

The Weekly Observer

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

VOL. 4

HILLSBORO, ALBERT COUNTY, N. B., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1888.

NO. 32.

The Weekly Observer.

HILLSBORO, N. B., Oct. 11, 1888.

Beyond.

In that great colonial city,
In that beautiful beyond,
We shall meet again, my dear,
When death's morrow has passed.

We shall view that shining river,
We shall tread that radiant shore
Where our hearts shall know no sorrow,
With all our earthly gear.

We shall see the flowers that withered,
In this cold and barren soil,
Blooming there by light unlighted,
Needing neither sun nor soil.

The Devil.

Men don't believe in a devil now, as their fathers used to do;
They've forced the door of the broadest
To let the fiend of hell through.

There isn't a print of his cloven foot
Or a fiery dart from his bow,
To be found in any air to-day,
For the world has voted it so.

But who is it that is muzzling the fatal draught
That palsies heart and brain,
And leads the victim of his guile
To the hundred thousand slain?

Who blights the bloom of the land to-day
With the fiery breath of hell,
If the Devil's not the ever-waiting
Somebody else and tell?

Who digs the steps of the falling saint,
Who sows the seeds of the field of time
Where our God sows his wheat?
The Devil is voted out to be, and of course, the thing is true!

But who is doing the kind of work
The Devil should do?
We are told he does not go about as a roaring lion now;

But whom shall we hold responsible
For the evil that is done?
To be heard in home, in church and state,
To the north's remotest bound,
If the Devil by a unanimous vote
Is nowhere to be found?

Won't somebody step to the front forthwith,
And make his bow and show
How the fiend and the crimes of a single day spring up? We want to know.

The Devil was fairly voted out, and of course the Devil's gone;
But simple people would like to know
Who carries his business on?

Betty.

That will I do, he said shortly, as he
Has me almost gasping for breath,
But feeling maliciously glad that I have been
able to give this world a hint that wealth
does not rule the world.

The others seem to be progressing
splendidly, judging from the laughter and
questions that are being put; but Wallace
Verney does not seem to smile. As I
sit down again I see there is a frown on
his brow, and somehow I feel sorry for
him, as if the others were born of
pain, not anger.

Gradually the fortunes are all told, and the
young men pass on. (I mean to Betty's
apologies, and with a broad smile, I am just
about to retire for the evening, I still hold
when she thought that my head that it
is not mine, and slipping it into my
pocket, I give her my last remaining shilling
and say: "Add those, adding the
pips and wits for the boys. They are
late in coming, but full of the wonders
they have seen; and, as we tread
homeward, they discuss "Handy Bill" and
"Little Tom" till they are weary. For
some reason, I do not venture
my little episode to those my
bosom companions, and we push on for home
and the visions which we know await us.

It is the day of the garden party; but
work has elapsed, and a most wonderful
event has happened. Just as Joan and
my other sister were leading me upon
another, the desirability of punishing my
opponent of attending the fair, by at once
dispatching me to a strict boarding school,
our house was thrown into confusion by the unexpected
arrival of my godmother, Lady Mary
Cardrose, our aunt by marriage. Lady
Mary is an important person in our
family, and even Joan bows down to her;
she carries social weight, has lots of
money and a pretty town house, though
as yet she has expressed no desire to have
any of us to stay with her. She soon
gathered from mother's perturbed face
that something was the matter, and very
slowly the whole story came out.

What ridiculous nonsense! Ages ago I
heard her say sharply to my mother,
"What can you expect if you let the girls
run wild? The others are a vast deal too
sensible for my taste; it is high time my
godchild came up; and out she shall
come, for I will take her off your hands
altogether."

This now was conveyed to me by
Lady Mary herself.
Now, Betty, she said sharply, you
must consider yourself grown up; so no
more childish ways, if you please! You
shall make your first appearance at this
garden party, and then you come with
me.

And so it stands. I am in my little
room, and on the bed is one of the prettiest
and simplest of white gowns. Aunt
Mary brought it from Paris on her
return.

for me, and Joan, her maid, has altered
it, so that it fits me.
Come and let me look at you, child,
my godmother says to me when I am ar-
ranged in all my splendor.

She starts at me for a time, and then
says abruptly—
Yes, you will do a delicate fan and a sun-
shade, both white, and a pair of long
gloves to hide the tanned hands; and
then, when she leads me to the glass and
I gaze at my own reflection, a thrill of
joy runs through me. Betty was right;
even my despoiled red hair pleases me, and
my eyes have a new depth and color in
them.

Aunt Mary takes me down herself.
The garden is full of people when she
comes from the house, and I can see
Joan dispensing smiles and welcomes.
Audrey and Dolly are both in pale blue
—they always dress alike—and mother
as usual in her black. She has never
ceased to grieve for our father, though she
she has been a widow many a year.

I shall certainly not call you Elizabeth,
she says to me; I like Betty—it is simple
and fresh, like yours-I.

I walk demurely beside her trailing
gown of dark green silk; and cannot re-
strain a feeling of delight when Rex and
Dick start, their mouths wide open in
amazement. Everybody is wonderfully
kind to me, and, though I hope I am not
vain, yet I cannot shut my ears to the
whispers of admiration that I hear about
me.

By and by a drag comes along the
road, and by a flash of expectancy I
discern on all the girls' faces, I know
that it is the—the drag, and that the
officers have come at last. My cheeks
at once turn crimson. Will he come,
and will he recognize me? Is the burning
thought in my mind; but common
sense whispers an answer; impossible in
such a dress!

Yes, he has come—I can pick out the
fall form at once, and there are Lord
Charles and Maj. Ffrench and young
Montgomery, who came here so often
when the regiment was last quartered at
Kingsford. Aunt Mary seeps them
through her long-handled eye-glasses.

Ah, she says, a lot of over-dressed
puppies—just suit Audrey and Dorothy!
Come along, my dear, I am going to chat
with Mrs. Davis. She is an old friend.

I follow obediently. Looking back, I
see Mr. Verney talking to Joan, and I
wonder vaguely how they will get on.
Mrs. Davis is very dull to me, but she
and my godmother have many interests
in common, and I sit beside them duti-
fully, and play with my pretty fan and
sunshade. By and by a tall form stands
before Aunt Mary.

How do you do, Lady Mary?
Ah, Mr. Verney—delighted to see
you! Where did you spring from? Let
me introduce my niece and godchild,
Betty Cardrose.

I bow my head, and am conscious
that he bows.

I am staying at Kingsford now, Lady
Mary, he answers in his easy pleasant
tones.

And how is your mother?
Quite well, I heard she had gone;
she is on board her yacht, you know.

Oh, yes; I heard she had gone!
They chat on about the events in Lon-
don, and I venture to raise my eyes and
glance at him now and then; and the
more I look the better I like him. Pre-
sently Aunt Mary turns to me.

Betty, child, this is dull for you.
Verney, would you like to see the view
from the window? Yes? Well, Betty,
I will take you. This is her first appear-
ance in society, but she knows the garden
well—don't you, child?

Yes, Aunt Mary, I answer lightly.
Mr. Verney smiles, raises his hat, and
we move away together. I am strangely
nervous for I feel he looks upon me as
a stranger, and I blurt out as much after a
pause.

How can you think me so rude, Miss
Betty? he says, laughing softly.

I think it is very kind of you to take
me through your haunts; believe me, I
mean to enjoy them most thoroughly.

After that I grow more at my ease,
and chat away in a friendly manner,
though all the time I have before my
eyes the picture of myself at the fall
fading his figure, and I keep wonder-
ing what he would say if he had guessed
the truth. How rude I was! My cheeks
become scarlet now as I recall my words;
but it is very evident he knows nothing
of me.

Yes, this is very pretty, he says, as we
stand at the last fence and gaze across the
distant hills. You are very fond of your
house, Miss Betty, I suppose?

Very! I exclaim emphatically. Aren't
you of yours, Mr. Verney?

Yes, he replies laconically, but there
is no warmth in its tones.

And so this is your first day of world
and society, he goes on, leaning his elbow
upon the top of the fence. Are you glad
or sorry?

I don't know. I have wanted to be
grown up since a long time; and, now that
I am, I feel sorry I can have no more fun
with Rex and Dick.

Who are they? he asks, fixing his eyes
upon my face.

My brothers—and dear boys!

He smiles at my enthusiasm.
You are rich in brothers and sisters,
Miss Betty. N-w, I never had one.

I can detect a touch of pathos in his
voice.

Oh, I am sorry for you! I say simply
and at that he laughs.

Do you know, you will make a sensation
in the world. Miss Betty, he observ-
ed, after a pause.

Shall I? Why?
Because of your wonderful simplicity—
Oh, I expect I shall soon lose that I re-
ply easily.

It is to be hoped not, he says, for it is
as beautiful as it is rare.

At this moment Joan comes down a
path toward us.

Aunt Mary is asking for you, Betty,
she says, with a smile that is rather
forced. Mr. Verney will excuse you, I
know.

Oh, certainly! Mr. Verney replies, al-
though he looks disappointed.

Aunt Mary is not to be found when I
reach the lawn, but Major is there, and
she introduces me to Maj. Ffrench and
Lord Charles Lancaster, and they are so
amusing that in five minutes' time I have
forgotten both Joan and her message.

The sun is setting as we go into the
dining-room to a kind of high tea; and
then I find myself once more by Wallace
Verney's side.

I suppose you will stay here all the
summer, Miss Betty? he begins, with a
smile.

I don't know; Aunt Mary talks of tak-
ing me away very soon, I reply, as I
struggle with one of my long gloves.

May I help you? he asks.

I shake my head, and with one last
pull remove the unusual covering from
my hand. As I do so, I notice he gazes
very freely at my small brown fingers
and I feel ashamed of them, and long to
have white ones like Audrey's.

Will you have some strawberries? I
ask him suddenly.

Thank you.

I picked some, I volunteer, wondering
how he is so quiet all at once.

Did you?

I believe I filled this very dish!

To this he makes no reply; but his
eyes wander again to my hand, and from
time to time, while I grow more con-
fused than ever. The chatter of many voices
waxes loud around us, and suddenly he
asks in a low tone—

Miss Betty, did you ever tell a fortune?

Mr. Verney! I stammer, my face
flushing crimson.

Then it was you, he goes on quickly;
I am glad I have discovered you at last.
Please don't! I am all I can say.

Do you know how I found you out?
I shake my head, and he touches my
left hand at the place where there is a
large brown mole on the back of the
thumb joint. I am so used to it that I
had forgotten its existence, but of course
it is a proof of my identity.

What must you think of me? I mur-
mur.

Some day I will tell you, perhaps, he
answers, smiling—not now. Do you
know, Miss Betty, you told me my for-
tune very truly. How did so much
wisdom come into that young head of
yours?

We are poor, I murmur confusedly,
and I know what hard times mother has;
and—and you seemed so contented with
yourself—at least—please forgive me—
but I thought so, and so I spoke like
that. It was very wrong and rude, Mr.
Verney.

I liked it, in all he says, as he looks
down into my eyes with a smile upon his
lips.

So, Carrots, you have come out at last,
cries Dolly, snuffing languidly into my
bed-room just as I am thinking of bed.
How do you like it—oh?

Very much.

You have good taste—oh, Audrey?
cries Dolly, laughing.

Audrey, who is passing along the cor-
ridor to her own apartment, yawns.

She has. You made quite a sensation;
but it is scarcely fair to your elder sis-
ters to wear purple and fine linen, while
they are clothed in rags, Betty.

Aunt Mary gave me the dress, you
know, I answer, feeling a little crushed.
Are you sorry, girls, that I am grown
up?

I don't mind, Betty, says Audrey,
yawning again; there is room for us both,
dear. Good night.

Good night, I respond; and they both
go off and leave me to sit and muse on
the events of the day till a smile comes
unconsciously to my lips and a flush to
my cheeks. As I fall asleep I dream of
Wallace Verney's ray eyes and kind,
gentle voice—it is very pleasant.

her, and apply myself to my studies for
an hour each morning, though the sun
shines brilliantly.

Nearly every afternoon the officers
drive over, and play lawn tennis or old-
fashioned croquet, and Wallace Verney
is always with them.

I find I have been making a terrible
mistake, I say at once, as he sits down
beside me under the trees. I always say
Mr. Verney, whereas it should be Captain.
Will you forgive me?

I think I will, he answers, with a smile.
Miss Betty, do you ever ride at all?

No—with a sigh; and then I add
frankly, it is too expensive; mother could
not afford to give us saddle horses.

I wish I might be allowed to teach
you, he says eagerly. I have a pretty
little mare, just the thing for a lady.
Would Mrs. Cardrose permit it?

I shake my head. Why not? he asks.

She is nervous about woman riding, I
reply; but it is an evasive answer, for I
could never breach the subject, knowing
how vexed and jealous the girls would be.

Well, then, may I take you for a drive
one day?

Are you particularly anxious for my
society? I ask, with a laugh.

I don't think you need ask that, he
says quickly; and then the others come
up and our chat is over, and the color
has time to die out of my cheeks.

There is no doubt on the subject—he
does like me, and he does not trouble to
hide his liking. I have forgotten all
about his money, his mother, and the
character with which I had mentally en-
dowed him before we met; I know him
as the most amiable of my sex. I
have yet seen, and I like him accord-
ingly. If the other notes his prefer-
ence for my society they do not say any-
thing; and, indeed, all their thoughts
are taken up by a subject of much greater
importance—that is Audrey's engage-
ment to Lord Charles Lancaster.

Aunt Mary, although she is not very
gracious in pleased at heart, I know—
for the bridegroom is not a good-natured,
happy young fellow, with plenty of world-
ly advantages, who is every way fitted to
be the husband of a Cardrose. The
wedding is to be before Christmas, so of
course the preparations are already in
hand; but, notwithstanding this, there
is plenty of time for jaunts and merry
making.

Wallace Verney, who is a regular
visitor with Lord Charles, organizes one
delightful frolic. We are to drive on
coaches to Bring Abbey and lunch there.
Great is the delight at this affair, and
much polite-taking effort is bestowed upon
the preparations for the occasion.

I wear a pale pink batiste, with hat
to match; and, as I do this, I experience
a thrill of pleasurable anticipation, for
Wallace means me to sit beside him on
the box seat of his drag, I know. When
I descend, however, my pleasure evap-
orates, for, to my disappointment, I find
neither Capt. Verney nor his drag.

Oh, you are better, Betty! cries Lord
Charles, who is so busy making Audrey
giddy. I am so glad, old girl!

Better? I reply. There is nothing
the matter with me. Where—where is
Capt. Verney?

Once on before, Joan took your
place; she said you had a headache.

Was it a mistake?
Audrey glances furtively, and I bite
my lip. I cannot expose my sister's
falsehood before all these people.

No, it was not a mistake, I managed
to say, and then Maj. Ffrench helps me
to a box seat of my future brother-in-
law's coach, and off we go.

It is my first lesson in worldly decep-
tion, and it is a hard one. I have to chat
and laugh with people for whom I do not
care a pin, while my heart is heavy with
in. All possibility of enjoyment is gone.

I brought you some flowers, Miss
Betty, said young Montgomery eagerly,
will you wear them? And scarcely
knowing what I am doing, I smile faintly
and pin them to my gown.

The horses dash on in hot sunshine,
and arrive at Bring Abbey at last. I
discern the Verney livery and grooms at
once, but no Wallace or Joan, and Maj.
Ffrench helps me down, as he helped me
up. I know he admires me, but I do not
care for him; I am longing for one person
at the moment. Presently I see
Capt. Verney alone at hand, but he does
not see me. Maj. Ffrench began to get
for a stroll; but I refuse, and at that
moment Wallace tarries round and walks in
our direction. His face lights up
for an instant as he catches sight of me,
and then he raises his hat and says very
quietly:

Are you better, Miss Betty?

His voice sounds very cold, and I
steady mine as I answer:

I am quite well, thank you, Capt.
Verney. What a glorious day for our
picnic! If you are still willing, Maj.
Ffrench, I will go for a stroll.

Of course he assents most eagerly, and
I move away with a smile upon my lips.
Wallace's eyes seem full of pain, but I am
hurt. Why did he not wait for me to
ask me the truth now? It is very odd
to quit, which proposition he accepted.
Anderson says he has been examined by
a number of physicians, all of whom told
him that he had a double stomach.

love him with all the vigor and strength
of my heart.

It is very evident where Verney's
thoughts are; he seems quite preoccupied
—does not he, Miss Betty? says Maj.
Ffrench.

I look around, and my face flushes?
The secret I have just whispered to my-
self makes me nervous and almost astun-
ished.

I suppose you guess what I mean?
continues my companion. We all have
a shrewd suspicion of the truth, but of
course, he has said nothing.

What truth? I ask, opening my sun-
shade a trifle impatiently, for there is
something in Maj. Ffrench's voice that
annoys me.

Do you mean to say you have not noticed
that Verney is as much in love with your
sister Joan as it is possible for a man to
be?

The fresh soft breeze seems gone, and
the atmosphere appears sultry and oppres-
sive for a moment—but only for a
moment. The next I wake to the fact
that I must speak.

No, I say, in strangely quiet tones, I
have not noticed it. I suppose I must be
very dense or blind, since everybody
else sees it!

No one could accuse you of being
either dense or blind, Miss Betty, is the
gallant reply. Then he goes on, in
little gossiping that each word is an additional
stab to my heart. Verney is a jolly good
chap—not a bit stuck up, for all his
wealth—and your sister is a really beau-
tiful woman. Look—there they are to-
gether! they make a fine couple, don't
they?

Yes, they do; my eyes see that only too
well, but my heart cries out silently
against Wallace Verney's cruelty.

A bell recalls us, and luncheon is ar-
ranged. I meet Joan's face, though her
gray eyes very calmly, but not one
glance do I bestow upon the man at her
side. This luncheon hour is a dreary time
to me, and amid the sounds of laughter
and merry voices and the popping of
orks I remain as quiet as though I were
not there. Fortunately this is not occur-
ing and by and by I slip away to a solitary
corner of the ruined abbey.

I am so wretched that I feel I must be
alone, and I sink down upon a rough piece
of stone-work to give vent to my feelings.
My pride and love are fighting a terrible
battle, and jealousy clings to each to add
its torment to the fray. As I toy with
my sunshade trying to calm myself,
I hear footsteps approaching, and, quick
as lightning, I run up a portion of a
broken staircase, hoping to hide myself in
the tower above; but my aim is frustrated.
A noise sounds in my ears, strong,
earnest and anxious.

Miss Betty, be careful, it is not safe
there! Come down at once!

It is Wallace himself. He stands in
the dark entrance and stretches out his
hands.

Come down, he says again.

My lips quiver and my eyes fill with
tears, which I resolve he shall not see.

I cannot come yet; please leave me,
I say weakly.

Do you not understand that this part
is not safe? Child, come down at once!
If you wish me to go away, of course I
will do so, but I will not let you endanger
yourself like this.

How to Treat Children.

A word about nervous children.
Never scold nor make fun of them. They
suffer enough without your threats or
scolding. Instead of scolding, be kind,
and when in company use their
graces when alone. A case was re-
ported the other day of a boy of ten
years who on being vexed, and without
any apparent provocation, will clench his
hands and make the most frightful con-
vulsions of the muscles of his face and
head till his mother fears he is idiotic.
By no means. He is the brightest boy
in his class at school, fond of reading and
of natural history, but he is of a highly
nervous temperament and has not been
taught to control the little nerves, so to
speak, on which he is strong. This is
no single case. There are thousands of
children who give way to their nerves in
similar fashions. Talk to them about
these curious little fellows, should be
their parents and their teachers. Never
whisper. If you can, or reason with
whips a nervous child is, on a level with
brutes that have to reason. Encourage
them. Help them. Be patient with
them. They are the making of our
future successful men and women, for
they will work hard as whatever they
undertake. Break up your own nerves
first, and then be impatient toward the
capers of over-nervous children.

Adam's Knives and Forks.

There are a number of things that the
most fashionable and well bred people
now eat at the dinner table with their
fingers. They are:

Omelets, which a fork should never
be applied.

Apparatus, whether hot or cold, when
served whole, as it should be.

Lettuces, which should be dipped in
the dressing or in a little salt.

Olives, which may properly be placed
on the tablecloth beside the plate.

Strawberries, when served with the
stem on, as they usually are in the most
elegant houses.

Bread and toast, and all sorts and
kinds of cakes.

Fruit of all kinds, except pomegran-
ades, which are eaten with a spoon.

Cheese, which is almost invariably
eaten with the fingers by the most particu-
lar people.

Even the other small pieces of a
bird, is taken with the fingers at fashionable
dinners, and at most of the luncheons
ladies pick small pieces of chicken with-
out using a fork.

Champion Water Drinker.

Peter Alfred Anderson, of Terre
Haute, Ind., claims to be the "world's
champion water drinker." He thinks it
no feat at all to drink half a gallon
in fifty seconds, and has drunk five
gallons in five hours and thirty gal-
lons in a day, which exceeds the capacity
of any horse. His appetite keeps up
such his things pretty well, for he can sit
down and eat as much as can ten men
without experiencing inconvenience.

He says some time ago he was in Chicago
and strolled into a restaurant and made
a bargain with the proprietor for as much
as he wanted to eat, agreeing to pay 50
cents. After he had eaten as much as
it would hold a half a dozen men to make
away with and had called for more, the
proprietor became alarmed and offered to
repay him his money and to give him \$1
to quit, which proposition he accepted.

Anderson says he has been examined by
a number of physicians, all of whom told
him that he had a double stomach.

Lost in Nicaragua.

A Story of Terrible Suffering in Tropical
Wilds.

A party of American engineers is en-
gaged in Nicaragua in surveying a line
for an inter-oceanic canal. They com-
menced operations on the Atlantic side
along the River San Juan. The diffi-
culty of the work are great and numer-
ous, and it must be prosecuted in a dense
tropical forest, with a thick undergrowth
of tangled and interlocking vines. Among
the most incidents of this survey were
the experiences of two of the party who
became bewildered in the forest and lost
their way, and were for nine days ex-
posed to various perils.

On Jan. 20, Bradford, a Nicaraguan,
and Allen, a Jesuit, started off on
foot to carry the mail from one camp
of surveyors to another, some ten miles
away. After walking for several hours
they lost their way. Locomotives had
flooded the swamp and left the ground
in such a condition that they were forced
to remove their boots in order to make
any progress. Close interlocking vines
tore the clothes from their backs, and
wet powder rendered their guns useless,
thus depriving them of their only means
of obtaining food. Half naked and ex-
hausted, they were scarcely able to walk.
When Allen was attacked by the fever,
Had it not been for Bradford, a man of
great determination and bravery, who
constantly encouraged and urged his
companion to crawl on, hoping they
might reach some river the story might
have been a still sadder one to record.

A Wonderful View of the Mountains of Canada

Home of a Day's Wandering in the Marble Cave of the Mountains of Canada. (Letter to St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)

Oh, Canada! fair Canada! Oh, Canada! fair Canada! Oh, Canada! fair Canada!

Do not hurry the cows from the pasture. Sow turnip seed after, not before, a rain.

The Indian Puzzled. An American Western furt was in command of a major of artillery who was constantly lamenting that his favourite arms could not be more frequently used against the Indians.

Our Washington Letter. The Washington acqueduct scandal bids fair to be the biggest sensation the War Department has known for years.

ENCOURAGE Home Industry. PATRONIZING THE Observer Job and Printing Office.

Sheriff's Sale

Will be sold at Public Auction at the Court House in Hillsboro, in the County of Albert and Province of New Brunswick, on FRIDAY, the 26th day of OCTOBER next, between the hours of TWELVE o'clock noon and FIVE o'clock in the afternoon.

Job and Poster Work. Neatly, Cheaply, AND Correctly. Shortest Possible Notice.

MAGISTRATES' BLANKS, DEEDS, MORTGAGES, BILLS OF SALE, CUSTOMS PAPERS, ETC., ETC., always on hand.

BUSINESS VISITING CARDS, BILL HEADS, LABELS, TAGS, ETC., printed to order.

Equity Sale. There will be sold at Public Auction, at or near the Albert Railway Station, in the Parish of Hillsborough, in the County of Albert, in the Province of New Brunswick, on Thursday, the 15th day of November, A. D. 1908, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, pursuant to a Decree of the Honourable the Supreme Court in Equity, made on the 18th day of July, A. D. 1908, in a certain cause therein pending between Thomas R. Jones, Plaintiff, and The Albert Railway Company, Defendants.

Attention! SUBSCRIBE FOR The Weekly Observer, ALBERT COUNTY'S Large, Newsy, Entertaining PAPER.

ALBERT COUNTY in particular, and of the Province and Dominion in general. PURE SOUND FEARLESS in its politics, and in its exposure of evil and injustice.

New Type, New Press, New Publishers. Published every Thursday, at HILLSBORO, N. B. By the Observer Publishing Company

Only One Dollar a Year. 50 Cents for 6 Months. 25 Cents for 3 Months. Subscribe at Once.

Two Good Stories for Employers

The Sewing Machine News dishes up a couple of old stories which seem to be worth telling once more.

Wearing Black. The custom of wearing black after the loss of a husband, wife or friend, has always struck me as being very ridiculous.

Alive in Her Coffin. Strange Restoration of a Young Woman who was supposed to be Dead.

You Did It. Little Bessie was dying. Her father had struck the child a blow on the spine while in a fit of rage.

A Leap Year Lament. Leap year's chance is swiftly fleeting, Still alone and torn I lie, With a dream and no reality.

A Dozen Negatives. There are a round dozen of things that you can never get a lady to pardon guilty of, she says you ought.

Advertising for a Dog. Wife - "I am ready to do for Fido in the newspapers."

Island Home Stgo Farm. Registered Home Stgo Farm, Hillsboro, N. B.

Home Industry

Do not hurry the cows from the pasture. Sow turnip seed after, not before, a rain.

The Indian Puzzled. An American Western furt was in command of a major of artillery who was constantly lamenting that his favourite arms could not be more frequently used against the Indians.

Our Washington Letter. The Washington acqueduct scandal bids fair to be the biggest sensation the War Department has known for years.

ENCOURAGE Home Industry. PATRONIZING THE Observer Job and Printing Office.

Job and Poster Work. Neatly, Cheaply, AND Correctly. Shortest Possible Notice.

MAGISTRATES' BLANKS, DEEDS, MORTGAGES, BILLS OF SALE, CUSTOMS PAPERS, ETC., ETC., always on hand.

BUSINESS VISITING CARDS, BILL HEADS, LABELS, TAGS, ETC., printed to order.

Equity Sale. There will be sold at Public Auction, at or near the Albert Railway Station, in the Parish of Hillsborough, in the County of Albert, in the Province of New Brunswick, on Thursday, the 15th day of November, A. D. 1908, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, pursuant to a Decree of the Honourable the Supreme Court in Equity, made on the 18th day of July, A. D. 1908, in a certain cause therein pending between Thomas R. Jones, Plaintiff, and The Albert Railway Company, Defendants.

Attention! SUBSCRIBE FOR The Weekly Observer, ALBERT COUNTY'S Large, Newsy, Entertaining PAPER.

Sheriff's Sale

Will be sold at Public Auction at the Court House in Hillsboro, in the County of Albert and Province of New Brunswick, on FRIDAY, the 26th day of OCTOBER next, between the hours of TWELVE o'clock noon and FIVE o'clock in the afternoon.

Job and Poster Work. Neatly, Cheaply, AND Correctly. Shortest Possible Notice.

MAGISTRATES' BLANKS, DEEDS, MORTGAGES, BILLS OF SALE, CUSTOMS PAPERS, ETC., ETC., always on hand.

BUSINESS VISITING CARDS, BILL HEADS, LABELS, TAGS, ETC., printed to order.

Equity Sale. There will be sold at Public Auction, at or near the Albert Railway Station, in the Parish of Hillsborough, in the County of Albert, in the Province of New Brunswick, on Thursday, the 15th day of November, A. D. 1908, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, pursuant to a Decree of the Honourable the Supreme Court in Equity, made on the 18th day of July, A. D. 1908, in a certain cause therein pending between Thomas R. Jones, Plaintiff, and The Albert Railway Company, Defendants.

Attention! SUBSCRIBE FOR The Weekly Observer, ALBERT COUNTY'S Large, Newsy, Entertaining PAPER.

ALBERT COUNTY in particular, and of the Province and Dominion in general. PURE SOUND FEARLESS in its politics, and in its exposure of evil and injustice.

New Type, New Press, New Publishers. Published every Thursday, at HILLSBORO, N. B. By the Observer Publishing Company

Only One Dollar a Year. 50 Cents for 6 Months. 25 Cents for 3 Months. Subscribe at Once.

Home Industry

Do not hurry the cows from the pasture. Sow turnip seed after, not before, a rain.

The Indian Puzzled. An American Western furt was in command of a major of artillery who was constantly lamenting that his favourite arms could not be more frequently used against the Indians.

Our Washington Letter. The Washington acqueduct scandal bids fair to be the biggest sensation the War Department has known for years.

ENCOURAGE Home Industry. PATRONIZING THE Observer Job and Printing Office.

Job and Poster Work. Neatly, Cheaply, AND Correctly. Shortest Possible Notice.

MAGISTRATES' BLANKS, DEEDS, MORTGAGES, BILLS OF SALE, CUSTOMS PAPERS, ETC., ETC., always on hand.

BUSINESS VISITING CARDS, BILL HEADS, LABELS, TAGS, ETC., printed to order.

Equity Sale. There will be sold at Public Auction, at or near the Albert Railway Station, in the Parish of Hillsborough, in the County of Albert, in the Province of New Brunswick, on Thursday, the 15th day of November, A. D. 1908, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, pursuant to a Decree of the Honourable the Supreme Court in Equity, made on the 18th day of July, A. D. 1908, in a certain cause therein pending between Thomas R. Jones, Plaintiff, and The Albert Railway Company, Defendants.

Attention! SUBSCRIBE FOR The Weekly Observer, ALBERT COUNTY'S Large, Newsy, Entertaining PAPER.

Sheriff's Sale

Will be sold at Public Auction at the Court House in Hillsboro, in the County of Albert and Province of New Brunswick, on FRIDAY, the 26th day of OCTOBER next, between the hours of TWELVE o'clock noon and FIVE o'clock in the afternoon.

Job and Poster Work. Neatly, Cheaply, AND Correctly. Shortest Possible Notice.

MAGISTRATES' BLANKS, DEEDS, MORTGAGES, BILLS OF SALE, CUSTOMS PAPERS, ETC., ETC., always on hand.

BUSINESS VISITING CARDS, BILL HEADS, LABELS, TAGS, ETC., printed to order.

Equity Sale. There will be sold at Public Auction, at or near the Albert Railway Station, in the Parish of Hillsborough, in the County of Albert, in the Province of New Brunswick, on Thursday, the 15th day of November, A. D. 1908, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, pursuant to a Decree of the Honourable the Supreme Court in Equity, made on the 18th day of July, A. D. 1908, in a certain cause therein pending between Thomas R. Jones, Plaintiff, and The Albert Railway Company, Defendants.

Attention! SUBSCRIBE FOR The Weekly Observer, ALBERT COUNTY'S Large, Newsy, Entertaining PAPER.

ALBERT COUNTY in particular, and of the Province and Dominion in general. PURE SOUND FEARLESS in its politics, and in its exposure of evil and injustice.

New Type, New Press, New Publishers. Published every Thursday, at HILLSBORO, N. B. By the Observer Publishing Company

Only One Dollar a Year. 50 Cents for 6 Months. 25 Cents for 3 Months. Subscribe at Once.

Advertisement for 'We Want Potatoes' by HATHWAY & CO. GENERAL COMMISSION DEALERS. 22 Central Wharf, Boston. Members Chamber of Commerce, Established 1907.