It is a readable English grammar, followed by the principles of politeness by Philip Stanhope, earl of Chesterfield, and a number of fables, stories, etc., besides the 'Boy and the Apple Tree,'" concluded the old man.—Utica Observer.

An Eastern Shore Question.

Strangers tell us it is a fact that after the formalities of an introduction to an eastern shore man at his own home always follows the question: "Is this your first visit to the eastern shore?" The origin of this custom was set forth by an eastern shore man at a Cincinnati banquet at Newport, R. I., some years ago, when he was twitted about the peculiarity of his countrymen. The story is a true one.

When General Lafayette accepted the invitation of congress in 1824 and came to this country as the nation's guest, a great reception was tendered him at the statehouse in Annapolis officially by the state. The governor of Maryland at that time was an eastern shore farmer, who lived on his farm except when the general assembly was in session or when he was called to Annapolis at other times on official business. Of course, his presence was indispensable at the Lafayette reception. His function, indeed, was to introduce the distinguished guest. The governor made the trip on horseback around the head of the bay, clad in a homespun suit made on his own looms. The roads and weather being worse than he calculated for when he left home, he did not reach the capital until the day of the reception and after all the other notabilities were there and waiting for the governor, who was hastily ushered into the senate chamber, his clothes splashed with mud just as he was when he dismounted. The distinguished people in splendid array in the chamber confused the plain and patriotic eastern shore governor, and when he was presented to Lafayette he could think of nothing to say for the moment and blurted out, "Is this the first time you were ever in this country, general?" and from that day the eastern shore governor made that question, this question is religiously, patriotically and proudly put to the stranger when his footsteps first touch the eastern shore strand.—Baltimore Sun.

Dentistry at Sea.

When a sailor on a deep water ship has a toothache, he is likely to go to the captain. The captain gives him something out of the medicine chest to put in his tooth, and if that doesn't cure it perhaps he pulls it. It is a common thing for sailors to pull their own teeth. Their method is to put a string around a tooth and pull it. But dental forceps are carried on deep water ships, on some vessels a fair outfit of them. A ship captain of long experience said that in the course of his life at sea he had pulled 200 teeth.

The ship's medicine chest on large vessels is like a closet or cupboard with a glass door built in the ship. In this chest the medicine bottles, gilt labeled, are arranged on shelves that rise one above another in receding tiers. It is practically a well appointed little drug store. There is supplied with the medicine chest a book explaining the uses of the medicines. The captain is likely to have some other book on medical subjects which he has read and studied, and he is likely to have had a good deal of experience before attaining the rank of master of a ship.

The sailors are generally healthy men, but when occasion requires the captain prescribes. He is the physician. Limbs broken at sea are of course set there, and there might be circumstances in which the captain would not hesitate to perform a surgical operation.—New York Sun.

The Letter H.

I remember hearing a church warden in one of our large manufacturing towns read in the lesson the following odd statement from the epistle to the Romans, "And if children, then hares," a somewhat strange piece of reasoning. In the same connection still with reference to the insertion of this much abused letter, I heard a funny story the other day. There is a village in the eastern counties which rejoices in the name of Haw. A parishioner was asked what he thought of a strange preacher who had been bolder a service in the village. "Well," he said, "I liked the gentleman, 'is tex' was just suited to us folk." "Why, what was his text?" "It were a tex' from the Psalms, 'Stand in hawe and sin not'—It sounded so 'omey zoike."—Cornhill Magazine.

Mortar Affected by Weather.

Builders say that walls built during a rainy season are the strongest, and that when mortar dries quickly it becomes crumbly and possesses little binding power.

City Niece.—The windows in our new church are stained.

Aunt—Ain't that a pity? Ca.' they got nothing to take them off?—Chicago News.

In the Probate Court

Of Queens County,

To the Sheriff of the County of Queens or any Constable within the said County,

GREETING:

Whereas Charles F. Cody, Executor of all and singular the goods and chattels, rights and credits of Hazen Starkey, late of the Parish of Johnston, in the County of Queens, has filed an account of his administration of the estate and effects of the deceased and hath prayed to have the same passed and allowed.

You are therefore required to cite the heirs, next of kin, creditors and all others interested in the estate of the said Hazen Starkey, deceased, to appear before me at a Court of Probate to be held at my office, in Gagetown, in the Parish of Gagetown, in said County of Queens, within and for said County of Queens, on Wednesday, the thirteenth day of September next, at two o'clock in the afternoon to show cause if any they have why the said accounts should not be passed and allowed.

Given under my hand and the seal of the said Court, this ninth day of August, A. D. 1899.

A. W. EBBETT,

Judge of Probate in and for Queens County

J. W. DICKIE,

Registrar of Probates for Queens County.

JOHN R. DUNN,

Proctor.

In the Probate Court

Of Queens County.

To the Sheriff of the County of Queens or any Constable within the said County,

GREETING:

Whereas J. Samuel Vanwart hath prayed that Letters of Administration of the estate and effects of O'Dell Vanwart, late of the Parish of Hampstead, in said County, trader, deceased, may be granted to him in due form of law. You are therefore required to cite the heirs next of kin, or about the 13th day of March, A. D. 1899, to show cause why Letters of Administration of the said estate should not be granted to the said J. Samuel Vanwart as prayed for.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the said Court, this 19th day of August, A. D. 1899.

A. W. EBBETT,

Judge of Probate in and for Queens County

JOHN W. DICKIE,

Registrar of Probates.

In the Probate Court

Of Queens County.

To the Sheriff of the County of Queens or any Constable within the said County,

GREETING:

Whereas Idora E. McDonald, of the Parish of Wickham, Queens County, wife of Manford H. McDonald, M. D. hath prayed that Letters of Administration De Bonis Non Cum Testamento Annexo of the Estate of Leonard S. Vanwart who died on or about the 13th day of March, A. D. 1895, at the Parish of Wickham aforesaid, may be granted to her.

You are therefore required to cite the heirs, next of kin, and all others interested in the said estate to appear before me at a Court of Probate to be held at my office in Gagetown within and for the said County of Queens on Wednesday the Eleventh day of October next at Two o'clock in the afternoon, to show cause if any they have why the same should not be granted.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the said Court this twenty-second day of August, A. D. 1899.

A. W. EBBETT,

Judge of Probate in and for Queens County

JOHN W. DICKIE,

Registrar of Probates.

ALEXANDER W. BAIRD,

Proctor.

EBBETT & PICKETT,

BARRISTERS-AT-LAW, ETC.,