POOR DOCUMENT

HO FOR CHRISTMAS.

Having laid in a large supply for the Christmas Trade and for Santa Claus consisting of

Nuts, Raisins, Currant, Citron, Lemon and Orange Peel, Spices of all kinds, Powdered and Loaf Sugar, Candies of all kinds, Mixed Biscuits, Canned Goods, Pickles, Chow-Chow,

DRY GOODS OF ALL KINDS,

Fancy Handkerchiefs, Mufflers, Dolls, Perfumery, etc., etc. Fancy Cups and Saucers, Plates, Pitchers of all kinds, Glassware, etc.

ALSO

Cooking Stoves, Close Stoves,

One Sleigh in Good Order.

Sugar, Molasses, Oatmeal, Flour, Graham Flour, Boots, Shoes, Shoepacks, Moccasins, Ulsters, Reefers, Jumpers, and Pieces of Harness, Sweat Pads, Etc., Etc.

All Sold at Lowest Prices or Exchanged for Produce.

JOHN W. DICKIE,
GAGETOWN, N. B.

They banish pain and prolong life. ONE GIVES RELIEF.

R·I·P·A·N·S

No matter what the matter is, one will do you good, and you can get ten for five cents.

A new style package containing TEN ura ns ssuitis in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores FOR FIVE CENTS. This low price (5 cts.) is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the five cent cartons (100 tablets) can be had by mail by sending forty eight cents to the RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY No. 10 Spruce Street, New York—or a single carton (TEN TABLETS) will be sent for five cents. Best medicine ever made since the world was created.

Do You Think of Building

I manufacture every description of . . .

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Give Me a Trial Order.

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And return it to us with a year's subscription to The Queens County Gazette.

The Queens County azette,

Gagetown, N. B.

Enclosed find $1.00 for which send me for one year The Queens County Gazette.

Name.....

Post Office address.....

.....

ADDRESS,

JAS. A. STEWART,
Gagetown, N. B.

Poetry.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM OF HOME.

Our bugle call woke us at daybreak,
And from dawn until dark we fought,
Till many a soldier had given his life
For the cause which his country sought
At last from the distance "cease firing" we heard,
And no music e'er sounded so sweet,
As we laid down to rest by the camp fire bright,
While many slept in their last sleep.

I sat and I looked at my comrades,
And I sighed for the comrades dead,
And I thought of the widows and orphans
Till my eyelids grew heavy as lead;
With my blanket rolled tightly around me,
And the star studded sky for a dome,
I soon fell asleep and at peace with the world
I dreamt of the loved ones at home.

I dreamt I was back on the old farm I loved,
While the birds gaily sang in the trees,
And the cows seemed to tinkle their bells for joy,
And nature seemed more at her ease.
I sat in rapture and gazed on the lake,
Where the lilies were all in bloom,
And they nodded their heads and seemed to say,
My coming dispelled the gloom.

And mother was saying, now Jack my boy
When at night time you lie down to sleep,
Ask God in his mercy to spare you you life.
And your soul from temptation to keep
And father said, Jack, though we'll miss you a lot,
We shall greet your return with delight
And I know that your duty you'll do like a man,
To help England fight for the right.

The day time has passed and the stars came out blinking,
As if the bright sunset was yet far too strong,
And I knew that my sweetheart would surely be waiting,
To wish me God speed on my journey so long,
So I went once again to our old place of meeting,
While the moon cast her shadow across the old dell,
And I found there my darling her eyes red from weeping,
While the trees seem to whisper the soldier's farewell.

We sat in the moonlight, and talked of the future
When I should return for her love and her hand,
And we promised that nothing but death should e'er part us,
That loyal through life to each other we'd stand,
The moonlight grew softer the trees stopped their whisper
The air lulled the lillies to sleep with a sigh;
A kiss—an embrace—and our parting was over,
Good-bye little sweetheart, good-bye Jack, good-bye,

And I dreamt that the war with its thousands of horrors,
Like a storm in the summer had all passed away;
And, hark! but I hear the reveille—our bugle
Is telling the men to commence for the fray.
Ah, how my heart yearned for the loved ones I dreampt of!
But duty comes first—even if 'tis to die;
And the roar of the cannons die into the whisper—
Good-bye little sweetheart, good-bye Jack, good-bye.

The battle is raging, the bullets fly thicker,
While foe faces foe on the crimson stained field;
And many a comrade lies dead in is glory,
For a true British soldier know not the word yield.
A comrade is wounded Jack runs forth to help him,
But ere he can reach him he falls with a cry,
As the doctor bends o'er him he hears his last whisper,
Good-eye, little sweetheart, good-bye, Jack, good-bye.

There's a mother who watches each day for her loved one,
There's a father who dreams of the boy who does roam,
There's a sweetheart who thinks now the war is all over,
That he will return to his love and his home.
There's a grave on the hillside, there are hundreds just like it,
But he whom they wait for will never come back,
For he died in upholding the flag that waves o'er us,
Our noble young hero, our soldier boy Jack.

H. A. EDWARDS.

"What is the worst thing about riches?" asked a school teacher of a boy.
"Their scarcity," he replied, and was at once rewarded with a prize.

OUR BOYS.

God bless our boys at the front,
The sons of brave sires at home,
Who are deep in their love for the Empire,
That stand erect, fearless, alone.

At the mention of Canada's quota,
Conadian patriots feel
A joy, in the knowledge that Canada
Has a hand on the Empire's wheel;
And is helping to shape for the future
The path that old England shall tread;
And 'twas sealed on the banks of the Modder
By the number of Canada's dead.

God bless our brave soldiers in battle;
The heroes from Canada's shore
Who are fighting united for freedom,
And the flag that shall wave evermore.
As long as the days will be counted,
And the weeks and years of time last
A Briton will fight for a Briton
The same as they have in the past.

And the dead by the river and kopjes—
God grant their souls are at rest—
And we'll meet by and by up in glory
And chant the sweet songs of the blest.

—DWIGHT.

Jemseg, N. B., March 8th, 1900.

BRITAIN AND THE TRANSVAAL.

Whisper not in mournful murmurs:
"Britain's power is on the wane,"
For the Lion only slumbers,
Watch him as he wakes again.
See! he stands in all his beauty!
Harken to the Lion's roar:
'Britain's sons will do their duty"
As they oft have done before.

War's reverses act like charms,
Britain's heroes smile at scars;
'Tis another call, "To arms!"
To her sturdy sons of Mars.
All along the line of Empire
Come her sons from far and near,
Burning with but one desire—
Harken to that British cheer!

Slavery's shackles we shall sever,
Ere we leave the dark Transvaal,
Freedom is our watchword ever,
Equal rights for one and all!
Then shall cease the reign of terror,
Peace and progress hold full sway.
Uitlander and Boer together
Welcome in that glorious day.

Hail! another star of Empire!
Africa, arise and sing!
Out of anguish, blood and fire
God shall peace and freedom bring!
Ah, the price we pay for glory!
Yet we think it not too dear;
Britons, read your nation's story—
Give another rousing cheer—
"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

I'm lonely since I crossed the sea,
My mind is never aisy;
No mortal soul could give relief,
In truth, I'm growing crazy,
The burning tears roll down my chakes,
In faith, they nearly blind me;
I weep an' sigh both night an' day
For the girl I left behind me.

The lovely lass I courted long,
She lived in Tipperary;
Her eyes were like the diamonds bright,
They called her "Black-eyed Mary."
On summer nights I took delight,
Her beauty so inclined me;
A thousand crowns I'd give to see
The girl I left behind me.

If e'er I land on Erin's shore
I'll haste to Tipperary;
Within my arms I will embrace
My lovely "Black-eyed Mary."
With her I'd dwell while life shall last,
For she'd roam the world to find me,
From Mary I'll not wander more,
The girl I left behind me.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The undersigned having been restored to health by simple means, after suffering for several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease Consumption, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To those who desire it, he will cheerfully send (free of charge), a copy of the prescription used, which they will find a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis and all Throat and Lung Maladies. He hopes all sufferers will try his remedy, as it is invaluable. Those desiring the prescription, which will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing, will please address.

REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,
33-1yr. Brooklyn, New York

Origin of Diseases.

Mental Science Enthusiast—All disease comes from the fear of it.

Disputant—But children have no thought of disease.

"Oh, they are surrounded by an atmosphere of anxiety. Children would never be sick if it were not for their mothers worrying about them."

"Yes, I see. Then please account for a recent epidemic of scarlet fever in an orphan asylum."

A Severe Summary.

"It's wonderful," said the man with the solemn air of erudition, "what a difference a slight matter will make in the world's estimate of a man."

"It isn't so in literature," was the answer. "A man must have merit there"—

"Not necessarily. If he gets his spelling wrong, that's plain ignorance, but if he gets his facts and logic twisted, that's orininality."

"I wish that I had the opportunity which your Institution affords Young People,"

is an expression we hear nearly every day from those who had no such advantages as

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YARNS,	FLANNELS,
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DRESS GOODS,	RUGGINGS,
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OVERCOATINGS, ETC.,	ETC.

The highest recommendation for these goods and the best proof of their adaptability to the consumer is that each season finds them in greater demand. Thus adding new customers and increasing my sales which last year was ahead of all previous years, and now with new ranges of the latest colorings and designs and the generous co-operation of the public I hope to make this the banner year. Thanking you for your liberal patronage in the past and soliciting a continuance for the present year, I am,

Yours very truly,

ALFRED P. SLIPP.

Upper Hampstead April 25th, 1899.

NOTICE.

Letters of Administration of the Estate of O'Dell Vanwart, late of the Parish of Hampstead, have been granted to the undersigned and all persons indebted to the said deceased at the time of his death are required to make immediate payment to me or to John R. Dunn, Barrister at Law, Gagetown, and any person having bills against the Estate are requested to render the same, duly attested to John R. Dunn, aforesaid.

Dated at Hampstead, Nov. 17th, 1899.

J. SAMUEL VANWART,
Administrator.

A. W. EBBETT. — H. H. PICKETT, B.C.L.

EBBETT & PICKETT,

BARRISTERS-AT-LAW, ETC.,

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266 Union St., St. John, N. B

NOTICE.

All persons having claims against the estate of the late William Brander, of Gagetown, Queens County, are requested to present the same, duly attested, to the undersigned within one month of the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to me.

ANNABEL BRANDER,
Executor.

Dated at Gagetown, Queens County this 18th day of July, 1899.

NOTICE.

All persons having claims against the Estate of the late James G. Hetherington of Johnston, Queens county, are requested to present the same duly attested to the undersigned within one month of the date hereof and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to me.

ROBERT W. HETHERINGTON.

Johnston, Queens Co., Oct. 31, 1899.

LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN—BABYLAND.

With the 1900 volume, enters upon its twenty-fourth year. The best authors and artists continue their contributions to the delight of the little people for whose instruction, amusement and entertainment their best endeavors are put forth. Some of the good things in the new volumes are

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THE BABYLANDERS are entertained every month with dainty verse and pretty pictures by Margaret Johnson.

CRADLE SONGS OF MANY NATIONS tell, in twelve parts, how the wee babies of other lands are sung to sleep every night.

And there are various simple occupations which suggest to the mother ways and means to keep active little fingers busy.

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LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN CO.,
Troy, N. Y.

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"The Bow-legged Ghost and Other Stories."

With an introduction by America's greatest poet, James Whitcomb Riley. An illustrated volume of original humorous sketches, verse, facetious paragraphs and colloquies. A book that will not disappoint the reader, as it enters a new and heretofore unexplored field of humor. A book to be read aloud and enjoyed among your friends. Contains "The Bow-legged Ghost," "When Ezra Sang First Bass, "The Man Who Couldn't Laugh," "Possible Titles of Future Books," "Selling Locks of Hair," "No Woman, No Fad," "Society Actresses," etc., etc. This first edition bound in cloth, printed on extra fine paper, and absolutely the best humorous book published. Worth $2.50, mailed postpaid for $1.00. Order at once. Send for our new special illustrated catalogue mailed free. Gives you the lowest prices on all good books. Address all orders to

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NOTICE.

Mrs. Joseph Rubins wishes to thank the customers of her late husband for their patronage during the three years he was engaged in general merchandise business in this place; and also solicits the continuation of the patronage of the general public, as she intends to carry on the business in future in her own name. She also requests those who are indebted to the estate to kindly settle their accounts at earliest convenience.

AGENTS WANTED.—FOR "STORY OF SOUTH AFRICA" by John Clark Ridpath, L. L. D., Edward S. Ellis, M. A., J. A. Cooper, Managing Editor of the "Canadian Magazine," Toronto, and J. H. Aiken, of London, Ont., who has returned this week from 12 years' travelling in South Africa for us. We are the only Canadian Publishers who have had a branch in South Africa for nineteen years, giving us an immense advantage in procuring photographs and material. Our authorship, letterpress and engravings are superior, and Canadian Contingents better illustrated than in any rival work. So sure are we of this that we will mail free for comparison our prospectus to anyone possessing a rival prospectus. Circulars and terms free. Apply, World Publishing Company, Guelph, Ontario.