

## OLD FRIENDS.

There are no friends like old friends,  
And none so good and true.  
We greet them when we meet them  
As roses greet the dew.  
No other friends are dearer,  
Though born of kindred mold.  
And though we prize the new ones  
We treasure more the old.

There are no friends like old friends,  
Where'er we dwell or roam,  
In lands beyond the ocean  
Or near the bounds of home.  
And when they smile to gladden  
Or sometimes frown to guide,  
We fondly wish those old friends  
Were always by our side.

There are no friends like old friends  
To help us with the load  
That all must bear who journey  
O'er life's uneven road.  
And when unconquered sorrows  
The weary hours invest,  
The kindly words of old friends  
Are always found the best.

There are no friends like old friends  
To calm our frequent fears  
When shadows fall and deepen  
Through life's declining years.  
And when our faltering footsteps  
Approach the great divide,  
We'll long to meet the old friends  
Who wait the other side.

—David Banks Sickle.

## MY OWN DECEASE.

Although undoubtedly I had been very ill, am by no means certain of my facts at about this time; so whether I was a victim of a little too much indulgence in the flowing bowl, or of a lively imagination, or of a hypnotic trance, I really cannot say; anyway, one morning I seemed to be conscious that I was talking with a demon, who sat by my bedside. He was a very pleasant sort of a fellow and not bad looking, but somehow I knew that he was a demon.

"Would you like to hear what they are saying about you and go to your own funeral?" he asked pleasantly.

"People generally do attend that ceremony personally," I suggested; then after a moment's reflection, I asked: "Am I dead, then?"

"Of course. Did you not know it?"

"If I did it must have escaped my memory," I replied imperturbably.

"Well, you are dead, but I will give you the remarkable power of going among your family in the spirit and invisible to them."

"That's very kind of you, but I've heard you people seldom perform services for nothing. What recompense do you require?"

"None. The penalty you will pay will be sufficient reward for me."

"What penalty?"

"To see yourself as others see you, and hear what they say of you."

My friend then dematerialized himself into thin pale air, and the next moment I was gliding noiselessly down the stairs.

I should explain to you that I am an orphan, without parents, but a member of a large family; sisters, brothers, cousins and all the rest of it. I happen to have more money than any of the others, and have hitherto been much sought after on account of my excellent personal qualities. I am not married. Well, the fact is, I am of a rather retiring disposition, and not having yet come across a girl who would help me out with the preliminaries. I had not found courage to take the fatal plunge. My eldest sister, Priscilla, had therefore been keeping house for me.

I passed easily through the closed parlor door without opening it, which was very convenient, and found myself, unseen by them, in the midst of relatives from different parts of the country. They were waiting breakfast for some important person who had not yet made his appearance. I was foolish enough to think it might be myself and sat down in my customary seat at the foot of the table, but of course, no one saw me. I had forgotten for the moment that I was a dematerialized spirit. Soon, however, the door opened and the important individual entered the apartment. It was my eldest brother Tom. Now I began to understand. He was my executor and residuary legatee. He represented me, the late Crawley Slowquicker, Esq., deceased, hence all the court and deference paid to him. This was absurd, you know, for a bigger fool never lived.

Well, he made straight for my chair, and sat down where I was sitting! This was stepping into my shoes with a vengeance—actually usurping the same place occupied by my disembodied spirit. Tom was a lucky fellow, and I felt the affront. Besides, wishing better to watch the proceedings, I got up quickly and sat behind my chair.

Two things especially attracted my attention, and somewhat shocked me. In the first place, Priscilla's presiding seemed more lavish than under my regime, and in the second, by the happiness and gaiety of the whole company. This was calculated to take my fatuity down a few pegs, for I had fondly imagined that my death would plunge my entire family in the utmost depths of despair. But it hadn't!

"I never like going into black," Priscilla was saying in her even tones to Aunt Gwen, "It's so very unlucky."

"I don't mind the change at all," said Aunt Gwen. "The color just suits me, you know. But I really can't tell what orders to give, not knowing how I am provided for."

"That's as good as asking," said Tom, with one of his horrible laughs which I used to

consider so hearty. "A nod's as good as a wink to a blind horse. I suppose the regular thing is to read the will after the funeral, but as it's all among ourselves it doesn't matter, and I'll read it to all directly after breakfast."

Then they started talking about their late relation, Crawley Slowquicker, and the things I heard about myself positively astonished me.

They were all sadly deficient in the bump of reverence, and I found that not one of them entertained that respect and affection for me of which I had imagined they were all possessed. Now I fully realized the truth of my friend the demon's words. It was a dreadful penalty to pay, a sad mortification to hear what they said of me, and to see myself as others saw me.

"Well, of course," my cousin Vernon said, responding to some remark in a virtuously deprecatory tone. "Of course, de mortuis nil nisi bonum, and all that sort of thing, you know; but I can't help saying that Crawley was always mean horribly mean!"

Corfound the fellow! And this was a man to whom I had left £500, forgiving him all the money he owed me which was as good as doubling the legacy!

"No, no; not mean," Tom answered, and I blessed him for those words, but he spoiled it all by adding, "A bit careful you know."

"Ah, I should think so," says Priscilla. "You would hardly believe it, but it's a fact he never allowed me money enough to keep the house decently."

Of course, this was not true, as you may imagine. She was always wanting more money, and yet never succeeded in purchasing anything remarkable. And this was my sister Pris, whom I had always thought so affectionate, so entirely devoted to me. Oh, it was too horrible.

These three were my principal legatees. If I had only known sooner! But how was that possible?

I knew what I would do. I had made up my mind—and having no body, I was all mind now—I would go at once to my solicitors, and have a codicil drawn up while there was yet time. But stay, there was no time; it was too late. I had quite forgotten that I was only a poor ghost, a dematerialized spirit, and that old idiot, Sharpitlaw, was so wedded to routine and old-fashioned custom that he would certainly regard a posthumous testament as informal, and as I was invisible he would treat my signature as null and decidedly void.

When next I turned toward my amiable and disinterested family circle, I perceived that the breakfast things had been removed, and Tom Slowquicker sat in the armchair with my will spread out before him.

"There's someone missing," he said, looking around him magisterially; "who is it?"

"Only my sister Minnie," Vernon remarked casually. "I went to her this morning, but she's so upset about his death that she feels quite ill, and could not come down to breakfast."

"Don't be absurd," said Priscilla; "why, she never gave him a civil word." Then, sotto voice to her brother, "And that's what has upset her, I expect. She is afraid she has spoiled her chances of a legacy."

Oh, that spiteful Priscilla! If I could only alter my will! But it was too late, for here was my executor standing, or rather sitting in my place. At least, there was one thing I could do; I would find my friend demon and see if arrangements could not be made for haunting them!

But these precious words about Minnie had sent balm into my tortured spirits so that my incorporate heart throbbed, shaking the venetians, and Tom asked where the draft came from. I would go to her at once, so I traversed the closed door again, passing them all as the sigh of a summer breeze, which is we know not what, or whence it comes, or whether it goes—a breath from—well, no matter where: I don't exactly know myself.

Thus I went upstairs and into Minnie's room, where I found the poor girl still in bed, her cheeks pale, her eyes red with weeping, all the signs of a sleepless night of sorrow, and pressed close to her soft bosom she held a likeness of my unworthy self, which I had given her once long ago. And this was the girl who never spoke save to ridicule and poke fun at me, whose dislike for me was almost proverbial in the family, and yet the girl whose love—with usual human perversity—I would have given all the world to win.

Ah, this knowledge of her heart's secret was sweet to me! It gave me courage. I would comfort her. I would pour forth my love. I would tell her—stay! What could I tell her? Was I not forgotten again that I was only a poor ghost—merely the shadow of a shade! Was I not unseen by her! And even were it possible for me to make myself visible for a few moments I should only succeed in terrifying my poor love out of her senses.

Alas! was this the relation of a hereafter? The punishment of early vanities and sins? To see things just as they are and yet to be so miserably impotent to alter them; to see too what might have been and to beat out my weary spirit on into eternity in vain longing for a fruition that can never come!

My funeral was appointed to take place the next day. It was a very grand affair altogether, and cake and wine had been laid in the

parlor to entertain the guests upon this festive occasion. I dare say I should have done the same had I been burying a relation, but somehow it hurts me to see my best dry sherry being put away.

As I accompanied the mourners down the steps I suddenly perceived my friend the demon by my side. Vainly I sought a coach, but could find no room. I turned to him somewhat angrily and remarked:

"I say, you promised I should go to my own funeral, but I don't seem to have been considered in the arrangement at all."

"You forgot that corporeally you hold the place of honor at the head of the procession, but in the spirit you can get in here. There's only the doctor and the clergyman."

"Between the doctor and the parson! Really, my dear demon, you are remarkable for a most sardonic humor."

"Well, the men of medicine and religion talked politics all the way, which I thought inappropriate, but as they were both conservatives they did not disagree. I am a liberal myself, and began vociferously expounding Mr. Gladstone's policy, quite oblivious that my gesticulations were unseen, my words unheard by them."

"Good job for yourself you are dead," said the demon. "You're just the sort to get into a jolly row with red-hot politicians."

The cemetery was soon reached, and I looked down and saw my coffin lowered into the grave.

"Earth to earth—"

A few lumps were thrown, and fell upon the lid with a gressome rattle, and—

I awoke with a start, and my eyes met those of my brother Tom, who asked cheerily, "Well, how do you do now, old fellow?" But I turned from him—for I could not help thinking of him as I had seen him last, reading my will down in the parlor—turned away and encountered my darling little Minnie, who sat unobtrusively in a remote corner of the room, and I felt, oh! so grateful and happy at seeing her there. I felt then that it was not all a dream.

I have used feigned names in this veracious tale, because I think she would not like to know the strange experience which led me to take the courage to woo and by and by wed her.—Spare Moments.

## The New Hook Spoon Free to All.

I read in the Christian Standard that Miss A. M. Fritz, Station A., St. Louis, Mo., would give an elegant plated hook spoon to anyone sending her ten 2-cent stamps. I sent for one and found it is useful that I showed it to my friends, and made \$13.00 in two hours, taking orders for the spoon. The hook spoon is a household necessity. It cannot slip into the dish or cooking vessel, being held in the place by a hook on the back. The spoon is something that housekeepers have needed ever since spoons were first invented. Anyone can get a sample spoon by sending ten 2-cent stamps to Miss Fritz. This is a splendid way to make money around home.

Very truly, JEANNETTE S.

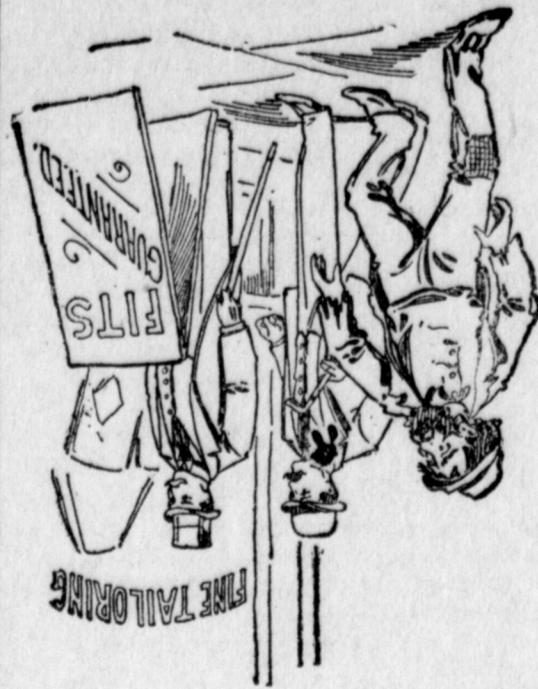
## Autumn Nights.

These bright Autumn nights are the time to watch for falling stars, as they are called, as at this season of the year they are most frequently seen. Many of you have probably seen in some museum a piece of meteorite, which is the proper name for them, as they are often picked up, and specimens are quite common. We have just been interested in the return of Lieut. Peary, who went to Greenland last Summer on purpose to bring back the huge meteorite, weighing tons, which he found there on one of his trips. He was not successful, however, as the apparatus he took for moving the great mass proved unequal to the task, and he or some one else will have to try again. These meteorites are black and glittering, and are composed mostly of iron and stone. They are brittle and easily broken. They appear in the daytime as well as in the night, passing through the air and disappearing, usually with a loud explosion. In the late Autumn, in the month of November, the most meteorites are to be seen, and the astronomers have discovered that once in thirty-three years the earth seems to pass through a cloud of them, as at such intervals unusually large numbers are noticed. The most famous display of meteors that we know about of late years was that of sixty-three years ago, in 1833. It was like a shower of stones and lasted almost all of one night. This frightened many persons, particularly ignorant persons, who were sure the end of the world had come. But there is nothing to fear from them, except that it would not be pleasant to be struck by one, as they weigh all the way from 25 to 100 pounds.

Many people, when a little constipated, make the mistake of using saline or other drastic purgatives. All that is needed is a mild dose of Ayer's Pills to restore the regular movement of the bowels, and nature will do the rest. They keep the system in perfect order.

Poor appetite in a cow may be due to several causes. Overeating will produce this result, especially if the grain food has been given in excess. Indigestion as the result of bloating by overfeeding of wet clover will cause this disorder, while any serious constitutional diseases will have the same effect. If the cow has a cough and breathes heavily after moving quickly, this latter cause is probable. It would be well to have the cows examined by one of the Inspectors appointed for the purpose as to the presence of tuberculosis, which there is reason to suspect. There is no cure for this disease. The animal should be slaughtered without delay.

## Fine Tailoring.



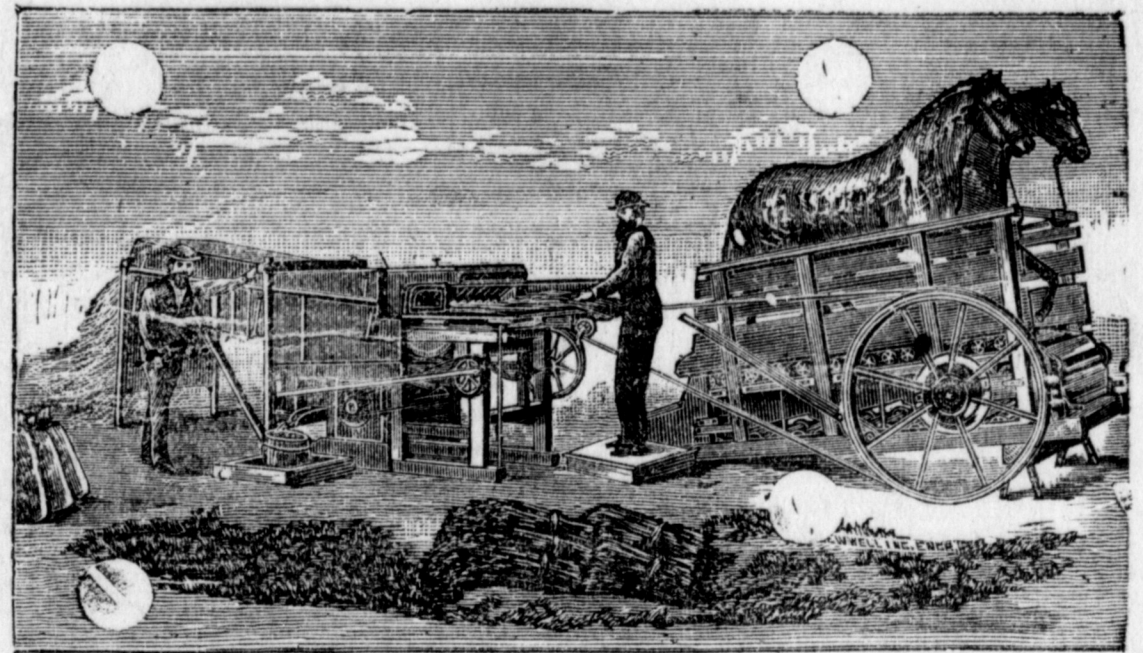
The gentlemen who have bought their Clothes from us are well suited, and the poor fellow who gets his Clothes elsewhere is having an ill fit. If you have had any misfortune in ordering your Clothes at the wrong place, don't make the mistake again.

Come to us and get value for your money. Our Clothes fit. Our Cloths are Reliable and Enjoyable.

W. B. NICHOLSON,

Corner King and Main Sts.

## What the People Say.



Mactaquacy, York Co., N.B., April 29, 1895.

Messrs. Small &amp; Fisher, Woodstock:

Gentlemen,—Having used one of your Threshing Machines for a number of years, I can say that it did the work to my entire satisfaction. It is not only easy on horses, but does not waste any grain and cleans well, and always took the lead wherever I worked. I threshed 10,000 a year for 4 years and it did not cost me fifty cents for repairs.

Yours truly, WM. GRAHAM.

Scotch Settlement.

Tracey's Mills, N. B.

Small &amp; Fisher, Woodstock:

Dear Sirs,—I think that the Little Giant Thresher and Sowing Machine is the best that is put out. I had a share in one in 1894 and earned about \$500 with her.

Yours truly, G. W. STILES.

Whitney, Northesk, N. B. Mar. 1, 1895.

Small &amp; Fisher, Woodstock:

DEAR SIRS,—I have been using your Thresher for six years, and it has given perfect satisfaction. I consider your Machine the best in the Maritime Provinces, as it is so easy on the horses, cleans well and feeds very easily. I can recommend it to the public as being first class.

Yours truly,

DAVID WHITNEY.

North Tay, N. B., March 11th, 1895.

Small &amp; Fisher, Woodstock:

Sirs,—We have run one of your Threshers for the past five years, and it gives good satisfaction both in threshing and cleaning, and in that time have not lost an hour for breakage. We are also well satisfied with the Wood Cutter.

Yours respectfully,

DAVID DELUCRY.

For Prices and Terms call on or write to

# SMALL & FISHER CO. Lt'd,

## Woodstock, N. B.

### LI HUNG CHANG

The distinguished Chinese statesman who lately visited Canada, was, presumably, a good judge of TEA. He would be pleased all to pieces with our pet brand, Come in and try it.

## WE SELL

Pickles, Flavoring Extracts, German Mustard.  
Starch, Tapioca,

In fact everything, at Lowest Prices.

NOBLE &amp; TRAFTON,

63 Main Street.

The successful man is by no means helpful to himself alone, he helps a great lot of other people as well. There isn't a healthy, vigorous, energetic, self-reliant, successful man whose example does not breed the same qualities in others, and personal contact with such a man is an active stimulant and direct aid to success. He awakens in us new strength, and arouses ambition. He winds us up and gets us going. See to it, my friend, that you don't run down.

Question: Where can I get perfect fitting glasses? Answer: From W. B. Jewett, Graduate Optician, Woodstock, N. B.

The difficult part of a good temper consists in forbearance, and accommodation to the ill humors of others.

"Turn the rascals out"—the familiar party-cry—may be applied to microbes as well as to men. The germs of disease that lurk in the blood are "turned out" by Ayer's Sarsaparilla as effectually as the old postmasters are displaced by a new administration.

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