The Weekly Observer

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

VOL. 4. HILLSBORO, ALBERT COUNTY, N. B., THURSDAY, JANUARY 10, 1889. NO. 45.

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.

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Aug. 16, 1888.

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and the Famous Family Weekly,
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HILLSBORO, A. Co., N. B.

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 SATURDAY, the twenty-ninth day of DECEMBER next, 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 the heirs of the late William Wilson, M. D., has, or had in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty two, their possessory right, and right of entry, both at law and in equity, of, in and to, the Eastern undivided half of that certain piece or parcel of land and premises, situate in Caledonia in the parish of Hillsboro, County of Albert aforesaid, and bounded as follows: On the North by lands of George Baizley; on the East by lands of Josiah McBeath; on the South by the Caledonia road (so called) and on the West by the David Tingley road (so called), the said Eastern half of the above described lot, containing fifty acres more or less.

The same having been seized and taken under and by virtue of a warrant issued by the Secretary of the Municipality of the County of Albert, against the said estate for default in the payment of the assessed taxes against it for the year A. D., 1882.

ASAEL WELLS,
SHERIFF.

Dated Sheriff's Office, Hopewell, November 26th, A. D. 1888.

POSTPONED.—The above sale has been postponed until Saturday the 26th, day of January next, then to take place at same place and between same hours as above mentioned.

ASAEL WELLS,
SHERIFF.

Dated Sheriff's Office, Hopewell, A. Co., Dec. 29th., 1888.

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Canada's Leading Paper.
THREE MONTHS FREE
THE EMPIRE, since its enlargement has met with unprecedented success, and thoroughly stands in the proud position of Canada's Leading Journal, but in order to place the WEEKLY EMPIRE 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.

The Weekly Observer.

HILLSBORO, N. B., Jan. 10, 1888.

In Memory.

In Memory
Of all the noble deeds we meant to do,
While our young life throbbed like a triumph song;
When in that long lost childhood, pure and true,
We knew no wrong.

In Memory
Of sweet, pale buds that never came to flower,
Of wild flowers trodden down by careless feet;
Of starry blooms that withered ere the shower
Fell cool and sweet

Of all things beautiful our eyes have missed;
Moonlight on summer seas, the sunset's glow,
The first pink flush when Dawn the mountain kissed
And gilt the snow.

Of Love that left an ever present pain,
Of dear dead folded-hands, and sweet closed eyes—
Remembering Love will give them back again

In Paradise.

The Sin of Omission.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone
Which gives you a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun;
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flowers you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

The stone you might have lifted
Out of the brother's way,
The bit of hearthstone counsel
You were hurried too much to say.
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle and winsome tone
That you had no time or thought for,
With troubles enough of your own.

These little acts of kindness
So easily out of mind,
These chances to be angels
Which even mortals find—
They come right in and silence,
Each child reproachful wraith,
When hope is faint and flagging,
And a blight has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great,
To suffer our slow compassion
That tarries until too late.
And it's not the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you the bitter heartache
At the setting of the sun.

Winning a Pardon.

By Hero Strong.

"I know no more of my daughter! I have no daughter!

Old Squire Edmunds drew himself up proudly, and closed his mouth in a way that seemed to say that it was useless to press the matter. His mind was made up. And those who were acquainted with his inflexible nature knew that it was little use to attempt to change him when once his mind was fixed.

But the gentle old maid who had undertaken to plead George Moreland's case was not daunted by the father's stern face.

Georgie is ill, and she pines for your forgiveness. She has suffered much, and through it all she has always thought kindly of you notwithstanding the unfeeling conduct you have manifested towards her. Squire Edmunds, I warn you, now, that there is a time coming when you will wish you had been merciful! How can you expect to be forgiven unless you forgive others? How can you expect that in the day of judgment God will blot out your iniquities, when you have refused to forgive the child who disobeyed you because her heart went from her and placed into the keeping of an honest man even though he was a poor one.

The squire never flinched before the stern, accusing voice of the grave-faced woman. He knew that few persons would have the courage to speak to him as she had done, and he respected her for it. A man who had come to him in this way he would have kicked out of doors without ceremony.

She disobeyed me wilfully. She knew the penalty. She has made her bed—so let her lie upon it. She is no child of mine! I have but one child! and his hand sought the curly head of a little boy, four or five years of age, who had crept to his side and was looking up into his stern face, with his blue eyes full of wonder.

But think a moment. She loved Harry Moreland.

She loved beneath her. He was a vagabond mechanic, and the son of a washerwoman!

He was no vagabond, returned Miss Coombs warmly. He was an honest, industrious young man. He would not have stopped a fellow-being out of a penny. If he was a washer-woman's son he was none the worse for it, and Mrs. Moreland was as respectable a woman as there was in Quintville.

Miss Coombs, I respect you, but I hate and detest the man of whom you speak so favorably. And as for Georgie—I hope never to see her face again. And may Heaven curse me if I ever forgive her! I forget the wrong she has done me.

May God, who is good and merciful, help you to see things aright, said Miss Coombs, reverently, and spare your life until you repent of your injustice toward your own flesh and blood.

I have told you I have but one child. And even that may be taken from you. The God whom you defy may take Oscar away from the baneful influence you exert over him, and leave you like a lone tree stripped of all its branches.

Hush! I cannot bear it! Oscar! Oh, Heaven, it would kill me to part with him! and the stern old man drew the boy into his arms and pressed the golden head to his bosom.

Mary Coombs rose and went away. She felt how useless it was to plead with this relentless man, and a dead silence hears, yet prayerful that he might change his purpose, she rested the case in the hands of a power higher than herself.

It was the old story over again. Georgie Edmunds had been the belle of Quintville, and the pride of her happy father's heart. He doted upon her, and was never happy when she was out of his sight. Neither pains nor expense was spared to make her accomplished beyond the majority of young ladies, and at twenty, a fairer or more graceful young creature never breathed.

She fell in love with Harry Moreland. Of course it was a dreadful absurdity in her; you and I, reader, acknowledge that. We know that love does not amount to much when love of silks, and satins, and diamonds are really what constitute happiness. Nobody could be happy unless all these charming things were at command, and everybody knows that love is an old-fashioned out-of-date sentiment with which no one with the slightest pretentions to style has anything to do.

What is love? Behaw! A mere vagary of sentimental, moon-struck youths, and under the existing state of things I cannot understand how the majority of people are going to be happy in heaven, supposing they reach there, since its atmosphere is love, instead of greenbacks.

Georgie's husband was a noble fellow and they were very happy in spite of everything. He worked hard, and was happy in doing so; because he worked for Georgie who had sacrificed everything for him.

Squire Edmunds had disowned her on the day of her marriage, had shut his doors in her face when she came to ask his pardon for what she had done; and from that time forth all his hopes and affections centered on little Oscar. This child had been born to his old age, and had cost the life of his dearly beloved wife, and perhaps this melancholy fact made the boy even more precious to the heart of his father.

For two years Georgie and her husband were happy and comfortable. Then the dark days came. Harry was injured by a fall from a building on which he was at work, and a long illness followed. Their slender means, were exhausted and Georgia took in sewing and copying—yes even washing—to earn the means with which to buy bread. She was too proud to go to her father for assistance, even if she had not known that it would be refused; and so through the long cold winter she struggled on, living often without food enough to stay the cravings of hunger.

Just as Harry got able to work again she was taken down with a low fever, and from this she was just recovering when kind-hearted Miss Coombs planned to get information of the situation of things.

She went to the squire and stated the case fairly—though without the knowledge of either Georgia or her husband—and the reader knows the result.

If Squire Edmunds ever had a relenting thought towards his daughter no one knew it. He kept his own secrets most determinedly. If there was any tenderness in his heart it flowed for Oscar alone. His attachment to this boy was something almost pitiful to witness, since it gave one the impression that, deprived of the child earth would loose all interest for the old man.

He seldom permitted little Oscar out of his sight. By night the child slept in a cot by the head of his father and by day he was his constant companion. If he complained of illness the whole house was in instant turmoil and all the physicians in the region were summoned with speed.

The only wonder was that the child had not died long before; for it is usually the case that children who are of use to anybody take their departure early, while those for whom nobody cares live to grow up and flourish like weeds. A strange world this! a very strange world! and few of us understand the working of its complicated machinery. But it is quite as well; probably better.

A week after Miss Coombs interview with the squire that gentleman fancied that a sea bath would do Oscar good. The child had looked a little sallow lately, and so the father decided on taking him to Cohasset.

It was a fine morning for a little journey, and the squire was in extra spirits. So was Oscar. He drove down in his carriage and at the depot the squire met an old classmate whom he had not seen for years and naturally the greeting was most cordial. Oscar had established himself on a settee with a paper of bonbons and the squire, never thinking of the child leaving the place, stood on the platform talking with his friend.

Suddenly the sharp whistle of the train was heard, and the squire turned hastily to look for his boy. He was not there where he had left him. And simultaneously with this discovery the squire heard in quick succession three, yes, four, screams of the locomotive, and knew that there was something on the track.

Like lightning he flew to the door, looked down the line. And there just in front of a huge steam monster his hands extended and his gold hair floating on the breeze, was his idolized little Oscar!

The engineer was making frantic efforts to stop the train, but all who looked on knew how vain was the attempt.

With a wild, despairing cry the poor old man fell back against his friend, and, faint and dizzy, closed his eyes upon what was to come.

A wild shout of triumph broke from the startled crowd, as a man leaped down the steep bank just in front of the train, and seizing the child just as the last hope of life was at an end, cleared the track with it, and fell helpless on a rock on the opposite side.

A score of people ran to lift him up, for he was bruised and bleeding, and his strong right arm which had been around the child, was broken in two places.

But Oscar was unhurt.

Saved! saved! was the cry which went out on the air, and reached the ears of the squire.

Heaven be thanked! cried he. Bring the man here, and let him name his own reward. It shall be given though, it makes me a beggar.

His child was in his arms now, the soft bright hair pressed against the father's cheek.

At man dood, said little Oscar, he take me ite away when the thing that was all afire was doing to eat me up. I love him.

Holding his boy, squire Edmunds made his way through the crowd that had gathered around the intrepid rescuer, and looked on the pallid face. He knew him instantly. It was Harry Moreland, Georgie's husband! The man whom he had cursed many a time in his soul.

There was a firey struggle in the heart of the proud old man, but it was over quickly. His face cleared, he strode forward, and grasped Morcland's hand.

My son, said he, come to my house, henceforth it is your house. And carrying Oscar on his arm he led the young man to his carriage and put him inside. Then a loud cheer broke from the enthusiastic by-standers, and the carriage drove away.

Harry was taken to the squire's house, and laid in the great guest chamber, and while the physician attended to his injuries, the squire himself drove over to Moreland's poor home for Georgie.

What passed between father and daughter I do not know, but when the squire returned, Georgie was with him, and his arm was around her waist, and she was weeping happy tears on his shoulder.

Weeks and months elapsed before Harry Moreland was able to go about again, but the most devoted care and attention were his, and no father could be more tender of a son than was the squire of the "vagaband mechanic."

ENGLISH DAIRY METHODS.

The Co-operative Principle in the Production of Butter.

Comparison of the Farm-house System and the Factory System—The English Dairy-maid—A Polite Suggestion to Canadian Farm Girls.

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LETTER NO. VI.

In the fact of changes in the conditions of British agriculture, referred to in a former letter, are found new problems to vex the British farmer. One of these problems, though a minor one, is a troublesome one. It is the difficulty of

FINDING GOOD DAIRYMAIDS.

One speaker at the Conference argued that this problem, simple as it may appear, actually prevented farmers making butter at all. Another speaker "advertised for a nursery governess and had twenty applications, and for a dairymaid, had only one!" What a pity, say we all, that the pineteen unsuccessful applicants for the nursery do not learn to handle the churn as well as the milk bottle, and so increase their fitness for a home, as well as chance for employment. Punch has touched upon this question:—Scene, a farmer's daughter playing a bland accompaniment for her brother singing. Pausing, she says: "Do you know, Jack, mamma says I must help in the dairy; she helped when she was a girl. I told her I would rather go out as a governess."

As to dairymaids, they seemed to be almost as extinct as the dodo. Those to be obtained did not sufficiently know what ought to be their work," so remarked one disgusted farmer at the conference. Another insisted that the sooner they trained up good dairymaids the sooner they should produce in England the butter and cheese for which they "paid the foreigner £15,000,000 a year."

Have we not

A DAIRYMAID PROBLEM IN CANADA?

Are the farmers' daughters learning to make butter as their mothers did? Or, *under the changed conditions*, does not the mother find it easier to do the whole work herself than to initiate the daughters into the mysteries of the (old-fashioned) dairy? It certainly is true, in some parts of Canada, that, while the girls have opportunities which their mothers never had for acquiring graceful and pretty accomplishments, the mothers largely monopolize both the knowledge and practice of dairy art, and even, in some measure, of the household art. Girls, take the advice of one who will not willingly stand second to one of his sex in his appreciation of and admiration for lovely girlhood, and who will ask for our daughters every accomplishment that their hearts desire, or that will make them more than ever charming in the home. That advice is not to allow yourselves, from false ideas of life, to lose the golden opportunity of girlhood to profit from all the rich experiences of mother, in the short time that you may have the privilege of a mother under the same roof that shelters you. Let not a delight in brilliant accomplishments create a disdain for the common-place acquirements. In a word, try to anticipate as a girl, your estimate, as a woman, of the relative value of what may be learned or acquired in the days at home with mother.

There are various ways in which

A REMEDY MAY BE APPLIED.

First, young people may be taught by means of schools, how to do dairy work This question of dairy schools, and the training of dairy maids may well be left for fuller discussion in a later letter.

Second, parents should see to it that the more intricate rule-of-thumb process of days gone by gives place to the simplest and easiest process known to the progressive workers of to-day, and one best adapted to the changed conditions under which we are living. Make the age which gives you a sewing machine and an organ give you a dairy suited to the new conditions which these other things have helped to bring about. This can be done. I have in mind a mother who has provided herself with the best implements she can get, and has adopted the best process she can learn of. Having no daughters, she has made her youngest son a most efficient help. He is now able to churn, wash and salt the butter (in the churn), leaving to the mother herself only the shaping or packing and the general oversight. Even the husband, whose whole life has been on the farm, has now begun to take a considerable interest in the dairy work and begins to pride himself on having acquired some knowledge of the "art of butter-making." It is safe to say that under the old system and the necessity of skillful hand manipulation the mother would have been to-day doing the whole work herself, almost wholly unrelieved of even the more laborious part of it.

The next thing noticeable in the discussions in England was the fact of a strong inclination towards

CO-OPERATIVE DAIRYING.

This subject appropriately follows that one just discussed. Having done the best we can with the home dairy, let us make the most of that great corrective of its deficiencies—the co-operative dairy. Let us see what our English friends have to say about this question.

One speaker favored "small dairying" because it had been more profitable than grain growing. His "corn" return (grain growing) "did not pay his labor bill." Prof. Long expressed himself as doubtful about the establishment of creameries, owing to the low prices of dairy goods. He favored the Normandy system of buying up butter and "blending" it in a packing house. Others, however, favored co-operation. Said one speaker:—

"It is next to impossible to manufacture a uniform sample of good butter in the farm dairies to compete with that made in factories; the building and fittings are quite unsuitable. If factories were established on large estates for the use of tenants, or else were on co-operative principles, either milk, cream or butter could be collected or delivered there in bulk and treated and distributed in accordance with the tastes of modern consumers. Butter could be graded at the factory, and consumers would know what they bought; indeed, a local industry might be re-established were the factory system extended."

Another speaker, (Mr. Howman,) also favored creameries, where the farmer would send his milk to be separated, leaving the cream to be dealt with, and taking back the skim to be used on the farm. He said:

"The great difficulty in competing in the butter market is caused by the butter that is made in farm houses being not only small in quantity, but variable in quality and color, and I am convinced that if we combined together and formed butter factories we should be in a much better posision to compete with the foreigners who now cut us out in our markets."

Professor Sheldon, who is so well known in this country, was not at the conference last May, but in 1886 he read a paper on this subject which took a dark view

OF THE FARM-HOUSE SYSTEM.

in England. He confessed to having lost hope that reform was possible in home dairies.

"In theory," said he, "reform is within reach; in practice it is not. We cannot well expect that the future will induce people to improve their dairy goods any more than the past has done; and if it be true that they have not, as a rule, improved them in the past, then it is pretty sure they will go on just about the same in the future. What, then, must be done? I am not one of those who believe that the best of butter and cheese cannot be made, and is not made at the farm houses. I merely say this, that the great bulk of butter and cheese made in farm houses is not by any means as good as it might be, and as it ought to be; and I affirm my belief that it will be neither better nor worse, as a rule, in the future than it has been in the past. If I happen to be sound in this notion, it follows that

ONLY BY A CHANGE OF SYSTEM

shall we be able to effect the needed reforms. And what must this change of system be? Many there are, and their number grows, who think and believe that cheese and butter factories provide the only system under which we can attain the best results; and yet we are not dead to the fact that even they are not always a success. They fail, like other systems, if not well looked after, if the head man is not skilful and mindful as well. Sometimes they fail, but not often; and when they do, the cause is not hard to seek, as a rule. I favor them because they save expense, and produce even goods, and take labor from the women at the farms, and pay handsomely as things go."

I endorse Prof. Sheldon's remarks, so far as they bear upon the advantages of the factory system. So far as they bear upon the home system and its future, there are two weak points. First, the home dairy is a fact and has a lease of existence that is indefinite, so far as we are able to see now. It is, and is likely to be, a large factor in the problem before us. The factory has not replaced the home dairy to the extent that men have expected, either in England or in Canada. Believing this to be true, I am an advocate for the improvement of the home dairy. Prof. Sheldon's reasons for believing it will not improve are not conclusive. Because things go on badly when no adequate attempt is made to improve them, is not proof that they will not mend when the era of improvement sets in. There was a time, in the history of Denmark, when there was more need than prospect of improvement. There came a time when there was less need than realization of improvement. We need only to know that the home dairy is a permanent factor in our problem here, to realize the necessity of urging its improvement so far as improvement is possible.

While believing in the largest possible improvement of the home dairy, I would urge the largest possible

EXTENSION OF THE FACTORY SYSTEM.

While there may be difference of opinion as to what extent the factory system will supplant the older system, all are agreed that, so far as the one has supplanted the other, or is likely to do so, so far has the industry been advantaged. While we must not fall into the error of looking to the factory system as a cure-all, we may safely regard it favorably as one of the most effective improvements at our hand.

The *Island Farmer* (P. E. I.) quotes in connection with the publication of my letters the following extract from the *Rural New Yorker*, bearing upon this question:—"Co-operation is a step toward a

COMPLETE AND POWERFUL ORGANIZATION.

It encourages a wholesome and good-natured rivalry. It encourages strict and methodical business habits. It breaks down the petty prejudices and distrusts so common in farming communities, and so harmful to the best interests of the farmer. It encourages public spirit and enterprise. The farmer who has an interest in the creamery and can examine the books from time to time can easily see how his returns for cream compare with those of his neighbors. If his neighbor is beating him, he will be sure to carry his investigation still further, and see what breed of cows, what foods, what care are needed to even the returns. An intelligent creamery patron would certainly see the necessity of providing good roads, and conducting other needed improvements. By driving some of the selfish, self interest feeling out of a farmer and developing public spirit, the co-operative creamery would work good results." Here followed a preference for the cream-gathering system, which because it will be discussed in other connection, I do not quote here.

W. H. LYNCH.

Danville, Que., December 29th, 1888.

Printing Office Secrets.

A properly conducted printing office is as much a secret as a Masonic lodge. The printers are not under oath of secrecy, but always feel themselves as truly in honor bound to keep office secrets as though triple oathed. Any employe in a printing office who willingly disregards this fact, in relation to printing office secrets, would not only be scorned by his brethren of the craft, but would lose his position at once. We make this statement because it sometimes happens that a communication appears in a newspaper under an assumed signature, which excites comment, and various parties try to find out who is its author. Let all be saved the trouble of questioning the employes of the printing office. They are know-nothings on such points as these. On such matters, they have eyes and ears, no mouth, and if they fail to observe this rule, let them be put down as dishonorable members of the craft.—*Press and Printer.*

Silk Ribbons!

Those of our lady readers who would like to have an elegant, large package of extra fine, Assorted Ribbons (by mail,) in different widths and all the latest fashionable shades; adapted for Bonnet Strings, Neckwear, Scarfs, Trimming for Hats and Dresses, Bows, Fancy Work, &c., can get an astonishing big bargain owing to the recent failure of a large wholesale Ribbon Manufacturing Co., by sending only 25 cents (stamps,) to the address we give below.

As a special offer, this house will give double the amount of any other firm in America if you will send the names and P. O. address of ten newly married ladies when ordering and mention the name of this paper. No pieces less than one yard in length. Satisfaction is guaranteed, or money cheerfully refunded. Three packages for 60 cents. Address, LONDON RIBBON AGENCY, JERSEY CITY, N. J.

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 most female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. 25 cents a bottle.

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.

Mortgagee's Sale.

To Morris Driscoll and Laura Driscoll his wife and all others whom it doth or may concern:

Take notice that there will be sold at Public Auction on Saturday the twenty-ninth day of December instant at 3 o'clock in the afternoon in front of Graves & Foster's Store at Harvey Bank in the County of Albert the following described lot of land and premises, viz: All that certain piece and parcel of land and premises situate in Harvey aforesaid and bounded and described as follows, viz: On the South by the Highway; on the West by lands in possession of Thomas H. Bishop; on the North by lands of Richard Sage (or, in his possession); and on the East by the Station Road (so called,) containing one quarter of an acre more or less as described in the indenture of Mortgage hereinafter mentioned, together with all and singular the buildings, improvements, privileges and appurtenances to the said premises belonging or in any wise appertaining.

The above sale is made under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain indenture of Mortgage made by the above named Morris Driscoll and Laura, his wife to me, bearing date the eleventh day of February A. D. 1887, and registered in the Albert County Records of Deeds by the number 12,964 at Folio 464 in Libro X, on the fourth day of April A. D. 1887, and for the purpose of satisfying the principal and interest secured by said Indenture of Mortgage, default having been made in the payment thereof. For further particulars, terms, etc. apply to my solicitor.

Dated this eighth day of December A. D. 1888.

GAIUS S. TURNER, MORTGAGEE.
W. A. TRUEMAN, Solicitor for Mortgagee.

The above sale is postponed till Saturday 5th January next, then to take place at the same hour and place.

GAIUS S. TURNER.
Mortgagee.

Dec. 20, 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 SATURDAY, the twenty-ninth day of DECEMBER next, 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 the heirs of the Estate of the late Burton S. Reid has, or had in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-three, their possessory right, and right of entry, both at law and in equity, of, in, and to the following described lands and premises, situate in Hillsboro, Albert County aforesaid, and bounded as follows: Commencing at the South-Easterly Corner of the lands said off for sale for the payment of the assessed taxes of A. D. 1882 against this said estate; thence running along said line Westerly to the rear of said estate; thence Southerly along said rear line ten rods; thence Easterly parallel with first described line to said Highway; thence Northerly along said Highway to place of beginning, containing by estimation twenty acres more or less.

The same having been seized and taken by virtue of a warrant issued by the Secretary of the Municipality of Albert County, against the said Estate for default in the payment of the assessed taxes against it for the year A. D. 1883.

ASAEL WELLS,
SHERIFF.

Dated Sheriff's Office, Hopewell, November 26th, A. D. 1888.

POSTPONED.—The above sale has been postponed until Saturday the 26th, day of January next, then to take place at same place and between same hours as above mentioned.

ASAEL WELLS,
SHERIFF.

Dated Sheriff's Office, Hopewell, A. Co., Dec. 29th., 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 SATURDAY, the twenty-ninth day of DECEMBER next, 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 the heirs of the Estate of the late Burton S. Reid has, on had in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty two, their possessory right, and right of entry, both at law and in equity, of, in, and to, the following described lands and premises, situate in Hillsboro, Albert County aforesaid, and bounded as follows: Commencing at the North-Easterly corner of the said Estate; thence running Westerly along the line of the "Howell Estate" (so called) to the rear of the said Burton S. Reid Estate; thence Southerly along said rear line ten rods; thence Easterly parallel with first mentioned line to said Highway; thence Northerly along said Highway ten rods to place of beginning, containing by estimation twenty acres more or less.

The same having been seized and taken by virtue of a warrant issued by the Secretary of the Municipality of Albert County, against the said Estate for default in the payment of the assessed taxes against it for the year A. D. 1882.

ASAEL WELLS,
SHERIFF.

Dated Sheriff's Office, Hopewell, November 26th, 1888.

POSTPONED.—The above sale has been postponed until Saturday the 26th, day of January next, then to take place at same place and between same hours as above mentioned.

ASAEL WELLS,
SHERIFF.

Dated Sheriff's Office, Hopewell, A. Co., Dec. 29th., 1888.