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The Weekly Observer.

HILLSBORO, N. B., Nov. 8, 1888.

Canadians Forever.

A National Song.

Give thanks to God for all the grace

Bestowed by His Almighty hand;

Of France and England's martial race,

Who banded us with firm compact

To do our duty.

Alas! Canada our native land.

Canadians forever!

No foe shall sever

Our glorious Dominion—

God bless it forever.

It is the land you love the best,

In battle fire it stood the test.

All valiant heroes died to save

The honour of our name.

A people brave, true and brave.

Canadians forever!

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Canadians forever!

Mr. Selwyn struggled to regain his

composure. At length he uttered a

graceful word, and he stepped

back into the room, and placed the

feet upon the table, and strode out.

How joyous, how care free, how heart-

lessly beautiful was the world without!

The calm, smiling sky with its serene

loveliness, the generous golden glory

of the sunlight, the rare beauty of the

flowers sent a thrill of rapturous desire

to his heart, and he cried out: Depart

yourself by going upon what you are

about to lose, for yet a few months

and the world will be a waste to you. A

few months, a few months, and he had

counted upon years! Merciful father, what

were a few months!

All the long journey to his home he

sat with unseeing eyes and bowed head,

and when the cars stopped mechanically

he arose and started for home, but as he

hurried into the street he stopped. He

could not carry his eyes to the loving

hearts who had sent him away with such

fond hopes but, yet a few months and

he would be a stranger. How could he

face his wife, his children, knowing he

must stand helplessly and let them starve.

He wandered around the streets, passing

his acquaintances unheeding, all the

darkness fell. Then manhood said: Be

a man. Face the inevitable. Remem-

ber you are driving them wild with

anxiety.

He entered his gate. The windows

were uncurtained, the bright light dis-

played the sheen of silver and china.

He saw his wife's fair face before El-

sie and Frank, his sweet lams; Ger-

trude and Bryan were standing at the

window watching for him. How he was

to bring their hearts! As he entered

there was a joyous cry of relief; and all

rushed upon him with eager enquiries.

But his wife and Gertrude and Bryan,

after one swift glance at his face, drawn

and aged in spite of himself, turned pale

with fear.

Then the mother said: Come, little

one, sit up here, and have supper now; he

is very tired.

It was a pretense with all save Elsie

and Frank. As soon as the little ones

were in bed Mrs. Selwyn returned to the

sitting room. Gertrude was standing by

her father's chair and Bryan had her

hand upon his knee. No one was speak-

ing. They had not dared to question

him.

The wife came over to him, Well?

she said in a voice she vainly tried to

steady.

John Selwyn looked upon the eager

faces; he hated to give the death word

to their hopes, yet it was cruel to keep

them in suspense. He rose and put his

arm about his wife's shoulders. Ellen,

he answered, it is the very worst. I am

to be hopelessly blind.

They had steeled themselves, but it

was not in nature to suppress that cry.

Then there was silence while they strove

to realize it. Blind! helpless! her hus-

band—whose eagle eye had forsaken every

difficulty, whose strength had been her

pride and glory. Blind! helpless! that

man rejoicing in the fulness of strong

manhood, made even more dependent

than an infant. Blind! helpless! their

father, who had been to them as an un-

conquerable giant. Blind! helpless!

when they had reckoned upon him as an

invincible bulwark. Blind! terrible fate—

worse than death. They would not

believe it.

But John Selwyn assured them sadly

that it was true, and they turned to look

upon the future.

John, said the wife, I will be eyes and

hands and ears to you; when the worst

comes we will face it.

And you need not trouble about money,

papa, said Gertrude staunchly. Bryan

and I will care for all we want.

He smiled sadly. Poor, inexperienced

children, their little knowledge how hard

it was to earn a dollar.

I must fulfil my contract with Whit-

comb, he said steadily, whatever betides.

There is not \$1,000 we can call our

own. We haven't been wasteful, but

this job will give me \$750, which will

keep away the wolf a little while. I

ought to have laid up something, but I

thought I had plenty of time. I must

see you suffer from my neglect while I

am a burden to you.

Oh, John, said the wife, do not say

that.

Papa cried the girls in indignation,

lending disdain, dear, dearest and best

of papa. You know you always did it

the very best.

So he had. John Selwyn was a well

known surveyor whose services were al-

ways in requisition. The eldest of a large

family, he had supported mother and

sisters until the first had been called

home and the latter had married. His

wife had managed well with the residue

of his income; his girls had a knack of

making a little go very far not excepted

by girls of 16 and 17. They had

received excellent education, but neither

had displayed more than ordinary profi-

ciency. In short, they were admirable

types of the ordinary American girl,

quick witted, generous, clever, but not

too clever. Mrs. Selwyn had noted with

some regret that Gertrude and Bryan

were rather indifferent to what are us-

ually termed feminine accomplishments, al-

though fairly well skilled in them.

Gertrude devoted herself to her father,

and openly declared her intention of be-

coming a surveyor, and, indeed, was of

invaluable service to him. Bryan had

never evinced a desire to do more than

help her mother, play with the babies

and kittens and read stories. But she

sat very rigidly, erect, on a perpendicular

line between her brows.

I tell you what it is, papa and man-

na: I have an idea, running her fingers

through her short curls; we will go

west!

Bryan's ideas, when she indulged in

them, weren't at all bad.

But how would that remedy things?

How? Why it would be the best

thing possible. You know, papa and

manma, that somebody gave papa a lot

of land out in Texas once for a debt.

Well, let us go out there, build a house

of our own—and farm. I could raise stock,

and papa might not. She didn't like to

utter that terrible word.

Raise stock, said the mother, why,

pass, what do you know of stock rais-

ing?

Quite a good deal. I know I could

pick out cattle. Why, manna, you

needn't look so distressed. That's be-

cause a woman could do it. Don't you

think you've never heard of Middy

John?

John Selwyn thrust his hand out to

her. Your idea about the farm is cap-

ital at any rate, Bryan. You see, Ellen,

we could not stay here, paying such rent,

and if you thought you could rough it,

the land is a magnificent tract, and we

could do very well.

Certainly, John, she assented, it would

be in every way best. I always had a

penchant for a country place, though I

suppose country Texas is far different

from country New England.

Gertrude looked up thoughtfully.

Papa, she said, timidly, I believe Bryan

could raise stock, as she says, and for

me, I want you to take me for an as-

sistant. I've overcome mother's objec-

tion, and I mean to be a first class sur-

veyor.

Nonsense, child, said the father. It

was very well when I was with you, but

you never could get along alone, never.

Besides, you've no idea of the tremend-

ous physical endurance required.

Gertrude had a magnificent physique.

John, said Mrs. Selwyn, answering her

daughter's mute appeal. You have told

her repeatedly, you know, that she was

nearly as good a surveyor as you. Al-

together, I see no reason—since she will

persist in her desire—for refusing it.

They talked till the sun was hours

that night, and somehow John Selwyn

was wonderfully calmed and strengthened

by his woman folk's plans.

They determined to put them into ex-

ecution at once. It would be better,

Gertrude, said her father, to have a re-

gular diploma. One year's study would

give you that, and it would be of incal-

culable benefit to you. I will try to

secure your admission to—.

It required all his pleading, although Daniel

Davenport, the president, as an old friend,

and two or three of the professors had

been his classmates.

Of course, Selwyn, we would do any

thing for you personally, but you see this

would be an entire innovation—innova-

tions should be discouraged—it would be

establishing the precedent for the ad-

mission of a class whose college was