

THE ALBERT STAR.

Vol. I.

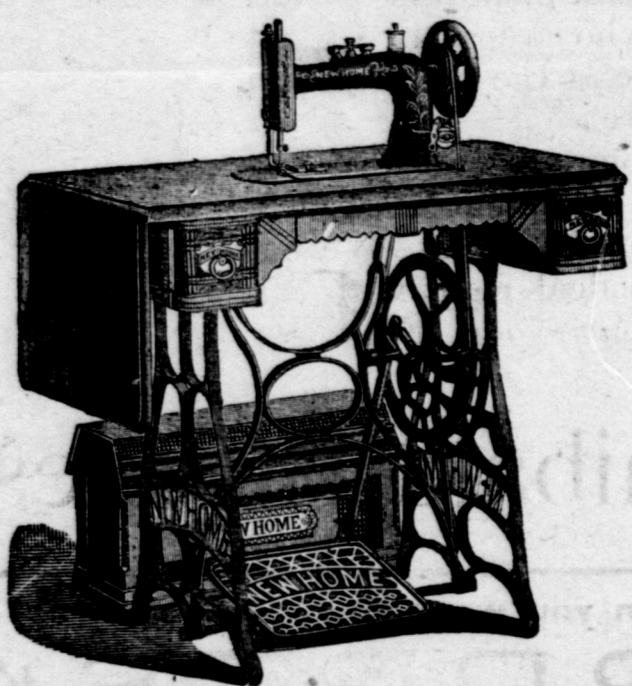
HILLSBOROUGH, N. B., WEDNESDAY, JULY 18, 1894.

No. 10

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THE ALBERT STAR.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 18.

The Child of Nazareth.
That little home in Nazareth,
How bright it must have been,
When in it dwelt the blessed Child
Who knew no touch of sin.

How glad his mother must have felt
As day by day he grew,
In strength and beauty by her side,
So pure, so sweet, so true.
And often as she spoke his name,
Dear name, and angel given,
And quickly at her call he came,
She saw the light of heaven.

Upon the gentle lifted face
And in the wistful eyes,
That were so strangely beautiful,
So loving, meek, and wise.

I think he was a joyous Child,
And where he went and came,
The mountain kids about him played,
The wild wood birds grew tame.

None ever heard a hasty word,
From this fair, stainless Child,
None ever saw him frown, but all
Were happy when he smiled.

I'm sure he did not fully know
His Father's business yet,
But still his hands were swift to do
The tasks his mother set.

And up and down the hillside paths
His feet were quick to run
On errands, if his mother sent,
For was he not her son?

I like to think, my little ones,
That on the birthday page,
The very age that you are now,
Was once the Christ-child's age.

And, as he stands at God's right hand,
The King of earth and heaven,
He comprehends your childish thoughts,
Though you are only seven.

Or nine, or twelve. He knows about
The prizes you would win.
He was like you in everything,
Except the light of sin.

Oh, who can help but love him well,
This friend for life and death,
Whom God and man with favor crown,
The Child of Nazareth?

Racing on Ski.
Ski are Norwegian snowshoes—
strips of plank, turned upward at the
toes, eight or nine feet long, four and
a half inches wide, and in the thickest
part an inch thick. Mrs. Tweedie,
author of "A Winter Jaunt to Norway,"
was in Christiania at the time of the
annual ski races, and, of course, went
to see them. It seemed to her as if
nearly all the one hundred and fifty
thousand inhabitants of the city must
have gone out for the same purpose.
About a hundred competitors entered
for the race.

The course began with an ascent of
about 400 feet up a steep hill, mostly
through the forest, where the men had
to cross cliffs, ravines, hillocks and
mounds. The road had been chosen
for its obstacles and was marked here
and there by a piece of red stuff tied
to a snowy pine tree.

After the climb came a longer de-
scend, about a thousand feet, some of
it "almost perpendicular."

On a flat surface the skilobers, as
they are called, shuffle along, accom-
plishing a distance of several feet at
each step. Down hill they simply fly,
keeping their feet as near together as
possible, and bending their knees. The
up-hill work is the hardest. The ski
have a strong tendency to slide back-
ward. The men turn their toes out,
and stamp the snow to get a bite.

In toing out, the legs have to be
kept well apart, else the long shoe over-
laps at the heel and trip the wearer.

"To see a man go up-hill," writes Mrs.
Tweedie, "his legs apart, and stamping
the snow at each step, is most amusing
from behind, the movement so closely
resembles that of a frog with his little
bent legs."

On the day in question, "in spite of
every obstacle, in spite of the steep-
ness, in spite of the sudden turns and
twists of the road, in spite of every-
thing, the twelve English miles were
accomplished in one hour, forty-six
minutes, thirty-six seconds."

Only two of the racers gave out, and
there were no accidents.

Half a Century a "Hired Girl."
The French papers recount an inter-
esting incident, which, perhaps, is one
of a sort which has never happened,
and never could happen, in this coun-
try. It was the celebration, at the town
of Beziers, of the fiftieth anniversary
of the service, in a single family,
of a domestic servant.

For fifty years, says the French local
paper, which records the occurrence,
Mlle. Helen Sapté, who is now eighty-
three years old, had been employed in
the Fuser family. When the anniver-
sary of this long and honorable service
arrived, the family made a brilliant
holiday of it; a feast was provided, and
Mlle. Sapté, the aged servant, occupied
the seat of honor at the head of the
table.

The honor was certainly a deserved
one, for the French paper referred to,
the Southern Messenger, says she had
"served in this family with a devotion
and zeal never for a moment relaxed."

The individuals of the family which
celebrated her "golden wedding" as a
housemaid were by no means the same
as those for whom her work was
begun, but she felt her devotion to be
none the less due.

Royal Almoners of Old.
A royal almoner was an ecclesiastic
attached to the medieval courts who
took from the royal table and gave to
the poor the first dish that was brought
from the kitchen. By common usage,
it was always a dish of plain meat with
no seasoning. Sometimes special dishes
of odds and ends, the leavings of former
repasts, were prepared to be brought
in first.

Electric Lighted Jelly.
Among the curious displays to which
electricity has been made to lend it-
self in household decoration is a dish
of illuminated jelly in which an in-
candescent light has been buried.

A MODEL FARMER.

Bill Nye and His Farm Stock.

Latitude 34.50, N. Longitude 83.32 W.,
Spring of 1894.

Once more I have returned to my
little old red Venetian farm and am
living on the top shelf of same. The
place still stands at an angle of 49 de-
grees and is well laid out. I took a
precaution three years ago to lay all
my gas pipes, drains, subways, etc.,
before spreading on the farm proper.

As a result I now have a farm that
cannot sag, and I do not have to be
constantly tearing it open to examine
the bowels of the earth, as other farm-
ers do here.

Farming in this State is not properly
begun. We have many beautiful sites
for farms, good foundations upon which
to build farms, but we begin to plant
and sow without having first put in our
wires and subways. Then the showers
wash our confidences into the river far
below, leaving the farm perfectly desti-
tute of soil. A farm may thus become
too neat for things to grow upon.

I have a neighbor who has a beauti-
ful brownstone front farm, with base-
ment, near Possum Trot, this State,
and you could walk all over it in white
silk socks without soiling the soles of
your feet.

I bought three farms, however, and
putting one right on top of the other
I've got what I call a soiled farm. By
buying three farms one above the other
and watching a wet season, when small
farms may be easily shuffled, I sidle
over the other until now I'll have to
get a stonemason to come and plant
my potatoes for me.

Billie Baldwin, the butcher, came
over day before yesterday to buy my
sheep and little ewe lambs. I shall
not be a gentle shepherd boy on and
after this date.

Last year I bought nine sheep that I
thought would look well dotting the
landscape. If I had not been an author
of renown, doubtless I should have
been a painter. When I had bought
Buck Shoals I turned to my wife and
said: "This is splendid. Now what
shall we get to dot the landscape with?"

A landscape gardener told me that
sheep were used a good deal in the old
country. He was an imported garden-
er, with a large blue girl tattooed on
his arm. He had a husky voice and
used to sing, "The corn is wavin', Annie
dear." That's why his voice was so
husky.

He got hold of the key of my wine
cellar and drank up the whole bottle.
I was going to hire him for a year,
but when I found that he was of dis-
olute habits, I bade him begone.

He also did another thing that made
me turn against him.
We have hot and cold water all over
the house—when the pipes burst—and
the land has such a rapid decline that
it falls over 100 feet between the porte
cochere and the buttery. Therefore
the bathtub at the back of the villa
is 185 feet above the bay window on
the off side of the house and has a stop-
cock on the outside of the villa with
hose attached.

Well, this man's name was Flowtow.
I rose with the lark, and so did Flow-
tow, and I entered the bath like a naïf
queen, as it were, singing a ballad that
one could hear all over the place. One
could hear me also splutter the water
and sing like a wren. I had just got
entirely soaped. My unabated fore-
head was a soft lather and my eyes
held over a dime's worth of apiece.

I grasped wildly for my sponge. It
was as dry as an essay on duty. I
wiped out one eye with a corner of my
bath gown and looked.

Flowtow had attached his hose out-
side and watered the pansies and left
me high and dry while I was taking
me a tub.

Well, he is the man who suggested
sheep to beautify my blue grass heath.
These sheep were turned loose and
bade to run away and scamper over
the grass and bring me the next Spring
each a nice little, limber tail lamb
with a vox populi bleat.

So far none of them has. Some
neighbor told us that each grown sheep
would have two nice lambs per annum,
but they have never done so. They
even ate all the green peas that were
to have been cooked with their lambs
and then scampered away.

Oh, how I hate such an animal as
that!

A Vassar girl who had been brought
up on a farm and who got left here at
Arden Station while sketching a color-
ed child, which was born at Arden this
Spring and is regarded as a great curi-
osity there, staid at our chateau several
days till her trunk came back, and I
spoke to her about this matter, for she
has a college education, while I have
not.

She would not discuss the question,
however, but turned the conversation
to the subject of something else after
complimenting me on the sheep and
saying, with a sunny smile, that they
were the most bescomest sheep she had
ever seen altogether.

Was she gazing or chaffing me in
my old age. Great Hickory Ellum, if
I had thought she spoke tightly I
would cheerfully have charged her
transient rashes while she was here!

These sheep have a "presence" about
them which has driven away a new
saddle horse of mine, and we have to
tie the horse radish also. They eat
the grass and then go partially up the
trees and eat the foliage off.

A sheep cannot even succeed itself
in the same room. Mr. Morris lost 28
by dogs at one time. That shows
that even the most vile and worthless
dog may be of use if he will get up and
stir himself.

I sold my sheep yesterday to Bill
Baldwin, the butcher. I got \$10.20
out of them, and he had to drive them
away.

I thought when I got them that they
would come up to the library door
standing knee-deep in the blue grass
and show off to those who came to the
villa to see us, but they only came up
to the house on cold days when they
were molting, and they would shiver
and look cold, and their little chins
would quiver, and they had never been
taught to use their handkerchiefs, and
I am glad they're gone, for I soon al-
most hated them, and they are as
much of a poetic fraud as a foot-pigeon
is.

Sometimes I think the best works of
nature I know of are purely artificial.
But farm life probably gives me that
idea.

We had on the place here some good
many years a kind-hearted cow named
Leydie. She was here before I bought
the farm and was beloved by all. She
was the kind of cow represented in an
earlier literature as "being in the lot."

She raised up quite a family, some of
whom went West. No one could re-
ally say a word about Leydie, but age
finally overtook her, and I called Bill
Baldwin, the butcher, aside three years
ago and told him that Leydie had passed
her meridian as a milkster, yet that
she was a delightful character and the
soul of honor.

"Those things are all right," said he,
"in a general way, but they do not add
to the value of a steak. Rev. Eymann
Abbott is one of the ablest divines in
the world, but with the Upper Congo
diocese a stouter man would be more
popular."

"It is so with Leydie. She has never
stepped aside from the narrow pathway,
and yet I doubt her worth as an article
of food." Still he took her home with
him, aiming to feed her up a little and
then take her life.

Every day when he came with his
and chops one of us would ask, with
tears which we could ill conceal, "Is
this some of poor Leydie?"

"No," he would say in a low voice.
"This is some of Eli, that sterling old
stag of Mr. Ledbetter's. You remem-
ber him, doubtless. Every one knew
Eli most as well as what they did
Leydie."

Time passed; months grew to years.
I thought several times that Mr. Bald-
win had lied to us and said Leydie off
on us without saying anything, and so
we would not be pained much.

Once I tasted a neat malleable steak
that reminded me of Leydie. It was
only last week. Three years had passed
away since we sold Leydie, and I said
to Baldwin this morning:—

"You did a kindly act to say nothing
to us when you fed us with Leydie's
person. It was a delicate, nice, thought-
ful thing for you to think of, but I
caught you now," I said. "I selected
her yesterday. There was something
about Leydie that one could never for-
get. We had some of her yesterday,
William, did we not?"

"No," he said, "you are wrong. You
know a good deal, but now and then
you do not know as much as you think
you do."

"I have always told you the truth
about Leydie. Every time you have
asked me about her I have told you
the truth."

"When I bought Leydie of you, I saw
that she would close out my business
for me in about four days if I killed
her with that long-waisted, sort of bat-
tle countenance of hers. People
would never cap me. Therefore I sent
her over on Roan Grange to graze, for
I heard that over there was a little
patch of real weeds that had never been
touched. So I sent her over there."

"A year ago I went there to see how
Leydie had done on Roan mountain,
for she had all that portion of the State
to feed on, but I was too late. Before
I got near enough to her to kill her
she died. She breathed her last only
an hour before. Her body was still
warm, but you never have tasted of
Leydie. Leydie died a natural death."

"I supposed that she had the whole
of Roan mountain to herself, but since
then I have learned that there was a
woodpecker living on the other side of
the hill, and you can't graze this coun-
try too close. It won't stand it."

North Carolina is a beautiful State,
especially in the western portion,
where it is so much like Turin (pro-
nounced Turken) that many agricul-
turalists claim that this is the reason
why they are in the soup, but as a graz-
ing country it requires about all of its
present vegetation to keep our katy-
dids in good order.

Clarence, my former valet, writes me
from Kensington to know what is the
full meaning of the word naturalization
as used here in America. He thinks
of coming here to live, having already
two brothers in this country.

Naturalization, according to Wool-
sey, takes place when an alien trans-
fers his allegiance from the country of
his origin and the sovereign of the
same to another country and sovereign.

Naturalization is sometimes an enlarge-
ment of duties as a citizen, for one may
obtain new rights in another country,
while at the same time he is obliged to
hold himself subject in a degree to his
former sovereign. For instance, he
cannot escape from a European country
and at once become a citizen here in
order to avoid military duty to which
he might have been subject where he
lived.

Naturalization is not fully accom-
plished until there has been not only
a change of rulers, but of linen. The
Mormon Church might have sustained
itself and been alive, and well to-day
had it adhered to this principle.

There must also have been an actual
intention from the first to become a
citizen of the new country. To become
a citizen merely for the purpose of
obtaining a divorce or a temporary
honeymoon will be in all cases ruled
against most severely by all courts ex-
cept those of Grand Forks, N. D.

Naturalization should, so far as may
be, be attended to in cool weather and
so far as possible at a reasonable dis-
tance from where people may be who
have never been exposed.

People who come to America under
a contract or a cloud cannot by any
means actually become at once natural-
ized. They may hold office, but they
cannot be naturalized.

One singular suling regarding the
naturalization of minor children is
that the naturalization of the father
naturalizes the minor child, while that
of the mother is not necessary. What
mammoth genius evolved this prin-
ciple of law I do not know. Did you
ever see a foreign father by any act
whatever indicate that he was in any
way responsible for or related to any
of his brood unless it be to hop in gay-
ly and chuck a few times before eating
the worm?

Watch a swarm of storage mam-
malia glide off the steamer and notice
that the father generally gets ashore
with a long stem pipe and a vest full
of crude alcohol, while the mother car-
ries from 150 to 250 pounds of so-called
goods, and she is also required to bring
all the children to land safely. Who
comes nearest to being the real head of
the house? Which one runs away in
case of sickness or poverty?

The papa!

And yet the naturalization of that
unnaturalized father naturalizes all
the minor children!

Come over, Clarence, if you want to
see some curiosities of government—
come over.

Come over, too, and see how I look
as I put a regular Cleopatra shine on
my own shoes.

TEST SPEECHES.
When Hubby Comes Home at Night
Give Him One of These.

Men who are accustomed to being
out late, and who on such occasions
are liable to become slightly tongue-
tied, should closely study the following:

Six thick thistle sticks.
Flesh of freshly-fried flying fish.
The sea ceases and it sufficeth us.
High roller, low roller, rower.
A box of mixed biscuits, a mixed
biscuit box.

Strict strong Stephen Stringer snared
sickly six sickly, silky snakes.
Swan swam over the sea; swim,
swan, swim; swan swam back again;
well swum swan.

It is a shame, Sam; these are the
same, Sam. 'Tis all a shame, Sam,
and a shame it is to shame so, Sam.

A growing gleam growing green.
The bleak breeze blighted the bright
broom blossoms.

Susan shine shoes and sock; socks
and shoes shine Susan, for shoes and
socks shock Susan.

Robert Rowley rolled a round roll
round, a round roll Robert Rowley
rolled round.

Oliver Ogletorph ogled an owl and
oyster. Did Oliver Ogletorph ogled an
owl and oyster? If Oliver Ogletorph
ogled an owl and oyster, where are the
owl and oyster Oliver Ogletorph ogled.

Hobbs meets Snobs and Nobbs;
Hobbs hobs to Snobs and Nobbs;
Hobbs hobs with Snobs and Nobbs' fob.
"That is," says Nobbs, "the worse
for Hobbs' jobs," and Snobs sob.

Sammy Shoemith saw a shrieking
songster. Did Sammy Shoemith see
a shrieking songster? If Sammy Shoemith
saw a shrieking songster, where's the
shriking songster Sammy Shoemith
saw?

I went into the garden to gather
blades and there I saw two pretty
babies. "Ah, babes, is that you, babes
braiding blades, babes? If you
brade any blades at all, babe's, brade
broad blades, babes, or brade no blades
at all, babes."

You snuff shop snuff. I snuff box
snuff.

Biting Her Nails.
A case was recently recorded in the
Medical Record of New York of a
young lady who presented herself com-
plaining of a constant irritation in her
throat. Two weeks previously she
had been taken with a severe "sore
throat," which has been treated by a
neighbouring physician. Under his
care the inflammation quickly sub-
sided, but there still remained a sensa-
tion of irritation. Examination re-
vealed a small fleshy-looking object;
about the size of a kernel of wheat,
adherent to the tissues posterior to
the left tonsil, by one end. The other
parts of the throat were normal. The
little mass could not be detached by a
cotton-covered probe, but by the use of
forceps it was easily removed, and on
examination proved to be a piece of
finger nail, which had been covered by
a cheesy deposit. A broken piece of
the nail was also removed from under
the mucous membrane at the same
spot by a sharp-pointed probe. The
patient then confessed to the habit of
biting her finger nails, and, moreover,
could remember that a day or two
previous to the onset of her throat
trouble, a piece of nail which she had
bitten off had become loose in her
mouth, but after it had caused a fit of
coughing she had forgotten about it
until reminded by the discovery of the
impacted fragment.

Early Austrian Marriages.
Austrian law permits boys and girls
to marry at the age of 14.

Molasses and Sugar.

Landing Ex S. S. Duart Castle—100 Puns. Choice Bar-
badoes Molasses. In Store—150 Bbls. Yellow C
Sugar, 100 Bbls. Granulated Sugar. Write or Wire
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MONCTON, N. B.

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for wool.

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Feathers, Ribbons, Laces,
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Ties, Gloves, Belts, etc.,
will be sold at prices to suit the times.

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Manufacture of—
Carriages, Buggies, Sleighs,
Pungs, Carts, etc.

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UNDERTAKING
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1 Car Bell Buckeye Mowers
1 Car Maxwell
1-2 Car "One Horse"
1-2 Car "Rakes"

Turnip Seed Drills, Spray Pumps, etc.
VAN METER, BUTCHER & CO.
MONCTON, - N. B.

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I Invite Inspection of my well Selected
Stock of Dry Goods and Clothing.
Tailoring Done by

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In First-Class Style.

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LIQUID PAINTS

—and—
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