

THE WOODSTOCK DISPATCH.

ISSUED WEDNESDAY

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Editors and Proprietors

WOODSTOCK, N. B., APRIL 25, 1900.

THE FREIGHT STATION.

Members of the Board of Trade, at the annual meeting reported in another column, warmly discussed what they consider the inadequate help at the freight station. They claim that one man is all that the company allows to do the work, and that, even if one man can do the work to the satisfaction of the company he cannot do it to the satisfaction of the Woodstock merchants.

This is an old grievance. It is a known fact that man after man has filled that place, one has given it up after another, owing to the heavy work. True, it is no business of the public, how few men the company employs, as long as their interests do not suffer, but in this case, it is plain that the interests of Woodstock importers do suffer.

Altho statistics are not at hand, every one knows that the business over this end of the line is on the increase. It is said that cars cannot be secured to carry the freight when exporters wish to ship it. This is one of the evils of non-competition, whether the railway or any other concern has a monopoly. It certainly is too bad that we should not have every facility for reception and transmission of freight, and the C. P. R. may be assured that, just now, they are not a very popular concern with the shippers and merchants.

Can it not be well argued that if cars are so at a premium that they cannot be supplied to shippers of this county, more cars should be provided by the company? Or, again, if the trade is so extensive that cars cannot be supplied, perhaps, the idea of an alternative road from Woodstock connecting with some other system is not altogether fanciful?

The railway company claims to have a soft spot in its heart,—perhaps we cannot say in its soul, as corporations are credited with being soulless,—for Woodstock. It certainly should, for of Woodstock's trade, it gets practically the cream of all. Let the great heart of the company then expand, and give us two men at the freight station. Then, shall the Woodstock exporter and importer bless rather than curse our great National Highway.

"Is Marriage a Failure?"

In the absence of anything more sensational certain of the American newspapers have returned to the discussion of the question which forms the heading of this article. The strangest thing about it is that serious men, including among them a bishop, Christian ministers, Jewish rabbis, and college professors, have been induced to take part in the discussion. If marriage is a divine institution, as the Holy Scriptures teach, and as the Christian people believe it to be, who has the right to raise such a question? Of course, the most sacred and holy things may be abused and profaned by the wickedness of man; and what was intended to be the greatest blessing, may be turned into one of the bitterest curses. This, no doubt, is the case, alas, in thousands of instances with marriage; but it is not true of marriage alone. Liberty is the most sacred thing in the universe. It is the basis of all true morality. There could be no moral excellence without it. But the history of mankind is largely the record of the flagrant abuse of this sacred thing. Are we to raise the question, then, whether human liberty is a failure, because it has been abused and perverted? The men who would discuss the serious discussion of such a question, would make themselves the laughing-stock of mankind.

Marriage, as it is the oldest, is the most important of all human institutions. It lies at the foundation of both the Church and the State. It is, in fact, the root from which both of these have sprung. Patriarchal religion was the most primitive religion that ever existed. The first ecclesia was the family. And the same remark applies to the State as well as to the Church. The germ cell in which it had its beginning, and from which it has been developed and built up, is the domestic institution, the foundation of which is laid in marriage. As marriage is the foundation on which the family rests, the family is the foundation which supports both Church and State. Neither of these can exist without it. The Catholic Church has elevated this divine institution to the rank of a sacrament; the serious Protestants, though they have not gone so far as to put matrimony on the same level with baptism and the Lord's supper, do, nevertheless, hold that God has "consecrated the estate of matrimony to such an excellent mystery that in it is signified "and represented the spiritual marriage and union betwixt Christ and His Church."

The exploitation of such an ordinance as this, for sensational purposes, in the columns

of a newspaper is sad in itself, and sadder on account of what it implies, and of the effects which it is likely to produce. But for the existence of an utterly debauched state of public sentiment and feeling such a thing would be impossible. Even journalists of the baser sort are not fools. As caterers for the public they are not apt to serve up dishes for which there is no demand. It is said in ancient times, "Like people, like priest;" today the same may be said, with the addition, "like people, like press." In these democratic times neither priest nor press is entirely independent of the people to whom they speak; and if there was a time in the past when the people were either priest-ridden or press-ridden, there is at least a possibility in our day of this order being reversed.

But whoever is to blame for this irreverent discussion, the effect of it can only be to increase the levity with which marriage and its solemn obligations are already regarded, and by so doing to weaken the ties which bind the family together, and thus to unsettle the foundation of society.—Toronto Mail.

HUMANITY'S COMMON-EST TROUBLE.

Thousands Suffering in Springtime.

Paine's Celery Compound

The Great Banisher of Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Stomach Troubles.

The most prevalent trouble in springtime is dyspepsia in its many varied forms.

This common but dreaded disease is produced by acute inflammation of the nerves centered about the stomach.

It is a well known fact that the stomach is one of the chief nerve centres, and physicians will tell you that without healthy, vigorous nerves, the stomach cannot properly digest food.

It must also be noted that the tissues and all the organs of digestion are quickly weakened by impoverished blood, overwork, worry and care.

The first and greatest work for all sufferers from dyspepsia and indigestion to accomplish, is to nourish and brace the nerves and purify the blood.

Paine's Celery Compound is the chosen medicine of the ablest physicians for producing nerve fibre, true nerve force and pure, rich blood. When these blessings have been secured, dyspepsia and its train of evils are completely banished, and solid, lasting health is established.

Paine's Celery Compound has done more for dyspeptics than all other combined agencies. Thousands of testimonials from the best people tell the story that Paine's Celery Compound "makes sick people well."

Mrs. E. Trinder, of Simcoe, Ont., says: "For a long time dyspepsia and indigestion made life miserable for me. I was so bad I could not go out of the house, do housework or get regular sleep. I bought six bottles of Paine's Compound from Mr. Austin, our druggist, and commenced to use it regularly. My doctor advised me to continue with your compound, and told me if I had not been using it he would have recommended it to me."

"Your Paine's Celery Compound has worked wonders for me; it has banished my dyspepsia, indigestion and sleeplessness, and given me a new life."

Not Ordinary Truckmen.

The truck driver is proverbially profane, and when one is discovered who doesn't swear between syllables when his vehicle is jammed in a bunch of other trucks and blocked by trolley cars, you feel like taking off your hat to him.

Down at School and Chestnut streets yesterday afternoon, when traffic was at its thickest and trucks and cars were lined along both thoroughfares, two truckmen had equal chance to make the crossing. One was coming down Chestnut, the other along Second street. Had they been ordinary truckmen each would have whipped up, and the chances are that a collision would have resulted. But these two were not ordinary truckmen. With Chesterfieldian grace one waved his arm to the other, inviting him to take precedence.

"You first," shouted the driver, whereupon a messenger boy who had witnessed the remarkable scene gasped and nearly swallowed his cigarette stump.

"After you," was the next contribution of this remarkable dialogue.

"Wouldn't that jar you?" muttered a motorman, who was standing clanging his bell for all he was worth. The two truckmen continued to motion to each other to go ahead.

"I insist," shouted one.

"Oh, no! I insist!" shouted the other. Finally a policeman interfered. "Say, one of youse ducks get a move on," he commanded. "This ain't no pink tea."

The truckman coming down Chestnut street consented to cross the street and traffic was gradually resumed.—Philadelphia Record.

Burdock Blood Bitters, The Best Spring Medicine.

Removes all poisons and impurities from the system. Gives strength and vitality in place of weakness and languor.

The most wonderful blood purifier, restorative and strengthener known to science.

Mr. Geo. Heriot, Baillieboro, Ont., says: "Two years ago I was very poorly in the spring, had no appetite, felt weak and nervous, not able to work much and was tired all the time."

"I saw Burdock Blood Bitters highly recommended, so got a bottle."

"I started taking it, and inside of two months I was as well as ever I was in my life."

"I cheerfully recommend B. B. B. as a splendid blood purifier and spring medicine."

Men are not vain, of course. The average man carries a little mirror in his vest pocket only to lend to women who want to know whether their hats are on straight.—Somerville Journal.

JOINTS SWOLLEN.

My little boy, 8 years old, had an attack of Rheumatism. His joints were swollen and he couldn't sleep with the pain. One box of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills completely cured him. F. Bissonette, Port Hope, Ont.



Our New Wall Paper!

Has arrived. The prices range from

5 Cents a Roll, to

50 Cents a Roll.

Newest Designs and Colors with Borders to Match. All the New Shades of Ingrain.

Mrs. J. LOANE & CO.

Opp. Carlisle Hotel, Woodstock.

A Good Time Piece is a Faithful Servant.

We make a Specialty of Reforming the "won't-go" kind. When we repair

a watch or a clock we guarantee it to go accurately, and guarantee it to keep a-going accurately.

Carr & Gibson,

Jewelers and Scientific Opticians, Woodstock, N. B.

SPRING. SPRING.

Spring is now here and with it soon comes house cleaning, and you will begin to look around to see what improvements you can make in your home to make it more cheerful and pleasant. When doing this remember I have in stock a full line of just what you will need.

Paints, Alabastine,

Kalsomine, Whiting,

Varnishes, Stains,

Brushes, Etc.

In fact, everything usually found in a first-class Hardware Store.

M. S. SUTTON ANDOVER.

P. S.—Let us put you in one of our New Grand Jewel Cook Stoves this spring. Call and see the improvements it has over others.

We Manufacture And Have For Sale

Threshing and Sawing Machines, Rotary Mills, Shingle Machines, And General Mill Work.

Also, Furnaces, Farmers' Boilers, Stoves of All Descriptions.

One and Two Horse Seeders,

Turnip Drills, Pulpers,

Mowing and Reaping Machines, with Roller Bearings,

Spring Tooth Harrows,

And the Finest Kind of **STEEL PLOWS**

in the market, consisting in part of the CELEBRATED No. 21, 30, 8 and 6. They are guaranteed not to be Chilled Plows, but Genuine Crucible Steel Mouldboards, Hard Outside with Soft Centres.

Repairs for Frost & Wood's Machinery kept in stock.

SMALL & FISHER CO. L'td.

Woodstock, N. B.

Our Output This Year

Will exceed that of all previous years.

You Want a New Waggon?

Then give us a Call—we can give you

Cornings, Surreys,

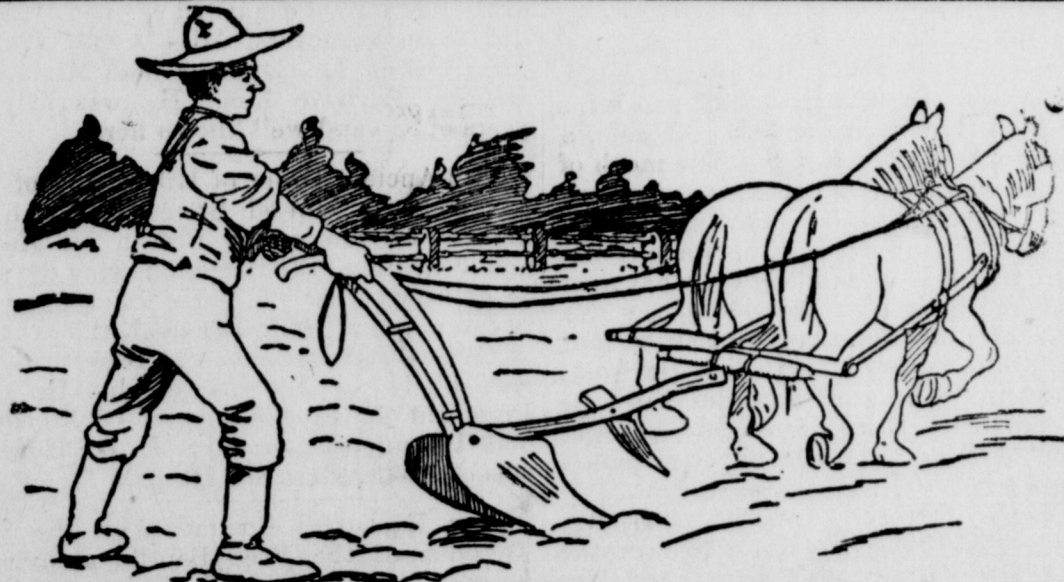
Road Waggons, Phaetons,

Bangors, Expresses.

You can have your choice of Rubber Tires, Ball Bearings, Dust Proof Hub Bands, 500 Mile Axles, all kinds of Patent Circles, any colored gear or body and texture or color in trimmings. You are not confined to one style of wagon. Tell us what you want and we will get it up for you promptly.

The Woodstock Carriage Co.

Main Street, at the Bridge.



I am a farmer located near Stony Brook, one of the most malarious districts in this State, and was bothered with malaria for years, at times so I could not work, and was always very constipated as well. For years I had malaria so bad in the spring, when engaged in plowing, that I could do nothing but shake. I must have taken about a barrel of quinine pills besides dozens of other remedies, but never obtained any permanent benefit. Last fall, in peach time, I had a most serious attack of chills and then commenced to take Ripans Tabules, upon a friend's advice, and the first box made me all right and I have never been without them since. I take one Tabule each morning and night and sometimes when I feel more than usually exhausted I take three in a day. They have kept my stomach sweet, my bowels regular and I have not had the least touch of malaria nor splitting headache since I commenced using them. I know also that I sleep better and wake up more refreshed than formerly. I don't know how many complaints Ripans Tabules will help, but I do know they will cure any one in the condition I was and I would not be without them at any price. I honestly consider them the cheapest-priced medicine in the world, as they are also the most beneficial and the most convenient to take. I am twenty-seven years of age and have worked hard all my life, the same as most farmers, both early and late and in all kinds of weather, and I have never enjoyed such good health as I have since last fall; in fact, my neighbors have all remarked my improved condition and have said, "Say, John, what are you doing to look so healthy?"

WANTED.—A case of bad health that R.I.P.A.N'S will not benefit. They banish pain and prolong life. One gives relief. Note the word R.I.P.A.N'S on the package and accept no substitute. R.I.P.A.N'S for 5 cents or twelve packages for 45 cents, may be had at any drug store. Ten samples and one large testimonial will be mailed to any address for 5 cents, forwarded to the Ripans Chemical Co., 230 Broadway St., New York.