

THE ALBERT STAR.

Vol. I.

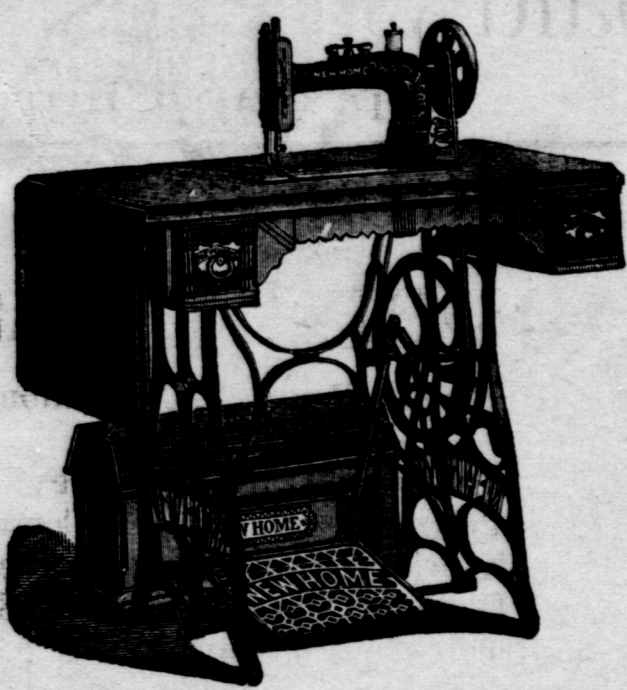
HILLSBOROUGH, N. B., WEDNESDAY, OCT. 17, 1894.

No. 23

New Season's Teas.

Our first direct importation of 640 packages of Tea from China, has been partially distributed, and our customers inform us gives splendid satisfaction. Although markets are much stronger, we offer these goods at old price. We will be pleased to furnish samples and prices on application.

WHOLESALE ONLY.
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 account of not having any traveller on the road, I can sell lower and the public will receive the benefit. Washers and Wringers constantly on hand. Wringers repaired and new rollers supplied. Sewing Machine needles and findings sent by mail on receipt of order.

PROFESSIONAL.

C. A. PECK, Q. C.,
Barrister & Attorney-at-Law.
Hopewell Hill,
Albert Co., N. B.

W. Alder Trueman,
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary,
Judge of Probate and Referee in Equity
for Albert County.
Albert, Albert County, N. B.

C. A. STEEVES,
Barrister, etc.,
MONCTON, N. B.

Jos. Howe Dickson,
Barrister and Notary Public.
Hopewell Cape, A. Co.

A. W. Bray,
Barrister, Solicitor,
Notary Public,
MONCTON, N. B.

F. A. McCULLY, LL. B.,
Barrister, etc.,
MONCTON.
Money to Loan on Real Estate.
Office Over Bank of Nova Scotia, Main Street.

DAVID GRANT, LL. B.
F. J. SWEENEY,
GRANT & SWEENEY,
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Etc.

228 Main Street, Moncton and Melrose, N. B.
P. O. Box 222. Telephone 191.
CHANDLER & ROBINSON,
Barristers, Attorneys, Etc.,
MONCTON, N. B.

O. J. McCully, M. A., M. D.
Member of the Royal College
of Surgeons, England.
A specialty of disease of the Eye, Ear
and Throat.
OFFICE: Corner of Main and Church sts.,
Moncton, N. B.

E. C. RANDALL, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon,
Hillsboro', N. B.

DR. S. C. MURRAY,
Physician and Surgeon,
ALBERT, N. B.

Dr. C. W. Bradley,
DENTIST.
Corner Main and Botsford sts., Moncton,
Good Work, Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Drs. Somers & Doherty,
DENTISTS

Graduates of New York College of Den-
tistry and University of Pennsylvania.
OFFICE:
Stone Block, Opposite Public Market,
MONCTON, N. B.
Satisfaction Guaranteed and Charges Reason-
able.

Regular Dental Visits
will be made to Albert County on dates given
below.
Albert, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, of each month.
Hillsboro, 13, 14th, of each month.

MASTERS & SNOW,
Representing the best English, Canadian
and American Insurance Companies.
Fire, Life Accident
and Plate Glass.
Moncton, N. B.

THE ALBERT STAR.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 17.

A Usurper.

Young Love, with sorry dragged wings,
His eyes bedimmed, his bow unstrung,
Moped in a corner, sad and still,
With listless hands and idle tongue,
"What, ho! My whilom, saucy lad!
No arrows for the heedless crowd!
No flying darts with reckless aim
For stupid men and maidens proud!"
The youngster shook his curly head,
"My span of life is well nigh run,
And, oh! It has been lots of fun.
But now my bow has lost its power,
My arrows glance and turn aside,
Tailor-made girls are flint and still,
My darts are spoiled, my rules defied."

"I've got a younger brother, too,
Who's taking in my ancient trade;
He used to run down all my game
And help him on in many a raid,
His victims all with promptness bring
For me to lay upon the shelf—
But now he sets them free as air,
Won't even keep them for himself."
"Flirtation is this fellows name,
He's called an enterprising lad;
But he has killed Love's ancient power,
His ways are wrong, his heart is bad."
The boy's voice low and fainter grew,
And heavy hung his curly head.
Ah! Love hath passed away from earth,
Flirtation reigneth in his stead.

Household Receipts.

ROAST DUCKS.

Draw the ducks, wash quickly in cold water, and put into the body of each bird two tablespoonfuls of chopped onion and one cupful of chopped celery. As this stuffing is put in only to flavor the ducks and is not to be served, the green stalks of celery will answer. Truss, dredge with salt, pepper, and flour, and put into the pan with a little water. The oven should be very hot. Roast from ten minutes to half an hour, according to taste, with occasional basting. Serve very hot, with brown, olive, or orange sauce.

ROAST PARTRIDGE.

Draw the birds, wash quickly in cold water, and put half a small onion in the body of each bird. Truss them, and pin a thin slice of salt pork on the breast. Sprinkle with salt, and dredge thickly with flour. Place in a pan, breast up, and roast for forty minutes in a very hot oven, basting three times with butter, water or stock, salt, pepper and flour. Serve very hot, with bread sauce.

BROILED PARTRIDGE OR GROUSE.

Split the birds down the back, place a folded towel on the breast, and strike with the potato-masher to flatten the breast-bone. Wipe, dredge with salt and pepper, rub soft butter over the bird and dredge with flour. Broil over a clear fire for fifteen minutes, and serve on a hot dish, with salt, pepper and butter.

POTTED PIGEONS.

After cleaning the birds, wash, wipe, and stuff with cracker crumbs highly seasoned and moistened with butter. Dredge with salt, pepper, and flour. Fry several slices of salt pork, then fry a large sliced onion in the same fat, skim out the pork and onion and put them in the stew-pan, then brown the pigeons in the fat left in the frying-pan. Put the pigeons in the stew-pan, add boiling water or stock to half cover them; add also a grain of allspice and a little minced celery for each bird, cover close and simmer from one to three hours, or till the pigeons are tender. Take out the birds, remove the fat from the gravy season to taste, thicken with flour and butter cooked together and strain over the pigeons.

New and Fatal Disease.

A London cable says: The medical profession is again puzzled by the peculiar new disease which has broken out at intervals during several months past, principally among the inmates of the London work-houses. For want of a better name they call it dermatitis exfoliativa. The mortality, at first more than 50 per cent, is now comparatively low. The first symptoms are inflammation of the skin, great irritation following this. The skin peels off in large patches. In some cases there are hemorrhages under the skin. In others large blisters are formed. The origin of the disease is a mystery. The patient usually becomes extremely weak and emaciated. The duration of the illness is variable. It frequently continues several weeks. The best authorities think it is contagious, but up to the present, in spite of the fact that the bacillus has been differentiated and microscopically examined, so little is known of the nature of the disorder that the medical profession consider themselves completely puzzled. The disease is distinctly a new one.

He Was.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the commercial tourist, "but are you a travelling man?"
"Yes sir," cheerfully replied the Methodist preacher on his way home from the annual conference. "Got to pack up and move again this year, just as usual."
And he looked out of the car window and softly whistled: "I would not live away."

The Curfew's Knell Still Heard.
In the belfry of the old parish church at Bury, England, the curfew that tolled the knell of the parting day 300 years ago is still in place and is rung every night at sunset.

The Quality of Ivory.

"Does ivory differ much in quality?" I asked a man who works in one of the stores where the ivory from all parts of the world lies. The man smiled, and gazed at me pityingly. "It differs from something like 130 pounds for one piece to the value of nothing; and that all in the same animal. There's the tusk of an elephant from Mombasa—only one, for we never get two that size; it's about seven feet long, and seems as if the one tusk diminishes to make the other twice the ordinary size. Well, that tusk is worth over 130 pounds; and here's a tooth from the same beast not worth a farthing a pound. Elephant's teeth are too hard and brittle; they can't be cut. You might make paper-weights out of them if it was worth while."

"Apart from the size, are the tusks of some elephants better than others?"
"Ivory from Mombasa and Siam is the best. But we seldom get whole tusks from Siam; the natives keep the middle parts for themselves to decorate their temples. They send us home the ends. The hollow end, which is the largest, is, of course, the least valuable, an only sells for 8 shillings the pound. It is used for piano keys, combs and the backs of brushes. The solid part of the tusk is worth 16 shillings a pound, and is used for billiard balls and such like things."

"What then, is the difference between ivory from Egypt and ivory from Mombasa and Siam?"

"Egyptian ivory is more brittle, less flexible. It is used chiefly for cutlery. If you were to take a comb, for example, made of the best ivory from Mombasa or Siam, you could bend it almost double without breaking it. Or a billiard ball made of the same ivory would not break though it fell on stone. Egyptian ivory would never stand that test. It is too hard and brittle. Consequently it does not fetch such a high price."

"And of what ivory are false teeth made?"
"The ivory of the sea-cow or walrus," he said. "It is very hard, and not too brittle. This here," pointing to a long, spiral rod of ivory about seven feet long, "is the horn of the sea unicorn, or narwhal."

"And to what use is it put?"
"It can't be used for anything except museums," he said. "It's as hard as nails and as brittle as glass."

Not a Half-Way Girl.

He was in love with the girl and wanted to marry her, but he was cautious and didn't believe in the policy of putting all his fortunes to the touch, and then getting knocked out. In other words, he didn't want to ask for what he wanted unless he saw some sign of its being in the shop. It's a wise thing to do, too, as some men have found out after they have asked. Thinking thus, he was talking to her. "I'd like to know just what you think of me," he said tentatively.

"Why?" she inquired with a rippling little laugh.
"Because it would help me in my business."

"Oh," she exclaimed.
"That's all right," he hastened to assure her. "I mean business."
"Really?" she twittered.
"Indeed I do."

"What is your business?"
"To marry you if I can."

She was sitting in the window and he stood about four feet from her. She got up and looked him square in the face with a flash in her eye.
"Well," she said half indignantly, "what do you expect me to do to help you?"
"I don't want you to encourage me only to turn me down," he said, holding a bit. "In other words, I want you to meet me half way."

"Would that be of any assistance?" she asked wearily.

"I'd asked you on the spot," he responded with a great confidence.
"Well," she said, measuring the distance between them with her eye, "I am no half-way girl, I'd have you know, sir," and as his heart went down with a dull thud she cleared the intervening space and lit plump on his manly bosom.

The Water Supply at Jerusalem.
The Turkish Ministry of Public Works has determined upon the reconstruction of the ancient water conduits of Jerusalem, dating from the age of King Solomon. By this means it would be possible to convey 2500 cubic metres of water daily to the Holy City. Of this it is proposed to give 1000 metres away free of charge to the poor of Jerusalem, the distribution to take place at the Mosque of Omar, the Holy Sepulchre and other places frequented by pilgrims.

The new conduits are to be bejoined to the ancient aqueducts of Arob, and are to be carried through a tunnel 3570 metres in length. The total outlay in connection with these works is estimated at 2,000,000 francs.

At a Cremation.

Mrs. Alice N. Lincoln thus described her feelings while watching a cremation:
"As we stood in silence, watching the rosy glow which played over the white surface of the retort a feeling came to us of awe, certainly, but also of peace and rest. There was something so spiritual, so elevating, in the absolute purity of the intense heat that it seemed to all of us who stood there far less appalling than the blackness of an open grave."

THE SKULL OF KING ROBERT.

of Legends the Liberator—His Melancholy Death by Leprosy—Story of the Heart of the Hero of Bannockburn.

After 465 years Edinburgh has, says the Chicago British American, been enjoying the peculiar sensation of gazing on the skull of King Robert the Bruce. The relic, it is true, is not the actual cranium of the hero of Bannockburn, but merely a cast from the original, which we trust for the honor of Scotland, may be permitted to lie forevermore undisturbed in the Abbey of Dunfermline. For it was there that in the year 1329 the King was laid beside his second wife, Elizabeth de Burgh, daughter of the Earl of Ulster and mother of David II. Even the cast, however, is of interest. Apart from the fact that it was actually taken from the King's skull the story of how it was obtained is not wholly without some of the elements of romance.

That King Robert was buried in Dunfermline, then a favorite residence of the Scottish sovereigns admits of no doubt. But the tomb which he had planned with such care appears to have been lost sight of during the turmoil of ages and the decay of the church which followed the iconoclasm of the Reformation. But in 1819, in clearing the foundations for a third church on the same spot, the King's bones were discovered and duly re-interred with the reverence due to a monarch who, whatever may have been his faults as a man, must ever lie in the national memory as one of the greatest of heroes.

At the time some interest was naturally taken in the discovery, and it would seem that the celebrated Dr. Gregory, Professor of Medicine in the University of Edinburgh, who bears the incongruous reputation of being at once the author of a treatise in almost classic Latin and of a mixture abhorred by three generations of children, had a cast taken of the priceless relic. It was lost for a while but was recently discovered in a house formerly occupied by the eminent physician, and will, in future, with the presumptive skull of George Buchanan, occupy an honored place in the University museum.

As might have been anticipated from the character of Bruce, the cranium is said to be of a large brain capacity, and to exhibit that massive lower jaw, which is understood to denote the firmness that was one of the leading characteristics of the Carrick family. Bruce, history affirms, died of leprosy, after leading the secluded life necessitated by his fearful malady, in Cardross Castle, on the northern shore of the Firth of Clyde. The physicians who examined the cast of the skull declare that it bears unmistakable evidence of the four-century-old legend being truer than tradition often is. The King is said to have contracted the malady about ten years before it carried him off. He had just returned to Scotland from a campaign in Ireland in aid of his brother Edward, to besiege Berwick-on-Tweed, then notorious for the number of its leper plantations. Memories of these still exist in Spittal, the seahating place on the English side of the river, the lazaretto to which the sick were taken being established there. Leprosy, indeed, was so common in these islands during the middle ages that there were, according to the late Sir James Simpson ninety-five large leper-houses in England, besides a number in Ireland and Scotland, where there were traces of leprosy until near the close of last century.

Another of the many picturesque legends connected with the Bruce was that being absorbed by the Pope for the sacrifice of slaying Red Comyn in the Minorite Friars' Church in Dumfries, he charged Sir James Douglas to carry his heart to Palestine and bury it in Jerusalem. Douglas—as a score of ballads have immortalized—fell fighting against the Moors in Spain. After the battle was over Douglas was found lying over the enshrined heart, which was carried back to Scotland and interred by Sir Simon Lockhart under the high altar of Melrose Abbey, where possibly it still lies. But, though Lockhart changed his name from this incident to "Lockheart," as the modern Lockhart was then spelled and bore in his arms a heart within a fetter-lock research, more difficult to satisfy than tradition, is inclined to credit Sir William Keith with actually recovering the King's heart. The history of Bruce rests so much on the metrical panegyric of Barbour that it is satisfactory to know that the most material part of the story is true. For when the corpse was disinterred in 1819 the breast bone was found severed to admit of the removal of the King's heart. Thus after more than four centuries two salient facts in the King's biography have been confirmed.

Large Landholders.

Mr. Vanderbilt owns 2,000,000 acres of land in the United States. Mr. Disston, of Pennsylvania, boasts of his 4,000,000 broad acres. The Schlenley estate owns 2,000 acres within the cities of Pittsburgh and Allegheny. The California millionaire, Murphy, owns an area of land bigger than the whole state of Massachusetts. Foreign noblemen, who owe no allegiance to this country, are permanent absentee landlords and spend all their money abroad, own 21,000,000 acres of land in this country, or more than the entire area of Ireland. Lord Scully, of Ireland, owns 90,000 acres of farming land in Illinois, which he rents out in small parcels to tenant farmers and pockets his annual \$200,000 in rents to spend abroad.

A Terrible Dream.

Mrs. Blank went shopping. Mr. Blank went with her. No one can explain just why he went, for she didn't positively compel it, and he is still regarded as sane! He went, anyhow.

She wanted buttons. Those at Jenkins's store were too small, much too small. So she went to Kahn's and Pozanski's and the Merchants' Supply; then to Pozanski's and the Merchants' Supply and Kahn's. At Jenkins's again they showed her the same buttons, and she found them too large. Blank guessed it was a case of expansion caused by the heat; it seemed hot to him! She got almost to another place—not quite—for they saw her coming and looked up for the night! So she went home.

That night Blank's hard breathing woke his tired wife, so she woke him in turn.

"What's the matter?" she demanded. "I—I had a dreadful dream," he gasped; "I thought we were both dead, that you had gone to heaven and that I—I hadn't!"

"How perfectly awful," she cried, grasping him convulsively around the neck, "to be separated, and—"

"We—were—separated," moaned Blank, with a shudder; "I—I could have endured that! But no—not! I dreamt you were to be allowed to go shopping forever, and that I was condemned to go with you!"

Art in Drapery.

The question of how to drape curtains is an important one. One artist said: "Everything should hang straight at the sides." Another favored festoons and ends, or, in technical parlance, "swags and tails," and a third favored "draped lambrequins." However the artistic eye may design a particular drapery, there is one great important fact, too slightly treated by many housekeepers; that is, perfection in hanging. A draper is just as exact in measuring and placing curtains as the carpenter is in hanging his door. A little out of plumb means any amount of trouble. An uneven folding means crooked, unsightly hanging to the drapery and sagging or "skew" to the very best part of the room's decoration. For are not windows open pictures? Are they not the eyes of a room, and therefore in need of careful treatment? The poorest stuff requires quite as much, if not more, care in hanging than very rich, heavy goods. A professional curtain-hanger confesses that he dreads having to hang curtains once placed by untrained hands. He knows how he will find them—stretched, crooked and out of shape.

Every measurement should be perfectly true, and when once put in place no pains should be spared to keep the folds hanging as they were meant to hang. A portiere which is awished back and forth, pushed here, pulled there, by children or elders either, soon becomes a blemish rather than a decoration in a room, unless it has been firmly hung and is frequently arranged.

Watches That Talk.

Watches that will tell you in so many words what o'clock it is, and clocks that will tell you it is time to get up, are among the latest results of the application of the phonograph. Nor are these mere playthings, but appear to be instruments of real service. They are described in a paper by Reverchon in La Nature. These novel chronometers are the invention of M. Livan, of Geneva.

Ordinary repeating watches are furnished with a driving wheel, which admits of the attachment of a small movement operating the hammers that strike the sounding bell. This admits of striking the hours, the quarters and even the minutes, if desired. This striking, essentially monotonous, calls for a great deal of attention on the part of the owner of the watch, who is forced to count the strikes and to distinguish the intervals between hours and quarters, between quarters and minutes. Sivan's watch is free from all these inconveniences; the sounding bells are replaced by a circular plate of vulcanized rubber, with striated furrows, and the hammers by a point resting upon the furrows. The mode of operation will be readily comprehended.

Two Disraeli Anecdotes.

Two excellent stories of Disraeli told by Lord Dufferin are not to be found in the copious preface to Lady Dufferin's poems. "One of my earliest encounters with Mr. Disraeli," writes his Lordship, "was in Brook Street the afternoon of the day he had won his Buckingham election. I stopped to congratulate him on his successful campaign, when he said to me, 'Yes, I said rather a good thing on the hustings yesterday. There was a fellow in the crowd who kept calling me a man of straw, without any stake in the country, and asking what I stood upon, so I said, 'Well, it is true I do not possess the broad acres of Lord So-and-So or the vast acres of the Duke of A., but if the gentlemen want to know upon what I stand I will tell him—I stand on my head.'"

"Many years after I passed him again as he was strolling up hatless from the House of Commons to speak to some colleagues in the House of Lords. Happening to inquire whether he had read a certain novel, he said, 'Oh, I have no time for novel-reading now. Moreover, when I want to read a novel I write it.'"

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 Fall Opening

of Millinery, etc.,

—AT—

Mrs. A. E. Keith's

store is announced. A variety of Felt Walking Hats, Sailor Hats, Turbans, and a variety of other Shapes, Feathers, Jet Ornaments, etc. will be sold at prices to suit the times.

JOHN C. LAUDER,

Manufacture of—
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, Worsteds, Meltons, Overcoatings, etc. Perfect Fit Guaranteed. - - A Call Solicited. Main Street, Moncton, N. B.

Just Received

—Another Car—
GENUINE MACLAUGHLIN CARRIAGES.

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

Turnip Seed Drills, Spray Pumps, etc.

VAN METER, BUTCHER & CO.

MONCTON, - N. B.

DRY GOODS and CLOTHING

I Invite Inspection of my well Selected 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.

55cts. Trimmed Felt

Walking Hats 55cts.

Our Trimmed Felt Walking or Tourist Hats for Ladies at 55 cents each, has created a great excitement.

Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price 55 cents. Plain Quills all colors, 2 cents each; Jetted Quills, 5 cents each.

Henry C. Marr,
168 Main Street, Moncton.