

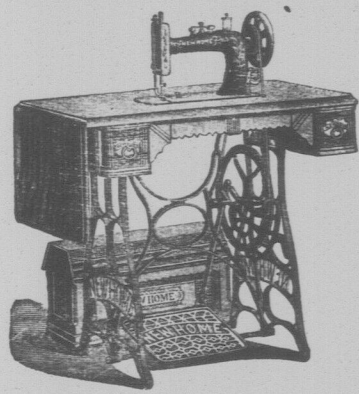
THE ALBERT STAR.

Vol. I.

HILLSBOROUGH, N. B., WEDNESDAY, AUG. 15, 1894.

No. 14

SUGARS! 435 BARRELS REFINED SUGARS... F. P. REID & CO., MONCTON, N. B.



James Crawford, 397 Main St., Moncton, N. B. Dealer in Sewing Machines...

PROFESSIONAL. C. A. PECK, Q. C., Barrister & Attorney-at-Law.

W. Alder Trueman, Barrister, Solicitor, Notary.

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

Jos. Howe Dickson, Barrister and Notary Public.

A. W. Bray, Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public.

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

GRANT & SWEENEY, Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, etc.

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

O. J. McCully, M. A., M. D., Member of the Royal College of Physicians, London.

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

John L. Dewar, M. D., M. C. M., Physician and Surgeon.

HILLSBORO. DR. S. C. MURRAY, Physician and Surgeon.

Dr. C. W. Bradley, DENTIST, Corner Main and Bedford sts., Moncton.

Drs. Somers & Doherty, DENTISTS, Near Opposite Hotel, Hillsboro.

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

Regular Dental Visits will be made to Hillboro every week on dates given below.

THE ALBERT STAR. WEDNESDAY, AUG. 15.

Alone. Alone when the day is dawning, Alone when the night dew falls...

Hunts on Reading. The readers Coleridge has divided into four classes. He says: "The first class of readers may be compared to an hour-glass..."

ALMA HOUSE. Located in a central and pleasant part of the beautiful sea-side village of ALMA, A. C. N. B.

QUEEN HOTEL, 169 to 173 Princess Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

F. E. LAW, MANAGER, HOTEL BRUNSWICK, Moncton, N. B.

HOTEL LE BLANC, Opposite Post Office, T. B. LeBlanc, Proprietor.

RUSSELL HOUSE, Corner Main and Lutz Streets, MONCTON, N. B.

Boarding House, 166 Main Street, MONCTON, N. B.

Queen Hotel, MONCTON, N. B., P. A. Hebert, Manager.

VENDOME HOTEL, Corner of Broadway and Main Streets, MONCTON, N. B.

GLOBE HOTEL, Albert, A. C. N. B., WARREN W. JONES, Proprietor.

BARBER SHOP!! Near Opposite Hotel, Hillsboro.

T. H. Mulligan, PRACTICAL HAIRDRESSER.

ANY ONE WISHING To Purchase Haymaking Machinery, MacLachlan Carriages or Farming Utensils.

ERNEST MOLLINS, Local Agent for VANMETER, BUTCHER & CO.

ON THE MOSQUITO COAST. An Unattractive Region of Jungle and Lagoon-The Banana Plantations. Every Day in the Year is Seed Time.

The Government of the Mosquito Reservation consists of the hereditary chief and an Executive Council, the members of the Executive Council being elected by a General Council...

There are so many concomitants to be considered which may so greatly modify the reply. So much depends upon the kind of dancing and the associations connected with it.

It is to be feared that in the present day the greatest number of readers belong to the first of these classes. The amount read is sometimes almost fabulous, but the results are comparatively trifling.

The chapter on the main in Mosquito is as brief and of the same tenor as the chapter on snakes in Iceland.

How to Make Yourself Unhappy. In the first place, if you want to make yourself miserable, be selfish.

Relentless. "She's as pretty as a picture," said the young man.

Not Time. "Johnny, did you ask God to make you a better boy?"

Beggars on Horseback. Here's a so cheap and plentiful in Chilli and Buenos Ayres that even the beggars ride on horseback.

ON THE MOSQUITO COAST. An Unattractive Region of Jungle and Lagoon-The Banana Plantations. Every Day in the Year is Seed Time.

The other government officials are nearly all descendants of Jamaica negroes, and perform their duties with becoming gravity and ease.

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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.

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.

JOHN C. 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.

Will be at Hillsboro' on the 18th inst.

Just Received

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. 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.

JUST RECEIVED! A full line of Victoria LIQUID PAINTS

Elephant White Lead. Plain and Barbed Wire Fencing AT LOWEST PRICES.

JORDAN STEEVES.

H. G. MARR, Importer of Fine French, English and American Millinery.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. Good Goods and Low Prices has enabled us to build up the largest Millinery trade in the Lower Provinces.

We will pay Express Charges on all Orders. Call and see us when in Town.

Henry G. Marr, MONCTON, N. B.

Hunting a Legacy.

The 17th of June, 1888—was an important day for Henriette Bardonnell, milliner at Rouen.

She was seated at about 10 in the morning in front of her window, which faced on the Rue des Charrettes, busy shaping and trimming a superb bonnet, when Mmc. Dufrenoy, her employer, opened the door suddenly, and flourishing a paper burst into the room.

"Henriette! Henriette! Haven't you read it? Don't you know?" shouted she, out of breath. "Look, see!"

And she thrust the paper—Le Petit Rouennais—under her eyes, pointing out a notice on the fourth page as follows:

Mme. Henriette Emilienne Bardonnell, daughter of Pierre Auguste Bardonnell, late piano tuner, Rue de Grand Pont, at Rouen, is requested to send her address to Mr. Thiebault, Havre property.

"You must write the lawyer at once, my dear—at once."

"Yes, I am going to, of course, Mmc. Dufrenoy, right off," said Henriette. The following evening, in reply to her letter, Mmc. Bardonnell received word from Mr. Thiebault asking her to come at once to his office.

To pay current expenses a check for 50 francs was enclosed. Decidedly things were looking well and Mmc. Dufrenoy remarked upon it.

"You were born with a silver spoon in your mouth, my dear. I have always said so. And M. Leonce—he too, is very happy, is he not? Is he going with you to Havre?"

M. Leonce, or Leonce Lecarpentier, was the son of a linen draper on the Quai aux Meules, a promising young bachelor of 28, blond and hearty, but as gentle and as timid as a lamb.

Employed in his father's shop, for papa Lecarpentier did not believe any more than was necessary in throwing his money into the gutter, Leonce could only indulge rarely his passion for the pretty little milliner. A bracelet or a gown on her birthday or at New Year's, a few pinces on Sundays during the summer and a few parties occasionally, and that was all.

Restrained, however, by paternal and business exigencies, Leonce had to let Henriette take the journey alone from Rouen to Havre.

The lawyer's office was in the second story of an old, dilapidated structure at the end of a courtyard.

M. Thiebault, a thin little man, with bent figure, sharp eyes under his large copper-rimmed spectacles and a black velvet cap on his head, motioned to the young girl to take a seat on his left opposite the window.

"Mlle. Bardonnell, I suppose."

"Yes, sir."

"You have taken care to bring your certificate of birth, as I suggested?"

"Here it is, sir."

The lawyer unfolded the paper and carefully read the statement.

"Pierre Auguste Bardonnell, late piano tuner, Rue de Grand Pont, died on the 17th of June, 1888, leaving a fortune of 120,000 francs, of which you are the sole heir. To enter into the possession of the whole of this fortune, it will be necessary for you to go there in person in order that you may see my colleague, M. Gustella, who is the executor."

"Go way down there? But monsieur, I—"

"We shall advance the necessary amount. Have no fear on that score."

"And when must I start?"

"Let us see—the 1st of September—the 1st of September, Saturday, Ah, here it is—the 1st of September, at Buenos Ayres. You will sail next Monday. That's rather soon. You have just time to get back to Rouen and make your preparations. I shall expect you then, mademoiselle, on Monday next without fail."

Twenty-five days after Henriette Bardonnell, fortified with M. Thiebault's instructions and suggestions, and with the address of M. Gustella, Anibal Gustella, abogada, 182 Bolivar street, in her pocket, landed at Buenos Ayres, and repaired, with her trunk, to the hotel so favorably named De la Bonne Soupe.

Within an hour after Henriette's arrival and before she had finished her dinner all her neighbors at the table, as well as the proprietor and three servants, who spoke French, were already informed of the motive and the object of her journey.

One of her neighbors, the one on the right, was an elegant and seductive Spanish gentleman of 30 years, who murdered French dreadfully. He answered to the name of Manuel Alvarez and lived at Montevideo, where he was in the cattle business.

Like a gallant Hidalgo, he offered to aid Henriette in her search, if she needed him—in short, he was at the service of mademoiselle.

The following morning early, Henriette, with an interpreter, went to Bolivar street to the address of the advocate Gustella.

No Gustella was at the number mentioned, not even in an adjacent building. Nor was he in any of the neighboring buildings.

At No. 125 was a business agent named Carlos Figueroa. They sought him, but of course Figueroa knew no advocate Gustella. He was, sure, even, that there was nobody of that name in the whole city.

"There is a commission merchant Gustella, 39 San Martino street. You might go and see him."

Quickly they departed for this Gustella. He assured them he knew nothing of what they asked him; had never been written to by M. Thiebault at Havre, of whose existence he was ignorant.

In what anxiety, in what a horrible dilemma, poor Henriette found herself! For two days, escorted by her interpreter, she scoured the whole town, visited all the abogades, lawyers, notaries, courtiers, business agents. But no Anibal Gustella, no Bardonnell property—nothing.

M. Manoel Alvarez undertook to introduce her to the French consul.

"I regret exceedingly, mademoiselle," replied this functionary to Henriette, "to dispel such an agreeable illusion, but if there had been an unclaimed French property I should have been the first to know it, and there is none. You have been made the victim of a hoax."

Henriette, when she returned to the hotel, followed the counsel's advice by exploring her memory to find some one who had a personal interest in expropriating her and in getting rid of her.

And she found some one without great difficulty. It was Leonce's father, the old sexton of a papa Lecarpentier. Not a doubt of it.

On her account Leonce had led slip several good matches, a Mile. Coutois of Lisieux among others. Now they were scheming to make him marry Mlle. Henneguy, daughter of a merchant of the Rue St. Sever.

"For how many souls did he buy the complicity of that Havre lawyer. But wait, just wait, old wretch! There are judges in France. They give damages there. He laughs at it, who laughs at it."

And boiling with indignation and rage Henriette went back to the consulate, and though without funds asked to be sent back home.

She promised a favorable reply to her request, but she must wait a fortnight. No boat would leave for France before the end of that time.

One evening as she was walking on the arm of M. Manoel Alvarez and telling him of her mortifications that wealthy and seductive Spanish gentleman murmured tenderly:

"Entretiens, mignon, supposes, instead of returning to Europe, you should stay here with me."

Five years later, one morning in May, Mmc. Manoel Alvarez, nee Bardonnell, stopped from a train at the Rouen station and directed her way toward the Rue des Charrettes.

She did not wish to go through France when she was travelling with her husband without seeing again her native city.

Mmc. Dufrenoy kept Henriette to dinner and brought out for her the very best.

"Oh, Henry, I always told you that you were born lucky. Don't you remember it?"

"And the Lecarpentiers and my little Leonce? What has become of them?"

"What has become of them? Oh, my dear Henriette, the good God has given them their punishment."

"The lion business ran out. It is two years ago since the firm of Lecarpentier & Son failed and gave up business."

"Four months after you went away Leonce married Mmc. Felicite Henneguy, whose father kept a large shop."

"I know, and don't the marriage turn out well?"

"You can't really say that it did. M. and Mmc. Leonce left Rouen when the failure came. They are probably living wretchedly somewhere, in Paris, perhaps. As for papa Lecarpentier, his troubles have affected him so that he is in his second childhood. He is begging. When you go, you have only to turn up the street till you get in front of the theater, and there you'll see him."

Arrived at the end of the street, Henriette saw seated on a little stool an old babler who handled feebly a wheezy old accordion.

"Don't you remember me, papa Lecarpentier?"

The poor wretch interrupted the tearful strains of his instrument and fixed on the young woman a stony, fixed stare.

"You played me a villainous trick, in your day, with your story of the property in America. But that's all over now. Come, old scamp, here's something for you."

And she let fall into the beggar's cup all the gold she had in her purse.

A Nearly Extinct Southern Bird. Not many years ago the South Carolina parakeet could be found by the thousands throughout the Southern States, but with the bison and the passenger pigeon they have been nearly exterminated by the ruthless hand of the pot-hunter. W. A. Conklin, in New York, had a small flock of these birds. In speaking of them he said they were caught in the Everglades, where a few flocks may yet be found in the densest part of these swamps. Probably some four or five flocks remain, so that they are rarely seen. The birds are large for parakeets, being of an emerald green body, with a yellow neck, while the upper part of the head is a bright scarlet. One peculiarity of these birds is that they cluster together like a swarm of bees. It was this habit that made them such easy victims of the sportsman—save the term! This peculiarity can be well noticed in Conklin's cages, where the birds all cluster together at the back of the cage, showing a beautiful mass of green and gold and scarlet.

The birth of the tenth grand-son of the Queen-Empress makes the number of her living descendants fifty-six. There have been born during Her Majesty's prosperous reign four sons, five daughters, seventeen grandsons, twenty-three grand-daughters, ten great-grandsons and six great-grand-daughters, grand total, sixty-five. Nine have died. No English monarch has been blessed with such a royal family.

NYE REPLIES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Man with a Felon Suggests the Story of one Told by the Rev. Reed and How it was Cured—Other Questions Answered.

ARLEN, N. C., July, 1894.—Recent correspondence has accumulated so fast that I find quite an exorbitant full of letters that should be at once answered regarding household affairs, etc.

So I hasten to reply to a very few this week, putting over till next week a number that I cannot now reach.

The following is a letter which is reproduced here merely to show the style, flow of language and word painting than anything else. It is an absolute and unexpurgated copy of a letter written by a tenant in Hoopers Creek township, N. C., to his landlord regarding farm work, etc. It is direct, cheerful and massive in its style.—

Dear Sir—I have yours of the 10th. I just received it just at this moment. Dear Sir you air mistaking about Will White Washing for he has been no white Washing done hear (here) this spring now I seen and I will tell you see Sissy how Will Dun the apel trees he first tuk a fork I mean a eating fork and he Gouged around thame at the ground then he tuk a old Bucket & he put ashes and water in his & got him a ole rag he washed thame with that Now I hope you understand this You sek what rice did he hope (helped) me to do more (manure) & other things was useded rice is soe good (meaning rice) to hope us when wead mead him I just give him a few days along when I can Make a hedway we have comend (commenced) to feed the crinson olovers a little some Dun very well & some dun noe good a tall Yours and so forte

HE HAS A FELON.

A colored man named "Thought-the-thee-tye-tye" Williams, residing formerly at Haddam, writes—

"Dear MASTER—What would I do for a falling on my finger which drives me to distraction. I write this by the hand of my little Doctor Schucht Williams for the good lord's sake oh give me a relief or I shall lose my reason. Little Schucht have stand out of school to write this letter and if you could spare a quarter sir to pay for her time, it would be no more than right."

I wrote to a man at Cheokey about my falling and said I lived at Haddam & he said that my spelling would indicate that I haddam and he said no said no more at present than that, & nothing to help the rising on my finger which hurts right much."

Rev. Myron W. Reed says that he once knew a man who had a felon on his thumb and who went about moaning over it day after day and growing pale and hollow eyed with loss of sleep.

A near neighbor said, "Henry, what's the matter of our thumb?"

"Blame take it," said he, "I've got a felon onto it, and I ain't slept a night for two weeks and going stir crazy."

"Well, why don't you doctor it?"

"Doctor it?" he said, "I've just done nuthin else all the time."

"Well, but you doctor it the right thing. What did you do for it?"

"Oh, I done everything."

"You didn't do what you ort to do, I bet on that."

"What's that?"

"Why, you take a piece of salt pork off the flank of a hog that's been killed in the glow of a wet moon and put it scalding hot on the finger over night, and twice you want to get up and heat the pork again, so the felon'll have no chance to get its breath. Understand? And in the morning she'll be plumb dead, and you can just stick the core of the thing out like the kernel of a gopher."

WORK REMEDIES.

Henry did that, but the felon didn't shuck. He did, though. He jumped out of bed like a disembodied spirit, wearing only a knit band around his abdomen to keep his liver warm, and with a wailing cry, and a odor of fried pork he fled away into the night, and not knowing which way to go ran into the opera house foyer as the play closed at 11 o'clock and the people had started for home. Friends brought him back, and the next day a neighbor dropped in to see how he was coming in.

"You probably don't know how to handle a felon," he said. "You can't fool with a felon. She has got to be dealt with prompt and severe on the start."

"What should I do?"

"Well, in the very start you should police it with the ashes of a wedding willer and pour on the ashes of vinegar to make a strong lye, which will eat out the felon, and in the morning you can slip it out like you would the pit out of a prune."

He tried that, and the lye ate pretty heartily all night, got up in time to get an early breakfast and eat some more later on. It seemed to relish the thumb more than it did the felon. So he gave it up and concluded to welcome death at an early date.

A painter and glazier friend dropped in by and by and said he heard that Hank had a felon, so he came in to kind of see what was being done for it. He was afraid they'd fool along with it till they got proud flesh into it, and then blood piling would set in.

"What would you do with it?" wailed Henry, sticking out a mass of red flesh that looked like the swab of a 90-pound gun. "I want to be able to tell the people of the New Jerusalem that I've tried everything."

"Well, you've got to cut that thumb open down to the bone, and there you'll find a sort of white skin over the bone about like the lining of an egg, and underneath that is a little white speck about the size of a nookester's kidney, and you cut that out. Then you take a plumber's solderin iron and burn the place all clean and sandpaper it

and put some shellac over the place and do it up in wax, and it will get well, and that's the only way to cure a felon."

HENRY'S TENDER HEART.

Henry started to try this, but he broke down and wept when he saw the blood, and the felon throbbled and hurt so that he got up and put on some trousers that he saw lying on the floor and went down stairs.

He passed by the village smithy stood shoeing a very large Norman horse and occasionally pushing the huge brute over into the forge or flinging him around like a giant playing tag with the infant class.

"Ah!" he said. "What's up with your thumb?"

"Got a felon," said the poor man.

"What should I do for it?"

"Oh, well, how long have you had it?"

"Three weeks nearly."

"And have you tried several things?"

"Yes, everything."

"I thought so. But there is one more thing yet, and you have not tried it. Lay your thumb on my anvil and let me smash it with my largest old North American Gue Bunker sledge hammer. Then you can go to work cutting for the thumb, for you can cure a smashed thumb, but you surely cannot cure a felon."

And that is pretty near the truth.

ANSWERS TO THE CURIOUS.

Lorna Doone, Bangor, Me.—Yes, you can make a good, clean, job out of a horse blanket suspended by martingale rings for your parlor if you choose, but you will find great difficulty in deodorizing the blankets. Your idea in gliding on becoming a coal hood and tying a blue ribbon on the ball to use as a receptacle for soiled collars and cuffs is one that I expressed several years ago also the plan of using a bag of lint in place of a coal hood for netting for sofa cushions. The idea of making a dado about the room of cold waffles, varnished and alternated with hand blown Easter eggs, was first suggested by an artist of New York.

If you sail over to London for the antique warming pan to hang in your hall you paid too much. I got one for seven and six.

Your husband is perfectly right in asking over to the Coxeyites and the doings of the Democratic Congress and wondering where it was all going to end. The rich are getting richer and the poor are lazing their hands every day. The spirit of turmoil is everywhere—the same spirit that caused the French revolution. When all the hungry ones get together and get to know their power, what a power that will be! It has not yet been demonstrated whether a republic is an ending fact or only a theory. Down in Pennsylvania, where I have been, there are more steel rails than can be used in ten years and more horses than there are horses to wear them.

I tell you there are too many people in the world. There is only one remedy—war or pestilence. Sweep 2,000,000 people off the face of the earth. That is China. That is the only remedy. We are wrong in our civilized ideas of mercy and kindness. We nurse incurables in hospitals and keep the criminal in penitentiaries. The Lacedaemonians used to exterminate them. It is a good idea, too. The world is really no better than it was at the time of the flood.—Rev. Dr. Paxton, New York.

Her Favourite Bird.

Bobberly (to Rual Damsel, at her father's farm)—How delightful it is here! How the birds twitter and flit and pour forth their praises in sweet songs! Don't you love the birds, Miss Newgrass?

Rual Damsel—La, yes! Especially pigeons.

Bobberly—Ah! Because they coo so softly under the eaves, and wing their way so gracefully through the caressing air?

Rual Damsel—Gosh, no! 'Cause the bile down down so prime for potpie!

"Never mind me," said Mrs. Jones before she was married, and that is exactly what her husband did after the honeymoon was over.

Salisbury and Harvey Railway Company.

TIME TABLE NO. 29.

In effect Monday, July 23, 1894. Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) by Eastern Standard Time.

Leave Salisbury.....10:30
Arrive Albert.....11:30
Leave Albert.....11:45
Arrive Salisbury.....12:45

Connections made with Post Express from Halifax for Pointe West, and Quebec Express for Pointe North. Time Table shows that four trains are expected to arrive and depart from the several stations, but it is not guaranteed that the Company hold itself responsible for any delay resulting from failure to arrive.

By Office, A. SHERWOOD, Manager, Hillsboro, July 23, 1894.

Marble and Granite ornaments and Grave-Stones. T. F. Sherard & Son, MONCTON, N. B. Work Delivered Free.

ANGUS O'HANLEY, Blacksmith, Main St. Hillsboro, N. B. All kind of blacksmith work done with the subscriber's tools. Horse Shoeing A Specialty.

MASTERS & SNOW, Representing the best English, Canadian and American Insurance Companies. Five, Life Accidents and Plate Glasses, Moncton, N. B.

DOMESTIC

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. Beaumont before purchasing elsewhere.

Don't forget the Address: E. CRAWFORD, Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B.

NORTHROP'S PHOTO STUDIO.

Headquarters for Portraits of every description. Views, Panos, etc. Enamelled Lithograph Mounts, New Styles in large numbers. Our photo work is second to none in the Province, we guarantee first-class work in every department. An making a specialty of Enlarged Crayon Portraits. First-class work at about one half price paid to Agents. It will pay you to secure your work from responsible parties, you will then be sure of good Permanent Results. Also in stock a large line of Mountings, Frames, and other photo supplies at about 25 percent cheaper than any other house in the trade. If you desire the best and most for your money, when in Moncton visit

Northrup's Studio, Main street near Post Office.

MONOTON Steam Planing and Sawing Mill.

We keep in stock and make to order—Doors, Sashes, Blinds, Windows and Door Frames, Newel Posts, Balusters, Stair Rails, Banisters and Mountings of all descriptions. Kiln Dried Walnut, Ash, Birch, Pine and Spruce. Lumber, Flooring, Sheathing, Planing, Sawing and Turning done at short notice. Church Altars and Seating, Wood Mouldings, Sash-covers, Tables, School Desks and Office Fittings. Having installed my Factory and furnished with the most improved machinery, I am prepared to fill all orders promptly and satisfactorily. Factory and Office, Westmoreland St., Moncton, N. B. PAUL LEA, Proprietor.

CRANDALL The Photographer, 262 Main Street, Moncton, N. B. Over Desanson's Jewelry Store.

Good Work and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

JUST RECEIVED, A LARGE STOCK

Strictly Pure Paris Green, Air Tight Glass Jars, BUTTER AND CREAM CROCKS, GARDEN HOES, and a Full Line of HAYING TOOLS.

Watson H. Steeves, W. E. DRYDEN, Agents for—

FROST & WOOD, Agricultural Implements & Machinery, WAREHOUSE, HILLSBORO.

assorted stock of Ploughs, Harrows, Cultivators, Mowers, Rakes, etc., etc. Freshers and Information on application.

Farming Implements. The subscriber offers for sale at bottom price. Mowing Machines, Rakes, 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 Tuesdays.

D. B. LIVINGSTONE.

Stallion Duroc

This well-known Stallion will stand for the season at the farm of the subscriber, Middle Coveville. Terms on application.

Jas. G. McDonald, and Plate Glasses, ALBERT STAR \$100 A YEAR.

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