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Fresh Meats:

Game, Poultry and Fresh Fish A SPECIALTY.

Orders for Fresh Meats from customers on the river solicited. Consignments of fat cattle, sheep, poultry, etc., solicited.

Bridge Street,

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Having made arrangements with Messrs. Wallace & Fraser to sell

ALBERTS' THOMAS PHOSPHATE POWDER

IN HAMPSHIRE AND VICINITY, I will call on all farmers as soon as possible. Those intending to purchase will do well to hold their orders until I call or write for prices.

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FOR SALE.

One Single Horse Deering Ideal Mower, 3 1/2 Foot Cut. Mowed twelve tons of hay last season, almost as good as new. Will be sold away below the regular price. Also one second hand Farm Wagon, in good repair. Terms on application to S. J. KINNEY, Oromocto, N. B.

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L. L. SHARPE,

Watchmaker and Optician, 42 Dock Street, St. John, N. B.

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NOTICE.

Public Notice is hereby given that letters of administration have been granted Wellesley T. Hamilton in the estate of the late Thomas Hamilton, and all parties indebted to the said estate and all having claims against the estate are requested to have the same filed with him, duly attested, within one month from the date of this notice.

Dated at Gagetown, June 14th, 1898. WELLESLEY T. HAMILTON, Administrator.

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Robertson Wharf, Indiantown, N. B.

Advertisement for E. B. Eddy's Matches, featuring an illustration of a matchbox and text describing the quality and safety of the matches.

Poetry.

AUTUMN DAYS. When woods are gold and hedges gay With jewelled autumn's bright array, And diamonds sprinkle every spray. The robin sings His soft melodious well-a-day For dying things.

Yet often when a riotous night Has ruined half the woods delight There breaks a spring day, warm and bright, And the thrush sings As though his April were in sight Of quickening things.

BACKBONE. When you see a fellow-mortal Without fixed or fearless views, Hanging on the skirts of others, Walking in their cast-off shoes; Bowing low to wealth or favor, With abject uncovered head— Ready to retract or waver, Willing to be drove or led; Walk yourself with firmer bearing, Throw your moral shoulders back, Show your spine has nerve and marrow, Just the things which his must lack. A stronger word Was never heard Than this—Backbone.

When you see a theologian Hugging close some ugly creed, Fearing to reject or waive Dogmas which his priest may read; Holding back all noble feeling, Choking down each manly view, Caring more for forms or symbols, Than to know the good and true; Walk yourself with firmer bearing, Throw your moral shoulders back, Show your spine has nerve and marrow, Just the things which his must lack. A stronger word Was never heard In sense or tone Than this—Backbone.

When you see a politician Crawling through contracted holes, Begging for some fat position In the rings or at the polls, With no sterling manhood in him, Nothing stable, broad or sound, Destitute of pluck or ballast, Double-sided all around; Walk yourself with firmer bearing, Throw your moral shoulders back, Show that you have bone and marrow, Just the things which he must lack. A stronger word Was never heard In sense and tone Than this—Backbone.

A modest song and plainly told; The text is worth a mine of gold; For many men most sadly lack A noble stiffness in the back.

NEVER TO MEET! Never to meet! Oh, can it be That fondest hopes must end like this? Never to meet! No more to see The face that held a world of bliss! Say, it is all some idle dream, That will, on waking, fade away; Say that our hearts in joy supreme, Shall beat as one for now and aye! Never to meet my sweet? Never, as years pass o'er? Never again, in joy or in pain, Never, Oh nevermore!

Never to meet! The words are said, Yet surely true they cannot be! Can all the moments past be dead? So sweet for you love, and for me? Ah! no, no, no! those words unsay, When joy shall rule in place of pain; That idle dream bid pass away, And let our lives be one again! Never to meet, my sweet? Never, as years pass o'er? Never again, in joy or in pain, Never, Oh nevermore!

A Hymn In The Night.

Dear Saviour, seal this heart of mine, Forever more to be A consecration wholly thine; With Thy pure love, my life refine, And bind it unto Thee.

O, fill my soul with heavenly love, And breathe its unction there! Descend, O blest, angelic dove, Bestow thy riches from above, Answer my humble prayer!

Then shall hope's star-enkindling beam Its warmth my soul entwine, And faith shall part with radiant streams The cloud's deep veil of gloom, with gleams Of light from the Divine.

Its clasp shall still the mourner's sigh, Shall dry the mourner's tear, And raise to heaven the dewy eye From shadows deep, the sunny sky Emerge with holy cheer.

God and His Son by man be known As never known before. When Faith and Hope and Love have shown Their righteous fruits, the earth shall own The truth's victorious power.

VINA A. SUMNER. FOR SALE—Notes of hand and receipt for sale at the QUEENS COUNTY GAZETTE office.

THE GENTLE THACKERAY.

It Was a Sad Christmas Eve When His Bright Light Went Out. "I have known Thackeray 18 years, and I don't know him yet," said Douglas Jerrold. There was a reserve in the manner of the great satirist and humorist which prevented his friends from being near to him, and yet when the humor suited him he would open his heart as though he had never known the feeling of reticence. He cared little for display and adulation, and when a banquet was tendered him on his departure for America he said he wished it were over, as such things always set him trembling.

"Besides," said he, "I'll have to make a speech, and what am I to say? I'll see if I can hammer out something. I am afraid it will be stammering by and by." At the time "Vanity Fair" was published, Charles Dickens was producing in monthly form the story of "Dombey and Son." Thackeray read with eager delight each number as it came from the press. Where Dickens described the death of little Paul with a depth of pathos which produced a vibratory emotion in the hearts of all who read it, Thackeray seemed electrified at the thought that there was a man living who could exercise so complete a control over him. Putting the copy of "Dombey and Son" in his pocket, he hurried down to Mr. Punch's office and, dashing it down on the table with startling vehemence, exclaimed: "There's no writing against such power as this—one has no chance. Read that chapter describing Paul's death. It is stupendous!" Thackeray was found dead in bed on the eve of Christmas, 1863. He had laid his "weary pen" aside and sunk into his last deep sleep after months and years of suffering.

My song, save this, is little worth. I lay the weary pen aside And wish for health and love and mirth, As fits the solemn Christmas tide, As fits the holy Christmas birth. Be this, good friends, our carol still. Be peace on earth, be peace on earth, To men of gentle will. If these simple but impressive words may be taken as a shadow of what his feelings may have been when called upon to lay aside his pen for the last time, we may well believe that at that sad moment his thoughts were full of prayer for the earthly peace of all.—Detroit Free Press.

"TELL HER SHE MUST."

The Doctor's Mistake, Which Was Corrected by the Married Man. The family physician puffed meditatively at his cigar for a few minutes before coming down to business. "I have been to see your wife, as you requested," he said at last, "and I asked you to come in so that I could tell you what should be done. She's in a pretty bad way."

"Indeed?" "Yes. No regular sickness, you know, but generally run down and in bad shape. With rest and care she'll come out all right, but you'll have to look after her pretty closely." "I beg your pardon?" "I say you'll have to look after her pretty closely. You'll have to appoint yourself sort of general overseer or supervisor of everything pertaining to her welfare for a time and be very strict with her too. In the first place, tell her she must!"

"Doctor, are you acquainted with my wife?" interrupted the husband. "Not intimately at all," replied the astonished physician. "I've been called upon to treat her once or twice, as you know, but that is all." "Possibly that may be urged as an excuse," said the husband, "but it's not a particularly good one. There are women with whom you are quite well acquainted, are there not?"

"Certainly," came the reply. "Marry, come now." "And you can advise me to tell my wife that she must do something or other?" The physician looked at the husband, and the husband looked at the physician. "My dear sir," said the physician at last, "it flatters some men to talk to them that way, but I see you are a man of judgment and sense who prefers the truth to all else. Of course what I mean is that you ought to suggest to your wife that, if it is in accord with her judgment, possibly it may be a good thing to follow the advice that I will now give you. Naturally, being married, I know as well as you that 'must' is a word that ought to be eliminated from the English language or at the most confined to the intercourse of parents with children."—Chicago Post.

A Queer New England Betrothal.

Hawthorne found romance on the shores of old New England, and there is a good deal of it unmined in the modern life of the Yankees. The following story of love and marriage, strange as it may seem, is known to the writer to be true:

Years ago a summer boarder at a cottage on a point of land which formed the protecting arm of the harbor of a fishing town in Massachusetts was shown a girl baby only a few months old. He looked at the babe and admired; then said to the mother: "Will you give me that babe for my wife?" The mother had known the young man for several summers; she liked him, and therefore answered promptly, "Yes."

"Will you promise never to tell her that you have selected me as her husband?" "Yes." The conditions of the singular betrothal were observed. The girl baby grew up, and summer after summer the young man courted her. When she was 18, he married her, and not till then did she know that she had been betrothed to her husband while in her cradle. Can old romance be more romantic than this story of a New England fishing town?—Youth's Companion.

Stars, but Not In His Line.

"You referred to me this morning, sir," howled the eminent actor, "as 'the Algod of the theatrical profession!' Allow me to ask you, sir, if that is a miserable attempt to play upon the word 'alcohol,' as a reminder, sir, that I was once addicted to the excessive use of the intoxicating bowl!"

"By no means, sir," protested the newspaper man. "I meant by that expression to convey the idea that you were a 'variable star'—sometimes brilliant and at other times not so brilliant." With a muttered apology the eminent actor turned on his heel and stalked away. "And this," bitterly exclaimed the newspaper man, "is the result of my assignment to an astrophysical Tribune."

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We are new manufacturing a Ginger Nut, or Snap, which all who have seen them call the most perfect ever placed upon the market.

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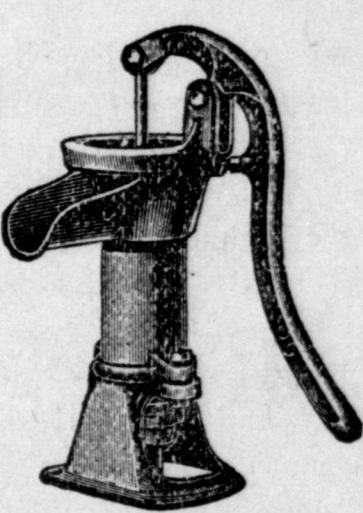
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