

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—FOR FIVE CENTS. This low-priced sort is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the five-cent cartons (20 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.

Fire Brick, Lime &c.

TO ARRIVE AND IN STOCK.

- 15000 Scotch Fire Brick.
- 10 Tons of Fire Clay.
- 50 Bbls Portland Cement.
- 1 Car Load Snow Flake Lime.
- 1 Car Calcined and Farmers' Plaster.
- 5000 Red Brick.

—FOR SALE BY—

JAMES S. NEILL, Fredericton

Do You Think of Building

I manufacture every description of . . .

Building Materials,

and will furnish prices and estimates.

Give Me a Trial Order.

A. A. MABEE,

212 and 214 Main St., ST. JOHN, N. B.

Poetry.

IT DOESN'T COST MONEY.

It doesn't cost money, as many suppose, To have a good time on the earth; The best of its pleasures are free unto those Who know how to value their worth.

The sweetest of music the birds to us sing, The loveliest flowers grow wild, The finest of drinks gushes out of the spring— All free to man, woman and child.

No money can purchase, no artist can paint Such pictures as nature supplies Forever, all over, to sinner and saint Who use to advantage their eyes.

Kind words and glad looks and smiles cheery and brave Cost nothing—no nothing at all, And yet all the wealth Monte Christo could save Can make no much pleasure befall.

To bask in the sunshine, to breathe the pure air Honest toil the enjoyment of health, Sweet slumber refreshing—these pleasures we share Without any portion of wealth.

Communion with friends that are tried, true and strong, To love and be loved for love's sake— In fact, all that makes love happy and long, And true to whoever will take.

It doesn't cost money to have a good time, And that is the reason, alas, Why many who might have enjoyment sublime, Their lives in such misery pass.

It doesn't cost money to have a good time The world's best enjoyments are free; But those who find pleasure in folly and crime Will not with these true words agree. H. C. Dodge.

BEFORE I GO.

Why need I seek some burden small to bear Before I go? Will not a host of nobler souls be there? Heaven's will to do? Of stronger hands, unfeeling, unafraid? Oh silly soul! what matters my small aid Before I go!

I tried to find, that I might show to them Before I go, The path of purer lives; the light was dim— I did not know the way; If I had found some footprints of the way; It is too late their wandering feet to stay, Before I go.

I would have sung the rest some song of cheer, Before I go; But still the cords ring false; some jar of fear, Some jangling woe, And at the end I cannot weave one chord To float into the hearts my last, warm word, Before I go.

I would be satisfied if I might tell Before I go, That one warm word—how I have loved them well, Could they but know! And would have gained for them some gleam of good! Have sought it long; still seek—if but I could! Before I go.

'Tis a child's longing on the beach at play; "Before I go," He begs the beckoning mother, "Let me stay One shell to throw!" 'Tis coming night; the great sea climbs the shore— "Oh, let me toss one little pebble more, Before I go!"

REGRET.

It might have been my own, my own! If years ago I had but known The gem was more than common stone. It was unpolished then, And no one told me of its worth. I only saw the grime of earth About it when Into my keeping it was thrown.

It might have been my own, I scorned The proffered gift so unadorned. And what if I had been forewarned? The shan outshone The real, I had no thought of care For worth that would coarse covering wear.

If I had known! Ah me, if I had only known! It might have been my own! my own! Oh, aching heart! Thy tears are sown In vain. Thy cruel scorn outgrown Freed from its band, The hand holds out no gem to thee. Oh, stupid heart! Unwittingly Thyself hath planned Another's wealth while thou hast none

WITH TRUST CONTENT.

I do not ask that skies be blue, And clouds be few; I do not ask that blossoms sweet Caress my feet; Nor plead of every bird of mine Have voice divine, I do not ask for cloth of gold, Nor linen's fold; For eyes to know not burning tears, And heart, wild fears; For roseate dreams to all come true I do not sue.

I do not ask that diadem My brow begem; Nor fondly long for praises sweet Mine ear to greet; For leisure more, and lightened task, I do not ask.

Let me no more know rule and sway— Bid me obey: My work assign, my fate allot, I'll question not— Bend thou my will with sweet accord To thine dear Lord.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

THE OLD FARM.

The dear old farm! Its every rod Is fraught with memories sweet to me! Each spot recalls some bygone hour Of joyous childhood, gay and free.

Here nature seemed to speak herself, In hill and stream and sunny field; In them I find companionship The crowded city cannot yield.

What are its shallow joys to me, Its pomp and show, its sordid wealth, Give in exchange for heaven's pure air, For boundless freedom and rugged health?

Let him who loves the sickly shade Behind the counter scrape and bow; To me it seems a better thing To feel the sunlight on my brow.

And to the one that falsely scorns The manly farmer's honest toil, Degrading deems the works that gains A living from the generous soil—

I'll point him to some famous names, Our country's pride and glory now, Of men whose youth did not disdain To wield the axe or drive the plow.

But let the farmer know his worth, Lofty and bold his mein should be, His will full strong, and clear his mind, His duty and opinion free.

Thus careful thought and industry Work wonders with the fertile soil; His labors high approval win From man, from conscience and from God.

Talk of Lost Keys.

"I never feel," said the woman who had travelled all over the world, "that I am really off for a trip until I have lost and had an agonized hunt for my keys. Then, and then only, I feel sure that I am ready to start on my travels. My last experience was decidedly trifling—so upsetting, in fact, that then and there I resolved to reform and never again to mislay anything of importance. We were leaving a sea-shore cottage we had leased for the summer and going direct to the ocean steamer. Our boxes were all shipped, the house was put in order for leaving, and when everyone was out I turned the key in the lock and delivered the bunch to the agent. As we went up the gangway the usual vertigo seized me, "Were my tickets and keys safe?" Horrors! I found that I had left everything—steamer tickets, skateron vouchers, keys for our trunks—all behind. In an hour and a half the vessel would sail.

"Where did I leave them?" I exclaimed in answer to my family's frenzied demand it must have been in my room on the bureau. I remember, I began, with my usual reminiscence, that I laid them down just as— "Heavens, mamma!" broke in my practical eldest daughter, "there is but one thing to do—I must go back and get them, and try and catch the steamer. Good-by! If you don't see me I will come over in the next ship, and will cable," and she rushed down the dock. "But how will she get into the house?" asked my husband, whose slow intelligence had finally grasped the situation, and who wore his usually resigned expression at such crisis. "She will just have time, I think, but the house is locked up."

"Milly will manage," said her brother, confidentially. And manage she did. Just before the last bell rang, and before we had finally made up our minds what to do if she did not return, she appeared, breathless, but triumphant. She had climbed into a window of the cottage which she found open. "I would have broken it," she declared, "if I had found no other way." And, rushing up to my room she had found everything as I had said. (I am rather good about remembering by the way, when I really set to work to think it out.)

"She tipped the man to make him gallop the horse she had hired at the station and just caught the next train, the boat and finally she 'elevated,' which she finally took to the pier. If she had missed a connection anywhere she would have been too late.

"Yer a two faced thing. That's wot yer are. Yer ain't. Cos if yer wos yer'd leave that one at 'ome.

Equity Sale.

There will be sold at Public Auction, in front of the Court House at Hampton, in the Parish of Hampton, in the County of Kings, on SATURDAY, THE SIXTEENTH DAY OF JULY NEXT, at three o'clock in the afternoon pursuant to the directions of a certain Decreeal Order of the Supreme Court in Equity made on the twenty-sixth day of April, A. D. 1898, in a certain cause wherein Charles D. Lowery is Plaintiff and Ira T. McDonald, Mary E. McDonald, George H. Waterbury, Edward L. Rising, Fred A. Dyke, and Harvey L. Hewson are Defendants, with the approbation of the undersigned Referee, the mortgaged premises described in the Plaintiff's Bill and said Decreeal Order as follows:—

"All that lot piece or parcel of land situated lying and being in the Parish of Cambridge aforesaid on the northwest side of the Washademoak Lake, and bounded as follows:—In front by the Washademoak Lake, on the upper or northerly side by lands owned by Susan McDonald, on the lower or southerly side partly by lands owned by Jacob McDonald, and partly by lands occupied by Joseph McDonald, on the rear or westerly side by lands owned by William Carney containing seventy-five acres more or less (except one quarter of an acre for the use of the heirs of John Clark, late of the Parish of Wickham deceased, for a burying place where the burying ground now is situated) the said piece of land hereby conveyed being the same as was devised to Sarah Ann McDonald by the last will and testament of John McDonald deceased."

Together with the buildings thereon and the rights, members, privileges and appurtenances thereunto belonging. For terms of Sale and other Particulars apply to Jas. W. Flower, Plaintiff's Solicitor, St. John, N. B.

Dated the 9th Day of May, A. D. 1898. JAS. W. FLOWER, Plaintiff's Solicitor.

ARTHUR C. FAIRWEATHER, Referee in Equity. JOHN E. RYAN, Auctioneer.

John G. Adams. UNDERTAKER

Funeral Director.

Caskets, in Brocade, Velvet, Broad cloth (Black or White), Rosewood, Walnut, Oak, French Burl and Stained Wood, Highly finished in different Styles and Qualities, All Sizes, Prices Reasonable.

Polished Woods and Cloth Covered Coffins, Robes, hrouds, and MOUNTING.

A FIRST CLASS HEARSE

in connection with White or Black Mountings for Young or Old. Orders from the Country carefully attended to at Moderate Prices.

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Picture Mouldings.

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Pianos, Organs,

or anything else in Musical Instruments, Fine Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry or Silverware, at

TERMS TO SUIT YOU,

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KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND

Fine Drugs and Chemicals, Materna Medica, Druggists' Sundries, Dye Stuffs, Perfumery, Soaps, Brushes Combs, Etc., Etc.

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IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

General Hardware.

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FOOT OF MAIN STREET.

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Special Prices for Country Orders.

WM. PETERS,

—DEALER IN—

Leather, Hides, Tallow,

Furriers' and Tanners' Tools, Shoemakers' Findings, etc.

Manufacturer of the Famed Bluenose Buffalo Sleigh Robe.

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

Farm for Sale!

Farm containing 170 acres of upland cutting about 40 tons of upland hay, situated in Jerusalem settlement in the Parish of Hampstead, three miles from the St. John River. The farm is well watered a good boiling spring near house, it is also well wooded and centrally located to post office, general store, blacksmith shops, etc., it is in a good neighborhood where the neighbors are strictly honest and obliging.

Also, 1 horse rake, plows and other farming implements. This is a good chance to get a farm on easy terms as the owner is in no hurry for the money.

For terms, etc., write to MRS. H. L. DUFFIE, Glassville, Carleton Co., N. B.

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MANUFACTURER OF

All Kinds of Sporting Goods.

Special attention given to Winchester Rifles and Revolvers. Also repairing of all kinds of Bicycles and manufacturer of Surgical Instruments and Trusses. Perfect fit of Trusses guaranteed. Made to order.

254 UNION STREET, ST. JOHN.

Patronize the GLOBE LAUNDRY,

2 Doors Below Queen Hotel,

Queen Street, Fredericton, N.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

JOSEPH RUBINS, Agent Gagetown.

G. R. PERKINS, Proprietor.

FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers for sale the lot adjoining the one occupied by his residence known as the Stockfort Lot.

WM. HAMILTON, Gagetown, April 26

St. John Semi-Weekly Sun.

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Reliable market reports. Full shipping news. Sermons by Dr. Talmage and other Eminent Divines. Stories by eminent Authors. Despatches and correspondents From all parts of the world.

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Notice to Let.

A very nice cottage, in Gagetown, Q. C. Apply to.

T. SHERMAN PETERS. Gagetown, June 8th, 1898.