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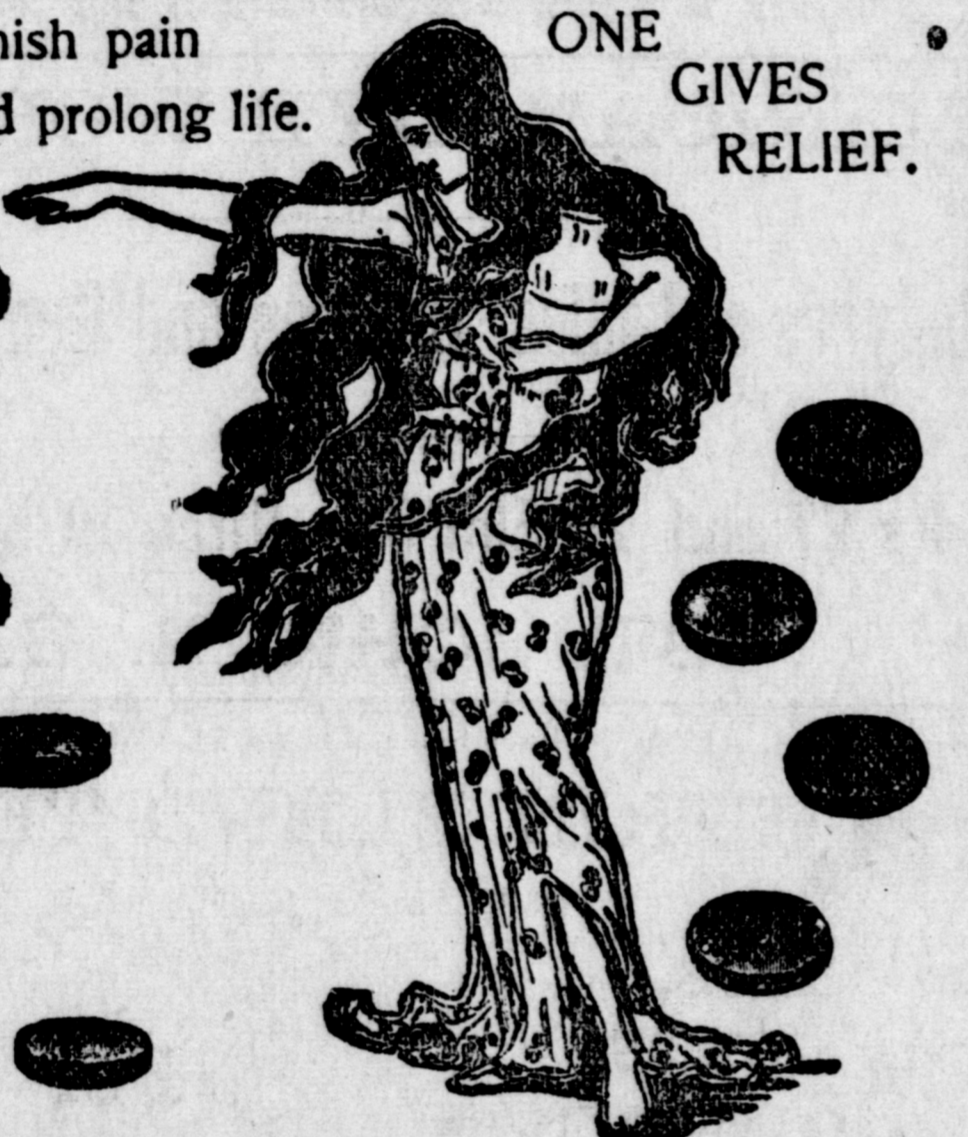
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A new style packet containing TEN RIPANS TABLETS in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores—FOR FIVE CENTS. This low priced set is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the five-cent cartons (as labelled) 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 (ONE TABLET) will be sent for five cents. Best medicine ever made since the world was created.

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Enclosed find \$1.00 for which send me for one year The Queens County Gazette.

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TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

Contributed by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Hampstead, N. B.

Rise up ye Women that are at Ease

"THE LAW SAITH SO."

Thus saith the law, by Legislature made,
For so much gold we license thee to trade
In human woe.

Thou mayest lure the husband from the wife,
Thou mayest fill the peaceful home with strife,
And make a hell for hapless childhood life;

The law saith so.

For so much gold we license thee to sell
Chains for the free, and sickness for the well;

Thou mayest go
Into the fairest street, and lay a snare
For virtue; or break woman's heart with care,
Or teach the vilest, vilest deeds to dare,
The law saith so.

For so much gold we license thee to wage
War upon man—make home a hell—
change peace to rage,
And joy to woe;

To loose the latent demon in the soul,
And wed it with the demon in the bowl,
That madness may be born and take control;

The law saith so.

For so much gold we license thee to fire
The fiercest passion known to human ire;
And then to blow
With breath drawn from the deepest cave of hell,
The flames of hate and lust, until the knell
Of countless souls forever lost shall swell;

The law saith so.

For so much gold we license thee, Oh
God!
Who are the we? Am I by deed or word

A party to
Such crime as this? Who votes the license creed
Is guilty partner in each hellish deed
With him who murders precious souls for greed.

GOD'S LAW SAITH SO.
—Rev. H. E. Johnson, D. D.
NOT TO-NIGHT.

Though the summer had been warm and pleasant, the winter, which made its appearance early, was cold and severe.

The little village of — was wearing a thick, white robe. The river, which added to the summer scenery, was now frozen. The hill, which had stood in all its glory for so many years, still afforded a pastime for the boys. From early morn until late eve all the sleds in the village were constantly making their way up and down its steep slope.

Though many homes were comfortable and happy, there were yet to be found those of hardships and sorrows. If you would cross the bridge by the mill and walk a short distance your eyes would suddenly fall upon an old building located at the lower slope of the hill. You would need no tongue to explain its purpose. Above the door there hangs these words: "Saloon—James Dwarf.

Could you know of the many hearts that have ached, the many mothers lain to rest, the family circle broken, in short, all happiness destroyed, your eyes would regret for the little town thus disgraced.

Passing on and turning the bend in the road, you find a neat little cottage. It was once a home of peace; but for the saloon it would not have changed. You ask why? Let me tell you a story, and you need never ask again. Some years ago a mother sat by the fireplace, and near her was a lad of sixteen summers. His every word and action proved he was restless and longed to take his leave.

"Mother," he at length said, "I'm going to the village. I'll not stay long."

"Dick," said the woman, turning a pleading face, "not to-night."

"What pleasure is there here?" he answered, pulling on his coat and taking a cap from the wall.

Tears filled the eyes of the unhappy mother, and as Dick was closing the door she murmured, "Not to-night, my boy; not to-night."

* * * * *

It was midnight. The moon shone from the heavens and the stars played merrily.

A woman with a shawl around her shoulders slowly walked toward the hill. As she neared the saloon her heart beat rapidly and she trembled. Reaching the door she placed a hand on the knob and with some hesitation, opened it. Her eyes fell upon a dingy old room, with low ceiling and broken furniture. Pictures not worthy of view were hanging about the walls. Beer kegs were strewn around and several glasses lay on the floor. A man with a red face and sleepy eyes stood at the bar. She went to him and cried in her dismay:

"Is my boy here?"

The barkeeper pointed to a corner near the door, and said:

"Look there."

She obeyed, but turned her eyes away. It was a scene never to be forgotten. On

the floor lay a man whose clothes were covered in blood. By his side stood a number of men.

"That is not my boy!" she cried.

"No," laughed the other, "but Dick killed him. I reckon he's far from here now. They are after him, but I allow he's all right."

"My boy, my Dick; he did it?" asked the mother.

The barkeeper nodded and she turned to the door and passed out. Her boy had committed a crime. She knew not why he did it nor where he had gone. It was liquor—liquor that did all. She would go home now—home to bear her shame and disgrace.

* * * * *

Ten years had passed, during which time the mother had never seen her boy. One evening in May a note was handed to her, and she read these lines:

"I have given up. Come to the prison."
DICK.

Some hours later she entered the room of her son and kissed the pale face on the couch.

"Oh, my darling boy," she cried.

"I came back, mother," Dick said, raising himself from the bed. "I couldn't stay away. I am going to die, mother. There's a pain in my head, my lips burn, but the greatest pain is here," and he pointed to his heart. "It has been here for so long. My life has been a burden. Every day the pain grew deeper. I couldn't face the world longer. Yes, I killed him, mother, but it was the saloon with all its temptations that caused the awful deed. If I had only listened when you said 'Not to-night,' and oh, mother, if I could only live again I would do all in my power to crush the saloon. Don't be hard on me, mother, for I—I—"

Here the woman knelt by her son and cried.

"Don't cry," said Dick, "I'm going to leave you, but God—is merciful—God—is love. Let me kiss you, there—just once more. Mother, tell—my story to other boys, for they—may learn a lesson. Good-bye—moth—er, good-bye. I cannot see—you. Good-bye—good—"

The head fell upon the pillow, the lips closed. Dick was dead.—Letha P. Smith, in N. T. Advocate.

HEROES.

The following verses were read by Mr. Thomas O'Hagan, at the annual banquet of the Canadian Olub of Hamilton:

Our land is dower'd with glory
From the east unto the west,
With rays of ripen'd splendor
That cluster on her breast.
But the stars that beam the brightest
And shall burn to the last,
Are the deeds that light our father's graves
The heroes of the past.

O brothers, ye who gather round
This festive board to-night,
Whose hearts are timed to patriot words
That glow with love and light,
Recall with me the years gone by—
Full well ye know their life—
When patriots stood to guard our homes,
In dark and deadly strife.

When through the land a psalm of grief
Smoote every heart and door,
With tidings from each battle-field
Rocked by dread Canon's roar,
And mothers prayed and sisters wept
With love and faith divine,
Beseeching God to guard our hosts
Along the frontier line.

From Lundy's Lane and Queenston Heights
The message speedily came
That filled each heart and home with joy,
And tired the wings of fame.
At Chateaugay brave sons of France
Drove back the stubborn foe
With loyal heart and weapon strong,
Just eighty years ago.

But not alone in battle-field
Did heroes staunch and brave,
Yield up their lives in honor's cause
Our country's flag to save.
In savage forests deep and drear,
Beset with hardships fell;
Our fathers toiled then sank to sleep
Within each lonely dell.

Their memory lives upon our streams
Their deeds upon our plains,
They need no shaft nor monument
Nor gold-embazon'd fane.
In virtues link'd through ages
Shall their great, strong lives flow on
Inspiring souls to nobler deeds
From patriot sire to son.

Theirs be the glory ours the love
In this great cherish'd land,
Bearing the inpressal'd of heaven,
And fashion'd by His hand.
Whoev' victory is the ark of peace
Guarded by love not fear;
Strong as the faith that consecrates
Our heroes with a tear.

A nation's hope a nation's life,
Be ours from east to west;
A nation's hope a nation's life,
To fire each patriot breast.
That in the blossoming years to come
Our proudest boast as men,
When bound by ties of nationhood,
To hail this land—Canadian!

"You used to say that I was all the world to you,"

"Yes, and since I married you I can appreciate exactly how old man atlas felt.—Brooklyn Life.

1899 Moncton Woolen Mills 1899.

I wish to inform my customers and the public generally that I will have the pleasure of again calling on them with a full assortment of goods from the above Mills, consisting of:

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HOMESPUNS, TWEEDS,
OVERCOATINGS, ETC., ETC.

The highest recommendation for these goods and the best proof of their adaptability to the consumer is that each season finds them in greater demand. Thus adding new customers and increasing my sales which last year was ahead of all previous years, and now with new ranges of the latest colorings and designs and the generous co-operation of the public I hope to make this the banner year. Thanking you for your liberal patronage in the past and soliciting a continuance for the present year, I am,

Yours very truly,
ALFRED P. SLIPP.
Upper Hampstead April 25th, 1899.

NOTICE.

The subscriber having purchased from Mr. Henry Akerley, of Indiantown, the handsome dark bay stallion "Hernando," wishes to inform the public that the above horse will stand at the owner's barns for service during the present season.
FRED EBBETT,
Lower Gagetown, N. B.

WANTED.

Hides, Calf Skins, Sheep Skins, Lamb Skins. Highest market prices paid for the above.
FRED W. COOPER,
Gagetown, N. B.

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The subscriber offers for sale a very handsome new Top Buggy; will be sold at a bargain. Any person wanting one will do well to examine it at once, as it will be picked up quickly.
T. S. PETERS,
Gagetown, May 23rd, 1899.

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NOTICE!

Take notice that the firm of CHEYNE & PALMER, of Hibernia, Queens County, have dissolved partnership, and that all debts due said firm are to be paid to T. W. PALMER, who will still continue the business.
Dated at Hibernia, Queens Co., October 24th, 1898.

PASTURAGE.

The Subscriber will take on pasturage a limited number of horses and cattle. The pasture is one of the very best on the St. John River. Terms reasonable.
T. S. PETERS.
Gagetown, Q. C., June 6th, 1899.

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St. John, N. B.

NOTICE.

Mrs. Joseph Rubins wishes to thank the customers of her late husband for their patronage during the three years he was engaged in general merchandise business in this place; and also solicits the continuation of the patronage of the general public, as she intends to carry on the business in future in her own name. She also requests those who are indebted to the estate to kindly settle their accounts at earliest convenience.

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—DEALER IN—
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Furriers' and Tanners' Tools,
Shoemakers' Findings, etc.
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