

Bargains! Bargains!

Commencing with the New Year I will sell my whole stock of Dry 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—FIVE CENTS. This low priced sort 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. 10 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.

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.

Albert's Thomas Phosphate Powder is Good for all Crops.

Don't buy any other Fertilizer.

Oliver Burden,

Phoenix Square, Fredericton, N. B.

E. C. LOCKETT, Agent at Gagetown.

Literature.

A RAJAH'S TREASURE.

BY C. B. LEWIS.

Six or seven years previous to the outbreak of the Indian mutiny the rajah of the province of Gwallor was dethroned for treason to the English. He had long been a ruler over one of the largest provinces in India and was known to be one of the wealthiest in the empire. He had an army of 2,000 men, a herd of 200 elephants and lived in a style no European monarch could approach. While professing to be friendly to the English he plotted against them, and when this was discovered steps were taken to curtail his powers. His army was reduced to a body guard of 100 men. His right to issue edicts and make local laws was abrogated. English civil officers were stationed here and there to collect the taxes, and the proud and powerful rajah held only his empty title. He bowed to the terms imposed by a superior force, but became one of the bitterest foes the English had to deal with and was first and foremost in bringing about the mutiny. The date of the outbreak was known by the deposed rajah weeks in advance. It was afterward charged that he set the date himself. At any rate he was so well prepared that his troops were almost the first in the field against the English. Although his army had been disbanded for three or four years, he had secretly purchased and stowed away large amounts of equipment, and for two months previous to the outbreak he was secretly enlisting and arming his subjects.

Two weeks before the uprising the rajah made preparations to secure the safety of the great treasure. In his palace, 30 miles from Gwallor, he had a secret chamber, in which the wealth had been stored for three generations. No European had ever set foot in the palace, but it was currently reported that the value of the gems and jewels, many of which had been handed down from his great grandfather, aggregated \$10,000,000. It was afterward believed that this sum was too small by half. One day the rajah left his palace with an escort of ten of his oldest and most trusted soldiers, and each soldier had charge of a pack horse carrying a share of the treasure. His band traveled to the northwest for two days and then halted amid the ruins of an ancient city between the towns of Jeypore and the river Ganges. So much was learned years after. At the end of five days the rajah returned to his palace, accompanied only by a servant who had acted as cook. This servant was locked in a dungeon and never seen again. No one dared to ask what had become of him or the soldiers, and if any one had suspected that the rajah had removed his treasure from the palace he would have kept his thoughts to himself, well knowing what would follow a word of gossip.

Two months after the rajah had taken the field against the English, at the head of a thousand men he was killed in battle. A month later his palace was captured, looted of such treasure as the soldiers fancied and then destroyed by fire and explosion. The treasure room was found by the soldiers but it was empty. From some of the servants it was learned how and when the wealth had been removed, but it could not be searched for until the rebellion had been put down. During the mutiny the soldiers were permitted to look right and left, but when peace came the government reserved the right to search for all treasure hidden away. But little had ever been written on this subject, though it is a fact beyond cavil that money, gems and other things valued at tens of millions of dollars, were recovered and turned into the government treasury.

No sooner was the civil government at Gwallor in working order than a party in charge of an official was started out to search for the rajah's treasure. By this time not a soldier or servant who knew anything about the matter could be found. It was simply known that the party had gone away to the northwest. After several days' search the treasure hunters came upon the ruins, and thinking the spot to be a likely place they began work. Here was a space of half a mile square of standing and fallen walls, with trees and bushes and vines growing in the greatest profusion, and a thousand safe spots in which to hide the treasure. The party which numbered 4 Englishmen and 60 natives, went to work, however, and it was five months before they quit in despair. They reported to the government that it would take a thousand men fully two years to clean away the debris.

Soon after it had become generally known that the party had given up the search a native was arrested at Delhi charged with the murder of two European women at the outbreak of the mutiny. When he was put on trial, an English ensign testified in his behalf and proved that it was a case of mistaken identity. As soon as the native was released from custody he went to his preserver and declared he was one of rajah's soldiers who took away the treasure. It was buried in the ruins, he said; and when the work had been finished the rajah gave the party several bottles of wine to drink to his health. This wine was poisoned. Every man who partook of it except this one died within two hours. He was made very ill and stimulated death to escape the rajah's dagger.

When the cold blooded ruler departed, leaving the dead to be devoured by beasts of prey, the sole survivor crawled away, and after a time recovered and made good his escape. He fought against the English to the last, but was ready to divide the hidden treasure with the man who had saved his life. Just at this time the government offered 25 per cent to finders of the treasure, and the officer and native proceeded to Jeypore and made up a party. In due time they reached the ruins, but only to find the treasure gone. The native pointed out the spot where it had been concealed, and there was no doubt of his veracity, but someone had removed the wealth. As it had been taken away during the war it was almost useless to hope for a clue, but the native declared he would devote the remainder of his days to following the matter up.

It was three years before anything more was learned of the rajah's treasure. Then a native who was confined in prison at Lucknow for theft told a story which later on reached the ears of government officials. During the last six months of the war the regiment to which he belonged was encamped for some days near the old ruins. Nearly all the natives had come to realize that the English rule would soon be restored, and this man and five comrades decided to desert their colors and make their way to the east. Believing they would be pursued if they started off across the country, they secreted themselves among the ruins until their comrades marched away. They clambered over walls and stone heaps and crept amid vines and bushes until reaching the center of the ruins and finding a hiding place. In removing some of the debris for their own convenience they came across the treasure, which was in teak wood and iron boxes.

Here was the ransom of the greatest king in the world to be divided among six soldiers, not one of whom had ever been possessed of \$25 at once in his life, but yet the devil of avarice soon entered into all hearts. In making a division of the spoil they quarrelled, and within five minutes of the first hot words three of them lay dead. The three survivors were content that their shares had doubled but the question was what to do with the treasure. They could carry only a few handfuls of it away on their persons, even if they could find purchasers in these turbulent times. After remaining in seclusion for two weeks and at a time when the neighborhood was clear of troops the treasure was carried a distance of nine miles toward the Ganges and reburied in a thicket. The three men started for Delhi, each having a few of the gems with them, but within a week they were captured by mutineers and two of them shot down. The third was saved by influence and joined the troops and served to the end of the war. He was Lucknow enlisting a party to go after the treasure when he committed a robbery and was sentenced to jail for a year.

The government lost no time in investigating this story. The prisoner retold it to officials and added such detail as made it plain that he was telling the truth. He was promised a pardon and 10 per cent of the value of the treasure for acting as guide, and he led a party straight to the spot. The hole where the treasure had been buried was speedily found, but of the gems and jewels not one remained. The despoilers had in time been despoiled.

It was a year before another clue was found, and then it came through a woman. She was the wife of a ryot or farmer, and from a hiding place in the thicket had seen the three soldiers bury the boxes and caskets. Her husband was in rebel army, and after a few weeks, finding the soldiers did not return for their booty, she dug it up and reburied it in one of the cultivated fields. Her husband was killed in battle, and at the close of the war, when bands of natives were riding about and plundering right and left, her hut was one day visited by a band of six scoundrels who threatened her life. Being greatly terrified by their actions, she told them of the treasure, and they were speedily in possession of it. They decided to convey it down the Ganges by boat. It was taken to the river on horses by night, and instead of purchasing a craft they seized one by force and murdered the crew of three men. This craft, with the six robbers on board, was seen by various parties during the next four days, but it was a month later before the government got track of it. Every effort was then made to discover what had become of the men and their plunder.

It was found that the boat had reached Allahabad, where two men went ashore to purchase supplies, and she was again seen by various parties 30 miles below the city. Then all traces of her were lost. Every seaport was watched and every dealer in gems notified, but it was months before any new developments took place. Then a villainous looking native offered some diamonds and rubies for sale in Bombay and was arrested. He had on his person about \$50,000 worth of unset gems. For several weeks he refused any explanations, but at length he confessed that he was the leader of the gang who got the treasure from the woman.

After passing Allahabad they started to divide the treasure. As all were grasping and avaricious a quarrel arose, and in the height of this quarrel the boat ran upon a snag and received such damage that she soon filled and went down. Five of the men and all the treasure except that

found on this man went to the bottom in 40 feet of water. The fellow stubbornly refused to name the locality or to go with the party, and after a few weeks died in prison of fever. A dozen different parties searched for the wreck at much trouble and expense, but it had been covered by mud or sand and could not be found. Of the vast treasures of the rebel rajah, computed on good authority at from \$17,000,000 to 20,000,000, the trifling amount found on the robber was alone recovered. Only last year a party under orders of the government made a new attempt to discover the wreck, but after a search of four months it gave up in despair.

Poetry.

In Memoriam.

Lines written and composed on the death of Neva, beloved child of Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Fanjoy. Died Dec. 19, '97, aged 11 years.

She left her home in the starry ways,
And reached your arms in January days,
You thought to keep and held her here
And your little girl you loved so dear.

One pleasant eve when the sun had dipped
Out of sight, and the stars had slipped
Silently back to their wonted ways,
She turned her face with a wistful gaze,
Up to the blue of the arching skies,
You knew by the look in her pretty eyes
And the smile that brightened her small face so,
It was time for God's little girl to go.

A kiss you dropped on her darling head,
"Sweet little heart, good-bye," you said,
Then unafraid tho' the way was dim
God's little girl went back to Him.

At last she sleeps in Jesus arms,
Her soul enraptured in His charms,
The waiting angels flew away
And bore her soul to endless day.

She left a lifeless corpse behind
Which soon was in the grave confined,
The shining angels bore her soul
Up where eternal pleasures roll.

Parents and sisters are left to mourn
For the loved one gone before;
But when the last great day has come,
They will meet on the other shore.

Oh, Bessie you must live
Without dear Neva's love;
For Christ the Saviour thought it best
To take her home above.

And now she rests in Paradise
Where Jesus wipes her weary eyes,
Her frame is racked with pain no more,
She sings on Zion's happy shore.

Then let us who are among the living
Prepare to meet Neva in yonder Heaven,
She parted with a world of pain
And only sleeps to rise again.

Oh hark! I hear the angel band,
Methinks I hear them sing
All glory to the Lamb of God,
And Christ the Heavenly King.
MRS. GEORGE MOSS,
Grand Lake.

SOME COMFORT.

When the snow is on the garden,
And the ice is on the walk,
And the monthly bill for fuel
Brings about a painful shock,
There's a pleasing consolation,
And we feel inclined to sing,
For it's cheering to remember
That we're one day nearer Spring.

When we slip on icy payment
And go down with fearful crash,
Then arise in indignation,
Using language that is rash,
It is soothing to remember,
Spring is coming on the hop,
When its mud to serve as cushion
When the walker takes a drop.

When the mercury is tumbling
And the northern breezes roar,
And we're howling at the scoundrel
Who neglects to shut the door,
It is helpful to remember,
Ere a chair at him we fling,
That the door he now leaves open
He'll be closing in the Spring.

When before the fire we shiver,
With a bad attack of chills,
And at intervals were gulping
Down a lot of quinine pills,
It's some comfort to remember,
As we bolt the bitter stuff,
That the balmy Spring is coming
And we'll soon be warm enough.

Yes, the gentle Spring is coming,
With its flowers, birds and bees,
With sweet odors of the blossoms
Borne upon each passing breeze,
And though now the blasts of Winter
Rush and roar and sharply sting,
It is cheering to remember
That we're one day nearer Spring.
The Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

A farmer had secured an appointment as lightkeeper in a Maine coast light-house. The first night he went on duty he lighted up promptly at dusk, and at 11 o'clock carefully extinguished the lamp. The next day, of course, there was trouble, and, when he was taken to task, he replied that he supposed 10 o'clock was late enough to keep the light going as he thought that all honest men should be in bed at that hour.—Boston Herald.

W. A. CURRIE, D. D. S.

(Late Instructor in Boston Dental College.)

EVERY FORM OF **Modern Dentistry.**

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—DEALER IN—

Leather, Hides, Tallow,

Furriers' and Tanners' Tools,
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Manufacturer of the Famed Bluenose Buffalo Sleigh Robe.

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Massey-Harris Farm Machinery.

—SUCH AS—

PLOWS, HARROWS, REEPEERS,
MOWERS, SOWERS, CULTIVATORS, ETC., ETC.

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Blank Book Manufacturer.

Law Books and Periodicals, Bound in a Superior Manner, Paper Ruled in any Pattern, Color Stamping executed. Orders promptly attended to.

CHESTNUTS 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 owner.

WM. McCUSKER,
Gagetown Queens C.

LOST.

Lost on Thursday last, between Ennis-kellin Station and Fredericton Junction, a gentleman's Rigby Overcoat. Any information concerning same will be thankfully received at this office.

If your boy

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 as \$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. 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. Scovill, Agent Pelee Wine Co.,
Dear Sir:—My wife has been afflicted 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 praise and no house should be without it. We have recommended it to several suffering from the grippe ability, with like good results.

I am, yours gratefully,
JOHN C. CLOWS.
E. G. SCOVILL, Tea and Wine Merchant, 62 Union St., St. John, sole agent for Maritime Provinces. Telephone 323.

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 the weight cannot be beaten for speed. This stallion will be in Gagetown and other parts of Queens county the last of February and 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 young.
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.