

Bargains! Bargains!

Commencing with the New Year I will sell my whole stock of Dr. Joods and the following Groceries Fruits, Canned Goods, Tobacco, Cigars, Drugs, Patent Medicines, Stationery, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Dry Goods, Country Produce of all Kinds,

at prices that cannot be equalled for quality in this place, at least that is what competent judges say of them. We think so from quantity sold during Holidays.

1 two horse knee Sled, 1 one horse knee Sled, 1 pair of bobbeds, 1 express wagon, with top for peddling; 1 double seated open carriage, 1 double seated covered carriage, 1 top buggy, 1 set express harness 2 sets single driving harness.

Liberal Discount for Cash. J. W. DICKIE.

RIPANS advertisement featuring an illustration of a woman and text: 'They banish pain and prolong life. ONE GIVES RELIEF. No matter what the matter is, one will do you good, and you can get ten for five cents.'

Oxford Cloth TAKES THE LEAD.

The following are our duly authorized Travelling Agents for the sale Oxford Cloth, Yarns, etc.— JOHN ROBINSON, Jr., Narrows. MRS. J. E. COY, Upper Gagetown. WM. LIVINGSTON, Jerusalem. DANIEL PALMER, Jr., Douglas Harbor. ROBERT ANDERSON, Armstrong's Corner.

Oxford Manufacturing Co., Oxford, N. S.

LOOK HERE

I have just received a car-load of extra good Buggies and Express Wagons, Road Wagons and Carts.

They are built to order, and the very best material used in construction. It is impossible to find any better in the city. Every vehicle is guaranteed. I also have a fine stock of PLOWS.—Plows to suit all soils. Every person that buys one always recommends it to his neighbors. My Harrows this year are an extra good quality. I keep the best Lever Harrow in the market.

Albert's Thomas Phosphate Powder is Good for all Crops. Don't buy any other Fertilizer. Oliver Burden, Phoenix Square, Fredericton, N. B. E. C. LOCKETT, Agent at Gagetown.

Literature.

HIS TIME HAD COME.

They were five, with the guide, snugly camped up in the forests of the Range country, and the day's sport had been a trifle heavy if empty. They had done a long tramp. The broad fire-place yawned a crackling comfort. There was soothing punch on the table and our pipes were drawing well. The talk had drifted to casually and fatality and to the exchange of views upon the hair-breath line which divides the chance of life from that of death in peculiar cases.

The guide told a young fellow who had been literally frightened to his death a few years before by the crush of a big bull moose which he had wounded with his last cartridge. The brute had been knocked over by a shot from the guide before it reached the boy, who, though unmarked by a scar, through simple terror had lost his hold upon the spark of life. Instances were named where a fall of a few inches had brought death, and others where men had fallen distances of 50 or 60 feet only to get up and walk off unharmed.

Three glasses were replaced with brimming edge untouched upon the table, one—the doctor's—lay shattered on the hearth. Hurried good nights were said, and a half hour later quiet ruled the camp. But one unsleeping member of the party went an hour later to view the skies and judge of the morrow's weather. And there he found another sentinel who growled: 'What a damned ghastly finale for an evening's good cheer. I wish the doctor had kept his infernal fancies and his unwhimsical roasts to himself.'

My theory is, boys, that a man lives until his time's up and no longer, and that it makes little or no difference in his length of life what he does or doesn't do. I seldom see this theory. In fact, I don't generally like to speak of death, an experience which strangely bears out my theory and which lies many years back.

He drew from the envelope a photograph of a skull pinned through by an iron bar, and in turn we examined the picture. As it was passed from hand to hand each face mirrored the depressing thought of the years of unrequited suffering which had preceded the awful nakedness of the skull. The punch bowl received renewed attention, and the talk broke away into forced and aimless chan-

nels, difficult for men to sustain long. At last one of them, in well intended effort to enlighten the mood of the hour, said: 'Well, doc, when have you figured on reaching the limit of your earthly mission? Try a plan to finish this hunt with us, for we are bound to strike a moose before we are through.'

The doctor had gazed into the coals without a word since the telling of his story, but his lips now parted in a slow and melancholy smile as he calmly answered: 'I fancy boys, that it will come tomorrow. So sure am I of that that I shall ask you before we have a good night to join me in what I believe will be our last toast together. It will be to your comfort, friends, if you can dismiss my statement as but the vagary of an overtalkative comrade who finds himself in a strange mood tonight, but we shall see.' He continued to murmur to himself:

'It's a pretty world, senior, but not all has been happiness. I have seen of the travail of my soul and am satisfied.'

He rose and filled his glass. 'Fill and drink, boys,' he called, and as they gathered around without volition to resist his whim he continued: 'Drink to the unshakable riddle of life; to unfathomable arbitrament of fate and to the untroubled sleep which follows all in God's good time.'

Three glasses were replaced with brimming edge untouched upon the table, one—the doctor's—lay shattered on the hearth. Hurried good nights were said, and a half hour later quiet ruled the camp.

With the dusk three had returned to camp with royal appetites, as the sole capture of the day, and the guide was rushing up a supper, encouraged by a running fire of adjuration. As length all was ready and they drew up chairs. The doctor had got up and shown up, but he was a stayer as a sportsman and always the last man home. They knew he had gone over to a blind which he had thrown up near a promising lick at an inlet of the lake. He had salted the lick some days before and had since noted sure signs of moose. Against the judgment of the guide, who scouted his ability to fool a moose by a blind in the location which he had chosen, the doctor had sworn that if he took one at all he would take him there, and his patience and repeated failure was a joke of the camp. Probably he had waited until darkness had fairly shut in before giving up his vigil and even then was stumbling homeward through the gloom.

Still, while the boys variously accounted for his delay, they got more and more uneasy, and at length the lanterns were lighted and they started in a body for the lick. No man voiced his thought or his expectation or spoke a word until we reached the blind.

And there we found him, dead and half crushed under the weight of a moose of 700 pounds. The signs about told the story. The tracks were not two hours old, and showed that the hulking deer had come to drink and then had turned to browse along the fringe of lapping water. The doctor had taken a side shot, which in the falling and deceptive light, had not been sure, and the moose had charged him furiously, a second shot failing to stop him. Bosten down and scattered was the blind, and behind it hunter and hunted had fought out their battle to the death of both.

A broken antler told the story of the onslaught and a splintered rifle stock the desperation of the defense.—New York Sun.

An Indian Stimble.

Some years ago a party of Canadian hunters went up in the Saskatchewan district to hunt deer and when there fell in with a small party of Christian Indians, the leader of whom was fond of singing. The hymns that he sang were from the Cree Hymnal. The hunters were both interested and surprised, and one day one of the party said to the Indian: 'What are you always singing about Jesus for; what has Jesus done for you?' The Indian looked at the traveller with some amazement, but said nothing. An Indian never speaks when he is astonished, for he would consider that to be as foolish as a white man who, he says, 'speaks first thinks afterwards'; but an Indian thinks first and then speaks; so, without speaking, this Indian made a circle of moss on the ground, he then placed a worm in the centre of it; this done, he took his flint and steel, and striking a light, set fire to the moss. In a short time the poor worm began to writhe in pain; just then the Indian stooped down, lifted it up and put it on a stone; then, turning to the traveller, he said with emphasis: 'That is what Jesus did for me. I was like that worm, and felt in my heart all that it could have felt in its body; and just then God's Child stooped down and lifted me up and put me upon a rock, and do you wonder that I love Him! Can you wonder that I sing his praises?'—W. W. KIRKBY.

Motto for Uncle Sam—"Where there's a will, there's Hawaii."—Pick-Me-Up.

TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

Contributed by the I. O. G. T.

I hereby give notice that I have made satisfactory arrangements with the Editor of the QUEENS COUNTY GAZETTE by which this column will be devoted to the interests of the I. O. G. T. I make an appeal to all lodges throughout the county, and all persons interested in Temperance work, to do their part, so that the work may be a success from the beginning. Address all communications to, ERNEST M. STRAIGHT, Lower Cambridge, N. B.

At the meeting of Queens District Lodge at the Narrows, March 5th., the following resolution was adopted: "Resolved, that Queens District Lodge extend to the proprietor of the QUEENS COUNTY GAZETTE, a vote of thanks, for opening a column of his paper for the use of our correspondent, Bro. E. M. Straight."

In regard to the District Lodge, I may say that considering the weather, the meetings were largely attended, and full of interest. At the public meeting held in the evening, Rev. C. W. Townsend, Rev. A. B. MacDonald, and M. C. Macdonald, M. D. addressed the audience in their usual forcible manner. Besides this there were some choice selections rendered by the choir; and a number of recitations, which were all good.

HOW THE SHEEP WAS LOST. My DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS—I wish you a happy New Year, and a long and useful life, if it is the Lord's will to spare you; but you can never be truly happy, or really useful in the highest sense, until you come to Christ. Be persuaded, then to seek Christ now; constantly cry for grace to love, serve, and labour for Him. At this season of the year you are exposed to many snares and temptations, and perhaps to none more than to indulge in intoxicating drinks. Ah! how this sin of intemperance is ruining thousands of our young people! Should you not set your face as a flint against this foul blot on our national character, and help by your abstaining, and efforts, and prayers, to sweep away such an evil from our beloved land.

Allow me to transcribe an interesting story for you, bearing on the subject:— Some years ago, the ship Neptune, carrying thirty-six men, sailed from Aberdeen one fine morning in May, with the fairest prospect of good weather and a prosperous voyage. About eleven o'clock the wind rose from the east, and swept over the sea with overwhelming violence. In about an hour she was seen standing in, but under such a pressure of sail as, considering the gale, astonished all on shore. But on she came, now bounding on the top of the sea, and then almost engulfed in the foaming cavern.

The harbor of Aberdeen is exposed to the east, and formed by a pier on one side, and a breakwater on the other, and so narrow at the entrance as not to admit two large ships abreast. All saw that something was wrong on board. One attempt was made to shorten sail, but the ship was then within a cable's length of the shore, and urged on with a force which no human power could withstand. The wives and families of the men who thus hastening to death had assembled near the pier; but all stood in silent horror—a silence which was broken in a moment by the cry, "She's lost!" as the vessel, lashed on by the tempest, passed to the outer side of the breakwater, and struck with awful violence between two black rugged rocks! The cries of the victims were most terrible. The dreadful cries had come, and they were lost indeed.

A few brave men on shore endeavoured to man the lifeboat, and take it round the breakwater, but it was unavailing. One heavy sea rolling over the wreck for a moment concealed her, and when the people looked again, she was gone! Her crew and timbers were hurled against the rocks, and with the exception of one man, who was washed up and lodged on a projecting ledge, none escaped of the thirty-six who had that morning left the shore in health and vigor.

From the man who was saved, the melancholy truth was learned, that the crew were all intoxicated, and could not manage the vessel! DEAR READER.—Look around you, and see how many—young and old, male and female—are constantly making shipwreck of their character by means of strong drink, and rushing with fearful rapidity into the presence of Him who declares "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God." And where, O where are they consigned to?

Watch and pray against intemperance and sin of every kind. May the Divine Spirit guide and keep you, this New Year, and evermore!—Yours Affectionately, PETER DRUMMOND. In Gospel Trumpet.

Miss Ludley—I don't like that Miss Barkish at all. She's always looking down on people who do not happen to be quite as wealthy as her folks are. Miss Millace—Well you can't blame her for that. She inherits her propensity for looking down on people. You know her father got his start as a tin roofer.—Cleveland Leader.

W. A. CURRIE, D. D. S.

(Late Instructor in Boston Dental College.)

EVERY FORM OF Modern Dentistry.

Crown and Bridge Work a Speciality

Chestnut Building, - Fredericton.-

WM. PETERS,

DEALER IN Leather, Hides, Tallow,

Furriers and Tanners' Tools, Shoemakers' Findings, etc.

Manufacturer of the Famed Bluenose Buffalo Sleigh Robe.

240 Union St., St. John, N. B.

C. L. SCOTT,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN CARRIAGE, CARTS AND SLEIGHS.

—ALSO HEAD QUARTERS FOR—

Massey - Harris Farm Machinery—

—SUCH AS—

PLOWS, HARROWS, REEPERS, MOWERS, SOWERS, CULTIVATORS, ETC., ETC.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

MAIN ST. GAGETOWN, N. B.

T. Amos Wilson,

BOOK BINDER

—AND—

Blank Book Manufacturer.

Law Books and Periodicals, Bound in a Superior Manner, Paper Ruled in any Pattern, Color Stamping executed. Orders promptly attended.

CHESTNUT BUILDING, FREDERICTON, N. B.

Gone Astray.

A Bull two years old, dappled red and white. Any person giving any information concerning same would oblige the owner.

WM. MCGUSHER, Gagetown Queens Co

LOST.

Lost on Thursday last, between Emiskilling Station and Gagetown, a gentleman's Rigby Overcoat. Any information concerning same will be thankfully received at this office.

If your boy,

sneaks off time, the chances are it is no fault of his. Do you expect him to tell time by the sun? Has he a watch? If not that is your fault. He might have a first-class time-keeper as low as \$2.75; up to \$10.00 according to style—all the style anybody could ask.—Good enough for you, too, if you need a watch.

L. L. SHARPE,

Watchmaker and Optician, 42 Dock Street, St. John, N. B.

When You Ask for Pelee Island Wine.

Be sure you get our brand, as other Canadian Wines are sold as Pelee Island.

Brands—Pelee Port, Dry Catawba, Sweet Catawba, Isabella, St. Augustine, Old Port, Concord, Unfermented Grape Juice, Chateau Pelee Claret.

GAGETOWN, JULY 27th, 1897

E. G. SCOVILLE, Agent Pelee Wine Co.

Dear Sir—My wife has been afflicted with nervous prostration for several years, using every kind of medicine recommended, but obtaining no relief until I procured some of your Pelee Wine, which I am delighted to say, has had the desired effect. It is the greatest tonic of the age. I think too much cannot be said in its praise and no house should be without it. We have recommended it to several sufferers from a gripe debility, with like good results.

I am, yours gratefully, JOHN C. CLOWS.

E. G. SCOVILLE, Tea and Wine Merchant, 62 Union St., St. John, sole agent for Maritime Provinces. Telephone 529.

NOTICE.

A thorough bred stallion Harry T. Wilkes is offered for sale. He is very handsome and the most perfect of any horse that ever travelled through the county. He is very gentle and kind. He weighs 1250 lbs., and according to weight cannot be beaten for speed. This stallion will be in Gagetown and other parts of Queens county the last of February and if any of the Gagetown sports want to try his speed the chance is open for them. Any one wanting any other information regarding Harry T. Wilkes apply to H. L. MOFFETT, Central Norton, K. Co., N. B.

FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers for sale on easy terms:

3 very fine driving horses, 3 heavy draft mares, handsome and young.

2 heavy draft colts, rising three years, 1 pony that children can drive and ride 1 Holstein and Ayrshire Bull, 3 years old.

T. SHERMAN PETERS, Gagetown, Q. C., Dec. 7th.