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Commencing with the New Year I will sell my whole stock of Dr Goods 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.


—ALSO—

1 two horse knee Sled, 1 one horse knee Sled, 1 pair of bobsleds, 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.

They banish pain and prolong life. **ONE GIVES RELIEF.**



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

A new style packet containing TEN RIPANS TABLETS in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores—50c PER FIVE TABLETS. This low-priced sort is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the five-cent cartons (30 tablets) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the Ripans Chemical Company, No. 19 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.

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- 15000 Scotch Fire Brick.
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Poetry.

DOES ANY ONE CARE FOR FATHER?

Does any one care for father?
Does any one think of the one
Upon whose tired, bent shoulders
The cares of the family come?
The father who strives for your comfort,
And toils on from day unto day,
Although his step ever grows slower,
And his dark locks are turning gray?

Does any one think of the due-bills
He's called upon daily to pay?
Milliner bills, college bills, book-bills—
There are some kinds of bills every day;
Like a patient horse in a treadmill,
He works on from morning till night;
Does any one think he is tired?
Does any one make his home bright?

Is it right, just because he looks troubled,
To say he's an cross as a bear?
Kind words, little actions, and kindness
Might banish his burden of care.
'Tis for you he's ever so anxious;
He will toil for you while he may live;
In return he only asks kindness,
And such pay is easy to give

THE SONGSTER.

The crow and heron sweetly sing,
So does full many a bird.
But naught is there that flaps a wing
At least naught that we've heard,
That for one moment can compare
With songster Thomas A.—
To hear him sing does banish care,
And drive it far away.

The bull frog 'em, whose tuneful voice,
So oft has charmed the ear,
When he in springtime does rejoice,
To Tom cannot come near.
Nor can Gramalkin's sweetest note,
Borne on the midnight air,
As from the backyard it does float,
With Tommy's notes compare.

His voice—but how our pen does strike—
'Tis quite beyond its art,
To tell to you what it is like,
Goes right home to the heart,
And makes you think a whistling buoy
And fog horn near at hand
The proper thing free from alloy,
Is he, this songster grand.

Of Dan McCarty's great exploit,
He does delight to sing,
Or of the good ship Hanford Wright,
Oft does the welkin ring,
As he of "Teddy Regen" tells,
And of his Winnie gay,
With howls and groans and dreadful yells,
Heard full a mile away.

An Admirer.
THE "ADA G."
(June 25th, 1898.)

The Ada G. again is "out,"
Though old, she still is staunch and stout,
And unsurpassed beyond a doubt;
For though some boats are faster,
(When light) when e'er they start to tow,
They for the Ada grow too slow
(For mind this is no idle blow),
At towing, none have passed her.

And lucky little John McKane
As master of her still does reign.
Poor John is now a sighing swain;
'Tis sad to note his anguish.
When e'er through Foxes' Reach we sail
A winsome damsel does us hail;
It is this dashing, gay female,
For whom poor John does languish.

How strange that one so blest as he
Should languish for captivity
Full forty years he has sailed free,
But won't sail so much longer.
For soon, alas! will Hymen's chain
Anchor the gallant Jon McKane.
For freedom then he'll strive in vain,
But than him 'twill prove stronger.

But now to love and John, Adieu!
The foremost members of our crew
Are Chief Mate Shields a boatman true,
With Franklin Allen second;
While Dennis Lynch is bo'swain bold,
A better seaman never rolled
Along a deck, or shallow "poled;"
We're seven souls all reckoned.

Joe Turner is chief engineer;
With him to drive and John to steer
For nothing do we have a fear,
No sir, we are not lying!
John sounds the gong to let her go,
When, like an arrow from a bow,
Responding to the summons, Joe
Does send our old ship flying.

Beneath a mighty press of steam
Like lightning nods our walking beam,
While like to fancy or a dream
She flies, for few are fletcher.
Beside those named there's Albert A.
And Arthur G. and Robert K.
And three Johns—one from Jemseg gay;
All round 'tis hard to beat her.

—WOODVILLE.

Pedagogue (severely)—Now, sir, for the last time, what's the square of the hypotenuse of a right angled triangle equivalent to?
Boy (desperately)—It's equivalent to a lickin' fer me, sir. Go ahead.—London Fun.

When little Herman first saw his twin brothers, he looked at them a minute and then asked, "Mamma, did you send for samples?"—Youth's Companion.

TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

Contributed by the I. O. G. T.

All lodges, and others interested in temperance work, are earnestly solicited to contribute for this column. Correspondence to be sent to Secretary, Cambridge Union Lodge; McDonalds Corner.

"Let all who love our Order and desire its progress—who love our Order and desire its maintenance—who would extend a knowledge of our beautiful organization, and perpetuate its principles, which aim to promote fraternity, to unite men and women in acts of benevolence and incite them to a generous emulation for the good of all mankind, that our Charity may be co-extensive with the universe, winning by gentle influence and example the erring and unfortunate victims of the tyrant alcohol to a place in our inner sanctuary, where sweet Peace sits enthroned, and Purity has an abiding place, and Love is the guiding star, unite in a determination to sustain and support this Temperance column.

(W. E. B.)
HIS HARD LESSON.

"Of course you intend to vote the prohibition ticket, Henry?"
"Of course I don't."
"You don't? Not vote for the temperance ticket?"
"No."
"You astonish me! A temperance man too! I thought you had more interest in the matter than to let that go."
"I have too much interest in my business to do so. Now, see here, Mary, don't look at me like that. I am no worse than other men. You know I am a temperance man, but I must consider my business, and it hurts a man to be too strong a temperance man."
"Well, then, I would be hurt; I would do right and take the consequences."
"Oh, that's very easy for you to say, but it's another thing for me to do it. I'm willing to do anything in reason, but I can't be a saint."
"So you'll vote with the whiskey-men?"
"I shall vote with the same party I have voted with for years."
"Yes, the party that has licensed these saloons. I think you will have to answer for your share in the business, then."
"Nonsense, Mary; don't be so extreme."
And Mr. Lane, influential and official member of the church went to his store in a slightly ruffled state.

He met a lady on his way who bade him good-morning.
"It's terrible, isn't it?" she said, making a slight gesture toward the saloon close at hand, where a man was sweeping out the accumulated filth. "These places are all along the best streets, and no one cannot avoid them. I hope the new party will be strong enough to do away with the whole business before long. That is your party, I suppose, Mr. Lane?"

"You ladies seem to be going into politics in earnest," he answered, evasively, "my wife talked nothing else at breakfast," and he raised his hat and passed on.

But he did not feel altogether comfortable. He had known this lady, Mrs. Lewis ever since she was a child—her husband, too, a fine man, but he would drink sometimes. Mr. Lane wondered if he was at it now.

He remembered that Mrs. Lewis had come out of a drug store; she had looked pale too, and it was strange her being out so early in the morning. He had not thought of it before, but he had not seen Lewis in some days. That must be the trouble. Why couldn't the man be a man, and let liquor alone, he asked himself, impatiently. Then, like a flash, there came the remembrance of a pale face and he seemed to hear the words, "You don't know what a struggle I have every day of my life. Oh, if the saloons were only closed."

Mr. Lane hurried on to his store and cast aside all thought of the matter in attention to business.

In the afternoon, as he was passing along the street, he came suddenly to a knot of excited people. Two policemen stood there grim and silent. The men were speaking in low, quick tones.

"He's dead!" said one; "I'm sure of it. The bullet went through his brain, they said."

A young man stood in the doorway, motioning the people back from the closed door. His face was deathly white, and there was blood on his hands and on the pieces of goods he still held mechanically.

Mr. Lane started when he saw him. It was Lewis brother and this was Lewis' store.

"What's it? What is it?" he asked, excitedly.

The young man opened his lips, but made no sound.
"Lewis shot himself," said a man at his elbow, in a low tone. "He has been on aspre for a week, and he got away from home, came here and shot himself. I beg pardon for being so blunt about it, I did not know you were a friend of his," for Mr. Lane had grown frightfully pale.
"Lewis shot himself," he said, slowly. He could not make it out. Why he had been almost like a son to this middle aged man standing there half paralyzed by the terrible news.

It could not be. Men did shoot them-

selves; he saw it every day in the papers, but not like this. Why he knew this man—such a handsome, smart young fellow, and now he had shot himself!

"You don't know what a struggle I have every day of my life. Oh! if the saloons were only closed."
The words flashed through his mind. He looked around at the grim policemen, the white-faced young man with the blood on his hands, and the hot sun glaring down on them all; then over across the street a big white sign "Wines and Liquors."

He felt a sickening feeling of terror. "You had better come in here and sit down a minute," said the man at his elbow.

He shook his head.
"His father and I were friends, you see, and I've known him since he was a boy," he said, by way of explanation. Then he turned and walked slowly down the street.

An acquaintance met him, rushing along the street.
"Where is Dr. Hammond's office? You know about Lewis? Terrible, isn't it?—and I believe it's killed his wife."

He rushed on, and Mr. Lane went slowly on toward home.
His wife met him at the door.

"Have you heard?" she cried. "They've sent for me; they think his wife is dying," and she stepped into the carriage that stood waiting.
"Mr. Lane will never forget the hours that followed."

"I am glad Stella lived, Mary," he said that night. "I could not have endured it if she had died too. I helped to kill her husband, for I voted for the man that licensed the saloons, but I'll never do it again, never, if it takes my last cent to be a prohibitionist. It has been a terrible waking up for me, but I'll never countenance half-way work in the matter. The saloons must be closed."
And when men get it down deep in their hearts, as he has, they will be closed.

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