

The Weekly Observer

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

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HILLSBORO, ALBERT COUNTY, N. B., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1888.

NO. 33.



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Our Washington Letter.
Judge Thurman arrived on Saturday with his son Allan, and went directly to the White House, where he had a long interview with the President. The judge's physical condition, having been very poor, has been shifting the weight as occasion demands upon his son's arm. It is supposed that Mr. Thurman will appear before the United States Supreme Court as counsel in the telephone case. His charge for court attendance in this case is said to be \$2,000 per diem.

When the vestibule train of Pullman was pushed into the Washington station on Saturday and Judge Thurman stepped upon the platform, you could have counted the people present to welcome him with your fingers. Washington is sufficed with great men and unless the services of a brass band is enlisted in the case, a crowd will not gather. The station is packed at any hour. Washington and New York are the two towns on this continent where a man hears that all fish is gone. At every halting place on the way from Columbia to Washington, Judge Thurman was the attraction for thousands. Arriving in Washington, he is met by a large collection of famous names.

This howling wilderness known as the House of Representatives has fallen upon evil days. The few members who have not gone out to die or die in the campaign are busily endeavoring to have their own private and particular measures passed. Frayer is hardly over before these statements are called "Mr. Speaker," "The circle grows smaller," "Holman and Blount have gone home," "But no sooner has the pet-bill of the Congressmen been started on its way than it is stopped by the possibility of a quarrel with the Senate. Mr. Lyman, of the Republican; or Mr. Kilgore, of the Democratic, may object. These men are of the sort that object to anything. Nobody else's object is toward Mr. Kilgore, but there are men who would follow the federal trail without regard. Mr. Kilgore is impractical, ill-fated and ignorant, and all that; but he is just as much in the way as if he were a steamman.

Mr. Allan, of Mississippi, stopped legislative mills for two hours on Friday by the call of "no quorum." The Senate bill incorporating the Nicaragua Canal Company was discussed in the Committee of the Whole, and a favorable report presented in a like manner.

The Retraction bill has been practically side-tracked. The Senate has just passed the Sherman and Baxter bill, the city. Senator Morgan, the other member of the sub-committee, swears that Senator Sherman's amendment is a "big bluff" at annexation. "In the meantime, the Ohio Senator is very heroic." The action of the Senate is a surprise to the final, some fairly on the way to agreement. The clause providing for the payment of a year's salary to the family or to the heirs of Chief Justice Waite is to be stricken out, together with the provision to extend the salary of the United States over No Man's Land. The action is agreed to by the Senate to send the bill to the House. The clause is to be investigated of the Washington committee is omitted, as the investigation has been otherwise arranged. The committee on epidemic disease, which will be called up during this session.

Senators and Army officers flew west to Philadelphia on Saturday to launch the Bill. Mrs. Wainwright, wife of the Chief of the Bureau of Investigation, to whom it was said the draft bill was given, she had once been a governess, broke the wire over the top of her bows, after all.

Approve of the Baltimore, some one recalls the fact that John Jay, who designed and constructed the first bridge for this country, is to be working as a carpenter in the city of Norfolk. The gratitude of republicans is once more exhibited.

Ten days ago the Postmaster-General completed negotiations for a fast mail train from Chicago to New York. To-day a schedule providing for a fast mail, east and west, between New York and St. Louis, goes into effect, reducing the present time by one hour and a half, which will make east a real difference of one business day. The mail arriving at New York at 3 p. m.

Senator Beck, however, still very weak, returned to town on Saturday. He will not resume his Senatorial duties for some time.

The Washington Association will soon be accessible to voters who do not long to climb stairs for twenty minutes. The elevator, which has the capacity for thirty people, began running Wednesday. The last one of the wooden buildings around the shaft is being destroyed.

It is a long time since it is so satisfying the night. The night is much as if it were a matter of next week. In October, 1889, the gathering of that day will be held in Washington. There will probably be 35,000 knights in line in the grand parade, and thousands more an inconceivable part of the total of all attending.

The State Associations of Democratic clerks are besieging the railroad for reduced fare for the trip home to vote. Washington, D. C., October 18, 1888.

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HILLSBORO, N. B., Oct. 18, 1888.

Unflinching Faith.

And shall I fear? Have I not learned From childhood's years his tender care?

Where'er my wandering footsteps turned, Have I not felt his presence there?

My Father! Yes, for he is mine! I know his promises are true. Through deepest gloom his glorious shine; Their bright rays pierce the darkness through.

I would not ask, if but my will, Could God life over with delight— Make time a river calm and still— Make every day with jubilee bright.

Proud night adds beauty to the morn; By contrast seems the sky more bright. Wild grandeur rides upon the storm, And glory glows from ocean's might!

Even in this night, so strongly dead, And fearful with a vague portent, His brooding care o'er all is spread— Terror is lost in wonderment!

Bright faith, sublimative, firm, shall stand, And awe his majesty displayed; He holds the tempest in his hand And says: "Thy I; be not afraid!"

This pathos leaps from out the skies, That half the miracle of grace Lies hidden in the strange disguise Of things which we may not trace!

—*Lillian G. Riggs in Chicago Herald.*

Betty.

(Concluded.)

Awed by his stern tones, I pulled my hat over my eyes and descended ignominiously. He moves away, as he promised and I creep out into the light again, and back to my former seat.

You have eaten no luncheon. Why is this? He asks abruptly, striding toward me.

I was not hungry, I murmur.

You are as pale as a ghost, Betty, what is troubling you?

My lips quiver, but I dare not speak. He stoops and takes my hand.

Betty, I know a quieter spot than this— will you come with me? I want to speak to you undisturbed for a few minutes. I have something to tell you.

He leads me away, and I offer no resistance, for I know what he wants to tell me—it is of her happiness he wishes to speak. I try feebly to frame a sitting sentence, but words will not come.

He stops in a quiet room, where a high wall throws deep slanting cool shadows.

Betty, he says, won't he tell me your trouble?

I have none, I murmur hoarsely.

He puts his hand under my chin and raises my flushed face.

My poor little baby, he says, so gently that my powers of endurance break down, and, with a sob, I turn away and cover my face with my hands. Betty! I hear him whisper, for heaven's sake tell me what this you—my darling—my own sweet love!

Is it dream, or did his arms really close around me? For one brief moment I succumb; then pride aids me to rebel, and I struggle to free myself.

You have no right to act so, I whisper. Think of Joan.

I will think of whom you like, he answers, and bows his head obediently; only give me the right, Betty, my darling, to chasp you in my arms. You know I love you, dear.

I gasp for breath, and step back a few paces that I may look at him.

Is this true?

Should I jest on such a subject?

And you do not love Joan?

Joan! Good heavens, who can have put that idea into your head?

Maj. Ffrench said that—that every body said that you—

As usual, Joan is on the wrong track, he breaks in, laughing. Why, you silly little darling, I have loved you from the first! Do you understand, or must I kneel down and swear it?

It sounds like a fairy tale, I say, with a faint smile.

Yes; and please heaven, it shall end as happily! There—come to my arms and kiss me, baby. You do love me, Betty?

Yes, I murmur very shyly.

He holds me tightly to his breast and says, hurriedly:

To-morrow—not to-day, Betty—I will have a long talk with you. Now I am going to send you for not driving with me; you disappointed me dreadfully.

I am sorry, Wallace. I answer—not even now will I disclose Joan's secret—and then, with tingling cheeks, I stand on tiptoe and give him a tiny kiss, and then nestle in his arms, the happiest girl in all the wide world.

At my request Wallace agrees to keep our engagement a secret until he has spoken to mother and Aunt Mary. He consents to this reluctantly, however, for he seems anxious to let all the world know of his good fortune, as he calls it; but he gives in to my wish at once when he knows that I am too shy at present to face all the crowd in my own position.

We spend a blissful no minutes. His murmuring words sound like sweetest music in my ears, his hand chafes a thrill of satisfaction and joy through my heart; I am a different being from the sorrowful, sad-eyed girl of half an hour before. But shouts are soon heard, and he slips away to join the rest, and leaves me to follow at my leisure. The remainder of the day is charming, delightful, entrancing to me, and even Maj. Ffrench notices that I am changed.

The air has done you good, he says; and I agree smilingly.

Betty is only a baby—she enjoys everything, observes Audrey, as she passes us.

A good thing, too, said Lord Charles; and, as they stroll away, I catch, his next words—I say, Audrey, that red-haired girl, as you call her, is precious good looking.

I derive some on Wallace's cheer, and spin along at a fast rate, while he manages to give me many a tender glance and soft passionate word. Lord Charles' team follows us, and then the others; and, as we dismount at the Grand Gate, I know that this has been the happiest day of my life.

Good-bye, my own sweet one! I whisper. Wallace as he grasps my hand to farewell. Heaven guard you till we meet again to-morrow! Watch for to-morrow, Betty.

I have a short discussion with Joan as we go to our rooms.

Why did you tell Capt. Verney that I had a headache this morning? I ask.

She turns and looks at me.

Because I understood Ben to say that you had one, she answers, turning and looking at me. Are you angry because you did not drive with him? Take my advice don't show your feelings so plainly another time. It is not good form.

An angry answer rises to my lips, but I keep it back. I will not spoil the day by a quarrel.

Good night, Joan, I say simply, as I go into my room and shut the door.

The moon has risen, and as I stand in its silver radiance by the window the church clock strikes eleven in street, sonorous tones.

Only a few more hours and he will come again, I whisper; and then I go to my rest and dream of my lover all the night through.

The sun is shining and the birds are changing their morning song as I wander through the garden waiting for the bell to ring, and to see a tall manly form emerge from the door way.

Eleven—twelve—half-past twelve has elapsed, but still there is no Wallace, and a feeling of disappointment creeps into my heart. Why is he so late? Surely he will come! I cannot live through many more hours with my great secret weighing me down. Aunt Mary has gazed at me rather curiously at times—at least, so it seems to me; but then, I am nervous and stupid too this morning.

There is the bell ringing at last! My heart beats wildly and my cheeks flush; I think upon a chair beneath the trees and watch intently for the door to open. I am thankful at this moment that all the girls are out—gone into Kingsford shopping—for I shrink from seeing any of them. A form appears, but it is not Wallace's—only Mary, the housemaid's!

If you please, Miss Betty, she says, there is a lady asking to see you.

To see me, Mary? Who is she?

She didn't give me a name, miss—only asked to see you.

Full of disappointment and surprise, I go into the house. The blinds in the drawing room are drawn down behind the open windows, and they flap backward and forward with every touch of the faint breeze; as I enter I see a woman standing rigidly by the table, and I seem to detect a resemblance to some one I know. She turns as I approach, and I see that she is tall, elderly and aristocratic. A French settler upon her brow as she sees me.

You are Betty Cardrose? I ask.

Come here, child, and let me look at you! I am Helena Verney—I have come from my room.

Wallace's mother! Involuntarily I raise my lips to kiss her, but she shrinks back.

Wait, she says hurriedly—wait till you hear what I have to say.

Holding my hand, she pours out a torrent of words while I stand gazing beside her, riveted by the signs of deep emotion on her face. Slowly, dimly I comprehend her meaning, and, as she reaches one point, I utter a little cry—No, no—not that!—and drawing my hand from hers, I sink into a chair.

She bends over me and caresses my hair.

Would to heaven I had reached Kingsford before yesterday, so as to have spared Wallace the bitter pain of knowing that he must cease you suffering! I travelled direct as soon as I heard the news. Ah, Betty dear, I think his heart is broken!—and you, my poor child—so young, so beautiful—time alone shall heal your wound!

I shall love Wallace all my life, I murmur, raising my head. Shall I be wiser wicker?

She smiles me, and I see that there are tears in her eyes.

Wicked—no. Who can blame you, poor little one?

We are silent again; and then I ask in low tones—

Does—does he love this woman—his wife?

Love her! the mother cries. She has nearly wrecked his life—ruined him; he never loved her. (Child, you are too young to understand. Years ago my boy fell into the hands of an intriguing father and daughter—adventurers in the worst sense of the word—and his honor, his chivalry, led him to the 'most fatal' net of his night—marriage. Never shall I forget the night he came to me and told me all. Maddened by this woman's depravity, he determined to end his sorrows in death. After almost superhuman efforts I calmed him; and then I met this creature and arranged that she should leave him unmolested for so much money. To this she consented, and Wallace was free of her society, though bound by his marriage vow. Last year, news came that his wife was dead; he made inquiries, saw her father, and, overcome by the man's pretended grief, made him an allowance to keep him in comfort. Since then, Wallace has been his old self again; and I have rejoiced in the free, contented, happy life that he has led. Suddenly, however, all my rejoicing is ended. A week ago I was in Paris, and there I discovered, to my amazement, that his wife was not dead but living. She came to my hotel and asked me for money. Stunned and overwhelmed, I hurried to Kingsford. Last night, when Wallace returned, he found my note entreating him to see me at once; and, as he was pouring out the story of his love for you, dear, I had once again to plunge him into the dark abyss of hopeless despair and tell him my news. I have come to see you at his special wish, Betty—Ah, child, I could have loved you!

I say nothing. No mother's voice could be sweeter than the voice of this woman of the world, as we have discussed her.

Wallace was going to tell you the whole story to-day, and now—

Oh, I am so sorry for him! I say quietly, though my lips quiver. You must tell him that—that—

I think he guesses all you would say, dear. Lady Helena observes with a sad smile.

Tell him, I entreat, rising and placing one trembling hand upon my chair—All that I love him just as dearly, and shall love him so forever—I shall never love any one else. And, oh, Lady Helena, ask him to 'forgive' me for the fortune I told him that day at the fair!

I will understand. I don't think I have anything more to say.

Poor young heart, heavy with such a load of pain, she says tenderly, taking me in her arms. Betty, you must promise me for Wallace's sake that you will try not to fret; and, should you ever grow to care for any one else, don't let his memory stand in the way—be the world suffer if he thought you would.

I shall love him all my life, Lady Helena, I answered; and then she kisses me and leaves me.

The blinds flap to and fro, and outside the birding sang as before; but the music is gone, and I shiver in the summer heat. As yet I scarcely comprehend that the sweet dream that has been stealing over me so slowly and surely of late is dispelled. I have grown so used to thinking of Wallace that he has become part of my life. And yesterday's happiness—that that goes for ever? Shall I be as I am now, miserable, to tired almost beyond endurance through the long years that stretch before me? I shudder, and, rising, go hurriedly to my room, looking myself in scorn from all intrusion. Here, where last night I stood smiling, thinking only of my great joy, I sink prone upon the floor.

Oh, Wallace, Wallace, my heart is broken! I cry; and then I weep till I am faint and exhausted; while outside the garden the birds' voices rise in shouts of glee, the sun shines and nature smiles serene.

It is some time again. One year has passed since my sad meeting with Lady Helena. I am in London with Aunt Mary for the season, and Audrey, transformed into Lady Charles Lennox, sees me every day, and is busy plotting and planning a good marriage for me.

You must marry well, Betty, she says one afternoon, as she comes to chaperone me to a garden fete at some grand house. Must I I ask, with a smile.

Of course! You are the prettiest girl out this season, as you know, she retorts.

Joan and Dolly have done better than I shall, Audrey—Joan is Mrs. Ffrench, and Dolly is engaged to Walter Montgomerie.

Joan and Dolly can't compare with you, Lady Charles says up briefly.

Ah, that is a tribute to my discrimination, my dear, says Aunt Mary, looking up from letters. You go, I know what I was about when I took up my red-haired Betty.

I go across and kiss her. Dear Aunt Mary, how good she is! Does she ever guess, I wonder, that she's built in my heart? I don't think she does, for she never speaks the subject of my marriage, and is so kind and loving in her every thought concerning me.

Oh, what a weary, weary year this has been! Not once since that day have my eyes had a glimpse of Wallace, my love! I hear of him sometimes, but not often; he has exchanged into another regiment, and has drifted out of Audrey's net. But though I am left stranded, as it were, my love grows stronger day by day. The men who crowd round me here in London only bore me; there is not even one to compare with Wallace. Audrey is puzzled to account for my coldness.

You are certainly unlike your sister, Betty, she says as we roll along in her smart victoria—no one can accuse you of flirting.

Is that a fault, dear? I ask.

Not a fault exactly, but a want.

I am sorry I fail; but, even to please you, I cannot flirt.

Ah, says Audrey, a trifle regretfully, you are wise, after all—you know what attracts Betty, your very coldness is one of your strongest points.

I smile at this, and we discuss other things. The fete is very much like dozens of others that I have attended—the same people, the same small talk, the same music. My head aches, and the pain at my heart is keener to-day, for this is the anniversary of our picnic to Brig. Abbey, and do what I will, I cannot banish the memory of it from my thoughts.

Miss Cardrose is certainly beautiful, but she is old, I overbear one man say to another.

I laugh softly and seek Audrey.

My head aches—I must go home, I say.

She looks vexed, but agrees to my taking the carriage.

Remember, you are due at Lady Bellair's! Betty she cries as I am leaving her.

I have a sigh of relief as I roll along the crowded streets. I will spend a few quiet hours alone, for Aunt Mary has gone visiting; and then, unless I feel better, I shall refuse to go out again, not to ball. I have several letters to write—no to dear mother and Ben—and this will take me from my thoughts. There is some one in the drawing room—I don't know who, miss, says Ben, as I enter the hall.

I go wearily up stairs; I am tired of talking small talk, but I must be polite. The door is open; I go in, and then, with a murmured exclamation, I stop back, for before me stands one whom I never expected to speak to again: Betty—my own Betty! he says.

I am conscious that he grips my hands and that I am gazing once more into the depths of his grey eyes.

Wallace! I whisper.

Yes, I am free! Yes, my darling, it is true this time; I am free, and I have come to claim you, my love—my sweet little love!

I rest my head against his breast, while he puts his arms around me and rains kisses on my face and hair.

My mother is longing to see you again, Betty, he says, softly. Let me look at you, dear. Yes, you are the same, yet changed; and it is I who have brought the change, Betty. Ah, how I have suffered this long terrible year!

I am a woman now—that is the change you see, Wallace, I answer, as he curries my hand to his lips; but to oblige you I will become a child again if I can. I smile undecidedly as I say this.

You will become my wife as soon as possible, he replies; and I bury my face on his shoulder as I realize that happiness has come again.

Your Destiny.

According to almost all the charts gotten up by the astrologers, what may be expected of your birth in different months is about as follows:—

If in January, a prudent housewife, given to melancholy, but good tempered.

If in February, a humane and affectionate wife and tender mother.

If in March, a frivolous chatter box, somewhat given to quarrelling.

If in April, impatient, not very intelligent, but likely to be good looking.

If in May, handsome, amiable and likely to be happy.

If in June, impetuous, will marry early and be frivolous.

If in July, passably handsome, but with a sulky temper.

If in August, amiable and practical and likely to marry rich.

If in September, discreet, affable and much liked.

If in October, pretty and coquetish and likely to be unhappy.

If in November, liberal, kind and of a wild disposition.

If in December, well proportioned, fond of novelty and extravagant.

Something Burning.

They were sitting on the porch and it was growing late.

"Would you mind if I lighted a cigar, Miss Clara?" he asked.

"Certainly not, Mr. Sampson," she replied.

And presently the old man was getting quite desperate, spitting from an open window.

"Daughter," he said, "I'll tell my rubber operators near the kitchen stove, and you had better see to them. I can report something burning."

Strong Maritime Powers.

Great Britain still has the largest navy, though she is closely pushed by France and Italy. She has one vessel carrying two 110-ton guns, which have a penetrating power of thirty-six inches of iron; four vessels with sixteen 68-ton guns, one with four 80-ton guns; five with sixteen 43-ton guns; and numerous other vessels. She has eleven seagoing vessels carrying from twenty to thirty inches of armor. France is her most formidable antagonist; with nine seagoing vessels with armor from twenty to thirty inches thick, and six with armor from eight to sixteen inches thick. She has six vessels carrying from 75-ton guns that can penetrate twenty-seven inches of iron, and one vessel two 82-ton guns that can pierce twenty-five inches of iron, and on six vessels sixteen 48-ton guns that can pierce twenty inches of iron, and she carries twenty 103-ton guns that can pierce thirty-two inches of armor and two with eight 101-ton guns that can pierce twenty-eight inches of armor. Seven of her vessels carry armor from twenty to thirty inches thick. So, though Great Britain has the strongest navy alone, she has a bad show against France and Italy combined. The United States doubtless has the smallest navy of any nation of its size. Even when our "new navy" is finished it will not compare in tonnage, in armor, in speed or in guns with the navies of the great European powers.

Canadians in California.

Many Distress Among Those who have been Deceived thereby False Pretences.

I am a Nova Scotia by birth, from Cornwall, King County, and have been in the United States several years, the last five months in California. I would earnestly request you to inform the young men of Canada not to come here unless they are men of money, and wish to invest; and even then I doubt not Canada offers many advantages superior to even the chances for good investments in this country. There are many young men here, and many coming who would only be glad to get back to Canada into the positions they left. Canada has four fruits and a much healthier climate, and I hope you will take pains to inform the young men of Canada of this fact, as I am pained almost every day by seeing young Canadians in distress. I would say that we have an immigration society here which is true in the interest of railroads, etc., and Canada is spoiled with literature, and it is doing much harm by inducing Canadians to come to California. Where one succeeds twenty fail. The only real advantage that California has for a poor man is the climate, but as to fertility, fruits, vegetables and healthiness, Canada is far ahead. It has more fertile land, better forests, and raises fruit that would put California to shame. If the young Canadian must emigrate let him try British Columbia if he wishes to settle on the coast. He will find better laws and more congenial neighbors.—*John L. Kilgore, San Francisco, Cal.*

Little Nell.

The Old Man Loved His Grandchild Though He was a Drunkard.

An old man and a little girl walked into a downtown saloon about 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon. It was not the first visit. The white-aproned bartender regarded them curiously. The half-dozen loungers lowered their voices in respect to the little lot of homeliness. Nervously fumbling in his pockets the aged man called for a drink. The little girl sat beside him with a fainting glance at the bartender stole over to the "iced table." From noon until 2 o'clock a gorgeous and tempting array of viands is generally provided in this peculiar resort. It had been removed a few minutes before the old man and his little companion arrived. Raising on tip-toe the little girl looked over an altar space of snow-white tablecloth. A pitiful expression of disappointment passed over a face pinkish with hunger and privation. The old man was just raising a glass of whiskey to his lips when the little girl rushed across the room and clutched him by the arm.

"Grandpa! grandpa!" she exclaimed in a shrill childish treble, "don't drink; the lunch is all gone!"

The trembling hand withdrew the glass that had almost touched his lips. A look at the table verified the child's statement. He had already paid for the drink. Motioning the bartender to the end of the long polished bar, the old man said:

"Please give me back the money. I must go without the drink if I die for it. It's all my money in the world, and the little girl has had nothing to eat since morning. Please give me back the money."

"Here's a quarter, don't come in here again," replied the bartender.

The old man and the girl went with the little girl and she with a glass of milk in her hand and she with a glass of milk in her hand.

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