The Weekly Observer

Devoted to Literature, Education, Temperance and General Intelligence.

VOL. 5. HILLSBORO, A. CO., N. B., THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1889. NO. 14.

THE WEEKLY OBSERVER
A FAMILY NEWSPAPER.
Published every THURSDAY MORNING
Hillsboro, Albert County, N. B.
BY THE OBSERVER PUBLISHING COMPANY.
All communications to be addressed at The Weekly Observer, Hillsboro, A. Co., N.B

SUBSCRIPTION.—One Dollar per year, 6 months 50 cents, 3 months 25 cents, positively in advance.

Rates of Advertising.

One half inch, one insertion	$0 30
One inch, one insertion	0 50
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Two inches, one insertion	1 00
Each additional inch, one insertion	0 50

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PETER DUFFY,
ADMINISTRATOR.
Hillsborough, N. B. April 29 1889.

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Moncton, Nov 1, 1888

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A. W. KINNEY,
YARMOUTH, N. S.

The Weekly Observer.
HILLSBORO, N. B., June 6, 1889.

Creeping up the Stairs.

In the softly falling twilight
Of a weary, weary day,
With a quiet step I entered
Where the children were at play;
I was brooding o'er some troubles
Which had met me unawares,
When a little voice came ringing,
"Me is creepin' up the stairs."

Ah, it touched the tenderest heartstrings
With a breath and force divine,
And such melodies awakened,
As no wonder can define!
And I turned to see our darling,
All forgetful of my cares,
When I saw the little creature
Slowly creeping up the stairs.

Step by step she bravely clambered
On her little hands and knees,
Keeping up a constant chattering,
Like a magpie in the trees;
Till at last she reached the topmost,
When, o'er all her world's affairs,
She delighted stood a victor
After creeping up the stairs.

Fainting heart, behold an image
Of man's brief and struggling life,
Whose best prizes must be captured
With a noble, earnest strife.
Onward, upward, reaching ever,
Bending to the weight of cares;
Hoping, fearing, still expecting,
We go creeping up the stairs.

On their steps may be no carpet,
By their sides may be no rail;
Hands and knees may often pain us,
And the heart may often fail;
Still above there is a glory,
Which no sinfulness impairs,
With its rest and joy forever,
After creeping up the stairs.

House Cleaning.

Sing a song of cleaning house,
Pocketful of nails;
Four-and twenty dustpans,
Scrubbing brooms, and pails.
When the door is opened,
Wife begins to sing:—

"Just help me move this wardrobe here,
And hang this picture, won't you dear?
And tack that carpet by the door,
And stretch this one a little more
And drive this nail, and screw this screw;
And here's a job I have for you—
The cupboard will never catch
I think you'll have to fix the latch;
And O, while you're about it, John,
I wish you'd put the cornice on.
And hang this curtain: when you're done
I'll hand you up the other one,
This box has got to have a hinge,
Before I can put on the fringe;
And won't you mend that broken chair?
I'd like a hook put right up there;
The wardrobe door must have a knob;
And here's another little job,—
I really hate to ask you dear?
But could you fix a bracket here?

And on it goes, when these are through,
And this and that and those to do,
Ad infinitum, and more too,
All in a merry jingle,
And isn't that enough to make
A man wish he was single? (Almost.)

Mrs. Jones' Quilting.

By Josiah Allen's Wife.

Our minister was married a year ago and we have been piecing him a bed quilt and last week we quilted it. I always made a point of going to quiltings, for you can't be backbited to your face, that's a sertenty. I know wimmen jest like a book for I hev bin one a good while. I always stand up for my own sect, still I know sertin effects follow sertin causes, to wit, and namely, if two bricks are set up side by side, if one tumbles over on the other one, the other can't stand, it ain't natur'. If a toper holds a glass of licker to his mouth, he can't help swallerin' it, it ain't natur'. If a young man goes a slay-riding with a pretty girl, and the buffalo slips off, he can't help holdin' it round her, it ain't natur'. I might go on illustratin', but enuff; quiltin' jest sets wimmen to slanderin' as easy and beautiful as enything you see. So I went. There wasn't enybody there when I got there. For reason, I always go early.

I hadn't been there long before Miss Deacon Graves came, and then Widder Tubbs, and then Squire Edwardses wife and Maggie Snow, and then the Dobbs girls (we call them *girls*, though it would be jest as proper to call mutton, lamb, for forty summers had gilded their heads if one has gilt 'em.) They were the last that come, for Mrs. Brown's baby had the mumps, and otherwise couldn't leave; and the Ripley's had unexpected company. But with Miss Jones, where the quiltin' was held, and her girls, Mary Ann and Alnora, we made as many as could set round the quilt comfortable.

The quilt was made of different kinds of calico; all the wimmen round had pieced a block or two, and we took up a collection to get the batten and linin' and the cloth to set it together with, which was Turkey red, and come to quilt it, it looked very well; we quilted it herrin'-bone, and a runnin' vine round the border. After the path-master was demoralized, the school-mistress torn to pieces, the party to Ripley's scandalized, Mrs. Brown's baby voted an unquestionable idiot, and the rest of the unrepresented neighborhood dealt with, Lucinder Dobbs spoke up and sez she:

"I hope the minister will like the bed-quilt." (Lucinder is the one that studies mathematics to displine her mind and has the Roman nose.)

"It ain't noways likely he will," sez her sister' Ophelia (she is the one that has hair frizzled on top, and wears spectacles.) "It ain't noways likely he will—he is a cold man, a stone statute."

"Now, you see, I set my eyes by the minister, he's always doin' good to some body, besides preachin' more like an angel than human bein'. I can't never forget—nor I don't want to—how he took hold of my hand, and how his voice trembled and the tears stood in his eyes when my little Joe died; pretty little lamb, he was in his infant class, and he loved him, you see such things cut deep, and there is some lines you can't rub out, if you try ever so hard. And I wasn't going to set still and hear him run down; you see it riled up the old Smith blood and when it is riled, Josiah says he always takes his hat and leaves till it settles. I spoke up, and sez I:

"Lucky for him he was made of stone before he was married, for common flesh and blood," sez I, would have gin out a hundred times, chaste round by the girls as he was" (you see it was the town's talk how Ophelia Dobbs acted before he was married, and she almost went into a decline, and took heaps of mother-wort and fetty.)

"I don't know what you mean, Miss Allen," sez she, turning red as a brick. "I never heard of his bein' chaste; I know I never could bear the sight of him."

"The distant sight," sez Mary Ann Jones.

Ophelia looked so mad at that, that I don't know but she would have pricked her with her quiltin' needle, if old Miss Graves hadn't spoke up. She is a fat old lady with a double chin, "mild and lovely" as Mount Vernen's sister. She always agrees with everybody: Tom Jefferson, Josiah's boy by his first wife, calls her 'Woollen Aprons' for one day he sez he heard her say to a neighbor, "I don't like woollen aprons, do you?" "Why, yes, Miss Graves, I do." "Wall, so do I." But good, old soul, if we was all such peacemakers as she is, we should be pretty sure of heaven, though Thomas J. said that if Satan should ask her to go the other way, she would go rather than hurt his feelings; I jest told him to shet up his weekedness, and he shet up.

As I sez, she looked mildly up over her spectacles and nodded her purple cap ribbins two or three times, and said, "Yes, Miss Allen. Jest so, Ophelia." And then to change the subject, sez she, "has the minister's wife got home yet?"

"I think not," sez Maggie Snow. "I was to the village day before yesterday, and she had not come then."

"I suppose her mother is well off," sez the Widder Tubbs, "and as long as she stays there she saves the minister five dollars a week. I should think she would stay all summer."

The widder is about as savin' a woman as belongs the meetin' house.

"It don't look well for her to be gone so long," sez Lucinder Dobbs; "I am very much afraid it will make talk."

"Mebby it will save the minister five dollars a week," sez Ophelia, "as extravagant as she is in dress—as many as four silk dresses she has got, and folks as good as she is in the congregation hain't got but one and a certain person *full* as good as she is, that ain't got any,' (Ophelia's best dress is poplin,) it won't take her long to run out the minister's salary."

"She had her silk dresses before she was married, her folks was wealthy," sez Miss Squire Edwards.

"As much as we have done and are still doing for them, it seems ungrateful in her," sez Lucinder, "to wear such a bonnet as she wore all last summer—a plain white straw with a little bit of white ribbon on it: it looks so scrimp and stingy. I have thought she wore it on purpose to mortify us before the Baptists, just as if we couldn't afford to dress our minister's wife as good as they did theirs."

Maggie Snow's cheeks was gettin' red as fire, and her eyes began to shine just as they did that day we found some boys stonin' her cat. You see she and the minister's wife are the greatest friends that ever was. And I see she couldn't hold in much longer; she was just openin' her mouth to speak when the door opened, and in walked Betsy Bobbet.

"Why, it seems to me you are late, Betsy," said Miss Jones; but walk rite into the spare bedroom and take off your things."

"Things!" said Betsy, "who cares for things!" and she dropped into the nearest rockin' chair and commenced rockin' violently.

Betsy Bobbet was a humble critter. But we hadn't no time to meditate on her, for as Miss Jones asked her agin to take off her things, she broke out:

"Would that I had died when I was an infant babe!"

"Amen!" whispered Mary Ann Jones to Maggie Snow.

"Do tell us what is the matter, Betsy," said Miss Jones.

"Yes do," said Miss Deacon Graves.

"Matter enuf!" sez she; "no wonder there is earthquakes and jars! I heard the news just before I started, and it made me weak as a cat; I had to stop to every house on the way down to rest, and not a soul had heard of it till I told 'em. Such a turn as it gave me, I shan't get over it for a week; but it is just as I always said the minister's wife wasn't any *too good*. It didn't surprise me—not a bit."

"You can't tell me one word against Mary Lindin that I will believe," said Maggie Snow.

"You will admit that the minister went North last Tuesday, won't you?" Seven wimmen spoke up at once, and said, 'Yes, his mother was took sick, and they telegraphed for him.'

"So he said,' sneered Betsy Bobbet; "so he said; I believe it's for good.'

"Oh, dear!" shrieked Ophelia Dobbs 'I shall faint away; ketch hold of me, somebody.'

"Ketch hold of yourself," said I severely, and then sez I to Betsy, "I don't believe he's run away any more than I believe I am the next President of the United States."

Well, if he hasn't he'll wish he had' sez she. His wife came night before last on the cars.

Four wimmen said, Did she? Two said Do tell? and three opened their mouths and looked at her speechless; amongst the last was Miss Deacon Graves, I spoke in a kolected manner, sez I.

What of it?

What of it? said she. I believe the poor man mistrusted it all out, and run from trouble and disgrace.

How dare you! sez Maggie Snow, speak the word disgrace in connection with Mary Linden?

How dare I? sez Betsy Bobbet. Ask Jake Coleman; as it happened I got it from his own mouth, it don't come through two or three.

Got what? sez I. If you can speak the English language, Betsy Bobbet, and have got enough sense to tell a straight story, tell it and be done with it.

Well, just as I come out of our house, sez she, Jake Coleman come along, and sez he, Betsy. I have something to tell you, sez he; I want to tell somebody that can keep; it ought be kept, sez he, Miss Linden has got home, and she didn't come alone, neither. Sez I What do you mean? He looked as mysterious as a ghost, and sez he, I mean what I say, sez he, I drove the carriage home from the depot, and sez he, as sure as my name is Jake Coleman, I heard her talking to somebody she called Hugh (you know her husband's name is Charles). I heard her tell this Hugh that she loved him better than the whole world. And then he made me promise not to tell; but he heard not only one kiss, but fourteen or fifteen. Now, what do you think of the minister's wife?

Good heavens! cried Ophelia Dobbs, am I deceived? is this a phantagory of the brain, or have I got ears? Have I got ears? she continued, wildly glaring at me.

You can feel and see, said I shortly.

Will he live with the wretched creature? continued Ophelia. No he will get a divorcement from her; such a tender hearted man as he is too. If ever a man wanted a comforter in a tryin' time he is the man, and to morrow I will go and try and comfort him.

I guess you will find him, first, said Betsy Bobbet. I guess if he was found, there is a certain person he would be as glad to see as he would another certain person.

There is some mistake, said Maggie Snow. Jake Coleman is always choking.

It was a male, said Lucinder Dobbs, else why did she call him Hugh? You have all heard the minister say his wife hadn't a relative on earth except her mother and a maiden aunt; it couldn't have been the maiden aunt, for her name was Martha instead of Hugh. Besides, she continued, for she had so hardened her mind with mathematics, that she could grapple the hardest fact and floor it, so to speak. Besides, sez she, the maiden aunt died a year ago; that settles the matter conclusively it was not the maiden aunt.

I have thought something was on the minister's mind all the spring, said the Widder Tubbs, I have spoken to sister Ann about it a number of times. Then she kinder rolled up her eyes jest as she does in class meetin' and sez she, It is an awful dispensation but I hope he will turn it into a means of grace; I hope his spiritool strength will be renewed. But, sez she, I have borrowed a good deal of trouble about his bein so hand some; I have noticed that handsome ministers don't turn out well, they must always have somethin' happen to 'em sooner or later; but I hope he'll be led.

Well, I never thought that Miss Linin was any too good, said Betsy Bobbet.

Neither did I, said Lucinder Dobbs.

She has turned out jest as I always thought she would, said Ophelia, and I have just as good an opinion of her as I have of them that stand up for her.

Maggie Snow spoke up then; just as clear as a bell her voice sounded; she ain't afraid of any body, for she is Lawyer Snow's only child, and has been to Boston to school. Sez she, Aunt Allen, (she is a little related to me on her mother's side,) Aunt Allen, why is it that, as a general rule, the very worst folks are the first ones to suspect other folks of being bad?

Sez I, Maggie, they draw their pictures from memory. And sez I, They want to pull down other folkses reputations, for they feel as if their own goodness is in a totterin' condition, and if they fall, they want somebody to fall on, so as to come down easier like.

Maggie Snow laughed, and so did Miss Edwards, and the Joneses, but Betsy Bobbet and the Dobbs' girls looked as black as Erobius. And sez Betsy Bobbet to me sez she: I shouldn't think, Josiah Allen's wife, that you would countenance such conduct.

I will first know there is wrong conduct, sez I. Sez I, Miss Linden's face is jest as innocent as a baby's, and I ain't agoin' to mistrust any evil out of them pretty brown eyes till I am obleeged to.

Jest at this minute the hired girl came in and said supper was ready, and we all went out to eat it. Miss Jones said there wasn't anything on the table fit to eat, and she was afraid we couldn't make out, but we did have a splendid supper, good enough for the zero of Rushby.

We hadn't more'n got up from the supper table and got back into the parlor, when we heard a knock at the back door. Miss Jones went and opened it, and who, of all the live world should walk in but the minister! The faces of the wimmen as he entered would have been a study for Michael Angelico, or any of the old painters. Miss Jones was so frustrated that she asked him the first thing to take his bonnet off, then she bethought herself, and sez she How is your mother? before she had sot him in a chair or anything. But he looked jest as pleasant and composed as ever, though his eyes kinder laughed. And he thanked her and told her he left his mother, the day before a good deal better; then he turned to Maggie Snow, and sez he:

I am come after you, Miss Maggie, sez he. My wife came home night before last, and wanted to see you so bad, and I told her as I had business past your house I would call for you as I went home, and your mother told me you were here. I think I know, sez he, why she wants to see you so very much now, she is so proud of our baby boy she can't wait till—

Your boy! gasped nine wimmen at once.

Yes, sez he, smilin' more pleasant than I ever see him. I know you will wish me joy. We have a nice little boy, little Hugh, for my wife has named him already for her father. He is a fine, healthy little fellow—almost two months old.

It wouldn't have done any good for Michael Anglico to have been there then, nor Mr. Reuben, nor none of the rest of them we read of, for if they had their palates and cascis all ready they never could have done any justice to the faces of Betsy Bobbet and the Dobbs' girls, and as for Miss Deacon Graves, her spectacles fell off unnoticed, and she opened her mouth so wide that it was very doubtful to me if she could ever shet it again. And, as for me, I was truly happy enuff to sing the Te Deus.

Maggie Snow flew out of the room to put on her bonnet, with her face shinin' like a cherubim, and, as I lived half a mile on the road they was goin', and the quilt was most off and he had two horses, and insisted, I rode with 'em, and I haint seen none of the quilters sense.

W. C. T. U. Column.

"For God and Home and Native Land."

[The matter for this column is supplied by the members of the Hillsboro W. C. T. U

The Woman's Crusade.

I do not know what you may think of the woman's crusade, but let me say as a woman who stood inside of it that the womanhood of this nation never laid such a tribute at the feet of its manhood as they did in the woman's crusade. If you want to find out what a boy is worth go and ask his mother. By the time she goes into the jaws of death to give him birth and then puts into him her days of love and her nights of care, and he stands before her strong, and clean, and tall at twenty-one, she can tell you what he is worth from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet; and when the legalized dram shop takes hold of him, and tears him down fibre by fibre, and puts oaths on the lips that she used to kiss, and crushes out his mother's hopes, it is no wonder she makes outcry. If you want to know what a home is worth go and ask a loving woman who has kept herself as pure as God's lilies from her marriage day, when, with a great shine in her eyes, she puts herself over into the hands of one man, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, until life's end. And when the dram shop with its fearful curse crosses the threshold of the home they built together and takes down her strong tower of hope, stone by stone, and degrades the father of her children, it is no wonder woman makes outcry.

What was the woman's crusade? It was a long smothered sob breaking into a cry; it was a midnight prayer coming abroad at noonday. You men sometimes say to us as we stand in places like this, Home is your kingdom. We do not dispute it. We know it better than you know it. But it was our kingdom that was outraged. You say to us, standing ballotless and defenceless before this vampire of our civilization, You do not need the ballot; we defend you by love and by law. Do you? When for eighty five years by well-defined license legislation motherhood has been uncrowned and her children slain by law, and you made no protest against it. You have talked about it in religious meetings; but when it comes to the sweep of empire in the ballot box and in politicial organizations, you have made no protest. Oh, men. I do not believe a civilization is worth much that cannot protect its women and its babes. And, grand as you are, and strong as you are, and true as you are, you will never be able to protect your women and your children and the dram shops at the same time. Oh, in shame, in very shame, either get up and strike down this enemy of the home and of wifehood and of childhood, or else put the ballot into the hands of your women for their own protection.—*Mrs. M. T. Lathrop.*

Could I Have Borne It.

Could I have borne it? I often think
If one of my idols had bowed to drink,
If one of my kings had laid his crown
At the feet of the mighty monster down;
If one of my darlings had sold his soul
For the pottage mess in a drunkard's bowl—
I thank Thee, dear Father, I do not know,
I thank Thee Thou hast not tried me so.

Could I have borne it? To see the light
Of the demon flash from the blue-eyes so bright,
Telling that reason and will has flown
And wine and wildness sat on their throne—
While the sweet pure look had gone from the face,
And base brutality sat in its place—
I thank Thee dear Father, I do not know,
I thank Thee Thouhast not tried me so.

Could I have borne it? and lived long years,
With sorrow for meat, and drink of tears,
While the heart was dying of hunger and pain
As it loved and longed and hoped in vain.
O! the dead that live on this bright, glad day
While the sunshine sweet o'er graves doth play—
I thand Thee dear Father, I do not know,
I thank Thee Thou hast not tried me so.

If the plants I have loved, my own dear boys,
My care and my pride, my dearest joys,
If on them had fallen this dew of death,
And they never had wakened at morning's breath,
Would the Spring for me have brought its flowers,
Or the roses have bloomed in the summer bowers—
I thank Thee, dear Father I do not know,
I thank Thee Thou hast not tried me so.

How many must bear it? the very air
Is full of smoke of dwellings fair,
And the sound of sighing on every breeze,
While thousands are planting their willow trees,
If the fire that lives in the fruit of the vine
Had scorched and blackened this house of mine,
How could I have borne it I do not know
I thank Thee Thou hast not tried me so.

How many must bear it? the mighty woe
That is making graves o'er the hillside grow,
That is tying crape folds on cottage doors,
And stilling the music on palace floor,
That is toppling the tallest towers down
Where the hands the hopes of men doth crown,
If I had come and called for my dead
And laid them to sleep in a hopeless bed!
O! it is better to praise than pray,
To be thankful than weep on this bright glad day.
Help me to remember those who bear
An aching heart under garments fair;
Help me to remember the tempted and tired;
Ever, good angels, be by their side—
Help me to remember those who know,
And thank Thee Thou hast not tried me so.

Dominion Women's Christian Temperance Union.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union of the Dominion of Canada have issued a circular stating that the Union will convene in session at Toronto, on Tuesday, June 11, 1889, at 10 o'clock a. m. Miss Frances E. Willard, President of the National and World's W. C. T. U., will be present, and many other distinguished workers from the provinces and from across the border. As questions of vital importance to the work will be introduced and discussed, the session will likely be a protracted one and delegates are requested to be prepared to remain over until the 17th. On the first night a reception will be held at which Miss Willard will be present The following subjects will be discussed during convention week: "Prohibition." "Social Purity," "Hygiene and Heredity," "Women as Wage-earners." Each Province will be expected to give a paper. There will be four delegates from this Province. —Mrs W. W. Turnbull, of St. John; Mrs. Atkinson, of Moncton, and Mrs. Randolph and Mrs. Steadman, Fredericton. Mrs. Turnbull and Mrs. Atkinson will both read papers. The programme for one day will be provided by the Young Women's Christian Temperance Union. Miss Anna Gordon, associate superintendent of juvenile work in the National Union, will be present. It is also hoped that the Rev. Anna H. Shaw will take part in the debate on the franchise and that she will address a public meeting.

The Lady

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Mrs. S. A. Rock, of Anderson, Texas, writes: "At the age of 34, in Monroe, La., I had a severe attack of swamp, or malarial, fever. After I got well my hair commenced coming out, and so continued until it had well nigh all gone. I used several kinds of hair restorers, but they did no good. A friend gave me a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor. Before finishing the first bottle my hair began to grow, and by the time I used three bottles, I had a fine head of hair."

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Sheriff's Sale.

Will be sold at Public Auction at the Court House in Hopewell in the County of Albert and Province of New Brunswick, on FRIDAY, the thirtieth day of AUGUST next, between the hours of TWELVE o'clock noon and FIVE o'clock in the afternoon:

ALL the right, title, interest, property, claim or demand of William H. Nichol, his possessory right, and right of entry, both at law and in equity, of, in, and to, that certain piece or parcel of land and property, situate, lying and being on Little River in the Parish of Elgin, County of Albert, and bounded and described as follows, viz: on the West by lands granted to the late William Beckman; on the North by lands applied for by Stanford Parkins; on the East by lands granted to G. L. Shaw, and containing by estimation one hundred acres more or less, it being the same Lot of land referred to by a certain Deed bearing date October 24th, A. D. 1884, and duly recorded in the Albert County Records, reference being made thereto all things will appear.

The same having been seized under and by virtue of an Execution issued out of the Supreme Court, at the suit of L. Wesley McAnn versus the said William H. Nichol.

ASAEL WELLS,
SHERIFF.

Dated Sheriff's Office, Hopewell, May 28, A. D. 1889.