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That is What's the Matter !

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2 Parlor Stoves.

1 Star Cooking Stove elevated oven.  
1 Perfect " " " "

With fixtures complete.

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

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buy them at a bargain as I have not room  
for them and they must be sold.

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Main Street, Gagetown.

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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.  
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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.

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Phoenix Square, Fredericton, N. B.

E. C. LOCKETT, Agent at Gagetown.

### Poetry.

#### UNCLE ROBERT ON GUNS.

Composed and written on one of the  
remarkable tales of the chase as narrated  
by a Wickham Nimrod.

You talk of the breech loading gun,  
But my, oh my! look here!  
Why, I've an honest, old time one  
That downs it slick and clear.  
A better gun I too will bet  
Was never owned by man  
Than my far shooting ancient pet,  
My darling old "Queen Ann."

You say at five score yards your gun  
Has often downed her bird;  
Now listen till my story's done—  
And think it not absurd—  
And I will tell you what was done  
Some twenty years ago  
By my old gallant warrior gun  
That's oft faced Britain's foe.

'Twas on the Holy Sabbath day,  
And all our children dear  
To Sabbath-School had gone away,  
For they the Lord did fear;  
And as in quietude and peace,  
Content I did recline  
I chanced to spy a flock of geese  
Down by my lower line.

"Mother," said I, unto my wife,  
"On wild geese soon we'll feed;  
Yes, on that you can bet your life—  
Unto our utmost greed."  
"Robert," said she, "for goodness sake  
Don't break the Sabbath day!  
Or you'll be reckoned as a rake;  
Oh don't! Oh don't! I pray!"

"Oh mother, chide me not," I cried;  
"Shoot them I must and will!"  
Then high I charged my joy and pride,  
A big lot bound to kill.  
I full one quarter of a pound  
Of powder in did pour,  
With shot to match, stout was the round;  
Then hastened to the shore.

Then o'er the fence I took a rest  
And sighted on my prey,  
Which now was feeding with a zest  
Four hundred yards away.  
Then firing, recollect no more  
For all grew black as tar.  
The echo rolled from shore to shore—  
I saw full many a star.

It thundered on our river side  
With vigorous boom and crash,  
While on the Hampstead side they spied  
The vivid lightning flash.  
And, when unto myself I came,  
My gun so blithe and gay  
I spied, emitting smoke and flame,  
Full fifty yards away.

"Well done old girl, your work you do!"  
Unto her then I said:  
For seven geese that shot she slew;  
She knocked them stiff and dead.  
Beside those killed, I too did wound  
Of them at least a score.  
And these, when I revived, I found  
Had sought the island shore.

The seven to the house I took;  
On them we soon did dine,  
For mother is a tip top cook;  
Oh my, but they went fine!  
But now my story I have told—  
Come beat it if you can.  
The gun is worth her weight in gold.  
That downs my old "Queen Ann."

WOODVILLE.

#### CJAX DREAMS A DREAM.

One day I laid me down  
A siesta to take;  
A friend had just me shown  
The last of Bjax' make.  
His stuff I had just read.  
(All critics thus it deem).  
I laid me down, I said,  
And dreamed this dream:

I was in a strange land  
I'd never seen before;  
Was one of a small band,  
Myself and just one more.  
I saw a river there,  
And knew instinctively  
I was at Klondyke where  
I had not wished to be.

One day my luck I tried—  
Prospecting as they say;  
A figure I espied  
When gone a tedious way;  
An "Ancient Mariner,"  
I thought in my strange dream,  
Performs his penance here;  
For it like him did seem.

But soon his side I gained,  
Than "wedding-guest" more brave;  
And from his mouth obtained  
The mournful tale he gave.  
This man, I should have said,  
Was digging in the ground;  
At length he turned his head,  
And startled looked around.

To this strange man I say  
With haggard mien and look;  
"How do you here, I pray,—  
This awful Klondyke brook?"  
No answer—but intent  
He digged as digged before;  
My interest did augment;  
Quoth I to him once more:

"Near mind this earth and moss,  
Your name please let me know.  
Some harmless albatross  
Slew you with a cross-bow?"  
He then thus spake to me:  
"Once Bjax was my name,  
But should no longer be,  
As I am not the same.

My happy, halcyon home—  
On Washademoak lake!  
'Twas Cjax bade me come!  
He wept as thus he spake.  
"Those gladsome days are gone;  
And I so weak and ill  
Scarce wot that I live on,  
Save for the pangs I feel!"

"As gold enough you've got,"  
I did to him reply,  
"Why is it you do not  
The Klondyke leave for aye?  
Disease has got you now,  
And death will have you soon!  
I would get out I trow  
Before to-morrow's noon."

He then to me in turn,  
Anew his tears did drop:  
"I gladly would return,  
But I—I CANNOT STOP!"  
These words he gravely spake,  
And sadder still did seem.  
I suddenly awoke,

And, lo, it was a dream!

#### THE INTERPRETATION.

And so you see, GAZETTE,  
You must Bjax endure;  
You're hampered with this bore,  
Poor Bjax cannot see  
To stop would be so wise;  
Henceforth each week will be  
His trash before our eyes.

CJAX.

Douglas Harbor, September 25th, 1897.

#### NON COMPOS MENTIS.

So meaningless are Bjax's terms,  
We scarcely know how to reply;  
But 'tis no wonder that he squirms,  
And "utters forth" a dismal cry.

From his last piece, it would appear  
That to his fire he'd likened me;  
Surely, to all it must seem queer  
How such a term could fitting be.

Does Bjax mean I lend him speed?  
Is "heavier very far than stone?"  
If so, 'tis very strange, indeed,  
That, all this time, he'd treat me so.

It might perhaps, be that he means  
I help to bear him o'er his road;  
If that's the case, to me it seems  
That I must have a fearful load.

If I am forced to carry what  
Is "heavier very far than stone?"  
More weighty, too, than sand"—my lot  
Is one that scarcely can be borne.

What wonder then that I should burst  
"Nenth a fool's wrath," the heaviest  
load  
Of any known—also the worst—  
To mortals travelling on life's road.

Bah! Bjax you are getting worse,  
And list to me my direst foe,  
The more you rave, when writing verse,  
The more your weaknesses you show.

Loudly you hooped, and loudly laughed,  
Like all the others of your kind;  
But we expect from those who're daft,  
"The laugh that speaks the vacant  
mind."

Bjax, I'd grieve to really know  
Dementia affected you;  
Write better quickly—that will show  
That you have understanding, too.

Go to, Bjax! Give no more rhyme—  
Rhyme really "after our Lake School"  
Let there be sense in every line,  
So we will know you're not a fool.

But hold! 'twill then be bad for thee;  
For, if 'tis proved you don't lack wit,  
And so have no excuse, you'll find—  
Nemo me impune lacessit.

Coq a huppe !!!

AJAX.

Scotchtown, Sept. 27, 1897.

#### The Modern World.

The world as we know it has only ex-  
isted a very short time. The "Dark  
Ages" did not end till the fourteenth cen-  
tury. Printing was not invented in  
Europe till the early part of the fifteenth  
century, and America not known to be in  
existence till Columbus discovered it at  
the close 1492. Musical notes were not  
used till the beginning of the fourteenth  
century, and not printed till the begin-  
ning of the sixteenth; a few years later  
the first post offices were established at  
Vienna and Brussels. Watches were un-  
known till the latter part of the fifteenth  
century, and were first made in Nurem-  
burg. Newspapers have been in exist-  
ence in America less than two hundred  
years. The first was printed in Boston  
in 1690. The greater part of the world  
as it exists to-day is less than four  
hundred years old; and the noisiest, most  
rapid part of it,—steam, electricity, and  
their application as motive,—has been  
developed within the present century.

#### Asking England's Aid.

LONDON, Sept. 23.—Count Casa Va-  
lencia, the Spanish Ambassador to Eng-  
land, yesterday called at the Foreign  
Office and was closeted for over an hour  
with Sir Thomas Sanderson, Permanent  
Under-Secretary of Foreign Affairs, re-  
garded as a man knowing most about the  
foreign relations of England and having  
great influence in formulating Britain's  
foreign policy. The subject of the con-  
versation is reported to have been a pro-  
posed alliance between England and  
Spain in defence of their American col-  
onies, to curb American aggressions and  
arrest the extension of the Monroe doc-  
trine.

The belief exists in diplomatic circles  
here that Spain desires and is endeavor-  
ing to enlist the sympathies of England.  
"This" said a member of the diplomatic  
corps, who declined to permit the use of  
his name, "means that Spain is trying to  
borrow the British navy with which to  
held Cuba, making representations that  
the seizure of Cuba by America as she ex-  
ecutes it, is the first step toward the  
seizure of Canada.

She hopes to get up an alliance of all  
the powers having American colonies to  
resist encroachment by the United States,  
saying that the time has now arrived to  
crush the Monroe doctrine and to put an  
end to the gigantic extensions America is  
making. They have not got beyond the  
most desultory talk. The Spanish Am-  
bassador does not see Lord Salisbury; he  
meets only the Under-Secretary. Lord  
Salisbury does not take the trouble to  
come to London to discuss the matter.

It is merely a continuation of the  
effort Spain made about a year ago to get  
up just this sort of alliance. The last  
thing on earth Lord Salisbury would do  
would be to encourage trouble with  
America. Even the attempt Spain has  
made to negotiate a loan in England has  
net with poor success. England has  
everything to lose and nothing to gain by  
such alliances, having Canada at stake.  
Without England's help Cuba is lost to  
Spain. England will never help while  
Lord Salisbury is in power.

At the American Embassy, it is said,  
nothing is known about Spain negotiating  
for England's help, and the first attempt  
with this Government, was such a flat  
failure that it was not believed a second  
would be tried.

The Spanish situation is being closely

watched in England. The unanimous  
opinion is that Cuba is lost to Spain if  
America intervenes.

#### FOR SUNDAY READING.

A Newspaper Sermon Upon Felix's "A  
Convenient Season."

Felix trembled, and answered, Go thy  
way for this time; when I have a con-  
venient season I will call for thee.—Acts,  
xxiv., 25.

Felix was very wily, very timid and  
very selfish, as most of us are.  
Under the circumstances in which the  
world has entangled itself it is rather  
difficult to be anything else. What will  
the temptings and enjoyings of personal  
ambition it requires a certain amount  
of heroism for a man to do what he  
knows he ought to do.

There is no doubt that goodness is the  
best spiritual investment a man can  
make; that uprightness, integrity, gen-  
erosity, charity are qualities of character  
whose value is beyond all appraisal.  
And yet ambition is an orator with such  
persuasive speech that it can make the  
worse appear the better and half con-  
vince us that an act at which our con-  
science revolts will produce the happi-  
ness we long for. We allow ourselves  
to be deceived by specious arguments,  
and unto the end of our lives mangled with un-  
spoken regrets are the consequence.

We all intend to rectify things by and  
by, but life slips away, the years like  
a swift flowing current sweep us into  
old age, and what we hoped to do re-  
mains forever unaccomplished, so far  
as this life is concerned. Beginning with  
false premises, we inevitably and logi-  
cally reach an unsatisfactory conclusion.  
With the power to make ourselves noble,  
we waste our energy and die in the  
sad consciousness that we have not done  
the half of what we intended to do, and  
have not done that half as well as we  
were capable of doing it.

It was so with Governor Felix, and it  
is so with the majority of us. He saw  
that Paul's doctrine was the only safe  
doctrine, and he determined to adopt the  
principles propounded by him, but it  
was more convenient to do so at  
some future time, and very inconvenient  
to do so just then. The chance to  
change himself from a bad ruler into a  
good man was lost, and it never again  
presented itself.

There is a similar story told of the  
wild and dissipated youth who after-  
ward became St. Augustine. He seems  
to have had two natures, as most of  
us have. On a certain occasion, when  
his nobler nature was in the ascendant,  
he fell on his knees, crying, "O Lord,  
make me holy!" but immediately his  
ignoble nature wrestled for the mastery,  
and he added, "But not yet!"

We all have the same experience.  
There is a saint and a devil inside of  
every human being. In some lives the  
two skirmish with each other and nothing  
decisive is attained—neither obtains  
the victory. In other instances there  
is a pitched battle between the two, and  
though the fortunes of war waver for  
a while, the saintly wins the day and  
the evil surrenders unconditionally.

No man knows himself until that bat-  
tle has been fought. So long as it re-  
mains in doubt whether you are to be  
governed by principle or by expediency,  
by justice and truth or by personal am-  
bition, so long you are building with-  
out any solid foundation, and your fu-  
ture will depend largely on the tempta-  
tions which may happen to come your  
way. If you have clear weather you  
will get on without any serious mishap,  
and appear to be a better man and a  
stronger man than you really are; but  
if some evil minded chance knocks at  
your door with its promise of aggran-  
dizement you will be in danger of being  
so dazzled that conscience will retire in  
dismay and despair.

This "more convenient season" is a  
more figment of the imagination, the de-  
vice of the spirit of evil, a false pro-  
phet, a dose of opium thrust down the  
throat of your better self. There never  
was and there never will be a more  
convenient season than now. The man  
who waits until to-morrow always waits  
until the day after. Difficulties accumu-  
late with the passage of time.

If you are about to start on a journey,  
and, standing in the doorway, watching  
the first snowflakes of a coming storm,  
you say, "I will go in the afternoon," or  
"I will go in the morning," the chances  
are that you will wait until it is too  
late to go at all. Every minute makes  
your task harder to accomplish. Start  
at once and you will triumph over the  
elements. The falling flakes will not  
impede your progress, and you may  
reach your destination before the storm  
bursts in its first fury. But if you wait  
you make a mistake which may possibly  
prove fatal. The snow heaps itself in  
drifts, and by the time you have fully  
made up your mind to start the roads  
have become impassable.

In spiritual concerns the same rule  
holds good, as many a poor, forlorn soul  
can testify, and as all of us, for that  
matter, can testify to a certain extent.  
The habit which you ought to break is  
now like a spider's web. One sweep  
of the will and it is gone; delay and the  
web hardens into threads of steel, and  
only a giant's strength can break it.  
If you say, "I will mend myself by  
and by" you will find that your "by and  
by" will never arrive. It is a delusion,  
a rainbow, a dream, a nothing. What  
is worth doing at all is worth doing now.  
One effort, one mighty effort, calling on  
all the hosts of heaven for help, and  
you will make a man of yourself.—New  
York Herald.

#### Alphabet of Proverbs.

A grain of prudence is worth a pound  
of craft.  
Boasters are cousins to liars.  
Denying a fault doubts it.  
Envy shoots at others and wounds  
herself.  
Foolish fear doubles danger.  
God teaches us good things by our own  
hands.

He has hard work who has nothing  
to do.  
It costs more to revenge wrongs than  
to suffer them.  
Knavery is the worst trade.  
Learning makes a man fit company  
for himself.

Modesty is a guard to virtue.  
Not to hear conscience is the way to  
silence it.  
One hour to-day is worth two to-mor-  
row.

Proud looks make foul work in fair  
faces.  
Quiet conscience is quiet sleep.  
Richest is he that wants least.  
Small faults indulged are little thieves  
that let in greater ones.  
The boughs that bear most hang low-  
est.

Upright walking is sure walking.  
Virtue and happiness are mother and  
daughter.  
Wise men make more opportunities  
than they find.  
You never lose by doing a good act.  
Zeal without knowledge is fire with-  
out light.

#### Caine's "Christian."

Mr. Caine's Christian is a man of  
Christlike mould. He is Robert Storm,  
the son of a peer, who, turning his  
back upon station and wealth, goes out  
into the wilderness of London, smiting  
the wealthy and the powerful with  
scathing words, and seeking to reclaim  
the fallen men and the fallen women  
with whom he casts his lot. Over and  
over again his likeness to Christ is in-  
sisted upon.

Do not let me be misunderstood. Mr.  
Caine's Christian is no Christ. He is no  
rejuvenated Godhead. He is a very  
human follower of the Master, eagerly  
willing in spirit, but weak in the flesh.  
On the struggles of that spirit and that  
flesh depends the most vivid interest of  
the book.

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no fault of his. Do you expect  
him to tell time by the sun? Has  
he a watch? If not that is your  
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