The Weekly Observer

Devoted to Literature, Education, Temperance and General Intelligence.

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In the grasp of Master Minds in the present day is making rapid progress. Nowhere is this more apparent than in the Art of Photography, which in the hands of
MONCTON'S ARTIST,
Mr. C. E. Northrup, is not one of the lost arts, but is rapidly attaining a
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among the fine arts. Mr. N., at considerable expense, has introduced a variety of
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both elegant and unique, which almost represent life. Photography. This sample is an admiration of all.
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at
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Produce Commission Merchants.
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Solicit consignments of all kinds of produce, such as Hay, Potatoes, Apples, Eggs, Poultry (alive or dressed,) or anything else parties wish to ship to this market on sale. Fish of all kinds in their seasons. Quick sales. Prompt returns.
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The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below.

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

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 3, 1888.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Dear Sirs: I desire to give you testimonial of my good opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for Lameness, Stiff Joints and Spavins, and I have found it a sure cure. I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.
Yours truly, A. H. GILBERT, Manager Troy Laundry Stables.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

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

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

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

HAS NO EQUAL.
THE LADIES' FAVORITE.
THE ONLY SEWING MACHINE THAT GIVES
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NOTICE.

All persons having legal demands against the Estate of the late David Duffy, deceased, are hereby requested to render the same, duly attested, within three months from the date hereof. And all persons indebted to the said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

PETER DUFFY,
ADMINISTRATOR.
Hillsborough, N. B., April 29 1889

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This is the greatest novelty of the season. Nothing equals it in the way of ingenuity, and the capers of the frog over the floor, on the table or elsewhere, will draw roars of laughter. You can have lots of fun with it, and can startle unsuspecting persons almost out of their senses by casually dropping the frog near them, for if headed right, it will run after them and cause a lively stampede. It is a close imitation of the real frog, and so simply operated that a child can set it hopping. Upon winding up his Frogship and placing him upon the floor, he will hop about as if the evil spirit was after him, creating hilarity among the young folks and consternation among timid or nervous ladies. Each frog packed carefully, with directions for winding up, &c.

Price, 10c. 3 for 25c. Sent by mail, P.O. stamps taken, but silver preferred. Illustrated Catalogue FREE.

A. W. KINNEY,
YARMOUTH, N. S.

NOTICE.

The Annual General Meeting of the Stockholders of the Albert Southern Railway Company will be held at the office of the Company, Albert, Albert County, on Thursday the 4th. day of July next, at one o'clock p. m., for the election of a Board of Directors and the transaction of general business. By order of the Board.

Dated the 17th. day of June, A. D., 1889.

W. ALDER TRUEMAN,
SECRETARY A. S. R. CO.

The Weekly Observer.

HILLSBORO, N. B., July 11, 1889.

Treasure in Heaven.

Every coin of earthly treasure
We have lavished upon earth
For our simply 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 ob'ation—
Seeds of pity wisely sown—
What we give with 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!

A Funny World.

This world is very funny,
For no matter how much money
Man is earning he will spend it, and be
hard up all the time;
To his utmost he is straining
To catch up, without attaining,
Till he makes his life a burden when it
should be bliss sublime

He who earns a thousand merely
Thinks two thousand yearly
Would be just the figure to make happiness complete.
But his income when it doubles
Only multiplies his troubles,
For his outgo then increasing makes his
both ends worse to meet.

It is run in debt and borrow,
Push to day and broke to-morrow,
Financeering every way to postpone the
day of doom;
Spending money ere he makes it,
And then wondering what takes it,
Till he, giving up the riddle, looks for
rest within the tomb.

Oh, this world is very funny
To the average man whose money
Doesn't quite pay for the dancing that he
does before he should
And he kills himself by trying
Just a little higher flying
Than is suited to his pocket and his own
eternal good.

Won for the Work.

A Temperance Story.

By M. E. H.

"One more has gone from this strange world of ours;
One less to gather its thorns with its flowers;
One more has departed to Heaven's bright shore.
Ring the bell softly there's crape on the door.

Two more have gone from this strange world of ours;
One to the bliss of Heaven's bright bowers;
One without hope to the shadowy shore.
Toll the bell sadly there's crape on the door."

Sitting by the window this glorious May morning, when all nature seems bursting forth in a glad new song, I read of the "white ribbon band." That band of women who on their knees before the rum shops, are fighting for "God and Home and native Land." I feel thankful that there is no need for such extreme measures in our quiet village. True there are liquor dealers here, one near our own home, but I am not afraid for my husband. God will be spared to reach manhood. He is so noble, so upright. He would never stoop to enter one of those low saloons. I wonder that parents do not train their children to nobler hopes and aims. But all boys are not like our Guy. Some incline to dissipation from their cradle. I have nothing against my neighbour Johnson, if he does sell wines. He is honest and obliging and a good neighbour. Later in the day sister Mary tells me a stranger is in the place, urging the women to organize a branch of The "Woman's Christian Temperance Union" in our village. I shall have nothing to do with it. I fail to see the good they can do. Who would do as those women I read of this morning? I never, never could. It might do in some places but there is no need of such a society here. I tell Mary so and she says they will do what they can. They can pray and leave the result with God. For my part I am willing to leave this work in the hands of our clergymen. I really have no time to attend to it. I think a woman's work is in her home.

At night when I go to Guy's room to hear his evening prayer I am arrested in the hall by an unusual noise outside. Down by the saloon neighbour Johnson is talking in a loud voice, to a crowd of men and boys gathered around him. He is evidently witty to-night for they greet his words with shouts of laughter. I stand for a moment by the window. When they have passed into the saloon the strains of "come and go with us to mansions fair and bright" is wafted from the open door. They like sacred songs at neighbour Johnsons, I often hear them singing in the sweet still night, "Rock of Ages" and "Lead kindly Light." It can't be such a bad place for young men to go after all, and—yet—I don't think I would like to see my Guy go through that door. I don't know why, but I shiver and draw my shawl closely around my shoulders as I think of it. Sinking into a chair I lean my head upon my hand and for a moment there is stillness. Then the door opens. I glance up and see a woman standing there in the shadows. She is so sad yet so beautiful in the dim light that I am fascinated. I find myself wondering what it can mean. Who is she? What does she want? Raising her hand she beckons me to follow her and I arise and pass out into the night. She points to two figures ahead passing through into the lighted saloon, and one looks like my Guy. So much does he remind me of my boy, that I do not hesitate to follow him into the saloon. With his arm linked in the young man's arm, Johnson is urging him in while the boy looks back as if he hesitated to enter the place, and I hear him laugh nervously. Once inside I lose sight of the boy in the glare of the gas light. A number of men (some I never thought to see in this place) are crowding around an old man, pushing him roughly from one side of the room to the other while their shouts grow louder. The wine cup is passed around. His hat pushed on his head, and Johnson shoves him, coatless, out into the night. I wonder that some one does not pity him and take him home. They return to their cards and wine. I fear he will never reach his home, where a wife or mother may be waiting for him, and I follow him. Down the street he goes, sometimes, crawling on his hands and knees. Low moans break from his lips. A little further he falls into the ditch and does not move again. It is very dark now and down the road I hear some one whistling. Thank God there is help coming. The water in the ditch is deep and I find I cannot with all my strength help the poor creature up. I step back and wait. Arrested by the groans of the poor fellow in the ditch the foot-steps stop. He is raised up. I hear the stranger call him by name. Is it possible, can it be that man? I know he often goes to Johnson's but I also know his only daughter is dying. What was he doing there to-night? I follow him to his home. The young man rings and leaves him on the steps. I notice then my strange visitor again by my side. We enter the house and are in the dying girl's room. Darling Debby Ray, so changed, so white on the pillows. She looks up and asks. "Has Papa come?" The bell rang. Papa! oh! come quick. Tell papa to meet me in Heaven. She reaches up her hand and clasps the hands of the waiting angels and is borne away to the Land where there is 'no more curse.' No sorrow neither sighing, no wasted cheek where the burning tear has rolled and left its stain. There is another gem in the Saviour's crown and another soul in Heaven. But her father, will he meet her there? I follow my unknown guide out and lose her form in the darkness. Again I am at my own window, again I see Johnson enter the door leading a boy. It is, it must be, my Guy, only as I expect he will look at twenty two. He goes in willingly this time clinging to Johnson's arm. I rush out determined to see this boy who is so like my boy. Again inside the saloon the scene changes. There are only two figures there, and the light is dim, a man partly intoxicated and a woman who is selling him a glass of brandy. There are hard lines about her mouth as she takes the pieces of silver from the trembling hand of her victim, and pours out another glass. He drinks in and staggers out through the door. I follow him and when he has reached the street hear him say the names of "Mary" and "Mother" and then turning he staggers away in the darkness. I stand looking after him, when a touch on my arm reveals the presence of my Guide. She says "come" and leads me to a pretty cottage away up the street. There is a melancholy, gusty sound in the trees as we draw near the house. A light is burning in the window, and through the shades I see a young girl arise and look out into the night. Standing there she turns a jewelled circlet on her finger slowly around and anxiously looks into the darkness without. I know her now. It is Mary Hilton. She and George March are engaged. The wedding day is placed at a week from to-morrow. Then it comes to me, that the man who staggered out of the saloon was George March and I wonder how long the light will burn in that window for him to-night and how many times Mary's white face will appear at the window. I thought he had given up the drink that maddens. I think Mary thought so too. I am thankful she did not see him to-night. I look around to see what my guide is going to say but she is no longer by my side and I hastily retrace my steps to my own home. As I near the bridge that crosses the river I hear the sound of men's voices and see lanterns flash along the river side. See they are dragging up something from the tide, something white and ghastly in the light of the lamps. I seem to have the power of seeing without being seen. I am floating rather than walking. The fixed, glassy eye; the face over which the livid hue of death is spread, tell the story, dead! It is George March. He had fallen over where the broken rail goes down into the water. Drowned! One glance at the fearful set face, my heart sickens at the thought of the drunkard's inheritance and the darkness into which they enter who go without hope to eternity's shore. One sigh for the mother who hung over his cradle and the father who will mourn for his boy and I am away home by my window again. This time I see Johnson appear at the saloon door. He beckons and my boy, my Guy? goes towards him. I try to call out but no sound comes from my lips. Johnson takes his arm and leads him through the saloon door. I need no voice to call me now. I have seen his face plainly. It is Guy, and as the door clangs after him I face my strange visitor again on the steps of the saloon. He says "my boy is in there, let me go in," but her hand on my arm is an iron grip and she gives me back my words "a woman's place is in the home," and there is no hope for the mother whose boy has fallen into the hands of the rum seller. I beg to be allowed to go in and die with him but there is no loosening of that cruel grasp. I am firmly held back. Is there no one to help? Oh! God, in heaven; don't they know it is my boy, my baby in there. I must reach him. My arm is released and I fall down beside the bar room door, my head strikes the heavy oaken panels. I open my eyes and am in my own home, a pair of dark blue eyes are looking wonderingly into mine, "mamma are you ill? you cried so, I thought you must be," and Guy's hand lovingly caresses my face. "I have been dreaming, dearest," I say and kneeling with my arms around my boy I thank God for the dream that has shown to me my duty. At breakfast next morning I make known my intention of becoming a member of the "W. C. T. U." I am willing now to do anything, if there is a hope of saving my boy and my neighbor's boy from falling into the snares of intemperance. My husband looks up from the morning paper and says "George March was drowned in the river last night. It is supposed he had been drinking and fell off the bridge. That is a dangerous place." A few minutes later some one tells me, Debby Ray has passed away to rest, and I wonder after all if it was a dream. Day by day I see Mr. Ray enter the saloon, I know he will never find the way to Debby in Heaven through the doors of Johnson's saloon, and the thought comes to me that he will never meet her there. That she will watch in vain for his coming. But I remember there is One whose blood was shed to save sinners. His love is deep and boundless. He is able to break the chains that bind the drunkard and set him free.

From this day forward I am with the sisters in their efforts to rescue the fallen and close up the saloons.

Didn't Meet Him.

MRS. M.—"Did you see any o' them sharpers in the city?" MR. M.—"Not a one, Miranda, not a one. But I met some old friends I never expected to see again. Do you remember old Mr. Big crop; Well, I met a son of his. Thought both those boys were dead an' lying out there in cemetry; but this one said he was snatched by grave robbers, and just as they were sellin' his body to a medical college he came to. Good enough for a book, Miranda, good enough for a book, and I told him he ought to write it, and he said he guessed he would, and he'd dedicate the book to me as his father's old friend. There's one queer thing, Miranda; this man's hair is black while the Bigcrop boys had red hair, but he said it turned black from fright. He's way up into society, Miranda, and introduced me to two young men named Vanderbilt and Astor and Gould and Drexel and ever so many more. I tell you Miranda, these young fellers spent money? Some bills for cigars and things came in while we were in, king, hundreds o' dollars worth, an' they whipped out the cash like a breeze. One of 'em happened to run short, and he lent him all I had, but he said he'd send it by express to morrow. I tell you what, Miranda, a smart man like me is just as safe in the city as in the country.

He Knew the Sex.

Wife—"What do you mean by coming home at this time of night, George?"

Husband—"'S all your fault my dear—his's all your fault."

W. (with a dark frown)—"All my fault, sir? All my fault?"

H.—Yes. F'lers wanted me to stay longer, wouldn't do it. Said a man with a wife's pretty 'n amiable's mine had no excuse for staying out any longer. That's the reason why—er—I come home so soon."

W. (smiling)—"Well, your'er a great trial to me, George, but I suppose I'll have to forgive you."

What Would Make Her Feel All right.

Poor Wife (to husband, whose loud snoring keeps her awake)—"Charlie! Charlie! do stop snoring! Turn over on your side!" (Nudges him.)

Husband, only half awake, grunts, turns on his side and continues to snore. Wife has a happy idea. Remembers a line from an article called How to Prevent Snoring. Gives her husband a second nudge, which elicits another grunt.

"Oh, Charlie! If you'd keep your mouth shut you'd be all right."

Charlie (still semi-conscious)—"So would you."

A Sad Story of the Johnstown Flood.

The Heartrending Trials of a Mother Who Tried to Save Her Children.

JOHNSTOWN, PA., June 8.—A pretty, pale little woman told part of her sad story to day as she nervously clasped and unclasped her hands and cried in a quiet, heart breaking way. Years ago in the Virginia Valley, somewhere near Winchester, this sad little soul met and loved a hard-working, intelligent engineer, named Fenn. They were married some years ago, came to Johnstown, where they had a neat, comfortable home. Fenn made good wages, their seven children were always well clad, and their mother lived with her life concentrated upon them.

On the afternoon of the flood Fenn went to the butcher's and passed out of this short history in the waters. When the flood came into the Fenn house, the mother gathered her chicks in the parlor and told them not to be afraid, as God was there and would guard them. Up came the torrent, and they went to the second floor, and again the little mother talked of hope and bade them be of good cheer, for papa—Heaven rest him—would come soon in a boat and take them away." Up, up and up rose the water, and now the family were forced in the top storey. The rooms were very low, and soon the heads of the mother and children were beating against the ceiling. "Mamma," said the eldest child, a girl "wouldn't it be better to go outside and die in the open air?"

"Yes, dear," said the mother, "we'll make a raft, and all go down together."

She fought her own and her children's way to the window and opened it. She caught a piece of plank and on it put the eldest child, with a hasty kiss and a 'God bless you." Then she left it float away in the darkness and the roar of the waves. Six times these frail barks were freighted with precious cargoes and argosies of pious trust. The children were frightened, but obedience was part of their creed, and they made but little protest.

Now came the turn of the last child, Bessie, the four year old. One can fancy what it meant—the last, the dearest. There was scarce breathing space in the room now, and if haste was not used, death would come there at once. To a broad plank Bessie was fastened securely and was blessed as had been the others. "I loved them all, oh, I loved them all," said the mother. "But I had two kisses for Bessie, for she was Tom's favorite, and was such a good child. She put her arms about my neck and said, 'You know you said God would take care of me always, mamma. Will he take care of me now?'"

"I told her He would and she need not fear, and then she was carried away. "I'm not afraid, mamma," she called out, and I heard her although I could not see her—and that's all, except that the roof was torn off and I floated off on it, and some Italians saved me at Kernville, sixteen miles from here."

"And the children, Mrs. Fenn, I hope they all escaped?"

"We have found two of them dead—Bessie and George—and there is not a mark on Bessie's face, and oh, I am so tired. They're all gone, every one—eight of them—and I am going home to Virginia after all these years to rest and try to think."

The Solid South.

Capt. W. H. Wells, of the Georgia Southern & Florida Railroad, tells this as an actual fact: Quite a number of white men, some of them tramps from the North have been grading on the line of the road. The other day a party of visitors were looking at the men at work and an Irishman in particular attracted their attention. He was picking away through the hard clay, sweating and puffing, when one of the visitors remarked:

"Pat, you find it pretty hard, don't you?"

"Begorra, sorr, I've struck the solid South."

Why She Could Not Look Him in the Face.

"Mrs. Jones, can you look me in the face without a blush and say you haven't squandered that 50 cents recklessly?" asked Jones, who has the reputation of being the meanest man in the country.

"No, I don't think I can. I can't look anybody in the face without a blush."

"Ha! See the result of a guilty conscience. So you can't look people in the face without blushing?"

"No; whenever I try I am overwhelmed with the mortifying consciousness that I have got you for a husband."

Tricks in All Trades.

First $20,000 Ball Player—Give all your spare cash to some friend and tell him to bet against us. We've sold out the next game. The Mullers are to be allowed to beat us by one run.

Second $20,000 Player—Every fool konws we can beat the Mullers, and we'll be charged with selling out.

"No, we won't. That's all fixed."

"How can you keep people from thinking we didn't get beat on purpose?"

"After the game is lost we're going to mob the umpire."

A Preventive of Seasickness.

(*Pittsburg Despatch*)

A friend of mine was talking to Lieutenant Craven, United States navy, in New York the other day about seasickness. Said Lieutenant Craven: 'When you go aboard ship take a broad towel and tie it about you in such a way as to compress the abdomen generally with tolerable tightness. Wear this bandage throughout the voyage and I'll be bound you will not suffer from seasickness.'

The gentleman to whom Lieutenant Craven gave this recipe said to me: 'I believe that a bandage applied as Mr. Craven suggests is an excellent preventive. I had generally been a very bad sailor until the last trip at sea I made, when I wore for the first time an electric belt. This belt was fastened about me as a bandage should be. In spite of the fact that the voyage to and from Bermuda was exceedingly rough, and nearly every one was sick, I passed through the ordeal without even a qualm. Anyway, the recipe is so simple and inexpensive that it is worth trying.'

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the following formula, of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical Cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness Hay Fever.

A New Home Treatment.

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 at home by the patient once in two weeks. N. B.—For catarrhal discharges peculiar to females (whites) this remedy is a specific. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent on receipt of ten cents by A. H. DIXON & SON, 303 W King St., Toronto, Canada.—*Scientific American.*

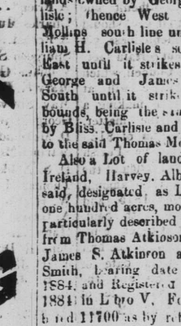
Sufferers from catarrhal troubles should carefully read the above.

Nov 1, 1888.

HOSPITAL REMEDIES.

What are they? The growth of intelligence in medical matters has given rise to a demand for a class of genuine, reliable medicine. The opportunity of the ignorant quack, who grew rich curing everything out of a single bottle has passed. To supply satisfactorily this demand this list of remedies has been created. They are the favorite prescriptions of the most famous medical practitioners of the day, gathered from the hospitals of London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna. Prescriptions which cost the patients of these specialists from $25 to $100 are here offered prepared and ready for use at the nominal price of *one dollar each.* Not one of them is a cure all; each one has only the reasonable power of curing a single disease, and each one keeps is contract. Sufferers from Catarrh, Diseased Lungs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Liver and Kidney Complaints, Fever and Ague, Neuralgia, Female Weakness, Leucorrhœa or Nervous Debility, should send stamp for descriptive catalogue to Hospital Remedy Co., 303½ West King St., Toronto, Canada. If your druggist does not keep these remedies remit price and we will send direct.

ROYAL



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HORSE WANTED.—Wanted immediately a good driving Horse in exchange for a piano or organ. Address, Miller Bros., Music Store, Moncton, N. B.

Impure Blood

is the cause of Boils, Carbuncles, Pimples, Eczema, and cutaneous eruptions of all kinds. There can be no permanent cure for these complaints until the poison is eliminated from the system. To do this thoroughly, the safest and most effective medicine is **Ayer's Sarsaparilla.** Give it a trial.

"For the past twenty-five years I have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In my opinion, the best remedial agencies for the cure of all diseases arising from impurities of the blood are contained in this medicine."—G. C. Brock, Druggist, Lowell, Mass.

"My wife was for a long time a sufferer from tumors on the neck. Nothing did her any good until she tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla, two bottles of which made a complete cure."—W. S. Martin, Burning Springs, W. Va.

"We have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla here for over thirty years and always recommend it when asked to name the best blood-purifier."—W. T. McLean, Druggist, Augusta, Ohio.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
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Hillsboro, A. Co, N. B.

Sheriff's Sale.

Will be sold at Public Auction on FRIDAY, the 23rd day of AUGUST next, A. D. 1889, at the Court House in Hopewell, in the County of Albert, between the hours of TWELVE o'clock noon and FIVE o'clock in the afternoon:

ALL the right, title, interest, property, claim and demand, of Henry Middleton, his possessory right, and right of entry, both at law and in equity, of, in, and to that certain piece or parcel of land and premises situate in Hillsboro, Albert County aforesaid, being part of Lot No. 6, originally granted to John Taylor bounded as follows, viz: Northwardly by lands of George and James Carlisle; Eastwardly and Southwardly by lands owned by the said Henry Middleton and formerly owned by Thomas Mollins; and Westwardly by the Albert Manufacturing Company's tram way, containing nine acres, together with all ways and rights of ways which William H. Carlisle has possession of or is entitled to from the Highway to the said described lands in common with him, the said William H. Carlisle, his heirs and assigns.

Also a part of Lot 6 aforesaid, commencing at the South-east corner of lands owned by George and James Carlisle; thence West along Thomas E. Mollins south line until it strikes William H. Carlisle's south line; thence East until it strikes lands owned by George and James Carlisle; thence South until it strikes first mentioned bounds, being the same lands conveyed by Bliss Carlisle and Melissa, his wife, to the said Thomas Mollins.

Also a Lot of land situate in New Ireland, Harvey, Albert County aforesaid, designated as Lot 31, containing one hundred acres, more or less, which is particularly described in a certain Deed from Thomas Atkinson and his wife and James S. Atkinson and wife to Alonzo Smith, bearing date June 13th A. D., 1884, and Registered July 11th A. D., 1884, in Liber V. Folio 245, and numbered 11700 as by reference thereto will fully appear.

Also all and singular the undivided half part or moiety of all that certain tract of upland and bog marsh situate in Harvey, Albert County aforesaid, and bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the South corner of the line of lands formerly owned by Timothy and Converse Richardson; thence Eastwardly following the highest ridge of land until it strikes the East line of lands deeded by John Fillmore to Cynthia A. Tingley; thence Northwardly and Westwardly until it strikes the base line of the Germantown Lake Lots, so called; thence following said base line of said Lake Lots in a southeastwardly direction to what is known as the south corner of the Timothy Richardson Lot; thence following the base line of the front Roskia Lots, their several courses to the place of beginning, containing three hundred acres, more or less.

The same having been seized under and by virtue of an Execution issued out of the Westmorland County Court, at the suit of Henry R. Emmerson against the said Henry Middleton, et al.

ASAEL WELLS,
SHERIFF.

Dated Sheriff's Office, May 20th, A. D., 1889.

DID you notice that fine head of hair at church last Sunday? That was Mrs. B———. She never permits herself to be out of Hall's Hair Renewer.