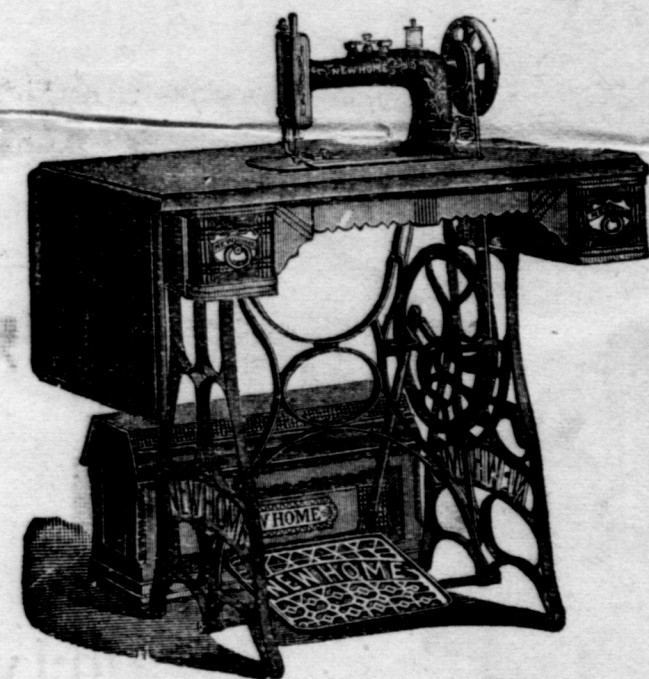


New Season's Teas.

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 traveler 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.

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.

GRANT & SWEENEY,
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Etc.
—OFFICES—
228 Main Street, Moncton and Melrose, N. B.
P. O. Box 222. Telephone 191.

CHANDLER & ROBINSON,
Barristers, Attorneys, Etc.,
MONCTON, N. B.

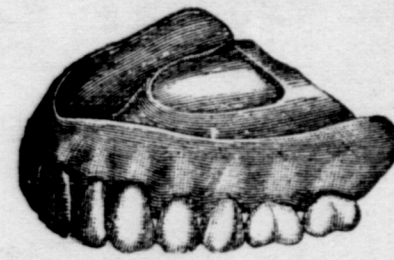
O. J. McCully, M. A., M. D.
Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, England.
A specialty of diseases of the Eye, Ear and Throat.
OFFICE: Corner of Main and Church sts.
Moncton, N. B.

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 Dentistry and University of Pennsylvania.
OFFICE:
Stone Block, Opposite Public Market,
MONCTON, N. B.
Satisfaction Guaranteed and Charges Reasonable.
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, APRIL 3.

Bill and Joe.

Come, dear old comrade, you and I will steal an hour from days gone by—The shining days when life was new. And all was bright as morning dew—The lusty days of long ago, When you was Bill and I was Joe.

Your name may faint a titled trail, Proud as a cocker's rainbow tail; And mine as brief appendix wear As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare; To-day, old friend, remember still—That I am Joe and you are Bill.

You've won the great world's envied prize, And grand you look in people's eyes, With HON. and LL. D., In big, brave letters, fair to see—Your list, old fellow! On they go! How are you, Bill? How are you, Joe?

You've worn the judge's ermine robes; You've taught your name to halt the globe; You've sung mankind a deathless strain; You've made the dead past live again; The world may call you what it will, But you and I are Joe and Bill.

The chaffing crowd folks stare and say, "See those old buffers, bent and gray. They talk like fellows in their teens; That poor old boy!" that's what it means—And shake their heads; they little know The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe.

How Bill forgets his hour of pride, While Joe sits smiling at his side; How Joe, in spite of time's disguise, Think the old schoolmate in his eyes—Those calm, stern eyes that melt and fill As Joe looks fondly up at Bill.

Ab, pensive scholar, what is fame? A titling tongue of leaping flame; A glory whirled in a twinkling gust, That lifts a pinch of mortal dust; A few swift years and who can show Which dust was Bill, and which was Joe!

The weary idol takes his stand, Holds out his bruised and aching hand, While gazing thousands come and go—How vain it seems, this empty show! Till all at once his pulses thrill, The poor old Joe: "God bless you, Bill!"

And shall we breathe in happier spheres The names that pleased our mortal ears—To some sweet hall of harmony and song, For earth-born spirits none too long—Just whispering of the world below, Where this was Bill, and that was Joe?

No matter, while our home is here No sounding name is half so dear; When fades at length our lingering day, Who cares what pompous tombstones say! Read on the hearts that love us still, He jests Joe, He jests Bill.

What the Mouth Tells.

There are certain mouths which tell you in every curve to beware of their owners. There are thin lips, sharply drawn down at the corners, rather bloodless and pale. They belong to men and women whose views are narrow and unchangeable, whose sympathies are not to be aroused by any means. They are self-righteous people and as obstinate as human beings can be.

A woman with a mouth of that type may proclaim, as far as her words can reach, that she believes in widely-spread and feminine virtues, but she will have her own way all through her life. She is likely to have certain virtues, to be sure. She will be economical, pious and proper.

Her husband is not likely to be brought to bankruptcy, or to the divorce courts by her, but she will lead him sometimes to wish for either of these varieties in the rigidity and monotony of existence.

The woman with very full, red lips, of the "pouting" variety, is apt to be luxurious in her tastes. She is fond of ease and pleasure. Beauty and brightness appeal to her, and her ideas are not likely to be high, but she is ardent in her temperament and very impulsive.

The Cupid's bow, of which the novellists of another day used to write a good deal, is a pretty mouth, but it lacks an element of beauty which modern standards demand—that of spirituality.

Lips continually curving upward, slightly pouting and red, may be very pretty, but they are not the ones which denote that their owner is full of sympathy and has had deep experiences of life.

Sorrow, either personal or indirect, earnestness and gravity, are all denoted by the lips which, although not sharply drawn down, naturally take a downward curve in repose. The opposite tendencies are denoted by up-curved full lips.

Cornered.

Many years ago there lived in the north of England a man notorious for his wealth, his extreme parsimony and the great difficulty which people found in collecting their bills from him. One day his wife fell sick. After delaying the matter as long as he could, he was obliged to call on a physician.

"Will you ever pay me?" said the doctor. "I will give you my note," said the man; "and furthermore," said he, "I will make the note payable 'kill or cure'."

The lady died. The note became due, overdue, and after many months of patient waiting, the doctor brought suit.

The justice scanned the note, found it exact and perfect in detail, and asked the defendant if he knew of any reason why judgment should not be rendered against him. The old man rose and said that he had no attorney to represent him, for the reason that he did not think it necessary; that he only wanted to ask the plaintiff two questions. The court agreeing, he said to the doctor:

"Did you cure my wife?" "No," said the doctor, "that was impossible."

"Did you kill her?" "Always Under."

"They say that the paving brick is only eight inches long."

"I always knew that it was under the foot."

A few years ago you did not see

UNION BLEND TEA

in many of the grocery stores, now you see it everywhere. How did we get it in so thoroughly? The story is told in two words:—

Superior Quality.

We sell it to the trade only.

Geo. S. DeForest & Sons,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

Feeding a Queen.

Apiculture has proved one of the fascinating pursuits in the animal world. The habits of bees have furnished columns of interesting matter, and yet much fine knowledge of the ugly little honey-makers, their quaint customs and modes of living, belongs to a primitive race of country folk, who dwell remote from cities and have neither sufficient intellect, nor energy to tell half the interesting anecdotes of the cell-makers that have become theirs by inheritance and observation. "Do you know how they train a queen?" asked a bonneted old country woman of me one day, as she changed the position of her snuff stick from one side of the mouth to the other. "You know that they have a woman ruler, and won't allow no other?" she continued. I nodded my affirmative, making a mental note of the fact to give to the woman suffragists.

"Well," she continued, "the throne doesn't come down from mother to daughter, as in kingdoms, but the working bees elect their own queens."

"They are very democratic then, like we are," I put in, "and have their say as to who shall govern them."

"That's so," she responded, "but they don't go about it in the same way. You see when this hive gets too full, the working bees know that it's time to look about for another queen. They must have a new hive and so I put up one for them. They understand and go about training a queen that shall be royal enough to rule them."

"So they make a robe of honey or mine and put it on the shoulders of the prettiest girl bee who receives the popular vote?" I suggested.

"They don't do any such thing," with a gesture of disgust. "They pick out a larve and begin to feed it with the choicest food you ever saw. They get it from certain flowers and never use it in the making of honey comb. Only once do they seek such sweetness, and then 'tis on an occasion like this. They put the little living germ off to itself and nourish it on this food. We bee tenders call it 'the royal jelly.' Whenever we see this performance going on we know that very soon the old queen will be the dowager and that the new hive is to be occupied. As soon as the larve reaches its proper strength it is carried by the bees to their new home as ruler and the throne and sceptre are given her. This 'royal jelly' never makes its appearance again until a like occasion calls for it. We call this feeding a queen."

Forgot His Wife.

A doctor who but recently returned from a trip to Europe tells the following as an actual experience in his voyage home during some rough weather: "One night," he said, "the big engines of the vessel stopped. A person who has been aboard an ocean steamer when the machinery ceases to turn knows what an ominous stillness prevails, and how it strikes terror into the hearts of the passengers. As is usual, there was a rush of passengers to the deck to find out if anything serious had happened. I was standing at the gangway when an individual appeared at the door wearing nothing but his nightclothes, but having a red blanket wrapped about him to protect him from the cold. He was much excited, and asked in a tremulous voice, made more so from the chattering of his teeth:

"What's the matter?" "Nothing," I replied, endeavoring to reassure him, "only the engines have stopped."

"Th-thank goodness! I thought we were going down," he replied, and turned to go below. "Seeing that he was without his wife, I asked him where she was. "Oh," he replied, somewhat confused, "she was sleeping so soundly I did not like to wake her. And he went below, never realizing the position in which his remark had placed him."

Recent Excavations.

Excavations showed that Pompeii, which existed six centuries before Christ, was well paved and well supplied with drinking water. Some of the earliest inscriptions relate to elections. Excavations in Upper Egypt brought to light a set of wooden statues of soldiers, showing the costumes of the troops of the Pharaohs. The Soudanese of today are clad and equipped exactly like the pyramid builders.

Can't be Helped

"I wish my husband would quit his present business," said Mrs. Spiffins. "As long as he remains in it he will be at the foot."

"What business is he in?" asked Mrs. Mancheater. "He's a chiroprapist."

The Joker Joked.

The other morning, as a belated member of the Owl Club was steering home through the dense fog, which the writer is reliably informed hangs over the city at 3 a. m., he passed the house of a well-known physician. The vestibule of this residence was open, and on its side the dim rays of the moon, struggling through the gloom produced by the efforts of the city gas company, disclosed the mouth of an acoustic tube, underneath which was the inscription, "Whistle for Dr. Potts."

Not wishing to be disobliging about so small a matter, the Owl stumbled up the steps, and steadying himself against the wall, blew into the pipe with all the strength of his lungs.

The physician, who was awakened by the resultant shrill whistle near his head, arose, and after wondering at the singular odor of whiskey in the room, groped his way to the tube and shouted, "Well."

"Glad to know you're well," was the reply. "but, being a doctor, I suppose you can keep well at cost price, can you?"

"What do you want?" said the man of pills, not caring to joke in the airy nothing of his nightgown.

"Well," said the party at the other end of the tube, after a few moments' meditation. "Oh, by the way, are you young Potts or old Potts?"

"I am Dr. Potts. There I am young Potts."

"Not dead, I hope?"

"There never was any I have no son."

"Then you are young Potts and old Potts, too. Dear dear, how singular."

"What?"

"You know old Mrs. Peavine, who lives in the next block?"

"Yes. Is she sick? What's the matter?"

"Do you know her nephew, too—Bill Briggs?"

"Yes. Well."

"Well, he went up to Bridgeport, shooting this morning, and—"

"And he had an accident? Hold up a minute. I'll be right down."

"No, he's all right; but got sixty-two ducks—eighteen of 'em mallards, I thought you might like to hear it."

And the joker hung on to the nozzle and laughed like a hyena digging up a fat missionary.

"I say," came down from the exasperated M. D., "that's a jolly good joke, my friend. Won't you take something?"

"What," said the surprised humorist, "Why, take something. Take this."

And before the disgusted funny man could withdraw his mouth a hastily-compounded mixture of ink, ipecac and assafetida squirted from the pipe and deluged him from head to foot, about a pint monopolizing his shirt-front and collar.

And while he danced frantically around, sponging himself off with his handkerchief, and swearing like a pirate in the last act, he could hear an angel voice from above sweetly murmur:

"Have some more? No? Well, good night. Come again soon, you funny dog, you. By-bye."

A Railroad Curiosity to Be Set up in the Land of Flowers.

Work is about to begin on a railroad in Florida which is a curiosity of its kind. Some time ago the citizens of Avon Park and Haines City, Fla., believed that a transportation route connecting them would be of great advantage. The country is sandy and nearly level. A company was formed, but the people lacked in capital what they made up in enterprise. It has been decided, so the Manufacturers' Record is informed, to build the road with wood rails, which are large enough to be laid so that they will be half imbedded in the sand, without other ballast. They are to be held in position by wooden pins two inches in diameter and 18 inches long, while the ends are connected by plank couplers placed underneath and held by pins. Not a pound of metal will be used in construction of the track, although the line will be 40 miles long. Most of the rails will be furnished gratis by property owners along the right of way. The company believes that in a few years the fruit, vegetable and passenger business over the route will pay for regular steel rails, when the others will be used for ties. A small steam dummy will furnish power for the Avon Park & Haines City road.

Self-Made Men.

M. Felix Faure, the President of France, is a self-made man. He began life a poor boy, apprenticed to a tanner, but finally became a wealthy ship-owner. He won the cross of the Legion of Honor on the battle field in 1870. He was not ashamed of his humble beginning; on the contrary, he has in his library a picture of himself as a tanner boy in the midst of the hides he was cleaning. How many of the distinguished men in our own country have risen from the humble walks of life? Webster's father was too poor to educate but one son. Henry Clay was a "mill boy;" Lincoln was a flatboatman and rail splitter; Andrew Johnson was a tailor and was taught to read by his wife. The late Vice-President Henry Wilson was a shoemaker; Grant was a tanner. Some will say these men attained distinction by luck. Not so—was it not by pluck and perseverance? Should not the lives of these men be an inspiration to every boy in the country?

NEW CLOTHS

Just Received for our Spring Custom Trade.

Suits to order \$12.00, \$14.00, \$15.00, \$16.00, and \$18.00.

Pants to order \$3.00, \$3.50, \$3.75, \$4.25, and \$4.75.

W. D. MARTIN,
Cor. Main and Lutz Sts. Moncton.

NEW FURNITURE STORE.

A full line of Bedroom, Parlor and Dining Room Furniture; Folding Beds, Mantle Beds, Iron Beds; Fancy Chairs and Rockers.

VICTORIA BLOCK,
263, 265, 271 Main Street, Moncton, N. B.

The Latest

Is the Novelty Quilting Frame Clamp. By using this clamp the annoyance of using backs of chairs is done away with. Call and see a set of these.

Also a large Variety of Tinware at "away with" prices.

JORDAN STEEVES.

MY NEW STOCK

Of Wall Paper has arrived consisting of 1500 rolls. Prices from 6 to 15cts. per roll.

Also large Assortment Window Shades. Call and inspect my Stock.

JOHN L. PECK.

The Fall Opening

of Millinery, etc.,

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.

A. B. LAUDER.

—Manufacturer 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.

FANNING MILLS.

For 30 days we will sell Fanning Mills complete at 10c.

Grain Crushers, I. X. L. Pattern, \$15.00 cash. Harnesses, From \$10.00 upwards. WOOD SAWS and SAW MILL SUPPLIES at low quotations.

Van Meter, Butcher & Co.,

VICTORIA BLOCK,
MONCTON, - N. B.

Extraordinary Sale of

Cotton Underwear

"Cotton fabrics of all kinds being lower in price than ever before" "allows us to make quotations that will greatly surprise the shrewdest shoppers of Albert Co." Notwithstanding the extremely low prices quoted below, the quality will invariably be found the best. We give particular attention to this branch of our business, and can promise perfect goods, made, cut and trimmed in the best possible manner. Our aim is not to see how cheap an article we can buy, but how cheaply we can sell a stylish and well made article. Night-gowns, extra long, right tucks down the front, trimmed with lace around the neck and sleeves 45c. each, other qualities 60c., 75c., 85c., \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2.00 each. Corset Covers 15c. to 75c. each, Drawers 25c. to \$1.50, Skirts 50c. to \$2.00 each, Chemises 25c. to \$1.00 each. No lady should fail to call and look over this stock. You will never realize how cheap goods can be bought until you call on us.

Henry C. Marr,
168 MAIN STREET, - MONCTON.