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We have a large variety to select from, in Walnut, Ash and Marble.

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Headquarters at Chatham for high-class Spectacles and Eye-glasses.

Repairing, in all its branches, neatly and promptly done.

Give us a call when in need of anything in our line.

W. R. GOULD,

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Sheriff's Sale.

To be sold at Public Auction in front of the Court House in Richibucto, on Saturday, the 20th day of August next, between the hours of eleven o'clock in the forenoon and three o'clock in the afternoon of that day.

All the right, title, and interest, property claim and demand, either at law or in equity, of, in, and to, all that certain lot, piece, and parcel of land situate, lying and being in the town of Richibucto, in the County of Kent, Bounded on the east by Queen Street, on the north by the McDermott property, on the west by land deeded to Robert Richardson, on the south by the Carey property, being the lot of land occupied by Thomas G. Richardson, the same having been seized and taken by virtue of an execution issued out of the County Court of Kent at the suit of Dosithe Richard against the said Caleb Richardson.

WM. WHETEN, Sheriff.
Sheriff's office, Richibucto.
April 20th, 1892.

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Cemetery work of every description neatly executed. Orders promptly filled.

MONCTON, N. B. (ug31ul)

STUDYING THE FOOL.

A SUBJECT VAST IN THE RESULTS POSSIBLE TO OBTAIN.

Ways in Which This Class of Mankind Differ—A Class of Men Called Fools Who Deserve a Different Recognition—Vanity That Falls of Financial Success.

It is apparently undeniable that the average man would prefer to be termed a knave rather than a fool. To be a rascal supposes capacity of some kind and insures one's being regarded in italics—so to speak. This fact of the term—a plain fool—lies in the sting that it most commonly suggests a conspicuous nothingness in the cerebral region or a judgment whose outputs are of no more value than added eggs. To state, in classical phraseology, that one doesn't know enough to go in when it rains, is to touch the limit of derisive criticism of his intellect; "the shadow of the cipher" about represents his value in the minds of his fellowmen.

In all times there are "born fools" who will never spell discretion, which Pericles declared the noblest possession of human beings, or comprehend the meaning of "the fitness of things." And Rochefoucauld observed that "there are persons fated to be fools, but are forced by fortune to do so." But these, as well as stupid fools whose apprehension scarcely suggests to them, without external assistance, what the cat should be doing in the dairy, are perhaps well out-numbered among us by those who do not lack in brains or wit, but are self-made fools through vanity or false ideas. Of the most trying and ubiquitous, is the conceited fool, who is perfectly certain of being always desirable, always successful, who is saturated with belief in his own astuteness; whose knowledge of men, women (of this subject particularly profound), and affairs is such that he can be given no "points," and who states his opinion, sought or unsought, on any matter as though he were playing the right bower.

The feminine complement of this individual is the woman who may be described as a well-gowned assumption, who affects a critical knowledge of art, music, literature, because such knowledge is, so to speak, the trade mark of a desirable culture, who absorbs flattery as an alderman a cocktail, who enthuses over a new author or actor or preacher or a sentiment which she has, in truth, no more soul to comprehend than a mocking bird has the spirit to appreciate the glory of the moon beneath which it works its little throat. Said such a young woman recently in speaking of one of our most eloquent and scholarly pulpit orators whose essays have become modern classics: "O, I think he is just lovely, but one can't deny that he makes grammatical errors."

THE FOLLY OF FOOLS.
The folly of the conceited fool of either sex seldom vanishes with years; it simply solidifies. As Thackeray remarks, "How can you make a fool perceive that he is a fool? Such a person can no more see his own folly than he can see his own ears."

Touching the inexplicable sex: It is possible that the average woman had rather have her age called into question than her mental brilliancy. Who dare essay to discover? But when fair woman really merits the title which suggests itself the antithesis of argus-eyed wisdom, she is, it may be conceded, the most thorough fool in the world, rarely doing or saying anything inconsistent with her character. But this, it should be remembered, is an era of clever women; the bosom of society scintillates with them. Some of them forming committees and associations brilliantly demonstrate their ability to take the platform and talk against time. Some of them are able to happily assure man, who often makes such a mess of things, that he need not now bear the burden of government alone, but even be cheerfully advised when not to fight his "sassy" little enemies.

Notable among the self-made fools of today is the man who pays too much for money—gives his health, strength, liberty, mayhap conscience, almost every waking hour of the best years of his life. He is a slave who would find no use for a proclamation of emancipation every separate letter of which was not written upon a bond. Engaged almost exclusively with "futures," the greedy-to-be-rich man usually loses the genial relationships, the poetry, the humor, the little uncalculated pleasures which he might find in the present and which are, perhaps, the best things one gets in life.

Brother to this man of privations is the individual who schemes and struggles, pays large sums of money, runs the risk of leaving an electric light turned on his private record, performs a handsome act here, or affects a sympathy there for which he really has no stomach, or perpetrates some purely absurd manœuvre, all to gain a distinction which shall claim society's attention. Unless he has some genuine power or virtue exercised for something other than vanity's sake he is likely to hear the thrilling trumpet of fame (?) proclaiming his name in four trenchant letters; likely to find that he has been engaged in the peculiarly felicitous business of fetching water in a sieve.

A NOTABLE CHARACTER.
Notable among the characters of the present day is the man with a reputation for shrewdness, the sole master of whose thoughts, habits, and methods is self-interest. He has ceased to feed on illusions or indulge in fantastic dreams. He is always cautious, discreet, reserved, placing himself in the relation of an interrogation point to all statements of truth and disinterestedness. He never allows himself to be humbugged; never allows any impulse, passion, emotion, to get the better of him which could interfere with self-interest, or what he conceives to be such. Not only does such a man usually fall a victim to a sort of dry rot, but when he doesn't scruple to sacrifice, if need be, anybody or anything that stands in the way of his advantage—priding himself on the adroitness with which he does it—he is almost certain to overlook some simple facts and to commit some signal mistake that shall teach him that in his subtle wisdom is subtle folly.

Martin Luther once sang:
Who loves not women, wine, and song,
Remains a fool his whole life long.
Needless to say he did not refer to this

fascinating trio in a disputed sense. He thought little of the wisdom of the joyless prig who held himself from genial and inspiring influences. Of the chronic fools among us is the man who devotes himself without conscience or stint to every form of pleasure which provides indulgence for his voluptuous tastes, who seeks amusement as an occupation. He is a sure victim of that malady of the surfeited or the wit-forsaken—ennui. He is a generator of cynicism, without, it would seem, sufficient sense to learn what an old Greek philosopher asserted centuries ago, that happiness is not synonymous with pleasure and that the former can only come from "within"—and then it depends on the nature of the "within."

Fools of occasion include us all at every stage of life. "Recklessness toward the absurd, which Cardinal Newman thought one of the leading characteristics of a gentleman, might well be a characteristic of any ordinary intelligent mind, since it is impossible to know on what time or occasion human nature, the great practical joker, who revels in startling surprises, may not cause the most well regulated to make a fool of himself. Says a French writer, "If there be men whose folly has never appeared it is because it has never been closely looked for," or because, as Robert Burns might have observed, "O' their better art o' hidin'."

There may, in truth, be now and then a nature so torpid and juiceless that it has got through the greater part of life without ever having perpetrated anything worthy the name of folly. But let not even such an individual be too self-confident.

THE FOOLISH GODDESS' HOUR.

Just as the gray hairs have made an emphatic appearance or the hirsute growth entirely forsakes the crown of his head, and he presents a certain opulent expansion in the region of his stomach, the foolish goddess (folly is feminine, of course) may suddenly attack him and convince himself, his friends, and possibly the newspapers, that his period of indiscretion has just arrived. There is solace, however, for sometime fools. Fate herself is made to share the responsibility of unlooked-for eruptions of imbecility, for, writes some one, "our wisdom is no less at the mercy of fortune than our goods." Says still another consoling authority: "The fool of one moment is the hero of the next" (witness, for instance, in certain cases the man who proposes marriage one hour and stands it by it another). A thorough piece of folly is often an eloquent speechless guide to wisdom, and perhaps the little ridiculous performances, the very human absurdities which one fondly hopes will escape observation serve effectively to keep in a man's mind the fraternal bond between himself and his fellows. It may be a weakness of pride, indeed, to have an immoderate fear of being now and then a fool.

There are certain souls which the world calls impracticable, possessed of "impossible" ideals and methods, who are most lovable in their very unwisdom. Perhaps, every man is once in his life possessed of impossible ideals; once in his life a happy fool, when he falls passionately, uncalculatingly in love with some Juliet also possessed of an exclusive, absorbing, common-sense dispensing passion, capable, if need be, of defying a forty-father power. For a time he dwells in a realm where nothing monotonous or commonplace or disappointing abides; where shadows lengthen and starlight steals on in an atmosphere laden with poetry and fragrance; where bills, bores, and bad dinners are utterly stricken from the memory; where the mind forgets time and the watchmaker's art is an abomination. During his divine aberration even dogs, babies, beggars, and old women come in for the alms of the lovers' benignant attention, since, poor things! they exist without conscious ecstasy. Probably at this time, too, the world looks very generous and honest to this young enthusiast. He has great faith in its promise to pay. The longed-for seems to him the attainable. The realm of the golden possible, wide as life, is scarcely other than the probable. Experience comes soon enough, and one by one dispels the rosy illusions. He comes doubtless in time to find that most of his hopes have been like "ships that sailed for sunny isles and never came to shore"—or went hunting for the north pole. But does he ever find in after life anything sweeter than those days spent in a fool's paradise? Is he ever more genuine or trustworthy than he was then?

Some men go through life with the "impossible ideals." However often deceived, they prefer to credit others with honorable motives rather than base ones. They decline to seize an advantage which would involve the ruin of a fellow being. They prefer, perhaps, to leave a great wrong done them to time, the great avenger, rather than bitterly seek to get even with the offender. These men seldom make a resounding success in the financial world, but, indeed, to their eccentric minds there are things of more interest and value than large money—good as it is. It is not what a man has, or even what he does, or the position he holds in society, but what he is, that makes him interesting to them. We might well hope that each generation may be blessed with a contingent of these impracticable fools.

Why Electricity Cannot Be Stolen.

In a criminal case at St. Louis, Mo., brought by the Municipal Electric Light and Power Company, electricity was alleged to have been stolen by bridging wires entering the store before the wires entered the meter. The point was raised that electricity cannot be stolen, inasmuch as to steal there must be transportation, which is impossible in the case of electricity, as it is not in any wise under control, and therefore not the goods, property, or effects of any one. Judge Claiborne abruptly adjourned the case until he could thoroughly investigate the matter.

Spring Jackets.

Old-world spring jackets have a severely military air. They are double-breasted and trimmed with large bone or pearl buttons. Pocket flaps have developed in size since last spring and are usually finished with three rows of stitching up and down the front and around the collar. A jacket of goblin blue lady's cloth was stitched with black. A Russian collar and large bone buttons were the only decoration.

EXCELLENCE.

RHEUMATISM.—Mr. WM. HOWES, 68 Red Lion St., High Holborn, W.C., London, Eng., states he had rheumatism 20 years; suffered intensely from swelling of hands, feet and joints. He used St. Jacobs Oil with marvelous results. Before the second bottle was exhausted the pain left him. He is cured.

NEURALGIA.—Mrs. JOHN McLEAN, Barrie Island, Ont., March 4, 1889, says: "I suffered severely with neuralgia for nine years and have been greatly benefited by the use of St. Jacobs Oil."

SCIATICA.—Grenada, Kans., U. S. A., Aug. 8, 1888, "I suffered eight years with sciatica; used five bottles of St. Jacobs Oil and was permanently cured." JACOB I. SMITH.

STRAIN.—Mr. M. PRICE, 14 Tabernacle Square, E. C., London, Eng., says: "I strained my wrist and the severe pain yielded like magic to St. Jacobs Oil."

LAMEBACK.—Mrs. J. RINGLAND, Kincaid St., Brockville, Ont., writes: "I was confined to bed by severe lumbago. A part of a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil enabled me to go about in a day."

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