

# Bargains! Bargains!

Commencing with the New Year I will sell my whole stock of Dr Goods and the following Groceries

Fruits, anned 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.

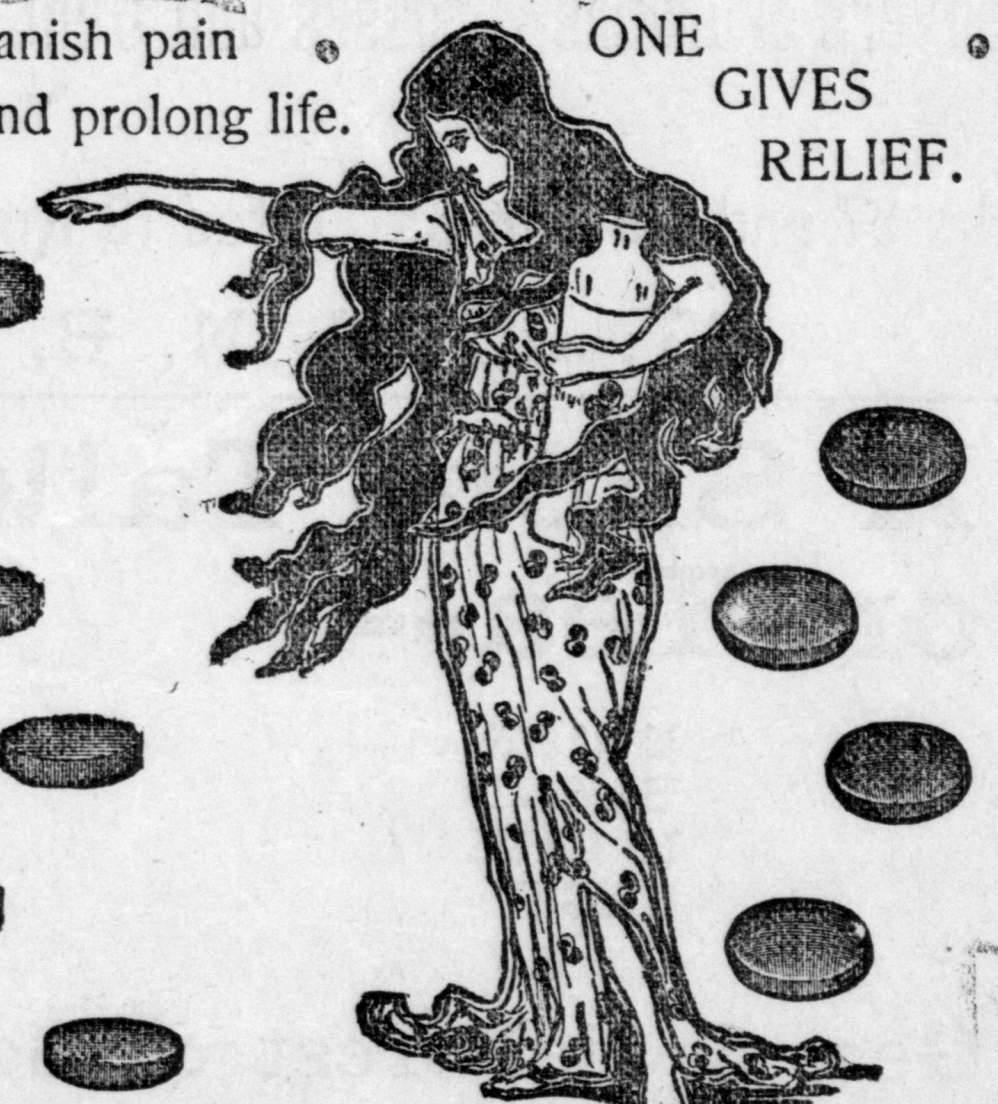
—ALSO—

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.

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They banish pain and prolong life. **ONE GIVES RELIEF.**



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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 set 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. 19 Spruce Street, New York.—A single carton (TEN TABLETS) will be sent for five cents. Best medicine ever made since the world was created.

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- 5000 Red Brick.

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### Poetry.

#### THE LETTER HOME.

Merrily o'er the tossing sea  
The gallant vessel flies,  
Her hope is in the fickle waves,  
The laughing wind and skies;  
Her silver track, it stretches back  
With purple weeds and foam,  
And echoes of her flapping sails  
Breathe in the letter home!

The sailor, brown with sun and brine,  
The hardy, bold, and free,  
He trolls a song in every port,  
A jest for all his he;  
Nor here nor there is now his care,  
His heart forsakes the main,  
And with a fond familiar speech  
Turns to his own again!

Once more before his dreamy gaze  
The low green hills appear,  
The pond where sailed his painted fleet  
The friendly roof and dear;  
The walks are gay with rose and bay,  
With pinks and pansies dim,  
And there the wrinkled mother waits  
Whose thoughts are all for him!

Merrily o'er the bounding sea  
The gallant vessel flies,  
But wars and perils range the deep,  
And clouds and tempests rise,  
And many a wreck and whirlwind break  
Is sent to those who roam,  
Then blessings on the joyful day  
That bears a letter home.  
Dora Read Goodale.

#### Friendship's Written Words.

Such a little thing, a letter,  
Yet so much it may contain;  
Written thoughts and mute expressions  
Filled with pleasure, fraught with pain.

When our hearts are sad at parting,  
Comes a gleam of comfort bright,  
In the mutual promise given,  
We will not forget to write.

Plans and doings of the absent,  
Bits of news we like to hear,  
All remind us e'en though distant,  
Kind remembrance keeps us near.

Yet sometimes a single letter  
Turns the sunshine into shade;  
Chills our efforts, clouds our prospects,  
Blights our hopes and makes them fade.

Messengers of joy or sorrow,  
Life or death, success, despair;  
Bearer of affection's wishes,  
Greeting kind of loving prayer.

Prayer or greeting were we present,  
Would be left but half unsaid;  
We can write because our letters,  
Not our faces, will be read.

Who has not some treasured letter,—  
Fragments choice of other's lives;  
Relics, some of friends departed,  
Friends whose memory still survives?

Touched by neither time nor distance,  
Will their words unspoken last;  
Voiceless whispers of the present,  
Silent echoes of the past.

#### TAKE IT NOW.

If you're waiting for a day  
In the future—far away—  
When, with gold enough to spare  
You will rest from trial and care  
And enjoyment find supreme,  
Let me tell you 'tis a dream.

If you're slaving all for wealth  
At the cost of life and health  
And the present you reject  
For a future you expect,  
If your joys are yet to be—  
Pain, not pleasure, you will see.

If you're waiting to be old  
E'er you take the good of gold  
And enjoy your rightful due  
Of life's pleasures, sweet and true—  
You will find, alas, too late,  
Woful disappointment great.

Live life's journey by the way  
While the sun shines make your hay;  
Vow—now only are you sure  
Of the pleasures that endure,  
Pleasures that make memory bright  
When life's noon has turned to night.

O, the heart grows hard and cold  
Piling up the yellow gold,  
Throwing present good away,  
Dreaming that a future day  
Never coming may bestow  
Joys you now or never know.

Wait not till a life is spent  
Ere you know the sweet content;  
Take its pleasures, good and true,  
While they still belong to you,  
Then upon a future day,  
They, and more with you, will stay.

H. C. Dodge.

"The sight of these brave men who cannot physically qualify for the army, who cannot pass their physical examination, breaks me all up," said the kind hearted official.

"But you needn't cry about it."  
"You see, circumstances compel me to shed a few volunteers."

Laura—I do hope the government will hold on to the Philippines.

Frances—Why? In what way are you especially interested in the Philippines?

Laura—George says that if they are still in our possession next spring we'll go there on our wedding trip.—Chicago News.

### Correspondence.

Spicy News Items Gathered by Gazette Correspondents.

TO EDITOR QUEENS COUNTY GAZETTE.

Dear Sir:—Please allow me space in your paper to make a few remarks which might prove profitable.

The people of this county as well as of the county of Sunbury have been long in need of a newspaper which could be published within its borders, and as all know this paper was started by Mr. Stewart in 1897 and it has rapidly progressed with in that period of time, and now we can boast of one of the best county newspapers in the province in the form of this paper (the GAZETTE).

It has two columns devoted entirely to the temperance work. One supplied by the Women's Christian Temperance Union of Hampstead, and the other by the Independent Order of Good Templars, beside we find other useful reading, part devoted to poetry, the latest news, etc.

But while we have thus been thinking of the extra qualities of the GAZETTE, we find news from country places round about, of these I have no fault to find when they confine themselves to news, etc. But when, like in the cases of Johnston and Cody's correspondents, I think it is time the line had been drawn severing their connections entirely from the press.

The correspondent from Johnston was the first to set the ball rolling by attacking in a vile and slanderous manner the correspondence written by Rambler and Cambridge, who I believe stated facts and did not wish any further talk through the press over such a silly question as the removal of the Court House.

Mr. Johnston starts with abuse and winds up with abuse and we should think by this that abuse is all he knows, and we should also think by the long winded pieces of correspondence he sends to the GAZETTE that instead of having blood flowing through his veins he has simply a great column of gas swelling like a river through his body and that when he sees a piece in the paper which does not please him (which is quite frequently) the gas bursts with great fury, striking everything down before it.

Now, dear reader, do you think that such a correspondent as this should be allowed to use the press simply as a place for shooting off his mouth as he calls it. I think the Editor and all readers will agree with me that he should not.

But you find another who is still worse in the form of XX from Cody's, who uses language beyond description.

Now, Mr. Editor, as I am a friend of the Queens County paper, I think I would not come amiss if I should say that such correspondence as this should not receive publication without the signature of the writer. Then people would know from whom the trash was coming.

Hoping that these remarks may prove beneficial, I remain,

Yours truly,  
A WELL WISHER OF GAZETTE.

Johnson.

July 19.—XX again makes his appearance in an article somewhat large and bulky, but like the head that produces it, there's nothing in it. With the common peculiarity of half-wits and mental imbeciles he deems low attacks on the personality of the writer to be a mark of extraordinary smartness. His article is as funny as an idiot asylum and as empty as Dr. Tanner at the end of his long fast.

The only piece of wit in the production (pearls before swine, etc.) was old when the country was new. He strings words together like a magpie in a fit and howls like a dancing dervish with the "jim-jams." There is less sense in his composition than in the unconnected expressions of a poll parrot. He quotes with great facility but little aptness. His letter is made up of quotations but he has not improved the methods of expressions or added to the thought.

His hog idea is taken from a Chipman correspondent while his hysterical sermonizing no doubt is filched from Brown's Flat's camp meeting. Bray, creature, etc., are taken directly from my own letter. He asks the Omnipotent to hold him guiltless. There is no doubt of it. The Omnipotent would not create such a thing and then hold spite against it. He says that I thought that I was attacking a brother, etc. I have attacked no one but simply replied to the statements of a swell-headed idiot with more mouth than brains, who lacks the ability to produce anything of interest himself and seeks cheap notoriety by assailing someone else. I have avoided personalities and shall continue to do so as I have no desire to establish a reputation as a public black-guard.

Of course I do not mean to intimate that XX is to be faulted for his low vulgarity. Mental weakness is his protection. In his weak-mindedness he imagines himself the defender of the Baptist faith. How his high religious soul revelled in the mysteries of Baptist doctrine when he intimated that those attending the Gramophone concert were immoral. What strength of logic is evinced when charging those who attend in future as being hogs. If he had a forehead as high as a cow he would know that the cut of my hair or the size of my eyes have no connection with the Baptist faith. Of course our leading Baptist ministers who permit and attend gramophone concerts

in their churches are not so wise as this wonderful genius. He knows as little of Baptist doctrine as Balaam's ass knew of Hebrew grammar.

That elegant (?) name which he tries to apply to the Johnston correspondent, I return to himself. I am not, however, so debased and ignorant as to leave it in its original form. In order that it might be in accordance with the dictates of common decency and also highly appropriate to XX, I would spell the second word b-o-o-r-e. He is the wild bore who ever appeared in public print. He bored us in doggeral rhymes, which his inceptive intelligence styles poetry and he threatens to break loose in the strain again. He has bored several of your readers until they seriously contemplate the termination of their subscription and one subscriber has already done so. I have no doubt that he will pick out a half-dozen more words and stringing them together in violation alike of sense and grammar fill a column with nauseating verbiage.

He—There is always something nonsensical about a pretty woman.  
She—Yes; it's a man.

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WM. HAMILTON,  
Gagetown, April 26

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Gagetown, June 8th, 1898.