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from the post-office—whether directed to
his name or another's or whether he has
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Grants and Trade Marks obtained and all
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ATE FEES.**
OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S.
PATENT OFFICE. We have no sub-
agents. All business direct, hence can
transact patent business in less time and at
LESS COST than those remote from Wash-
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is secured.
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or town, sent free. Address
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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 Larrikanes 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 likeness 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
Mouldings of new designs.
Oil Paintings, Engravings, etc., etc.
The Public cordially invited when in
Moncton
to visit
Northrup's New Studio.
Aug. 16, 1888.

1812 HOUSEHOLD SPECIFIC—
The great External Remedy. Used
in diseases where an external
application is indicated it never fails. Nearly
100 years before the public. Once introduced
into a family, they never will be without it
in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Gouty Swelling
of the Hands or Feet, Burns, Scalds, Bruises,
Sprains, Strains, etc. Its use is magical. It will
cure you in 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,
Moncton, N. B. (1922 Wellington Street, Boston,
Mass.). If your druggist does not keep it,
send for it to order.

MEN
Our Specific No. 23 permanently restores
diminished vitality, lost man-
hood and GENERAL DEBILITY when
other treatments fail. Send 6 cents in stamps
for our TREATISE and DIRECTIONS for
its use. Toronto: Montreal: C. O. 342
Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Commission Merchants.
Sole Agents for the sale of all kinds of
produce, Hay, Potatoes, Apples,
Lard, etc. (or dressed,) or any
other thing, by ship to the
market on all kinds of
their seasons.

CHARGES MODERATE.
Communications promptly answered and
orders promptly executed.

FREE! 1600 Pictures, 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, Yorkmouth, N. B.

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; Temper-
ance; 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. M. 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' wants.
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, Vases, 13111
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.**

**GRAVES & POSTER
HARVEY,**
ALBERT CO., CORNER N. B.
GENERAL STORE
—AND—
Commission Merchants.
DEALERS IN
Flour, Dry Goods, and Groceries, Coal,
Wood, and Stoves.
Special attention given to shipment
Hay, Potatoes, etc., etc.

IN STORE.
A very complete assortment of
**Dry Goods,
Groceries,
Hats & Caps,
Boots & Shoes,
Hardware, Delf, Cloaks, 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! 1600 Pictures, 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, Yorkmouth, N. B.

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 leaden
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 leaden,
Like my hope that died—
Steadily 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 sea, nor waves
high dashing,
Nor rocks your path so near, while you
endure:
But bid your boat and steer, your craft
along,
By truthful chart and faithful com-
pass led!
Voyage o'er, you'll rest in peace at
last!
On waters calm, with stormless skies
o'erboard.

Work, friends, work!
The idle's work
is never done;
The faithful rest, while he has just be-
gan.
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
sdy
goal,
Your God your guide, your hope his
spotless Sun.

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 and with the ran-
soméd soul.
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 covered 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 vege-
tables; then out 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 lay 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, intellect-
ual 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, then, 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 lawyers won't
have a pickin' out of my little 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?"

"The friend took the pipe out of his
mouth, and shook his head dubiously;
then replaced it between his lips, and
glanced steadily before him for an instant
as he answered: "You're right, John-
son; you're right; but I don't think it's
a very brilliant idea."

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I don't think it's a very brilliant idea,"

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; and the eldest went down
on her knees, and swore how she loved
him more than anybody else; and said
she'd be his king, and his queen, and his
best friend; that ever lived—or words
summat like them.

"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
oldest daughters. I thought he was a
silly old fellow to put the reins into their
spurred-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's all killed
at last.

"And what has this to do with what
I was saying? I 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
purpling sky, and the evening star glist-
ered 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 of
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 very well at 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
fashion bed."
Martin was very
particular; she had such a grand home
that we cannot put in any where.

Mr. Johnson rose and moved his
chair towards the window, and began to
look out at the view.

He looked out at the view, and
saw that the view was really a beautiful
one, and that the bed was really a
good one, and that the room was really
a very nice one.

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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! I 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 gattered 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
a tangle of twigs, 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 Botte.

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; 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'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 Bettie out of
the yard.

Ah, it's the old 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
reminded 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
desolate, and is staying with a neighbor
for a few days, and she she don'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 manly 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 a-going 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 has upon
inquired Jennie.

No; and I've been a thinking
whether I had better have her repaid her
debt.

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:
Connected as we are with the Mother
land, many of us fail to see that there
is growing up here a great nation—
territory, 600,000 square miles larger
than the United States, in moral worth
surpassed by no other nation. If for one
hour we 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
the equal of any other. We are the
children of God, and we are the
people of God. We are

The Weekly Observer.

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

Observations.

The Daily Industry. On our outside pages will be found the record of a series of letters by W. H. Lynch of Quebec on the Daily Industry.

A Valuable Work.

We are indebted to John Level, Esq. of Montreal, for a neatly executed and accurate map of the Dominion of Canada.

Cause and Effect.

The St. John Telegraph appears to be greatly excited over the large number of Sheriff's Sales now running in this Province.

Who the tide comes in on a sunny day. You can see the waves break back in spray.

This lofty elevation rises one hundred and seventy feet above the town and approaches from the southwest.

December 4th. Commencement of Winter. The sad and dreary days have come with their frost and snow.

Not the Author. In regard to a temperance article in your last week's issue signed by 'Resistant,' as I am somewhat critical with the authorship thereof, I beg to state that I had nothing to do with said letter.

Not Confined to Juveniles. I was much pleased with 'Resistant's' letter in the last number of your paper and heartily agree with the sentiments therein expressed.

A Visit to Lynn. After stopping two weeks in the town and witnessing many interesting sights we proceeded to Lynn, the chief object of which was to witness the coronation of the young man who had been elected to the honor of Mayor of Lynn.

Saint John Letter. This familiarity breeds contempt is called an aphorism, but like most of the sayings that are accepted as aphorisms, it is no aphorism at all.

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THIS SPACE IS RESERVED FOR THE WEEKLY OBSERVER AND THE FAMOUS FAMILY WEEKLY.

THE DETROIT FREE PRESS. The Free Press is without question the Greatest Literary and Humorous paper now before the American people.

\$3,000.00 IN CASH. The Free Press is a large eight-page seven-column paper, and the regular price is One Dollar per year.

\$2250 IN SPECIAL PRIZES. Remember these special prizes will be presented in addition to the premiums or commission allowed for every club of subscribers procured.

OUR YOUTH'S FRIEND. An Illustrated Literary Journal for BOYS and GIRLS. It contains departments of Stories, Social Etiquette, Temperance, Nature and Science.

W. H. DUFFY'S. LIVERY STABLE. We have taken the stable lately occupied by F. N. Steeves, corner Fowndry and Main Streets.

ALBERT RAILWAY. NOTICE. On and after this day, Monday, May 7, 1888, the train will leave Harvey at 6:10.

THE DEVIL'S FIDDLE. A very complete assortment of Dry Goods, Groceries, Hats & Caps, Boots & Shoes.

FREE 16 GRAND LOVE STORIES. P. L. BLAKE'S People worth two dollars to manufacture, and a large 1000 picture book that will surely put you on the road to a handsome fortune.

FAIR & CO'S GROCERY PRICE LIST!

By purchasing your groceries at Fair & Co's, you will save enough to buy a Xmas box for your wife and children.

Our best Family Flour due Dec. 10, which we will sell at \$6.50 per barrel.

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

New Advertisements.

Sheep Sale... Geo. F. Fair & Co. American Agriculturist... Publishers. Sheriff's Sale... A. Wells. Detroit Free Press... A. P. Barnhill.

Local Matters.

WEATHER mild this week. SLIGHT fall of snow last Saturday night. SUBSCRIBE FOR THE OBSERVER at once.

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 OFFERS.—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 1st 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 last 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 the vessel rolled over on her side near Grindstone Head, where she was damaged beyond repair. The cargo, valued at \$200,000, is expected to be salvaged. 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.

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 surprising character. It is far and away the best anything yet published, and we are anxious to send it to England and the Continent. These can be procured from a new method of receiving it by sending the small amount of 40 cents to the publishers. Montreal. Postage stamps of one and three cent denominations will be accepted.

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.

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.

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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 surprising character. It is far and away the best anything yet published, and we are anxious to send it to England and the Continent. These can be procured from a new method of receiving it by sending the small amount of 40 cents to the publishers. Montreal. Postage stamps of one and three cent denominations will be accepted.

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 Rumseller, 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.

U. S. 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.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you troubled at nights and broken up of your sleep by your child's crying and crying with crying? If so, send us a card and we will send you a bottle of our CHILDREN'S REMEDY. It is a natural medicine and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. WILSON'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN'S TEETHING is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best medical men, and is used by all druggists throughout the world. It does not cost a cent.

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. 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.

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.

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. CLOTHS 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 inditing 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 \$60000 or even \$20000 for keeping "dark."

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THE Cotton Factory is closed down for a few days to allow of some repairs to be made. Dec. 3rd, 1888.

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. Beason 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 grade 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 doorknockers 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 knee-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 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 appeased 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.

At Hillsboro, N. B., Nov. 17th. to the wife of Barney Cairnes, a son. At Hillsboro, N. B., Nov. 29th. to the wife of David Steeves, a son. At Surry, A. C. Dec. 2nd. to the wife of Judson Shaw, a daughter.

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

Mr. G. S. Turner, 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. 5, 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; M. O. Ferguson, Geo. H. Congle, Sumner; J. G. Cameron and wife, New Harrow; J. L. Steeves, A. J. Nicholson, J. L. Baldwin, Harding S. Bishop, Hillsboro; W. J. Glawson, Halifax; W. S. Mollins, 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. 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. C., Nov. 17th. to the wife of Barney Cairnes, a son. At Baltimore, A. C., Nov. 29th. to the wife of David Steeves, a son. At Surry, A. C. Dec. 2nd. to the wife of Judson Shaw, a daughter.

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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-Eastern corner of the said Estate; thence running Weste-

ly along the line of the "Horseshoe Basin" (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 Colodonia, in the Parish of Hillsboro and County of Albert aforesaid, and bounded as follows: viz: On the North by lands of George Belding; on the East by lands of Josiah McKee; on the South by the Colodonia 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.</

