

THE ALBERT STAR.

Vol. I.

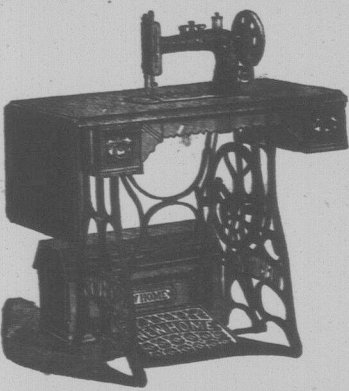
HILLSBOROUGH, N. B., WEDNESDAY, NOV. 14, 1894.

No. 27

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.

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.

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

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

F. A. McCULLY, LL. B., Barrister, etc., MONCTON.

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DR. C. W. BRADLEY, DENTIST. Corner Main and Botsford sts., Moncton.

Drs. Somers & Doherty, DENTISTS.

Regular Dental Visits will be made in Albert County on dates given below.

Stone Block, Opposite Public Market, MONCTON, N. B.

MASTERS & SNOW, Representing the best English, Canadian and American Insurance Companies.

Union Blend Tea

is the best in the market, nearly all the store-keepers in Albert County sell it. Try it, we warrant the quality. Geo. S. DeForest & Sons, sole distributors, St. John, N. B.

THE ALBERT STAR.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 14.

The Same Old Thing.

'Twas just a little while ago we heard a bird sing— The very first that came, you know, to tell us of the spring— 'Twas only just the other day we watched a budding rose, But now the fields are green and gray and cold the wind that blows.

Deaths by Wild Animals in India.

The returns of deaths caused by wild animals in India continue to show a large increase, the fatalities from snakebite, as usual, heading the list. The Government of India observes that there seems no doubt that the changes are restrictions in the system of rewards have discouraged the people who formerly made a systematic practice of hunting and killing poisonous snakes.

Flowers Amid the Crap.

'Outside of Brooklyn, Louisville, more than any other city, observes the beautiful custom of placing a wreath of flowers over the door craps to indicate death in the home,' said a gentleman who travels much. 'It is very seldom that one sees flowers in connection with craps in any of the other cities of the Alleghenies, Louisville being the notable exception.

Barber Shop!!

Nearly Opposite Hotel, Hillsboro'. Hair Cutting, Shampooing, Shaving, done in first-class style.

ANY ONE WISHING

to Purchase or Hire any of the following Haying Machinery, MacLachlan Carriages or Farming Utensils In general will do well to call on ERNEST MOLLINS, Local Agent for VANMETER, BUTCHER & CO.

NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA.

How he was Guarded and Prevented From Taking Flight.

Among the contributions which the reawakened interest in Napoleon I. has called forth is a letter heretofore unpublished, written by the Marquis de Mouchon, one of the commissioners sent to St. Helena at the time of the exile of the great conqueror. After an introduction in which the author describes in pessimistic language the condition of affairs in the island, he continues: 'Now, as you know all my trials, let's speak of our great man, his position and the way in which he is guarded.

Notes By the Way.

At a chemical factory at Mulhouse, in Alsace, an accident recently occurred which would be gruesome to relate had it not some scientific interest. An explosion of nitrobenzene took place in a building in which a workman was known to have been. A fire ensued, and when it was got under it was found that three feet of boiling liquid was on the floor of the building. When it cooled a search was made for the man's remains, but no trace whatever was found of them.

Some of Prussia's Rich Men.

The Prussian income tax enables the people to learn once a year how many millionaires they have in the country. The list for 1893-94 shows that the richest man in Prussia has an income of \$2,000,000. He lives in Darmstadt, but his name has not been made public. Krupp, the maker of great guns, is next in the list of Prussian millionaires. His annual income is almost \$2,000,000.

Can Only Count Two.

Seashore gunners hold that the wild geese can count two, but not three. Accordingly it is customary in preparing to shoot wild geese from a blind or some detached ribbon of marsh for three men to row over to the station together and for two of them to return to the mainland. The geese, being unable to count above two, believe that when they see the two men returning that no enemy has been left upon the marsh and approach the spot without fear. It is asserted that if only two men got out and only one returns the geese will carefully avoid the region of the blind.

Snuff Consumers.

Dover, N. H., one of the prettiest of the smaller cities of New England, is one of the largest consumers of snuff among all the cities of the country. The population is something like 10,000, and last year more than five tons of this form of tobacco was used there. The habit of snuff dipping is not usual in New England, and it was brought to Dover, so it is said, by soldiers just after the war, and has increased to its present proportions.

Married Too Young.

Friend.—Why do you send your husband's clothes to a tailor, when all they need is a button? Mrs. Manifold.—Well, the fact is my husband married so young that he never learned how to sew on buttons.

The Emperor Maximilian.

The re-told story of the brief empire of Maximilian and Carlotta in Mexico gives a touching account of the Emperor's last days and hours.

However weak he may have been through his ambitions and as an unconscious tool of Louis Napoleon, and however inexcusable his assumption of the Mexican sceptre, he proved himself at the supreme moment of trial a gentleman and a hero.

Tray and captured, he met his fate with a perfect serenity, and on the morning of his execution he insisted upon giving up the place of honor—in the middle—to one of the two companions who were to suffer with him.

'General,' he said, turning to Miramion, 'sovereigns always admire the brave, and on the point of death I wish to give you the place of honor.'

'General, he who has not been rewarded on earth, will certainly be in heaven.'

To each of the soldiers who were to fire upon him he gave a gold-piece, saying, 'Courage, aim well, aim at my heart.' And to the officer who prayed his forgiveness, 'No forgiveness is necessary; you must obey your orders.'

String Milk.

When a cow is nearing the time of calving, the milk undergoes a change and she should be dried. It is not advisable to milk any cow within six weeks of calving, the milk organs needing this time at least to prepare for the birth of a calf. If the cow is not near the time of calving, the fibrous matter which is commonly called garget.

Judgment in Feeding.

The most useful thing in feeding cows is judgment. No possible combination of food will do good for the absence of judgment. The reasons are very simple: No two cows have the same appetite—the same capacity for converting food into milk and butter. No one cow retains her appetite or her capacity for assimilation the same all the year round, from fall to calf. Her physical wants are constantly changing, and they vary not only with her general condition, but also with the variations in the weather and other surrounding circumstances. It requires the constant exercise of good judgment to meet these wants from day to day and week to week—from month to month the year round. It requires 365 times as much sense to feed a fine butter cow up to her best work for a year as it does to run a fire engine for the same time.

A Solemn Occasion.

When a certain well-known comedian was "starring" in Edinburgh, his landlord, who seldom attended any public place save the Kirk, asked him if he would oblige him with a "pass for the playhouse." This favor was readily granted, and the "gude man" donned his best black suit and witnessed the comedian's two greatest humorous impersonations. Meeting his landlord the next morning the comedian asked how he liked the performance.

Friend.

'Friend.—Why do you send your husband's clothes to a tailor, when all they need is a button?' Mrs. Manifold.—'Well, the fact is my husband married so young that he never learned how to sew on buttons.'

Molasses and Sugar.

Landing Ex S. S. Duart Castle—100 Puns. Choice Barbadoes 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.

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 & CO.

Manufacturers of Carriages, Buggies, Sleighs, Fungs, 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.

OUR 14th CARLOAD CARRIAGES

This season is here and as we must make room for Sleighs being manufactured, cash customers for TEN DAYS will find it to their advantage to call on us. ROAD CARTS, good supply of all kinds on hand. ENSLAGE and FEED CUTTERS, HAND POWER and LEVER CUTTERS. FLOWS, PUNCH, JUDY, HERO, VILAS, and a full line of repairs for all kinds. FANNING MILLS made by Gould, Shapley & Mair Co., Ltd.

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.

The Beauty of Voss.

By Charles Edwardes.

Siegfried Nansen was known as 'the Beauty of Voss' far and wide. Even in Bergen, they would have known whom you meant, if you had so referred to her. She was twenty-one, and just orphaned. Her eyes were of the common Norwegian blue, a clear honest colour. She was, besides, tall and well shaped, almost stately in her demeanour, and with a complexion that many a fashionable lady would have given thousands of crowns to be able to rival for even but a year.

She was as good a girl as most Norwegian date-bred damasels. Her career had been uneventful and happy. She was daily confirmed, like other girls, and on that most solemn occasion her eyes had overflowed with simple tears of happiness. Her gratitude for the privileges of living was very sincere. In her heart, while the Protestant gave her his blessing, she solemnly made a vow that she would thwart her parents in nothing. They had done much for her. She was early and eager to do all for them that she could. This was when she was sixteen, and already notorious for her beauty. What care she for such fame at that time! She meant to be good and dutiful. The manner in which the young men of the valley looked at her on Sundays when she approached the church with the other girls of the village, rather confused than delighted her.

And so for the next three years she milked her father's kine, worked among the hay of the Voss meadows fine and sleep with grass, some of them—and enjoyed winter and summer alike.

Once her father mentioned marriage in her presence. But Siegfried's mother, a masterful woman, cut him short. 'Don't put notions into the lass's head,' she exclaimed somewhat angrily. 'I've plans for her—b, and, b, y.'

Fru Nansen was not a very tender mother. She had come from Bergen, where she had been maid-servant in an hotel. With other things, she had learned in the town that a pretty face can be turned to excellent account. She had not the least idea of allowing her husband to marry Siegfried out of hand to Olaf Christien, just because the lad declared he loved her better than his own mother, and would live and die for her if she would let him. Olaf was a worthy young fellow, three years Siegfried's senior. But he was only the third son of his father, who had a small farm; and his position in the world was not high.

Mrs. Nansen reckoned she had a better match in store for Siegfried in Henrik Pegner, the rich merchant under St. Andrew's, and she meant it to come to pass. Pegner was forty, and already a widower. But what of that! He had seen Siegfried at village festivals, and greatly enamoured of her, like the shrewd, sensible fellow he was, had straightway won the affections of her mother. Fru Nansen was a vain, headstrong, and rather ill-tempered woman; and she could not resist the blandishments of Bonder Pegner, or the gold branch with a pearl in the middle which he had ventured to offer her at Yuletide.

As for Siegfried, do what she could to keep her heart absolutely impartial and indifferent to mankind she could not help being terrified when her mother left her alone with Herr Pegner, and being strangely glad when Olaf was there alone.

Pegner was not an elegant wooer. He was too old, he said, for that sort of thing. He had spent all his nice phrases and pretty smiles upon his two deceased wives. Would Siegfried take them for granted? He asked. Nothing contented the girl better than to do this, and she hoped he would take himself off afterwards. But no; the man must needs tell off on finger and thumb the worth of his farm, the number of his cows (with their names), and the quantity of milk and wool which he produced from his various quadrupeds.

'No doubt about it,' he would then exclaim, with a chuckle and a satisfied stroking of his long red cheeks, 'but there's a good living for a woman in my place!'

The odd thing was that, though he beat about the bush in this coarse way, he did not ask Siegfried outright to marry him. Most men, with his opportunities, would have done so, despite Fru Nansen's wish that he should bid his time till the girl was two-and-twenty.

On the other hand, one June night, when all Voss was in a fever, and the meadows were full of pleasure-seekers, at eleven o'clock in the middle light of a midsummer glancing, young Olaf could not control himself. 'Siegfried,' he said to the girl, 'I will accompany you home, and you shall go to bed and sleep; but first—Oh, how I wish I were as rich as—' Bonder Pegner, whom I detest!'

'Why do you detest Herr Pegner, Olaf?' asked the girl, with some surprise.

'Because he—he loves you, Siegfried,' stammered the lad; 'and because I do too, though I am so much poorer than he is, and therefore I am so likely to gain your mother's consent.'

The girl hung her head and felt warm all over. Then she looked up sideways. 'You love me, Olaf?' she whispered, with a crimson face, to which the midsummer twilight gave a faintly blue tinge.

'I shall die if I cannot marry you—or at least I shall go to America, which is the same thing,' exclaimed the lad!

The girl said nothing. They walked on until they had distanced all the

others, and were in the pine forest just to the north of the Voss. Then, when Olaf's feelings had nearly overmastered him, Siegfried again peeped at him sideways. 'Olaf,' she said quietly, 'you need not go to America for me.'

He hesitated a moment, and then, well, he took Siegfried in his arms and kissed her again and again. As for Siegfried, she felt that her cup of happiness was full. And of this she was convinced when the next day she told her father what had happened, and Nansen said that Olaf was a good lad, and he had no objection to him. Siegfried's father was not a very strong-minded man. He did not, in the face of the girl's sweet illusion (as he feared it might be), like to mention her mother and the scheme that was connected with Herr Pegner. He was a bit of a domestic coward.

'I tell you, Siegfried, I think very well of Olaf—a fine strong fellow as ever was. I'd say "Yes" with all my heart, by-and-by.'

That was enough for the girl, she whispered not a word of it to her mother, and lived in a maiden vision of felicity for just four-and-twenty hours. Then they brought Nansen home on a couple of turf creeks bound together. He had had a fit in the fields. That night he died, without having spoken an intelligible word. The people of Voss were always of opinion, they said, that Nansen was not sound in health. His sudden death was not, therefore, surprising. It was a sad affair, of course—very. But it would have been a deal sadder for the Beauty of Voss—whom they were so proud—if it had been the mother instead of the father. Fru Nansen was as rare a woman as Herr Nansen had been unobtrusive and unobtrusive (speaking comparatively) as a man.

The funeral was, for Voss, almost a grand spectacle, and the pastor, good man, spoke many comforting words at the grave-side, where Fru Nansen shed more tears than she had ever shed in her life. There was not much genuine sorrow at the source of these tears. Still, she could not help missing her mother over whom, for more than twenty years, she had exercised a rule of iron.

A week later, young Olaf, who had been in Bergen to see if he could anyhow become partner in a herring-boat, paid the dame a solemn visit.

'Well, Olaf Christien,' said Fru Nansen, as she whisked a fly from her nice widow's cap—'what have you got to say so very special?'

The lady's manner oppressed the young man. He meant to be diplomatic, and set his hopes before her in convincing array. He had almost succeeded in getting hired by a Trondheim fish and cod-liver oil dealer. With the strength of this, he already saw himself a rich Bergen merchant, with a comfortable banker's balance, due to stock-fish and cod-liver oil.

As it was, however, Bonder Pegner's disagreeable, prosperous form came to his mind, and the sense of humility by contrast made him look and feel foolish. 'I want,' he said, 'that is, I should like, dear, honored Fru Nansen—'

'Come, come!' interrupted the dame. 'I can see through you like glass. You may as well say you want Siegfried, and get it over with.'

'That is it!' cried the young man, slatly.

'The more fool you, Olaf Christien, and so there's an end of it. I don't bring up children into the world to give them in marriage to young men with nothing to speak of—Good-afternoon to you—I have my bread to see to.'

'But—' began the youth.

'There's no "but" in it; and that's I have to say to you on the subject.'

As Fru Nansen went out of the room, leaving Olaf alone with a tobacco pipe, a tame magpie, and a cat, which seemed considerably afraid of the magpie's bill, there was no rejoinder possible. Olaf therefore snatched up his cap, and went into the open air at sunset with the wind.

'She won't hear of it!' he blurted out to Siegfried, who was writing for him under a cherry tree.

The girl looked sad for a moment. Then, seeing tears in Olaf's eyes, she quietly offered him her handkerchief.

'side, the smile with which she was wont to urge him to be patient a little longer, gradually became more confident.'

'I cannot think, Siegfried,' said Olaf one day in a pet, 'how you can take it so easily.'

They had met by sweet chance at the apothecary's shop, and the apothecary, who was a sympathetic young man, and quite understood Olaf's wisp of entreaty, had left them and his drugs together.

'No!' rejoined Siegfried with the far-away look in her blue eyes which at times vastly annoyed her lover.

'No, I cannot. And that beast Pegner always in the house! I heard his sledgebells this morning when I was chopping wood, and the wickedness of Cain swelled in my bosom at the sound. I believe, Siegfried, dearest if I had come any way at that moment, I should have cleft his skull.'

'That would have been murder, and they would have imprisoned you for life.'

'I do not care.'

'But I do, you mad-headed fellow. Pegner is still in the house.'

Olaf raised his hand-palmed hands to his forehead, as if to keep his brain from bursting out of its home mansion. 'With my mother,' added Siegfried, 'may the devil!—' began Olaf.

'But the girl put her mittened hand to his mouth. "Hush!" she whispered. "You must not really have exchanged your understanding things as some young men would be. How is it, Olaf?'

'How is it? How the plague can I tell! Let me go and stay him out of the way.'

'And break my mother's heart?' said Siegfried, with a sweet coquetish smile on her pretty red lips.

'And yours too, I begin to think!' sighed the thick-headed young man. After which he plodded into the snow again, and left the girl ungallantly to find her way home by herself.

But Siegfried understood Olaf, and she would not really have exchanged his stupidity for all the learning of a University Professor of Christiania.

She re-entered the house, and stole away to the back, where the cat was seen washing its paws on the doorstep and looking discontentedly at the hen; while the magpie jerked its tail up and as it fluttered back chimney-pot to roof-line and exchanged remarks with the honest magpie, not yet domesticated. Here she did much household work, singing softly to herself all the time. Now and then, her mother's laughter could be heard; and occasionally she would see the old, dear Herr Pegner, how entreating you are! I never met so agreeable a man as you!'

She also said, more than once, 'My late mother, Nansen, was a fool to you, Herr Pegner! But Siegfried did not hear this remark, which would not have pleased her.

Pegner stayed till supper, and Siegfried waited on them both. At times, the honest magpie might have been seen looking from Fru Nansen to Siegfried, and from Siegfried to Fru Nansen, in a curious manner.

Utilisation of Waste Products.

A marked, and, in some of its results, a very astonishing feature of the modern industrial enterprise is the successful introduction of economical methods of working unimportant of a few years ago. Many industrial processes necessarily throw off considerable quantities of refuse, the only thought with regard to which is, frequently, how best to get rid of it.

If it is solid matter, the increasing accumulations encumber the grounds. If it is fluid, it most likely flows—at least, until it was made illegal to discharge such matters into streams—the nearest river or canal, polluting the water and destroying the fish; while waste gases and smoke vitiate and poison the atmosphere. It is in dealing with these unpromising materials that chemical and scientific skill has in some cases been remarkably successful, encouraging the hope that, in the future, much more may be accomplished in the same direction.

Of the successful treatment of solid Waste Products, gold-mining probably affords the most notable example. The waste heaps, or 'tailings,' were known to contain a fraction of the precious metal, even after the most searching process of extraction by the best machinery. But as there was no known method by which the residual fraction of gold could be profitably extracted, the tailings were thrown aside, and regarded as practically worthless. With the discovery of the McArthur-Forrest or cyanide process, it has, however, become possible to recover large quantities of gold from these discarded tailings, and gold-mining companies have become alive to the actual commercial value of an asset hitherto neglected, or looked upon as an inconvenient encumbrance on the mines. The success of the industry may be inferred from the fact that during last year more than £1,250,000 in gold bullion was recovered by this process from tailings in the gold mines of South Africa alone. Such results have naturally led to its introduction into other parts of the world, and it has been found possible to apply it profitably to the silver mines of Mexico.

Similar problems of utilising the waste heat and gases in connection with blast furnaces has not long engaged attention and pressed for solution. In the Middleborough, Iron district, the heat from the furnace has been turned to good account in the salt industry which is springing up there, by means of the enormous heat of the blast-furnace gas, and the economic advantages this secured have given the cast-iron salt industry benefits in this respect denied to the Cheshire trade, where, by means of the enormous heat of the blast-furnace gas, and the economic advantages this secured have given the cast-iron salt industry benefits in this respect denied to the Cheshire trade, where, by means of the enormous heat of the blast-furnace gas, and the economic advantages this secured have given the cast-iron salt industry benefits in this respect denied to the Cheshire trade.

When an American meets an acquaintance after dark, no matter what the hour, he says "Good evening," and when they separate he says "Good night." But in Canada one often hears the latter phrase in salutation as well as in good-bye. To an American it seems odd, when, on seeing a friend, the latter advances with "Good-night, sir. How are you?"

Intercolonial Railway. On and after Monday the 1st October, 1894, the trains of this Railway will run daily "Monday excepted" as follows:

Table with columns for destinations and times: Will leave Railway, Express for St. John, Express for Moncton, etc.

Salisbury and Harvey Railway Company. On and after Monday the 1st October, 1894, the trains of this Railway will run daily "Monday excepted" as follows:

Table with columns for destinations and times: Leave Harvey, Leave Salisbury, etc.

WATSON H. STEEVES, W. E. DRYDEN, FROST & WOOD. Agents for Agricultural Implements and Machinery. Warehouse, Hillsboro'. Assorted stock of Ploughs, Harrows, Cultivators, Mowers, Rakes, etc., etc. (Circulars and literature on application.) Farming Implements. The subscriber offers for sale at bottom prices: Mowing Machines, Bakes, Harrows, Ploughs, Cultivators, etc. Warehouse at Hillsboro' near the station. Albert Jas. Boyle's shop where all information will be given in my absence. Will be at Albert on Tuesday. D. B. LIVINGSTONE. SPORTING GOODS!! C. E. ELLIOT, Main Street, Moncton, N. B. Ride Shot, Guns, and Ammunition, Fishing Rods, Fishing Tackle of all kinds; a first-class lot of Fish and Lines, selling cheaper than anything in this line ever offered before in the Province. Gunsmithing and general repairing. Any one wishing anything in this line had better give a call before purchasing elsewhere.

ALBERT STAR \$1.00 A YEAR. ALBERT STAR PUBLISHING COMPANY.

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The Star that leads them all. The most wonderful Sewing Machine of the age, awarded a DIPLOMA by the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago. Two Machines in one—Chain Stitch, Lock Stitch. STANDARD SEWING MACHINE. Pianos and Thomas Organs. A DIPLOMA on Reed Organs and Reed Organ Actions was taken at the St. John Exhibition, by the Thomas Organ Company. If you want a good Piano, Organ or Sewing Machine drop me a Card and I will send you circulars and full information how to get a good one. Satisfaction guaranteed. Parties in Albert County should apply to me or my agent B. Beadmont before purchasing elsewhere. Don't forget the Address: E. CRAWFORD, Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B.

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CRANDALL The Photographer, 282 Main Street, Moncton, N. B. Over Bessemer's Jewellery Store. Good Work and Satisfaction Guaranteed. WHAT DO YOU SAY? Call and see my stock of WINTER GOODS Men's Over Coats, Reifers, Cardigans, Long Boots, Over Shoes. Ladies' Over Shoes and Winter Costing. COMFORTABLES, WHITE WOOL BLANKETS, GOAT ROBES. All at Lowest Cash Prices by

WATSON H. STEEVES, W. E. DRYDEN, FROST & WOOD. Agents for Agricultural Implements and Machinery. Warehouse, Hillsboro'. Assorted stock of Ploughs, Harrows, Cultivators, Mowers, Rakes, etc., etc. (Circulars and literature on application.) Farming Implements. The subscriber offers for sale at bottom prices: Mowing Machines, Bakes, Harrows, Ploughs, Cultivators, etc. Warehouse at Hillsboro' near the station. Albert Jas. Boyle's shop where all information will be given in my absence. Will be at Albert on Tuesday. D. B. LIVINGSTONE. SPORTING GOODS!! C. E. ELLIOT, Main Street, Moncton, N. B. Ride Shot, Guns, and Ammunition, Fishing Rods, Fishing Tackle of all kinds; a first-class lot of Fish and Lines, selling cheaper than anything in this line ever offered before in the Province. Gunsmithing and general repairing. Any one wishing anything in this line had better give a call before purchasing elsewhere.

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