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.

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

Liberal Discount for Cash.

single driving harness.

J. W. DICKIE.



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 PABULES in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores—FOR FIVE CENTS. This low-priced sort is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the five-cent cartons (120 tabules) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York—or a single carton (TEN

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, Cody's, Oromocto, 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.

Thomas Phosphate Powder is Good 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 Rangely country, and the day's sport had been a trifie 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 of a young fellow who had been literally frightened to his death a few years before by the onrush of a big bull moose which he had wounded with to murmur to himseif: 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.

The doctor had been a silent listener to all this talk and sat gazing into the glowing coals until our stories were ended. Suddenly he went to his shakedowa, and from beneath it drew an old and weatherbeaten satchel, from which after some search, he took an envelope and returned to his chair.

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 air 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.

'I had just fairly settled into the business left me by an old practitioner in a small mount in town in Vermont. It was not a town of wealth or great mortality, and I was not a busy man. Still, my reading kept me occupied for the most part, and I had just enough of outside work to give me exertion and maintenance. Even then I had formed opinions and read widely upon the doctrine generally referred to as fatalism. I had observed nothing which controverted my ideas, while there had come to me much in their support. Early on a blustery, since noted sure signs of moose. Against stormy evening, I was lounging in my easy chair before a roaring fire, pondering over a very strange deposition which I had just read, when my thought was interrupted by the sound of wheels and moment later there was a determined patience and repeated failure was a joke knock on the door, and I opened up. quarryman whom I knew by sight was my

'For God's sake, doc,' he said, 'come over with me to the quarry and help Big-Griggs out of his misery. He's got tamping iron clean up through his head.'

drive I gathered particulars. Big Griggs had been drilling for a heavy blast all afternoon, and had loaded for an early He had been tamping down the powder driver was either drawing the tale o'erstrong through excess of excitement or else that there would be no need of my services when we reached the patient.

'But I found his statements of conditions literally correct. Poor Griggs sat there with jaws locked firmly together and | slaught and a splintered rifle stock the with about seven inches of iron protrud- desperation of the defense. - New York ing from his chin and a similar length | Sun. from the apex of the skull. The bar was round, two feet long, with a diameter of one-quarter inch at one end and one and one-quarter inches at the other. It must have weighed seven or eight pounds. went to work and made him as comfortable as I could, thinking meanwhile o the less brutal way in which to tell him that the long night must soon come. was a bit surprised that he was sane since the wound must have been very snug to the brain cells, but he was fully conscious, though in great pain.

'Finally I asked him if he wished any particular thing done or any one sent for Motioning for a pencil, he wrote:

'Nothing to be done. I shall live fo

years yet, and there's no hurry.' 'I looked at him closely, believing that after all, he was not precisely level. had examined the curious wound carefully and wouldn't have insured his life for 48 hours on any terms. But, boys, Big Griggs lived with that iron on his head for more than six years. During all that time I attended him carefully, and we had long sign voice discussions about our mutual belief in fatalism. He predicted closely the date of his death and later I procured this somewhat ghastly photograph.

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 uncreasing suffering which had proceded the awful nakedness of the skull, The punch bowl received renewed attentions, and the talk 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 camly answered; 'I fancy boys, that it will come tomorrow So sure am I of this 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 overtakative comrade who finds himself in a strange mood tonight, but we shall see'. He continued the following resolution was adopted.

'It's a pretty world, senor, 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 unsolvable riddle of life; to unfathomable arbi . trament of fate and to the untroubled sleep which follows all in God's good

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

evening's good cheer. I wish the doctor had kept his infernal fancies and his uncanny toast to himself.'

empty of results as was its predecessors. 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. At length all was ready and they drew up chairs. The doctor had not yet shown up, but he was a stayer as sportman 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 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 of the camp. Probably he had waited until darkness had fairly shut in before giving up his vigal and even then was stumbling homeward through the gloom.

Still, while the boys variously account ed for his delay, they got more and more uneasy, and at length the lanterns were 'I got my case, slid into a heavy coat lighted and they started in a body for the and we were off. The Overlook quarry lick. No man voiced his thought or his was six miles distant and during the expectation or spoke a word until we reached the blind.

And there we found him, dead and half crushed unger the weight of a moose of morning firing just before the knock out. 700 pounds. The signs about told the story. The tracks were not two hours charge, short time had made him careless old, and showed that the hulking deer and there was a premature explosion. had come to drink and then had turned to The tamping iron had been driven up browse along the fringe of lapping water. through both jaws and through the top | The doctor had taken a side shot, which of the cronium and still remained in the in the failing and deceptive light, had not wound I mentally concluded that my been sure, and the moose had charged him furiously, a second shot failing to stop him. Beaten 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 fury of the on-

A Indian Simile.

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 Christain 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 broke away into forced and aimless chan- 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

"Resolved, that Queens District Lodge extend to the proprietor of the QUEENS COUNTY GAZETTE, a vote of thanks, for Manufacturer of the Famed Bluenoseopening a column of his paper for the use of our corespondent, 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 SHIP WAS LOST.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND:-I wish you a happy New Year, and a long and useful life, if it is the Lord's will to spare you; 'What a d-d ghastly finale for an 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 The next day's hunt promised to be as 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 be-

Allow me to transcibe 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 shere. But on she came, now bounding on the top of the sea, and then almost engulfed in the foaming

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 crisis had come, and they were lost in-

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 thirtysix who had that morning left the shere 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 Devine Spirit guide and keep you, this New Year, and evermore!-Yours Affection-

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 Millmer-Well you can't blame her for that. She inherits her propenisty 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.)

Modern Dentistry.

FORM OF

Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty

Chestnut Building, - Fredericton.

WM. PETERS, ----DEALER IN----

Furriers' and Tanners' Tools,

Shoemakers' Findings, etc.

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

Buffalo Sleigh Robe.

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, CULTI-VATORS, 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 to.

CHESTNUT'S 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 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

If your boy

fully received at this office.

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. 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 afficted 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

fering from la grippe 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 523.

praise and no house should be without it. We have recommended it to several suf-

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

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.