

THE WEEKLY OBSERVER
A FAMILY NEWSPAPER.
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months 50 cents, 3 months 25 cents, post-
paid in advance.

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Special notices in local column 10 cents
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tinued he must pay up all arrears, or the
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sidiaries. All business direct, hence can
transact patent business in less time and at
LESS COST than those remote from Wash-
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Fire & Life Insurance Agency
GOOD RISKS SOLICITED FOR
The Lancashire Fire Insurance
Company.

The Liverpool, London & Globe Fire
Insurance Company.

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Company.

C. J. OSMAN,
Agent,
Hillsboro, A. Co.

Leather Manufacture.
If you want a first-rate quality of
Cold Liquor Tanned Leather
—call at the—
HARVEY TANNERY.

Upper, Calf and Harness Leather manu-
factured and kept on hand. Best quality of
SOLE LEATHER
—and—
Hand Made Boots
kept in stock.

Oil Tanned Larrikans a Specialty.
Orders for which are now solicited, to be
delivered next Autumn.

GOOD PRICES PAID FOR HEMLOCK
BARK, COUNTRY PRODUCE
TAKEN IN EXCHANGE
FOR GOODS.
CASH PAID FOR HIDES.

W. H. A. CASEY,
Proprietor.
Harvey, A. Co., May 26, 1888.

The People's Favorite.
My Studio has now become the favor-
ite resort for strangers visiting the town
and desiring

SOMETHING NICE
in the portrait line. I not only make
portraits which are perfect likenesses but
my work is

ARTISTIC
in every detail and commands the univer-
sal admiration of the public.

NO PHOTOS
delivered from my establishment without
MY PERSONAL INSPECTION.

In stock large lines of American
Mountings of new designs.
Oil Paintings, Engravings, etc., etc.
The Public cordially invited when in
Moncton
to visit

Northrup's New Studio.
Nov. 16, 1888.

182 HOUSEHOLD SPECIFIC—
The great External Remedy. Used
in diseases where an external
application is indicated it never fails. Nearly
100 years before the public. Once introduced
into a family, they never will be without it
in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Gouty Swelling
of the Hands or Feet, Burns, Scalds, Bruises,
Sprains, Stomachic of the Muscles, etc. Its
effect is magical. Kept in the house for
any and all emergencies; it will never dis-
appoint you. Only 25c a bottle, and you'll
say its worth \$5 Sold by all druggists.
DR. A. L. WILSON, Manufacturing Chemist,
No. 22 Brighton street, Boston,
Mass. If your druggist does not keep it,
send for it to order.

The Weekly Observer

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, EDUCATION, TEMPERANCE, and GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

VOL. 4. HILLSBORO, ALBERT COUNTY, N. B., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1888. NO. 40.

OUR YOUTH'S FRIEND.

An Illustrated Literary Journal for
BOYS and GIRLS.
16 Pages Monthly. Published at Hillsboro, N. B.
It contains departments of
Stories; Social Etiquette; Tem-
perance; Nature and Science;
Our Girls; Inquiries Answered;
Humorous; Good Health;
Music; Home Recreations;
Adventure; Art;
Puzzles, Etc.

OUR YOUTH'S FRIEND
is bright, sparkling and pure; just the paper
that every father and mother, who have the
welfare of their children at heart, will feel
disposed to place upon their reading table.
The editor has had twelve years experience
in editing for the young, and all this ex-
perience is brought to bear upon making up
OUR YOUTH'S FRIEND.

This valuable Young People's paper
will be sent together with THE WEEKLY
OBSERVER one year for \$1.15. TWO
GOOD FAMILY PAPERS FOR
ONLY \$1.15. Now is the time to sub-
scribe.

HO TRAVELLERS!

Patronize the New Moncton
Livery Stable.
We have taken the stable lately occupied
by F. N. Stevens, corner Foundry and Main
Streets, and solicit a share of patronage.
First class rigs to hire. Horses boarded on
reasonable terms. Careful attention given
to travellers' trunks.

A good hostler always in attendance.
TERMS MODERATE.
WEST & CRUE.
Moncton, Nov. 1, 1888.

HOLIDAY GOODS

Opening and to arrive in a few days a
fine assortment in
Christmas Books, Plush Goods,
Imagery China, Vases, Lamps,
Goods, etc.

Also a very large assortment of Steel
Engravings. We have in Stock a very
choice line of Mirrors and Mirror Plate.

W. W. BLACK,
VICTORIA BLOCK,
MAIN ST. — MONCTON.

HANDING R. GRAVES, J. CLARK FOSTER
(GRAVES & FOSTER,
HARVEY,
ALBERT CO., CORNER N. B.

GENERAL STORE

Commission Merchants.
DEALERS IN
Flour, Dry Goods, and Groceries, Coal,
Wood, and Stoves.

Special attention given to shipmen
Hay, Potatoes, Etc., etc.

IN STORE.

A very complete assortment of
Dry Goods,
Groceries,
Hats & Caps,
Boots & Shoes,
Hardware, Delf, Clocks, Confectionery,
and all lines usually included in a well
ordered stock. Prices very low for cash.

R. C. Atkinson.
Albert, Aug. 7.

LONDON, PARIS AND NEW YORK MILLINERY.

Personally Selected.
We invite everybody to inspect our

SHOW ROOMS.

Not necessary to come as a customer,
but come as a visitor and see what

BEAUTIFUL GOODS

we are showing. We take pleasure in
showing these Rooms open to

THE PUBLIC,
and do not want anybody to miss the
opportunity.

H. G. & F. A. MARR,
DR. G. T. SMITH,
Church St., near Victoria.

The Weekly Observer.

HILLSBORO, N. B., Dec. 6, 1888.
A Thought.

Two pebbles
Lying on the strand:
Two leaden
On the cold sea sand.

One pebble,
In the dawn of day,
Left alone;
The other washed away.

One pebble
Withered, cold, and dried;
One floating
Outward with the tide.

Cold pebble
Thou art like my heart,
Left alone
To live a life apart.

Poor leader,
Like my hope that died—
Steady drifting
Outward with the tide.

The Three W's.

Watch, friends, watch! The signal
lights are flashing.
To guide your boat through life,
To harbor safe and sure!

Fear not the misty sea, nor waves
high dashing,
Nor rocks your path so near, while you
endure:

But girl, your boat and steer, your craft
along,
By truthful chart and faithful com-
pass led!

The voyage o'er, you'll rest in peace at
last,
On waters calm, with stormless skies
o'erboard.

Watch, friends, watch!
Work, friends, work! The life's work
is never done;

The faithful rest, while he has just be-
gun.
Your hearts will bound with honest
pride,

As o'er the sea of life you safely glide,
If duty be your law, and work be sixty
days.

Your God your guide, your work his
spotless goal.
Work, friends, work!

Wait, friends, wait! Be sure you're
right, then sail ahead;
Impatient sail to victory never led;
With courage firm and temper ever
sweet.

With cheerful zeal, your every task to
meet,
With kindness pure to all who tell with
you,
As good, as brave, and only brave as
true.

Then shall you bless the world, and, by
it blessed,
Depart from earth and with the ran-
somed rest.

Wait, friends, wait!
GENERAL H. B. CARRINGTON.

Ingratitude Revenged.

You've got a neat little spot here, re-
marked Farmer Hayes to his friend,
Mr. Johnson.

The two old men were sitting upon
wooden seats, which were placed on
either side of the rustic porch, that formed
a kind of arbor entrance to the front
door of the dwelling.

The speaker was a spare little man,
with dark hair, thinly sprinkled with
gray. He wore a swallow-tail coat,
adorned with brass buttons; corduroy
breeches, fastened at the knee; thick,
blue, worsted stockings; and his legs,
and a pair of low shoes covered his feet.

His visage had a placid expression, as
he glanced first at the well-kept garden,
with its rows of potatoes and other veg-
etables; then out to the little paddock
adjoining, where two cows were grazing;
and next over the wide, undulating
meadow land beyond, his eyes resting
finally on the far distant hills. He put
the end of his long pipe between his
lips, and watched the wreaths of smoke
slowly ascending from it.

Mr. Johnson was a noble-looking man;
his snowy hair and long, white beard
gave him a patriarchal appearance. His
countenance looked that acute, intellec-
tual expression which is so often stamped
upon the visage of a middle-aged "town-
man." His eyes were thoughtful, but
gentle; his whole bearing spoke of innate
goodness. The few wrinkles, which had
gathered on the white, placid brow, had
been gradually traced there by time's
relentless fingers, and not suddenly out-
lined by keen, sharp sorrow. He smoked
silently for a few moments, and then re-
plied to his friend's remark:

"You're right; this is a neat little spot.
But I'll tell you what I've been think-
ing on, Hayes. You know my Jennie's
again? to be married to Robert Meadows.
She's my only child, so, of course she'll
have all my belongings when I'm gone;
but I've been thinking, these some after
she's settled, I'll have a deed of gift
drawn up, and turn everything over to
her; then there'll be no proving the will,
and all that fuss; and the lawyer won't
have a pickin' out of my bit o' property.
I shall live long, and be master just the
same. What do you say to that, friend
Hayes?"

and emphatically:
I don't like it.
He shook the ashes from his pipe
and began leisurely to fill it again with
tobacco.

"I never seed a play but once, he began,
in slow, measured tones, and that was
many years ago, when I was a young
man. I was in London, and my friends
got me to go to the theatre to see a grand
piece that had been made up by a great
man, and the sight of the lights, the gay
dresses, and the flash folks, I shall never
forget. But it was the play that struck
me. There was a good old king who had
three daughters, and he thought he'd
divide the kingdom amongst 'em. They
were very pleased; the eldest went down
on her knees, and swore how she loved
him more than anybody else; and said
how she'd be the kindest, noblest, and
best father that ever lived—or words
summat like that.

The next said about the same, only a
great deal more; but I thought both of
'em looked too big and handsome and
wide-awake to stick to their word. The
third daughter said very little, but I
thought she was the nicest looking of all
the lot. The king was loved because
she would not own she loved him. So
he divided the kingdom between his two
eldest daughters. I thought he was a
silly old fellow to put the reins into their
spiteful-looking creatures' hands. But
he did it, and he reed it. They treated
him very well at first; but after a time
they began to alter, and let him know
that he wasn't master. Well, one night
they turned him out of the castle, when
there was such a dreadful storm that it
was not fit to turn a dog out; and he
who had once been a king, had to roam
about like a beggar. The poor man
was nearly crazed. I almost forgot how
he ended; but I think that was all killed
at last.

And what has this to do with what
I was saying? inquired Mr. Johnson,
testily. I was talking about deeds of
gift, and not plays.

The other began to smoke—puff—
puff. After a few minutes the full
meaning of his friend's words dawned
slowly upon his mind.

Well, I am a thinking as how, when
Jesse got possession of the house, she
might, maybe, after a bit, turn you out,
as the king's daughters turned him out.
Keep the reins in your own hands, man—
you can draw them tight, or let them
loose, when you please; but don't give
them up till you die. That's my advice,
friend Johnson.

There was a little flash of anger in the
other's eyes as he replied:
You don't know my Jennie; she's the
loveliest, best, and truest girl that ever
lived. She would never wrong her
father.

In the meantime Jennie and her lover
were in the orchard at the back of the
house, slowly walking up and down the
path between the trees.

The moon was brightening in the
purple sky, and the evening star glim-
mered faintly.

When two more days have passed you
will be my wife!

The young man looked down, lovingly
into the sky, dark eyes raised to his, and
clasped the hand that rested on his arm.

I am so glad, Robert, that I shall not
have to leave my home, she said, after a
pause; for I was born here, and here
my mother died. It was very kind o'
father to propose that we should live with
him. Now you can keep all the money
in the bank that you have been saving
so long to buy furniture with, and if we
are careful we shall soon add some more
to it.

Your father is very good, Jennie; we
must be kind to him.

Mr. Johnson was placed in the seat
of honor; he moved among the guests,
with a kind word and cheery greeting
for all.

Jennie was a blooming, bonnie bride,
and seemed proud of her stalwart hus-
band.

Jennie was installed as housekeeper in
her father's home. After a time Mr.
Johnson presented his daughter with the
deed of gift, and the young people were
formally acknowledged as master and
mistress of the farm, with the under-
standing that Mr. Johnson was to reside
with them.

All went well for a time. Then
gradually there came a change over the
scene atmosphere of the dwelling and the
old man became conscious that he was
no longer treated with courtesy, nor his
wishes respected.

Would you mind sleeping in the back
bedroom for a few weeks?—we have a
visitor coming! I said Jennie one morning
about six months after the wedding.

The old man stared in great sur-
prise.

Why can't the visitor go into the back
room? he asked.

Oh, it's such a little poky place! I
don't mean that exactly; she explained
checking herself in confusion. The room
is very clean, and there's really a beauti-
ful view from the window, and a good
father bed.

Particulars she had on a grand home
that we cannot put in any where.

Mr. Johnson rose and returned his
thanks.

put his newspaper on the table, took his
spectacles off, rubbed them, put them in
the case, and then slowly rejoined:
If there is such a fine view from the
window, your visitor may enjoy it, and
she can sleep on the feather bed. I've
slept in the front room five-and-forty
years, and I ain't a-going to be turned
out now. If Miss Martin ain't satisfied
with the accommodation, she may stay
away!

Stay away indeed! fired Jennie; it's
just like you, father. I call you very
selfish.

She hastily left the room, shutting the
door with a bang.

The old man took up the newspaper,
but the words ran into one another, for
large tears gathered in his bright, gray
eyes, and his lips quivered painfully.

Miss Martin came, and informed
Jennie that her father was the most
aristocratic looking gentleman she had
ever seen; but during her stay Mr. John-
son was subject to many slights, as Jennie
and her husband were ashamed of some
of his old-fashioned ways.

One evening Mr. Johnson returned
from the village, where he had spent the
day with a friend. He walked leisurely
up the arden path; but suddenly paused,
and uttered an exclamation of astonish-
ment.

A fine hawthorn tree, which had
stood near the house, and had been full
of pink blossoms in the spring, lay upon
the ground. On examining it he dis-
covered that it had been cut off near the
roots. He turned hastily to enter the
house by the front door, when he observed
that the monthly rose tree, which had
been trained the porch and been full of bloom
all summer, lay across the garden path,
cut into a number of pieces, and an at-
tempt had been made to dig it up by the
roots.

Robert! Robert! cried Mr. Johnson.
What's the matter? queried a voice
from the inner room.

Who's been cutting them down? cried
the old man, excitedly, and waving his
hand toward the garden.

I have, answered Mr. Meadows, com-
placently.

Why did you do it?
Because I chose to.

There, don't quarrel, said Jennie. It's
all my fault, father. The hawthorn tree
was close to the parlor window, and made
the room dark—so I asked Robert to cut
it down. The rose tree is not much good;
we are going to have a finer one put in its
place.

That hawthorn tree your mother set
with her own hands, and the rose I planted
on the day you were born. Your mother
loved them both, and heaven forgive you
for what you have done!

He turned away, ascended the stairs,
entered his room, and closed the door.

If Farmer Turner calls, just send
round for me, will you, Jennie? asked
Mr. Meadows, one morning at breakfast.
He's coming to look at old Betsey.

Yes, I'll send, replied the young wife.
What's the matter with the cow? in-
quired Mr. Johnson.

Oh, nothing, replied the young man.
I'm going to sell her.

Sell her? repeated the other.

Yes; she's old, and don't give much
milk. I'm going to buy a young one in
her place. Jennie's been complaining of
the butter for a long time; but I don't come
up to our neighbors'.

But I must have her sold! cried the
old man, angrily.

You have nothing to do with her; she
is mine, and I shall do as I like, rejoined
the other, haughtily, as he rose to
leave the room.

Mr. Johnson turned to the window
without uttering another word.

A few hours later he saw Farmer
Turner's man driving old Betsey out of
the yard.

Ah, it's the one she used to milk? he
soliloquized.

And the tears gathered thickly in his
eyes, as he watched his late wife's favor-
ite cow driven by a stranger.

Here a letter by his sister Jane,
remarked Mr. Johnson, one afternoon, to
his daughter. Poor thing! her husband
had been dead only two months. The
balliffs had sold her furniture; she was
destitute, and is staying with a neighbor
for a few days, and then she doesn't know
where to go. Poor Jane! missed the
old man, as a dreamy look came into his
eyes and his thoughts reverted to the
past. She was a pretty girl when she
was young, and many a handsome fellow
came after her. But she took no heed to
any, except Tom Jones, who became her
husband. Then she had such a pretty,
blue-eyed child, with soft, golden hair.
She lived to be six years old and then
died. I thought Jane would have broken
her heart. Then her son grew up to be
a fine man, and was a-going to be married
in a week. But one morning he was
tried to stop a horse and wagon that was
running away, when the horse threw him
down, the wheel went over his head, and
he was killed on the spot. And now her
husband's gone, and she's left alone.

Poor Jane! she said, with a sigh.
Hain't she any money she's ever spent
inquired Jennie.

No; and I've been a-thinking what
better have had here. She said she
could have had her hair repeated her story

in astonishment. What can you be
thinking about, father? There's plenty
of us to keep already.

She broke her noodle with a jerk, and
threwed her head impatiently.

We're going to have company this
afternoon, resumed Jennie, after a pause,
in a conciliatory tone; and as they are
very fine people, I think you'd better
have your pipe in the kitchen, father.
You would not enjoy yourself with us.

Very well, my dear, he answered,
quietly. He put his slippered foot on the
feeder, and gazed over his gold-
rimmed spectacles into the blazing fire.
I've been a-thinking, my dear, he re-
sumed, quietly, after a pause, that there's
a little error in that deed of gift.

An error? repeated Jennie, as she
dropped her work, and looked up with a
start, white face.

Yes; I'm sure there's an error. It
would be pleasant for you, if the prop-
erty was thrown into chaos, after I'm
gone, would it?

Oh, father!

Well, fetch the deed down to me; I'll
look it over, and set all right.

Jennie hastened up stairs, and soon re-
turned with the precious paper.

The old man took it in his hand, and
smoothed out the creases gently, read it
over, and said:

Ah! it is all one great mistake!

Then, with a quick movement, he
threw the document into the blazing fire,
and pressed it down with the poker.

Jennie screamed; and, darting for-
ward, attempted to rescue the deed from
the devouring flames; but her father
held up his hand sternly, and said, in a
tone of authority:

Stand back!

At this instant Mr. Meadows entered.
What's the matter, Jennie! he in-
quired. Father, what have you been
doing to her?

The young man confronted Mr. John-
son, who stood with the uplifted poker in
his hand.

I am master of this house! cried the
old man; and I'll allow no one to dic-
tate to me!

We'll soon see about that! exclaimed
the other, sneeringly. If you're going
to put on such fine airs, I'll have you
tossed out.

Oh, Robert, Robert! cried his wife;
the deed—the deed—

A hysterical fit of weeping checked
her utterance.

What do you mean? queried her hus-
band, with a white face, and a cough of
fear in his tone.

Father's burst!

Father is master of his own house, and
will have you turned out if you don't be-
have yourself! retorted the old man.

Angry words passed. Robert declared
that he would go to law; he would not be
done out of his rights; the house was his
and Jennie's.

Prove it! grimly retorted his father-in-
law. You may have your company this
afternoon, Jennie, he continued, after a
pause, but it will be your last party in
my house. I shall send for farmer
Hayes, and we shall enjoy our pipes to-
gether this evening, in the best parlor, as
we did before you were married. As
for you, Robert, you haven't provided a
home for Jennie at present; but you'll
have to do so now. There's a cottage to
let in the village, which I think will suit
you. A month to-day I shall expect you
to be clear from my house; and you need
not think I will do any more. What I
mean to give you—if I give you any-
thing at all—you'll have to wait for un-
til I'm dead. No more waiting for my
favorite tree—or selling my old cows
—or making me sit in the kitchen when
you've got fine company. I'll send for
my sister Jane, and she shall have a home
with me as long as she lives.

Jane, the sister, came to live at the
farm-house, and passed away at the ad-
vanced age of eighty-five. Mr. Johnson
lived ten years after, retaining all his
faculties to the last, and died in his nine-
ty-ninth year.

Jennie and her husband had to work
very hard in order to bring up their
large family respectably. Robert's hair was
silvery white, and Jennie's thickly streaked
with gray, and their sons and daugh