

# THE ALBERT STAR.

Vol. I.

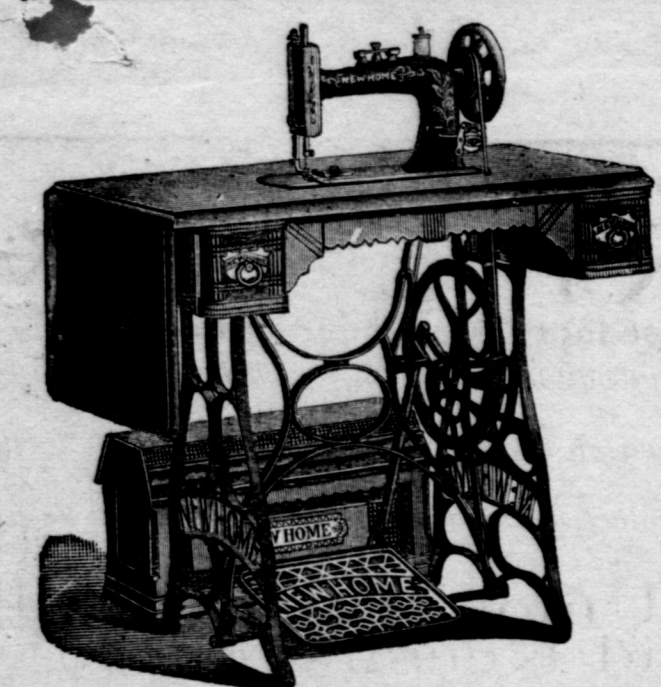
HILLSBOROUGH, N. B., WEDNESDAY, AUG. 29, 1894.

No. 16

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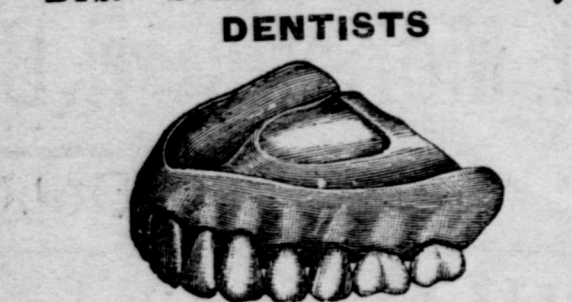
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## THE ALBERT STAR.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 29.

### Singing at Her Work.

I heard her singing at her work  
As I passed by one day,  
And passed to see the maid who sang  
The ballad quaint and gay,  
About a brave and handsome knight  
Who loved and rode away.  
I saw her sitting here and there,  
On household tasks intent:  
The while she sang in tender strains  
Of how he did relent,  
And rode full many a weary mile  
To gain his love's consent.  
But ah, although she sang of love,  
Her voice was light and gay,  
And well I know her maiden heart  
Had never felt Love's sway.  
And yet, explain it as you will,  
I lost my heart that day.  
But now I never stop to hear  
As I pass by that way,  
The girl who sang while at her work  
That ballad quaint and gay:  
Because—the sings a sweeter song  
In my own home to-day.

### Were Absentminded.

Through the absentmindedness of the organist in the Methodist Church at Northport, L. L., on Sunday evening, says the Brooklyn "Eagle," a marriage ceremony was relieved of a great share of its solemnity. The usual Sunday evening service at the church had been concluded by the singing of the doxology, but owing to an announcement previously made by Rev. J. V. Saunders that a young couple would be united in matrimony at the altar upon the benediction, the congregation either kept their seats or crowded for those commanding a better view.

The contracting parties were Miss Nellie Valentine, one of Northport's popular young women, and John Robertson, a young man from the rural precincts of Dix Hills. After the usual brief period of expectation, speculation and neckstretching, the congregation was relieved by a round of whispered assurance of the near approach of the bridal party. Dominie Saunders stood erect at the altar and Miss Lavina Brown, the organist, climbed upon the bench and awaited a nod from the pastor as a signal to strike up. The signal was given, but instead of the wedding march the strains of the doxology came pouring from the organ.

The congregation scowled and smiled alternately and all eyes were turned upon Miss Brown, who apparently unconscious of her mistake, put her whole soul into her execution. The bride passed timidly as she entered the door and looked inquiringly into the face of the proud young farmer whose arm she held. His indifference was reassuring, and she vainly tried to keep in step with the painful strides he was taking to keep time with the music. Dominie Saunders nearly had a fit. He snapped his fingers, stamped his feet and shook his head, but still "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow" pealed from the organ. The merriment over the antics the groom was making to keep the step was in a degree modified out of sympathy for the blushing bride, but the congregation was an expression of extreme good nature.

At last the altar was reached, and, wholly unconscious of her blunder, Miss Brown wound up the music and seated herself to witness the ceremony. She did not interpret the dagger glances which the pastor shot in her direction. The ceremony was performed without further incident, and Miss Brown again mounted the organ bench to play as the bridal party and congregation left the church. Her selection this time was a medley of church hymns, including "What Shall the Harvest Be?"

### Iron Mining in Newfoundland.

A company of American prospectors recently opened an iron mine at Belle Isle, Conception Bay, Nfld., meeting most encouraging results. The quantity of the ore is very valuable, containing 54 per cent. iron. It is also reported that they are working in the interest of the Whiney-syndicate which is operating the Cape Breton Coal Mines, the syndicate hoping to secure the free admission of iron into the United States. It is also reported that they have prepared to push operations on a large scale, the cheap water carriage of ore giving great advantage over railway transportation. Enough ore is visible to allow the mining of 250 tons daily for the next five years.

### Barrel Silos.

Clover or fine cut beet tops packed away tightly when green, in barrels, will make a good juicy food for the hens next Winter. The barrel must be air-tight with a tightly fitting head, and the heavy weight must be left on the top until you are ready to use the contents.

### Newspaper Office Pests in China.

Cockroaches are never wittingly slain by Chinamen. They consider them sacred insects, and think it portends ill luck to step on them. As they never make any effort to exterminate them the Chinese quarters are usually overrun with these pests.

### How He Lost a Patient.

"Doctor, I believe there is something the matter with my brain," began the society young man.  
"Er—did you bring it with you?" asked the absent-minded physician, and before he awoke the young man had fled.

### Mashonaland's Newspaper.

Mashonaland has a newspaper called the "Umtali Advertiser." It is written, not printed, and the edition of fifty is issued by a copying process.

### Don't Bite your Nails.

The practice of nibbling at the finger-nails is to be condemned, first, on the ground that the nails are thereby rendered brittle and unsightly, and secondly, because it is a senseless habit which makes the practice of it a source of constant irritation to the friends of any one who has the habit.

The habit is usually acquired at school in early childhood, and steps should at once be taken to break it up. This may be done in various ways. It is usually sufficient to explain to the child the perniciousness of the habit, requiring him to be constantly watchful against it in himself, and to discourage the practice in every one else. Punishment is usually uncalled for.

Strategy may be resorted to in case the habit is well established. The finger ends may be dipped in some harmless preparation of a disagreeable or bitter nature, which will serve to remind the child what he is doing.

A French investigator has lately published the results of an elaborate study of the subject, chiefly in reference to the importance of the habit as an indication of nervous disease.

His investigations have been pursued among the school children of Paris, among whom he found the habit widely prevalent. Of the total number of children examined, about one-third were given to the practice, the greater proportion being among the girls. The age at which the habit was most common was found to be between 12 and 15 years.

The investigator thinks he has discovered a remarkable relation between nail-biting and a defective, or at least an impaired stability of mind and character, as all the teachers united in saying that the pupils addicted to nail-biting were the poorest students. The boys were inclined to effeminacy, and the girls to slackness. Both sexes showed a lessened ability to sustain the attention, and were consequently the hardest pupils to teach.

According to this French student the habit is best corrected by endeavoring to transform the unconscious act into a conscious one, thereby counteracting the tendency to a confirmed habit.

It is doubtful if nail-biting is indicative of anything more serious than a nervous temperament, which should be treated on general principles.

### Unfortunate Eldest Born.

It is unfortunate to be among the eldest of a large family of children, especially if their mother is a conscientious woman, since they are the ones upon whom she tries her experiments. A great many mothers are under the delusion that a child's mind is like a sheet of white paper, and that whatever is written upon it is written after birth, according to the philosophy of John Locke. Many a devoted young mother suffers agonies of responsibility and remorse because her child develops undesirable traits, which she believes she might have prevented with sufficient care. But she inevitably discovers with successive children that each of them came into the world with its disposition, tendencies and traits ready formed, and which can no more be eradicated than the water lines which are woven into the very texture of letter paper. She discovers that her duty is to adapt herself to that fact and to simply help, as far as she can, each child to develop the best that is in him and to suppress the worst.

It is folly to lay down rules about the training of children, for no two are alike, and there is nothing about which we know less than what Professor G. Stanley Hall has called "The Contents of Children's Minds." Yet writers about children insist upon generalizing from their own narrow experience. Even so shrill an observer as Edward Everett Hale, in an article on "Writing for Children," falls into this common error. He declares children to be indifferent to sentiment and not fond of poetry as poetry, but only because of its narrative. He thinks that while the normal boy may delight in "Marmion" or "The Lady of the Lake," he will not voluntarily read Wordsworth or Tennyson. Colonel Higginson, on the contrary, says it is his experience that very robust and active boys will sometimes delight in sentimental poetry, while those who are weak and sedentary are given to spouting poems like Marco Bozzaris with ferocious vigor.

### Encounter with a Tramp.

On Sunday night, as John Voture was coming over the Plain road at Hardwicke, a tramp jumped out of a bunch of bushes, where he had been waiting for travellers, and demanded money. John told him he had none, when the tramp caught him by the shoulder and said he had. John had a bottle of milk in his pocket. The tramp made a blow at John, and he felt something cold inside of his clothes, directly over his heart. John took the bottle out of his pocket and fired it at him, striking him, and he fell in the drain of the road. John then ran, but he had not gone far when the robber fired two shots after him. One shot struck the rim of his hat, and made a hole in it. The other struck the sleeve of his coat and passed through it, but did no other harm. John reached the establishment of A. & R. Loggie, where he is working, and when he came to be examined it was found that it was a knife that John felt when the robber made the first attack on him. His vest, shirt and linen were all ripped.—Chatam World.

## ARTIC NIMRODS AND THEIR GAME.

Some Crack Eskimo Shots as Slayers of Reindeer Near the Pole.

—BY LIEUTENANT SCHWATKA.

There are some men who will so excel others as to have a reputation that brings them conspicuously to the front in their particular vocation. Life in the Arctic regions forms no exception to this rule. The intense cold of that lone land does not freeze everything to one dead level of ordinary mediocrity, as some might think. There is no vacation in the far North that stands so far in hunting. By the chase alone the natives secure almost everything that makes life bearable, or even possible, in that desolate region—food, clothing, dog-harnesses, bedding, and, before guns were brought among them, the very hunting implements with which they plied this, to them, important art, in fact everything comes to them through the chase except the snowhouse over their heads. Even its blocks formerly cut with a knife made from a reindeer's bone. The wood for their sledges, which drifts to their shores, is lashed together with the sinew of the reindeer. Their very dogs could not exist without the food procured in the chase by these Northern Nimrods. It is no wonder, therefore, that if some one should tower above the rest of these hunters he would be duly considered as the mightiest among them.

When I first landed among the Eskimo of North Hudson Bay I heard of a young hunter who was rapidly making his way to the front. As he was also a good seaman, or dog driver, and very energetic generally, I was quite anxious to secure him for my proposed long sledge journey to the Arctic Sea in and around King William's Land. His name was Toslosah, meaning in Eskimo "The Rover." When I first met this boreal bird of the genus Corvus I found he added to the many virtues that had been reputed to him the common Eskimo one of excessive modesty. He was extremely loth to speak of his ability in doing anything. His answer as to being a good thing, that, of the other, were mostly "Ami, Ami!" which means "I hardly know," so that we had to take the strongest recommendations his friends gave him. And I may say we never regretted so doing.

### TOSLOSAH AND HIS RIFLE.

One of the first things I did was to put him on a war footing, giving him a Winchester magazine rifle holding a 45.70 cartridge. I have long since come to the conclusion that it was easier by far to familiarize the native hunters with the white man's arms than it was to teach to them the art and knowledge necessary to secure the Arctic game. I knew of several white parties who had tried to master the strategy necessary to battle successfully with Polar game, and like the horse fed on sawdust, when they were used to it they died. On the other hand, I knew of no case where a native or number of natives had fared worse by having better arms and equipment. As they had managed to live quite comfortably by their own rude weapons I felt safe in acknowledging my own inability where I had never had proper experience than to force forward my ideas where such experience was lacking.

Toslosah was a splendid specimen of the Eskimo race, about five feet four inches high and weighing about 155 pounds, every ounce of it bone, brain and muscle. His bright honest face was his best recommendation, and his actions never belied the promises it seemed to make. He was of unusual strength. But all these people were, in proportion to their size, much stronger than the average Caucasian. It was in the fall of the year that my party landed among the Eskimo, and it was not until the following April that we started on our long sledge trip. During this winter the Eskimo hunters of the village that clustered around my little camp secured about 500 reindeer from the fields to the north and to the west of us. Of this number Toslosah got nearly 100 with his Winchester, there being fourteen or fifteen hunters altogether, but not all so well armed as he. About the same ratio was maintained by him in regard to seal, walrus, Polar bears, and other game.

In the sledge trip, which lasted ten days of being a year in length, the party killed 522 reindeer. Of these Toslosah secured just half, there being four other Eskimo hunters beside himself, not counting two nearly full grown Eskimo boys, who killed nearly thirty apiece, and the four white men. While the latter were armed they did but little hunting. I tried to discourage it, as it interfered with more important duties, except when absolute necessity, or the chances fell into their hands, or in occasional leisure moments to satisfy their desire for sport. In the way of other game he even excelled this proportion, killing more than half the muskoxen, all of the Polar bears, seventy out of eighty odd seal, and others in the same ratio. After our return and before our departure for the United States the Eskimo in the vicinity had again secured about 400 reindeer. In this contest, as in the others, Toslosah held his rank as the mightiest Nimrod of them all.

### THE COUNT'S MODESTY.

It was, however, on the sledge trip, where accurate game scores were kept of everything larger than a ptarmigan or elner duck, and where nearly all the incidents passed directly under our eyes that the most interesting hunting

adventures were noted; for in all others Toslosah's modesty was so great that we were left in ignorance if they savored the least of self-landation. For the first few days out from the seashore, cutting across country for the Arctic Sea, we did not kill much game, as it was very scarce and exceedingly shy from having been so constantly hunted by the natives along the coast, but here Toslosah killed nearly all that was secured. I considered this record even better than one later, when the game was more abundant and easier of approach. Toslosah's sledge was always in front, as he was the best sledgemen and dog driver as well as the best hunter. To him fell the duty of selecting the way through the country as strange and unknown to the Eskimo after getting back fifty or sixty miles from the coast as it was to the white man.

One stormy day we remained over in camp, as we had plenty of food. The numerous signs of reindeer in the vicinity, however, made Toslosah nervous; so he sallied out in the blustering weather, taking his usual supply of ammunition, the eight charges in the magazine of his Winchester. In an hour or two he came back to get the dogs and an empty sledge, saying that he had killed seven reindeer with the eight shots in his Winchester. He verified the report by bringing eight deer, having secured the eighth while on the second trip to bring in the seven. On this occasion he killed two reindeer at one shot, and during two whole sledge trip this feat was performed by him just a dozen times. Once he killed three with one ball. I do not mean that he would kill or wound another, but the two every time would be shot so that no further firing was needed.

### TWO REINDEER WITH ONE BALL.

There was one of these occasions that was particularly striking, and it happened on our return winter journey during some terrible cold weather when we was almost destitute of provisions. When the ice formed on the salt water all the many reindeer we saw on the island of King William's Land emigrated southward. The last drove was seen by us the 1st of October. We had journeyed a third of the way home, when on the 12th of December two reindeer were reported ahead on the western side of Baed's Great Fish River on the ice where we were sledging. They were in plain sight, and a most welcome one it was, so long had we been deprived of it. As they moved down the hillside to the river ice they disappeared behind an island, both ends of which were in sight.

The sledges were stopped, and the Eskimo hunters, five in number, started forward, Toslosah gaining the upper end of the island first. Running like a racehorse he soon disappeared around it. In a few seconds more we heard a shot that was very distinct in the confined valley. We waited patiently for a second as we were over anxious to get both animals, but we heard none, and more singular still saw nothing of the other reindeer that must have appeared in sight to escape. Toslosah soon was seen on the island's ridge giving the signal for enough dogs to drag in two deer. He had killed both with one shot—the only two deer we had seen for over two months.

For three months of the time I was absent in King William's Land; the party had so scattered to obtain better results that Toslosah was the only native hunter with the white men, his own family and an Eskimo boy, eight persons in all, besides nineteen dogs, yet he supplied this large party unaided with his rifle, and this too in a country abandoned by the nearest Eskimo as uninhabitable, and where Sir John Franklin's party of over one hundred white men had starved to death. Of the five polar bears killed by him, three of them, huge monsters of over a thousand pounds each, were slain in almost as many seconds, with three shots from his magazine gun. He started them from an ice hammock not thirty yards from the water, whither they fled to escape, and the last one was killed in the water so near to the ice-edge that he secured its robe by jumping on the ice-cake nearby.

He killed three reindeer in January with the thermometer at minus sixty-eight degrees, although it was so cold that the whalebone shoe of his sledge snapped like glass under this light load, when it had once borne over three thousand pounds. I have known him to sally forth in a fierce Arctic storm that kept all else housed, with so furious a gale blowing that he had to be wholly guided by the scent of the two trusty dogs tied to his belt, run a course of twelve miles and return with a reindeer to replenish an empty larder. The seal is the warriest game in the Arctic, and the Eskimo consider they do well to kill one in four or five they start for, but Toslosah's score showed that he seldom missed one in a dozen. And yet a half is not told of this mighty Nimrod.

### Feeding the Dairy Cow.

Farmers must remember one fact, i.e. that the dairy cow must have two pounds at least of digestible dry matter to sustain each 100 pounds of live weight of carcass, and, if a gain is made, this amount must be increased.

### Empress Eugenie Describes Herself.

This is how the Empress Eugenie describes herself: "Marie Eugenie, Comtesse de Pierrefond, widow; aged 67; born at Granada, in Spain; naturalized French."

### New Hampshire's Original Name.

New Hampshire was formerly called Lacia. It received its present name in 1829, being first called New Hampshire by Captain John Mason, who had been a resident of Hampshire, England.

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