

POOR DOCUMENT

QUEENS COUNTY GAZETTE, GAGETOWN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 16, 1898.

3

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I manufacture every description of . . .

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Have for sale at their mills,

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Hemlock and Pine Boards

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Plank and Scantling,

Spruce and Pine Sheathing,
Shingles, Pickets, etc.

FOR SALE.

One Second Hand Connell Shingle
Machine in good order. Price \$100.00.
Good Value.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that under au-
thority of the Act 36 Victoria Chapter 38,
the Rector, Church Wardens and Vestry
of Trinity Church, in the Parish of Can-
ning, intend to offer for sale, at a time to
be appointed, on or after Easter Monday
next, a lot of land, owned by the said
Corporation. Situated at Douglas Harbor
in the Parish of Canning, containing 200
acres, more or less, bounded by Asa
Balm on the one side and John Allen
on the other.
Dated the twelfth day of January, 1898.
(Signed)
R. W. COLSTON, Rector,
JAMES R. MILLER, Church
WARDENS.

J. R. Vanwart,

GROCER,

General Dealer in Flour, Oats, Feed,

Country Produce, Fruits,

Meats, &c.

BRIDGE ST., INDIAN TOWN,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

Poetry.

POEM BY EUNICE W. DYKE-
MAN.

This poem was found among some old
papers and is probably nearly one hun-
dred years old. I thought it might be of
interest to the readers of the GAZETTE.
S. C., Douglas Harbor.

The daughter sits in the parlor, and rocks
in her easy chair,
She's clad in silks and satins, and jewels
are in her hair;
She winks and giggles and simpers, and
simmers and giggles and winks,
And though she talks but little, 'tis vastly
more than she thinks.
Her father goes clad in russet, and ragged
and seedy at that,
His coat is out at the elbows, he wears a
shocking bad hat,
He's hoarding and saving shilling, so
carefully day by day
While she on her beaux and poodles, is
throwing them all away.

She lies abed in the morning, till nearly
the hour of noon
Then comes down snapping and snarling,
because she was called too soon
Her hair is still in papers, her cheeks be-
daubed with paint
Remains of last night's blushes, before
she intended to faint
She dotes upon men unshaven, and men
with the flowing hair
She is eloquent over mustaches, they give
such a foreign air
She talks of Italian music, and falls in
love with the moon
And though but a mouse should meet her
she falls away in a swoon.

Her feet are very little, her hands are
very white
Her jewels are very heavy, and her head
is very light
Her color is made of cosmetics, though
this she never will own
Her body is made mostly of cotton, her
heart is made wholly of stone
She falls in love with a fellow, who swells
with a foreign air
Her marries her for her money, she mar-
ries him for his hair
One of the very best matches, both are
well matched for life
She's got a fool for a husband, and he's
got a fool for a wife.

TRUTH.

To argue with a simpleton
Is but to waste your breath,
For if a man is born a fool
A fool he'll be till death.
For sense can't be knocked into him!
'Tis vain to punch his head,
For though 'tis soft, it will resist
All that's unto him said.
A maid may vow that she'll be true
Forever unto thee,
Still, in a month forgotten quite
By her, no doubt, you'll be;
But don't be angry with her, pray,
She's guilty of no crime,
She has been true, for like to you,
She does not reckon time.

An elder may not be a thief
Though he may rob the plate,
'Tis only a "besetting sin"
Imposed on him by fate.
The rich man may the widow rob,
Still reckoned generous he;
He's only bound to have his due,
That's right, as all agree.
A woman may a secret keep,
Or not delight in praise;
A crowing hen may also lay,
It must not on him blame.
To see some wondrous things transpire
We no one must condemn,
For how things look don't count for much
'Tis how we look at them.

A WITTY WOMEN.

'Tis of a witty woman
I am now about to tell
Who is very fond of gossiping
And playing tricks as well
'Twas at a supper in the hall
She tried to cut a dash
By sending up a plate of crulls
Prepared by Mrs. Wash.

To begin this little joke
She called upon her friend
To talk the matter over
She said now I've been trying
On some people to play a trick
And if you'll kindly help me
I think we'll work it slick.

Mrs. Wash she made the crulls
And sent them down to her
She gave her head an extra toss
And like a pussy cat did purr
Then she waited patiently
Till the supper did begin
When she placed them in her basket
And said they were sent in.

The crullers they were handsome
There is no mistake
You would think to look upon them
'Twas a plate of wedding cake
There was icing and there was frosting
Sugar and candy too
We knew not what was in the centre
For they were not broken into.

The witty woman and her friend
They were as meek as mice
The crulls were on the table
But didn't cut any ice
The people all did wonder
Who was making such a splash

When a little fairy whispered
They were made by Mrs. Wash.

The supper it is over
And the crullers still remain
Untouched upon the table
And were sent to her again
The witty woman we know
Has only cut a figure
She takes the crulls and gives them
To a darker colored nigger.

My story now is ended
This woman is no peach
Will someone kindly tell her
There are other pebbles on the beach.
Lakeville Corner.

Humorous.

"Could I sell you a Bible?" asked the
agent. "I guess not," replied the real-
estate dealer. "You might try Hebbard-
shee, in the next office. He has a sort
of mania for rare books."—Indianapolis
Journal.

Social Longings. "I see," muttered
Tufford Wanderer, who had found a piece
of an old newspaper, and was killing time
by reading the society column, "that
'Mrs. Kelawndike gave a luncheon yester-
day, assisted by Miss Daisy Butterfly.'
Great Scott! How I could assist at a
luncheon!"—Chicago Tribune.

The Sultan's wrestler is coming to this
country. He's a Mussulman, of course.—
Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Fatal Drawback.—Puff—What a lit-
erary looking fellow Blevins is, to be
sure. You could tell he knew how to
write at a glance.
Critics—Yes—if you hadn't read his
books.

Bunched His Hips.—Papa—Well, Ben-
nie, if I were to tell you that you could
have one thing for Christmas, what would
you like most?
Benny—That department store you
took me through today.

Rector's Wife.—"You ought to avoid
even the appearance of evil. Do you
yourself think the girls who dance are
right?"
Belle of the Parish.—"They must be. I
know the girls who don't dance are al-
ways left."

It was Gottlieb's first view of Giant
Jane, the tallest human being on earth.
'Mein gracious!' he exclaimed, looking
up at her in astonishment, "vos dot de
endless chane de President's message,
vas all about?"

A New Theory.—He (a bachelor)—"No
I'm not an advocate of marriage. You
know the Scriptures tell us that there will
be no marrying or giving in marriage in
Heaven."

She.—"Of course not; the bachelors
will all be in the other place, too, doubt."

"Why, papa," said Francis, who was
looking at the family album, "surely this
isn't a picture of you?"
"Yes," replied papa, "this is a picture
of me when I was quite young."

"Well, commented the little girl, 'it
doesn't look as much like you as you look
now.'"

Irate Non-sporting Farmer.—Hil you
there! What the deuce do you mean by
riding over my wheat?
'Arry—Ere, I say! What are yer givin'
us? Wheat! Why, it's only 'bloomin'
Mud!—Punch.

"I love the ground you walk on,"
This was the tale he told.
They lived up by the Klondike,
And the ground was full of gold.
Washington Star.

Lord Norbury and Councillor Parsons
were passing by the Nasas jail in the
Judge's carriage, when Norbury, noticing
a vacant gibbet, observed: "Parsons,
where would you be if that gallows had
its due?" Without a second's hesitation,
Parsons responded, "Riding alone."—
Household Words.

The Sultan (cheerily to Emperor of
China)—Going to pieces, old man! Non-
sense! All you want is a dose of "con-
cert of Europe!" Why—look at me!—
Punch.

The Review—Teacher—"Now, class,
what did the master turn the water into?"
Dairymen's Son—"The milk, sir."

"Is papa strong as Samson, aunty?"
"Why no Willie, of course not." "Well,
mamma said he had you on his hands for
two months."

Patient—"Look here, Doctor Styx, I've
got something to say to you. I hear you
have been treating me for liver complaint,
when as a matter of fact you should have
treated me for chilblains." Doctor Styx—
"Oh, well it sha'n't make any difference
to you." Patient—"Sha'n't make any
difference to me! What do you mean by
that?" Doctor Styx—"I charge 10 per
cent. more for liver complaint treatment
than for treatment for chilblains. But
as it was my mistake, it sha'n't cost you a
cent more."

Security.—The tariff baron's chief re-
tainer entered and bowed reverentially.
"The monetary commission," the menial
announced, "wishes your lordship to tell
them what you would do with the govern-
ments unsecured currency." "First,"
replied the baron, promptly, "I would
secure it; and, after that it would be no-
body's business what I did with it."—
Puck.

FATE OF THE RIPAS.

A STORY OF THE REVENGE OF THE
GREAT SPIRIT.

A Whole Tribe Wiped Out by a Flood as
Punishment For Disobedience—A Legend
of the Indians of Texas Told by an Epi-
grammatic Guide.

The Indian had been recommended to
me as the best hunter in the San Ber-
nard bottoms. For two days we had
been in pursuit of big game.
It was after the second day of the
hunt that we camped on the banks of a
small creek to the west of Hinkle's fer-
ry. The Indian busied himself with the
coffe, while I sat idly by and thought
over the incidents of the day.

I had been told my companion was a
faranachua and that he had more knowl-
edge of the history of his people than
any member of his tribe now living. He
spoke as good English as a white man,
but his sentences were generally short
and epigrammatic.

"Behan," I said, "the hunting is very
good in these bottoms when you consider
how long the country has been settled."
No, he replied, "game nearly gone
now. Soon no more."
"Was there good hunting here when
you were a boy?" I asked.

"Much," he replied.
"I have heard," said I, "that there
is a legend among your people that long
ago, before the white man came into
this country, there was one great river
in this land, that it was a mighty
stream, and that its course was through
the bed of what is now the Caney."
"It is so," said the Indian.

"And I have heard," I continued,
"that when the white man digs his
wells he sometimes finds limbs of great
trees and pieces of pottery and bows and
arrows and flints that were used long
years ago by your people."
"It is so," said the Indian.

"What is the legend that your people
have?" I inquired.
"My father told me, and the great
chief, Mockwillum, told my father,"
said the Indian, "that it is so. There
was one river. It was the Caney. My
people, the Caranachua, lived to the
east. The Lepans, the Tawakanies and
the Ripas lived to the west. The Wa-
coes lived to the north. My people hunt-
ed but the game. The Ripas were pow-
erful. They made war on the Lepans
and drove them far to the west. They
stole the cattle and horses of my people.
There was a great battle, in which
many of my people were killed. The
Ripap drove the Caranachua far to the
east. They stole the young squaws of
the Caranachua and killed the boys.
Soon the Caranachua had to hide away
the squaws that were left. All the coun-
try of my people was held by the Ripas.
The Caranachua had to flee to the is-
lands by the sea. Still the Ripas pur-
sued my people. The Caranachua were
but few; the Ripas were many.

"It was not only my people the Ri-
pas murdered and plundered. The Ta-
wakanies and the Wacoos lost all their
cattle, and their young squaws were
taken by the Ripas until none but the
Ripap were in all this country."

"The Great Spirit was angry with
the Ripas, but the Ripas thought they
were more powerful than the Great
Spirit. The Great Spirit sent a mes-
senger to the Ripas and told them they
must send back the squaws they had
stolen and must make war no more on
my people or on the Tawakanies or the
Lepans or the Wacoos. The Ripas held
council, and they decided to make war
on the Great Spirit. When they went
to tell the messenger that they defied
the Great Spirit and challenged him to
battle, the messenger had disappeared.
They searched the woods and they
searched the great river, they searched
the prairie and they searched the sky,
but they could not find the messenger.
He left no trail.

"Then they had much fear that they
had done wrong, and some chiefs want-
ed to make peace with the Great Spirit.
Again they had council, but while they
talked the heavens opened, the rain
fell, the sky seemed all afire, the thun-
der roared, and the messenger appeared
in a flame of lightning. The Ripas fell
upon the earth and begged the Great
Spirit for mercy. But it was too late.
The rain poured down and the lightning
flashed, the ground shook and the thun-
der crashed. Soon all the earth was cov-
ered with water. The Ripas ran to the
trees. Still the water rose. Then the
wind blew down the trees, and many of
the Ripas were killed or drowned. The
waters rose higher and higher, and the
rain and the thunder and the lightning
lasted many days. There was no earth
here. All was water.

"Then the Great Spirit smiled, for
the Ripas were no more. They were
gone. All had died in the waters. A
messenger came to my people, who were
down on the islands by the great sea,
and told them the Great Spirit had sent
a flood to punish the Ripas and that my
people could return to their lands.

"When the Caranachua went to their
lands, they found all changed. Where
had been the great river there was but
one small river. That is now the Caney.
What had been the great river is now
two rivers. One you call the Brazos;
that is to the east. The other is to the
west; that you call the Colorado. All
the land between these two rivers was
given to my people by the Great Spirit
for a hunting ground."—Galveston Cor-
respondent.

How He Defined Hope.
"Hope," said she poetically, "is that
feeling in the human breast of which it
has been said that it springs!"
"Aw, I can give you a better defini-
tion than that," said he.

"How would you define hope, dear?"
she asked as she changed her head from
one shoulder to the other.
"Hope," said he, "is the feeling that
dips out of you like water out of a
pitcher when you are on the run down
the street for the trolley car and you see
it go by just as you get half a block
from the corner."—Detroit Free Press.

"But she married with her eyes open,
did she not?" "Well, she knows who all
were at her wedding and how they were
dressed."

John G. Adams. UNDERTAKER

Funeral Director.

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sisting of

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