

Everything from a NEEDLE to an ANCHOR

Call and see one of the most complete and well selected lines of Goods kept by any general store in the province.

STAPLE & FACY DRY GOOD, Groceries an Provisions Hats, Caps and Furs,

Hardyare and Tinware, Boots, Shoes and Oil Tanned Goods, Ready Made Clothing and Gents' Furnishings,

Bottom Prices. King Lumber Co. (Ltd.), Chipman, N. B.,

J. W. KEAST, GENERAL DEALER IN

Flour, Meal, Feed, Oats, General Groceries Hardware, &c.

Fresh Meats: of all kinds. 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, —Indiantown, St. John, N. B.—

NOTICE! 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.

Phosphate the Best, Prices the Lowest, Terms Easy. GEO. J. RATHBURN, Agent, Hibernia, Queens Co. March 4.

THE LAIRD, The thoroughbred Clyde Stallion, The Laird, will travel the season of 1898 through the Parishes of Johnston and Brunswick in the County of Queens and a part of Kings County.

A. T. McALLISTER, Agent. Gagetown, N. B., May 3rd, 1898.

NEW AND STYLISH our summer assortment of Hats, Flowers and Ribbons. The Best Variety of Sailor Hats in the City at Lowest Prices.

General Dry Goods. MISSES MAHER, 1 St., St. John, (North End).

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE. THE ST. JOHN'S BUSINESS COLLEGE.

ST. JOHN'S COOL SUMMER WEATHER, combined with our ventilating facilities make study just as agreeable in July and as at any other time.

the chance for teachers and others to sup the ISAAC PITMAN SHORT A D and our NEW METHODS (the very latest) of BUSINESS PRACTICE. Students can enter at any time. Send for Catalogue.

S. KERR & SON. ESTABLISHED 1879.

S. V. Russell, Sole Retail Dealer in

SHOES AND SLIPPERS description at Lowest Prices. Attention given to the Country Trade.

AGENT FOR THE E. and D. and Phoenix Bicycles.

Sheriff's Sale. COUNTY OF QUEENS.

There will be sold at the front of the Office of the Registrar of Deeds and Wills in the Parish of Gagetown, in the County of Queens on Saturday, the Twenty-fourth day of September, A. D. 1898 at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon.

All the right title interest claim or demand of Benjamin Clark of in to or out of all that certain piece or parcel of land and premises described as all that certain tract piece or parcel of land situate lying and being in the Parish of Chipman in the County of Queens and Province of New Brunswick and Dominion of Canada and situated on the Eastern bank of the Gaspeaux and bounded as follows to wit: Beginning one chain south from a birch tree standing on the Eastern side of the Gaspeaux River at the southwestern angle of Lot number twenty-one granted to William Henderson thence running by the magnet of the year one thousand eight hundred and forty four south eighty-seven degrees and thirty minutes east Thirty-two chains to a post thence south two degrees and thirty minutes west Twenty-five chains to another post thence north eighty-seven degrees and thirty minutes west fifty chains to the southeastern bank or shore of the above mentioned river thence following the various courses thereof up stream in a northerly direction to the place of beginning containing ninety-five acres more or less and distinguished as Lot Number Twenty in Block seventy four being the lot of land occupied by the said Benjamin Clark until a few years ago. Together with the buildings and improvements thereon and the appurtenances to the same belonging. The said lot having been seized and taken under and by virtue of a Writ of Execution issued out of the Queens County Court against the said Benjamin Clark at the suit of Robert D. Richardson.

Dated at Gagetown in the County of Queens this twentieth of June, A. D. 1898. JAMES REID, Sheriff of Queens County.

Isn't it Time

You bought that Watch you've been promising yourself so long? We have what we think will just suit you.—A P. S. Bartlett, Waltham Movement, 17 Jewels, Adjusted, in Gold Filled Case, Open Face, Guaranteed 20 years for \$18.50. Same in Solid Silver Case for \$14.00.

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

For 15c. in stamps we will send by mail post paid a good Thermometer. Try one!

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.

H. Niles & Sons, DEALERS IN

GENER A GROCERIES

Flour, Meal, Hay, Oats, Feed, Etc.

Correspondence solicited and promptly attended to. Write for quotations.

Robertson Wharf, Indian'own, N. B.

Advertisement for Fire Production and E. B. Eddy's Matches, featuring an illustration of a man and a dog.

Poetry. IN MEMORIAM.

Lines composed by George Durost on the death of Abel Fanjoy who was found dead on August 7th, 1898, on the deck of a schooner.

On a balmy August evening, in St. John harbor did lay The Uranus, a small schooner that carries lumber up the Bay. 'Twas the 7th day of August, and the sun had just gone down, When the Captain left his vessel thinking all was safe and sound. But the Angel of death was hovering by, and soon did take away The life of the Steward, who was left on board, while the Captain was away. Alone upon the deck he lay, no living soul was nigh To raise his head or render aid; alone there he did die. His little family is left to mourn the loss of one so dear; A husband and a father kind no more their home shall cheer. Abel Fanjoy has passed away, we ne'er shall see him more. But we hope he has gained a better home on God's eternal shore; There numbered with the angel band—all robed in dazzling white. Then why should we weep and sorrow for he who has gone before? For within the arms of Jesus, he is blest for evermore. Yes, blest for evermore! He is safely there at rest, Waiting till we shall cross over to that mansion of the blest. He is waiting there to greet us when we shall depart this life And cross over that dark river where there is no death or strife. Now a warning unto you reckless, wayward ones in life; This sad death you should think over and quickly turn from strife To your God. For you know not when the angel shall unsheathe his glittering blade, And your soul will pass to heaven to be judged by Him Who made.

A TRICKY YOUNG WOMAN.

IRWIN RUSSELL. Young Julius Jones loved Susan Slade, And oft in dulcet tones He vainly had besought the maid To take the name of Jones.

"Wert thou but solid, then, be sure, 'Twould be all right," said she; "But Mr. J., whilst thou art poor, Pray think no more of me."

Poor Jones was sad; his coat was bad, His salary was worse; But hope suggested "Jones, my lad, Just try the power of verse!"

He sat him down and wrote in rhyme How she was in her Spring, And he in Summer's Golden prime, And all that sort of thing;

The poem praised her hair and eyes, Her lips with honey laden, He wound it up, up in the skies, And mailed it to the maiden.

She read it over, kept it clean, Put on her finest raiment, And took it to a magazine And got ten dollars payment. —Health and Home

Valuation.

I would not give a fig, not one For any boy not full of fun, For any lad afraid to fight His battles out with all his might; Who will not on an errand go, Or on a car or wagon hop.

I would not give a fig, not one, For any chap afraid to run At dead of night or break of day, To see a fire a mile away; For one who will not beg to go To every ten-cent circus show.

I would not give a fig at all For lad who minds a thump or fall; Who does not ask more questions than Could answered be by wisest man; Who will not during service wiggle, And sometimes dare to even giggle.

I would not give a 0g for one Who never longed to own a gum, And is not always just a-wishing That he might only go a-fishing; For one who will not climb or race, And dog or rabbit give a chase.

I would not give a fig, indeed, For any boy ashamed to weed The garden out; and with a rub Right willingly the front stairs scrub; Who will not on an errand go, And come right back—with movement slow.

I would not give a single fig For any laddie, small or big, Who does not hold within his breast, His mother dearest, sweetest, best, And think the world has not another Just quite as good, as good as "mother."

There's lots of folks, I know with me On several points will not agree— But mothers, heedless of the riot Let us not sigh for rest nor quiet, Soon, all too strong shall end the noise, And gone our boys, our merry boys!

BLOOMERS IN EUROPE. What They Mean in Paris and How Regarded in Other Cities.

In Paris there are but two styles of bicycle dress—long, narrow skirts and bloomers. The bloomers are very numerous—one sees little clouds of them on the Bois de Boulogne of a Sunday afternoon and in the morning and evening they trickle through all the other streets as their wearers go to or from the Bois. But never is a pair of bloomers worn by a virtuous woman, except it be an American, who sees so many and adopts the costume in ignorance of the fact that they are in reality the badges of the coquettes and demimondaines of the poorest, brazenest sort in the capital.

In Vienna the same is true. Bloomers are few and those who wear them know that they throw away respectability with the casting off of their skirts. In Berlin—I don't know. One does not think of fashion or dress in Berlin. It's too ridiculous. It is like thinking of quiet and repose in Chicago. There are bloomer girls in Berlin, but they look like a hard faced lot.

In London there are very many pairs of bloomers—thousands worn every Saturday afternoon and Sunday, and not on other days of the week. They are, it seems to me, all worn by good women, but they are women of strong minded tendencies and reforming aspirations. They are nearly all of the middle lower class—work-women, radical and independent thinkers. They are so often rude and coarse and loud and noisy that the Dorking inkeeper had doubtless noticed their manners more than their trousers before he decided to refuse them the comforts of his inn.

Very many of them go through the streets in bloomers, but a greater number wear skirts in town and take them off and tie them to the handle bars of their machines as soon as they come to the green fields. They make bloomers a profession. They belong to the Rational Dress League or to clubs whose members are pledged to popularize pantaloons displays. They divide up their neighborhoods, and either visit from house to house, begging the women to wear the trousers, or they pepper whole neighborhoods with proselytizing printed matter. They promise to go out biking in their breeches with whoever will put on the same garments until the next wears in their place, and on windy days these well meaning women make such sorry spectacles of themselves as to give the bloomers a good chance to say that the rational dress is the more modest.

The ladies of London who ride bicycles all wear long skirts and bloomers underneath. Those who wear regular bicycle suits made with a saddle seat and a skirt which hangs in a straight plait on either side of the saddle are the most graceful and birdlike figures in Europe. Far too many wear the usual walking dress of thin material, with high boots, no underskirts, but bloomers in their place, and on windy days these well meaning women make such sorry spectacles of themselves as to give the bloomers a good chance to say that the rational dress is the more modest. —Providence Journal.

PLEA FOR SINGLE BEDS.

Were They More in Use There Would Be Less Sickness.

If single beds were more numerous than they are, a great many people would be better off. When one is tired, sick, cross, restless, out of sorts, he or she ought to sleep alone and not communiante by proximity the maladies that affect her. The brute creatures when sick go away by themselves till they die or get over their troubles, and this instinct a great many human beings have. Those that have it are best if indulged in it—not to the slightest degree neglected, however.

Left to themselves, they can compose their internal dissensions, recover their lost equilibrium and get back their habitual rate of "vibration," whereas if continually disturbed and "crossed" and interrupted they are a long time in getting back to the normal.

When two children in a family must share the same room in a great many cases they would be better off to have two single beds rather than one wide double bed. We can share a great many things with those we love, but solitude clings to us from birth to death. We came into the world alone, we must go out of it alone, and we live in it alone in a certain important sense, and to get and keep our "bearings" we must sometimes be left alone. It is good that she should be.

He who has his bed to himself may be essentially alone for a portion of the 24 hours, may have himself to himself and adjust his internal mechanism to his own satisfaction. For a great many woes and ills solitude is a balm—what we call solitude—for when alone the immaterial asserts itself, the actual fades, the real is present with us.—Taggart's Times.

Men Who Suffer From Land Sickness.

The sea is really always the same to a sailor whether at rest or in angry commotion, and its monotony at times becomes simply terrible. Occasionally one is a martyr to that terrible disease known as land sickness, which is common among men who spend months at sea, far from home, far from the refining influence of women, far from land, with its changing pictures.

The malady comes on insidiously in dreams, when one's sleeping ears catch the rippling music or rivulets between their grassy banks, the rustling of June leaves and the music of birds. Then the dreamer wakes and hears but the steady swash of water six inches from his head, and what he saw and heard in his sleep begets an uncontrollable desire to step once more upon dry land, to smell the earth, to fill the lungs with other than salt air, to stretch himself out once more upon some green bank and watch the thick foliage overhead.

Now and then this becomes a real disease, and the victim must get away or his mental poise will be overcome. More than once during a long term of service, lasting more than six months at the time, the surgeons of the fleet have been compelled to invalid men and send them home without any discernible cause except this.—Pearson's Weekly.

Shedding Information.

The interested stranger looked up at the steel framework that rose, story after story, toward the sky.

"I suppose this is going to be one of those skyscrapers," he said. "Don't such buildings as these expand considerably in hot weather?" "I don't see how they can," replied the dejected citizen sitting on a pile of boards and chewing tobacco. "They're built on the contract plan."—Chicago Tribune.

Society.

She—It requires money to get into society nowadays. He—Yes, and it requires brains to keep out of it.—Chicago News.

Anyway the pedestrian has the law on his side. Oh, of course; but he has the wheelman on his neck.

A PERFECT SNAP

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

Our Fig Bars

are Faultless—equal to, or better than, any ever made or imported. With every confidence of your approval, we offer those two lines for your criticism.

QUEEN BISCUIT COMPANY. ST. JOHN, N. B.

ONLY AUTHORIZED MANUFACTURERS IN CANADA OF THE Famous Boss Lunch Milk Biscuit

OUR VICTORIA SODA is admitted by all Biscuit manufacturers to be the best in the world.

ORDERS BY MAIL PROMPTLY FILLED.

Barbed Wire Fencing, 4 POINTS—6 INCHES APART. Plain Wire Fencing, Woven Wire Fencing, Poultry Netting, Etc.

Pumps for all Purposes

WATERING STOCK, WASHING CARRIAGES, WELL PUMPS, HOUSE PUMPS, &c.

Send for our Pump Catalogue. T. McAVITY & SONS. ST. JOHN, N. B.



IN THREE SEASONS,

ALBERTS' THOMAS PHOSPHATE POWDER,

(registered) has proved itself the leading phosphate in Canada, as it has done elsewhere in the world for the ten years preceding its introduction here.

Do not be deceived by Agents who may tell you they can supply you the same thing or anything like it. Remember that the Alberts' have won the foremost place in the world as manufacturers of manures, on the merits of the goods made by them.

Try for yourself and be convinced! WALLACE & FRASER, ST. JOHN, N. B.

PAMPHLETS FREE. R. DEB. SCOTT. C. F. SCOTT

SCOTT BROTHERS, Steam Saw Mill and Carriage Factory.

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN Carriages and Sleighs of every description.

Repairing and Painting in all its branches. General Blacksmithing done connection. LAND ROLLERS A SPECIALTY. MAIN STREET, GAGETOWN, N. B.

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Enclosed find \$1.00 for which send me for one year The Queens County Gazette.

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