

THE ALBERT STAR.

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HILLSBOROUGH, N. B., WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 26, 1894.

No. 20

SUGARS!

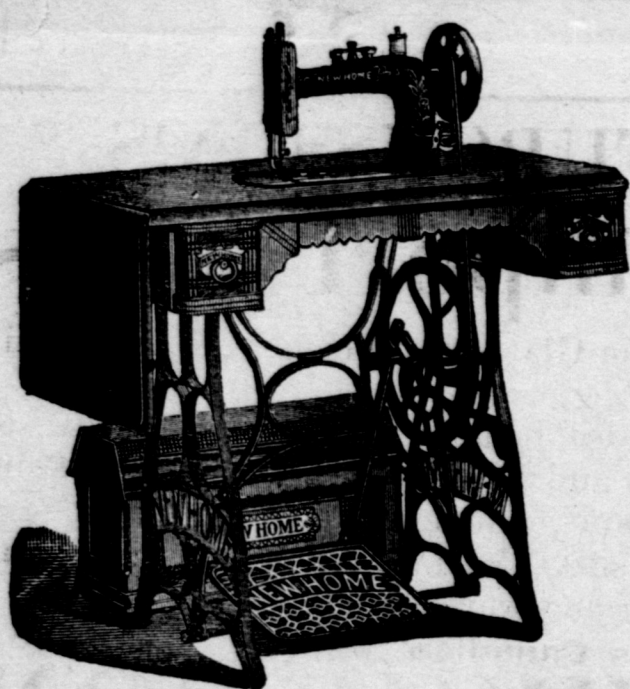
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THE ALBERT STAR.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 26.

After Awhile.

After awhile, we often say,
When shadows fall and clouds arise;
There's sure to come a brighter day,
With balmy air and sunny skies.

After awhile a day of rest
Will come to weary feet;
What seems the worst will prove the best.
And bitter things be turned to sweet.

After awhile the aching heart
Will find a cordial for its pain;
And as the bying days depart
The joy of love will come again.

After awhile the right will reign,
And conquered Wrong will lose its sway;
While ancient Error's key chain
Will break and slowly melt away.

After awhile the clashing creeds
That lead to strife and hate with men
Will lead to our superior needs,
And love will prompt the lip and pen.

After awhile the golden hours
Will come with life's supernal days,
And higher thoughts and nobler powers
Will lead us into grander ways.

Household Recipes.

QUINCE PRESERVES.

Rub the down off the quinces, pare
them, rejecting the blossom ends.
Core and quarter the fruit, chopping
the quarters into a pan of cold water
to prevent their turning black. Allow
a pound of sugar to a pound of prepared
fruit. Add to the parings and
cores enough water to cover them, boil
slowly until soft and strain through a
jelly-bag. Return to the kettle, put in
the quinces, and boil slowly until they
can be easily pierced with a fork,
boiling only a few at a time. When
all have been boiled, add the sugar to
the juice, and when dissolved, return
the quinces for a final cooking. Boil
very slowly for about an hour, or until
the fruit takes on a rich dark-red
color.

CANNED CRAB-APPLES.

With a small thin knife, cut the
crab-apples in two, and remove the
cores. Nearly cover with cold water,
and add sugar to taste. Boil until
soft, but not mashed, can, and seal at
once.

CRAB-APPLE JELLY.

Wipe the apples, cut them up, put
them in the preserving kettle with
water enough to cover, and boil until
perfectly soft. Strain through a jelly
bag, and allow a pound of sugar to a
pint of juice. Bring the juice to the
boiling point, skim, and add the sugar
that has been made hot in a pan in the
oven. Boil gently twenty minutes or
half an hour, and pour at once into
glass.

CRAB-APPLE PRESERVES.

Weigh the fruit and allow an equal
weight of sugar. Put the crab-apples
in the kettle with water almost to
cover them, and boil for three or four
minutes. Skim out the fruit, add the
sugar to the water, boil the syrup
until clear, skim it, and pour hot over
the crab-apples. Next day, drain off
the syrup, put it again upon the fire,
bring to a boiling point, and pour hot
upon the apples. If sufficiently rich
the preserves may now be stored; if
not repeat the process a third time.

A Daring Deed.

While the mutinous Sepoys were
attacking General Wheeler's entrenchments
at Cawnpore, a shot from their
batteries blew up the contents of a
two-wheeled cart, loaded with car-
tridges. It also set fire to the woodwork
of the cart, which was standing in the
place where the English ammunition
was stored.

Both the mutineers and the English
saw that if the fire was not extinguish-
ed there would soon be a most dis-
astrous explosion. The Sepoy bat-
teries, therefore, poured in a deadly
stream of round shot, to prevent the
English from putting out the flames.

A young lieutenant, Delaforce,
unmoved by the concentrated fire of
shot, threw himself under the blazing
carriage, tore away the burning wood
with his hands, and throwing earth
upon the blazing brands, stifled the
fire before it could spread to the
ammunition.

That was the sort of deed which
stirred British lungs to hurrah and
British generals to praise in official
orders. It is for such deeds that the
Iron Cross of Germany, the French
Cross of the Legion of Honor, or the
Victoria Cross of England are given.
Each of these decorations marks the
fact that a soldier has distinguished
himself above his brave comrades.

Her Good day for Snakes.

A young Baltimore girl, noted for
her beauty and gentleness, has come
prominently to the front as a snake
killer. While on a visit to Baltimore
County this week she was attacked
by a large snake in the vicinity of a
pond of water. She and her youth-
ful companions were greatly excited,
but she succeeded in killing the
snake. The disturbance aroused
other snakes, and a serpent war of
unusual magnitude was the result.
After the conflict the reptiles were
counted and piled. It was found that
in all, little and big, twenty snakes
had been killed.

A Different Color.

He—Really, Miss Melville—Ella, if
I may call you so—I know nothing so
beautiful as your golden hair and lov-
ely blue eyes.

She—How long is it since you said
just the same thing to another girl?
He (earnestly)—Never, I assure
you, the last girl had black eyes and
black hair.

A FEMALE CRUSOE.

She Lived Alone for Many Months
in the Far North-West.

It was more than a hundred years ago
that an enterprising Englishman, with
his company of Indian guides, came
suddenly upon the track of a strange
sneak-shoe in the far North-West in a
place that was supposed to be hun-
dreds of miles from any human habi-
tation.

Following the track for some dis-
tance, they reached a small hut, in-
geniously constructed of snow and
driftwood; and inside, the lady of the
house, a fine-looking young Indian
woman, was sitting alone. She under-
stood the language of the guides, and
consented at once to accompany them
to the Englishman's tent, as she was
heartily tired of her solitary life.

Her story was a very interesting
one. Her own tribe of Indians were
at war with another tribe, when she
was taken prisoner and carried off into
slavery. But the next summer, when
her captors were traveling through the
country, she made her escape, and
tried to find her way back to her own
people. This, however, was impossible
without help of some kind; but instead
of sitting down to bewail her lonely
fate, the brave girl went to work to
make herself comfortable until some-
thing should turn up.

A shelter of some kind was the first
thing to be considered, and she forth-
with proceeded to build a little dwell-
ing in which she was discovered.
Here she set up housekeeping under
difficulties, as she had first to catch
her food and then cook it, and it was a
constant struggle to keep her fire
going.

When asked how she managed to
catch anything, she said that she had
made snares with some deer sinews
which she had taken from her captors,
and had taken in them rabbits, parti-
dges, and squirrels. She had also
caught some beavers and porcupines,
and when her visitors arrived her
larder was very well supplied. As the
first snares were out their place was
supplied by others made from the
sinews of rabbits and squirrels.

Besides being a good provider under
difficulties, this remarkable young
woman had not neglected her wardrobe.
The skins of the animals she had
caught were fashioned into a comfort-
able and really artistic winter suit.
The Englishman wrote of it, "The
materials, though rude, were curious-
ly wrought, and so judiciously arranged
as to make the whole garb have a
pleasing though somewhat romantic
appearance."

With such rough
implements as the broken shank of an
arrow-head, and a piece of iron
hoop roughly sharpened with a knife,
the Indian girl had constructed not
only her picturesque dress, but also
the serviceable snowshoes which led to
her release, and other useful articles.

At first she had a great deal of
trouble with her fire. By rubbing and
pounding two sulphurous stones to-
gether, which was very hard work, she
could finally get a few sparks to kindle
some loose fibres of wood picked small;
but this took so much time that for
months she had not allowed her fire to
go out. She was never idle, and had
made preparations to go fishing on a
large scale when spring should unseat
the frozen lakes and streams. To do
this she peeled off the thin inner bark
of the numerous willow trees, and
twisted it into a species of twine. She
had stored up several hundred fathoms
of it for future use. The admiration
of the Indian guides for this attractive
and useful damsel was unbounded, and
each one wished to secure her for his
wife. As she could not marry them
all, it was decided, after a time-hon-
ored custom, to settle their several
claims by a wrestling match, the prize
to be awarded to him who could over-
throw the rest. This was carried out
forthwith, and the fair Indian girl was
again made captive. It is to be hoped
that she did not find it necessary to
run away a second time; but she had
already shown that if she did, she was
fully able to take care of herself.

Wrote a Letter in Her Sleep.

A remarkable case of somnambulism
well authenticated, is reported from
Miss Susie Sterlin, daughter
of Joseph Sterlin, a wealthy farmer of
Pettis county, had been taking music
lessons, but the term had expired.
About midnight Thursday last Mrs.
Sterlin was awakened by hearing her
daughter leaving the room, and Mr.
Sterlin was apprised. He followed the
young lady and heard her call to her
brother, who was asleep in his room,
to wake and get a letter she had, as
she wanted it mailed at once. Investiga-
tion showed that Miss Sterlin was
in a sound sleep, but she had in her
possession a very intelligible letter
that she had written while asleep,
addressed to her teacher, apprising her
of having gained the parents' consent
to continue her musical studies.

Plum Catsup.

Pour a pint of hot water over 7
pounds of plums, cover closely and
steam till tender. Then add 4 pounds
of brown sugar, a pint of good vinegar
and an even tablespoonful each of
cinnamon, allspice and cloves and
two-thirds of a teaspoonful of cayenne.
Cover and steep half an hour; then
seal in cans. Before serving them in
a pickle dish take out the pits.

In the White Mountains.

Fashionable invalid—"I came here
for hay-fever, you know."
Incapable Bachelor—"Well, you've
got it, haven't you?"

LEAN GIRLS' TROUBLES.

The Pound of Flesh that will Make
Her Beautiful.

The lack of a pound or two more of
flesh is often literally all that stands
between a woman and her kingdom.
Embonpoint is, however, rarely de-
liberately courted by an American
woman. For some mysterious reason,
however scanty she may be, the last
thing one will succeed in doing is to
persuade her that she needs more
flesh!

So deep-rooted with us, so wide-
spread is this fear of becoming stout
that it might almost be classed as a
national anti-fat instinct!

Yet a little fat is a great beautifier.
I recall more than one face that bloss-
omed into unexpected beauty as its
owner took on flesh.

I went to school with a girl whose
large aquiline nose was the bane of her
childhood; but at about two-and-
twenty she began to grow decidedly
plump, and the objectionable member
forthwith lost its beak-like aggressive-
ness; the background afforded it by an
amplified padding of flesh at the temples,
by well rounded cheeks and a slight
doubling of the chin brought it into
correct focus, making it a handsome
feature.

The woman who seeks to become at
once thin and clear of complexion is
attempting what is nigh an impossi-
bility. The thinner one becomes, the
duller, the more opaque grows the skin.
Colorlessness is not fairness. It has
been claimed by good authorities that
for every added pound of flesh the skin
becomes a perceptible fraction
lighter.

Corpulency is not desirable; but it
is better to become a trifle over-plump,
if thereby one preserves bloom and
freshness.

The women of Europe in the middle
and upper classes frequently retain
their attractions of person well into
old womanhood—but they generally
grow plumper as they grow older. The
beauty of la belle Americaine—and
very beautiful she is for a brief season
—is sadly ephemeral. At a little past
middle life while we retain the alert
movements and the proportions of
young womanhood, we wear faded,
pinched, furrowed, brownish-pale
faces that would be put to shame by
the countenance of a German grandma
of 80.

Also we Yankee women earlier than
the women of any other country on
the face of the globe are forced to
combat white hairs and baldness.
Other things being equal, the oleagin-
ous secretions that accompany fat will
keep at bay these disfigurements.

A very beautiful New England girl
whose plumpness gave her untold
mortification finally set about re-
ducing her size. She accomplished
the attenuation of her full and sweep-
ing proportions in an incredibly short
space of time, but at what a sacrifice!

Her glorious head of chestnut hair
fell out, leaving but a few locks, her
eyes lost their brilliancy and strength,
and to a great extent their lashes;
her once firmly arched and rosy lips
became not only pale and flabby, but
the prey to a very obstinate sort of
eczema; and instead of becoming more
"graceful" this foolish girl, who had
by no means unwisely, barely escaped
losing the use of her legs altogether.
She was threatened with a very trying
disease of the knee-pan by which it
detaches itself and slips down the leg!
An affection commoner than is gen-
erally believed, and traceable often to
imnutrition and a collapse of the
general system.

Devotion to gastronomy, laughter
and plenty of sleep is said to be the
prime promoter of plumpness. At any
rate the woman who proposes to train
her flesh may well take her cue from
the system of feeding and "passive
exercise" now in vogue in the private
"Nervines" frequented by the fashion-
able and wealthy. The patient in
these nervines is compelled to gorge
as it were to make up for years of
faulty alimentation.

"Digestives" that assure speedy and
complete assimilation are taken with
each meal and successfully intercept
bilious disorders and uncomfortable
sensations of repletion.

Usually the menu is a restrictive one
at first, consisting of little besides
milk, which more than any other one
food contains all that is essential to
the making of blood, bone and fat, and
eggs, which administer directly to the
nerve and brain force. An egg and a
glass of milk, alternately, every two
hours, is the initial quantity often pre-
scribed. Later on, a gallon of milk and
a dozen eggs, in addition to such highly
nutritive dainties as toasted bananas,
pate de foies gras sandwiches, hot choco-
late, whipped cream flummerys and a
pound of tenderloin steak are disposed
of daily with positive nonchalance by
the woman who for or six months
earlier had scarcely been able to make
away with a glass of wine and a chick-
en's wing.

An excellent "digestive" is found in
a powdered preparation called "diat-
oids." I have known several emaciated
girls who sought plumper con-
tours to take a spoonful of this powder
in the "bumpers gigantic" of milk
they drank each day. Coffee, tea,
lemonade, condiments and toast are
partaken of sparingly; and the fre-
quency with which meals come is a
great item, as directly after eating
there is a tendency to inactivity which
is in itself conducive to fat.

Massage takes the place of gymnas-
tics and all violent sports for the spare
girl who still must, if she would have
firm flesh and healthy muscles, give

her body more all-round exercise than
comes from walking, going up and
down stairs, lifting and reaching, sew-
ing, writing, dressing and the like.

The kneading, the pounding, the
squeezings and the pressures and inces-
sant flexings that make up an hour of
massage insure pliancy and tone for
each muscle and ligature; and thus also
quickens somewhat respiration, circula-
tion and exertion.

The seeker after plumpness further-
more should take her daily airing in a
carriage and not on foot. If a carriage
is out of the question, and excellent
substitute for a country girl at any
rate, is found even in winter in plenty
of fur robes and a well cushioned arm-
chair placed in a sequestered corner of
the broad piazza. Here she may sit,
filling her lungs with oxygen, with per-
fect safety for an hour at a stretch.
This stationary "constitutional" is
quite as beneficial as the drive in a
close carriage. I have heard that one
of our society leaders, whose least word,
act or caprice of toilet sets a precedent,
has had a low board platform built and
placed in the little yard back of her
town house. On every sunny morning
during the past winter the platform
has been spread with skins; this beauty
and social law giver, enveloped in a
pelisse of fur and have hidden in the
capacious embrace of a sleep-hollow
arm-chair, with footstool and Norwe-
gian foot-muff for her aristocratic little
feet, has sunned and oxygenated her-
without doffing peignoir.

A Deaf Mute Marriage.

An interesting event, the like of
which does not often occur, took place
at Micksburg, Ont., last week. It was
the marriage of two deaf mutes, and
the bride and groom were also deaf mutes
present. They were all young, intelli-
gent and well educated, having been
pupils of the institution maintained by
the Ontario government at Belle-
ville, and six had graduated from the
institution. The bridegroom was Mr.
James Hoggins, of Fitzroy; the bride
was Miss Jessie Mick, daughter of Mr.
Montford Mick, Micksburg; the
bridesmaid was Miss Mauro Baker, of
Belleville; the groomsmen Mr. Patrick,
of Fitzroy. Each sentence in the
ceremony was written out and sub-
mitted to the bride and bridegroom,
and after reading it they wrote their
answers underneath; then another
portion of the ceremony was written
out and submitted, and so on to the
end. After the marriage there was a
banquet at the residence of the bride's
parents. The following morning the
bride and bridegroom left by carriage
for their splendid home in Fitzroy.

The Latest Fad.

The latest fashionable freak among
women who are blessed with pretty
hands is to wear an immense ring on
the first finger of the right hand. It
used to be considered the height of
vulgarity to place a ring on the index
finger, but now this decoration is the
dormier art. This ring must be a su-
perb one; I must not partake of the
slender and graceful daintiness of the
"marquise" circle. It must be solid,
big and respectably ecclesiastic in its
appearance. The feminine mind, al-
ways desirous of presenting contrasted
effects to poor humanity, sees the deli-
cately sarcastic anomaly of a little,
white, frivolous-looking hand wearing
a big, aggressively solid sort of ring.

Read it in Her Eyes.

It was one of those soft, witching
moonlight nights when there is a big
business done in Cupid's confessional.
"Until I met you, Adele," he mur-
mured in a voice husky with emotion,
"I believed that all women were de-
fective; but when I took into your clear,
beautiful eyes I beheld there the very
soul of candor and loyalty."
"George," she exclaimed with en-
thusiasm, "this is the happiest mo-
ment I have known since papa took
me to the Paris oculist!"
"Paris oculist?"
"Yes, dear; you never would have
known that my left eye is a glass one."
Then the moon went under a cloud
and George rolled over and buried his
face in the moist grass.—Judge.

A Severe Ordeal.

The two ladies had not met for some
time and they were vitally interested
in each other's welfare.
"I hope your health is better than
when I saw you last," said the first.
"No, I grow worse every day," re-
sponded her friend, d-spondently.
"Too bad, too bad! What seems to
be the matter?"
"No one knows, and the doctors say
they cannot tell till after the post
mortem."

"Why, how awful! You poor, dear
thing! In your weak state, you can
never live through that."

Not Her Wish.

A lady went to get a check cashed
at a bank where she was entirely un-
known.

"It will be impossible for me to give
you the money, madam, said the teller,
politely, unless you can identify your-
self in some way."

"But I am Miss—!" said the latter.
"Certainly, but it will be necessary
for some one we know to give you an
introduction to us."

She drew back and regarded him
haughtily.
"But, sir," she said in what has been
called a tone of scorn, "I do not wish to
know you."

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