

**WHAT IS WEIGHED ON HIGH.**

[Written for THE DISPATCH.]

Did you ever think in a serious vein?  
 And see the thought before you plain,  
 Why you exist; what your duty here?  
 For good, or evil, on earth's wide sphere.

Did you ever think of a duty to God,  
 By whom you exist, and for whom you were made?  
 That every breath of the free, pure air  
 You breathe, you owe to the Godhead's care?

Did you ever think of the words He spake:  
 "You must love your neighbor for my dear sake."

Did you ever think, while amassing wealth,  
 Wearying heart, and mind and strength  
 Through a long, hard life; that all may be vain,  
 And worse than nothing the final gain?

That millions will count not a feather's weight  
 To gain admission through heaven's gate;  
 Nor the labor of years, of worry and greed,  
 But only each good and approved of deed?

A kind word spoken, a good act done,  
 A brother from evil to just works won,  
 A frequent gift to the needy poor,  
 To the traveller weary an open door.

Words and actions to cheer the heart;  
 To bring peace and union to those apart.  
 Self-denial for the good of your brothers,  
 Forgetting self to make happy others;

Every thought and desire for good,  
 The hymns that are sung, the prayers that are said.  
 These are the things that weigh on high,  
 When leaving all, we are called to die.

These are the treasures current in heaven,  
 Which on earth we lay up in the year to us given.  
 With which we purchase eternal joy  
 In the Kingdom of Heaven—the City on High.

**A MATRIMONIAL JOKE.**

The Rossville News was a bright and sprightly paper, but it was not so successful as to afford to pay for the news regularly furnished by the United Press Association, and, as a rule, the shears vied with the reportorial pencil in filling out its columns.

It had but one reporter, yet a more energetic, irrepresible, self-satisfied newspaper man than Fred. Stokes seldom existed. In a dearth of news, when the town was wretchedly dull, he could fall back upon the reportorial imagination, evolving from airy nothings a succession of rumors and prognostications with an unfailing shrewdness that verged upon, yet never overstepped, the dim line of probability.

When not chasing the festive item, or cornering an elusive sensation, he would assist his editorial chief in the latter's more onerous task. He would concoct poetic and taking advertisements, extract the pith of some great metropolitan editor's opinion on the tariff, and all this in addition to other multifarious duties.

Often would the editor remove his cigar, elevate his legs, and, as the blue smoke curled upward, reward his satellite with a jovial nod of approval, and say:

"Fred, my boy, next to myself, the News would be lost without ye."

The editor's ancestral fluid was of an Irish tincture, and a slight suspicion of brogue often intruded itself upon his tongue when the editor grew interested.

"I'm indebted to ye, and if ever ye get into a tight place, call upon your chief. Gratitude, me son—a—ahem! Here's the account of young Shurtleff's marriage. Very tony affair, that; we must give it at least a column, with a well-displayed heading."

"Look here, sir," said Fred, after one of these pleasant interjectional colloquies with his chief, "here's a matrimonial ad. in the New York Herald for a wife: 'Wealthy Cuban—rich—presumably unsophisticated—without acquaintances in this country, wants a wife. She must be young, handsome, refined, and so on. Money not essential. Address, Zanaga, New York Herald, in confidence.' I believe I'll answer it—huge joke, you see?"

Here the editor looked dubious.

"Perhaps we can work up something stunning out of this for the News. Who knows?"

The editor brightened enthusiastically.

"Roight you are," said he. "But it will take exceedingly adroit manipulation, me boy."

Fred considered the matter, and then indicted a modest reply, in a flowing feminine hand, signing himself (the deceitful rascal) "Miss Nellie Jardine."

The editor read it with admiration.

"A roight tender and circumspect reply. It wouldn't surprise me, now, if ye weren't a born novelist, after all."

So Fred posted his letter, then carelessly waited further developments. In due time came a reply. Our Cuban expressed his surprise and pleasure at hearing so assuringly from Miss Nellie Jardine, and said that, out of about forty answers, hers was the one that pleased him most.

She alone, he continued, with tropical ardor, was the one woman for him. He felt it, his heart told him so, and thus on, through several pages of blind infatuity. He concluded by hoping, praying, imploring that she would at once reply and exchange photographs with her adoring slave.

"Bedad, sir," said the editor, "you are in for it. I behold already the consummation. Ye'll be donning petticoats next, and the reportorial department of the News will feel an aching void, that is, when you're off to visit this Cuban in New York, my boy."

Several letters on either side were sent, and photographs exchanged, Fred sending that of an extremely pretty girl he had met at Cape May one summer. He was beginning, however, to tire of the tender monotony, when, one day, he laid upon the editorial desk a neat package, which, on being opened, disclosed a pair of ear-rings and a brooch set with garnet and pearls. The editor examined them critically. Fred seemed more dismayed than amused.

"They're worth three hundred dollars, me boy—if they're genuine. What does the fellow say about them?"

"Why, it's a present, he says, and hints of more to come, and that we must arrange for a meeting—all this with the wildest protestations of eternal love and fidelity. Hang it! this is getting serious. I never thought the fool would go so far."

"Write him that the sudden death of one of your uncles, cousins or aunts, call you off to San Francisco instantly, me boy. Hint of great riches falling your way, of a family mystery imposing silence, and that he will hear from you in a month or so. Then you can return him his confounded jewelry, and break up the affair—somehow—anyhow."

The editor felt himself sagacious, yet his conclusion was misty, too misty it seemed, when, two days later, Fred rushed into the sanctum with an open letter in his hand, his eyes dilated, and hair disheveled.

"Sir!" he said, "I'm ruined! I must leave, obliterate myself, and the News will have to get another man. Read that."

He dashed the letter down upon the desk, and fell to gnawing his nails nervously. The editor looked up wondering, then read the note. After a few passionate, devotional interjections, it wound up by stating that the devoted and impulsive lover would visit Rossville on the following Friday to see his "adored one," his "queen."

"Isn't this something like a prediction?" exclaimed Fred, as the chief sat tapping the arm of the editorial chair with his pencil, and his eyes fixed reflectively on his assistant.

"Can you make me an advance of fifty dollars? I'll get Meigs to take my place and flee to the Adirondacks or some pathless wilderness for a while, until this infatuated foreigner recovers his reason."

"Fred, my boy," said the editor, sagely, "I know a trick worth two of that. Write me a touching obituary notice of Miss Nellie Jardine's very sudden demise. A congestive chill, a spinal meningitis; anything of that sort will do. We'll just insert that little notice, and have one copy struck off."

"Have it marked, and sent to that poor fool of a Cuban, together with the jewellery he has sent, and, presto, me boy! you are out of the whole affair in no time. We won't need Meigs then; he's a dunderhead; and you can still go on with your work."

Fred, though at first doubtful, fell in with this idea, and the programme was fully carried out.

The announcement, beginning "Sudden death on an estimable young lady," was really quite pathetic, and so tickled Fred's fancy that his nervousness vanished as Wednesday and Thursday passed. He became so absorbed in other things, that when on Friday a wild-eyed, haggard, foreign-looking man of thirty-five burst into the sanctum, with a paper in his hand, Fred looked up serenely, then recognized, with an appalling thrill, that it was the Cuban, from the photograph the latter has sent.

The editor had just gone out to take some liquid refreshments with a big advertiser, who had Congressional aspirations, and probably would not be back for half an hour. Fred realized that he had to face his own particular lion alone.

"Rossville News—ees it here!" asked the stranger, in a sombre tone.

"Well—a—I'm not sure," Fred hesitated whether to frankly own up or ignominiously flee.

"E—et must must be. I was so told. Senior—have you see zat?"

He pointed to the notice in the paper he held, and watched Frank anxiously.

"Zat—zat—" His face was profoundly melancholy. "Oh, senior! I am desolate—I am inconsolable. I no one know I here. Will you—so kindly—to take me to the grave? Her last resting place, senior?"

Fred here suddenly felt an inspiration that lent him a glimpse of rescue. Only two days before, in the little cemetery, a new grave had been made. A member of a family little known, and recently arrived at Rossville, had died and been buried there.

Why not take the man there, and leave him alone with his sorrow? Then Fred could have a little time to devise some method of escaping from him. He arose, with an amiable and sympathetic smile.

"Certainly, sir," he said, reaching for his hat. "Come with he. It was a most melancholy event, and as you seem interested, I see no harm in showing you the grave of our esteemed young neighbour—a lovely girl she was, too."

The stranger grasped Fred's hand, wrung it feverishly, and prepared to follow him. He told the office boy that he would not be back for an hour, and then the two men sallied forth down a back street. Fred did not wish to meet acquaintances then. After a while,

they came out on a pleasant road that led to the cemetery. Arriving there, he pointed out the way to the grave.

"No trouble in finding it, sir; it's the only new one. You will want to be alone, and—should you wish to leave a place connected with such sad memories at once, there's a New York train at four-fifteen. Good day."

Fred was off like a rocket, half-determined to pack his worldly goods and go to see his mother, whom he had not visited for two years. But, on his return to the office, the editor was awaiting him with a telegram in his hand.

"Look here," said the chief, "I've got to leave you in five minutes. I have urgent business in Washington, to use my influence in securing an appointment in the Treasury Department for my friend Dunleary, and he and I have to go there at once and see about it. I'll be back in two days; not a word now; I trust you as I do myself. You can run things."

So the editor departed with a rush, giving Fred hardly time to open his mouth. He felt desperate. That mad and melancholy Cuban would be back, asking troublesome questions, and any one might drop in. He shuddered at the thought of the direful possibilities ahead.

But the afternoon wore off, and the Cuban did not return. Fred breathed easier; perhaps the fellow had really taken the New York train. When he locked up his office and started upon his evening walk, his fears had flown.

He felt exultant, and a bright smile illuminated his face as he thought of the wild-eyed Cuban and his imaginary woes.

He turned down a grassy lane, near which stood a house seclusively sheltered by shrubberies and trees. From the front gate a man and woman came forth, and walked toward him arm-in-arm. His fears suddenly revived as he recognized the Cuban again.

The other was a lovely lady in deep mourning. Imagine his surprise when the man greeted him joyfully, ecstatically, all his former dejection gone, and his face wreathed in smiles.

"Ah, my friend," said the Cuban, "you have saved my life and restored my happiness. Senior, I cannot tell how much to you I owe. You send me to that grave, and there what do I find? I see there, alive and well, my old, old love, from whom I long separate for years. I forget my new grief. I go there sad, I come away rejoicing; and to you, senior, I owe all of zat—yes—all—all!"

Explanations ensued, during which the Cuban eagerly introduced his companion. It appeared that five years before, in Cuba, he had wooed and won the daughter of a prominent patriot leader of the island. After a time, a price was set upon that chieftain's head by the Spanish authorities, and he and his family suddenly disappeared, while our Cuban was away in Florida on business. On the latter's return, he could find no trace of them, and after months of fruitless waiting, he gave up all hope of ever again seeing his affianced.

Years passed. He came to New York and began to think of marriage again. Hence the advertisement, and the cruel practical joke, that had, after all, resulted so happily. The grave to which Fred had sent him was really that of a brother of the lady now by his side. He met her there, in tears over her own family bereavement.

They recognized each other. She had remained true to him, and she was his first love. Their grief was changed into joy, and he went home with her. The strange family spoken of was hers, and for political reasons they were living in Rossville under an assumed name.

They had renewed their troth, and, in his happiness, the mystery of Miss Nellie Jardine was not again alluded to by him. Perhaps he had not wanted his first sweetheart to know. Fred himself was only too glad to drop the subject. He then left them well on toward the seventh heaven, but learned in a few days that the whole family, together with the Cuban, had left Rossville for parts unknown.

"'Twas a queer little episode," said the editor, upon his return. "But I can't see that it brings any grist to the News, unless ye write it all up. Ye owe the paper that much, me boy, and me, too, bedad."

**Clubs and the Home.**

It is announced as one of the evidences of the emancipation of women in England that not only have they entered the political arena and become conspicuous in many business avocations hitherto monopolized by men, but they have also attained a larger measure of social freedom by establishing their own particular clubs. Here their male friends may come only by special invitation, and here they themselves smoke and drink and gamble without let, hindrance or interruption.

No reasonable objection can be raised against that emancipation of woman which grants her larger liberty and better opportunities in choosing her way in life. If she wishes to be independent of any one's support; if she feels within her strength and the desire to carve out her own fortune; or if necessity and circumstances force her to rely upon her own efforts in securing a livelihood,

**ITCHING AND PIN WORMS.**

No More Misery.



Gives Instant Relief.

ITCHING PILES is an exceedingly painful and annoying affliction, found alike in the rich and poor, male and female. The principal symptoms are a severe itching, which is worst at night when the sufferer becomes warm in bed, so terrible is the itching that frequently it is impossible to procure sleep. Often the sufferer unobtrusively during sleep scratches the parts until they are sore—ulcers and tumors form, excessive moisture is excited. Females are peculiarly afflicted from this disease, causing unbearable irritation and trouble. These and every other symptom of Itching Piles or irritation in any part of the body are immediately allayed and quickly cured by Chase's Ointment. It will instantly stop itching, heal the sores and ulcers, dry up the moisture.

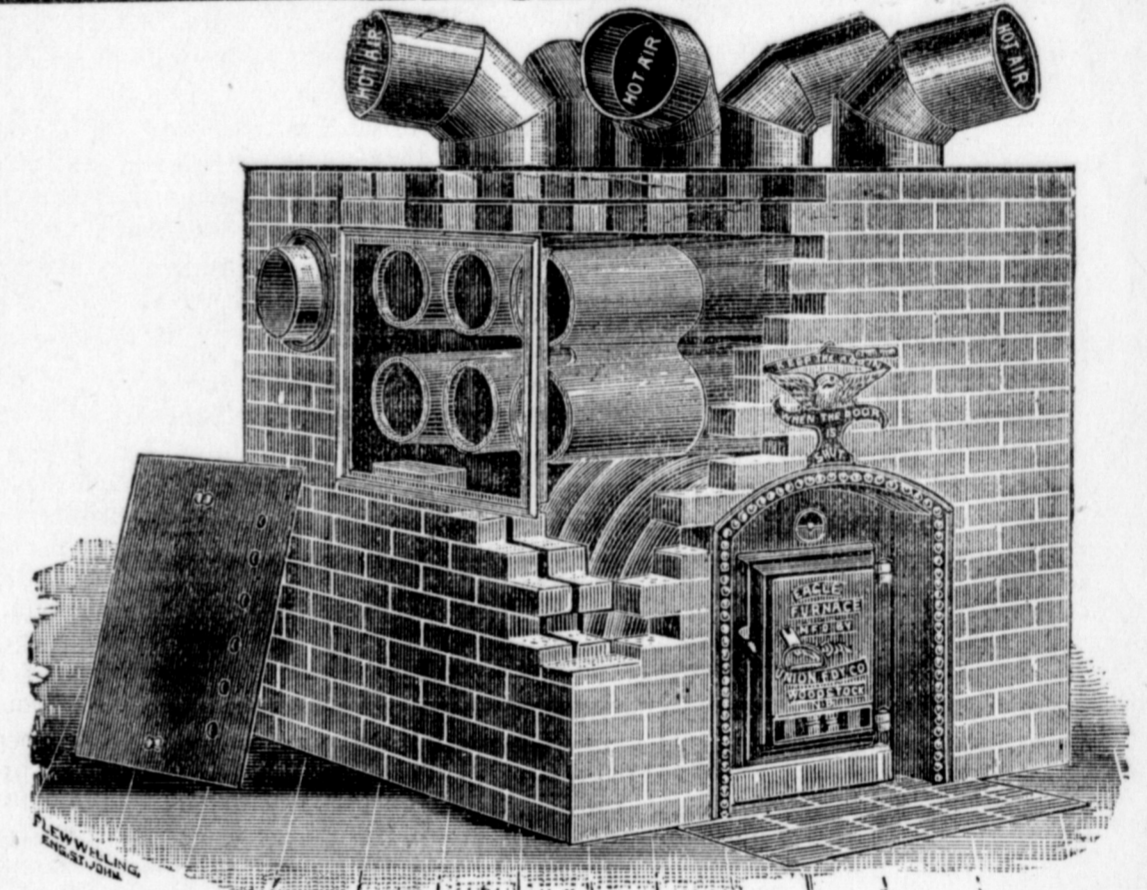
**CHASE'S OINTMENT**

PIN WORMS is an ailment entirely different as to cause than Itching Piles, yet its effects and symptoms are exactly the same. The same intolerable itching; the same creeping, crawling, stinging sensation characterizes both diseases. Chase's Ointment acts like magic. It will at once afford relief from this torment.

**REFERENCES.**

- Newmarket—J. T. Bogart, Mr. Kitto.
- Sutton—Mr. Sheppard, Mr. McDonald.
- Belleville—H. Templeton, druggist.
- Tottenham—James Scanlon, J. Reid.
- Barric—H. R. Garden.
- Hamilton—R. G. Doane.
- King City—Wm. Walker.
- Churchill—David G. Lee.
- Bradford—R. Davis, J. Reid.

The celebrated Dr. Chase's Ointment is made expressly for Itching Piles, but it is equally good in curing all Itchy Skin Diseases, such as Eczema, Itch, Barber's Itch, Salt Rheum, Ring Worm, etc., etc. For sale by all druggists. Price, 60 Cents. Mail address—EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto, Ont., Sole Agents for Dominion of Canada.



**UNION FOUNDRY COMP'Y,**

Manufacturers of

Stoves, Furnaces, Plows, Cultivators, Horse Hoes, &c., &c.

WOODSTOCK, N. B.

not only should not even a straw be laid in her way, but she ought to be encouraged in every possible manner. Different, however, is it with the removal of those social barriers which induce her to forsake her home life and abandon its pleasures and comforts for the meretricious attractions of the club-room. The atmosphere of the club is not conducive to domestic happiness, either for man or for woman. The multiplication of clubs for men is a fact rather to be deplored than commended. They tend to wean a man away from his home and many a family wreck can be traced directly to their influence.

It were better by far if the social emancipation of women, either in England or in the United States—where, in some cities, clubs for women are also beginning to spring up—had manifested itself by seeking to diminish the number of men's clubs instead of endeavoring to "go and do likewise."—*Washington Star.*

**Before the End of March.**

The St. Croix Courier, government organ in St. Stephen, announces "in strictest confidence," that the election will take place sometime between this date and the last of March, '95.

"Solitary confinement for eighteen consecutive days in a dark cell seven feet long, four feet wide and six feet high, with double doors four inches apart, ventilated only by twelve small holes the size of a fingertip, with eight ounces of dry bread and a pint and a half of water once a day." This is not in the torture chambers of the Inquisition, or in the dungeons of the Sultan or the Czar, but in the Boston House of Correction, in the year of our Lord, 1894! The above is a literal description given before the Boston Board of Aldermen last week by William A. Witham, an officer of the institution, and published in the Boston daily papers without note or comment. In one case it is known to have driven a prisoner insane. It is time that the women of Boston should have municipal suffrage to put a stop to such frightful cruelty.—*The Woman's Journal.*

"We are not allowed to sell whiskey except for medical purposes or for use in the arts," said the druggist.

"I need half a pint for use in arts," replied the customer.

"Are you an artist," asked the druggist as the bottle was handed over.

"Yes, in a way, I have taken a contract to paint the town red."—*Town Topics.*

K. D. C. Pills cure chronic constipation.

**WOOD'S PHOSPHODINE.**

The Great English Remedy.

Six Packages Guaranteed to promptly and permanently cure all forms of Nervous Weakness, Emissions, Spermatorrhea, Impotency and all effects of Abuse or Excesses, Mental Worry, excessive use of Tobacco, Opium or Stimulants, which soon lead to Infertility, Insanity, Consumption and an early grave. Has been prescribed over 25 years in thousands of cases; is the only Reliable and Honest Medicine known. Ask druggist for Wood's Phosphodine; if he offers some worthless medicine in place of this, inclose price in letter, and we will send by return mail. Price, one package, \$1; six, \$5. One will please, six will cure. Pamphlets free to any address. The Wood Company, Windsor, Ont., Canada.

Sold in Woodstock by Garden Bros. Druggists. Orders by mail promptly filled.

**C. A. McKEEN.**

**Taylor's Cordial Syrup**

For Diarrhea and Dysentery.

**Taylor's Wine of Bennett.**

**Taylor's Carminative Mixture,**  
 or, the Infant's Preservation.

**J. C. MILMORE,**

**GENERAL DEALER,**

Main - Street,

WOODSTOCK, N. B.