

In making our bow to the public, we presume it will be in order for us to state briefly what are our aims and expectations.

We desire to publish a paper that will edify, amuse, interest and instruct its many readers. We will aim to give all important foreign news as concisely and correctly as possible.

We hope to have able and reliable correspondents, who will keep our readers posted concerning the important happenings in the different parishes of Albert county, as well as in other parts of New Brunswick and the Dominion at large.

We will endeavor to collect, and present in pleasant and readable form, all the events worthy of note transpiring in our own locality.

On the question of Temperance we hope to give no uncertain sound, contending fearlessly against rum and its concomitant evils, not to rest satisfied still a stringent prohibitory liquor law is strictly enforced throughout the length and breadth of our glorious Dominion.

Politically, we believe that reciprocity with our neighbors in the adjoining Republic would be beneficial to the Dominion generally. Being convinced that the policy of our present Liberal-Conservative Government is calculated to bring about this result (if it ever be accomplished), and in other respects well fitted to serve our interests, we shall accord it our hearty support in all measures we consider for our country's good.

We shall endeavor, however, to be above taking part in mere party squabbles for office between the government and opposition, but will aim to give questions of importance our support or criticism, as in our opinion may be deemed advisable. Should occasion seem to require us to take part in any live political questions, we shall strive to treat them from a national standpoint and from principle, carefully avoiding vulgar personalities, abusive language, or anything tending to be offensive to our readers.

We shall strive to advocate all questions of right and justice, fearlessly and faithfully, giving our hearty support to all movements which we consider likely to benefit our noble little County, and our Province and Dominion at large. In short, it shall be our earnest aim to present each week to our readers a paper filled with choice matter (either original or selected); a paper which shall, in every sense of the word, prove a FAMILY newspaper, of which none may be ashamed.

Trusting our weekly observations will merit your hearty approbation, we confidently solicit your patronage.

THE EDITOR.

The Weekly Observer

Devoted to Literature, Education, Temperance, and General Intelligence.

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GUARDWELL THE CHILDREN

The cruel flames, like an angry tide, Were sweeping in wash o'er the city wide,

Alike o'er the homes of high and low Carrying blight in their awful glow;

And the people in terror, from street to street, Ran to find shelter and safe retreat.

Some in their hands carried treasures dear They had prized and hoarded many a year;

And some carried wealth of silver and gold Or precious gems, of value untold.

And many a moan, and many a sigh Went forth as they glanced at the lurid sky.

In one humble abode, that awful day, On a pillow, a sleeping infant lay,

And the parents fond, as the fire drew near, Thought of naught else but their darling there;

And the father held close, as they hurried away, The child, and the pillow on which it lay.

Along with the jostling crowd they passed, And the father closely his treasure clasped;

So warm it lay on his throbbing breast, So tenderly round it his arms he pressed!

Till at last they reached a resting place, And paused for a look at the little face.

Gently the burden he raised from his breast, The pillow was there that dear head he pressed.

But the babe was gone! the room so slight Had slipped from its place and was lost in their flight.

And methinks the angels wept, on high, As those hearts sent up their piteous cry.

We love our children. We hold them fast, Close pressed in our arms, but still at last

We look with a start to find them gone; The pillow is there they rested upon,

But our arms clasp not the babes to-day. They've slipped from us in life's crowded way!

Oh, yet while we hold and call them ours, And their hearts are pure as the opening flowers,

Let us watch, and pray, and guard with care, And then, when we find the pillow bare,

This hope will come to ease the pain—Some day we shall find our babes again!

Dr. Ball, THE MODEST CURATE.

He was a very little man, with a cherubic face and a large soul, and nothing at all awe-inspiring about him.

His eyes shone through his glasses anxiously, as though in eager search of any good that might be lying about among his parishioners. He thought no evil of any man, and, in truth, no man thought evil of him.

He had been twenty years a curate, but had never sighed for higher wage or betrayed a hankering for the flesh-pots of Egypt. Contented he was and happy among his ungrateful old women and surly old men. He went to bed at 8 o'clock, or half-past; he never went into society—indeed, there was hardly any into which to go in the benighted Irish village in which he lived.

He knew as little about the subtle changes that creep now and again into fashionable life as the South Sea Islander.

Dulcinea—a charming girl of 18, and a great heiress, his friend and god-child—would often walk down to his cottage to see him, but he would seldom go to her. He would never dine from her. He would never give tea she had ready for him at all hours

of the day, knowing it to be his one carnal delight.

His rector was old and infirm, and for the most part resided in Italy. In fact, the little doctor did all the work of Inchinabaga, which was the somewhat outlandish name of his parish.

Dulcinea, with an unparadiseable play upon his name, had christened him her Candy-ball, saying in excuse that she had a right to give him any name she pleased because he had given her hers—which did not please her at the fort many winters ago now.

"Yet, after all, I don't think my sobriquet suits you; candy-balls are such hard things," she said, tenderly, as she walked with him up and down his little garden path one morning in midwinter, hugging his arm the while.

"I'm sure I have nearly smashed all my teeth with them over and over again. And you, with your tender heart, could never hurt me or any living thing. I know—and Gerald says it, too—that you are the best and dearest man in all the world."

Having exploded this little shell, she waited somewhat anxiously for the result.

"Now—now—I am afraid you have been writing to Gerald again," said the doctor, stopping in his walk and regarding her with what he believed to be severity.

"Yes, I have," said Miss Vane promptly. "Isn't it good of me to tell you the truth out quite plainly? I'll tell you something else, too. If you say even one small scolding word to me I shall run away from you, and you shan't see me again for a week."

"Dear me, dear me, this is terrible!" said the doctor, almost tragically.

Being an heiress, was also the Bishop's ward. And she bishop was sternly desirous of doing his duty by her, which meant, during a cold shoulder on all sooty young men who paid their addresses to her.

Their name was legion, so that the poor Bishop had by no means a good time of it.

There had come nothing serious of it all, however, until six months ago, when Gerald Wygram had descended upon Inchinabaga as if from the clouds. He said he had come from the fishing, which was excellent in the neighborhood; but having seen Miss Vane one day in the curate's garden, his desire for trout suddenly died a natural death, and his desire for something else grew into a mighty longing.

He was a tall young man, handsome, and worse than all, eloquent. He talked Dulcinea's heart out of her body before she was to the knowledge that she had one.

There was absolutely no fault to be found with him beyond the fact that he was the fifth son of a by-no-means wealthy baronet. This was a sin past forgiveness in everybody's eyes, except Dulcinea's. She was reasoned with, expostulated with, threatened. All to no good.

The Bishop in a long letter—exquisitely written and perfectly worded—finally commanded Miss Vane to cease to think again of this Gerald Wygram (this clerk in the Foreign Office, with a paltry stipend) for even one moment!

To which Dulcinea sent a meek reply, to the effect that as usual her guardian's behests should be obeyed to the letter. She would indeed never think of Gerald Wygram again for that insignificant portion of time called a moment, but daily, hourly until the family vault claimed her for its own. Whereupon the bishop wrote to Dr. Ball, as her spiritual adviser, begging him to bring her to a proper frame of mind, and, if necessary, what was to be done.

It was wonderful how little could be done; and Dulcinea would promise nothing. So Sir Watkin Wygram, Gerald's father, was written to; and he, though mightily amused at the whole affair, took the law into his own hands and ordered Gerald to leave Inchinabaga without delay.

There were certain reasons why it was best to obey this order, and so, with many kisses and vows of eternal constancy, the lovers parted. They felt their constancy might be put to

the test, as Dulcinea was barely 18, and her late father's will was not to come of age until her 23rd year. Five years to wait! An eternity to an impatient heart!

A month's trial having proved to them the life without each other was a curate's purgatory, they resolved to try one more expedient to soften the man in the apron and the long silk stockings.

"What is terrible?" asked Dulcinea of the curate, as they walked down the garden.

"This correspondence with Gerald, when you know the Bishop—"

"Well, I won't do it again," she said. "It would be a stupid thing to write to him, wouldn't it," continued Dulcinea, innocently, "when I can see him every day?"

"See him?" Dr. Ball stopped short again, and gazed at her over his glasses. "Why do you mean to tell me that—?"

"Yes I do, indeed. He is staying down at the white cottage just like last spring. He says he has come for the fishing."

"Fishing in January?" "Well, if it isn't for that, it is for something else. And you can't think how nice he is looking. Add he is so fond of you. Do you know you were the very first person he asked for?"

"Did he, now?" said the doctor, with a broadly gratified smile. Then he recollected himself, and brought himself back to a proper frame of mind with the help of a dry little cough. "The Bishop and Sir Watkin will be greatly annoyed," he said.

"I don't care," returned Dulcinea, rebelliously. "What faults can the Bishop find with him?"

"He is not your equal, dear. He is a worldly man, with a severity that to the poor Doctor sounded very terrible."

"But he is very poor, my dear," he said, faltering, and feeling himself the most wretched creature on earth.

"And isn't poverty the only thing against him?" "The Bishop has other objections."

"Oh! I know all about that," said she, with superb disdain. "I know he has been manfully trying to spy out you, Dulcinea, and, of course, the bishop knowing you—though slightly—must have formed an opinion of his own about you."

"He is such an old bore," said Miss Vane, irreverently, "that I don't believe he could form an opinion on any subject." In which she wronged the bishop.

"I must beg you won't speak of your bishop like that," said the curate earnestly. He has been of much service to the church. He is a great and good man. Well," he continued, with a sigh, after a pause, "I will go to him and intercede for you. I shall write and ask him for an interview; but I doubt if good will come of it. And what shall I do there, in a strange place, among strange faces, after all these years?"

In truth, it seemed a terrible thing to him, this undertaking. He would have to leave his home, for the first time those ten years, and go beyond his beloved boundary, and launch himself, as it were, upon the world.

But he wrote to the bishop, nevertheless, asking for an interview, without stating the object he had in view, and received a very friendly letter from that dignitary in return, who, indeed, was a very kindly man, and fond, and most willfully misunderstood, by Dulcinea. The bishop granted Dr. Ball the desired interview with pleasure, and begged he would come to the palace early in the week, not on business alone but to rest for a day or two.

On the Monday following Dr. Ball rose betimes, and having shined himself with extra care and donned his best clothes (oh that he should have to call them so!) he started for the cathedral town in the heaviest snowstorm they had known that year.

On entering the episcopal drawing room he found there not only the bishop and his wife, Mrs. Craik, but a goodly company of guests. He was at first bewildered by the lights, and

regular attendance at church, and that—"

"I can't, Dulcinea. All last spring, Sunday, after Sunday, I missed his head in the Rectory pew, where he was supposed to sit."

All the pews in the church at Inchinabaga were so built that only the heads of the parishioners could be seen, staring over them as if impaled.

"Perhaps he was there, but sitting low," said Dulcinea, mendaciously, "No. He wasn't sitting there at all," said the curate sorrowfully.

"He was up the South stream, at Owen's farm, fishing for trout."

"Well, even if he was," said Gerald's sweetheart, boldly, "surely there was some excuse for him. Sundays should not be good fishing days, and on every one of those you mention the trout were literally jumping out of the water and crying to be caught! Why, the Bishop himself would have gone fishing on such days."

"I must request, Dulcinea—"

"Well, if he wouldn't he would have been dying to go—it is all the same," said Miss Vane airily. "Come, you will go to the bishop—you will do what you can for us, won't you?"

"What, nervously, 'am I to say if I do go? Mind I have not promised.'"

"Say that Gerald is worthier of me than I am of Gerald. That will be a good beginning; be sure you say that. Make me out a most perverse girl, of whom you can get no good."

"Dulcinea," said the doctor, with mournful reproach, "in all these years have I failed to show you the gratefulness of truth?"

"Comparison with Gerald!" said Miss Vane, with an impatient gesture of the right hand.

Quite overwhelmed by this last proof of the uselessness of his ministry, Dr. Ball maintained a crushed silence.

"You will say just what I have told you—won't you?" asked Dulcinea, anxiously. "I shall say you have certain faults I would gladly see amended," said the curate, sadly; "but I cannot bring myself to malign you, Dulcinea, and, of course, the bishop knowing you—though slightly—must have formed an opinion of his own about you."

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the fine small chatter, and the frolic of the silken gowns, and in his progress up the room fell over several chairs and tables. But presently he came to his senses and a comfortable ottoman close to his hostess—a handsome woman with great kindly eyes and a delicious voice.

He saw that she was pouring out tea, and that everyone was drinking it. He saw, too, that there was a great deal of cake going about, and thin bread-and-butter, and some delicate wafery little things he had never seen before. He glanced at the ornate clock in the chimney-piece behind him, and saw it was nearly six o'clock.

"And a very reasonable hour for tea, too," he said to himself, complacently, and at a good deal more bread-and-butter, and told himself the tea was excellent. He looked around him and beamed through his glasses at the pretty girls in their charming gowns, and declared them to his heart a sight worth seeing. Two or three of them, struck by the benevolence of his smile, smiled back at him, so that his satisfaction was complete.

Then a dismal, booming sound came from the hall. The Doctor started on hearing it, and nearly dropped his cup of servos.

"The gong," said a little woman near him, getting up with graceful languor from her chair.

"First bell! Who would have thought it was so late?" said a tall, pretty girl. "How time does fly sometimes!" The Doctor in a vague way had noticed that this last speaker had had a young man whispering to her for the last half hour.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

NARROW LACE. Cast on thirteen stitches. Knit across plain.

1. Slip one, knit one, over twice, puri two together, knit one, narrow, over, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, over twice, knit two.

2. Knit three, puri one, knit two, over, knit three, over, knit two, over twice, puri two together, knit two.

3. Slip one, knit one, over twice, puri two together, knit two, over, knit five, over, narrow, knit four.

4. Bind off two, knit two, over, knit three, over, narrow, knit two, over, knit two, over twice, puri two together, knit two.

5. Slip one, knit one, over twice, puri two together, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, knit one, narrow, knit one.

6. Knit four, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit one, narrow, over twice, puri two together, knit two.

7. Slip one, knit one, over twice, puri two together, narrow, knit one, over, narrow three together, over, knit one, narrow, knit two.

8. Knit nine, over twice, puri two together, knit two.

VERY PRETTY NARROW LACE. Cast on eight stitches and knit across plain.

1. Slip one, knit one, thread over twice, seam two together, knit two, thread over three times, knit two.

2. Knit two, knit first loop, seam the second, knit the third, knit two, thread over twice, seam two together, knit two.

3. Slip one, knit one, thread over twice, seam two together, knit seven.

4. Knit seven, thread over twice, seam two together, knit two.

5. Slip one, knit one, thread over twice, seam two together, knit seven.

6. Bind off three, knit three, thread over twice, seam two together, knit two.

Repeat from the first row.

WRISTERS. For a lady cast on 30 stitches on three needles; for a gentleman cast on 40 on one needle, and 30 on two needles. Slip the first stitch, narrow, pass the slipped stitch over, knit three, over, knit one, over knit three. Repeat till you get around and knit in the same way till of the desired length and bind off. This makes very pretty wristers in points.

Funny Sayings.

"Where are you a-going?" asked Jack of an acquaintance.—"To see a friend."—"Well, I'll go with you, for I never saw one yet."

"I thought you took an interest in my welfare," said an unsuccessful lover.—"No, sir," she replied; "only in your farewell."

"I always sing to please myself," said a gentleman who was humming a tune in company. "How nice it is to be so easily pleased," responded a cruel lady who sat next to him.

In the far West a man advertises for a woman "to wash, iron and milk one or two cows." What does he want his cows washed and ironed for?

An old lady visiting the Antiquarian Museum in Edinburgh the other day, on inspecting the old weapons very earnestly, and failing to find what she was apparently looking for, asked a visitor if he could tell her whereabouts they kept the axe of the Apostles.

Visitor: "See, now, would you like me to give you a sixpence?" Darling: "Yes." Visitor: "Yes, if you—what?" Darling: "If you can't afford any more!"

A piper in a Northumbrian town was once asked if he could play "Within a Mile of Edinbro' Toon."

"Within a mile!" he exclaimed; "wey, man, I cud play within ten yards on!"

Now, Sussette, where are my boots? Do hurry with them; I am sure I have called for them a dozen times.

Yes'm, in a minute, m. I heard you, and I thought, to save you time and trouble, I'd button them for you before you put them on."

What does the minister say of our new burying ground?" asked Mrs. Hines of her neighbor. "He doesn't like it at all, he says he will never be buried there as long as he lives." "Well," said Mrs. Hines, "if the Lord spares my life I will."

A preacher remarked that it was said that liberalism is creeping into all the churches. "If that is so," he continued, "I hope it will soon strangle the contribution boxes."

so he stammered: "Martha, I—I—do you—might have—are you aware that the good book says—er, says that it is not good that m-man should be alone?"

"Then, hadn't you better run home to your mother?" Martha coolly suggested.

"Shon," said a Dutchman, "you may say what you please 'bout bad neighbors; I have had to worst neighbors as never was. Mine pigs and mine hens come home; mit dere ears split, and todler day two of'em came home missing!"

A schoolboy reading "that the Duke of Wellington was always coolest when on the point of attack," exclaimed:

"He must be a queer fellow! I never saw a chap that was coolest when on the point of a tack!"

"John, how many times have I told you always to eat bread with your meat?"

"Papa, how many times have you told me never to do two things at a time?"

"You may say what you please about it, but there is luck in horses' shoes. A woman nailed one up against the woodshed a month ago, and last week her husband eloped with the hired girl. The man had not earned a cent for more than two years."

"My case is just here," said a citizen to a lawyer the other day; "the plaintiff will swear that I hit him. I will swear that I did not. Now, what can you lawyers make out of that if we go to trial?"

"Five dollars apiece," was the prompt reply.

A Long Island Dutchman, in reading an account of a meeting in New York City, came to the words— "The meeting then dissolved."

He could not define the meaning of the last, so he referred to his dictionary, and felt satisfied. In a few minutes a friend came in, when the Dutchman said—

"Dey must have very hot wadder in New York. I ret an agout of a meeting vere all de peoples had melted away."

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