

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,

prices that cannot be equalled for quality in this place, at least that is what content 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.

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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 few days past containing the name of a person in a newspaper without class is now for sale at the price of 10 cents per copy. This is a special offer intended for the present and the reasons are the most of the most excellent quality. The name of the person in the newspaper is not to be used in any way without the permission of the publisher. No person should be allowed to use the name of a person in a newspaper without the permission of the publisher. No person should be allowed to use the name of a person in a newspaper without the permission of the publisher.

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Humorous.

An Optical Delusion.

The Colonel, a rigid martinet, is sitting at the window of his room, when, looking out, he sees a captain crossing the barrack yard toward the gate. Looking at him closely, he is shocked to observe that, the rules and regulations to the contrary notwithstanding, the captain does not carry a sword.

"Captain!" he calls from the window. "Hi, captain, step up to my room for a moment, will you?"

The captain obeys promptly, borrows a sword of the officer of the guard, the guardroom being at the foot of the stairs, and presents himself to the colonel in irreproachable dress.

The colonel is somewhat surprised to see the sword in its place, and, having to invent some pretext for calling his subordinate back, says with some confusion: "Beg your pardon, captain, but really I've forgotten what it was I wanted to speak to you about. However, it can't have been very important. It'll keep. Good morning."

The captain salutes, departs, returns the sword to its owner and is making off across the barrack yard, where he again comes within range of the colonel's vision.

The colonel rubs his eyes, stares, says softly to himself: "How in thunder is this? He hasn't a sword to his waist!" then calls aloud: "Captain! Ho, captain! One moment, please."

The captain returns, borrows the sword again, mounts the stairs and enters the colonel's presence. His commanding officer stares at him intently. He has a sword, he sees it, he hears it clank.

"Captain," he stammers, growing very hot, "it's ridiculous, you know, but—ha! ha!—I'd just remembered what I wanted to say to you, and now—ha! ha!—it's gone out of my head again! Funny isn't it? Ha! ha! ha! Losing my memory. Never mind, I'll think of it and write you. Good morning."

The captain salutes, departs, returns the sword to its owner and makes for the gate. As he crosses the barrack yard the colonel calls his wife to his side and says, "See that officer out there?"

"Yes."

"Has he got a sword on?"

The colonel's wife adjusts her eyeglass upon him, scans him keenly and says, "He hasn't a taste of a sword."

The colonel: "That's just where you fool yourself! He has."—New Moon.

Indifferent As To The Kind.

He was a fragile youth, and didn't dance all the dances.

"Let's sit it out," he said to his pretty partner.

"Where?" she asked.

"On the stairs."

So they went up a little way and sat down.

"Wh—why, what's the matter, Mr. Stackpole?" cried the fair young girl. For the young man had hastily risen and was gasping for breath. He could not reply. His face was livid, his eyes were rolled up, and with one shaking hand he clawed feebly at the skirts of his Tuxedo.

"What kind of an attack is it?" she asked.

At this question his voice came back to him.

"What difference does that make?" he harshly growled. Then, without a word of apology, he dashed up the stairs and flung himself into the men's coatroom.

And how was she to know that it was an ordinary carpet tack that the man who canvassed the stairs had carelessly left standing on its head?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Model Servant.

"What sort of a servant have you now?" inquired a lady of a friend that she was visiting.

"Oh, splendid!" she replied. "He's a Chinaman, and is so methodical in his habits that I know just what he is doing at any hour in the day. He is now, probably, putting away the dishes and tidying up the kitchen. Come and see if I'm right."

She led the way to the kitchen, quietly opening the door, and there, in the middle of the floor, sat John Chinaman washing his feet in the dish pan.

The vicar certainly had a pretty wit. People said that he was sarcastic, and he tried to live up to the reputation. But he was not up to a success. On one occasion a gentleman came into the church in the middle of the sermon. The vicar broke off from his discourse and addressed the new-comer:—

"I am glad to see you, sir. I am always glad to see those late who cannot come early."

"Thank you," replied the gentleman, with perfect self-possession. "Would you kindly favor me with the text?"

A few weeks back a wedding breakfast was given by a substantial farmer blessed with five daughters, the eldest of whom was the bride. A neighbor, a young farmer, who was honored with an invitation, thinking no doubt that he ought to say something complimentary upon the event, addressed the bridegroom thus:—

"Well, you have got the pick of the batch."

The faces of the four unmarried ones were a study.—London Fun.

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.)

HIGH LICENSE.

(Continued from last issue.)

They say a prohibitory law cannot be executed, and, therefore, we had better not have such a law on the statute book. Will you tell me, which of our laws is fully executed? We have a law against Sabbath breaking. Millions of people break that law every Sunday. We have laws against blasphemy. Sometimes the air is lurid imprecation. We have laws against theft, but there are burglars and highwaymen filling the jails and penitentiaries and thousands of people outside of jail who ought to be inside.

Why not throw overboard these laws, if they are not fully executed, and give for a high license to a few men all the privilege of swearing and stealing and murder. Law against murder is a failure. Murder in Illinois, murder in New York, murder all over. It is almost impossible to convict one of the desperadoes. He proves an alibi right away, or did it under emotional insanity. Court houses full of sympathizers, and when he is cleared the crowd follow him down the street and think he ought to be sent to Congress. Now, why not stop these clumsy occasions who kill people with car-hooks and Paris green and dullknives and having a high license, say \$10,000 or \$20,000 give a few men the privilege of skillfully and gracefully putting their victims out of their worldly misfortunes. Murder can never be stopped until there is a high license put upon it and we let a few men do all the killing.

But, all irony aside, you see that if rum selling is right we all ought to have the right, and if it is wrong, five million dollars paid down in hard cash for one license ought to purchase no immunity. High license is anti-common sense. You know very well one business has no right to despoil other businesses. A manufacturer went down South and established himself in Georgia. Somebody asked him why he built his establishment there. He said, "Because they voted to have no license here." That honest manufacturer knows what all ought to know, that the liquor traffic is in antagonism with every other business. If the million dollars which go into that business went for awful and healthful styles of business there would come a boom of prosperity a hundred and fifty per cent greater than we have had.

Oh that the working people of America understood that it is time for them by their votes to keep at home the drivelling pot-house politicians who vote down prohibition. Do you not know that if you have \$2 as wages now a day you would have \$4; if you have \$1000 salary you would have \$2000; if you have \$10,000 income now you would have \$20,000. The rum traffic puts its clutch this moment upon the neck of every merchant, mechanic, artist and farmer in America. They pay for its destructive work by honest sweat and deprivations of many household comforts.

After a few more thousand of our homes are despoiled by the rum traffic, after a few more thousand hearts broken, after a few more thousand of the noblest intellects of this age are sacrificed, after the distilleries shall have, for a few more years, insulted the heavens with their uprolling stench, the tide will turn, and all good people rising up will lay hold of the strength of the Almighty God and hurl into perdition this curse of nations.

The hardest blow the temperance reformation has had in this century, has been in the fact that some reformers have halted under the delusion of the high-license movement. It is the white flag of truce sent out from Alcoholism to Prohibition to make the battle pause long enough to get the army of deacons and demijohns better organized. Away with that flag of truce. Between these armies there can be no truce. On the one side are God and sobriety, and the best interests of the world; on the other side is the sworn enemy of all righteousness and either rum must be defeated or the Church of God and civilization. You had better compromise with the panther in his jungle, with the cyclone in its flight or with an Egyptian plague as it blotches an empire.

Let us fight this battle out on the old line for victory is coming as sure as right is right, and wrong is wrong, and truth is truth and God is God.

(To be continued.)

Nothing so helps a paper as the imparting of useful information. "How shall I keep the flies out of the sugar bowl?" asks a correspondent. "Fill the sugar bowl with salt," is our prompt reply.

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