

THE WEEKLY OBSERVER
A FAMILY NEWSPAPER.
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By The Observer Publishing Company.
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in advance; 50 cents, 3 months; 25 cents,
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should be in the office not later than
Tuesday Morning.
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from the post-office—whether directed to
his name or another's or whether he has
subscribed or not—is responsible for pay-
ment.
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OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S.
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agents. All business direct, hence can
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INSURANCE
Fire & Life Insurance Agency
GOOD RISKS SOLICITED FOR
The Lancashire Fire Insurance
Company.
The Liverpool, London & Globe Fire
Insurance Company.
The Standard Life Insurance
Company.
C. J. OSMAN,
Agent.
Hillsboro, A. Co.

Leather Manufacture.
If you want a first-rate quality of
Cold Liqueur Tanned Leather
—call at the—
HARVEY TANNERY.
Upper, Calf and Harness Leather manu-
factured and kept on hand. Best quality of
SOLE LEATHER
—and—
Hand Made Boots
kept in stock.
Oil Tanned Larrikan a Specialty.
Orders for which are now solicited, to be
delivered next Autumn.
GOOD PRICES PAID FOR HEMLOCK
BARK, COUNTRY PRODUCE
TAKEN IN EXCHANGE
FOR GOODS.
CASH PAID FOR HIDES.
W. H. A. CASEY,
Proprietor.
Harvey, A. Co., May 26, 1888.

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 likenesses 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
Mountings 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 applica-
tion 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, Bruises,
Sprains, Soreness of the Muscles, etc., its
effect is magical. Kept in the house for
any and all emergencies, it will never dis-
appoint you. Only 25c a bottle, and you'll
say its worth \$5 sold by all druggists.
DR. A. L. BLAWSON, Manufacturing Chemist,
No. 2 Brighton street, Boston.
If your druggist does not keep it
get him to order it.

MEN
Our specific No. 23 permanently restores
EXHAUSTED VITALITY, LOST MAN-
HOOD, AND GENERAL DEBILITY when
the treatment fails. Send 50 cents in stamps
for our TREATISE AND DIRECTIONS, for
some of our Toronto Merchants Co., 345
Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont.

THE PUBLIC
and do not want anybody to miss the
opportunity.
H. G. & F. A. MARR.
DR. G. T. SMITH.
Church St., near Victoria.
MONCTON.
Special attention given
to Children.

FREE!
16 GREAT LOVE STORIES,
each a package of goods worth two
dollars to manufacture, and a large 100p
Picture Book, that will surely put you on the
road to a handsome fortune. Write quick,
and send 5c. silver, to help pay postage.
A. W. KIMBLE, Yarmouth, N. S.

The Weekly Observer

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

VOL. 4. HILLSBORO, ALBERT COUNTY, N. B., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1888. NO. 40.

OUR YOUTH'S FRIEND.
An Illustrated Literary Journal for
BOYS and GIRLS.
16 Pages Monthly. Published at Hillsboro, N. B.
It contains departments of
**Stories; Social Etiquette; Tem-
perance; Nature and Science; Our
Girls; Inquiries Answered;
Humorous; Good Health; Music;
Home Recreations; Art; Puz-
zles, 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 ex-
perience is brought to bear upon making
up OUR YOUTH'S FRIEND.

This valuable Young People's paper
will be sent together with THE WEEKLY
OBSERVER one year for \$1.15. TWO
GOOD FAMILY PAPERS FOR
ONLY \$1.15. Now is the time to sub-
scribe.

HO TRAVELLERS!
Patronize the New Moncton
Livery Stable.
We have taken the stable lately occupied
by F. N. Stevens, corner Foundry and Main
Streets, and solicit a share of patronage.
First class rigs to hire. Horses boarded on
reasonable terms. Careful attention given
to traveller's teams.
A good hostler always in attendance.
TERMS MODERATE.
WEST & CRUE.
Moncton, Nov. 1, 1888.

HOLIDAY GOODS
Opening and to arrive in a few days a
fine assortment in
**Christmas Books, Plush Goods,
Fancy China, Toys, etc.**
Also a very large assortment of Steel
Engravings. We have in Stock a very
choice line of Mirrors and Mirror Plates.
**W. W. BLACK,
VICTORIA BLOCK,
MAIN ST. — MONCTON.**

**HARVEY & FOSTER,
GENERAL STORE**
—AND—
Commission Merchants.
DEALERS IN—
Flour, Dry Goods, and Groceries, Coal,
Wood, and Stoves.
Special attention given to shipment
Hay, Potatoes, Filings, etc.

IN STORE.
A very complete assortment of
Dry Goods,
Groceries,
Hats & Caps,
Boots & Shoes
Hardware, Delf. Clocks, Confectionery,
and all lines usually included in a well
ordered stock. Prices very low for cash.
R. C. Atkinson.
Albert, Aug. 7.

THE DEVIL'S FIDDLE.
We have for sale a fine
violin, made in Italy, and
valued at \$100. It is a
superb instrument, and
will make a fine addition
to any collection. It is
now on hand, and will
be sold at a low price.
Apply to
**W. W. BLACK,
VICTORIA BLOCK,
MAIN ST., MONCTON.**

**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
BEAUTIFUL GOODS
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.
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Church St., near Victoria.
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A. W. KIMBLE, Yarmouth, N. S.

The Weekly Observer.
HILLSBORO, N. B., Dec. 6, 1888.

A Thought.
Two pebbles
Lying on the strand:
Two leaflets
On the cold sea sand.
One pebble,
In the dawn of day,
Left alone;
The other washed away.
One leaflet
Withered, cold, and dried;
One floating
Outward with the tide.
Cold pebble
Thou art like my heart,
Left alone,
To live a life apart.
Poor leaflet,
Like my heart that died—
Sedately drifting
Outward with the tide.

The Three W's.
Watch, friends, watch! The signal
lights are flashing.
To guide your boat through life, to
harbor safe and sure!
Fear not the water you meet, nor waves
high dashing,
Nor rocks you pass so near, while you
endure:
But girl your belt and steer your craft
along,
By truthful oar and faithful compass
led!
The voyage o'er, you'll rest in peace at
last,
On waters calm, with stormless skies
o'erboard.
Watch, friends, watch!
Work, friends, work! The idler's work
is never done;
The faithful rest, while he has just be-
gun.
Your hours will bound with honest
pride,
As e'er the sun of life you safely glide.
If duty be your law, and work be holy
deed,
Your God your guide, your hope his
spotless God.
Work, friends, work!

Ingratitude Revenged.
There was a little flash of anger in the
other's eyes as he replied:
"You don't know my Jennie; she's the
loveliest, best, and truest girl that ever
lived. She would never wrong her
father."
The two old men were sitting upon
wooden seats, which were placed on
either side of the rustic porch, that formed
a kind of arched entrance to the front
door of the dwelling.
The speaker was a spare little man,
with dark hair, thinly sprinkled with
gray. He wore a swallow-tail coat,
adorned with brass buttons; a corduroy
brooch, fastened at the knee; thick,
blue, worsted stockings covered his legs,
and a pair of low shoes covered his feet.
His visage had a pained expression, as
he glanced first at the well-kept garden,
with its rows of potatoes and other ve-
getables; then over to the little paddock
adjoining, where two cows were grazing;
and next over the wide, undulating
meadow land beyond, his eyes resting
finally on the far distant hills. He put
the end of his long clay pipe between his
lips, and watched the wreaths of smoke
slowly ascending from it.
Mr. Johnson was a noble-looking man;
his snowy hair and long, white beard
gave him a patriarchal appearance. His
countenance looked that of a man, whose
intellectual expression which is so often stamped
upon the visage of a middle-aged "town-
man." His eyes were thoughtful, but
gentle; his whole bearing spoke of innate
goodness. The few wrinkles, which had
gathered on the white, pleated brow, had
been gradually traced there by time's
relentless fingers, and not suddenly cut
by loss, sleep, sorrow. He smoked
silently for a few moments, and then re-
sponded to his friend's remark:
"You're right; this is a real little
thing—
But I'll tell you what I've been think-
ing on, Hayes. You know my Jennie's
ago'n' to be married to Robert Meadows.
She's my only child, so, of course she'll
have all my belongings when I'm gone;
but I've been a-thinking, that, come after
she's settled, I'll have a deed of gift
drawn up, and turn everything over to
her; then there'll be no proving, she will,
and all that fuss; and the lawyers won't
have a pick'n' out of my bit o' property.
I shall live here, and hammer out just
the same. What do you say to that, friend
Hayes?"
The other man put a hand on each
knee, and leaned into the other's face, with
a look of intense interest, and said:
"You think it's a very brilliant idea."
"It would look the pipe out of his
mouth, and shock his head dandyly;
then I'd explain it between his legs, and
send him scurrying before him for an
hour or two; then he'd say, 'what's
that?' and I'd say, 'that's the way to
do it.'"

and emphatically:
"I don't like it."
He shook the ashes from his pipe
and began leisurely to fill it again with
tobacco.
"I never see a play but once, he began,
in slow, measured tones, and that was
many years ago, when I was a young
man. I was in London, and my friends
got me to go to the theatre to see a grand
piece that had been made up by a great
man hundreds of years ago. Well, I
forgot. But it was the play that struck
me. There was a good old king who had
three daughters, and he thought he'd
divide the kingdom amongst 'em. They
were very pleased; the eldest went down
on her knees, and swore how she loved
him more than anybody else; and said
as how he was the kindest, noblest, and
best father that ever lived—or words
summat like them.
The next said about the same, only a
great deal more; but I thought both on
'em looked too big and handsome and
wide-awake to stick to their word. The
third daughter said very little, but I
thought she was the nicest looking of all
the lot. The king was huffed because
she would not own she loved him. So
he divided the kingdom between his two
oldest daughters. I thought he was a
silly old fellow to put the reins into their
spirited-looking creatures' hands. But
he did it, and he used it. They treated
him very well at first; but after a time
they began to alter, and let him know
that he wasn't master. Well, one night
they turned him out of the castle, when
there was such a dreadful storm that it
was not fit to turn a dog out; and he
who had once been a king, had to roam
about like a beggar. The poor man
went nearly crazed. I almost forget how
it ended; but I think that was all
killed at last.
And what has this to do with what
I was saying? inquired Mr. Johnson,
testily. I was talking about deeds of
gift, and not plays.
The other began to smoke—puff—
puff. After a few minutes the full
meaning of his friend's words dawned
slowly upon his mind.
Well, I am a thinking as how, when
Jane got possession of the house, she
might, maybe, after a bit, turn you out,
as the king's daughters turned him out.
Keep the reins in your own hands, man—
you can draw them tight, or let them
loose, when you please; but don't give
them up till you die. That's my advice,
friend Johnson.
There was a little flash of anger in the
other's eyes as he replied:
"You don't know my Jennie; she's the
loveliest, best, and truest girl that ever
lived. She would never wrong her
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do it.'"

put his newspaper on the table, took his
spectacles off, rubbed them, put them in
the case, and then slowly rejoined:
"If there is such a fine view from the
window, your visitor may enjoy it, and
she can sleep on the feather bed. I've
slept in the front room five-and-forty
years, and I ain't a-going to be turned
out now. If Miss Martin ain't satisfied
with the accommodation, she may stay
away!"
Stay away indeed! cried Jennie; it's
just like you, father. I call you very
selfish.
She hastily left the room, shutting the
door with a bang.
The old man took up the newspaper,
but the words ran into one another, for
large tears gathered in his bright, gray
eyes, and his lips quivered painfully.
Miss Martin came, and informed
Jennie that her father was the most
aristocratic looking gentleman she had
ever seen; but during her stay Mr. John-
son was subject to many sighs, as Jennie
and her husband were ashamed of some
of his old-fashioned ways.
One evening Mr. Johnson returned
from the village, where he had spent the
day with a friend. He walked leisurely
up the arden path; but suddenly paused,
and uttered an exclamation of astonish-
ment.
A fine hawthorn tree, which had
stood near the house, and had been full
of pink blossoms in the spring, lay upon
the ground. On examining it he dis-
covered that it had been cut off near the
roots. He turned hastily to enter the
house by the front door, when he observed
that the moonlight rose tree, which had
twined the porch and been full of bloom
all summer, lay across the garden path,
cut into a number of pieces, and as at-
tempt had been made to dig it up by the
roots.
Robert! Robert! cried Mr. Johnson.
What's the matter? queried a voice
from the inner room.
Who's been cutting them down? cried
the old man, excitedly, and waving his
hand toward the garden.
I have, answered Mr. Meadows, com-
placently.
Why did you do it?
Because I chose to.
There, don't quarrel, said Jennie. It's
all my fault, father. The hawthorn-tree
was close to the parlor window, and made
the room dark—so I asked Robert to cut
it down. The rose tree is not much good;
we are going to have a finer one put in
its place.
That hawthorn tree your mother set
with her own hands, and the rose I planted
on the day you were born. Your mother
loved them both, and heaven forgive you
for what you have done!
He turned away, ascended the stairs,
entered his room, and closed the door.
If Farmer Turner calls, just send
round for me, will you, Jennie? asked
Mr. Meadows, one morning at breakfast.
He's coming to look at old Betsey.
Yes, I'll send, replied the young wife.
What's the matter with the cow? in-
quired Mr. Johnson.
Oh, nothing, replied the young man,
I'm going to sell her.
Sell her? repeated the other.
Yes; she's old, and don't give much
milk. I'm going to buy a young one in
her place. Jennie's been complaining of
the butter for a long time; it don't come
up to our neighbors'.
But I won't have her sold! cried the
old man, angrily.
You have nothing to do with her; it's
mine, and I shall do as I like, rejoined
the other, haughtily, as he rose to
leave the room.
Mr. Johnson turned to the window
without uttering another word.
A few hours later he saw Farmer
Turner's man driving old Betsey out of
the yard.
Ah, it's the one she used to milk? he
soliloquized.
And the tears gathered thickly in his
eyes, as he watched his late wife's favor-
ite cow driven by a stranger.
Here's a letter from my sister Jane,
remarked Mr. Johnson, one afternoon, to
his daughter. Poor thing! her husband
has been dead only two months. The
bellows have sold her furniture; she is
destitute, and is staying with a neighbor
for a few days, and then she don't know
where to go to. Poor Jane! missed the
old man, as a dreamy look came into his
eyes and his thoughts reverted to the
past. She was a pretty girl when she
was young, and many a handsome fellow
came after her. But she took no heed to
any, except Tom Jones, who became her
husband. Then she had such a pretty,
blue-eyed child, with soft, golden hair.
She lived to be six years old and then
died. I thought Jane would have broke
her heart. Then her son grew up to be
a fine man, and was a-going to be married
in a week. But one morning he tried
to stop a horse and wagon that was a-
running away, when the horse threw him
down, the wheel went over his head, and
he was killed on the spot. And now her
husband's gone, and she's left alone.
Poor Jane! she's a very poor creature.
Hain't she any money to live upon?
Inquired Jennie.
No, and I've been thinking what
better have her. She can't do any
work here; I'll sell her to the
West, and have her
sent to the West. In view of this

astonishment. What can you be
thinking about, father? There's plenty
of us to keep already.
She broke her oaten with a jerk, and
threaded her needle impatiently.
We're going to have company this
afternoon, returned Jennie, after a pause,
in a conciliatory tone; and as they are
very fine people, I think you'd better
have your pipe in the kitchen, father.
You would not enjoy yourself with us.
Very well, my dear, he answered,
quietly. He put his slippers feet on
the fender, and gazed over his gold-
rimmed spectacles into the blazing fire.
I've been a-thinking, my dear, here-
suddenly, quietly, after a pause, that there's
a little error in that deed of gift.
An error? repeated Jennie, as she
dropped her work, and looked up with a
soured, white face.
Yes; I'm sure there's an error. It
would be pleasant for you, if the property
was thrown into chancery, after I'm
gone, would it?
Oh, father!
Well, fetch the deed down to me; I'll
look it over, and set all right.
Jennie hastened up stairs, and soon re-
turned with the precious paper.
The old man took it in his hand,
smoothed out the creases gently, read it
over, and said:
Ah! it is all one great mistake!
Then, with a quick movement, he
threw the document into the blazing fire,
and pressed it down with the poker.
Jennie screamed; and, dashing for-
ward, attempted to rescue the deed from
the devouring flames; but her father
held up his hand sternly, and said, in a
tone of authority:
Stand back!
At this instant Mr. Meadows entered.
What's the matter, Jennie! he in-
quired. Father, what have you been
doing to her?
The young man confronted Mr. John-
son, who stood with the uplifted poker in
his hand.
I am master of this house! cried the
old man; and I'll allow no one to dis-
turb me!
We'll soon see about that! exclaimed
the other, sneeringly. If you're going
to put on such fine airs, I'll have you
kicked out.
Oh, Robert, Robert! cried his wife;
the deed—the deed—
An hysterical fit of weeping checked
her utterance.
What do you mean? queried her hus-
band, with a white face, and a cough of
fear in his tone.
Father's master of his own house, and
will have you turned out if you don't be-
have yourself! returned the old man.
Angry words passed. Robert declared
that he would go to law; he would not
do one of his rights; the house was his
and Jennie's.
Prove it! grimly retorted his father-in-
law. You may have your company this
afternoon, Jennie, he continued, after a
pause, but it will be your last party in
my house. I shall send for farmer
Hayes, and we shall enjoy our pipes to-
gether this evening, in the best parlor, as
we did before you were married. As
for you, Robert, you haven't provided a
home for Jennie at present; and you'll
have to do so now. There's a cottage to
let in the village, which I think will
suit you. A month-to-day I shall expect you
to be clear from my house; and you need
not think I will do any more. What I
mean to give you—if I give you any-
thing at all—you'll have to wait for un-
til I'm dead. No more cutting down my
favourite trees—or selling my old cows
—or making me sit in the kitchen when
you've got fine company. I'll send for
my sister Jane, and she shall have a home
with me as long as she lives.
Jane, the sister, came to live at the
farm-house, and passed away at the ad-
vanced age of eighty-six. Mr. Johnson
lived ten years after, retaining all his
faculties to the last, and died in his nin-
ety-ninth year.
Jennie and her husband had to work
very hard in order to bring up their
large family respectably. Robert's hair
was silver white, and Jennie's thickly streaked
with gray; and their sons and daugh-
ters were men and women, when the for-
merly ungrateful couple were again al-
lowed to take possession of the old farm-
house.

God Bless Our Canada.
The timely sermon of Rev. James Car-
ruthers at Charlottetown.

In Charlottetown, on Thanksgiving
day the Rev. James Carruthers, pastor
of St. James' Presbyterian church, said:
Concepted as we are with the Mother
land, many of us fail to see that there
is growing up here a great nation—in-
territory, 600,000 square miles larger
than the United States, in moral worth
surpassed by no other nation. I for one
have no desire to see the link that binds
us to the Motherland severed. But I
cannot shut my eyes to the fact that in
a short time there will be a nation here
of a higher civilization, higher
intelligence, and higher
morality, than the old
land; her great railways and steam-
boats driving across her, her
ships sailing on her seas, her
trading with the West. In view of this

we should cultivate national sentiment.
An enthusiastic love of country is one of
the most powerful factors in moulding
the destiny of any people. No nation,
ancient or modern, has ever attained
greatness without it. No land to the
Briton, can excel his own native soil.
The same may be said of Germany,
France, and any other country, that
national sentiment draws the people
closer and closer together. The danger
that threatens us is sectional pride.
Every loyal Canadian must feel that the
worst tendency of our national life is that
indicated by the setting up of Province
against Province. It was this that
wrought so disastrously with the United
States. A solid North and a solid South
made secession possible, and a bloody
war inevitable. In olden times it was
a solid Israel and a solid Judah that
weakened the nation, and made them the
prey to surrounding nations. The
questions on the Pacific Coast, the
North-west Territories, in Ontario,
Quebec, and the Lower Provinces should
be the questions with us. It is here and
on such occasions as this that true
national sentiment can be cultivated.
The religion of Christ, uniting as it does
all hearts in one—here that spirit is
cultivated, which, when the hour of trial
comes, crushes forever all the narrow-
ness of local jealousies and helps every
loyal soul to lift up his voice and say,
"God bless our Canada." Cultivate this
sentiment. Draw closer to you the land
of your adoption, or the land of your
birth. Frown down the man who knows
no love of country. There are few things
this country can do without, but it
has no use for the man, be he Whig
or Tory, who has no good word to say
of his country, and is forever praising
some other land. On the verge of nation-
hood we stand. Pray God that he may
help us love our country and hold her
honor ever dear."—Gazette.

Barns Burned.
22 Head of Cattle and 2 Horses Cremated.
Tuesday night last all the outbuildings
on the fine farm of Mr. James G. Mc-
Callum, about ten miles from the city, on
the Brackley Point Road, were destroyed
by fire. In the outbuildings were
some twenty-two head of cattle, an All
Right mare with Hernando colt, this
season's crop and much of last season's,
agricultural implements, etc., all of which
were destroyed. The dwelling house was
saved with much difficulty. The fire
started between ten and eleven o'clock,
while the family were slumbering. The
roaring of the cattle as they were burnt
awoke the sleepers, but when they
got outside it was too late to save
any of the stock or the buildings. The
mare broke loose and rushed out of the
stable, but before she could be captured
became alarmed and rushed back into
the blazing building and was soon burnt
to death. There is nothing definite
known as to the origin of the fire. Mr.
McCallum's loss is estimated at about
\$3000. The buildings were insured for
\$600. McCallum has the sympathy of
all who know him.—Charlottetown
Examiner.

**St. Lawrence Canals—
GALOPS DIVISION.**
NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.
SEALED TENDERS addressed to the
undersigned and endorsed "Tender for
St. Lawrence Canals," will be received
at this office until the arrival of the
eastern and western mails on Tuesday,
the 30th day of October instant, for the
construction of two locks and the deepening
and enlargement of the upper en-
trance of the Galops Canal.
A map of the locality, together with
plans and specifications, will be ready for
examination at this office and at the
Lock-Keepers house, Galops, on and
after Tuesday, the 16th day of October
instant, where forms of tender may be
obtained by Contractors on personal ap-
plication.
In the case of firms there must be at-
tached the actual signatures of the full
name, the nature of the occupation and
residence of each member of the same,
and further, a bank deposit receipt for
the sum of \$6,000 must accompany the
tender for the works.
The respective deposit receipts—
cheques will not be accepted—must be
endorsed over to the Minister of Rail-
ways and Canals, and will be forfeited
if the party tendering declines entering
into contract for the works at the rates
and on the terms stated in the offer sub-
mitted. The deposit receipts thus sent
in will be returned to the respective
parties whose tenders are not accepted.
This Department does not, however,
bind itself to accept the lowest or any
tender.
By order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 11th October, 1888.

Itching Piles.
SYMPTOMS.—Moisture; intense itching
and stinging; most at night; no relief
by scratching. If allowed to continue
tumors form, which often bleed and
become very sore. SWARTZ'S
OINTMENT stops the itching and bleed-
ing, heals the tumors, and
removes the tumors.
SWARTZ'S OINTMENT
dolphin. SWARTZ'S OINTMENT
is a kind of ointment. 25
cents.

Sheriff's Sale.
Will be sold at Public Auction at the
Court House in Hopewell, in the
County of Albert and Province of
New Brunswick, on MONDAY,
the fourth day of FEBRUARY next,
A. D. 1889, between the hours of
TWO and FIVE o'clock, and FIVE
o'clock in the afternoon:
ALL the right, title and interest of the
defendants in the Albert Railway Com-
pany, acquired in any and all manner
whatever of, in, and to all and singular
the continuous Railway and right of way
over which the same have been con-
structed, and completed in accordance
with the location herebefore made at
the Province of New Brunswick in the
Dominion of Canada and extending near
the present line of Railway leading from
the city of Saint John to Moncton, to
Shelley Bay, together with all the right
of way, sidings, tracks, depot,
depot, ground-station houses and grounds,
shops, engine houses, freight houses, wood
and water houses, or tanks, and all build-
ings, held and acquired, and constructed
for use in connection with the said line
of Railway or the business thereof, and all
land or ground on which the same may
stand or be connected with, and all
locomotives, engines, cars, tractors and all
other equipments, and all the rolling
stock and all machinery, tools, implements,
fuel, and materials, buildings, apparatus,
repairs, operating and maintaining or
replacing said line of Railway, or any
branches thereof, or its appurtenances or
any part of the same between the ter-
minal points aforesaid; and also all the
property, rights, liberties, franchises,
privileges, immunities, buildings, appur-
tenances, and equipment of the said line
of Railway between said terminal points,
and all other rights, property and things
of whatever nature or date necessary to
build, continue, hold and operate the
said line of Railway of the said De-
fendants the Albert Railway Company,
and also all the lands and real estate of
the said the Albert Railway Company,
whereover situated or howsoever de-
scribed within my bailiwick.

Sheriff's Sale.
Will be sold at Public Auction at the
Court House in Hopewell, in the
County of Albert and Province of
New Brunswick, on THURSDAY,
the twenty first day of FEBRU-
ARY next, A. D. 1889 between the
hours of Twelve o'clock, P. M., and
Five o'clock in the afternoon:
ALL the right, title and interest, prop-
erty, claim and demand that Newton
Jonah has, or had on the nineteenth day
of April A. D. 1887, his possessory right,
and right of entry, be it law and in
equity, in and to, all that certain
lot of land and premises, situate in
the Parish of Biglin, and bounded
and described as follows: Beginning
at a stake standing on the
East side of the road leading from Basin
Corner to Mecham's Settlement, and
from George Kilham's North line,
running East fifteen rods parallel to the
said line to a stake and keeping the same
distance of seven feet from said line
thence North eight rods to a stake; thence
West fifty rods to a stake, and several
containing about five acres, more or
less, situate in the Parish of Biglin,
County of Albert, N. B.

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THE WEEKLY OBSERVER
A FAMILY NEWSPAPER.
Published every THURSDAY MORNING
at Hillsboro, Albert County, N. B.
By THE OBSERVER PUBLISHING COMPANY.
All communications to be addressed to
The Weekly Observer, Hillsboro, A. Co., N. B.

Subscription.—One Dollar per year, 6
months 50 cents, 3 months 25 cents, post-
paid in advance.

Advertisements.—One insertion.....\$0 30
One and one-half inch, one insertion..... 0 50
Two inches, one insertion..... 1 00
Each additional inch, one insertion..... 0 50
Each continuation one-fourth of first
insertion.

Special notices in local column 10 cents
per line for first insertion; 5 cents per line
each subsequent insertion.

Special arrangements made with parties
wishing to occupy more than half a column
space. Liberal terms made with yearly ad-
vertisers.

In order to insure insertion, advertise-
ments should be in the office not later than
Tuesday Morning.

The attention of subscribers is directed
to the following:

1.—If a person orders his paper discon-
tinued he must pay up all arrears, or the
publisher may continue to send it until pay-
ment is made and collect the whole amount,
whether the paper is taken from the office
or not.

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tinued he must pay up all arrears, or the
publisher may continue to send it until pay-
ment is made and collect the whole amount,
whether the paper is taken from the office
or not.

3.—The courts have decided that retaining
and publishing notices and periodicals from
the Post Office, or removing and leaving them
out for any reason, is a violation of the
intentional fraud.

PATENTS
Grants and Trade Marks obtained and all
Patent Business conducted for MODER-
ATE FEES.

**OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S.
PATENT OFFICE.** We have no sub-
sidiaries. All business direct, hence can
transact patent business in less time and at
LESS COST than those remote from Wash-
ington.

Send model, drawing or photo, with de-
scription. We advise if patentable or not,
free of charge. Our fee not paid till patent
is secured.

A book, "How to Obtain Patents," with
references to actual cases in State, County
or town, sent free. Address
C. A. SNOW & CO.,
Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

INSURANCE
Fire & Life Insurance Agency
GOOD RISKS SOLICITED FOR
The Lancashire Fire Insurance
Company.

The Liverpool, London & Globe Fire
Insurance Company.

The Standard Life Insurance
Company.

C. J. OSMAN,
Agent,
Hillsboro, A. Co.

Leather Manufacture.
If you want a first-rate quality of
Cold Liquor Tanned Leather
—call at the—
HARVEY TANNERY.

Upper, Calf and Harness Leather manu-
factured and kept on hand. Best quality of
SOLE LEATHER
—and—
Hand Made Boots
kept in stock.

Oil Tanned Larrikans a Specialty.
Orders for which are now solicited, to be
delivered next Autumn.

GOOD PRICES PAID FOR HEMLOCK
BARK, COUNTRY PRODUCE
TAKEN IN EXCHANGE
FOR GOODS.
CASH PAID FOR HIDES.

W. H. A. CASEY,
Proprietor.
Harvey, A. Co., May 26, 1888.

The People's Favorite.
My Studio has now become the favor-
ite resort for strangers visiting the town
and desiring
SOMETHING NICE
in the portrait line. I not only make
portraits which are perfect likenesses but
my work is
ARTISTIC
in every detail and commands the univer-
sal admiration of the public.

NO PHOTOS
delivered from my establishment without
MY PERSONAL INSPECTION.
In stock large lines of American
Mountings of new designs.
Oil Paintings, Engravings, etc., etc.
The Public cordially invited when in
Moncton
to visit
Northrup's New Studio.
Nov. 16, 1888.

182 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, Stomachic of the Muscles, etc. Its
effect is magical. Kept in the house for
any and all emergencies; it will never dis-
appoint you. Only 25c a bottle, and you'll
say its worth \$5 Sold by all druggists,
DR. A. L. WILSON, Manufacturing Chemist,
No. 22 Brighton street, Boston,
Mass. If your druggist does not keep it,
send for it to order.

MEN
Our Specific No. 23 permanently restores
GENERAL WEAKNESS, LOST MAN-
HOOD and GENERAL DEBILITY when
after treatment fails. Send 6 cents in stamps
for our TREATISE and DIRECTIONS for
its use. Toronto, Ontario, Canada, 248
Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Commission Merchants.
SOLE AGENTS FOR THE
Sole agents of all kinds of
produce, Hay, Potatoes, Apples,
Eggs, etc. (or dressed) or any
thing to be shipped to any
market on the whole of all kind
of their seasons.

CHARGES MODERATE.
Communications promptly answered and
orders carefully attended to.

The Weekly Observer

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

VOL. 4. HILLSBORO, ALBERT COUNTY, N. B., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1888. NO. 40.

OUR YOUTH'S FRIEND.

An Illustrated Literary Journal for
BOYS and GIRLS.
16 Pages Monthly. Published at Hillsboro, N. B.
It contains departments of
Stories; Social Etiquette; Tem-
perance; Nature and Science;
Our Girls; Inquiries Answered;
Humorous; Good Health;
Music; Home Recreations;
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 ex-
perience is brought to bear upon making up
OUR YOUTH'S FRIEND.

This valuable Young People's paper
will be sent together with THE WEEKLY
OBSERVER one year for \$1.15. TWO
GOOD FAMILY PAPERS FOR
ONLY \$1.15. Now is the time to sub-
scribe.

HO TRAVELLERS!

Patronize the New Moncton
Livery Stable.
We have taken the stable lately occupied
by F. N. Stevens, corner Foundry and Main
Streets, and solicit a share of patronage.
First class rigs to hire. Horses boarded on
reasonable terms. Careful attention given
to travellers' teams.

A good hostler always in attendance.
TERMS MODERATE.
WEST & CRUE.
Moncton, Nov. 1, 1888.

HOLIDAY GOODS

Opening and to arrive in a few days a
fine assortment in
Christmas Books, Plush Goods,
Imagery China, Vases, Lamps,
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.

HANDING C. GRAVES, J. CLARK FOSTER
(GRAVES & FOSTER,
HARVEY,
ALBERT CO., CORNER N. B.
GENERAL STORE
—AND—
Commission Merchants.

Flour, Dry Goods, and Groceries, Coal,
Wood, and Stoves.

Special attention given to shipmen
Hay, Potatoes, Etc., etc.

IN STORE.
A very complete assortment of
Dry Goods,
Groceries,
Hats & Caps,
Boots & Shoes,
Hardware, Delf, Clocks, Confectionery,
and all lines usually included in a well
ordered stock. Prices very low for cash.
R. C. Atkinson.
Albert, Aug. 7.

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

BEAUTIFUL GOODS
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,
DR. G. T. SMITH,
Church St., near Victoria,
MONCTON.

Special attention given to
Ladies and Children.

FREE! 16 Colored Illustrations worth two
dollars to manufacture, and a large 100p
Picture Book, that will surely put you on the
road to a handsome fortune. Write quick,
and send 5c. advance to help pay postage.
A. W. KIMBLE, Yarmouth, N. S.

The Weekly Observer.

HILLSBORO, N. B., Dec. 6, 1888.
A Thought.

Two pebbles
Lying on the strand:
Two leaden
On the cold sea sand.

One pebble,
In the dawn of day,
Left alone;
The other washed away.

One leaved
Withered, cold, and dried;
One flowering
Outward with the tide.

Cold pebble
Thou art like my heart,
Left alone
To live a life apart.

Poor leader,
Like my hope that died—
Steady drifting
Outward with the tide.

The Three W's.
Watch, friends, watch! The signal
lights are flashing.
To guide your boat through life,
To harbor safe and sure!
Fear not the misty morn, nor waves
high dashing,
Nor rocks your path so near, while you
endure:
But first your boat and steer, your craft
align,
By truthful chart and faithful com-
pass led!
The voyage o'er, you'll rest in peace at
last!
On waters calm, with stormless skies
o'erboard.

Watch, friends, watch!
Work, friends, work! The idler's work
is never done;
The faithful rest, while he has just be-
gun.
Your hearts will bound with honest
pride,
As o'er the sea of life you safely glide.
If duty be your law, and work be holy
deed,
Your God your guide, your work his
spotless throne.

Work, friends, work!
Wait, friends, wait! Be sure you're
right, then sail ahead;
Impatient sail to victory never led;
With courage firm and temper ever
sweet,
With cheerful zeal, your every task to
meet,
With kindness pure to all who tell with
you,
As good, as brave, and only brave as
true,
Then shall you bless the world, and, by
it blessed,
Depart from earth with the ransomed
rest.

Wait, friends, wait!
GENERAL H. B. CARRINGTON.

Ingratitude Revenged.
You've got a neat little spot here, re-
marked Farmer Hayes to his friend,
Mr. Johnson.

The two old men were sitting upon
wooden seats, which were placed on
either side of the rustic porch, that formed
a kind of arbor entrance to the front
door of the dwelling.

The speaker was a spare little man,
with dark hair, thinly sprinkled with
gray. He wore a swallow-tail coat,
adorned with brass buttons; corduroy
breeches, fastened at the knee; thick,
blue, worsted stockings; and his legs,
and a pair of low shoes covered his feet.
His visage had a placid expression, as
he glanced first at the well-kept garden,
with its rows of potatoes and other veg-
etables; then to the little paddock
adjoining, where two cows were grazing;
and next over the wide, undulating
meadow land beyond, his eyes resting
finally on the far distant hills. He put
the end of his long pipe between his
lips, and watched the wreaths of smoke
slowly ascending from it.

Mr. Johnson was a noble-looking man;
his snowy hair and long, white beard
gave him a patriarchal appearance. His
countenance looked that acute, intellec-
tual expression which is so often stamped
upon the visage of a middle-aged "town-
man." His eyes were thoughtful, but
gentle; his whole bearing spoke of innate
goodness. The few wrinkles, which had
gathered on the white, placid brow, had
been gradually traced there by time's
relentless fingers, and not suddenly cut
by keen, sharp sorrow. He smoked
silently for a few moments, and then re-
plied to his friend's remark:

"You're right; this is a neat little spot.
But I'll tell you what I've been think-
ing on, Hayes. You know my Jennie's
again? to be married to Robert Meadows.
She's my only child, so, of course she'll
have all my belongings when I'm gone;
but I've been thinking, these some after
she's settled, I'll have a deed of gift
drawn up, and turn everything over to
her; then there'll be no proving the will,
and all that fuss; and the lawyer won't
have a pickin' out of my bit o' property.
I shall live long, and be master just the
same. What do you say to that, friend
Hayes?"

The old man put a hand on each
knee and leaned into the other's face, with
a pleading, pleading look. "Don't you
think it's a very brilliant idea?"

Mr. Johnson took the pipe out of his
mouth, and shook his head dubiously;
then replaced it between his lips, and
glanced steadily before him for some
moments. "You're right," he said, "it's
a very brilliant idea."

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and emphatically:
I don't like it.
He shook the ashes from his pipe
and began leisurely to fill it again with
tobacco.

I never seed a play but once, he began,
in slow, measured tones, and that was
many years ago, when I was a young
man. I was in London, and my friends
got me to go to the theatre to see a grand
piece that had been made up by a great
man, and the sight of the lights, the gay
dresses, and the flash folks, I shall never
forget. But it was the play that struck
me. There was a good old king who had
three daughters, and he thought he'd
divide the kingdom amongst 'em. They
were very pleased; the eldest went down
on her knees, and swore how she loved
him more than anybody else; and said
how she'd be the kindest, noblest, and
best father that ever lived—or words
summat like that.

The next said about the same, only a
great deal more; but I thought both of
'em looked too big and handsome and
wide-awake to stick to their word. The
third daughter said very little, but I
thought she was the nicest looking of all
the lot. The king was loved because
she would not own she loved him. So
he divided the kingdom between his two
eldest daughters. I thought he was a
silly old fellow to put the reins into their
spiteful-looking creatures' hands. But
he did it, and he reed it. They treated
him very well at first; but after a time
they began to alter, and let him know
that he wasn't master. Well, one night
they turned him out of the castle, when
there was such a dreadful storm that it
was not fit to turn a dog out; and he
who had once been a king, had to roam
about like a beggar. The poor man
was nearly crazed. I almost forgot how
he ended; but I think that he was all
killed at last.

And what has this to do with what
I was saying? inquired Mr. Johnson,
testily. I was talking about deeds of
gift, and not plays.

The other began to smoke—puff—
puff. After a few minutes the full
meaning of his friend's words dawned
slowly upon his mind.

Well, I am a thinking as how, when
Jesse got possession of the house, she
might, maybe, after a bit, turn you out,
as the king's daughters turned him out.
Keep the reins in your own hands, man—
you can draw them tight, or let them
loose, when you please; but don't give
them up till you die. That's my advice,
friend Johnson.

There was a little flash of anger in the
other's eyes as he replied:
You don't know my Jennie; she's the
loveliest, best, and truest girl that ever
lived. She would never wrong her
father.

In the meantime Jennie and her lover
were in the orchard at the back of the
house, slowly walking up and down the
path between the trees.

The moon was brightening in the
purplish sky, and the evening star glim-
mered faintly.

When two more days have passed you
will be my wife!

The young man looked down, lovingly
into the sky, dark eyes raised to his, and
clasped the hand that rested on his arm.

I am so glad, Robert, that I shall not
have to leave my home, she said, after a
pause; for I was born here, and here
my mother died. It was very kind o'
father to propose that we should live with
him. Now you can keep all the money
in the bank that you have been saving
so long to buy furniture with, and if we
are careful we shall soon add some more
to it.

Your father is very good, Jennie; we
must be kind to him.
Mr. Johnson was placed in the seat
of honor; he moved among the guests,
with a kind word and cheery greeting
for all.

Jennie was a blooming, bonnie bride,
and seemed proud of her stalwart hus-
band.

Jennie was installed as housekeeper in
her father's home. After a time Mr.
Johnson presented his daughter with the
deed of gift, and the young people were
formally acknowledged as master and
mistress of the farm, with the under-
standing that Mr. Johnson was to reside
with them.

All went well for a time. Then
gradually there came a change over the
scene atmosphere of the dwelling and the
old man became conscious that he was
no longer treated with courtesy, nor his
wishes respected.

Would you mind sleeping in the back
bedroom for a few weeks?—we have a
visitor coming! I said Jennie one morning
about six months after the wedding.

The old man stared in great sur-
prise.
Why can't the visitor go into the back
room? he asked.

"Oh, it's such a little poky place! I
don't mean that exactly; she explained
checking herself in confusion. The room
is very clean, and there's really a beauti-
ful view from the window, and a good
father bed."

Mr. Johnson was a noble-looking man;
his snowy hair and long, white beard
gave him a patriarchal appearance. His
countenance looked that acute, intellec-
tual expression which is so often stamped
upon the visage of a middle-aged "town-
man." His eyes were thoughtful, but
gentle; his whole bearing spoke of innate
goodness. The few wrinkles, which had
gathered on the white, placid brow, had
been gradually traced there by time's
relentless fingers, and not suddenly cut
by keen, sharp sorrow. He smoked
silently for a few moments, and then re-
plied to his friend's remark:

"You're right; this is a neat little spot.
But I'll tell you what I've been think-
ing on, Hayes. You know my Jennie's
again? to be married to Robert Meadows.
She's my only child, so, of course she'll
have all my belongings when I'm gone;
but I've been thinking, these some after
she's settled, I'll have a deed of gift
drawn up, and turn everything over to
her; then there'll be no proving the will,
and all that fuss; and the lawyer won't
have a pickin' out of my bit o' property.
I shall live long, and be master just the
same. What do you say to that, friend
Hayes?"

The old man put a hand on each
knee and leaned into the other's face, with
a pleading, pleading look. "Don't you
think it's a very brilliant idea?"

Mr. Johnson took the pipe out of his
mouth, and shook his head dubiously;
then replaced it between his lips, and
glanced steadily before him for some
moments. "You're right," he said, "it's
a very brilliant idea."

put his newspaper on the table, took his
spectacles off, rubbed them, put them in
the case, and then slowly rejoined:
If there is such a fine view from the
window, your visitor may enjoy it, and
she can sleep on the feather bed. I've
slept in the front room five-and-forty
years, and I ain't a-going to be turned
out now. If Miss Martin ain't satisfied
with the accommodation, she may stay
away!

Stay away indeed! fired Jennie; it's
just like you, father. I call you very
selfish.

She hastily left the room, shutting the
door with a bang.

The old man took up the newspaper,
but the words ran into one another, for
large tears gathered in his bright, gray
eyes, and his lips quivered painfully.

Miss Martin came, and informed
Jennie that her father was the most
aristocratic looking gentleman she had
ever seen; but during her stay Mr. John-
son was subject to many slights, as Jennie
and her husband were ashamed of some
of his old-fashioned ways.

One evening Mr. Johnson returned
from the village, where he had spent the
day with a friend. He walked leisurely
up the arden path; but suddenly paused,
and uttered an exclamation of astonish-
ment.

A fine hawthorn tree, which had
stood near the house, and had been full
of pink blossoms in the spring, lay upon
the ground. On examining it he dis-
covered that it had been cut off near the
roots. He turned hastily to enter the
house by the front door, when he observed
that the monthly rose tree, which had
been trained the porch and been full of bloom
all summer, lay across the garden path,
cut into a number of pieces, and an at-
tempt had been made to dig it up by the
roots.

Robert! Robert! cried Mr. Johnson.
What's the matter? queried a voice
from the inner room.

Who's been cutting them down? cried
the old man, excitedly, and waving his
hand toward the garden.

I have, answered Mr. Meadows, com-
placently.
Why did you do it?

Because I chose to.

There, don't quarrel, said Jennie. It's
all my fault, father. The hawthorn tree
was close to the parlor window, and made
the room dark—so I asked Robert to cut
it down. The rose tree is not much good;
we are going to have a finer one put in its
place.

That hawthorn tree your mother set
with her own hands, and the rose I planted
on the day you were born. Your mother
loved them both, and heaven forgive you
for what you have done!

He turned away, ascended the stairs,
entered his room, and closed the door.

If Farmer Turner calls, just send
round for me, will you, Jennie? asked
Mr. Meadows, one morning at breakfast.
He's coming to look at old Betsey.

Yes, I'll send, replied the young wife.
What's the matter with the cow?

Oh, nothing, replied the young man.
I'm going to sell her.

Sell her? repeated the other.
Yes; she's old, and don't give much
milk. I'm going to buy a young one in
her place. Jennie's been complaining of
the butter for a long time; but I don't come
up to our neighbors'.

But I must have her sold! cried the
old man, angrily.
You have nothing to do with her; she
is mine, and I shall do as I like, rejoined
the other, haughtily, as he rose to
leave the room.

Mr. Johnson turned to the window
without uttering another word.
A few hours later he saw Farmer
Turner's man driving old Betsey out of
the yard.

Ah, it's the one she used to milk? he
soliloquized.

And the tears gathered thickly in his
eyes, as he watched his late wife's favor-
ite cow driven by a stranger.

Here a letter by my sister Jane,
remarked Mr. Johnson, one afternoon, to
his daughter. Poor thing! her husband
had been dead only two months. The
balliffs had sold her furniture; she was
destitute, and is staying with a neighbor
for a few days, and then she doesn't know
where to go. Poor Jane! missed the
old man, as a dreamy look came into his
eyes and his thoughts reverted to the
past. She was a pretty girl when she
was young, and many a handsome fellow
came after her. But she took no heed to
any, except Tom Jones, who became her
husband. Then she had such a pretty,
blue-eyed child, with soft, golden hair.
She lived to be six years old and then
died. I thought Jane would have broken
her heart. Then her son grew up to be
a fine man, and was again to be married
in a week. But one morning he was
tried to stop a horse and wagon that was
running away, when the horse threw him
down, the wheel went over his head, and
he was killed on the spot. And now her
husband's gone, and she's left alone.

Poor Jane!
Hain't she any money she's ever
inquired Jennie.

No; and I've been a thinking what
better have had here. She was a
good girl, but she had repented her
choice.

in astonishment. What can you be
thinking about, father? There's plenty
of us to keep already.

She broke her noodle with a jerk, and
threwed her head impatiently.

We're going to have company this
afternoon, resumed Jennie, after a pause,
in a conciliatory tone; and as they are
very fine people, I think you'd better
have your pipe in the kitchen, father.
You would not enjoy yourself with us.

Very well, my dear, he answered,
quietly. He put his slippers feet on the
feeder, and gazed over his gold-
rimmed spectacles into the blazing fire.
I've been a-thinking, my dear, he re-
sumed, quietly, after a pause, that there's
a little error in that deed of gift.

An error? repeated Jennie, as she
dropped her work, and looked up with a
start, white face.

Yes; I'm sure there's an error. It
would be pleasant for you, if the prop-
erty was thrown into chaos, after I'm
gone, would it?

Oh, father!
Well, fetch the deed down to me; I'll
look it over, and set all right.

Jennie hastened up stairs, and soon
returned with the precious paper.

The old man took it in his hand, it
smoothed out the creases gently, read it
over, and said:
Ah! it is all one great mistake!

Then, with a quick movement, he
threw the document into the blazing fire,
and pressed it down with the poker.

Jennie screamed; and, darting for-
ward, attempted to rescue the deed from
the devouring flames; but her father
held up his hand sternly, and said, in a
tone of authority:
Stand back!

At this instant Mr. Meadows entered.
What's the matter, Jennie! he in-
quired. Father, what have you been
doing to her?

The young man confronted Mr. John-
son, who stood with the uplifted poker in
his hand.

I am master of this house! cried the
old man; and I'll allow no one to dic-
tate to me!

We'll soon see about that! exclaimed
the other, sneeringly. If you're going
to put on such fine airs, I'll have you
tossed out.

Oh, Robert, Robert! cried his wife;
the deed—the deed—
A hysterical fit of weeping checked
her utterance.

FAIR & CO'S GROCERY PRICE LIST!

Table listing various grocery items such as flour, sugar, and coffee with their respective prices.

G. F. FAIR & CO., Main St. Moncton.

New Advertisements.

Shops Sale... Geo. F. Fair & Co. American Agriculturist... Publishers.

Local Matters.

WEATHER mild this week. SLEIGHT fall of snow last Saturday night.

THE OBSERVER sent nearly 14 months to any address for one hundred cents.

INSURED.—The cargo of plaster of the American scho. H. C. Higginson, wrecked off Atlantic Hill, Mass., on Monday, while on a voyage from Hillsboro, Albert Co., to Newburg, was insured for \$2,100.

TO RENT.—From 1st December next the upper flat of house on Academy Street, Hillsboro, owned by Mrs. Emma Duffy and at present occupied by J. N. Wells. For terms, etc., apply to J. N. WELLS.

GENEROUS OFFER.—THE OBSERVER will be sent to any address from the present time till Jan. 1st, 1890, upon the receipt of one dollar.

FOR ONE DOLLAR AND TWENTY-FIVE CENTS THE OBSERVER and Farm and Fireside will be sent one year to any address. See advertisements.

BAZAAR AND GOOSE SUPPER.—We have been requested to announce that the Sewing Circle in connection with the Hillsboro Baptist Church purposes having a Bazaar and Goose Supper in the old hall, on Tuesday evening December 18th. Further particulars will be given next week.

NO SOUTHERN MAIL.—As the Albert train only succeeded in getting as far South as the Cape Station last Tuesday we failed to get any mails yesterday from the Southern part of the County, and consequently have to go to press before receiving our expected "Notes" and local news from Alma, Harvey and Albert.

DO YOU LIKE STORIES?—Farm and Fireside is full of the best stories written and published once a week, 4 large newspaper pages, and you can get it for one year by sending 25 cents to the publisher of this paper. The regular subscription price is 75 cents a year. This is a great offer.

SOCIAL.—There will be a social in the vestry of the Methodist Church at Surry on Tuesday evening 18th inst. The ladies are already making preparations and on the 18th, when their plans and preparations will have matured, you may expect to see a refreshment table so completely supplied as to be almost groaning under the weight of its choice delicacies.

FARMERS.—Farmers should take an agricultural paper, and when they can get it weekly for a whole year by sending us 25 cents in addition to their regular subscription to this paper no one should neglect it. Farm and Fireside is published weekly and the subscription price is 75 cents a year, but by a special agreement with the publishers we have secured this low rate for our subscribers. Send in your 25 cents to us now.

DD NOT ACCEPT.—Mrs. Keefe, the distinguished lady lecturer of Ontario, offered her services to the W. C. T. U. of Hillsboro for next Wednesday evening. But owing to a certain prejudice in the minds of some of the leading members of the committee against female lecturers the Union thought best not to accept her offer. Many persons will no doubt regret missing an opportunity of hearing this talented lady.

A PROSPEROUS CHURCH.—The Moncton Baptist Church, under the pastoral charge of Rev. W. B. Hinson, is in a highly prosperous condition if a large increase in the membership is any indication of prosperity. Last Sabbath 10 were added to the church, 5 by Baptism and 5 by letter, making 33 additions in one month and 275 in 3 years. Last year was the most prosperous in the history of the Church.

VESSEL CAPTURED AND WRECKED.—The schooner Clara, Capt. Stewart, was wrecked last week while trying to get out of Steady River without a pilot. The vessel was loaded at Harvey Bank by Geo. S. Turner, with laths for the American market. While sailing out of the river she caught on what is known as the "big middle ground," at the mouth of the river, when the tide left her she capsized and drifted on the "reef" near Grindstone Head, where she was damaged beyond repair. The cargo, valued at \$2000, was expected to be lost. We understand that there is no insurance on either the vessel or the cargo. The captain, who thought he could pilot the vessel out of the river himself and thereby save one dollar and fifty cents, is a heavy loser.

J. V. SKILLEN

is making ALL WOOL TWEED SUITS for \$12. Trousers from \$3.00 up. Black and Blue corkscrew Suits, fine Tweed Suits and

OVERCOATS

at proportionately LOW PRICES. The cheapest and best place to buy your

Winter Clothing

is at J. V. SKILLEN'S Merchant Tailor. Main St., Moncton.

Local Matters.

EDUCATIONAL MEETING.—Rev. Mr. Gordon addressed a meeting last evening in the 1st Hillsboro Baptist Church in the interest of the Union Baptist Seminary, of St. Martins, N. B.

LOST HIS MONEY.—Another Albert County man has been duped by "confidence" men, while returning from the States. Why is it that so many from this County lose their money in this way? It cannot be on account of lack of information. Oh, no, because the Maple Leaf is published in Albert County and of course is read by every person. It must be that Albert County people are too generous and obliging for their own pecuniary good.

ALL FOR 25 CENTS.—We have secured a real bargain for our subscribers and we want you all to take advantage of it. Farm and Fireside is a large weekly agricultural and story paper, the subscription price of which is 75 cents a year. By special contract with its publishers it will be supplied to any of our subscribers for 25 cents a year. Send us your quarter and see what a prize you draw by being a reader of this paper.

DISAPPOINTED.—A large number gathered at the Baptist Church last Friday evening expecting to hear Rev. Mr. Keefe and his associates, but they were doomed to disappointment. Mr. Keefe reached Moncton Friday afternoon but owing to the very bad state of the roads he could not get any person to guarantee to bring him to Hillsboro by 9 p. m. He therefore was obliged to telegraph his inability to fulfill his engagement. He offered to come on Wednesday evening of this week, but owing to the Baptist Church being engaged for that evening they could not accept his offer. He will therefore be unable to visit Albert County this season, an announcement we deeply regret to make.

A GREAT BARGAIN.—We have made arrangements with the great agricultural weekly, Farm and Fireside, by which we are able to supply our subscribers with that paper for one year (52 copies) for the small additional sum of 25 cents. Farm and Fireside is a large 7 column 4 page weekly, two pages being devoted to agricultural matters and two pages to stories by the best authors. It is well illustrated throughout and has a large circulation at 75 cents a year. The low price at which we give it to our subscribers is a special arrangement. In sending in your subscription to this paper send also an extra 25 cents and get Farm and Fireside for one year.

HIGH TIDES.—The tide last Tuesday proved unusually high, breaking dykes and flooding the Hillsboro, Hopewell and Harvey marshes, and damaging roads in different parts of the County. The Hillsboro people say the tide was one of the highest they have witnessed since the great "Saxby" tide. Owing to the tide overflowing the track near Weldon the train was delayed about two hours in reaching Hillsboro, Tuesday and yesterday and failed to reach Albert or Harvey on Tuesday only getting as far as the Cape Station, considerable damage was also caused by the tides at St. John, Moncton and elsewhere. The I. C. R. train was delayed Tuesday by a washout near Rockland station.

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD.—A reward of one thousand dollars is offered by the publishers for the best letter of suggestions for a Christmas souvenir that will equal the Christmas Number of the Montreal Star at the published price. Competitors to give their full name and address. This year's Christmas Star has twenty-eight pages of beautiful illustrations, articles by eminent writers, four superb supplements and other attractions of a surpassing character. It is far and away the best anything ever published, and we are anxious to send to England the best we can get. These can be procured from a new number of 40 cents to the publishers, Montreal. Postage stamps of one and three cent denominations will be accepted.

Local Matters.

TRY our new Teas and Coffees, sure to please or money refunded. GREY Cotton 4 cts. pr. yard at J. S. Atkinson's.

ONIONS, Beans, Rice, Barley, Cheese and Roller Oatmeal at J. S. Atkinson's. HAND made boots cheap at J. S. Atkinson's.

MIXED Pickles by the quart or gallon cheaper than bottles.—J. S. Atkinson's. TOP Coats, Rovers, Suits, Coats, Vests and Pants separate at J. S. Atkinson's.

ALL wool underclothing—prices very low at J. S. Atkinson's. JAPANESE Robes good value at J. S. Atkinson's.

PEACOCK, Beehive and Soot Yarns at J. S. Atkinson's. 300 YDS. U. S. white all numbers 10 to 100, black 10 to 80.—J. S. Atkinson's.

ELEGANT Engagement and Wedding Rings at J. S. Atkinson's. WATCHES, Chains, Charms, Brooches, Ear-rings, Studs, Cuff Buttons and Scarf Pins at J. S. Atkinson's.

TRIMMINGS—beautiful Plushes, plain and fancy Velvets, braided Sets, Feathers, Flowers, Hats, etc. at J. S. Atkinson's. WANTED.—Pork, Butter, Oats, Poultry, Socks and Mitts full prices paid by J. S. Atkinson's.

WATERPROOF Snow Excluders and Rubbers at J. S. Atkinson's. LONGBOOTS for Men, Boys and Youths at J. S. Atkinson's.

SKATING boots and Skates cheap at J. S. Atkinson's. TRIMMED Hats, Hoods and Caps at J. S. Atkinson's.

WOOL and Berlin Shawls at J. S. Atkinson's. CALL at J. S. Atkinson's and see the lots of new goods something to suit everybody.

CLOTES for Saques and Ulsters with fur and other trimmings at J. S. Atkinson's. A SUCCESSFUL SALESMAN.—The people of Albert County must be lovers of good tea according to the report of a tea agent, W. H. McNaughton, traveller for McQuarrie, Moncton's great tea merchant, informs us that he lately sold 176 lbs of caddies of tea in Albert County in less than two days. He made his best sales at the shr. town where the tea-drinkers seemed to know and fully appreciate the genuine article.

A GREAT MYSTERY.—Who is the author of the letter in last week's OBSERVER signed "Resident," is the burning question in Hillsboro at present. Lawyers, merchants and clergymen have all been charged with the fearful crime of indicting it, the guessers, as usual in such cases, coming wide of the mark. Of course it would not do for us to divulge the author's name but it has seemed strange to us that no one ever thought of accusing the ladies of writing it. The author's name is certainly a great secret which we will endeavor not to divulge, even though we fail to get \$5000 or even \$2000 for keeping "dark."

Salem Notes.

A debating society was organized here last Wednesday evening. President, Hugh Steeves; Sec., Caleb Bishop. This will be a fitting opportunity for our youths to exercise their talents. The subject for debate this week is, which does the greater injury, the Kamseller, or Rum drinker. No doubt this debate can be very interesting. Place of meeting, Salem Hall. The Sabbath school, under the efficient superintendence of Orestes Steeves, is in quite a flourishing condition. Our day school has now closed and will remain so until after vacation when it will be reopened again, when we are to have a male teacher. Our prayer meetings which are at a very low ebb just now, it is to be hoped will be revived again during the winter. We only meet every alternate week, and if anything prevent the holding of one meeting we have to wait a month. We used to have meetings every week and they were very interesting. Miss Kitty Steeves of this place is very ill.

J. W. Steeves, of this place, who left for Uncle Sam's territory some few years ago, has returned home satisfied that Salem is not the worst place in the world after all. Mr. Carville Steeves, formerly of Salem, now at McMaster Hall, Toronto, will probably visit his friends here during Xmas vacation. Mr. William Steeves who has been ill with the grippe is now convalescent. OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS. Are you troubled at nights and broken up of your sleep by your children crying and crying with their little mouths open? If so, send us at once a bottle of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It is the best medicine for children's ailments. It will relieve the poor little sufferers from all their troubles. It will give them strength and energy to the whole system. Mrs. WILSON'S SUFFERING FROM CHILDREN'S TETTERING IS PLEASED TO TEST AND PREPARE THE PRESCRIPTION OF ONE OF THE OLDEST AND BEST PINK PILLS, AND PHYSICIAN IN THE UNITED STATES, AND IS FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. 1 doz. 50 cents a bottle.

Moncton Notes.

Banquet, Jubilee and Great Farewell Meeting. Personal.—Williams Woodworth, of Hillsboro, visited Moncton last week.

R. L. Blake, proprietor of the Hillsboro Oyster and Dining Saloon, visited Moncton last week.

Burns Bishop, of Weldon, spent last Sunday in Moncton.

Lieutenant Robinson, of Hillsboro, visited Moncton last week.

Mr. Benj. Beanson came to Moncton last Saturday to visit relatives.

Our streets are very muddy and in order to get about in safety a person should carry a sounding line and a plank. Times have been quite dull on the I. C. R. for about a month but are much better just now.

A sad accident occurred on the Dorchester road last week. A brakeman named Carroll left the engine to go back over to train to apply brakes and jumped from the tender where he supposed there was a car of coal. But there was no car there the engine having broken away from the train. He fell to the track and the rapidly approaching train cut him in pieces.

On Wednesday the 28th ult. the Salvation Army held a Grand Banquet and Jubilee at Moncton. A large number of officers from other stations were present. The Army seems to have many farm friends here as the services of two doorknopers were required to supply tickets to the eager crowd pressing their way to the banquet hall. There was an abundance of excellent refreshments and to spare. The large crowd seemed to appreciate the good things and while the supper was in progress the crowd was an exceedingly happy one. When all had dined promptly the clattering of dishes, the hurry and unavoidable confusion, proclaimed to the waiting crowd that something fully as interesting as the supper was to follow. After the tables had been removed and the seats placed in order the Army proceeded to hold their customary kuc-drill after which the drummers strapped on their drums, the officers seized their cornets, and the ladies their tambourines and away they went on their grand march which was a great success as there were seventy-five or eighty officers and soldiers in the procession which but for the disagreeable weather would have been much larger. When they were placed to march they were pleased to find a large and appreciative audience awaiting them. The jubilee which followed, was even more interesting than the banquet and consisted of music, singing and testimonials. D. Q. Body who was present, travelled from this Division to go to Ontario. After his very interesting and instructive speech, to the pleasure of those who came late, the Capt. announced another supper after the close of the jubilee. But the seats were again removed, the tables arranged, and again was heard the rattling of dishes as they were replaced for the many friends who had not been at the first banquet and who by this time had ravenous appetites which were soon assuaged by the excellent refreshments of which there was still an abundance. Thus ended an enjoyable evening and should the Army again get up a similar entertainment we bespeak for them a full house.

CENTRAL. (From our regular Correspondent.) The middle of Main street resembled a pudding batter last week.

Rev. T. W. Winfield (Reformed Episcopal) was accepted a call from a church in Ottawa.

Mr. C. W. Robinson, one of Moncton's oldest citizens who has been ill for some time is in a rather low state at present. According to report there is to be another Railway into Moncton in the near future to connect with the Moncton and Buctouche R'y.

Two thousand barrels of plaster arrived from Hillsboro last Friday.

A public temperance meeting was held in the Methodist vestry this evening.

Rev. Mr. Winfield is to lecture in the Methodist vestry Friday evening in aid of the Y. M. C. A.

It is expected that the electric lights which are to take the place of gas for street lighting will be in working order on or about February 1st.

Mr. A. L. Robinson, Attorney-at-Law, has opened an office here. Mr. Robinson was admitted an Attorney in October last.

The weather all last week remained soft and dull. The streets being in a worse condition than they were last spring. A slight change took place Saturday night when about 2 inches of snow fell. Yesterday and to-day have been a little more like winter.

Moncton is to be favoured with two Telephone Companies in the future. The New L. S. Co. are placing their poles here at present. Mr. Peters who has been left manager for the Nova Scotia Co. is to assume the management of the N. B. Co. and Mr. W. E. Smith has been appointed manager of the N. S. Co.

L. Higgins & Co. intend to move in a few days to the store lately occupied by Fairweather Bros. The store has been fitted up in fine style having been painted and plate glass windows put in.

M. G. Ayer, Harness Maker, has lately moved into the new store of Dr. E. O. Steeves which is a great improvement to his former place of business.

There was a double anniversary in the first Baptist Church yesterday it being three years since Mr. Hinson preached his first sermon in the church, and also the opening of the new church after it was enlarged. Mr. Hinson took for his text in the evening the 21st verse of the 30th chapter of Acts. "That space of three years."

The Cotton Factory is closed down for a few days to allow of some repairs to be made.

Dec. 3rd, 1888.

Travellers' Record.

Mrs. W. A. Trueman and children returned to Albert on Wednesday after having visited relatives in Moncton. G. W. Parsons, of Alma visited St. John last week.

Wm. F. S. Stevens returned to Hillsboro Tuesday after having spent a week at his home in Salisbury.

Mrs. L. M. Wood, of Albert returned on Tuesday from a visit to Dorchester.

T. W. Peck, of Albert, returned from St. John on Friday last.

C. A. Peck Esq. of Hopewell Hill, visited Hillsboro last week.

Mr. G. S. Turner, of the Union Baptist Seminary, St. Martins, visited Salem and Hillsboro this week in the interests of that institution.

John G. S. Harvey, of Harvey, went to St. John last Monday returning on Wednesday.

Sheriff Wells, of Harvey, came to Hillsboro last Monday.

Hotel Arrivals. "Beatty House," Hillsboro, for week ending Dec. 6, 1888.

C. A. Peck, Hopewell; J. Nelson Smith, Coverdale; J. A. Gordon, D. J. Doherty, B. B. Bissard, M. Atkinson, St. John; George Mavour, Alma; J. O. Ferguson, Geo. H. Copley, Sumner; W. Cameron and wife, New Horace; J. L. Stevens, A. J. Nicholson, J. L. Baldwin, Harding S. Bishop, Hillsboro; W. J. Glawson, Halifax; W. S. Molinas, J. C. Caldwell, Frank Johnson, W. H. T. Sumner, Moncton; James Gaudet, Dover; Mrs. L. M. Wood, Mrs. W. A. Trueman, Albert; W. Laungman, Guelph, Ont.; Gains S. Turner, Harvey; Rev. E. M. Anselmy, New Ireland.

Sabbath Services. (Dec. 9.) VALLEY BAPTIST.—Rev. S. W. Keirstead at 3 p. m. Sunday School at 2 p. m. 3RD HILLSBORO BAPTIST.—Rev. S. W. Keirstead at 10.30 a. m. Sunday School at 9.30 a. m. HILLSBORO METHODIST.—Rev. Theo. Pierce at Coverdale 11 a. m., at Hillsboro 7 p. m. Sunday School at 2 p. m. PRESBYTERIAN.—Rev. A. A. Watson at Riverside 10.30 a. m. at Carryville 9.30 a. m. at Hopewell Cape 7 p. m. HARVEY BAPTIST.—Rev. L. M. Weeks at Germanstown 3 p. m., at Harvey 7 p. m. 1ST HILLSBORO BAPTIST.—Rev. W. Camp at Hillsboro 11 a. m. and 7 p. m., at Salem 3 p. m. Sunday School at 9.30 a. m.

BOTH. At Baltimore, A. Co., Nov. 17th. to the wife of Barney Cairnes, a son. At Baltimore, A. Co., Nov. 29th. to the wife of David Steeves, a son. At Surry, A. Co. Dec. 2nd. to the wife of Judson Shaw, a daughter.

Died. At Harvey, A. Co., Dec. 3rd. Ruzky, widow of the late William West of Harvey Bank, aged 76 years.

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

As a special offer, this house will give double the amount of any other firm in America if you will send the names and P. O. address of ten newly married ladies who are ordering and mention the name of this paper. No piece less than one yard in length. Satisfaction is guaranteed, or money cheerfully refunded. Three packages for 60 cents. Address, LONDON RIBBON AGENCY, 55 BRISTOL CITY, N. J.

Catarth, Catarth 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 catarth, catarth 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 (white) this remedy is a specific. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent on receipt of ten cents by A. H. DIXON & SON, 303 West King St., Toronto, Canada.—Scientific American.

Sufferers from catarrhal troubles should carefully read the above. Nov. 1, 1888.

Religious Services. For Week Ending Dec. 15. Prayer Meeting at Salem, Tuesday, 7 p. m., at Hillsboro, Thursday 7.30 p. m.; Young People's Society at Hillsboro Friday 7.30 p. m.; Prayer Meeting in Valley Church, Friday 7.30 p. m.; in 2nd Hillsboro Church, Wednesday 7.30 p. m.; Prayer meeting in Hillsboro Methodist Church, Monday 7 p. m. Class Meeting, Wednesday 7.30 p. m.

A Woman's Despair. "Death would be preferable to this awful, dragging down sensation and aching back," despairingly complained a suffering mother. "And the worst of it is," she added, "that there seems no cure for it." "You are mistaken," replied the sympathizing neighbor to whom the sufferer complained. "I suffered for years just as you do, and found no relief till my physician finally prescribed Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which cured me, and I have ever since been well, and the wealth of India would not induce me to be without the remedy, if a like affliction should return." "Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, and a positive guarantee from the manufacturer. It will give satisfaction. If the money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets—gently laxative or actively purgative according to dose.

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Sheriff's Sale.

Will be sold at Public Auction at the Court House in Hopewell, in the County of Albert and Province of New Brunswick, on SATURDAY, the twenty-ninth day of DECEMBER next, between the hours of TWELVE o'clock noon and FIVE o'clock in the afternoon:

ALL the right, title, and interest, property, claim and demand that the heirs of the late William Wilson, M. D. has, or had in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-two, their possessory right, and right of entry, both at law and in equity, of, in, and to, the following described land and premises, situate in Hillsboro, Albert County, aforesaid, and bounded as follows: Commencing at the North-Easterly Corner of the said Estate; thence running Westerly along the line of the "Horseshoe Estate" (so called) to the rear of the said Burton S. Reid Estate; thence Southerly along said rear line ten rods; thence Easterly parallel with first mentioned line to said Highway; thence Northerly along said Highway ten rods to place of beginning, containing by estimation twenty acres, more or less.

The same having been seized and taken by virtue of a warrant issued by the Secretary of the Municipality of Albert County, against the said estate for default in the payment of the assessed taxes against it for the year A. D. 1888.

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

Sheriff's Sale.

Will be sold at Public Auction at the Court House in Hopewell, in the County of Albert and Province of New Brunswick, on SATURDAY, the twenty-ninth day of DECEMBER next, between the hours of TWELVE o'clock noon and FIVE o'clock in the afternoon:

ALL the right, title, and interest, property, claim and demand that the heirs of the late E. B. Chandler, has, or had in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-three, their possessory right, and right of entry, both at law and in equity, of, in, and to, the Western undivided half of that certain piece or parcel of land and premises situate in Hillsboro, the Parish of Hillsboro and County of Albert, aforesaid, and bounded as follows, viz: On the North by lands of George Beldrey; on the East by lands of Joseph Melles; on the South by the Calcutta road (so called) and on the West by the "David Tingley road" (so called); the said Western half of the above described lot, containing fifty acres, more or less.

The same having been seized and taken by virtue of a warrant issued by the Secretary of the Municipality of Albert County against the said estate for default in the payment of the assessed taxes against it for the year A. D. 1888.

ASABEL WELLS, Sheriff. Dated Sheriff's Office, Hopewell, Nov. 26, 1888.

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ALL the right, title, and interest, property, claim and demand that the heirs of the late Burton S. Reid, has, or had in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-three, their possessory right, and right of entry, both at law and in equity, of, in, and to, the following described lands and premises, situate in Hillsboro, Albert County, aforesaid, and bounded as follows: Commencing at the South-Easterly Corner of the lands laid off for sale for the payment of the assessed taxes against it for the year A. D. 1888 against the said estate; thence running along said line Westerly to the rear of said estate; thence Southerly along rear line ten rods; thence Easterly parallel with first described line to said Highway; thence Northerly along said Highway to place of beginning, containing by estimation twenty acres, more or less.

The same having been seized and taken by virtue of a warrant issued by the Secretary of the Municipality of Albert County against the said estate for default in the payment of the assessed taxes against it for the year A. D. 1888.

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

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ALL the right, title, and interest, property, claim and demand that the heirs of the late E. B. Chandler, has, or had in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-three, their possessory right, and right of entry, both at law and in equity, of, in, and to, the following lands and premises, situate in Hillsboro, Albert County, aforesaid, and bounded as follows: On the North by lands of Dawson Steeves; on the East by the Pettoicodine River; on the South by "Stevens Creek" (so called); and on the West by the Estate of the late Alexander Steeves—the said undivided Northern half of said lot, containing by estimation eight acres, more or less.

The same having been seized and taken by virtue of a warrant issued by the Secretary of the Municipality of Albert County against the said estate for default in the payment of the assessed taxes against it for the year A. D. 1888.

ASABEL WELLS, Sheriff. Dated Sheriff's Office, Hopewell, November 26, 1888.

We Want Potatoes.

THE DAIRYING INTEREST IN CANADA

Canada a Dairying Country. (Continued from page 1.)

In Canada, the dairying industry is rapidly developing and improving. The success of the cheese industry is abundant proof of adaptation for the production of milk and cream.

The figures, striking as they are, do not fully express the relative importance of the industry. Among the considerations which emphasize that importance are the following:—(1) The dairy products...

As a matter of fact, in every province in the Dominion, and very likely in every country, more or less butter has been made...

The dairying industry in Canada is rapidly developing and improving. The success of the cheese industry is abundant proof of adaptation for the production of milk and cream.

The dairying industry in Canada is rapidly developing and improving. The success of the cheese industry is abundant proof of adaptation for the production of milk and cream.

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Will be sold at Public Auction at the Court House in Hopewell, in the County of Albert and Province of New Brunswick, on SATURDAY, the twenty-second day of DECEMBER next, between the hours of TWELVE o'clock noon and FIVE o'clock in the afternoon:

Artery, claim and demand that Arthur Everett and Company have or had in the year of Our Lord 1884, their 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 at Mary's Point (so called) in Harvey, County of Albert, aforesaid, and bounded as follows: Commencing at the South West corner of the lot laid off by the Appraisers to sell for the taxes of the Bay of Fundy Quarrying Company for A. J. 1883, a marked corner; thence running Westerly in a direct course, twenty rods; thence Northerly at right angles to said line till it strikes the shore, thence following the various courses of said shore till it strikes the line of lot laid off for taxes of 1883 against the said Bay of Fundy Quarrying Company; thence Westerly along said line to place of beginning, containing by estimation four acres, more or less.

The same having been seized and taken by virtue of a warrant issued by the Secretary of the Municipality of Albert, against the said Arthur Everett & Company for default in paying their said taxes in 1884.

ASABEL WELLS, Sheriff, Sheriff's Office, Hopewell, Nov. 19th, 1888.

Sheriff's Sale

Will be sold at Public Auction at the Court House in Hopewell, in the County of Albert and Province of New Brunswick, on SATURDAY, the twenty-second day of DECEMBER next, between the hours of TWELVE o'clock noon and FIVE o'clock in the afternoon:

Artery, claim and demand that Arthur Everett and Company have or had in the year of Our Lord 1884, their 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 at Mary's Point (so called) in Harvey, County of Albert, aforesaid, and bounded as follows: Commencing at the shore at the North West corner of the lot set off by the appraisers for the taxes of the said Arthur Everett & Company for the year A. D. 1884; thence following said line Southerly till it comes to the corner of same; thence Westerly at right angles, one half the distance to the beach; thence Northerly parallel with first line to the shore or beach; thence Easterly along said shore to place of beginning, containing by estimation three acres more or less.

The same having been seized and taken by virtue of a warrant issued by the Secretary of the Municipality of Albert, against the said Arthur Everett & Company for default in the payment of the taxes assessed against them for the year A. D. 1884.

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The same having been seized and taken under and by virtue of a warrant issued by the Municipality of Albert County, against the said Arthur Everett and Company for default in not paying the taxes assessed against them for 1885.

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The same having been seized and taken under and by virtue of a warrant issued by the Municipality of Albert County, against the said Arthur Everett and Company for default in not paying the taxes assessed against them for 1885.

ASABEL WELLS, Sheriff, Sheriff's Office, Hopewell, Nov. 19th, 1888.

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Dress Goods. Mantle Cloths. Jerseys. Ulster Cloths. Fur Trimmings. Gimp Trimming. Braided Sets. Mantle Ornaments. Plain Plushes. Check Velveteens. Fancy Plushes. Fancy Velvets. Felt Hats. Trimmed Hats. Feathers. Wings and Birds. Fur Dolmans. Fur Capes. Fur Fuchus. Fur Boas.

Top Coats, Reefers and Suits. Inspection Invited. J. S. Atkinson, Ex'r.

Albert, N. B., Nov. 1, 1888.

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Two things most desirable in Life Insurance are: 1st. The certainty of protection to a man's family in case of early death. 2nd. The certainty of profit to himself if he lives to old age.

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Total payments to Policy-holders and their Beneficiaries: More than \$23,000,000.00

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Grey Flannel, all wool, worth 28 cents for 25. Dress Goods worth 40 cents for only 30. White Cottons, Grey Cottons, Shirts, Warp of the celebrated Moncton make.

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Jerseys from \$1.00 to \$4.00 Ladies' Ulsters and Jackets, German made and nice fitting from \$2.00 to \$8.00 each.

Mantle Cloth in the nicest patterns and colors. Plushes, Velvets, Braid, Trimmings, Wool Goods, Cashmeres, Hose, Cloth for Men and Boys' Wear, all wool as low as 35 cents and 40 cents.

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Fine or Coarse Boots and Shoes at short notice. REPAIRING NEATLY AND PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. Come and examine Goods. Have just ordered a nice assortment of confectionery for my Xmas trade.

Bliss Duffy. MILLINERY! MILLINERY! I have just opened a large and select assortment of new and fashionable millinery, including all the

Newest Styles of Hats, Bonnets, etc. Also Plushes, Velvets, Feathers, Birds and Wax. A particularly fine assortment of

Ribbons, Fancy Pins, and Veiling. all personally selected from the latest importations. Call and examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere.

Hillsboro, Oct. 25, 1888. J. Steeves. (Jan. 25, 1888.)

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C. A. PECK, Barrister & Attorney-at-Law. Hopewell Hill, ALBERT COUNTY, N. B.

A. W. BRAY, Attorney at Law, Solicitor in Equity, Plea, Lib., and Master in Chancery. HILLSBORO, A. Co., N. B.

Claims promptly collected in all parts of Canada and the United States. Particular attention given to searching of Records and Probate business.

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Special attention given to diseases of Women and Children. DENTISTRY.

L. Somers, D. D. S., GRADUATE OF NEW YORK COLLEGE OF DENTISTRY. SPECIALTIES—The extraction of teeth with out pain by the use of anaesthetics. Artificial crown work and teeth without plates.

One Door West of Market, Moncton, N. B. O. J. McCully, M. A., M. D. Member of the Royal College of Surgeons England.

A specialty of diseases of the Eye, Ear and Throat. Office: Main St., Moncton, N. B.

S. C. MURRAY, M. D., Physician and Surgeon. Office and Residence opposite the Waverley House. ALBERT, A. CO., N. B.

G. S. TURNER, Ship-Builder. Harvey Bank, A. Co., N. B.

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AUSTIN COPP, Proprietor. Removed to the building recently occupied by Dr. M. H. Coleman. The public will be accommodated in the best manner. Good table board. Sample rooms for travellers. Stabling, and teams to hire.

HOPEWELL HOUSE. Albert, Albert County, N. B. E. H. DOWNING, Proprietor.

This hotel is centrally located and completely renovated for the accommodation of the travelling public and permanent boarders. First-class Table Board. Excellent Rooms. Full Bar. Parlor. A team always in attendance at the train and good carriage rigs kept for driving.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL, MONCTON, N. B. A. C. JONES, Proprietor.

Centrally located and close to Post Office, Custom House, etc. Fine commodious office on ground floor. Telegraph office and sample rooms connected with the Hotel. Free Coach in attendance to and from all passenger trains.

Beatty Hotel. HILLSBOROUGH, A. CO., N. B. Team at all trains to convey travellers to and from Hotel free of charge. Train from Salisbury remains in Hillsborough 30 minutes, giving ample time for passengers to drive to the hotel and get their dinner. A good stable in connection. J. T. WARD.

BLAKE'S DINING ROOM. Near Railway Station. Hillsboro, N. B. Meals provided at all hours. First-class table fare. Charges Very Reasonable. Beds of Oysters always on hand and orders from all parts of the county promptly filled. R. L. BLAKE.

ALMA HOUSE. Located in central and pleasant part of the beautiful sea-side village of ALMA, A. CO., N. B. First-class fare. Charges Very Reasonable. JOHN FLETCHER, Proprietor.

BARBER SHOP. Opposite Store of W. H. Duffy. Main Street, Hillsboro Satisfaction Guaranteed. Patronage Respectfully Solicited. Hours: From 7 to 10 P. M. Wm. McCall.

ANGUS O'HANLEY, BLACKSMITH. Main St. Hillsboro, N. B. All kinds of blacksmith's work done with neatness and dispatch. HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY.

E. G. COLE, MERCHANT TAILOR AND Gentlemen's Outfitter. PALMER BLOCK, MONCTON, N. B.

C. A. Steeves, Barrister, Attorney, Conveyancer, etc. OPPOSITE STREET OFFICE. POTSDFIELD TOWER, MONCTON.

MISS LUCRETIA STEEVES, MILLINERY. Main Street, Hillsboro, A. Co. Hats, Bonnets, and Trimmings in latest styles, always on hand. Also every variety of trimmings. All work received with personal supervision. Orders from all parts promptly attended to. Patronage Respectfully Solicited.

J. S. ELLEN, DRESSMAKER. Work done in the best manner. Orders from all parts receive careful personal attention. PERFECT FITS GUARANTEED. Ladies' Coats and Suits a Specialty. From over the street of Archie Street. HILLSBORO, A. CO., N. B.