



Correspondence.

Spicy News Items Gathered by Gazette Correspondents.

Salmon Bay.

Sept. 3.—The sun has again made his appearance and muddy roads are now a thing of the past.

Byron Crawford is home again after an absence of three months, he expects soon to return to the celestial.

Jim Crawford paid a visit to Little River last week.

Mr. Webb of St. John passed through here on Thursday.

Miss Della Crawford spent Sunday with Miss Annie Brown.

Mrs. Munroe and son Jacob, left here last Thursday for Haverhill where they intend staying the winter.

We are pleased to learn that Mrs. Geo. Crawford and family Raymond and Oswald who have had the measles are able to be out again.

Miss Martha Crawford is visiting her friend Miss Hattie McLellen of Iron Bound Cove.

Mr. Henry Hassen of Chipman was the guest of Mrs. Andrew Crawford last week.

If the water in the river continues to rise the farmers of this place will have to obtain divers to gather their low-land hay as the water has already covered it.

A number of the young people of this place spent a pleasant time at Mrs. William Crawford's, Friday evening.

Newcastle Creek.

Sept. 12.—Mr. A. McM. Thurrott launched his wood-boat a short time ago, and quite a crowd gathered to witness it.

Mr. Port. Flower also launched a fine wood-boat last Tuesday but the writer not being present is unable to give name or particulars.

Our summer visitors are beginning to leave for their respective homes, but still a few more come to fill their places.

Mr. J. P. Yeomans of Cambridge is here and expects to remain a short time longer.

Mr. Silas McMann of Brockville has been here twice on business.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Dowling and Mrs. Tapley of St. John came up to spend Sunday with Mrs. D. J. Bailey.

Miss Alba Granville of St. John was the guest of Miss P. Robinson last week.

Mrs. Ches. McLean and Miss Annie Gale of Cumberland Bay are also here visiting their aunt, Mrs. Bailey.

Mr. W. D. Bridges of Sheffield still pays us frequent visits with his trotter, and is the guest of Mrs. Stuart.

The location of our trotting Park has not yet been decided upon although there have been two or three horses already entered.

Quite a number expect to leave here by Thursday's boat to take in the Exhibition.

We expect some time in the near future to lose some of our prominent young ladies in the bonds of matrimony. Too bad for our young marriageable bachelor to let them leave our vicinity. We can surely boast of quite a number.

Johnson.

Aug. 9.—XX again appears in an article which is all virulence, howl and valgarity. I make this merely as a statement of fact and not with any desire of abusing public condemnation against one who is utterly irresponsible.

and again during this correspondence he has made personal reference to the Johnston correspondent which has no foundation in fact and exist only in his imagination.

Calling names. The last resort of the ignorant in every argument, (his ignorance is to be pitied as a misfortune not as a fault.) He seems to think that I have been seeking a lawyer's assistance.

Letter From Edmonton.

EDMONTON, ALB. N. W. T. Sept. 6th, 1898.

Dear Editor: The wag who said 'the summer had burnt itself out, and left nothing 'cept ember,' (September) might have applied his witticism to the summer just past, for in the memory of the eldest time-honored resident, there is not a parallel to it, for continuous hot weather, and the number of degrees registered, frequently reaching through the nineties to over 100° in the shade.

We have no complaint to make however, for the high temperature was needed to ripen the crops belated by the frost and drouth of the spring, and the result as hoped for is a splendid harvest once more for the Territories.

There is a very perceptible change in the weather this week being much cooler and slight frosts in some localities; but finer harvest weather it would be hard to find or wish for in any country.

If you want any proof, Mr. Editor, of how fast we are progressing towards the civilization of older countries, I have only to inform you that the "Circus" has been here a fact which will immortalize the summer of '98, in the memories of the whole juvenile population of northern and southern Alberta.

The party sent out by the North-west government, to cut a road to Lesser Slave Lake have returned and brought with them some interesting information concerning the country through which they passed.

The Plebiscite campaign is being carried on throughout the Territories, and 'good men and true' who were rather indifferent to the ravages caused by the liquor traffic, are coming to the front, and giving their influence to the Prohibition party.

Young's Cove.

Sept. 11th.—There are two neighbors who live close together, we will call them neighbors 1 and 2. No. 1 had a field of oats which No. 2's hens used to run through and destroy. No. 2 had also a

field of oats, which were fine, no poultry was allowed to run through, as No. 1 kept her hens shut up. But one day her hens got out of limits and went for the field of oats belonging to No. 2.

There are mutterings loud and deep in the way the mails are served, whether it is the fault of the distributing office or where the fault lies we do not know.

The Methodist meeting house is being beautified by a coat of paint under the skilful hands of Burnham Maston.

The Methodist S. S. picnic was held on Saturday at Young's Cove wharf. The youngsters had a grand time.

Mr. Clarence H. Mott is receiving congratulations on the advent of a boy. He is a bouncer.

Our popular physician, Dr. Earle, is kept on the move lately. He was in consultation with Dr. Lewin on Monday last at a case at Belleisle.

Miss Minnie Gale, daughter of George Gale, is home visiting her parents.

Miss Ella Gale, of St. John, is visiting relatives here.

Congratulations to Miss Nellie Elliott who has passed a most creditable examination for second class at the normal school.

Mr. Eldon Mullin, principal of the Normal School paid this place a flying visit a short time ago.

Dr. and Mrs. Mott of St. John were the guests of Mr. D. Mott last week.

Mr. Keith was registered at E. C. Lockett's hotel the other day. Mr. Keith is travelling in the interest of Messrs. Hall & Fairweather.

Literature.

FOUR TO ONE.

In the Republic of Ecuador there are numbers of men employed in carrying the mails between the remote provinces of the country.

Ricardo Sanchez was one of these, and his route lay between the towns of San Ignacio on the south bank of the Putumayo river, and Adelante twenty miles to the southwest.

Ricardo who was one of the most honest and trustworthy men in the service, always left San Ignacio at seven o'clock in the morning and generally reached Adelante at eleven or thereabouts.

Having dined and rested, he started on the return journey, arriving at San Ignacio at dusk.

One bright morning not long ago, after having disposed of his breakfast, Ricardo mounted his piebald horse and started off on his daily journey.

Before leaving the office however, the postmaster handed him a somewhat bulky package informing him that it was of great value and was to be delivered personally to Don Julio de Gerrano, the owner of the big cattle ranch in the vicinity of Adelante.

Ricardo promised to deliver the package, which contained money, with which the don intended to pay his employees their quarterly wages, by noon, at the very latest unless he was detained by some unforeseen circumstance, saying which, he rode off, humming a gay tune.

The sky was clear; hill and dale were clothed in brilliant verdure; birds of gorgeous plumage flitted past him or sang merrily in the treetops, while occasionally his ears were saluted by a hoarse bellow from some steer in a neighboring pasture.

After travelling several miles, the scene became wilder; great stretches of dense forests and impenetrable jungles which the mail carrier knew to be infested with many wild beasts, loomed into view on the one hand; on the other were vast llanos or plains of tender green, which spread away like a gigantic undulating carpet to the southwest, until they appeared to sink into the horizon.

Ricardo had been over the route hundreds of times before, and, while the grand panorama which was now passing before him might have charmed a stranger, it produced little or no effect upon him.

Presently he left these scenes behind and entered a sort of lane, both sides of which were lined with towering mahogany and rosewood trees, the uppermost branches of which seemed to be alive with birds of many species.

A gloom akin to twilight prevailed in this lane, due to innumerable creeping plants and trailing vines, which crept from branch to branch, or hung in long way festoons across the roadway, interlacing one another or twisting and twining about the bows and branches of the trees to such an extent as to effectually shut out all sunlight.

Through this dark green archway of nature—the home of the lovely trogon, with its brilliant plumage of golden brown, scarlet and black, of beautiful

little humming birds without number, of the enormous billed toucan, of shrieking macaws and chattering parrots—the mail carrier rode at an easy canter.

He had no fear of danger for he was well armed with a repeating rifle which stuck in a holster in his saddle, while a revolver and machete (half-knife half-sword) were suspended from a cartridge belt, all ready for instant use.

His spotted mount pranced and cavorted as if he appreciated the shade, for the sun was now quite high, and its heat was intense.

Ricardo, too, welcomed the cool shade as a relief from the burning sun, and whistled a merry tune as an accompaniment to the lively antics of his horse.

A mile they proceeded thus along the winding trail, and came to a place where the gloom was a trifle denser than at other points in the lane, when Ricardo's attention was attracted by a slight rustling in the bushes ahead.

Before he could draw rein, four dark figures enveloped in mottled serapes (which is a square blanket or cloak with a hole in the centre to admit the head), and with the upper part of their faces concealed by masks of black cloth, sprang into the road.

Two of them immediately seized the bridle, while the other two pointed their heavy revolvers at the mail carrier's head. "What do you want," demanded Ricardo, who was taken completely by surprise.

He had never before been troubled with banditti; consequently, the present attack greatly unnerved him for the moment.

The robbers were not at all backward in stating their mission.

"You must hand over that package addressed to Senor Gerrano before you will be allowed to proceed," one of them answered.

Ricardo had now collected his scattered senses, was, in a measure prepared for this declaration.

He had no intention of surrendering the package to the bandits, if there was any hope of retaining it, be the risk what it may.

His reputation for fidelity and courage was of the highest, and he intended to preserve it if there was the slightest chance of his being able to do so.

He had the package in the inside pocket of his jacket, the mail bags hanging from the pommel of his saddle, and, as he mechanically obeyed the robber's command by reaching towards his pocket his mind was busy contemplating possible plans of action.

He had already placed his left hand on the package but there it rested, for he had still no intention of acceding to the request of the robbers.

"What's the matter?" fiercely questioned the one who appeared to be the leader and spokesman of the party, perceiving the hesitation of the mail-carrier.

Ricardo's reply was a lightning like movement of his right hand, a whipping out of his machete from its scabbard, and the dealing of the audacious robber a blow on the head that sent him reeling to the opposite side of the road.

The next instant, Ricardo gave a loud, defiant shout.

The horse sprang forward, hurling the men holding the bridle-rein to the ground, and dashed off at the full limit of his speed.

The remaining bandit, seeing the turn of affairs, drew his weapon and hurled after the fleeing mail-carrier, yells, like a demon as he ran—

"Halt, halt! or I fire!"

Ricardo refused to listen to the command, and bent low in the saddle just as two shots rang out, one bullet coming so close that he distinctly heard it whistle past his right ear.

It was a game, however, which two could play at. The mail-carrier, half-turning raised his revolver, and fired point-blank at the pursuing robber.

A howl of mingled rage and pain immediately after told that the fellow was hard hit.

Ricardo galloped on, and reached Adelante in safety, with the money package intact.

The man wounded by the mail-carrier's shot, proved to be one of Senor Gerrano's most trusted henchmen, who learning of the large sum of money expected by his master had leagued himself with three other rascals to secure it.

Subsequently he recovered from his injury, and after a quick trial was sent to prison for a long term.

His associates were never heard of again.

As for Ricardo Sanchez, he was liberally rewarded by Don Gerrano whose property he had so gallantly saved.

The plucky mail carrier was never again troubled by bandits.

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 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 cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing, will please address,

REV. EDWARD A. WILSON, 33-lyr. Brooklyn, New York.

FOR SALE.—District School Assessment Blanks and School Tax Notices for sale at the GAZETTE office.

THE QUEENS COUNTY GAZETTE.

The Queens County Gazette will be issued from the office of Jas. A. Stewart,

Main Street, Gagetown, N. B.

EVERY

WEDNESDAY MORNING,

In time for Desptach by the earliest mails of the day.

The Subscription price will be

\$1 00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

THE GAZETTE

Job Printing Department

is equipped with good press, new type and a complete stock of material. We keep on hand a large and well assorted stock of all kinds of Stationery. We are in a position to do all kinds of Job Printing, such as

- Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Statements, Envelopes, Business Cards, Visiting Cards, Pamphlets, Dodgers, Posters, Circluars, Labels, Tickets, Tags, Books, Ect., Etc.

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Address all communications to

Jas. A. Stewart, Publisher,

Gagetown, N. B.