

# Stoves ! Stoves !

That is What's the Matter !

I Have on Hand

- 1 40 gal. Farmer's Boiler.
- 2 Parlor Stoves.
- 1 Star Cooking Stove elevated oven.
- 1 Perfect " " " "

With fixtures complete.

Boilers, Tea Kettles, Griddles, Baking Pans, &c., &c.

Persons wanting any of those goods can buy them at a bargain as I have not room for them and they must be sold.

**Chas. S. Babbit,**

Main Street, Gagetown.

**A. KINSELLA,**

FREESTONE, GRANITE AND MARBLE WORKS,

No. 112 MILL STREET,

Next to I. C. R. Station, St. John, N. B.

Monuments, Tablets and Gravestones, Baptismal Fonts, Mantle Pieces and Plumber's Slabs.

Orders from the country promptly attended to. Satisfaction guaranteed.

E. C. LOCKETT, Agent, Gagetown, N.

# 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.

They will visit the people at their homes with full stock.

OXFORD CLOTH is also for sale at Gagetown, Cady's, Oromocto, etc.

**Oxford Manufacturing Co.,**  
Oxford, N. S.

61.

1897.

THIRTY-SIX YEARS IN THE

# Jewelery : Business

IN FREDERICTON.

C. P. R. Divisional Time Inspector by Appointment!

WE TEST YOUR EYES FREE OF CHARGE.

WE SELL THE CLEVELAND BICYCLE, TOO.

**SHUTE'S, Fredericton.**

**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.

## TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

Contributed by the Women's Christian Temperance Union of Hampstead, N. B.

Rise up ye Women that are at Ease.

A GLASS OF BEER.  
By Mary Dwinell Chellis.

Forty years ago, in a small New England town among the hills, there occurred one of those strange events which no philosophy can explain or mere human reason comprehend.

In a house so old and dilapidated that only a drunkard would think of occupying it, lived Freeman Colton, the best mechanic and the hardest drinker in all the country round. It was a bitter evening in mid-winter, and he, with five boon companions, sat by a blazing fire in the old-fashioned kitchen, tossing off now and then a glass of New England rum, until the liquor furnished by the generous host was exhausted. Thus engaged, they did not heed how time was passing; but in the adjoining room were Freeman Colton's mother, his wife and four children, and to them each minute seemed an hour. Compelled to hear the fearful oaths and maudlin songs, they scarcely dared to move, lest some sound should provoke the anger of the half-crazed man, whose voice was loudest and whose laugh was the most reckless. At length, when comparative silence had reigned for a few minutes, one said:

"Let us try something different. We have been hard cases a good while. Wonder how it would seem to turn over a new leaf? I promised my wife I'd be home early and get up some wood to burn but when Colton invited me to help empty his jug I forgot all about the wood."

"Too bad about your wife," responded another with a sneer. "Cold might to do without a fire. I left wood for my folks to burn, but I suppose they'd feel better to have me 'round. I promised my old mother I wouldn't drink a drop of liquor for a month; but I can't keep any such promise when Colton has a party." And the speaker laughed at what he considered a sally of wit.

His, however, was the only laugh. Something had sobered the company. Perhaps it was the thought of other mothers weeping over recreant sons, or it may have been the silent prayers going up to the throne of grace from the cheerless room where were gathered Freeman Colton's family.

"Wonder if I couldn't give you an invitation you'd refuse?" said the host, with an oath.

"Try us and see," was replied.

"I will," he answered quickly—"I will. Will you sign a pledge not to drink another drop of liquor for a year? How many of you will do that?"

"Will you do it yourself?" asked one. "I will, so help me God!" he responded, bringing his hand down heavily upon the table before him.

Taking from a cupboard in the chimney, pen, ink and paper, he wrote the pledge, to which he signed his name, and then waited for others to follow his example. Half intoxicated as they were, the signatures were mere scrawls, but each man would swear to his own; and as they separated there was a heavy shaking of hands, with promises to be "true and faithful."

Then, throwing wide open the door of the room where his family were sitting, in cold darkness he bade them come out and here what he had to tell them. But words failed him, and he could only give the crumpled paper to his wife, who read it, and then passed, it to his mother, who exclaimed:

"Thank God, my son, and may He give you strength to persevere to the end!"

There were tears, and prayers, and thanksgivings, the children hardly comprehending the situation until their grandmother explained it, and their father kissed them as he had not done for many a day.

Then wood was heaped higher in the broad fireplace, and such food as the house contained was brought forward. It was enough for the aged mother that her prayers had been answered, enough for the wife that her husband craved forgiveness for neglect and unkindness, but the younger members of the family were aghast to satisfy their hunger.

It was soon known that six drunkards had pledged themselves to a year's abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, including cider. Their friends rejoiced, although with many fears; yet as months went by, and they gave no sign of returning to their former habits, they gained more and more the confidence of the people.

A relative of Freeman Colton advised him to seek employment in the city, offering to assist him with both money and influence. This offer was accepted, and the family soon left the old house for a home among strangers.

In a rapidly growing city the skilful mechanic found his skill appreciated; and, having free scope for his talents, he proved himself a competent architect. Orders flowed in upon him, until he employed a large number of men. His work was thoroughly done; his contracts were fulfilled to the letter. He was accounted a prosperous business man, and the relative who had assisted him felt more than repaid for every effort made on his behalf. Never once had he broken the

pledge, which at the end of a year had been renewed for life. As he had accumulated no property, he was still obliged to ask for credit, which was readily granted, with the same name upon his notes as surety for their payment.

At last he contracted to build on addition to a large hotel, and while superintending his workmen the proprietor came to him with a foaming pitcher of strong beer with which he proposed to treat all present. Mr. Colton declined it firmly, even after much urging and the repeated assurance that it was as harmless as cold water. Most of the men drank, and there was another temptation for the master-mechanic, to which, however, he did not yield. But the beer was pressed almost to his lips, and whether by accident or design, it was spilled so that he could not avoid tasting it.

For a moment he looked around as if dazed, then seized the glass and drained it. Another and another was drained, and then he went his way. His pledge was broken. He knew only too well that the beer contained alcohol. He did not attempt to deceive himself in regard to this, and it was not long before he drank the strongest liquors, careful only to conceal the fact as much as possible. He drank after working hours, and his family soon became aware that he was on the downward road.

His business suffered. His workmen were paid less punctually. Notes matured which he could not pay, and his endorser was called upon to meet the demands. His creditors closed up his business. He was bankrupt, while the friend who had done so much for him was greatly embarrassed.

He had lost all except his skill as a mechanic. It had been often said of him that he could do more work than any two men he could hire, so that he could easily earn a competency. But he did not do this. He would work for a few days, and then drink until his money was exhausted. Appeals were made to him in vain. He seemed to have lost all power to control the appetite which had overmastered and was fast ruining him.

Later, when bereft of one after another of his family, there were times when he would abstain from liquor for weeks, and even months; but with each relapse he sank lower, until he became a wanderer and a vagabond, dying at last in a county almshouse, and only saved from a pauper's grave by the generosity of one who had paid thousands of times over for the glass of beer which proved his ruin.

Talk of beer and ale as "temperance drinks." Talk of the German lager as nourishing and healthy. Brewers count their profits and smile at the credulity of those who can be so easily deceived.

### The Minister's Blessing.

Down in the rural district it happened, when the mean man invited the preacher to dinner. The mean man had plenty of money, but he didn't spend it on his table, which, on that occasion showed but scant fare.

"Parson," said the mean man, "times air hard an' groceries high; but, sich as it is, you're welcome. Will you ax a blessin'?"

"I will," replied the parson; "fold your hands." And then he said:

"Lord, make us thankful for what we are about to receive—for these greens, without bacon; this bread without salt; this coffee without sugar; and, after we have received it, give thy servant strength to get home in time for dinner."

### Points on Fruit Culture.

Fast growing trees need severe pruning.

Never set fruit trees in a naturally damp, undrained soil.

Fairly good grapes may be grown on almost any kind of soil.

Exhaustion of available plant food causes many an orchard to run out.

No more profitable use can be made of ashes than in the apple orchard.

Nearly all cultivated fruits will overbear. With good cultivation the blackberry will thrive on poor soil.

Change of color in fruit and readiness of the fruit stalk to part from its branch indicate that the fruit is ripe.

Remove from the ground anything that is past, and do not let any weeds go to seed this month. Burn up everything that is taken away, such as dead flower stems, pea and bean straw; this will prevent any disease or insects' eggs from coming to life in the spring.

### Queer Donation.

A Scotchman who had spent the greater part of his life in a secluded part of Scotland where there were no churches came to London. The first Sunday after his arrival he was escorted to church by a friend. After service the usual collection was made. I happened that the Scotchman was the first person to whom the gentleman who was collecting handed the plate, and his friend, noticing his astonishment, whispered:

"Put something in the plate."

"What shall I put in?" anxiously inquired the other.

He was told to put in anything he could spare. Thereupon he dived his hand into his pocket and brought out about half an ounce of snuff.

Placing it on the plate he said to the gentleman who held it:

"I suppose you take a pinch of snuff sometimes."

### At His Mercy

Pease—I had an awful time at the dentist's.

Hubbard—Worse than you expected?

Pease—I should say so! He put some of his confounded instrument in my mouth so that I couldn't talk back, and then he told me his wheel was better than mine.

## Poetry.

TO MY TIRE.

(Monsieur Flatulenticus windicus)  
If we could trust your own relation  
"As to" the reason why you burst,  
The trouble was "too much inflation"—  
Of all your weaknesses the worst.

"Tis useless now to dodge and parry.  
To call vile names; to rage and foam.  
Your victims all know what you carry,  
You needn't tell them in your "pome."

We also note your disposition  
Of foreign phrase so true and terse.  
But then your work shows your condition,  
You needn't write it o'er your verse.

AS IT SHOULD BE.

"The cobbler sticketh to his last"  
Though small the recompense.  
At "dreaming dreams" he's lightning fast  
But slow on common sense.

MORAL.

\*Till-i-cum, Lake School, Skook-um tenas.

BJAX.

\*Bjux doesn't understand the Flat Head dialect, but he knows a little Chinoek.

### ENIGMATICAL.

I'll now a riddle give that is  
Not hard to guess, by any means.  
"GAZETTE" subscribers, try my quiz—  
Look sharp! I say the answer seems  
Easy to find; in fact, 'tis given  
When you have read these lines all  
through!

O, see the letters "eight and seven,"  
Of which are formed words "numbering two."

Do not, I pray you, ask me more,  
For I've now made it plain enough;  
Look closely, as I said before,  
(O this, for Bjax, is the stuff.)  
Well, now, begin your brains to tax,  
Ever expecting wondrous facts,  
Regarding poor, exposed Bjax! ! ! !

AJAX.

Max O'Reil Tells a Joke.

"Max O'Reil" relates that while he was teaching in an English school a lady wrote to the head master: "Dear Sir,—It is our intention to place our boy under your care, but before we do so we should like to know what the social standard of your school is." To which the head master replied: "Dear Madam.—So long as your boys behaves well and his fees are regularly paid no inquiry will be made about his antecedents."

### A Cheap Compromise

"Schoolbooks air so high," said the farmer, "that I reckon I'll have ter take John and Jim from school."

"Oh, no," said the rural school teacher, "you mustn't do that! I'll just teach 'em out of my head."

"An' what'll that be wuth?" asked the farmer.

"Well, replied the teacher, I'll just leave that to you. What do you say?"

"I dunno," said the farmer, "but I reckon your head's got \$3 wuth in it. I'll risk that much on it, anyhow!"

Husband, (shaving)—"Confound the razor."

Wife—"What's the matter now? You are dreadfully cross-tempered."

Husband—"The razor is so abominably dull."

Wife—"Dull? Why, I ripped up an old skirt with it yesterday, and it cut beautifully!"

Farmer Nubbins (shouting across the garden fence to the next door neighbor)—"Hey, there! What are you burying in that hole."

Neighbor—Oh, I'm just replanting some of my garden seeds.

Nubbins—Garden seeds, eh? Looks to me mighty like one of my hens.

Neighbor—That's all right. The seeds are inside of her.

Mamma—I wonder what Tommy will be when he grows up.

Papa—He'd make a first class civil service examiner. He's constantly asking questions about things that nobody knows anything about.

Isaacson—I hear your son Jakey has failed in his examinations.

Silverson—Sure, he failed—dis is der fourth time. I'm going to open a shtore for him now. I tink he'll make a good peeness man.

## James Stirling,

Manufacturer of Harness, St. John.

I have recently bought out the stock of the estate of the late William Robb, consisting of

**Harness and Saddles**

of all kinds. Some great bargains will now be offered.

My stock on hand is second to none in the city, to choose from. Working Harness, Light Harness from \$14 and upwards.

Give us a call.

**JAMES STIRLING,**

12 Charlotte St., - St. John, N. B.

**FREDERICTON**  
The Business  
W. J. OSBORNE  
PRINCIPAL.

Most of our Graduates of this year

have already secured positions. We cannot supply the demand for those who understand Book-keeping and Shorthand.

Write for Catalogue.

Fredericton, N. B.

**FOR SALE.**

1 Double Seated Wagonette.

1 Wagon, can be used either with a top or as an open wagon, as good as new.

1 Heavy Colt, three-years-old, broken to harness, quiet and good life. Prices Low.

T. S. PETERS, Gagetown.

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

(Late Instructor in Boston Dental College.)

EVERY FORM OF Modern Dentistry.

**Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty**

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.

**WHEN IN FREDERICTON**

CALL ON

**J. H. FLEMING**

HE KEEPS A NICE LINE OF

**Gents' Furnishings,**

**Hats and Caps.**

The Latest Novelties in

**NECK WEAR,**

ALWAYS ON HAND

PRICES ARE RIGHT.

**H. Niles & Sons,**

—DEALERS IN—

**GENERAL GROCERIES**

Flour,

Meal,

Hay,

Oats,

Feed, Etc.

Correspondence solicited and promptly attended to.

Write for quotations.

Robertson Wharf, Indiantown, N. B.

Established 1862.

**John McCann,**

Importer and Dealer in

**GROCERIES, : FLOUR,**

LIQUORS, &c.

Corner Main and Bridge Streets, INDIANTOWN, N. B.

Established 1862.

**John McCann,**

Importer and Dealer in

**GROCERIES, : FLOUR,**

LIQUORS, &c.

Corner Main and Bridge Streets, INDIANTOWN, N. B.

Established 1862.

**If your boy**

sn't on 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 at \$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.

**J. + R. + Vanwart,**

**GROCER, .**

General Dealer in Flour, Oats, Feed,

Country Produce, Fruits,

Meats, &c.

BRIDGE ST., INDIANTOWN,

ST. JOHN, N. B.