

THE ALBERT STAR.

Vol. I.

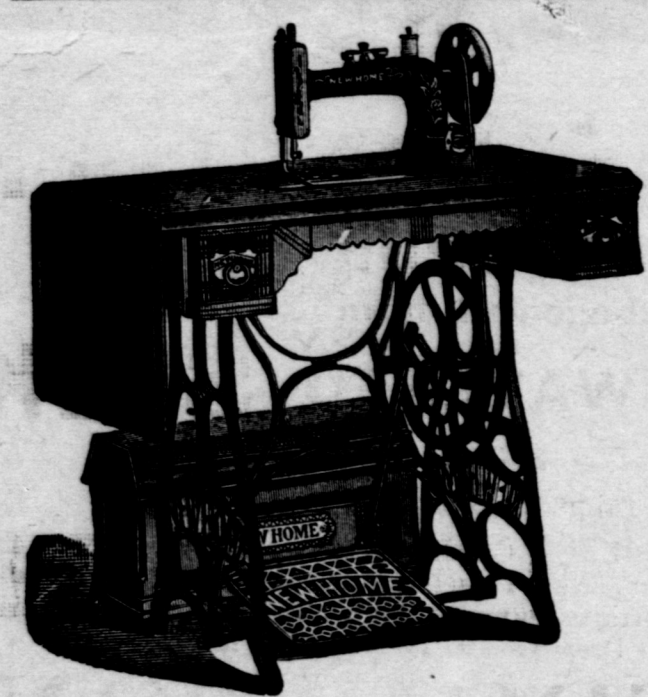
HILLSBOROUGH, N. B., WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 19, 1894.

No. 19

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435 BARRELS REFINED SUGARS

INCLUDING—
Ex. Standard Granulated,
White Ex. C,
Yellow Ex. C,
Powdered Paris Lumps,
At Lowest Wholesale Prices.
F. P. REID & CO.,
MONCTON, N. B.



James Crawford,
297 Main St., Moncton, N. B.

Dealer in Sewing Machines, Organs
and Pianos, etc. Sole agent for the
New Home Sewing Machine. On ac-
count of not having any traveller on
the road, I can sell lower and the pub-
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Washers and Wringers constantly on
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Wringers repaired and new rollers
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Sewing Machine needles and findings
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Money to Loan on Real Estate.
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Member of the Royal College
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A specialty of disease of the Eye, Ear
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DENTIST.
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Satisfaction Guaranteed and Charges Reas-
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Regular Dental Visits
will be made to Albert County on dates given
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Albert, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, of each month.
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ANY ONE WISHING
To Purchase
Haying Machinery, MacLaughlin Car-
riages or Farming Utensils
In general will do well to call on
ERNEST MOLLINS,
Local Agent for
VANMETER, BUTCHER & CO.,

THE ALBERT STAR.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 19.

Beyond.

A wanderer far in the gloomy night
Had traversed his way, alone,
Nor compass, nor chart, nor beacon light,
On his tortuous path-way shone;
And the storm came on, like a demon's tread,
And the labors of man were lost,
On the seething tempest, as hope were fled,
And the weary soul were lost;
But, lo! through the tempest, a yellow light
A bright ray glinted above the gloom;
Like the voice of an angel, far and free,
Rang "Near—er, my God, to Thee—
Near—er to Thee!"

The rage of that tempest, fierce and wild,
Like the marsh'd hosts of wrong,
Dispell'd, as the voice of the gentle child
Continued its heaven-taught song.
And the wanderer bravely struggled on
Toward that doubly sacred goal,
For the blessed light of a perfect dawn
Had glinted his eager soul;
He stood, transfixed by a mystic spell,
As the song like an inspiration fell;
"Still—all—my—song—shall—be,
Near—er, my God, to Thee—
Near—er to Thee!"

Oh, thus do the bitter storms conceal
The light of a perfect day;
Thus does the sacred song reveal
Hope's beauteous beacon ray;
Getsemane heard the pilgrim's cry
That echoed in words above—
The thunders that crashed from Sinai
But opened the gates of love;
The song that is echoing down the years,
With their heaving tempest of doubts and
fears,
The wanderer's compass and chart shall be
"Near—er, my God, to Thee—
Near—er to Thee!"

Gems of Thought.

A man's conduct is an unspoken
sermon.
All true courtesy springs from the
heart.

The golden age is not behind but
before us.

A happy fireside is better than a big
bank account.

Of all combats, the sorest is to
conquer ourselves.

The honest man never stops to en-
quire if honesty pays.

Overwarm friendships, like hot
potatoes, are soon dropped.

No entertainment is so cheap as
reading. Nor any pleasure so lasting.

Where we love is home, home that
our feet may leave, but not our hearts.

What is the greatest luxury a man
can enjoy in this life? An honest man's
sleep.

A myrtle standing among nettles
does notwithstanding retain the name
of a myrtle.

Though thou hast never so many
counselors, yet do not forsake the
counsel of thy own soul.

A man who puts off his enjoyment
too long will find it mislaid by the
time he goes to get it.

Modesty is too merit what shading
is to a figure in a picture. It makes
it stand out in strong relief.

Put off repentance until to-morrow,
and you have a day more to repent of,
and a day less to repent in.

It is not so much being exempt from
faults as the having overcome them
that is an advantage to us.

No true works since the world began
was ever wasted: no true work since
the world began has ever failed.

The wealth of a man is the number
of things which he loves and blesses,
which he is loved and blessed by.

Man and wife are like a pair of
scissors, so long as they are together,
but they become daggers as soon as
they are disunited.

One of the illusions is that the
present hour is not the critical, decisive
hour. Write it on your heart that
every day is the best day in the year.

No man has learned anything rightly
until he knows that every day is
Doomsday.

We ought not to remain in ignorance
where the happiness of those around
us is concerned; we should acquaint
ourselves with the means of adding to
it and with the habits which disturb it,
and order our conduct accordingly.

Remember that some of the bright-
est drops in the chalice of life may
still remain for us in old age. The
last draught which a kind Providence
gives us to drink, though near the
bottom of the cup may, as is said of
the draught of the Roman of old, have
at the very bottom, instead of dregs,
most costly pearls.

Death From Fright.

Perhaps the most remarkable death
from fear that has ever been placed on
record was that of the Dutch painter
Pentman, who lived in the seventeenth
century. One day he entered the ana-
tomical room of a celebrated Dutch
college with the intention of sketching
some skulls and skeletons for a picture
he was about to paint. He had been
out the night before, and, becoming
drowsy, fell asleep among the ghastly
specimens.

He was awakened by a loud noise,
and upon opening his eyes beheld the
skulls dancing upon the shelves and
the skeletons suspended from the ceil-
ing clashing their bones in a most
threatening manner. In a fit of horror
he threw himself out at the window,
but did not receive the slightest injury
from that source. A few moments
later he was informed that an earth-
quake had caused the commotion in
the deadhouse, but the explanation
did not quiet his nerves. A few hours
later he took to his bed and died with-
in three days of nerves tremors brought
on by the fright.

Across the Bar.

Summery—"Are there many life
saving stations here on the Maine
coast?"

Native—"Well, there's ginerly one
at every bathing beach, but they most-
ly keeps mighty poor whiskey."

A Story of Phil Armour.

Our respected townsman, Phil D.
Armour, has the name of being pretty
liberal with his employees. He pays
good salaries, but he wants faithful ser-
vice. It is custom to make occasional
presents to his men, either in cash or
its equivalent, and it is not an un-
common practice with him to give an
employee an order for a new suit of
clothes. He called one of his young
men aside one day, and said: "I want
to make you a little present. You
wouldn't object to some new clothes,
would you? Here is an order for a
suit of clothes; please accept it as a
token of my recognition of your ser-
vice."

The young man was very much
pleased. But when he came to think
the matter over he said to himself:
"The chances are that I will never get
this opportunity again. Mr. Armour
has an army of employees, and it is
altogether unlikely that my turn will
ever come round again. I need a busi-
ness suit, but I can buy it with my
own money. I'll do a smart thing and
get a dress suit on this order." And
the young man chuckled to think what
a real shrewd game he was playing.

When Mr. Armour got the bill for
\$80 for that dress suit he was con-
siderably surprised. He leaned his
head upon his hand and considered
the affair calmly; then he sent for the
young man.

"My young friend," said Mr. Armour
to the fellow, "is this bill correct?"

The young man looked at the bill
and said yes.

"When I gave you that order," said
Mr. Armour, "I specified no amount
whatsoever. I was willing to pay. I took
it for granted that you would pay that
consideration to my friendly liberality
which others in my employ would
have always observed; I suppose that
a young man occupying a compara-
tively humble position would be con-
tented with moderate-price attire.

You see I wear very inexpensive cloth-
ing. Forty dollars I would think, have
purchased as fine a suit of clothes as
you should have. I am not finding
fault with you; I shall pay this bill
and never allude to it again. But I
have called you in here to ask you as
a business-man, whether you think it
was a smart business procedure upon
your part to practice that which might
be construed as an imposition upon
a kindly-disposed employer? Do you
not think I would naturally have been
more pleasantly disposed toward you
had you been as generous in your use
of my friendliness as I was in extending
it to you?"

The young man was greatly abashed.
He tried to apologize and he stammered
confusedly.

"You are a young man," said Mr.
Armour, kindly, "and you have much
to learn. I want to impress upon you
that you should never take even a
seemingly advantage of a friend; for,
aside from all other considerations,
that is not a smart business move."

This lesson had its desired effect.
Mr. Armour never alluded to the affair
again, but he was pleased to see that
young man prove by his devoted ser-
vice genuine regret for his foolish
error. The young man has been pro-
moted from time to time, and is now
one of Mr. Armour's trusted lieuten-
ants. It is he himself who tells this
story of his employer's generosity,
amiability and forbearance.

The Romance of a Bicycle.

The day of romance for the bicycle
has at last dawned. There has been,
to be sure, a certain poetic charm to
the spectacle of sweet Daisy Bell proud-
ly perched "upon the front seat of a
bicycle built for two." Hitherto, how-
ever, the wheel had scarcely figured in
heroics. The elopement of a Brooklyn
swain and his Rockville Centre, N. Y.,
sweetheart upon their bicycles has
invested the modern steed of steel with
a glory second only to that of young
Lochinvar's racer. The exploit will
undoubtedly be celebrated in song by
the poet laureate of the L. A. W. If the
bold young wooer had only swung him
upon his lap on the saddle and thus
ridden in triumph to the parson's house
in Flushing, the adventure would have
deserved an epic instead of a lyric.

The scene must have been one to
stir the poet's heart, as the daring
couple stole forth from the roof of the
hard-hearted mother-in-law-to-be. The
prospective bride slipped her wedding
trousseau, neatly tied up in a bundle,
upon the handle bar of her bicycle.

The bridegroom's trouser-flaps had no
doubt been strapped tightly long be-
fore the anxious hour. It was a dark
and still night, but they probably
carried no lanterns, and kept hushed
the little bells, the tinkling of which
so often alarmed the timid pedestrians.

The picturesque flight at an end, they
were speedily joined as one "for wheel
or woe." With a good pneumatic tire
the course of such true love should al-
ways run smooth.

Ecceentricities.

Two odd features of dress recently
noted by the newspapers were a ball
dress made of spider's web, worn by a
South American belle, and a theatre
hat seen in New York, which consisted
of a glittering jet snake, with diamond
eyes, coiled just over the forehead of
its wearer.

Again the Summer Girl.

She had accepted him and he was
happy.
"You sweet thing," he exclaimed,
folding her in his arms, "you are mine
alone."

"Come off," she murmured softly,
"you needn't think you've got a Sugar
Trust snap."

BANK OF ENGLAND NOTES.

How they are Made.

"The Bank of England and some of
the cleverest criminals have been run-
ning a race—the bank to turn out a
note which might defy the power of the
finger to imitate, and those nimble
fingers and keen-witted rascals to
'keep pace' with the bank," says the
author of a chatty article on Bank of
England notes in the Cornhill.
The paper from which the notes are made,
we are told, is manufactured entirely
from new white linen cuttings, and the
toughness of it may be roughly
estimated from the fact that a single
bank note will, when unsized, support
a weight of thirty-six pounds. "The
paper is produced in pieces large
enough for two notes, each of which
exactly measures five inches by eight
inches, and weighs eighteen grains be-
fore it is sized; and so carefully are
the notes prepared that even the
number of dips into the pulp made by
each workman is registered on a dial
by machinery. Few people are aware
that a Bank of England note is not of
the same thickness all through. In
point of fact, the paper is thicker in
the left-hand corner to enable it to re-
tain a keener impression of the vig-
nette there, and it is also considerably
thicker in the dark shadow of the
center letters and beneath the figures
at the ends. Counterfeit notes are in-
variable of one thickness only through-
out."

HOW THEY ARE DESTROYED.

The notes are printed at the rate of
3,000 an hour, and the bank issues
9,000,000 of them a year, representing
roughly about \$1,500,000,000 in hard
cash. "The number of notes coming
into the Bank of England every day is
20,000; and 350,000 are destroyed
every week, or something like 18,000-
000 every year. As a matter of fact;
the average life of a note of the Bank
of England is just under seventy days,
and curious to say, bank notes are
never on any account reused. The
destruction of the documents takes
place about once a week, and at 7 p.
m., after the notes have been previous-
ly canceled by punching a hole through
the amount (in figures) and tearing
off the signature of the chief cashier.
The notes are burned in a close furnace,
containing merely shavings and bun-
dles of wood. At one time they used
to be burned in a cage, the result of
which was that once a week the city
was darkened with burned fragments
of Bank of England notes.

"Bank notes of the value of thou-
sands of pounds are annually lost or
destroyed by accident. In the forty
years between 1792 and 1832 there
were outstanding notes of the Bank of
England, presumed to have been either
lost or destroyed, amounting to \$6,550-
000 odd, every cent of which was clear
profit to the bank. In many instances,
however, it is possible to recover the
amount of the note from the bank in
full. Notice has to be given to the
bank of the note supposed to have
been lost or stolen, together with a
small fee and full narrative as to how
the loss occurred. The note is then
'stopped'—that is, if the document
should be presented for payment the
person 'stopping' the note is informed
when and to whom it was paid. If
presented (after having been 'stopped')
by any suspicious-looking and not
through a banker, one of the detec-
tives always in attendance at the bank
would be called to question the person
as to how and when the note came in-
to his or her possession."

ROMANCE OF A BANK NOTE.

The writer of the article tells one
very good story, which we do not
remember to have seen before, anent
the important part which bank notes
have sometimes played in our modern
life: "Some sixty odd years ago the
cashier of a Liverpool merchant had
received in tender for a business
payment a Bank of England
note, which he held up the scrutiny of
the light so as to make sure of its gen-
uineness. He observed some partially
indistinct red marks of words traced
out on the front of the note besides the
lettering and on the margin. Curiosity
tempted him to try to decipher the
words so strangely inscribed. With
great difficulty, so faintly written were
they, and so much obliterated, the
words were found to form the following
sentence: 'If this note should fall into
the hands of John Dean, of Longhill,
near Carlisle, he will learn hereby that
his brother is languishing a prisoner in
Algiers.' Mr. Dean, on being shown
the note, lost no time in asking the
Government of the day to make inter-
cession for his brother's freedom. It
appeared that for even long years the
latter had been a slave to the Day of
Algiers, and that his family and rela-
tives believed him to be dead. With
a piece of wood he had traced in his
own blood on the bank note the mes-
sage which was eventually to secure
his release. The Government aided
the efforts of his brother to set him
free, this being accomplished on pay-
ment of a ransom to the Day. Unfor-
tunately, the captive did not long en-
joy his liberty, his bodily sufferings
having undetermined his constitution."

THE DOOM OF BOOKS.

Or, What the Phonograph Will Do.

In Scribner's Magazine for August,
Octave Uzanne writes an amusing
article, not less amusingly illustrated,
as to the effect which the phonograph
will have upon literature. Mr. Uzanne
declares that the phonograph is des-
tined to abolish the printing press.
The following are some of the predic-
tions in which he indulges. Fantastic
though they may seem, they are by no
means outside the range of possibility:
"Men of letters will not be called
writers in the time soon to be, but
rather, Narrators. Little by little the
tastes for style and for pompously de-
corated phrases will die away, but the
art of utterance will take on unheard-
of importance.

"Libraries will be transformed into
phonographiums, or, rather, phono-
stereotects: they will contain the works
of human genius on properly labeled
cylinders, methodically arranged in lit-
tle cases, rows upon rows, on shelves.
The favorite editions will be the au-
thor's own, or the editions of the au-
thor's own time, for example, every one will be asking
for Coquelin's 'Moliere,' Irving's
'Shakespeare,' Salvini's 'Dante,' Ele-
onora Duse's 'Dumas fils,' Sara Bern-
hardt's 'Hugo,' Mounet-Sully's 'Balzac';
while Goethe, Milton, Byron, Dickens,
Emerson, Tennyson, Musset and others
will have been 'vibrated' upon cylin-
ders by favorite Tellers."

THE CHANGE IN JOURNALISM.

"Journalism will naturally be trans-
formed; the highest situations will be
reserved for robust young men with
strong, resonant voices, trained rather
in the art of enunciation than in the
search for words or the turn of phrases;
literary mandarinism will disappear,
literators will gain only an infinitely
small number of hearers, for the im-
portant point will be to be quickly
informed in a few words without com-
ment.

"In all newspaper offices there will
be speaking halls where the editors
will record in a clear voice the news
received by telephonic despatch; there
will be immediately registered by an
ingenious apparatus arranged in the
acoustic receiver; the cylinders thus
obtained will be stereotyped in great
numbers and posted in small boxes be-
fore 3 o'clock in the morning, except
where by agreement with the tele-
phone company the hearing of the
newspaper is arranged for by private
lines to subscribers' houses, as is al-
ready the case with theatrophones.

"The phonography of the future will
be at the service of our grandchildren
on all occasions of life. Every res-
taurant table will be provided with its
phonographic collection; the public
carriages, the waiting rooms, the state
rooms of steamers, the halls and cham-
bers of hotels will contain phonogra-
phs for the use of travellers. The
railways will replace the parlor car by
a sort of Pullman Circulating Library,
which will cause travellers to forget
the weariness of the way while leav-
ing their eyes free to admire the land-
scapes through which they are passing.

"At home, walking; sightseeing,
these fortunate hearers will experience
the ineffable delight of reconciling
hygiene with instruction; of nourish-
ing their minds while exercising their
muscles; for there will be pocket
photo-operaphs, for use during
excursions among Alpine mountains
or in the canons of the Colorado."

Arabian Steeds.

In the desert the mares and foals
and stallions stand day and night be-
fore their master, says Major General
Tweedie in an article on "The Arabian
Horse." There are no grooms in our
sense. Black slaves keep the ground
clean, and the wives and daughters of
the tent folk wait upon the mares, and
romance becomes reality when a drop-
ping mare or a motherless foal is taken
into the best part of the tent to be
nursed.

In villages the mares' shed is close
to the habitation in which the family
life proceeds. The result is that food
and fellowship are among the first
ideas which are associated in the
minds of Arab horses with the human
figure. The mares turn as kindly to
those around them as Gustavus did to
Dugald Dalgetty. The youngling takes
its cue from the dam, and is not afraid
of that with which they are all fam-
iliar.

This colt, which is handled by every
one from the first, and ridden as soon
as he is strong enough, is sure to prove
docile and obedient. Even when full
allowance is made for the advantage
of early tuition Arab men deserve
some credit for the fine temper of Arab
horses. The most patient colt may
have to resist its rider if either his
anger be excited or too much of his
own way be given him.

A little incident which we lately
witnessed in a crowded thoroughfare
in Bagdad may here be worth intro-
ducing. An awkward groom had
tumbled off the back of a playful filly,
and left her free to career hither and
thither. Among the spectators there
was nobody who blamed the filly. A
redbearded Persian, whose book-stall
was kicked into the Tigris, has the sense
to curse the biped and not the quad-
ruped. When she was caught, and the
end of her halter rope was put in-
to the groom's hand by a by-stander,
the man merely jumped on her back
and rode quietly away.

The pressure per square inch upon
the body of every animal that lives at
the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean is
about 25 times greater than the pres-
sure that will drive a railway train.

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
us for quotations.

Dunlap & Company,

MONCTON, N. B.

Wooland Tweeds, etc.

The Subscriber wishes to exchange a fine
selection of Yarmouth & Moncton
Tweeds, Flannels Yarns
for wool.

JOHN L. PECK.

The Spring Opening

of Millinery, etc.,

Mrs. A. E. Keith's

store is announced. A variety of
Hats, Bonnets, Flowers,
Feathers, Ribbons, Laces,
Veilings, Dress Trimmings,
Ties, Gloves, Belts, etc.,
will be sold at prices to suit the times.

JOHN C. LAUDER,

Carriages, Buggies, Sleighs,
Pungs, Carts, etc.

Painting and Repairing Promptly Attended to.

UNDERTAKING

and all its branches a specialty.

M. McLEOD,

CUSTOM TAILOR.

Dealer in Foreign & Domestic Tweeds, Diagonals,
Worsted, Meltons, Overcoatings, etc.

Perfect Fit Guaranteed. - - A Call Solicited.

Main Street, Moncton, N. B.

Will be at Hillsboro' on the 18th inst.

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Another Car

GENUINE MACLAUGHLIN CARRIAGES.

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

Turnip Seed Drills, Spray Pumps, etc.

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MONCTON, - N. B.

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Stock of Dry Goods and Clothing.

Tailoring Done by

Experienced - - Workmen

In First-Class Style.

W. H. DUFFY.

Tinware! Granite-Ware!

We have a full line of

TINWARE

AND

GRANITWARE

Now in stock, which we are selling at low figures.

Give us a Call.

JORDAN STEEVES.

Closing up Business

at Elgin, A. Co.