

Bargains! Bargains!

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.

RIPANS

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—FIVE CENTS. This low priced style is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the five-cent cartons (50 tablets) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 39 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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The following are our duly authorized Travelling Agents for the sale Oxford Cloth, Yarns, etc.:

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MRS. J. E. COY, Upper Gagetown.
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DANIEL PALMER, Jr., Douglas Harbor.
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They will visit the people at their homes with full stock.

OXFORD CLOTH is also for sale at Gagetown, Cody's, Ormoco, etc.

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.

Aunt Betsey Parson's Experience on Getting up a Social.

The other night I was telling about my experience in raising money for church purposes. I was up on the mountain top then, soaring aloft the stars so to speak, but alas I hit on daddy's woodpile.

This life is full of ups and downs as a certain bridge I could mention. Could we but look into the human hearts of those around us; how full of hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, we would find them. Sometimes we are on the mountain top of prosperity basking on the glorious sunlight, air balmy, birds singing, flowers shedding perfume around, all is lovely. Again we are down in the dark valley of adversity; owls hoot, ravens croak, perhaps catch a glimpse of old Giant Despair in his grim old castle. All is gloomy and sad, especially if we are bilious.

This was the way I felt after the social, but I am a episodist as my friend Samantha would say. I was requested to get up a social to help pay the parson's salary, alas, in an evil moment I consented. From that time everything went criss cross. I verily believe there was a crossgrained planet reigning when I was born, for I've had spells of crosses ever since I was a child. When my bread and lasses fell, 'twas always on the buttered side. Even my pet cat stretched out her legacy and died; but good land I am an episodist.

Well through storm and shine we went to practise our music, I sent flaming posters around the country, inviting all to the social. Well, the evening came clear and bright, good roads, every prospect pleases, and only some men were vile for with one consent they began to make excuses not to come, here my troubles began to pour down on my sunbunnet, so to speak.

The parson who was to have made a speech had a pressing engagement to stay at home to meet a grand delegation of the I. O. G. T. He was to get a degree of charity. I was glad he could get it at home, for I had not much to spare for him. Their laws a massey, didn't two of them ere leading deacons of the meeting house with other good friends, instead of coming to the social, pick up their loads of turkeys, and beef, and sitch, and start for a city, not Nineveh, though like Jonah ran away from duty, would have served them right if Jonah's whale, though I expect he is aged and gray and toothless now, had popped his head up from the river and gobbled them down, horses, sleds, turkeys, butter, eggs, might have learned the deacons to stay home next time.

It would be hard on the whale, but a few doses of Hoods Sarsaparilla, Paine's Celery Compound, or Dodd's would, but there I won't puff patent medicines, for I think they are mostly soft soap. How I do episode. Well, I had trouble in my own family, the afternoon of social, my venerable parent came wobbling in with a pain in his limbeck. I wove him a piece of social cake to soothe his pain, when he began to expectorate cotton, had to dress him with wormwood to restore his colibrium. Then my fraternal relative took a crook in his back, making him look like a camel, and when the old cow kicked over the pail of milk that I was going to take to the social I nearly had a fit of hysterics laughing over our calamities.

But such a day, the worst of all was when my old man, dear Deacon Hezekiah, actually refused to obey me when I asked him to hold my sunbunnet while I made my maiden speech on the platform, he looked sulky and sad all the evening.

With a heavy heart I started for the social, roads good, ladies came with baskets richly laden, bright eyes gleaming, all seemed bright and happy. Such an odd mingling of partners for tea. After our tea then came the intellectual feast, a fine programme had been made consisting of music, readings, and dialogues. Here my great troubles began, misfortunes rained right down on my unlucky bunnet. Sakes alive didn't that programme bust right up, so to speak.

Firstly, the young man who had promised to give a recitation, politely informed me he did not learn his speech. He had a pain somewhere though I did not learn the locality. Perhaps in his inclination to learn the piece, said his small dog made short work of Longfellow's poems to the book in three pieces; and actually ate up the "Psalms of Life" he was learning. Good land! if I could have got hold of that ere perp, I would have made him felt that life to him was a mournful dream, very. The gentleman who was to give a reading did so in good style, may he never know a care or sorrow. A young lady came tripping up to me and with a sweet smile said, I have bad news for you, one of the actors in the dialogue has flared up, is not here, I looked unutterable things at her. If I had been in the habit of committing profane language, I might have whispered "darn his old coat," being a deacon's wife I had to keep my tongue.

Nextly, I was told a fair haired youth, who was to recite a piece, was kept home by family cares, but a dark-eyed little maiden took his place, and gave a recitation in grand style. Heaven bless her and send her a good husband.

But the choir came up nobly to the work, not one missing, and didn't I thank them from my heart and soul for their kindness. Laws a massey! if ever one of

that ere choir ever wants Aunt Betsey Parson's to sing or play a lullaby, or help in any way, my old sunbunnet goes on in double quick, and I trot off immigit.

Well the social came to an end, I had to sing "Hark from the tomb a doleful sound," and old Windham on my way home to chirk me up a bit. I got home lost my specks, deacon laughed at me, I found a tore in my best nightcap, went to bed feeling that if ever you caught poor old Aunt Betsey running another social you can call her an old idgit, but it will be a good while before you get the chance.

Some Dogs of Ours.

(Continued From Last Issue.)

Among our youthful friends were two dear bright girls who lived some distance away, but often came to see us bringing gladness and sunshine in their train, as well as a pleasant book and sometimes flowers as a reminder of their visit. Now the strange thing of all this was, Prince positively hated those two bright, cheery girls, and they had a perfect horror of him, and well they might, as he never lost an opportunity to bite or tear their pretty dresses. I have thought it out in later years, and have come to the conclusion it was extreme jealousy which made the dog show such animosity to our dear young friends.

I may as well say just here, that one of these bright girls has gone to her Heavenly Home and the other is in a distant country. I had a favorite schoolmate who was plain of face, but true of heart, and I thought her perfection itself. Well, I had only to say here comes Julia, when Prince would be on the alert. I have known him to spring from the roof of the verandah where he would frequently sit of an afternoon if we were upstairs sewing, and rush to the gate to meet Julia with every hair on end, and ready to do battle, and she was always ready to meet him armed for the conflict. The spring was the time when Prince was glorious, those were the days when we had the old fashioned wood pile, and my brother would help the hired man cut wood, while Prince sitting on the top of the pile, with his back to the choppers watching the river and the sky, for you know the ducks and geese were plentiful in those days, and the boys had loaded guns in the kitchen and boats at the shore, on would go the chopping, when Presto! the scene would change—a short, sharp bark, then a rush and scramble, and away goes Prince to the river—the boys with one glance to see the coming flock—then a general dropping of axes, and a rush for guns, and after the dog, as fast as boys, guns, ammunition could go, nothing unusual to return with ducks or a fine goose. I have seen him sitting in agony on the good pile when he had been ordered to stay at home, while the boys went down the river for a day's shooting—sitting there looking as tho there was nothing to live for. Sometimes of a rainy day, my eldest brother would go to his room to look over his guns, and see how low the ammunition was getting, then in a moment of fun would tap the gun on the floor Prince with a yelp would bound up the stairs and dash into the room, capering and barking with delight thinking that a shooting expedition was on the carpet. In the autumn we always had partridges in abundance for Prince was splendid at treeing the birds and only waited to see them fall after the shot was fired, when off he would rush in quest of more. To judge from this sketch he was a ferocious brute, on the contrary he was to us gentle and patient, entered into all our fun and frolics, and at night guarded the house with a jealous care. There was little need of bolts or bars for Prince was ever on the watch. He always remained with mother when we were at school. I remember on one occasion my second brother, who was a very plucky, quarrelsome little chap, got into a fight with a boy much older than himself, and as our oldest brother was not at school that day, poor H— was much worried, when who show up but Prince, who, giving the bigger boy a good nip broke up the fight, then left quickly for home. The mystery is how he knew of the fight, or what brought him upon the scene at that particular moment. He was loved, feared and admired by all the boys in the place. Well, I must not spend too much time over Prince the first, although he was in our childish eyes a great hero and still remains so, tho youth, like those dogs of ours, has gone never to return, only the memory remains green. Before finishing the chapter my mind goes back to an incident in the childhood of my youngest brother "a funny little blue eyed boy" as the neighbors called him, was coasting one morning with Prince in the street, a strange man passed by, Prince without the least hesitation suddenly bit him. The man leaped skyward and after much profanity, inquired angrily of the small person "who owned the dog?" The little chap answered in a mild way, "that he did not know." The dog gave truth to the story by going in the direction of the wood. When questioned by the family why he told such a story, he replied, "that he did not know for all owned the dog." Now, dear friends, we will say farewell to Prince the first.

Prince the second was a big noble looking black dog, loved children, and was such a good play fellow. He would sit on the lawn in such a lazy, good natured way with scarcely a look at the coming in or going out of visitors, but with the entrance of a rather uncertain looking

character his looks would change, his back grow rough, a low growl which had the effect of stopping the person, then a gruff bark would bring some of the household to the rescue. Every dog in the place had to be very polite as Prince passed their way. Only the small dogs were safe in barking at him, as it was only bigger game he condescended to whip. We had two boy cousins who used to visit us at Christmas. Prince was their delight, he would coast all day with them on a high wooden tray. The boys and dog would go down the hill on the tray together, on the return the dog would drag one or both of the boys up and never seemed tired; but Prince did not lead a life of all play for our brothers as they grew up raised and shipped to foreign markets some fine cattle, which this dog of ours would drive to the station and assist in the shipping of the animals. Such a good comrade as he was if we had a long or lonely walk to take and were liable to meet strange cattle or rude people or at least rough looking persons, Prince would use his own discretion without waiting for a word from us. The cattle were driven away. The persons were warned with a growl and we would go on our way feeling secure and happy with such a noble protector. I remember on one occasion when walking with Prince the second as my companion, a drove of cattle came in sight, in care of some men who were sitting in a rough cart, and as they did so much shouting accompanied by cracking of whips, the cattle became frightened and made a dash for the side of the road where I was walking. Prince was immediately to the rescue, routed the cattle, and stood ready to spring into the cart. The men ordered me to call off my dog, I replied if you don't at once stop shouting and snapping whips the dog will be at your throats, so just remain quiet till I call him to me and walk on. They after some threats and muttering obeyed and we went peacefully on our way. The dog rubbing his head against me, I talking baby talk to him feeling so secure in having such a brave companion.

A near neighbor owned a large Newfoundland dog whom Prince cordially hated, never lost an opportunity to administer to him a sound drubbing. On one occasion we went to a neighboring pond to throw sticks for our amusement and the delight of Prince who took to the water like a duck. Our shouts and laughter brought the Newfoundland dog who also rushed in for sticks. Prince watched till the dog was well in, when he pounced upon him with I think the intention of trying to drown him. The poor dog after a terrible struggle got to the shore and ran for his life and ever after that at the sight of Prince would act "Yankee" and skedaddle. How Prince detested those wretched little vermine called skunks, our numerous poultry could run at large with perfect freedom, as Prince guarded their homes from all such pests. I remember seeing him come from the death of one of those creatures, which he had charged in the wrong way, and looking for a moment at sun, stream and sky as tho he might ne'er see it again, then suddenly made a dash for the river. He always used to carry the newspapers from the office, also the axes for the boys and baskets, frequently brought in wood for the kitchen stove, particularly if he felt in a hungry condition, he would bring wood in as a reminder that it was time to hurry up dinner. Oh those faithful dogs of ours, what memories they stir up. I will finish just here leaving you to think over the doings of these old friends and will like the Irishman sign my name backward and tell of it.

I remain with all good Christmas wishes your friend and country woman,
AZILE.

A judge, riding in the cars recently, from a single glance at the countenance of a lady by his side, imagined he knew her, and ventured to remark that the day was pleasant. She only answered:

"Yes!"
"Why do you wear a veil?"
"Lest I attract attention."
"It is the province of gentlemen to admire, replied the gallant man of law."
"Not when they are married."
"But I am not."
"Indeed!"
"Oh, no! I'm a bachelor."

The lady quietly removed her veil, disclosing to the astonished magistrate the face of his mother-in-law. The judge has been a raving maniac ever since.

A Macon girl is just back from the country. While there she asked of the farmer: "Why don't you milk that cow?" pointing to one in an adjoining lot. "Because she is dry, Miss." "Dry?" "Yes, Miss. She's been dry for two weeks." "You cruel wretch," she exclaimed, "why don't you give her some water?" and the man turned his face toward the cow house and shook with emotions he could not suppress.

"George!" she screamed "My neck!" "What's the matter?" "There's a pill-catcher—" "A what?" "A tappekiller—" "What in the world do you mean?" "Oh, dear," she moaned, as she clutched him frantically. "A kittepaller! You know, George! A patterkiller!" "Oh!" said George, with evident relief, and he proceeded to brush the future butterfly away.

Definition.—Tommy—"Paw what sort of a fighter is a 'cyclone fighter'?" Mr. Figg—"I don't know much about fighters, but I suppose he is one who goes blowing around."

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

(Late Instructor in Boston Dental College.)

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Manufacturer of the Famed Bluenose Buffalo Sleigh Robe.

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

CHESTNUTS 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. McCUSKER, Gagetown Queens Co

LOST.

Lost on Thursday last, between Ennis-kellin Station and Fredericton Junction, a gentleman's Rigby Overcoat. Any information concerning same will be thankfully received at this office.

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

GAGETOWN, JULY 2TH, 1897

E. G. Scovil, 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 suffering from a gripe debility, with like good results.

I am, yours gratefully,
JOHN C. CLOWS.

E. G. SCOVIL, Tea and Wine Merchant, 62 Union St., St. John, sole agent for Maritime Provinces. Telephone 323.

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 1280 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 poney that children can drive and ride
1 Holstein and Ayrshire Bull, 3 years old.
T. SHERMAN PETERS, Gagetown, Q. C., Dec. 7th