

POOR DOCUMENT

Bargains! Bargains!

Commencing with the New Year I will sell my whole stock of Dr Goods and the following Groceries
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Poetry.

THE LETTER HOME.
 Merrily o'er the tossing sea
 The gallant vessel flies,
 Her hope is in the fickle waves,
 The laughing wind and skies;
 Her silver track, it stretches back
 With purple weeds and foam,
 And echoes of her flapping sails
 Breathe in the letter home!

The sailor, brown with sun and brine,
 The hearty, bold, and free,
 He trolls a song in every part,
 A jest for all his he;
 Nor here nor there is now his care,
 His heart forsakes the main,
 And with a fond familiar speech
 Turns to his own again!

Once more before his dreamy gaze
 The gallant vessel flies,
 The pond where sailed his painted fleet
 The friendly roof and dear;
 The walks are gay with rose and bay,
 With pinks and pansies dim,
 And there the wrinkled mother waits
 Whose thoughts are all for him!

Merrily o'er the bounding sea
 The gallant vessel flies,
 But wars and perils range the deep,
 And clouds and tempests rise,
 And many a wrack and whirlwind break
 Is sent to those who roam,
 Then blessings on the joyful day
 That bears a letter home.
 Dora Read Goodale.

Friendship's Written Words.
 Such a little thing, a letter,
 Yet so much it may contain;
 Written thoughts and mute expressions
 Filled with pleasure, fraught with pain.
 When our hearts are sad at parting,
 Comes a gleam of comfort bright,
 In the mutual promise given,
 We will not forget to write.

Plans and doings of the absent,
 Bits of news we like to hear,
 All remind us 'e'en though distant,
 Kind remembrance keeps us near.

Yet sometimes a single letter
 Turns the sunshine into shade;
 Chills our efforts, clouds our prospects,
 Blights our hopes and makes them fade.

Messengers of joy or sorrow,
 Life or death, success, despair;
 Bearer of affection's wishes,
 Greeting kind of loving prayer.

Prayer or greeting were we present,
 Would be left but half unsaid;
 We can write because our letters,
 Not our faces, will be read.

Who has not some treasured letter,—
 Fragments choice of other's lives;
 Relics, some of friends departed,
 Friends whose memory still survives!

Touched by neither time nor distance,
 Will their words unspoken last;
 Voiceless whispers of the present,
 Silent echoes of the past.

TAKE IT NOW.
 If you're waiting for a day
 In the future—far away—
 When, with gold enough to spare
 You will rest from trial and care
 And enjoyment find supreme,
 Let me tell you 'tis a dream.

If you're saving all for wealth
 At the cost of life and health
 And the present you reject
 For a future you expect,
 If your joys are yet to be—
 Pain, not pleasure, you will see.

If you're waiting to be old
 Ere you take the good of gold
 And enjoy your rightful due
 Of life's pleasures, sweet and true—
 You will find, alas, too late,
 Woful disappointment great.

Live life's journey by the way
 While the sun shines make your hay;
 Yow—now only are you sure
 Of the pleasures that endure,
 Pleasures that make memory bright
 When life's noon has turned to night.

O, the heart grows hard and cold
 Piling up the yellow gold,
 Throwing present good away,
 Dreaming that a future day
 Never coming may bestow
 Joys you now or never know.

Wait not till a life is spent
 Ere you know the sweet content;
 Take its pleasures, good and true,
 While they still belong to you,
 Then upon a future day,
 They, and more with you, will stay.
 H. C. Dodge.

"The sight of these brave men who cannot physically qualify for the army, who cannot pass their physical examination, breaks me all up," said the kind hearted official.
 "But you needn't cry about it."
 "You see, circumstances compel me to shed a few volunteers."
 War is all Sherman declared it was.
 Laura—I do hope the government will hold on to the Philippines.
 Frances—Why? In what way are you especially interested in the Philippines?
 Laura—George says that if they are still in our possession next spring we'll go there on our wedding trip.—Chicago News.

Correspondence.

Sply News Items Gathered by Gazette Correspondents.
 To EDITOR QUEENS COUNTY GAZETTE.
 Dear Sir:—Please allow me space in your paper to make a few remarks which might prove profitable.
 The people of this county as well as of the county of Sanbury have been long in need of a newspaper which could be published within its borders, and as all know this paper was started by Mr. Stewart in 1897 and it has rapidly progressed with that period of time, and now we can boast of one of the best county newspapers in the province in the form of this paper (the GAZETTE).

It has two columns devoted entirely to the temperance work. One supplied by the Women's Christian Temperance Union of Hampstead, and the other by the Independent Order of Temple, beside we find other useful reading, part devoted to poetry, the latest news, etc.

But while we have thus been thinking of the extra qualities of the GAZETTE, we find news from country places round about, of these I have no fault to find when they confine themselves to news, etc. But when, like in the cases of Johnston and Cady's correspondents, I think it is time the line had been drawn severing their connections entirely from the press.

The correspondent from Johnston was the first to set the ball rolling by attacking in a vile and slanderous manner the correspondence written by Rambler and Cambridge, who I believe stated facts and did not wish any further talk through the press over such a silly question as the removal of the Court House.

Mr. Johnston starts with abuse and winds up with abuse and we should think by this that abuse is all he knows, and we should also think by the long winded pieces of correspondence he sends to the GAZETTE that instead of having blood flowing through his veins he has simply a great column of gas swelling like a river through his body and that when he sees a piece in the paper which does not please him (which is quite frequently) the gas bursts with great fury, striking everything down before it.

Now, dear reader, do you think that such a correspondent as this should be allowed to use the press simply as a place for shooting off his mouth as he calls it. I think the Editor and all readers will agree with me that he should not.

But you find another in it still worse in the form of XX from Cady's, who uses language beyond description.

Now, Mr. Editor, as I am a friend of the Queens County paper, I think I would not come amiss if I should say that such correspondence as this should not receive publication without the signature of the writer. Then people would know from whom the trash was coming.

Hoping that these remarks may prove beneficial, I remain,
 Yours truly,
 A WELL WISHER OF GAZETTE,
 Johnson.

July 19.—XX again makes his appearance in an article somewhat large and bulky, but like the head that produces it, there's nothing in it. With the common peculiarity of half-wits and mental imbeciles he deems low attacks on the personality of the writer to be a mark of extraordinary smartness. His article is as funny as an idiot asylum and as empty as Dr. Tauer at the end of his long fast.

The only piece of wit in the production (pearls before swine, etc.) was old when the country was new. He strings words together like a magpie in a fit and howls like a dancing dervish with the "jim-jams." There is less sense in his composition than in the unconnected expressions of a poll parrot. He quotes with great facility but little aptness. His letter is made up of quotations but he has not improved the methods of expressions or added to the thought.

His hog idea is taken from a Chipman correspondent while his hysterical sermonizing no doubt is filched from Brown's Flat's camp meeting. Bray, creature, etc., are taken directly from my own letter. He asks the Omnipotent to hold him guiltless. There is no doubt of it. The Omnipotent would not create such a thing and hold it against it. He says that I thought that I was attacking a brother, etc. I have attacked no one but simply replied to the statements of a swell-headed idiot with more mouth than brains, who lacks the ability to produce anything of interest himself and seeks cheap notoriety by assailing someone else. I have avoided personalities and shall continue to do so as I have no desire to establish a reputation as a public black-guard.

Of course I do not mean to intimate that XX is to be faulted for his low vulgarity. Mental weakness is his protection. In his weakness he imagines himself the defender of the Baptist faith. How his high religious soul revelled in the mysteries of Baptist doctrine when he intimated that those attending the Gramophone concert were immoral. What strength of logic is evinced when charging those who attend in future as being hogs. If he had a forehead as high as a cow he would know that the cut of my hair or the size of my eyes have no connection with the Baptist faith. Of course our leading Baptist ministers who permit and attend gramophone concerts

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