

Poetry.

BONIS NOCET QUISQUIS PEP-
ERORERIT MALIS.

One morn o'er Douglas Harbor's snow-
clad plain;
Came wafted on the breeze a cry of pain;
And in a voice of anguish, sad and slow,
Broke on my startled ears this cry of woe:

"Oh! is there none who to my aid will
fly?
None to relieve a "Sufferer" ere he die?
With FUROR POETICUS, yea, and briny
tears,
I cry for pity, but ye stop your ears.

Oh, toilers! turn from selfish labor yet.
And AURI SACRA FAMES e'u forget.
SISTE, VIATOR! do not pass me by;
Here IN EXTREMIS does a "Sufferer lie!"

Touched to my heart by such a plaintive
plea,
I turned my footsteps toward the sound
to flee,
And presently before my wondering eyes
There came a sight which filled me with
surprise:

Upon a crumbling rock, well-known as
"self-conceit,"
In wild confusion towered several feet
What seemed, at first, upon its surface
ridged,
A pile of Daniel Webster's unabridged.

But as I looked with wonder and amaze,
A stranger sight met now my puzzled
gaze:
There pinioned fast, with scarcely room
to breathe,
A prostrate figure grovelled down be-
neath.

In words like once they used in ancient
Rome,
He bade me quick remove each ponderous
tome;
But something stirred me to a strong dis-
trust,
And so I answered him, as needs I
must:—

"I first must know how came you in such
plight,
And then I'll set you free, if I think
right;
For I'm inclined to think, to set you free
Would to the world no wondrous bless-
ing be."

Hearing my last remark with inward
hate,
But heeding not, he did his tale relate.
That tale, though clothed in Latin guise,
Being translated, readeth in this wise:

"Behold before you in this humble state,
A man of wondrous gifts and genius great,
Who 'though the beauteous heavens
downward fall
Let justice still be done!' would call.

Not long ago, a voice with boastful roll
Wakened the slumbering fires of my soul,
And called my wandering thoughts from
far off Tiber—
It was the voice of that upstart "Subscri-
ber."

The same "Subscriber" filled me so with
wrath,
I rose in haste to sweep him from my
path;
And soon I planned to raise a tower com-
plete,
To help me bring about my foe's defeat.

Upon a rock where oftentimes I go
To gaze upon my fellow-men below,
I build a wall of dictionaries strong,
And waited for my foe to come along.

Then, from my fortress strong with Web-
ster's arts,
I stood prepared to fling my inky darts,
When something—'twas the treacherous
base perhaps—
Caused the whole massive structure to
collapse.

And now you would not have me lie here
still,
While that "Subscriber" roams the world
at will?
Oh, haste to lift from me this cumbrous
weight
That I may deal him out an awful fate."

And then I answered with sarcasm
straight,
To this poor "fellow-man," ill-used by
Fate,—
"Why have I been so very fortunate
That I should meet and talk with one so
great?"

And now in turn I beg to introduce
The very subject of your late abuse;
And since "Subscriber" you so long to see,
Behold him now,—for I, dear sir, am he!

With boastful words you called the world
to view
The fall of the "Subscriber" dealt by
you—
That 'dreadful fate' upon your own head
fell—
Receive your just reward—and now, fare-
well!"

Surprise and rage one moment held him
fast,
But forcibly his speech returned at last,
And, when with mocking bow I turned to
leave,
The words I heard would make old Web-
ster grieve.

And still when I had left him far behind,
His ravings wild came wafted on the wind;
Now cries for help, now threats the air
that rent

Followed my ears as, laughing, on I went.

Mingled with maledictions that, per-
chance,
Caesar's vocabulary did of old enhance,
Fainter and fainter did the echo come.
"TAT JUSTITIA RUAT COELUM!"

SUBSCRIBER

THE POPULAR POET.

We rhymsters have full many,
Blest with little wit, (if any),
And talent, (?) Well, that blessing they
keep hidden well from sight.
Still some sickening ignoramus
Fancies that he's really famous;
Well, come to think it over, he in one re-
spect is right.

For he as a fool is noted,
On by fools he too is doted,
To them he is a Shakespeare, Burns, a
Byron or a Pope.
They will quote his rapid sayings,
Empty as a donkey's brayings.
The "Fool Destroyer" marks them, they
are doomed without a hope.

All scorn the springtime poet.
"He is lunny and don't know it,"
Of green fields does he babble, and of
streamlets loosed from chains.
He the birds has all set singing,
With their noted the woods are ring-
ing;
And his sole reward is ("crazy") luckless
fellow for his pains.

But the rhymster that's all glorious,
Is that poet so notorious
For composing to the memory of some
loved one gone before.
For his style is so pathetic
As to knock you paralytic
Oh, he is the fancy poet and the pious
him adore.

The songs of Waats contorted,
Oh, how oft do we see sported
To the memory of defunct ones by this
versifier dread,
Even Godly Cobby's—ditties—
Is it not a thousand pities?
Has he robbed of rhyme and metre, to
the glory of the dead.

True, he spoils the works of others,
But it pleases wives and mothers
Who by death has been afflicted, for it
whiles away their grief;
And it gives them views of heaven,
So the knave must be forgiven,
Though he is, we must acknowledge, a
cheap, literary thief.

But the "dear ones," could they hear
him,
Like us mortals would not cheer him;
Within their graves with anguish they
most certainly would turn.
Or for vengeance madly thirsting,
From the tomb you'd see them burst-
ing.
That the dead are quite impotent from
this plainly do we learn.

WOODVILLE.

IN MEMORIAM.

In memory of Uncle William Wilson,
who died Oct. 1st., 1898.

How sadly I remember, when,
With silent solemn tread,
We gathered round the couch
Of our dear beloved dead.

Brothers and sisters, do not weep
For the one you love so dear;
He has gained a better home,
Than to be with you here.

His trials they are ended,
His sufferings are all o'er,
For death's dark river he has crossed;
And is safe on the other shore.

He often spoke of Jesus,
And sang of his Heavenly home;
Spoke, of the bright and glorious hope
He had beyond the tomb.

He knew he could see in the distance.
The scene of the great white throne.
And he heard the angels singing,
"The Lord but takes his own."

Then came like a glorious sunset,
The holy triumphant death;
And we sadly gathered round him
To lip to his dying breath.

Some wept loudly, others lowly,
As his spirit homeward fled—
While not one returned an answer
To the last good-bye he said.

The pain that he did suffer,
No one on earth could tell;
But he has tried the monster, Death,
And gone with Christ to dwell.

Seven brothers and one sister
Are left behind, to mourn:
May they prepare to meet him
On that resurrectin morn.

One sister she has gone before
To dwell with Christ above.
And he has gone to meet her
On that happy golden shore.

But may we all be ready,
When the Lord for us shall come,
To meet that loved one
And Christ who died for all.

Older brothers are still waiting
And wondering if it will be long,
Before the Lord will come and take them
To the home where William's gone.

Composed by Alma Wilson.
Chipman, April 14, 1899.

COOK'S NEW BLOOD PILLS.

SPRING.

Oh! welcome to the joyous Spring,
While round the earth your mantles
fling,
And wake the charms of nature's forms,
While winter leaves us with its storms.

Oh! gentle Spring, the crows return,
Brings us a messenger we spurn;
But glad we are his form to see
When he brings us good news of thee.

The wild goose haunts upon the marsh;
His voice upon the ear sounds harsh;
But we don't think of that you know,
When thy soft winds begin to blow.

The duck returns again to stream and
lake,
His voice again the woodlands wake;
And sends a thrill of pleasure through
Most everyone; 'tis news to you.

The snow it melts upon the hill,
And fills each pond, and starts the fill.
But who now cares for wet and mud,
We all defy the flying scud.

The ice upon the river pales,
While water rushes through the vales;
Then with a sigh, a crash, a roar,
It leaves the waters blue once more.

A robin on the gate-post sings,
Then o'er the field his way he wings,
And picks a worm up from the ground.
Oh! gentle Spring thou art around.

The trees they clothe in garments green;
The grass thy loving form hath seen.
All nature wakes without a sigh,
Her winter garments fling by.

The swallow comes from far away,
And other birds have come to stay.
The farmer tills the fertile soil,
And laughs and jokes while at his toil.

Oh, happy Spring! Oh, joyous Spring!
In every heart the joy bells ring.
Wake up the sparkle of the eye,
And from each soul keep back the sigh.

A. H.

OUR JOHNNIE SLEEPS.

In loving remembrance of Johnnie Mc-
Allister, who died April 5th, 1899.

Our Johnnie sleeps—his still, pale face
Against the snowy pillow pressed;
His little hands with childish grace
Were folded on the pulseless breast.

Our Johnnie sleeps—his form we've laid
Within the cold and silent tomb;
And trusting his spirit is with God—
There is a light within the gloom.

Our Johnnie sleeps—he prayed to God
For the forgiveness of his sin;
The gates of heaven opened wide,
And Jesus took our darling in.

Our Johnnie sleeps—life's conflict o'er
In seventeen years, the victory won
Through him who all life's sorrows bore,
And the immortal life begun.

Our Johnnie sleeps—beyond the tomb,
Where streams of living water flow;
And brightest flowers ever bloom
Beneath the sun's eternal glow.

Our Johnnie sleeps—his bright eyes now
Are softly closed in slumber deep;
To rest with Him in Paradise,
Who giveth his beloved sleep.

Flo.

The Signs of The Times.

Every man in Canada is interested in
the upholding of British fair play or
should be. The common people can only
judge the drift of public opinion by the
utterances of our public men, in the dis-
charge of their duties, and private utter-
ances on public matters. My attention
has been called to the utterance of the
Hon. J. Israel Tarte in Parliament. He,
Tarte, branded those Settlers, who re-
sides at Fox Bay, Anticosti; as professional
wreckers (murders of the worst class).
Now the public calls on Mr. Tarte either
to substantiate his utterance, or to apolo-
gize or give a substantial reasons for such
a grave charge, coming as it has from a
member of the Dominion Government.
Was that charge made because these un-
fortunate people happened to be Metho-
dists and not French or Catholics? If so
the people of Canada wants to know; and
place the public in a position to form a
correct judgment of the drift of the pre-
sent administration at Ottawa. I noticed
that Mr. Tarte made frequent reference
to Catholics and Catholic influence etc.,
etc.

I consider such remarks uncalled for in
a representative of British Parliament.
The great majority of the people of this
country cares very little whether he,
(Tarte) is a Catholic or a Pagan. We ask
for even handed justice and no favors so
far as our religious views are concerned;
and we only hear the religious question
brought up by a certain class of politicians
that have unfortunately worked their way
in the Parliament of Canada; and they
imagine that the world was created for
them and their church; as was proved at
the Costigan Banquet in St. John, N. B.
Here are his remarks as given in the St.
John N. B. Telegraph of April 7th:

"He had been in the government and
properly or not had been recognized as
the representative of the Catholics in that
government, the solicitor general now oc-
cupied a similar position." We never
hear such remarks coming from Metho-
dists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Bap-
tists, etc., etc; and perhaps these persons
have as much interests in the morals of

our country as Tarte, Fitzpatrick, Costi-
gan & Co. But it is not the moral well-
being of our country that these men have
at heart; but there is an underlying prin-
ciple, that over shadows all moral or
social reform, that is cherished in the
hearts of those gentlemen referred to
above. We find a movement on foot
among the Catholics of Canada asking to
have the Coronation oath changed as you
will find by referring to the Montreal
Daily Witness of April seventh; the item
referred to can be found on the eleventh
page of said paper. It is by small straws
we can tell which way the wind blows.
"A word to the wise is sufficient."

JOHNSTON — —
Queens Co. N. B.

TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

Contributed by the I. O. G. T.

WHY WE OPPOSE THE RUM TRAFFIC.

The argument usually employed in favor
of the sale and use of intoxicating liquors
as a beverage may all be reduced, I think
to these three, viz: First, the financial
benefit which the traffic confers upon the
country at large. Second, the benefit of
alcoholic drinks to the consumer, when
used in moderation and third, the right of
man to do as he pleases. The first pro-
position in answer to this offence is that
the country gains nothing in a financial
point of view by the traffic in strong
drink. In order to show that any busi-
ness is a financial benefit to the country
we should be prepared to show that it in-
creases the amount of active capital, or
else that it develops some branch of na-
tional industry. That a large amount of
capital is invested in the business is un-
deniable; but a little consideration will
convince any unprejudiced mind that the
same money directed in other channels
would be of far greater good to the
country. It is time the government re-
ceives a large income but it is equally true
that it expends a large sum on account of
the rum traffic. On the credit side you
may put the amounts received for licence
and for excise and import duties, then on
the debit side put the salaries paid for
collecting those duties; the sums paid for
the suppression of crime caused by the
use of strong drink; the amounts paid by
public and private charity for the support
of paupers made so by the same means.
The value of the property which strong
drink annually destroys—and you will
have more figures than on the credit side.
And this is not all; for we have yet to es-
timate the loss which the industry of the
country sustains through the drinking
customs of the day. Let it be remember-
ed that every day spent in idleness by a
working-man—say a mechanic—is not
only so much lost to himself and his fam-
ily but it is so much taken from the ag-
gregate wealth of the country at large. If
any one doubts this let him calculate
what would be the result financially if all
the laborers, farmers, mechanics etc.,
were to suspend labor entirely for one
year. The result would be national
bankruptcy and universal famine. Every-
day, therefore, which is lost to productive
labor tends so much to impoverish the
country. The second proposition is that
the use of intoxicating liquors as a bever-
age is never beneficial to the individual.
He it not benefited financially. Every
year hundreds of men are reduced to
poverty by drunkenness, but who ever
heard of the drinking habit helping its
victim to fortune.

He is not benefitted physically. It
has always been a strong point with our
opponents that by the moderate use of
alcoholic liquors a man can be made
stronger and better fitted to endure fa-
tigue and that the habit conduces to
health and long life. Alcohol interferes
with digestion in two ways, by impairing
the action of the gastric juice and by in-
juring the coats of the stomach. Be-
sides injuring the stomach alcohol hurts
the action of every other organ of the
body with which it comes in contact with.
The principal effect is upon the great
nervous centres especially the brain. At
first the result is pleasing but as the quan-
tity is increased and the habit grows the
effect becomes frightful. That which at
first gave rise to a pleasing exuberance of
fancy now rouse up a whirlwind of bale-
ful passions. Reason loses its controlling
power and the shattered bark drifts hope-
lessly onward until it strikes upon the
rocks of crime and then goes down for-
ever. Neither is he bettered in a moral
and social point of view; for strong drink
so blunts all his moral preceptions that
the most solemn appeals are thrown away
and it so destroys all of the finer feelings
and sympathies of his nature, so that the
once slaved husband and affectionate
father becomes a mere brute—nay worse
a fiend. Example upon example might
be given to illustrate this point, but they
are so frequently met by us all that I
need not go farther. If these are some
of the effects produced by strong drinks
who will dare to say that a man is made
better, physically, morally or socially by
the use of them.

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