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Of your Dollar to the utmost limit? Then consult us.
We can't raise your salary, but we can extend to you a
"HELPING HAND IN PRICES."



IT'S A GOOD THING

That our tastes don't all agree. Think what an unhappy world it would be if all the young men fell in love with one young woman, or all the old men thought there was "only one girl in this world." It would leave a lot of wallflowers on the bargain counter, wouldn't it? Think how we'd look if we all dressed alike. One man was looking at a Tie Saturday and another man came along and said, "I wouldn't wear that to a dog fight. The first man said he wasn't buying it to wear to a dog fight, because he didn't know the other fellow was going to fight. That wasn't at all sociable, as we like our customers to be; but it shows how tastes differ. We've got Ties fit to wear anywhere—to church, to Sunday school, to the theater, to a football fete, to a dog fight, or anywhere else. We've never been in a position to show so many different kinds of Ties since we opened as we are now. We're going to make a Tie exposition in our windows this week.

Collars,
Cuffs,
Shirts,
Underclothing,
Braces,
Socks,
Gloves.

Hats,
Caps,
Handkerchiefs,
Neckties,
Mufflers,
Walking Sticks,
Umbrellas.

Jewelry,
Armlets,
Hose Supporters,
Perfumes and
FANCY GOODS
FOR
XMAS PRESENTS.

IT'S NATURAL

We've done more, a good deal more business so far this year than we did last year, and we expect to sell more things for Christmas, for it gets to be a habit, this going to Patterson & Wetmore's for things. But we haven't got the biggest stock in town by a large way. What we've got is right, things that you can give to any man and keep his respect afterwards; suspenders that are as good as they look; Neckties that have decent backs to 'em; Handkerchiefs that you can blow your horn in and not blow a hole in 'em; Umbrellas that won't all turn "St. Patrick" when it rains; Mufflers that will actually keep the cold chills from going down your neck when the gentle footpad footpads you; Hats that will stand conversation; Collars and Cuffs that will stand laundries (some laundries); Jewelry for gentlemen, that will stay where it's at; and we keep Underclothing, any person that has ever bought Underclothing of us will buy holiday stuff of us with perfect confidence; anybody that buys holiday things of us will buy Underclothing of us in confidence. It's natural.

PATTERSON & WETMORE,

158 Mill Street, Near Main Street, North End, Saint John, N. B.

QUEENS COUNTY GAZETTE,

JAS. A. STEWART,

Publisher,

GAGETOWN, N. B.

THE GAZETTE will be published every Wednesday morning in time for despatch by the earliest mails of the day. Subscription price \$1.00 per year in advance. Advertising rates made known on application.

Notices of Births, Marriages and Deaths inserted free. Lines accompanying the latter, 5 cents per line.

Queens County Gazette.

GAGETOWN, N. B., NOVEMBER 29, 1899

GOING TO MEXICO.

From 35,000 to 40,000 Cherokee and Creek Indians are about removing from Oklahoma to Mexico. They have lands and personal property valued at \$100,000,000, or \$2,500 for each man and woman and child among them, yet their surroundings are such that they feel that they must expatriate themselves. The spectacle of their removal will be a suggestive one; suggestive of the power which might exercise over right and of the slim chance which aboriginal honesty has when it comes in contact with Caucasian "Shrewdness." Looking forward the absorption of Mexico by the United States during the next century seems inevitable. When this is accomplished the Cherokee and Creeks will have but one course to pursue, which is to "discover" some island in the Pacific and disposes its inhabitants as they themselves have been dispossessed and erect a new nation of their own.

ST. JOHN LETTER.

Speaking of the wreck of the steamship Patria, a despatch says that "even the women on board displayed calm courage." Even the women! The writer of that despatch could have had but little experience with women. There are thousands of women who would have done all that Hobson did at Santiago or that Dewey did at Manila without a thought that they were especially heroic. Men who have been overwhelmed by business reverses, deserted by friends, prostrated by sickness, have always found comfort and hope in the counsel of a good woman, no matter whether she were sweetheart or wife. There are a dozen causes that drive men to suicide, the most cowardly act that a man can commit; woman suicides only when her heart is wrecked. Compared with a good woman we are cowards all.

Two West side women were arrested a few days ago for shoplifting. A large variety of stolen goods was found in their possession.

The publication of a weekly Roman Catholic newspaper will be begun in the city Dec. 2. It will be called The Monitor.

Trinity church in this city was entered by burglars and about \$50 was taken from the safe which was blown open with dynamite. No clue.

It is rumored that W. K. Reynolds, late of the I. C. R., will shortly begin the publication of a weekly Roman Catholic newspaper in St. John, to be called The Freeman.

H. S. Cruickshank, the florist, is already booking orders from country towns for his beautiful flowers for Christmas decorations.

There are three ocean steamers, three barques and seventeen schooners in port. Several winter port steamers are due to arrive in a few days.

Forty or fifty men are at work on Partridge Island laying the foundation for the new quarantine station.

Steamer Alcides sailed for Glasgow last Friday with 110,000 bushels of grain, 100 tons of hay, 266 head of cattle and other cargo.

Absolutely in the prices of breadstuffs, provisions, fruit and fish there has been no change worthy of note during the last two weeks. Choice butter is in good demand at 17 and 18 cents per pound and eggs at 18 cents per dozen. Messrs. Geo. S. deForest & Sons are overwhelmed with letters, 500 or more a day, containing Union Blend Tea Keys and the number of these letters is increasing daily. Many of these letters contain words of high praise of the Union Blend Tea. The scheme has been a wonderful success and will be continued next year, when more prizes will be given away; they will be smaller than those of this year, but the total will be the same, \$400. This will make the chances better for every purchaser of the teas. Sales are increasing all the time and the firm anticipate doing business on the Pacific coast where many enquiries are made for their popular teas. EDWARD EDWARDS.

St. John, Nov. 25.

His Life Was Saved.

Mr. J. E. Lilly, a prominent citizen of Hannibal, Mo., lately had a wonderful deliverance from a frightful death. In telling of it he says: "I was taken with Typhoid Fever, that ran into Pneumonia. My lungs became hardened. I was so weak I couldn't even sit up in bed. Nothing helped me. I expected to soon die of Consumption, when I heard of Dr. King's New Discovery. One bottle gave great relief. I continued to use it, and am now well and strong. I can't say too much in its praise." This marvellous medicine is the surest and quickest cure in the world for all Throat and Lung Trouble. 50 cents and \$1.00, at any Drug Store; every bottle guaranteed.

Heroic Charge.

LONDON, Nov. 19.—G. W. Stevens, one of the South African War correspondents, sends the following vivid account of the strange battle at Elandslaagte, which did not begin until near by 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

"Our guns," he says, "moved to a position toward the right of the Boer guns, which opened fire, but the German gunners knew their business, and their third or fourth shell pitched into a wagon with a team of eight horses. It was full of shells. We held our breath for an explosion, but when the smoke cleared only the rear wheeler was on his side and the wagon was still whole.

"Our batteries bayed again and the Boer guns were silent.

"The attack was to be made on their front and left flank. The Devon Regiment formed for the front attack, and the Manchesters on the right, while the Gordon Highlanders edged to the extreme rightward, with the long boulder-freckled hill above them. The guns flung shrapnel against the valley, while the cavalry were in leath, straining toward the enemy's flank.

"It was about a quarter to 5, and it seemed curiously dark. No wonder, for as the men moved forward, before them the heavens opened. From the eastern sky swept a sheet of rain. With the first stabbing drops the horses turned their heads, and no whip or spur could bring them up to it. It drove through the macintoshes as blotting paper. The air was filled with the hissing.

"Under foot you could see the solid earth melting into mud and the mud flowing away in water. It blotted out hill, dale and the enemy in one gray curtain of swooping water. You would have said that the heavens had opened to drown the wrath of man and through it the guns still thundered, and the khaki columns pushed doggedly on.

"The infantry came among the boulders and began to open out. The supports and reserves followed. Then in a twinkling on the face of the stone-piled hill burst loose that other storm, the storm of lead, blood and death. In the first line down behind the rocks they were firing fast, and the bullets came flicking round them. Men stopped and

started, staggered and dropped limply as if the string had been cut that held them upright.

"The line pushed on. A colonel fell, shot in the arm. His regiment pushed on.

"They came to a rocky ridge, 20 feet high. They clung to cover, firing, then rose and were among the shrill bullets again.

"A major was left at the bottom of the ridge, with his pipe in his mouth, and a Mauser bullet through his leg. His company pushed on. Down again, fire again, up again, and on.

"Another ridge won and passed, and once more hellish hail of bullets beyond. More men were down, but more men pushed into the firing line. Half the officers were down. The men puffed and stumbled on another ridge. 'God, would this cursed hill ever end.' It was sown with bleeding and death behind, edged with stinging fire before. On, and now it was surely the end.

"The Devons, Gordons, Manchesters and light horse were all mixed. Subalterns were commanding regiments, soldiers were yelling advice to their officers, firing their carbines, stumbling, leaping, killing, falling—all drunk with battle, shoving through hell to the throats of the enemy, and there beneath our feet was the Boer camp and the last of the Boers galloping out of it. There also, thank heaven, were the squadrons of the Lancers and the Dragon Guards, storming in among them, shouting, spearing and stamping them into the ground.

"Cease fire!" It was over. Twelve hours of march, of reconnaissance, of waiting, and of preparation, and half an hour of attack—but half an hour crammed with the life of half a life-time."

Lieut. Webb, a well known Johannesburg and a member of the Imperial Light Horse, who shared in the charge over the ridges at Elandslaagte, writes that the battle was a terrible slaughter, too terrible for the victory that has yet to be won.

"Artillery shells," he says, "burst within ten yards of us all around, yet some of our men had to sit their horses at attention under the fire for an hour. I saw some horrible sights. One of the Gordon Highlanders got a shell right in the face, knocking his head clean off. We charged to the cannon's mouth, the Gordon Highlanders using the bayonets.

"The Boers were plucky and shouted to us to come on. They stood firm to the last. The Lancers charged those who ran. Some who went on their knees and prayed for mercy were let off. Others did this and then shot our men as they went away. One of our killed a Gordon officer who spared him.

"The German officer, Col. Schiel, played the part of a man when badly wounded, by refusing help until our men had been attended to. We killed or wounded all their officers."

LONDON, Nov. 20.—The Daily News correspondent, describing the end of the battle of Elandslaagte, when the Highlanders, the Manchester Regiment and the Light Horse were sweeping to the final charge, says: "To our astonishment we heard 'cease fire' and 'retire' sounded by the burghers. It was difficult to account for them, but not when we knew that the Boers had learned our bugle calls. In obedience to that sound the Gordon Highlanders were beginning to fall back, when their brother bugler, saying, 'Retire be damned!' rushed forward and blew a hasty 'charge,' whereupon the ranks closed up and the victory of Elandslaagte was won."

"The Bow-Legged Ghost."

One of the latest poems by the Hoosier Poet, James Whitcomb Riley, and it may be well to state that it was one of his best, was dedicated by Mr. Riley as an introduction to "The Bow-Legged

Ghost," the latest publication devoted exclusively to good, pure, wholesome wit and humor. This fact alone is proof of the excellence of the book, and should cause a large demand for it. In prefixing this poem in "The Bow-Legged Ghost," Mr. Riley cordially indorses the book and its humorous gems.

Its author, Mr. Leon Mead, who is rapidly rising to the highest pinnacle of fame as a humorous writer, has arranged in "The Bow-Legged Ghost," a collection of his best writings in verse, paragraphs, and colloquies such as "When Ezra Sang First Bass," "The Man Who Couldn't Laugh," "Possible Titles of Future Books," etc.

The book is published by The Werner Company, Akron, Ohio, and for a limited time is being offered for sale by them at a special price. In another part of this issue will be found a full explanation of how to secure "The Bow-Legged Ghost."

Sad Drowning Accident.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., Nov. 22.—One of the most distressing accidents which has ever been recorded in this county occurred at an early hour this morning at Lockhart's Mills, a place four miles from Woodstock. Charles Lockhart, aged 17 years, son of F. A. Lockhart, was fixing something at the bottom of the flume. The gate swung to, catching the young man's foot. He vainly endeavored to extricate himself. His father, who was about, caught hold of his hand, but the water rushed in with tremendous force, and the unfortunate young man was drowned with his hand in that of his father's. The latter is completely unnerved and heart broken.

Beware of False and Deceptive Promises Made by Manufacturers of Inferior and Imitation Dyes.

Beware of dyes prepared for home use that promise to wash and dye goods at one operation. The soap in such dyes may do a trifle of cleansing, but the coloring work will be a flat and decided failure.

Beware of dyes that claim to dye all wool and cotton goods with one package. This is a chemical impossibility. The operator will of course get a color—something muddy, clouded and streaked that will arouse indignation and anger because of disappointment and loss of materials.

Diamond Dyes give fast, brilliant and perfect colors, but they do not promise to cleanse or wash soiled garments or materials. A washing machine may do good washing, but it cannot pretend to do the ironing as well.

Diamond Dyes prepare special dyes for all wool goods, and for cotton and union goods, and guarantee perfect work when directions are observed. If you desire to color all wool goods, ask for Diamond Dyes for wool; if you have cotton or mixed goods to dye, ask for Diamond Dyes for Cotton and Mixed Goods.

Crude imitation dyes and soap grease mixtures can never cope with those great chemical triumphs—Diamond Dyes.

About the Home.

"Blessings on him who invented sleep." But greater blessings fall on her who makes a bed. A charm that lulls to sleep.

The way to make sleep a foretaste of the heaven that is within us, a lying down to pleasant dreams, is fully explained in "Home Topics," the second of the four volumes, "Bits of Common Sense Series" included in the offer of The Weekly Globe which has been for over 55 years and is now Canada's leading family newspaper, from now to January 1, 1901, for one dollar, and Marion Harland's latest works. Sent free; postage prepaid.

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