The Weekly Observer

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

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

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

Special arrangements made with parties wishing to occupy more than half a column space. Liberal terms made with yearly advertisers.

In order to insure insertion, advertisements should be in the office not later than Tuesday Morning.

The attention of subscribers is directed to the following

LEGAL DECISIONS IN NEWSPAPER CASES.

1—Any person who takes a paper regularly from the post-office—whether directed to his name or another's or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for payment.

2—If a person orders his paper discontinued he must pay up all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3—The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the Post-Office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

PATENTS

Caveats and Trade Marks obtained and all Patent Business conducted for *MODERATE FEES.*

OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE. We have no subagencies. All business direct, hence can transact patent business in less time and at *LESS COST* than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing or photo, with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A book, "How to Obtain Patents, with references to actual clients in State, county or town, sent free. Address

C. A. SNOW & CO.
Opposite Patent Office, Washington D. C.

INSURANCE.

Fire & Life Insurance Agency

GOOD RISKS SOLICITED FOR

The Lancashire Fire Insurance Company.

The Liverpool, London & Globe Fire Insurance Company.

The Standard Life Insurance 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 manufactured 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 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.

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. Keepit in the house for any ants all emergencies; it willnever disappoint 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.

MEN

Our Specific No. 23 permanently restores EXHAUSTED VITALITY, LOST MANHOOD and GENERAL DEBILITY when other treatment fails. Send 6 cents in stamps for our TREATISE and DIRECTIONS for home cure. TORONTO MEDICINE CO., 343 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont.

C. A. Curtis & Co.

Produce Commission Merchants.

16 ATLANTIC AVENUE BOSTON, MASS.

Solicit consignments of all kinds of produce, such as Hay, Potatoes, Apples, Eggs, Poultry (live or dressed,) or anything else you wish to ship to the market on which we wish of all kinds in their seasons. Stencils furnished. Prompt returns.

CHARGES MODERATE.

Correspondence promptly answered and price lists furnished when desired.

Classified Index.

OUR YOUTH'S FRIEND.

—o—

An Illustrated Literary Journal for BOYS and GIRLS.

16 Pages Monthly. Published at Cleveland, Ohio.

It contains departments of

Stories; Social Etiquette; Temperance; 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 experience 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 subscribe.

NO TRAVELLERS!

Patronize the New Moncton

Livery Stable.

We have taken the stable lately occupied by F. N. Steeves, 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 traveller's teams.

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, Fancy China-Ware, Fancy 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.

HARDING E. GRAVES. J. CLARK FOSTER

GRAVES & FOSTER.

HARVEY,

ALBERT CO. ..... N. B.

GENERAL STORE

—AND—

Commission Merchants.

—DEALERS IN—

Flour, Dry Goods, and Groceries, Coal, Wood, and Stoves.

☞ Special attention given to shipment Hay, Potatoes, Pilings, 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.

The Devil's Fiddle.

We have for the Boys an instrument that will make the most noise, and the worst that was ever invented. It is useless to attempt a description of its wonderful powers. Child takes Fiddle, drive every body out of the house in less time than you ever heard of. Sent to any address on receipt of 15 cents. Address A. W. KINNEY, P. O. Stamps taken, but silver preferred. Mention this Paper, and address ... Yarmouth, N. S.

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,

MONCTON ....

☞ Special attention given to Women and Children.

FREE! 16 GREAT 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.

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

A Thought.

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

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

One leaflet
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 leaflet,
Like my hope that died—
Sadly 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 mists you meet, nor waves high dashing,
Nor rocks you pass so near, while you endure:
But gird your belt and steer your craft along,
By truthful chart and faithful compass led!
The voyage o'er, you'll rest in peace at last,
On waters calm, with stormless skies o'erhead.
Watch, friends, watch!

Work, friends, work! The idler's work is never done;
The faithful rest, while he has just begun.
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 fully done,
Your God your guide, your hope his spotless Son.
Work, friends, work!

Wait, friends, wait! Be sure you're right, then sail ahead;
Impatient zeal 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 toil 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 ransomed rest.
Wait, friends, wait!

GENERAL H. B. CARRINGTON.

Ingratitude Revenged.

"You've got a neat little spot here, remarked 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 encased 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 vegetables; 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 clay 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 lacked that acute, intellectual expression which is so often stamped upon the visage of a middle-age 'townman.' 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 cut by keen, sharp sorrow. He smoked silently for a few moments, and then replied to his friend's remark:

You're right; this is a neat little spot. But I'll tell you what I've been a-thinking on, Hayes. You know my Jennie's agoin' 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 a-thinkin', that, soon 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 lawyers won't have a pickin' out o' my bit 'o property. I shall live here, and be master just the same. What do you say to that, friend Hayes?

The old man put a hand on each knee, and leaned into the other's face, with a look of satisfaction which said, Don't you think it's a very brilliant idea?

His friend took the pipe out of his mouth, and shook his head dubiously; then replaced it between his lips, and gazed steadily before him for an instant ere he answered; then he said, slowly 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 hundreds of years ago. Well, I went, and the sight o' 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 as how he was the kindest, noblest, and best father that ever lived—or words summat like them.

The next said about the same, only a great deal more; but I thought both on '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 niicest looking of all the lot. The king was huffed 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 them spirited-looking creatures' hands. But he did it, and he rued 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 went nearly crazed. I almost forget how it ended; but I think thay 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 Jane 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 purpling sky, and the evening star glimmered 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 husband.

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 understanding that Mr. Johnson was to reside with them.

All went well for a time. Then gradually there came a change over the serene 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! said Jennie one morning about six months after the wedding.

The old man stared in great surprise.

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 exclaimed, checking herself in confusion. The room is very clean, and there is really a beautiful view from the window and a good feather bed.

Martin is very particular; she has such a grand home that we cannot put her anywhere.

Mr. Johnson laid aside his long pipe, 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. Johnson 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 astonishment.

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 discovered 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 twined the porch and been full of bloom all summer, lay across the garden path, cut into a number of pieces, and an attempt 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, complacently.

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 Bettie.

Yes. I'll send, replied the young wife.

What's the matter with the cow? inquired 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; it don't come up to our neighbors'.

But I wont 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 Bettie 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 favorite cow driven by a stranger.

Here's a letter from my sister Jane, remarked Mr. Johnson, one afternoon, to his daughter. Poor thing! her husband has been dead only two months. The bailiffs have sold her furniture; she is destitute, and is staying with a neighbor for a few days, and then she don't know where to go to. Poor Jane! mused 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 broke her heart. Then her son grew up to be a fine man, and was a-goin' to be married in a week. But one morning he tried to stop a horse and wagon that was a-running away, when the horse threw him down, the wheel went over his head, and he died on the spot. And now her husband's gone, and she's left alone. Poor Jane!

Hasn't she any money to live upon? inquired Jennie.

No; and I've been a-thinking we'd better have her here. She can't starve.

Have her here! repeated his daughter, in astonishment. What can you be thinking about, father? There's plenty of us to keep already.

She broke her cotton with a jerk, and threaded her needle 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 feet on the fender, and gazed over his gold-rimmed spectacles into the blazing fire. I've been a-thinking, my dear, he resumed, 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 scared, white face.

Yes; I'm sure there's an error. It would't be pleasant for you, if the property was thrown into chancery, 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 returned with the precious paper.

The old man took it in his hand, 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 forward, attemped 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 inquired. Father, what have you been doing to her?

The young man confronted Mr. Johnson, 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 dictate 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 turned out.

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

An hysterical fit of weeping checked her utterance.

What do you mean? queried her husband, with a white face, and a touch of fear in his tone.

Father's burnt it!

Father is master of his own house, and will have you turned out if you don't behave yourself! returned 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 together 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 anything at all—you'll have to wait for until I'm dead. No more cutting down my favourite trees—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 advanced age of eighty-six. Mr. Johnson lived ten years after, retaining all his faculties to the last, and died in his ninety-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 daughters were men and women, when the formerly ungrateful couple were again allowed to take possession of the old farm-house.

God Bless Our Canada.

The Timely Sermon of Rev. James Carruthers at Charlottetown.

In Charlottetown, on Thanksgiving day the Rev. James Carruthers, pastor of St. James Presbyterian church, said:

Connected as we are with the Mother land, many of us fail to see that there is growing up here a great nation—in territory, 600,000 square miles larger than the United States, in moral worth surpassed by no other nation. I for one have no desire to see the link that binds us to the Motherland severed. But I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that in a short time there will be a nation here the equal of any. High[illegible] higher is she rising, [illegible] to her the best, the hard[illegible] the old land; her great railways and steamboats drawing nearer to her than ever the east and the west. In view of this, we should cultivate national sentiment. An enthusiastic love of country is one of the most powerful factors in moulding the destiny of any people. No nation, ancient or modern, has ever attained greatness without it. No land to the Briton, can excel his own native isle. The same may be said of Germany, France, and any other country, that national sentiment draws the people closer and closer together. The danger that threatens us is sectional pride. Every loyal Canadian must feel that the worst tendency of our national life is that indicated by the setting up of Province against Province. It was this that wrought so disastrously with the United States. A solid North and a solid South made secession possible, and a bloody war inevitable. In olden times it was a solid Israel and a solid Judah that weakened the nation, and made them the prey to surrounding nations. The questions on the Pacific Coast, the North-west Territories, in Ontario, Quebec, and the Lower Provinces should be the questions with us. It is here and on such occasions as this that true national sentiment can be cultivated. The religion of Christ, uniting as it does all hearts in one,—here that spirit is cultivated, which, when the hour of trial comes, crushes forever all the narrowness of local jealousies and helps every loyal soul to lift up his voice and say, "God bless our Canada." Cultivate this sentiment. Draw closer to you the land of your adoption, or the land of your birth. Frown down the man who knows no love of country. There are few things this country can do without, but it has no use for the man, be he Whig or Tory, who has no good word to say of his country, and is forever praising some other land. On the verge of nationhood we stand. Pray God that he may help us love our country and hold her honor ever dear."—*Gazette.*

Barns Burned.

22 Head of Cattle and 2 Horses Cremated.

Tuesday night last all the outbuildings on the fine farm of Mr. James G. McCallum, about ten miles from the city, on the Brackley Point Road, were destroyed by fire. In the outbuildings were some twenty-two head of cattle, an All Right mare with Hernando colt, this season's crop and much of last season's, agricultural implements, etc., all of which were destroyed. The dwelling house was saved with much difficulty. The fire started between ten and eleven o'clock, while the family were slumbering. The roaring of the cattle as they were being cremated awoke the sleepers, but when they got outside it was too late to save any of the stock or the buildings. The mare broke loose and rushed out of the stable, but before she could be captured became alarmed and rushed back into the blazing building and was soon burnt to death. There is nothing definite known as to the origin of the fire. Mr. McCallum's loss is estimated at about $3000. The buildings were insured for $600. McCallum has the sympathy of all who know him.—*Charlottetown Examiner.*

St. Lawrence Canals.

GALOPS DIVISION.

NOTICE to CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for St. Lawrence Canals," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on *Tuesday, the 30th day of October instant.* for the construction of two locks and the deepening and enlargement of the upper entrance of the Galops Canal.

A map of the locality, together with plans and specifications, will be ready for examination at this office and at the Lock-Keepers house, Galops, on and after *Tuesdy, the 16th day of October instant*, where forms of tender may be obtained by Contractors on personal application.

In the case of firms there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same, and further, a *bank deposit receipt* for the sum of $6,000 must accompany the tender for the works.

The respective *deposit receipts*—cheques will not be accepted—must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted. The deposit receipts thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order.
A. P. BRADLEY,
SECRETARY.

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 11th October, 1888.

Itching Piles.

SYMPTOMS.—Moisture; intense itching and stinging, most at night, worse by scratching. If allowed to continues tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in[illegible] removes the tumors [illegible] cautious in curing [illegible] SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT [illegible] obtained of druggists. Sent [illegible] 50 cents.

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.

THE WEEKLY EMPIRE

Canada's Leading Paper.

THREE MONTHS FREE

THE EMPIRE, since its establishment has met with unprecedented success, and already stands in the proud position of Canada's Leading Journal, but in order to place the WEEKLY EDITION in the hands of every farmer in the Dominion this fall, the publishers have determined to give the Weekly

Three Months Free

to every subscriber paying for one year in advance before 1st of January, 1889.

FIFTEEN MONTHS FOR $1.

Now is the time to subscribe.

Address THE EMPIRE, Toronto.

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 MONDAY, the fourth day of FEBRUARY next, A. D. 1889, between the hours of TWELVE o'clock noon and FIVE o'clock in the afternoon:

ALL the right, title and interest of the defendants the Albert Railway Company, acquired in any and all manner whatever of, in, and to all and singular the continuous Railway and right of way over which the same is built and constructed, and completed in accordance with the location heretofore made situate in the Province of New Brunswick in the Dominion of Canada and extending near the present line of Railway leading from the city of Saint John to Moncton, to Shepody Bay or River a distance of forty-five miles, together with all Railway ways right of way, sidings, tracks, depots, depot grounds, station houses and grounds, shops, engine houses, freight houses, wood and water houses, or tanks, and all buildings, held and acquired and constructed for use in connection with the said line of Railway or the business thereof, and all land or ground on which the same may stand or be connected with, and also all locomotives, engines, cars, tenders and all other equipments, and all the rolling stock and all machinery, tools, implements, fuel, and materials for the constructing, repairing, operating and maintaining or replacing said line of Railway, or any branches thereof, or its appurtenances or any part of the same between the terminal points aforesaid; and also all the property, rights, liberties, franchises, privileges, easements, buildings, appurtenances, and equipments of the said line of Railway between said terminal points, and all other rights, property and things of whatever name or nature necessary to build, continue, hold and operate the said line of Railway of the the said Defendants the Albert Railway Company: and also all the lands and real estate of the said the Albert Railway Company, wheresoever situated or howsoever described within my bailiwick.

The same having been seized under and by virtue of an Execution issued out of the Supreme Court, and several Executions issued out of the County Court of Albert against the said the Albert Railway Company.

ASAEL WELLS,
SHERIFF.

Dated Sheriff's Office Hopewell, October 29, 1888.

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 THURSDAY, the twenty first day of FEBRUARY next, A. D. 1889 between the hours of Twelve o'clock, noon, and Five o'clock in the afternoon:

ALL the right, title and interest, property, claim and demand that Newton Jonah has, or had on the nineteenth day of April A. D. 1887, his possessory right, and right of entry, both at law and in equity, of, in, and to, all that certain lot of land and premises, situate in the Parish of Elgin, and bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a stake standing on the East side of the road leading from Elgin Corner to Mechanic's Settlement seven feet from George Killam's North line, running East fifteen rods parallel to the said line to a stake and keeping the same distance of seven feet from said line; thence North eight rods to a stake; thence West fifteen rods to a stake; thence South along said road to the place of beginning, containing three fourths of an acre more or less, and being the same and premises at one time owned by one George Hooper. The same having been [illegible] by virtue of an Execution issued out of the County Court [illegible] of the said George H. White [illegible] the said [illegible]

Dated [illegible]
November [illegible]