

The Morning Star.

VOLUME 1.

FREDERICTON, N. B., OCTOBER 12, 1878.

NUMBER 6.

PROSPECTUS.

The die is cast! We have launched our barque! May our voyage be a successful one! We to-day present our first-born—the MORNING STAR—to the public. May they receive it with the good wishes for us that we have for them in making the offering.

THE MORNING STAR is destined to fill a long-vacant place in the city. Everybody here must know that the

CAPITAL CITY OF THE PROVINCE should not be left to the tender mercies of two weeklies. These papers never could fill that void which we now propose to fill.

No doubt much is expected of us on our first appearance, some people expect to see us flout in silks, while others expect to see every "item" knock somebody down. They will be disappointed. Under the ragged coat often palpitate a noble heart—excuse our appearance if we look somewhat shabby at first—and we come not to knock down, but to build up. The easy way, like the old man who commenced pelting grass, we shall try, till a desperate case compels us to give harder knocks. It is only when badly angered we will bring a millstone on a mosquito's back. Some people—of course there are busy-bodies everywhere—are itching to know what the

POLITICS OF THIS PAPER ARE. Our politics, dear friends, we create for ourselves. Rest assured our paper shall not, like a cur, creep, and lick and fawn, and wag its tail or its tongue, that dame Lucre may follow. No we shall set up no man as an idol; to none shall we "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee," from Sir John Macdonald to Mr. Fraser, from Mr. Fraser to nobody. We shall not shape our policy after a flock of clamorers, be they Government or Opposition, for when these fellows' stomachs are filled, they, as a rule, subside like gormandized gulls. Our policy shall be

A POLICY ON PRINCIPLE! And we don't care who upholds that policy, we are with them. But let nobody be deluded into believing that if we stick to our party when on the road of political rectitude, we are going to follow it into every dirty slough. No. When we approach a dirty neighborhood, we act the part of the coward and return to our own broad platform.

We shall not define just now what the particulars of our policy are, but suffice it to say, that as far as the Great Disposer has given us what He has not given many of our politicians, we shall use the same towards ameliorating the people's condition, towards battering down those walls that divide one paltry clique from the other, in trying to bring discordant elements into harmony, and in trying to rout once and for ever from the field those clamoring crows whose sole object is to fill themselves.

THE MORNING STAR we hope to make an **EXCELLENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER.** No slang or degrading literature shall find a place in its columns; no row of rampant scribblers shall practice on its pages. It shall be devoted to choice literature, important and reliable information, and several departments we hope to make in time specially suited to

OUR YOUNG READERS. We shall have it circulated all over the Province, yes, beyond St.

Lawrence Gulf. In the woodman's hut and the farmer's cot it will be found, on summer evenings and winter nights, bringing mirth to the jocular and wholesome information to the inquiring. In the railway cars and on the steamboats, in the hamlet and in the town, the STAR will be found always full of matter to please the old or the young, the poet or the calculator. We hope to be able to afford little that the ignoramus will enjoy. Catering to this section of humanity, alas! is becoming the curse of the press, due in part to the ignorance of attaches in part to the greed and low taste of the managers.

We know pretty well what the public want and what is good for them. We shall give

SPICED DISHES and varieties of food. We guarantee nothing that will take an emetic to work off, nor anything that will make a soporific. Others in the business can do that better than we. We shall sound no notes on the Temperance or the Opium question, on Orange ascendancy or Fenian degeneracy—we weigh the two latter, observe—but should these questions at any time come up, did intimidators stand with pistols or pitchforks, money or "slobber," we shall

LAUNCH OUR BROADSIDES into the action and on the right side. During Exhibition week the **MORNING STAR** will be published daily—every morning—after which we shall issue a tri-weekly—always trying to keep up to the mark—on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings. On Saturday evening we shall strike off the

WEEKLY STAR, a large paper, containing considerable original matter. The latter paper will be excellently adapted for people living outside the city.

And now this part of the tale is told. We hope to be long in the field, and if ever we get into a contest, we hope to show our wounds on the front. If we go down, it will not be without a hard struggle. Gnats cannot affect us, nor sneering opposition take a feather out of us. The heart, strength and respectability of the community are on our side, and we cannot but win. We have full confidence in the public, and, to be candid, no small amount of confidence in ourselves.

We have been in the dark long, but this issue of the

MORNING STAR—bright herald—announces approaching day. The dark shadows of night flee before its piercing twinkle, and a new flood of light bursts upon us. May it ever be a true light, shewing things as they are. May we ever stick fast to our motto.

Before our pen shall Error fly,
And Truth the vacant place supply.

The best Bargain in Real Estate in this City.

A DOUBLE Two Story Solid Brick Building, thoroughly finished throughout with Barn and Outbuildings complete, is offered at the extremely low price of \$2,000 to close an Estate. The building is situated on East side of King Street, opposite the Madras School House and originally cost over \$4,000 to construct. The property soil right, and a decided bargain. Apply to

GEO. C. HUNT,
Druggist, Queen Street,
tr.



Business Cards.

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Barristers, Notaries Public, &c.

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OPPOSITE NORMAL SCHOOL.
Loans Negotiated. Accounts collected with despatch.
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INTELLIGENCE OFFICE:

Hair Dresser and dealer in
BRAIDS, CHIGNONS,
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Combing made over and all orders in the line promptly attended to.
Human Hair bought and sold
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MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

Choice CONFECTIONERY,
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QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON.
All Orders promptly attended to.

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All orders promptly attended to.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,
WM. HAWTHORNE, Proprietor.

Queen St., Fredericton, N. B.
A Good Stable in connection with the Hotel.

RAINSFORD & BLACK,
Barristers and Attorneys At Law,

Conveyancers, Notaries, &c.
OFFICE:
CARLETON ST., F'TON, N. B.
Loans negotiated on good securities.

EXHIBITION!

—AT—
LEMONT'S Variety Store.

DO YOU WANT TO BUY A

CABINET ORGAN

OR

PIANO?

If so, you can do so at a very low price, at

LEMONT'S VARIETY STORE.

FURNITURE,

Crockery and Glassware!

AT PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.

SEWING MACHINE

Call and examine our stock of Goods.
LEMONT & SONS.

**WILEY'S
DRUG
STORE,**

Corner Queen St. and Wilnot's Alley
and next above

Lottimer's Shoe Store.



THE Subscriber would call the attention of Purchasers and visitors to the Exhibition to his large and well assorted stock of

Medicines,

Perfumery,

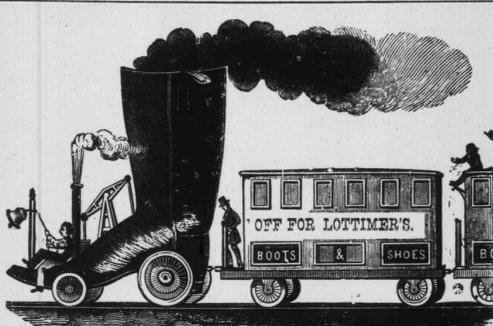
Toilet Articles, &c.

Which he will sell at the LOWEST rates both

Wholesale and Retail.

JOHN M. WILEY,

Druggist.



OBSERVE

I SAY! I SAY!

LOTTIMER'S SHOE STORE,

IS THE BEST PLACE IN FREDERICTON

TO BUY YOUR BOOTS & SHOES.

He has received upwards of 50 Cases (and more shortly to arrive), of

NEW FALL GOODS,

EMBRACING MANY OF THE LEADING STYLES FOR

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in Ladies', Gentlemen's, Misses Boys, Youths, and Childrens wear.

If you want to buy very durable Boots and Shoes, very cheap, by wholesale or retail, you can get them at LOTTIMER'S FASHIONABLE SHOE STORE, nearly Opposite Normal School, and next door below Wiley's Drug Store, Queen Street, Fredericton.

EXTRA INDUCEMENTS!

PHOTOGRAPHS! PHOTOGRAPHS!
Tintypes. Tintypes.

Read carefully! and observe the following inducements, it is just what you want A NICE PHOTOGRAPH! you can have it by calling any time during the day and secure a sitting at

Schleyer's Photograph Gallery,

Between Logans and Dever Bros., Dry Goods Stores, opposite the Normal School.

The subscriber having secured the services of W. A. MOOERS, Esq., as operator for the EXHIBITION WEEK, in addition to the services of FOUR other first-class hands, is prepared to attend to the wants and wishes of all, and especially to the visitors who will visit our City during Exhibition week and who are desirous of procuring a first-class Photograph or a Tintype.

Mr. Mooers is known throughout the Province as a first-class operator, and we will guarantee a perfect Picture, to all who will favor us with their patronage. Copying and Enlarging Old Pictures, a speciality. Scenery: Card, Cabinet, Stereoscopic 8x10 and 8x12 Views of Fredericton and surrounding country always in stock.

NEW

DRY GOODS STORE.

TO OPEN

WEDNESDAY, OCT., 9th.

IN INCHES BUILDING,

Directly Opposite City Hall, Queen Street, Fredericton.

— A. A. M. —

A. A. MILLER & CO.,

Will open their New Store on Wednesday next, and will show a full stock of New Goods, selected from the best Houses and many of them direct from the manufactures in the United States and European Markets. We will offer our Goods at lowest prices.

Please call and see us. A. A. MILLER & Co.

Carriage & Sleigh Factory,

R. COLWELL, Proprietor.

Carriages, Wagons, Sleighs, and Pungs built to order in the latest and most durable styles.

Material and Workmanship of the best.

Particular attention given to Painting Trimming and Repairing Carriages, &c.

KING STREET, FREDERICTON, N. B.

This space is reserved for P. McPEAKE, Merchant Tailor, &c., Queen Street, Fredericton.

To Our Advertisers.

Almost every one who has handed us in an advertisement, the synonym or a favor, have requested the "head of the column." But, like Jack's monkeys, every head has a corresponding tail, and we could not give head to all. We just ask our readers to, look down the columns. Won't they do?

We want boys with good lungs and plenty of cheek to sell the STAR, and we want people with a few cents about them to buy the STAR.

A Horrific Plant.

If you can imagine a pineapple eight feet high, and thick in proportion, resting upon its base, and denuded of leaves, you will have a very good idea of the trunk of the tree, which, however, was not the color of the anana, but a dark, dingy brown, and apparently hard as iron. From the apex of this truncated cone (at least two feet in diameter) eight leaves hang sheer to the ground, like doors swung back on their hinges. These leaves, which were joined at the top of the tree at regular intervals, were about eleven or twelve feet long, and shaped like the American agave, or century plant. These were two feet thick through the thickest part, and three feet wide, tapering to a sharp point that looked like a cow's horn, very convex on the outer (but now under) surface, and on the inner (now upper) surface, slightly concave. This concave face was thickly set with very strong thorny hooks, like those upon the head of the teal. These leaves, hanging thus limp and lifeless, dead green in color, had in appearance the massive strength of oak fibre.

The apex of the cone was a round, white concave figure, like a smaller plate set with a larger one. This was not a flower, but a receptacle, and there exuded into it a clear treacly liquid, honey sweet, and possessed of violent intoxicating and specific properties. From underneath the rim, so to speak, of the undermost plate, a series of long, hairy, green tendrils stretched in every direction toward the horizon. These were seven or eight feet long each, and tapered from four inches to a half inch in diameter, yet they stretched out stiffly as iron rods. Above these (from between the upper and under cup) six white, almost transparent, palpi reared themselves toward the sky, twirling and twisting with a marvelous incessant motion, yet constantly reaching upward.

The natives surrounded one of the women, and urged her with the points of their javelins, until slowly, and with despairing face she climbed up the stalk of the tree, and stood on the summit of the cone, the palpi twirling all about her. "Tisk! Tisk!" (drink, drink) cried the men, and stooping she drank of the viscid fluid in the cup, raising instantly again with wild frenzy in her face, and convulsive chorea in her limbs. But she did not jump down as she seemed to intend to do. Oh, no! The atrocious cannibal that had been so inert and dead came to sudden savage life. The slender delicate palpi with the fury of starved serpents, quivered for a moment over her head, then, as if by instinct, with demonic intelligence, fastened upon her in sudden coils round and round her neck and arms; then while her awful screams, and yet more awful laughter, rose wilder, to be instantly strangled down again into the gurgling moan, the tendrils, one after another, like green serpents, with brutal energy and infernal rapidity, rose, retracted themselves, and wrapped her about in fold after fold, ever tightening with the cruel swiftness and savage tenacity of anacondas fastening upon their prey. It was the barbarity of the Laocoon without its beauty—this strange horrible murder.

And now the great leaves rose slowly and stiffly like the arms of a derrick, erecting themselves in the air, approaching one another, and close about the dead and hampered victim with the silent force of an hydraulic press, and the ruthless purpose of a thumbscrew. A moment more and while I could see the basis of the great leaves pressing more tightly toward each other, from their interstices there trickled down the stalks streams of viscid honey-like fluid, mingled horribly with the blood and oozing viscera of the victim.