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The Weekly Observer

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

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SOLE LEATHER
—and—
Hand Made [illegible]

[illegible]
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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.

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 and all emergencies; it will never 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. P. Curtis & Co.
Produce Commission Merchants.
76 ATLANTIC AVENUE BOSTON, MASS.
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 for sale. Fish of all kinds in [illegible]

HARDING E. GRAY [illegible] CLARK FOSTER
GRAY & FOSTER.
Commission Merchants.
—DEALERS IN—
Flour, Dry Goods, and Groceries, Coal, Wood, and Stoves.
Special attention given to shipping Hay. [illegible]

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 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

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 Decorations; 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 [illegible] PER YEAR
year for $1.1[illegible]

W. H. DUFFY'S
NEW ADVERTISEMENT.

We Want Potatoes.
We handled 100,000 Bushels Potatoes this Season and made money for our Shippers. We get outside prices, we want a few more good Shippers. Will send market reports each week if desired. Write us and ship to
HATHEWAY & CO.
GENERAL COMMISSION DEALERS.
22 Central Wharf, Boston.
[illegible] Established 18[illegible]

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

The Weekly Observer.

HILLSBORO, N. B., Jan. 31, 1888.

Treasure in Heaven.

Every coin of earthly treasure
We have lavished upon earth
For our simple worldly pleasure,
May be reckoned something worth,
For the spending was not losing,
Though the purchase was but small
It has perished with the using,
We have had it—that is all!

All the gold we leave behind us
When we turn to dust again—
Though our avarice may blind us—
We have gathered quite in vain;
Since we neither can direct it,
By the winds of fortune tossed,
Nor in other worlds expect it—
What we hoarded we have lost.

But each merciful oblation—
Seeds of pity wisely sown—
What we gave in self-negation
We may safely call our own,
For the treasure freely given
Is the treasure that we hoard,
Since the angels keep in heaven
What was lent unto our Lord!

—John G Saxe.

His Son's Choice

By L. L. J.

Mr. Linwood and his wife sat beside the fire in the cosy little parlor of the Rectory. They were thinking of the time when merry laughter and the patter of little feet sounded through the house. Now they were alone. One by one the children had left them, until only one son remained, and he was at college.

As Mrs. Linwood said, "Joseph, I [illegible] son, some [illegible]

[illegible] The drive was finished in sil[illegible] glad when they stopped [illegible] upon [illegible] as she [illegible] a companion to an elderly lady. Address box 96.

Three weeks passed before an answer came. One dreary November day there was a ring at the bell. Mrs. Linwood went to the door and there met a young lady, who said that she had read the advertisement and had come to apply for the situation. As the beautiful eyes looked up into her face, Mrs Linwood felt she could trust the little stranger. Together they went into the rector's study who was greatly pleased with the girl and consented to her engagement.

Mary soon became accustomed to her new home. There was much sickness among the poor in the village that summer, and the rector was kept busy visiting the sufferers. Mary often accompanied him. Many a weary night she sat watching by the bedside of some poor invalid, and by her kindness she soon won the hearts of all.

Returning home one morning from visiting a poor woman, she saw the maid from the Rectory rushing towards her. When she got near, the maid cried, "The dear rector is dead! He was out with that wild horse again, and it ran away and dragged my poor master a long way and, oh, Miss Mary! he will die—I am sure he will die!"

Mary ran to the house and found many neighbors there, waiting to hear the doctor's opinion. At last he came out and told them that the rector was seriously injured; but with perfect quiet and good nursing, would perhaps get well again.

It was many weeks before the rector left his room. He bore his sufferings without murmuring. He loved to listen while Mary sang; sometimes he would ask her to read his favorite chapters in the dear old Book he loved so well. As the spring advanced he grew stronger, and he told the young doctor that he thought he need not continue his visits; but perhaps the doctor thought differently, for he came twice a week as usual. Mrs. Linwood liked him and told him to come just as often as he wished. The doctor seemed to be attached to Mary, and Mrs. Linwood thought it would be very nice to have the young girl settled [illegible] her.

[illegible] one evening of their son, [illegible] now, when he was at [illegible] fell in to love with a [illegible] father, telling him he loved her, and would not give her up, but intended to watch over her until she had fulfilled her engagement at the theatre, when she had promised to marry him, if his parents consented. Mrs. Linwood told Mary they would never consent that their son should marry an actress.

The rector, as he felt his strength returning, wanted his boy home, so one day he quietly sent for him to come, telling him if he could not come alone he had better marry the actress and bring her with him.

This letter found Ernest Linwood very unhappy. He had left college and had followed the theatrical company in their travels, expecting every week would be the last that his loved one would be behind the footlights. One evening he went as usual to the hall and found everything in confusion. The manager was wringing his hands and all seemed perplexed. The star had disappeared, the beautiful actress had gone no one knew whither. Since that evening Ernest had been trying to find her. He was almost in despair when he received the letter from his father. He at once decided to go home and spend his days in trying to forget her, if that could be. A few days later he was walking up the well known path to his old home. All was peaceful and he felt the sweet influence of the beautiful surroundings of the old rectory; he looked in the window and saw his father lying on the sofa and his mother sitting in the old arm chair. He entered and what rejoicing there was over the son restored to their arms. How eagerly they listened while he told them of his wanderings, and he felt happier than he had been for a long time, knowing that he had their sympathy and their love. They told him about his father's accident, how he had been confined to the house all winter, and that, had it not been for Mary, the companion, they would have been lonely and miserable.

While parents and son were enjoying themselves at the rectory, Mary was out driving with the doctor. It was a glorious moonlight evening. The doctor was a very pleasant companion. They had many things to talk about, but before they reached home the doctor told Mary in a manly way how dear she was to him; how he had loved her the first time he saw her teaching her little class in the church. He said he had watched her as she visited the poor and thought of her until she become dearer to him than his life and he wanted her to marry him. Mary told him she was sorry to disappoint him, but she was already engaged [illegible]

[illegible] thought of the happier days of the past.

Ernest rose early the next morning and thought he would take a stroll around the place. As he went into the garden he heard some one singing. Could there be such another voice? he asked himself. He ran to the side door and there stood the sweet-singer.

"Mary!"

"Ernest!"

"Oh my darling have I found you at last!"

"Oh Ernest; I am glad you have come!"

"Tell me, dearest, how you come to be here. I have been scouring the country for you and you were safe all the time in my dear old home."

"You know, Ernest, you lent me the papers you got from home. In one of these I read your mother's advertisement, and I decided then that I would be her companion and make them love me. So, for your sake, I left the stage and you find me here."

"Yes, my dear, and your friends will find you here, too, for a while."

"Tell me what you have been doing since I left you, Ernest."

"There is not much to tell you. After you went away, I hunted for you until a few days ago; then I decided to give you up. I thought, perhaps, you loved another, and you know, dear, I want to be all in all or not at all."

They had much to talk over, but the breakfast bell rang and they went into the house.

The Rector seeing their bright faces said "son you need not explain, I see it all and am perfectly satisfied with your choice," and Mrs. Linwood brushed the tears from her eyes and kissed her children.

It was a happy family that sat down to breakfast that morning in the rectory.

When the roses were in bloom, there was a quiet wedding in the little church on the hill.

Just Awful.

SHE (flaring up)—What do you mean by kissing me, William Henry Smith?

W. H. S. (humbly)—I—I—I—meant no disrespect, I assure you.

SHE (angrily)—Well, I should like to see you do it again that's all.

W. H. S.—Here goes, then.

SHE (smoothing her ruffled plumage)—You're just awful.

The Blue Ruin Brigade.

Canada is one of the Greatest Countries on Earth—Great Britain the Morning Star of the Universe—Move on, Wimanites and Annexationists.

TORONTO, Jan. 7.—"Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things which are God's," quoted Rev. Dr. Wild from his pulpit in the Bond-street Congregational church last evening. The subject of the sermon was "Our Country and our duty," and under this head the Doctor made a vigorous and telling onslaught on, and administered a well deserved rebuke to those who decry our country, which was, he said, "the grandest country on the face of the earth to-day."

The Scriptural text, he says, draws our attention to the two great political parties of the Holy Land at the time that Jesus Christ was on earth, parties between whom was waged a bitter strife but who were one in the effort to cry down and denounce Christ, and they thought that by some such means as the one referred to the Pharisees would have him on the hip.

This seemed to him a policy analogous to that which certain Blue Ruin Men and Blue Ruin Journals would have the outside world believe was ours. These journals would have the foreign public believe that we were dissatisfied with our country and dissatisfied with ourselves. This was not the case, for we were not dissatisfied with ourselves or our country either; and all this talk and doctrine was the unnatural growling of a few sore heads. These people did not know why they were grumbling or what they were grumbling at, but apparently grumbled simply for the express purpose of grumbling.

He did not believe that the original promoters of this Commercial Union or Unrestricted Reciprocity fad had any idea when they started it that it was going to be continued to such an extent, and that their places would be eventually filled by men who would turn the first idea into a clamor for Annexation. He was surprised that Wiman, Goldwin Smith & Company would allow themselves to become a party to any such treason, but glad he was to see that Goldwin Smith had withdrawn from any public controversy in reference to this subject, no doubt feeling he had gone too far already. These Blue Ruin Men who in their Blue Ruin Journals had paraded their discontent so freely before the public, had done themselves and their journals an incalculable amount of harm. They had lost the respect and the estimation of the thinking public and had done themselves serious injury as teachers and leaders of the public mind, besides their [illegible] vast personal injury. No truly loyal Canadian can ever again look upon these [illegible] same light as he did before the [illegible] their country, CANADA.

The doctor then told an amusing story of sailing down the Mississippi River. On board the same boat was a married couple, but the wife could never come near the husband without scolding him vehemently. One day the doctor said to him: Your wife seems to be very bad-tempered towards you, and doesn't it make you unhappy? "Oh, no," came the prompt reply, "I don't mind that. You see its natural to her to act like that." This seems to be the only reason why the *Mail* and the *Globe* decry and denounce their country. For why otherwise should they? There is no place in the world where liberty is greater than in Canada. Wages in this country are higher than in any foreign land and equally as high as in the United States. Ontario is the banner province of North America, even Ohio, that much lauded and much favored state, being second to her. We are ahead of the Americans in agriculture, we are ahead of them in educational matters, and we are ahead of them morally. What more do we want?

This talk about so many of Canada's sons and young men going across the border and becoming American citizens ought not make us lose sight of the fact that there are more Americans coming to Canada every year in proportion to her size than there are Canadians going away from her.

He had had the pleasure of being at the Board of Trade dinner and there saw a spectacle, the grandest ever seen in Canada. And there was one feature that pleased him more than all the rest, and that was when Hon. Oliver Mowat expressed himself and his position so plainly. He regretted that for the past few years a good many friends thought they saw with sorrow that Oliver had a weakness for Commercial Union, otherwise Annexation, and he gave these Blue Ruin blankets too much hold on him by reason of certain utterances, but now there could be no doubt about his opinions, he was a loyal and true Canadian, out and out. [Applause.]

At that banquet Hon. G. E. Foster produced statistics to show that Canada's trade was 41 cents per head to the American trade of 23 cents per head, proving absolutely that Canadians had more push and steady go in them. The Yankees were a blustering people, and if they were going to do anything they took care to make a good big noise over it. Canadians did not blow so much, but "they got there just the same." [Applause.]

To-day Canada is in the same position as regards her unsettled territory as the United States was fifty years ago, and in fifteen years from this evening the Yankees will come over to us and buy our wheat at our own prices from sheer compulsion. Great Britian is, and is to be, the great morning star of the universe until Gabriel blows his trumpet. And we for our part, from Gaspe to British Columbia, from the North Pole to the Pelee Islands, shall ever remain the same—CANADIANS. [Continued applause.]

An apt illustration of the power of Great Britian among nations of the world, as compared with that of the lion among the beasts of the forest, who when aroused caused all other to flee in terror, closed a discourse remarkable for its fervor and earnestness and ringing with the sound of true Canadian patriotism.—*Ex.*

A Truthful Boy.

"There's a boy whose word yer can depend onto," said an Arizona father. "Yer can't make him lie for love nor money."

"T'other day I had a pane o' glass broke, an' I ast that kid who done it. Well, sir, you'd have oughter seen that youngster try ter keep from tellin' me. The fact was, he seen Tom Brown do it, but he'd promised Tom not ter blow on him an' he was bound ter keep his word. So at fust he jest declared that he didn't know nothin' 'bout it. A little later he said he seen the cat do it. When I argied the case with him, and convinced him t'wa'n't the cat, he up an' said that a passin' tramp poked his stick through it.

"I seen at onet that the kid was a hidin somethin' 'bout it, an' I concluded ter vestergate a little. I jest tuk an' led him ter the shed and took down the rawhide. Then the hull truth leaked out; he owned up 'twar Tom, an I seen I had a boy as could be depended on

"When he gives his word he ain't goin' ter break it fer a penny; an' he's smarter'n lightnin' in gettin' yer on to the wrong track.

"I tell you what, stranger, it's a great thing to own a boy whose word you can depend onto.!"

List of Parish Officers for the Parish of Hillsboro for the Year A. D., 1889.

PARISH CLERK.—Thos. E. Bray.

COLLECTOR OF RATES.—David Gillespie.

INSPECTOR OF BARRELS.—Benjamin Beanson.

REVISORS.—Peter Duffy, H. B. Steeves, C. J. Osman.

WEIGHER OF HAY AND STRAW.—John Wallace Jr.

OVERSEERS OF POOR.—Humphrey Duffy, Joel Steeves, W. F. Taylor.

FENCE VIEWERS.—Enoch Dawson, Moses Steeves, W. E. Bishop.

SURVEYORS OF DAMS.—Peter Jonah, Lewis S. Steeves, W. H. Duffy, Samuel Milton.

COMMISSIONERS OF HIGHWAYS.—J. Dimock Steeves, Isaac Milton, Jeremiah Steeves.

ASSESSORS OF RATES.—W. H. Gross, Joseph Steeves, (Hugh's son,) Edward Woodworth.

WEIGHERS OF COAL AND INSPECTORS OF SAME.—Malcolm Carlisle, Moses Steeves.

COMMISSIONERS TO EXPEND BYE ROAD GRANTS.—David Bailey, Mariner T. Steeves.

MEASURERS OF WOOD AND BARK.—Asa Steeves, Edward Jones, W. Street Steeves, Reuben Steeves, Mariner J. Smith, William S. Steeves, W. H. Jonah.

POUND KEEPERS AND HOG REEVES.—Bliss Steeves, Edward Woodworth, George Berry, Simeon Bray, Ephraim Leeman, James J. Steeves, Melzer Steeves, John Thompson, Whitfield Jonah, Robert Rogers, John Shaw, George W. Irving, Nehemiah Steeves, Moses Osborne.

CONSTABLES.—Chandler Cannon, George Carlisle, Reuben Steeves, James E. Beatty, William Crossman, George W. Irving, Moses Lutz, Whitfield Jonah, David Livingstone, Edward Woodworth, William H. Jonah, J. W. Bray, Mariner J. Smith, Moses Steeves, Jeremiah Fillmore, Gilbert Wortman, Albert B. Steeves, David Gillespie.

SURVEYORS OF LUMBER.—Asa Steeves, Malcolm Carlisle, Mariner J. Smith, John W. Dryden, William S. Steeves, W. Street Steeves, George W. Irving, Ernest Mollins, Isaac Steeves, William Edgett, James Stewart, W. H. Jonah, Lewis Lutz, Reuben Steeves, Hannibal Steeves, Daniel E. Steeves, Judson Jonah, Edward Jones, W. F. S. Steeves.

SURVEYORS OF ROADS.—Asa Woodworth, John W. Steeves, John G. Steeves, Moses Steeves, George Carlisle, Henry Jones, Malcolm Carlisle, James Bray, John I. Steeves, James E. Beatty, William Duffy, Elisha Steeves, Robert Rogers, William S. Steeves, Joseph Steeves, James Hopper, John Shaw, Edward McLatchy, Josiah McRae, J. W. Bray, Harry Graves, Alpheus W. Turner, Joseph H. Irving, David Livingstone, Lewis S. Steeves, Milford Dawson, William Lutz, Morton Ricker, Abraham McFarlane, Moses Osborne, Enoch Hopper, Peter Brona, William Jonah, Lewis Lutz, Alfred Ricker, Wesley Steeves, William K. Steeves, David Cameron, Alexander Lowe, James Smith, Stephen Smith, W. H. Bishop, Samuel Balser, Isaiah Steeves, Robert Schurman, Thomas Giles, John T. Steeves, Levi Jonah, Jordan Steeves, Minor Steeves, Harry Wood, Gay M. Steeves, John H. Milton, Benjamin Patterson, Stephen Steeves, Solomon T. Steeves, Edward Bailey.

Woman's Influence.

The ladies ought to remember that they are to blame for all that gentlemen may lack in courtliness toward women. Men are what their mothers, their sisters and their nearest lady friends make them. The boy may get his manliness from his father, but his politeness, especially toward women, if he has any at all, is always the gift of his mother. Gentleness is gentlemanliness, and it is from woman. If the boy gets to be a man before he gets to be polite, he has a mother that is hardly worth raising one's hat to. The first person in the world to whom any boy is polite is his mother. If he is never courtly and kind to her, he will never be to any other woman, and all the world cannot fashion him into it. For courtliness towards women is born of respect, admiration and esteem. It is part of worship, too, for there is that about a true woman which men can worship without greater irreverence to God than getting nearer to Him. The boy will judge womankind first, by his mother, next by his sister, last by his best lady friends. It is for the mother to say whether she will send her son out into the world with his hat off to every true lady, or whether she will send him out a mere yokel and always a churl. When you find this kind of a boy grown up to a man charge it up to himself, his mother and his sisters, and the most of it to the mother and the sisters for they could have made him into something better. The graces of the man are the graces of his heart, and his heart is largely made up of the memories of his home and his boyhood.

Eighty-Two and Still Has Every Tooth.

Mr. Alfred Daniel, of Douglas county, father of Mrs. J. C. Nelms, of Newton county, is 82 years old, was never sick a day in his life, was never in bed at sun up, never lost a tooth, has been to six log rollings this year, lifts more than most men, often indulges in coon and 'possum hunting, has been a deacon in the Primitive Baptist church for fifty-eight years, was never drunk in his life, and an oath has never escaped his lips. He is the father of twenty-six children, fifteen now living, has seventy grandchildren and a number of great-grandchildren. Mrs. Nelms, his daughter, has officiated at over 1,000 births, and has never lost mother or child in a single case.—Covington (Ga.) *Enterprise.*

Tobacco.

A Methodist clergyman mentioned to the Rev. M. A. Barnitz, an earnest anti-tobacco missionary, one member of his church who last year gave $1 for missions, who admitted that he paid during the year at least $100 for tobacco, and another member who gave $3 for Bible, tract and mission purposes whose tobacco bill for the year was $30.0. Mr. Barnitz has made a careful computation from the best available statistics, which shows that the professing christians of America expend at least $25,000,000 annually for tobacco, while the total of all their contributions for the support of churches, Sunday schools, missions, bible and tract societies, is less than $7,000,000. Tobacco is the twin of strong drink in waste of substance, as a destroyer of health, and a hindrance to christian work.—*Messenger and Visitor.*

Was it an Unkind Fate?

Janet Russel was the belle of the village, a Canadian village on the St. Lawrence, and was admired by all the swains who dwelt in those parts, but her "steady company" was a handsome young fellow—John Miller—son of the village postmaster, who also kept a general store. John and Janet went together to a rustic frolic one night, and on the road John asked the old question, which was answered in the affirmative. Things went nicely, but at last Janet dancing twice in succession with a young fellow whom he had looked upon as a rival, John felt bad, and on the way home sharp words passed between them. The girl told him she wished it had been Charley Hall (the rival) who had asked her the question before men tioned, whereat John said he would give her a day to take that back, and if not why, all was over between them.

Janet relented when she had time to think about it, and the next morning wrote a note to John and dropped it into the letter-box at old Mr. Miller's store. Time passed on. A year or so after that Charley Hall and Janet Russell were married, and John Miller was wedded to another girl. Some five years passed and old Mr. Miller died, leaving his property and his store to his son, who at once set about making improvements. And it so happened that the day the old letter-box was broken up, Mrs. Hall, accompanied by her eldest daughter, four years old, was in the store. A letter dropped to the floor; a workman picked it up and with the remark, "Here's an old letter addressed to you, Mr. Miller," passed it to John. At the moment he was talking to his old sweet heart.

He took the letter, and turned it over and over in his hand. As Janet's eyes fell on it she blushed. John opened the note and read it, then he handed it to Janet with a bow and the words: "I had has been in the box ever since the day after we went to the dance at Turner's. Ah, Janey, it I had only known!" Mrs. Hall took her child by the hand and went home without a word. Janet's poor little note had been caught and concealed for nearly six years, and had changed the current of two lives, but for better or worse, who can tell?—*Detroit Free Press.*

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.

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 and 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, wherever 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.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that application will be made at the next session of the Parliament of Canada for an Act to incorporate the Hammond River and Moncton Railway Company with power to construct, equipt and operate a line of Railway from a point on the Central Railway, lately the Saint Martins and Upham Railway, at a point adjacent to the Hammond River in the County of Kings, in the Province of New Brunswick and thence running in an easterly and northerly direction through the County of Kings and the County of Albert in said Province to or near the southern terminus of the Petitcodiac, Elgin and Havelock Railway on to the Petitcodiac River and across that River near Turtle Creek into the County of Westmoreland and thence on to connect with the Buctouche and Moncton Railway at Moncton and to connect the same with the Central Railway, the Petitcodiac and Elgin Railway, the Intercolonial Railway, the Albert Railway and the Buctouche and Moncton Railway and to cross the said hereinbefore last mentioned Railways, and with power also to build a branch line to connect with the Albert Southern Railway, and to lease, sell, mortgage and convey the Railway of such proposed Company or otherwise to make arrangements for the joint operation of the same, and also with power to amalgamate with or otherwise acquire the property of any other Railway Company and for other purposes.

ALEXANDER P. BARNHILL.
SOLICITOR FOR APPLICANTS
Saint John, N. B., Nov. 21st. 1888.

HOLIDAY GOODS
Opening and to arrive in a few days a fine assortment in
Christmas Books, Plush Goods, 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.

NOTICE.

The subscriber will purchase one million feet of spruce logs and one hundred thousand feet of hemlock. Also one hundred thousand of birch, for which he will pay the highest prices They can be shipped from any point on the Albert Railway or Albert Southern He will also buy 350 thirteen inch futtocks. Parties having any of the above timber for sale will please communicate with

GAIUS S. TURNER,
HARVEY.

A New Home Treatment for the Cure of Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness and Hay Fever.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made by the patient at home.

READ THE FOLLOWING:

Bitcoy's Cove, Nova Scotia, June 23, 1888.
GENTLEMEN—I am happy to say that the treatment which you sent me last February has effectually cured me of Catarrh. Mine was a case of long standing, and up to the present time I have been waiting for developing remains of Catarrh, but none are manifest. You may use my name as a proof that your remedy cures Catharrh I feel grateful for the removal of such a trouble.
Yours etc., (REV.) G. O. HUESTIS.

TWO YEARS LATER.

Mill Village, Queen's Co., N.S. Dec. 21, 1887.
GENTLEMEN—Allow me to say that after three years' trial I find no unpleasant effects in the nose or, feild breath, which used to effect others in my company. No symptoms of Catarrh remained after the second application of your remedy.
Wishing you success in doing good, I remain,
Yours sincerely (REV.) G. O. HUESTIS.

We send a pamphlet describing this new treatment on receipt of postage stamp.

A. H. Dixon & Son 305 King St W Toronto, Ont.

FALLING HAIR AND BALDNESS treated successfully anywhere in the Provinces, and no fee charged until cured. Brows grown and shaped. Send description of your scalp, with stamps for reply, and address DR. A. L. SLAWSON, No 2 Brighton street avenue, Boston, Mass