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
One and one-half inch, one insertion	0 75
Two inches, one insertion	1 00
Each additional inch, one insertion	0 50

Each continuation one-fourth of first insertion.

Special notices in local column 10 cents per line for first insertion; 5 cents per line each subsequent insertion.

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SOLE LEATHER
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Oil Tanned Larrikans a Specialty.
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GOOD PRICES PAID FOR HEMLOCK BARK. COUNTRY PRODUCE TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS. CASH PAID FOR HIDES.
W. H. A. CASEY, Proprietor.
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The People's Favorite.

My Studio has now become the favorite resort for strangers visiting the town and desiring
SOMETHING NICE
in the portrait line. I not only make portraits which are perfect likeness but my work is
ARTISTIC
in every detail and commands the universal admiration of the public.
NO PHOTOS
delivered from my establishment without
MY PERSONAL INSPECTION.
In stock large lines of American Mouldings of new designs.
Oil Paintings, Engravings, etc., etc.
The Public cordially invited when in
Moncton
to visit
Northrup's New Studio.
Aug. 16, 1888.

C. P. Curtis & Co.
Produce Commission Merchants.
16 ATLANTIC AVENUE BOSTON, MAS
Solicit consignments of all kinds of produce, such as Hay, Potatoes, Apples, Eggs, Poultry (alive or dressed,) or anything else parties wish to ship to this market on sale. Fish of all kinds in their seasons. Quick sales. Prompt returns.
CHARGES MODERATE.

1812 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: Soreness of the Muscles, etc., its effect is magical. Keep it in the house for any ails all emergencies; it will never disapoint you. Only 25c. a bottle, and you'll say its worth 5$ Sold by all druggists. DR. A. L. SLAWSON, Manufacturing Chemist, No 2 Brighton street avenue, Boston, Mass. If your druggist does not keep it get him to order it.

FREE! 16 Grand LOVE STORIES package of goods worth two dollars to manufacture, and a large 100p Picture Book, that will surely put you on the road to a handsome fortune. Write quick, and send 5c. silver, to help pay postage A. W. KINNIE, Yarmouth, N. S.

The Weekly Observer

Devoted to Literature, Education, Temperance and General Intelligence.

VOL. 5. HILLSBORO, A. CO., N. B., THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1889. NO. 5.

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

OFFICE OF CHARLES A. SNYDER, BREEDER OF CLEVELAND BAY AND TROTTING BRED HORSES. ELMWOOD, ILL., Nov. 20, 1888.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Dear Sirs: I have always purchased your Kendall's Spavin Cure by the half dozen bottles, I would like prices in larger quantity. I think it is one of the best liniments on earth. I have used it on my stables for three years.
Yours truly, CHAS. A. SNYDER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 2, 1888.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Dear Sirs: I desire to give you testimonial of my good opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for Lameness, Stiff Joints and Spavins, and I have found it a sure cure, I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.
Yours truly, A. H. GILBERT, Manager Troy Laundry Stables.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

SANT, WINTON COUNTY, OHIO, Dec. 19, 1888.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Gents: I feel it my duty to say what I have done with your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have cured twenty-five horses that had Spavins, ten of Ring Bone, nine afflicted with Big Head and seven of Big Jaw. Since I have had one of your books and followed the directions, I have never lost a case of any kind.
Yours truly, ANDREW TURNER, Horse Doctor.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All Druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors. DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.
This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall St. N. Y.

Section of Railway Between Annapolis and Digby.

Tender for the Works of Construction.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Section of Railway between Annapolis and Digby," will be received at this office up to noon on Monday, the 8th, day of April, 1889, for certain works of construction.

Plans and profiles will be open for inspection at the Office of the Chief Engineer of Government Railways at Ottawa, on and after the 28th. day of March, 1889, when the general specification and form of tender may be obtained upon application.

No tender will be entertained unless on one of the printed forms and all the conditions are complied with.

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY.
SECRETARY.
Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 9th March, 1889.

THE LIGHT RUNNING
NEW HOME
SEWING MACHINE
HAS NO EQUAL.

THE LADIES' FAVORITE.
THE ONLY SEWING MACHINE THAT GIVES
PERFECT SATISFACTION
NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO. ORANGE, MASS.
CHICAGO ILL. — 28 UNION SQUARE, N.Y. — DALLAS, TEX. — ST. LOUIS, MO. — ATLANTA, GA. — SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
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JAMES CRAWFORD,
Moncton' N. B

$50 PER MONTH

And all expenses paid. We want men, women, girls and boys in every Town, Village and Hamlet in Canada, to take hold of a light, agreeable and perfectly honorable employment. It will cost you nothing to give it a trial. Send for circular. Address,
W. H. ROBERTSON,
Peterborough Ont.

The Weekly Observer.

HILLSBORO, N. B., April 4, 1889.

Worse than Marriage.

A bachelor, old and cranky,
Was sitting alone in his room;
His toes with the gout were aching
And his face was o'erspread with gloom.

No little ones' shouts disturbed him,
From noise the house was free.
In fact, from the attic to cellar
Was quiet as quiet could be.

No medical aid was lacking;
The servant answered his ring,
Respectfully heard his orders
And supplied him with everything.

But still there was something wanting;
Something he couldn't command;
The kindly words of compassion,
The touch of a gentle hand.

And he said, as his brow grew darker,
And he rang for the hireling nurse,
"Well, marriage may be a failure,
But this is a blamed sight worse!"

We Shall Know at Last.

I think we shall know, we shall know at last,
All that was strange in the past—
Shall one day know, and shall haply see
That the sorrow and ills, that with tears
and sighs,
We vainly endeavored to flee.
Were angels who, veiled in sorrow's guise
Came to us only to bless,
Maybe we shall kneel and kiss their feet,
With grateful tears, when we shall meet
Their unveiled faces, pure and sweet,
Their eyes deep tenderness.
We shall know, perchance, had these
angels come
Like mendicants unto a kingly gate,
When we sat in joy's royal state,
We had barred them from our home,
But when in our doorway one appears
Clothed in the purple of sorrow's power,
He will enter in; no prayers or tears
Avail us in that hour.
So what we call our pains and losses
We may not always count aright;
The rough bars of our heavy crosses
May change to living light.

The Colonel's Son.

(*Concluded.*)

Thus left alone in the dark I began to think and pretty fast, too, for I was thoroughly excited.

Their scheme was evident enough—to waylay the train there and rob the express and mail cars. The express messenger always had money in his safe on the east run, and not infrequently gold bullion from the mines further west, so in case they were successful they would secure a large sum. There had been several like attempts throughout the country lately, and I felt sure that this was their object.

By taking the trainmen by surprise they might overpower them, then separating the mail and express cars from the rest of the train, run them a mile or two further east with the engine and plunder them at their leisure. This plan had been successfully carried out on another road a short time before, and there was no reason why it should not be again successful—unless, in some manner I could prevent it.

I tried to loosen my hands, but they were tied too securely—so tightly that the cords almost cut the flesh. Then I reflected that even if I were loose, I should be unable to get out and flag the train, for both freight doors were padlocked and the key was in the ticket office drawer.

About this time the door leading to the waiting room was opened and one of the roughs looked in.

'Say, young feller, are you alive yet?' he asked.

'Yes,' I responded.

'Well, we wanter to know if there's anything you've got to do with this here telegraph machine so they won't suspect nothin'—any report to make?'

This was pretty cool and for a moment I thought I might still have an opportunity to warn the despatcher, and was on the point of saying 'Yes,' when another voice cut me short.

'You let him get his claws on that machine an' he'll have 'em stop the train. Don't be a fool; come out an' shut the door.'

The door slammed and once more I was left in the dark.

I was new beginning to suffer from my constrained position and the cutting of the cords, so I began to cast about me for relief; and then suddenly I remembered a reaper blade that had been left at the station a few days ago by the express. It was loose from the board and I had placed it in a corner so that no one could be hurt by it accidentally. Accordingly I rolled over and over until my feet touched the opposite wall, and then sitting up with my back toward the corner, I felt for the blade with my hands.

To my great satisfaction I found it, got the cords across it and the teeth, and commenced to saw back and forth.

In a short time my hands were free, and then I [illegible] my feet, I then took of my shoes. This done I was able to move about without making a noise.

Still I was unable to accomplish anything for it was impossible to get out, and I was on the point of composing myself in my old position, to avoid another knock down, should the roughs look in, when a slight "phis-s," followed by a bright sparkle, attracted my attention to the south side of the room. It was the intermittent on the private line affected by the lightning—a common occurrence in all offices during thunder storms.

I stepped up to it quickly and tried the circuit. It was all right though the rain made such a noise out on the roof that I could hardly hear the sounder. It was not probable that I could get an answer from Charley at that time of night, but as my only resource it was worth trying. So I started in, making his call, "Ch."

'C-h—c h—c h' I rattled; and presently, to my surprise, the circuit opened and the response came:

'I-i—c h.'

Then I 'talked' to him,—in my excitement a great deal faster than he could take, and he interrupted me with 'slower.'

'I i,' said I, 'call your father.'

'Not home,' came the answer; all hands gone out to round up a bunch of cattle stampeded by the storm.'

'I-i—i-i—i-i,' I answered stopping to reflect. Then I went on again:

'Can you ride over to the west out and signal the train to stop?'

'Yes; what for?'

'Get a lantern and put a piece of thin red flannel around it if you can. Swing it across the track when you see the headlight and keep it up till they stop. Tell conductor that there are eight men here waiting to rob his train. Be quick about it.'

'O. K. By George!' This last by way of expressing his surprise, I suppose, and then the ticking stopped.

I now began to feel that the roughs would be foiled, though of course it all depended on Charley. But it was something that just suited his nature. I could imagine him on his pony, lantern in hand tearing across the prairie as though a band of Comanches was after him.

Meanwhile, I thought best to take my old position against the wall, to avoid any suspicion, should the robbers grow inquisitive. So I lay there and waited and waited—the time seemed fairly to drag along—until I felt certain that the train was due. But it did not come, though the movements of the roughs convinced me that I had guessed aright—it was probably a little overdue by this time and they were getting restless. Presently one of them opened the door and looked in.

'Say, operator, is that train on time?' he asked.

'Yes,' I replied, 'they were on time the last I heard them reported—about two o'clock.'

He retired again, and for about ten minutes all was still. Then above the noise of the storm a far-away whistle sounded faintly. Next there was a hurried movement in the outer room—the roughs were crowding out upon the platform.

I sprang to my feet and stood against the side of the building next the track, and by putting my ear against the boards I could hear the distant rumble of the train, now fast nearing the station. I tried to imagine where the roughs had placed themselves. Probably around the corner of the building ready to rush out, revolvers in hand.

The train was now quite near, and presently it drew up to the station with a rumble and roar and hissing of air brakes. Almost instantly I heard the command shouted, 'Hands up!' followed by the reports of four or five revolvers and the sound of scuffling on the planks, which, however, was soon ended, and then a veritable babel of voices and the noise of many feet on the platform.

I dashed out through the waiting-room to see how things had gone and soon found the conductor.

'Hello, Leith, is that you? We have prevented that robbery, this time, thanks to your warning. I borrowed half a dozen revolvers from the passengers and called for volunteers, so when we pulled in there were twelve men on the platform ready for business. We've got the robbers in the baggage car—come along and see 'em.'

They were a hard looking set of men. Two of them lay on the floor wounded, though not seriously.

About this time Charley made his appearance on his crutches, clad only in a pair of trousers and a red flannel shirt, one sleeve of which he had torn off to draw over the lantern. He was wet through, his hat was gone, and altogether he looked so forlorn, that the passengers who were profuse in their sympathy and praise, began to make up a purse for him.

After the train had left I found him in the waiting room and here we discussed the affair, and tried to think how much we should charge the express company for the use of our private line. A few days latter, more as a joke than anything else, we sent in a bill for fifty dollars, which was promptly paid, with many thanks for what they called our "prompt action."

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhœa, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.

Children's Column.

Hens.

I am a little boy 10 years old. I have been a cripple for over 6 years, and I have walked on crutches for over 5 years. I cannot do hard work but I take a great interest in hens, so I am going to write a composition about hens.

Hens are very useful creatures. They have ears on each side of their heads, a nose in their bills and two eyes above their noses. They lay eggs to make puddings and cakes, and to hatch chickens. They can fly quite a ways when a hawke is after them. They are afraid to have their heads cut off. Their feathers make pillows and beds. The flesh makes nice broth. The rooster flies at you when you kill a hen. They are quite sensitive creatures. Roosters are good fighters and sometimes men carry them around to fight, and sometimes a hawk and a rooster fight great battles. When roosters get to fighting they will kill each other if you do not part them. Every time they have a fight they will crow over it. I have 12 hens and I know every hen's cackle and every hen's egg. But anybody that calls hen's animals don't know what they are saying.

LITTLE LAME BOY.

Malden, Mass., March, 1889.

Temperance Arithmetic.

Will some of our young readers please work out the following problem and send us the answer for publication:—

If a man drinks a half pint of liquor every day, how many gallons will he drink in 50 years and how much will it amount to at 10 cents a quart?

Hold In.

Hold in your temper! Keep it under control. Like a spirited horse, it may prove a strong force to help you along when discouraged; but, like such a horse, it may become unmanageable and run away with you. Then you cannot tell what may be the result. Hold it in.

Hold in your tongue! It is a useful member, and may prove a blessing, but allowed to run wild will ruin you, and not you alone. Be careful that it never gets control of you; never allow another to control it. Do not say what you are unwilling to utter, no matter who may request, if such words be improper.

Hold in your thoughts! Evil deeds start with the thoughts. Thoughts are so quiet that we seldom suspect their power until they have gained control of us. Watch; hold them in control; and as soon as evil arises there, stop it at once. Thoughts are like horses that will run away; they must never be allowed to be without a master.—*Forward.*

"Poor Boys."

Never sit down despairingly and say, "It is impossible for me to rise in the world. I am only a poor boy. There is no chance for me." Why, my boy, it is just such as you who have risen highest, and become men whose names are known throughout the world, who thoroughly understood at the outset that their fortunes were in their own hands, and that hope, and energy, and effort were better than family influence in the world. Talents often lie disused in the hands of rich men's sons. What need of striving? they think; competence is theirs, and such men squander the fortunes they have not earned, and those that began in luxury often end in beggary.

Despair because you are poor! Why, that is the very reason that should bid you hope. The biographies of most great men, of most successful men, of most rich men, will tell you that, if you will but read them.—*Ex*

A Very Considerate Man.

A minister from the interior of this State engaged rooms at the Oriel Hotel the other night, and was probably told about the folding bed in a casual way, but probably also he was absent-minded and forgot all about it. He went away after dinner to attend a ministers' meeting, and did not return to the hotel till long after midnight.

"Oh, dear!" he said, looking about, "they have forgotten to put a bed in my room; but they are probably all abed long ago, and it would be too bad to disturb them now, so I will write on my next Sunday's sermon until morning."

He did so, though, on trying to open what seemed to be a desk, he could not find a keyhole, and muttered. "They've even locked the desk so I can't get into it," wrote on the cold marble topped table until morning.

Early in the morning he punched the electric bell, and said to the waiter who answered the summons:

"Ask them to have a bed put in my room, please, as I am very tired, having been obliged to sit up all night because of their forgetfulness."

He was considerably amazed when told that the desk he had tried to unlock was a new bed, with matress, springs and everything else requisite inside; and when the story leaked out in the Oriel there was but one straight face in the house, and that was the minister's.—*San Francisco Call.*

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.

Danger.

Write it on the liquor store,
Write it on the prison door,
Write it on the gin shop flue,
Write, ay write this truthful line:
"Where there's drink, there's danger."

Write it on the work house gate,
Write it on the school boy's slate,
Write it on the copy-book,
That the young may at it look:
"Where there's drink, there's danger."

Write it on the graveyard mound,
Where the drink-slain dead are found,
Write it on the gallows high,
Write it for all passers-by:
"Where there's drink, there's danger."

Write it underneath your feet,
Up and down the busy street;
Write it for the great and small,
In the mansion, cot and hall:
"Where there's drink, there's danger."

Write it on our ships which sail,
Borne along by steam and gale;
Write it in large letters plain,
O'er our land and past the main:
"Where there's drink, there's danger."

Write it in the christian home;
Sixty thousand drunkards roam,
Year by year, from God and right,
Proving, with resistless might:
"Where there's drink, there's danger."

Write it in the nation's laws,
Trampling out the license cause;
Write it on each ballot white,
Politicians, read it right:
"Where there's drink there's danger."

—*The Amendment.*

Beware of Saloons.

The Rev. Charles Goss of Chicago, said in a recent sermon: "One single saloon in a town of 3,000 people is more to be dreaded than all the thieves and gamblers in the state. In five years it will break up twenty families, cause at least three suicides and result in at least fifty infractions of the law. The tears cannot be counted nor the heart-aches numbered. God alone knows them.'

Charity in Speech—A Recipe.

The best recipe for charity of judgment is a tablespoonful of the study of heredity, to be taken three times daily, alternating with an equal quantity of the stud of environment, and a double dose of each to be simultaneously administered after speaking in an uncharitable manner, previous to which the mouth should be thoroughly rinsed with a cup of cold water, taken in the name of a disciple.

If this prescription is carefully followed, it will usually effect a cure, but, should it fail, a plaster of humility and an inhaler supplied with the essence of self-examination is warranted to complete the desired work.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

Pledge the Children.

Do we wish the next generation of our land to be a *sober* generation? If so, let us pledge the children.

Do we wish to save $30,000,000 of our hard earned money, which is now being annually expended in drink in our Dominion (worse than thrown away,) and have it flow in useful channels of trade and commerce? If so, let us pledge the children.

Do we wish to empty our jails and dungeons, our poor-houses and asylums, our prisons and penitentiaries! If so, let us pledge the children.

Do we wish to remove the greatest barrier to the progress of our educational institutions and the Church of Christ? If so, let us pledge the children.

Do we wish to supplant want and woe, domestic and social discord and pollution, with peace and plenty, comfortable, virtuous, and happy homes? If so, let us pledge the children.

Do we wish to save thousands of the rising generation, and generations yet unborn, from the drunkard's grave, and the drunkard's hell? If so, let us pledge the children.—*Ex.*

Can Whiskey Talk?

"Mr. Jones" said little Johnny to that gentleman, who was making an afternoon call, "can whiskey talk?" "No, my child. How can you ask such a question?" "Oh, nothing only Ma said whiskey was beginning to tell on you."

Strong drink is sure to tell on a man. It tells on his body. Joseph Cook, in one of his lectures, says: "Forbes Winslow, the celebrated English physician for the insane, once told a committee of Parliament that he could dip out of the brain of any habitual drunkard a fluid so full of alcohol that, when put in a spoon and a lamp placed beneath it, the liquid would burn with a blue flame. The blue flame which Forbes Winslow kindled shows the affinity of alcohol for the brain, and should be kept burning as a pillar of fire before tempted men." A patient said once to a physician, "Doctor, I must have some kind of a stimulant. I am cold, and alcohol warms me." "Precisely," answered the doctor. "See here. This stick is cold (taking up a stick of wood from the box beside the hearth and tossing it into the fire.) Now it is warm. But is the stick benefited? Of course not. It is burning itself. And so it is with you when you warm yourself with alcohol.

How She got the Answer

A little girl who had just entered school yesterday jubilantly announced to her father that she turned down all the girls above her in the arithmetic class and went head.

That was smart in you, said he, encouragingly. How was it?

Well, you see, Miss Maggie asked the girl at the head how much was 8 and 5, and she didn't know, and said 12; then the next girl said 9, and the next said 11, and the next one said 14. Such silly answers! Then Miss Maggie asked me and I said 13, and Miss Maggie told me to go up head. Course it was 13.

That was nice, said the father. I didn't think you could do so well. How did you know it was 13?

Why, I guessed it; nobody said 13.
—*Nashville American.*

Electric Power in the Gazette Office.

So far as we are informed, the Amherst *Gazette* office is the first printing house in Canada to adopt the electric power. The proprietor has had constructed a dynamo of two-horse power, by our young and skillful electricians, Messrs. Bliss and Casey. Though it occupies a space of only two feet square, it requires but the moving of a lever to start it at any moment and furnish the power for driving a large newspaper press, and a half-medium and an eighth jobber, all together. It also finely lights the editorial and printing rooms. The power is derived from the Amherst Electric Light station at night, and by means of a storage battery is stored at night for use in the day. By its use our printing facilities are greatly increased.—*Amherst Gazette.*

The Queerness of Things.

This is a sort of topsy turvy world. No one seems to be satisfied. One man is struggling to get justice and an other is flying from it.

One man is saving up to buy a house, and another is trying to sell his dwelling for less than it cost, to get rid of it.

One man is spending all the money he can earn in taking a girl to the theatre and sending her flowers, in the hope that he may eventually make her his wife, and his neighbor is spending all the gold he has saved to get a divorce.

Smith is drinking imported ale to put flesh on, while Johnson is living on crackers and walking ten miles a day to reduce his avoirdupois.

The laborer with ten children keeps out of debt on ten dollars a week while many an unmarried bank official with a hundred dollars a week can't get along without helping himself to the bank funds.

Robinson takes sherry to give him an appetite, while Brown, who has a wine cellar, can't touch a drop of it on account of his apopletic tendencies. The doctor tells Merril that if he doesn't stop work and take a rest he will go into decline, and then tells Blakely that if he does not abandon his sedentary position and go off somewhere and work on a farm he will die of torpidity of the liver.

One man is ordered to eat eggs because they are nutritious, and another is cautioned to leave them alone because they produce bile.

One man keeps a pistol to protect himself from burglars, while his neighbor doesn't keep one for fear of shooting some member of his family by mistake.

You will sometimes see a man planting trees about his place for the shade and, at the same time, you will see another cutting down all the trees about his house because they produce too much moisture.

One rich man wears poor clothes because he is rich and can do anything, while a poor man wears fine clothes because he is poor and wants to create the impression that he is not.

One man is killed by an accident, and another tries to commit suicide and fails.

One man escapes all the diseases flesh is heir to and is killed on a railroad; another man goes through a half dozen wars without a scratch and then dies of whooping-cough.

The prize fighter reforms and becomes a preacher, while the theological student leaves his university to become a professional base ball pitcher.

The man who can make twenty thousand dollars a year as a general thing can't save a cent, while a man who is thrifty and wise is seldom so gifted that he can earn anything at all.

Good people die and bad people live. The man who is fat with health can't get employment and the man who is making money hand-over fist has to give up business on account of his ill health.

Linguists are keeping peanut stands, and monkeys are writing for newspapers. In a railroad collision the dancing master generally loses his feet, and the mathematician his head.

The pugilist breaks his wrist, and the opera singer contracts throat trouble.

The man with a colossal fortune is usually obliged to adopt an heir, while the man without a cent generally has a sufficient number of heirs to satisfy half a dozen capitalists.—*Puck.*

"Used Up,"

"Tired Out," "No Energy," and similar expressions, whenever heard, indicate a lack of vital force, which, if not remedied in time, may lead to complete physical and nervous prostration. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine to vitalize the blood, build up the tissues, and make the weak strong.

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Sheriff's Sale

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

ALL the right, title, and interest, property, claim and demand, of Warren Oliver, his possessory right, and right of entry, both at law and in equity, of, in, and to all those certain lots of land said premises, situate in the parishes of Hopewell and Harvey in the said County of Albert, described as follows, viz; All those lots of land and premises, taken by the said Warren Oliver, for the construction of the Albert Southern Railway, lying on the North side of the Shepody River and upon which the road bed of said Railway was built and afterwards abandoned, and comprising a strip or portion of land about four rods wide across each of the following persons lands, and bounded by each of the said persons lands respectively, viz: The lands of William Kinnie, H. D. Cleveland, Edward Cleveland, William H. Newcomb, John C. Calhoun 2nd, Thomas Calhoun, Benjamin Smith, James A. Smith, James McGorman senior, Samuel J. Calhoun, John C. Calhoun 1st, Hiram Smith and William M. Calhoun.

Also all other lands and premises within my bailiwick in which the said Warren Oliver has an interest, where ever situated and however described.

The same having been seized under and by virtue of an execution issued out of the Supreme Court, at the suit of William Kinnie et al against the said Warren Oliver.

ASAEL WELLS, SHERIFF.
Dated Sheriff's Office, Hopewell, January 19th A. D. 1889.

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ALBERT RAILWAY.

NOTICE.

On and after this day, Monday, May 7, 1888, the train will leave Harvey at 5.15; Albert, 5.30; The Hill, 5.42; Hillsboro, 7.05; to arrive at Salisbury 8.40 to connect with No. 3 I. C. Ry. train from Shediac.

Returning for Harvey, leave Salisbury 10.45; to arrive at Hillsboro 12.30; leave Hillsboro 13; The Hill, 14.25; Albert, 14.35; to arrive at Harvey 14.45 o'clock.

J. GILLIS JONES,
Manager.
Hillsboro, May 7th, 1888.

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