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35 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.

NOTICE!

Take notice that the firm of CHEYNE & PALMER, of Hibernia, Queens County, have dissolved partnership, and that all debts due said firm are to be paid to T. W. PALMER, who will still continue the business. Dated at Hibernia, Queens Co., October 24th, 1898.

Sheriff's Sale.

There will be sold at Public Auction, in front of the Office of the Registrar of Deeds, in Gagetown, in the County of Queens, on FRIDAY, THE SEVENTEENTH DAY OF FEBRUARY next, between the hours of twelve o'clock noon and the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon.

All the claim, interest, property, possession, claim and demand whatsoever either at Law or in Equity of Rebecca J. McDonald of in and to the following described lands and premises, viz: "All that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the Parish of Waterborough, in the County of Queens, southeast of Wiggin's Cove the northerly part of Lot No. 5 Second Tier and bounded as follows, on the north by lands occupied by Gilbert Wiggin, on the east by the road leading from the Union Settlement to Young's Cove, on the south by the road leading from the Union Settlement to Wiggin's Cove, and on the west by lands occupied by James F. Roberts, containing twenty-six acres more or less, it being part of Lot No. 5 granted by the Crown to William Welton bearing date 25th September, 1863."

The same having been seized by me under and by virtue of an Execution to me directed issued out of the Saint John County Court at the suit of Nathaniel C. Scott against the said Rebecca J. McDonald.

Dated at Gagetown, Q. C., the fourteenth day of November A. D. 1898.

JAMES REID, Sheriff of Queens County.

Probate Court.

County of Queens Province of New Brunswick.

To the Sheriff of the County of Queens or any Constable of the said County, Greeting:

Whereas Ruth J. Hopewell of the Parish of Gagetown in the County of Queens, has prayed that letters of administration of the estate and effects of Lucy Ann Hopewell, late of the Parish of Hampstead, in Queens County, deceased, may be granted to her.

You are therefore required to cite the heirs and next of kin of the said Lucy Ann Hopewell, deceased, and all other whom it may concern, to appear before me at a Court of Probate, to be held at my office, in the Parish of Gagetown, in the County of Queens, within and for the said County of Queens, on WEDNESDAY, THE FIRST DAY OF MARCH NEXT, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any they have why letters of administration should not be granted to the said Ruth J. Hopewell as prayed for.

Given under my hand and the seal of the said Probate Court, this thirty-first day of December, A. D. 1898.

[Signed] A. W. EBBETT, Judge of Probate in and for Queens County.

[Signed] 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 Charles W. White and Langlan P. Ferris, Executors of the last Will and Testament of Samuel V. White, late of the Parish of Cambridge, in the County of Queens, farmer have filed an account of their administration of said estate and hath prayed that the same may be passed and allowed. You are therefore required to cite the heirs next of kin, and all others interested to appear before me at a Court of Probate to be held at the office of the Judge of Probate within and for the said County of Queens, at Gagetown, in said County on SATURDAY, THE 25TH DAY OF MARCH next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon to show cause if any they have why said accounts should not be passed and allowed as prayed for.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the said Court this 23rd day of January A. D. 1899.

A. W. EBBETT, Judge of Probate in and for Queens County.

JOHN W. DICKIE, Registrar of Probates Queens County.

JOHN R. DUNN, Proctor.

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BOOTS AND SHOES.

Some Quaint Folk Lore About Old-Time Foot Coverings.

The Elizabethan shoe was a really artistic affair, and when powdered with pearls and worn on the foot of a Sidney or a Raleigh was a thing to look upon. When Leicester received his Queen at Kenilworth he wore shoes of white velvet. The Queen herself was a comportsure in shoes. The shoe had developed into the boot about the middle of the fifteenth century, and in stout boots, with tops and spurs, Yorkists and Lancastrians fought a cruel battle on many a bloody battlefield. Then boots were so heavy that their removal fell to the lot of square or page, or any other attendant. After the revolution (1655) the immense rows on shoes were replaced by buckles and large, wide straps. At first these buckles were not unlike those in shape and size, since that period the buckle has undergone every variety of form and dimensions, and in the year 1774 buckles and buttons that gave birth to many ridiculous caricatures.

High-leather boots were worn by ladies for three parts of the eighteenth century. They raised their fair wearers some inches, and rendered walking difficult and running out of the question. Boots of all kinds have been worn in England; shoes made of leather, wood, and reeds; brass-bound, iron-bound, and bound with wide, blunt toes, with narrow pointed toes a foot long, but the right shoe and the left shoe exactly the same shape. About fifty years ago a young surgeon for a country infirmary, in spite of first-class testimonials, because he wore button boots and a flat watch in his waistcoat pocket instead of his breeches fob. "Have you seen Haydon?" asked Sir William Aiton of David Toxide, a well-known character, of a ret, and a good-looking fellow. "Yes," "And how do you like him?" asked the other. "Why," returned David, "there is a good deal of genius in the toes of his boots," alluding to the square toes worn to avoid corns.—Gentlemen's Magazine.

Etiquette of the Wheel.

Rules of living differ in the country and in the city where the vast number of strangers to be met, who regulate to a considerable extent one's life. As in walking, a woman on a bicycle should be on a man's right, that he may protect her. Should she dismount, he should immediately follow her, not to let her fall, but to assist her. In overtaking anyone going through a narrow place or anywhere that danger lurks, the man should take the lead, but on the other hand, on an open road, where the path is narrow, the woman should lead, otherwise the man may set too fast pace and lose her out. In racing side by side, the man's wheel should be a trifle behind—perhaps with the front wheel even with her hand bars.

There are many miles of country roadway where there is but a foot of hard soil on one side of the road. If it be on the right side, the man's wheel should be on the left side of the way, it belongs to you only so long as no one coming in the other direction wishes it. Many a woman, however, counts on her chances and rides along without the least thought of the rights of others who meet her when she is on the right side of the road; and while no man should insist on his rights in such a case, it is just as true that no woman should compel him to give up the path when it belongs to him. In the same way a woman should ride with care and in a lady's wheel should be on the right side of the way without constantly dismounting or falling off or showing in other ways that she has not mastered the rudiments of wheeling. If she sets out for a 20-mile run and finds herself incapable of going beyond five without great difficulty she is causing every one else in the party great inconvenience.

What is the Future of Greece?

What of the future? The Greek people went to war to strengthen the Hellenic race and help to fulfill the Helene ideal. Have they irrevocably weakened the race and destroyed the other? At a first glance it would seem so. The Turk is stronger than he has been for many years. He has learned that no power will coerce him. The millions of Greeks in Asia Minor have lost confidence in their own race and have fled from unice than ever. She will never have a right to the terrible indignity of paying her revenues under foreign control, for a time at least. The dynasty has been shaken, and the name of the heir to the throne indissolubly connected with an overwhelming national humiliation. The corruption of Greek politics, the miserable personal struggles which have usurped the place of party government, the "beastly system" at its very worst, have had their natural effect, and the Constitution is thoroughly discredited. The national vice of windy enthusiasm for great ends, combined with unwillingness to perform the solid labors by which alone a nation can be saved, has at last brought despair into the hearts of the best Greeks at home and abroad. A friend writes me from Athens to-day that there is little sign of the national spruce being taken to heart. Is it the end?—Henry Norman, in Scribner's.

Chulalongkorn and His Brother.

The King of Siam has a singularly winning smile and manner. He is free from all tincture of self-consciousness, and can say smart things. One of his sayings was very Oriental in its significance. The brother next in rank to him in his Foreign Ministry. There is nobody to replace him at Bangkok; at any rate, for the transaction of great affairs. When, therefore, the King was pressed by M. Hanotaux to make some concession to France, he asked how could he and his Foreign Minister were too long absent to be well up in current affairs. "But why, then, did you bring your brother to Europe?" asked the French Minister. "For a very good reason. Had I left him behind, I should on my return have found him on my Foreign Minister, your other brother, who is with you?" "For a stronger reason. He is both ambitious and ferocious. The eldest would not have beheld me if I went back, but the second might."—London Truth.

Wishing on Falling Stars.

Would you know the origin of the star fall? If so, you need not travel all the way to Galicia, a province northeast of Hungary, whence it comes. There it is believed by the peasantry that when a star falls it reaches the earth in the form of a beautiful woman with long, glittering, blonde hair. Every handsome youth she meets in her wanderings becomes the victim of this starland beauty because she has the power of magic. At least that is what they call it in Galicia. Have you ever seen a woman who encircles him in her arms and slowly strangles him to death. If certain words are murmured the moment the star falls, the woman has no power to harm that particular person.

Mamma (Impatiently)—Charlie, how many times have I told you to keep away from the sideboard?

Charlie—I don't know. I can only count to seven.

SWEET PEAS.

host of dainty, wing-like flowers, A bowl of Dresden china, Bountiful to-day some lonely flowers, With potency far finer Than all the roses, wondrous fair, Which enrich the glory of In stately vase of pattern rare, Breathing the summer's story.

A swarm of pink-bred butterflies, You seem to pause and hover On your frail stems, and try to rise, Seeking the sun your never, Sweet peas! My fancy and my heart You charm with your faint fragrance. It challenges Dame Nature's art To match you, lovely vagaries.

HANGED THAT HE MIGHT LIVE.

Peculiar Surgical Operation Performed in a Tall orain Hospital.

A very delicate and extremely rare surgical operation has been performed successfully at the French hospital in this city upon C. Hoffman, a young German farmer. He not only has life saved, but he is on the speedy way to the recovery of health. Hoffman was employed on a farm near Lagan's Ferry. During the latter part of July he fell backward off a wagon, striking the hard ground with the back of his head, and fractured the third cervical vertebra, an injury which in every case proved fatal. An examination by the physicians in the country disclosed the seriousness of the injury, and they gave it as their opinion that not one in a thousand ever could survive it. The fracture prevented the moving of the injured man's head in any direction. The slightest attempt to move the head caused violent vomiting, brought on fainting spells and impeded respiration. The patient was given very little nourishment with a spoon, and had to be kept constantly in one position. His frame wasted away and yet he lingered, suffering great agony.

On Aug. 11 he was brought to the French hospital in this city, where the physicians decided upon an operation as the only possible means of saving the life of the patient. In the presence of the hospital house staff and a number of consulting physicians the operation was performed Aug. 15. An incision was made in the neck, exposing the vertebra, which showed the injury to the third cervical vertebra, which was removed, as was a portion of the second vertebra, thus removing the obstacle to the unrestricted motion of the head. The wound was closed and an extensor apparatus applied.

The patient rests on an inclined plane. The weight of the body acts as a counter extension to the weight applied to the extensor apparatus which is attached to the head, and the patient is virtually suspended by the neck muscles, he is able to rest to health. The wound has been dressed four times since the operation was performed, and the patient is doing well. At the last dressing Dr. Oscar Mayer, the operating surgeon, was very sanguine that his patient would soon be restored to perfect health.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Dart That Didn't Stick.

No better and at the same time no more comical a make could be conceived than that one alluded to by Beaumarchais, the author of the famous "Marriage of Figaro." He was the son of a Parisian watchmaker, but had given up his rank and wealth through his own talents and exertions. A conceited and envious young man once undertook to wound the pride of Beaumarchais by an allusion to his humble origin.

In the presence of a large company of people who had a regard for the talented author, this young man handed him a watch, saying: "Examine it, sir, it does not keep time well. You can doubtless ascertain the cause."

"Such was the watch," said the author, "that his hand before that of the supposed watchmaker had grasped it, and it fell to the ground."

Brought in "Pa's Prayers."

Once upon a time sickness came to the family of the poor pastor of a country church. It was winter, and the pastor was in financial straits. A number of his flock decided to meet at his house and offer prayers for the speedy recovery of the sick one, and for material blessings upon the pastor's family. While one of the deacons was offering a fervent prayer for blessings upon the pastor's household there was a loud knock at the door. When the door was opened a stout farmer boy was seen wrapped up comfortably.

"What do you want, boy?" asked one of the elders.

"I've brought pa's prayers," replied the boy.

"Brought pa's prayers? What do you mean?"

"Yep, brought his prayers, an' they're out in the wagon. Just help me an' we'll get 'em in."

Investigation disclosed the fact that "pa's prayers" consisted of potatoes, flour, bacon, cornmeal, turnips, apples, warm clothing and a lot of jellies for the sick ones. The prayer meeting adjourned in short order.—Omaha World-Herald.

Rough on Pat.

Two Irish soldiers stationed in the West Indies were accustomed to talk daily in a little bay which was generally supposed to be free from sharks. Though on good terms with each other, they were not what might be called fast friends.

One day, as they were swimming about one hundred yards from the shore, Pat observed Mick suddenly making for the land as hard as he could, without saying a word. Wondering what was the matter, Pat struck off in the direction of the land, and landed at his companion's heels.

"Is there anything wrong wid ye?" inquired Pat, feelingly.

"Nothin'—nothin' at all," replied the other.

"Thin what did ye make such a sudden retreat for, an' lave me?" continued Pat.

"Bead," answered Mick, coolly. "I spied the fin av a big shark about twenty feet ahead, an' I thought while he was playin' wid you it would give me time to reach the shore."

It is not to be wondered at that Pat declined to bathe with Mick any more.

A Boat Built of Cement.

Stiffened cement has been used successfully in the construction of a boat by an Italian named Gabellini. The frame is of steel bars, a third of an inch in diameter, over which is spread a wire netting. On this the cement is laid, and the outer surface is polished. The boat is heavier than one built of wood would be, but it is cheaper and slips better through the water. Experiments have proved its strength.

Bismarck's Bust.

Bismarck's bust, now ridng on the platform from external measurements made by Herr Ammon, an anthropologist, and the sculptor who made the Iron Chancellor's bust, probably weighs 1807 grammes, in which case it is the heaviest ever. Currier's bust weighs 1870 grammes, Byron's 1807, Kautz's 1650, and Schiller's 1580. The average weight of the brain of an intelligent European is 1380 grammes.

Nursegirl—Why don't ye put that brat to sleep and have a good time while yer in th' park?

Ex-Nursegirl—It's me own.

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GAGETOWN, JULY 2TH, 1897

E. G. SCOVIL, Agent Pelee Wine Co.,

Dear Sir—My wife has been afflicted with nervous prostration for several years, using every kind of medicine recommended, but obtaining no relief until I procured some of your Pelee Wine, which I am delighted to say, has had the desired effect. It is the greatest tonic of the age, I think too much cannot be said in its praise and no house should be without it. We have recommended it to several suffering from a gripe debility, with like good results.

I am, yours gratefully, JOHN C. CLOWS.

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I have much pleasure in again informing my customers and the public generally that I have made an arrangement with J. A. Humphrey & Son for the handling of their goods for the coming season—west of the St. John River. My stock this season is large and personally selected with a view to your requirements which my dealings with you for the past three years enables me to do and will be sold at prices lower than former years—while the quality has been kept up to the regular standard—goods being made from pure wool; also new and attractive patterns added. I would ask you to see our goods and prices before purchasing and in so doing I feel assured that you will continue to favor me with your esteemed patronage which you have so generously done in the past.

Yours truly,

ALFRED P. SLIPP.

Upper Hampstead, N. B.

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See our goods and prices before you buy and I feel confident that you will give us the patronage for the coming season that you have so freely bestowed on us in the past.

Yours, Etc.

A. D. McLEAN.

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