

THE ALBERT STAR.

Vol. I.

HILLSBOROUGH, N. B., WEDNESDAY, DEC. 5, 1894.

No. 30

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.



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Dealer in Sewing Machines, Organs and Pianos, etc. Sole agent for the New Home Sewing Machine.

Washers and Wringers constantly on hand. Writers repaired and new rollers supplied.

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Graduates of New York College of Dentistry and University of Pennsylvania.

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

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

THE ALBERT STAR.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 5.

City and County.

Come back to your mother, ye children for shame, Who have wandered like transients for riches and fame!

Ye hear ye men, for a moment, ye children, who call ye to feast from her bounteous and ample store.

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Change in Business!

We beg to notify our friends and the public generally that we have made a change in our business henceforward our dealings will be with the trade only and strictly wholesale.

Geo. S. DeForest & Sons, St. John, N. B.

In Manx Land. The Isle of Man is only 35 miles long and 12 wide, so that it is not great labor to get over it, and, as two railroads run—one north to south, and the other east to west—you can see how convenient it is to the visitor.

The Isle of Man, while belonging to the British Crown, is neither English, Scotch, Irish, nor Welsh, but is a separate country, with a home rule government, and a language of its own; but yet with great loyalty to the imperial government and devotion to Queen Victoria, for everywhere you go you see pictures of the royal family.

The government is known as the "House of Keys" and consists of 24 members, elected every seven years, but no person has a vote unless he possesses real estate of the value of £40, or occupation of the value of £60 per year, and women are also entitled to vote.

The Court of Tynwald, presided over by the Lieutenant Governor, is composed of the common law judges, the Bishop, Attorney General, two Judges, the Clerk of the rolls, Water Bailiff, and the Vicar General. This council and the House of Keys are the entire government of the great Isle of Man.

There is one feature of special interest in reference to the laws, and that is that all laws passed by the House of Keys, whether of a general nature, and when that has been secured then the law must formally be read in the English and Manx languages on Tynwald Hill in the open air, where the speaker of the House of Keys, the Bishop, Attorney General, two Judges, the Clerk of the rolls, Water Bailiff, and the Vicar General.

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Allhallow Even.

It is thought by many people that Allhallow Even has some connection with the following day, marked in the Church calendar as All Saints' Day.

This, however, is a mistaken idea, as there is nothing in the Church observances of All Saints' Day to have originated such extraordinary customs and practices as have been in vogue from the earliest of times.

Allhallow Even, or as it is generally called nowadays, Hallow 'en, is purely a relic of pagan times, and the superstitions which have been carried from generation to generation have been most of their effect in this practical age.

To-day we hold our Hallow 'en parties for amusement; but to the ancient superstitions were a sort of religion, and the decrees of the Church calendar as All Saints' Day.

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NEW FURNITURE STORE.

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

VICTORIA BLOCK, 263, 265, 267 Main Street, Moncton, N. B.

The Cold Winter

Has come again, and we are prepared to furnish the public with anything in the stove line, from a bedroom stove to a furnace.

We also carry a large stock of stove fittings, including coal hods, stove boards, stove pipe and elbows, and a general line of hardware and tinware at

JORDAN STEEVES.

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, 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.

OUR 14th CARLOAD

CARRIAGES

This season is here and as we must make room for Sleighs now being manufactured, each customer for TEN DAYS will find it to their advantage to call on us.

ROAD CARTS, good supply of all kinds on hand. ENLARGED AND FEED CUTTERS, HAND POWER AND LEVER CUTTERS. PLOWS, PUNCH, JUDY, HERO, VILAS, and a full line of repairs for all kinds. FANNING MILLS made by Gould, Shapley & Muir 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

W. H. DUFFY.

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; Jettied Quills, 5 cents each. Henry C. Marr, 168 Main Street, Moncton.

THE ALBERT STAR, WEDNESDAY, DEC. 5, 1894.

A Night of Terror.

By Mrs. Alexander.

The Hon. Mrs. St. George was busy entering items in her weekly account book, and generally examining the bills of the month one cold morning a good many years ago. She was a tall, thin, gray-haired woman, with an aquiline nose and distinguished air, which cast a reflection of grandeur on the diminutive size of her tiny house in O'Pace, S. W.

She was still frowning over the butcher's book when the door was hastily opened by a bright-looking girl of 18 or 19, with shining nut brown hair and laughing eyes of no particular color, a slightly "up-lifted" nose, and red lips parting to speak over a set of pearly teeth. She held a note open in her hand, and came almost at a run toward the severe-looking lady who was studying her books and who looked at her sternly.

"Is the house on fire, Clara? Pray, shut the door!"

"Do read this note from Aline Carson, auntie. I suppose I may go?"

Mrs. St. George took the note and read it slowly. "Marvell," she said, turning the note to look again at the address, "does that mean the lunatic asylum?"

"Yes."

"Aline Carson," repeated Mrs. St. George. "Is that rather elegant girl who called on you last week the daughter of—?"

"Yes, auntie," interrupted Clara, eagerly. "She is the only daughter of the celebrated Dr. Carson, who does such wonders by kindness, with the insane. You know her—?"

"An excellent person, no doubt," interrupted Mrs. St. George in her turn. "But not exactly the sort of host for you."

"Why?" said Clara, opening her eyes in genuine astonishment.

"These experimental doctors can scarcely be considered gentlemen."

"Aunt Honor!" indignantly, "Dr. Carson is a perfect gentleman! He has always been proud of knowing him! He is so good and clever, quite wonderful! I have set my heart on this visit to Marvell, and I shall be leaving town so soon."

"If your father does not object, Clara, it is no affair of mine," returned her aunt, coldly. "How did you come to know these people?"

"Aline and I were at school together for nearly three years at Versailles. During the short holidays Dr. and Mrs. Carson always came over and spent them at Versailles—not to take Aline across the Channel—she was rather delighted, and they were, oh! so kind to me! Aline was staying with you, as you see, at Inkerman, and it is so unlikely that she and her mother were away all the first part of my stay with you. Well, then, auntie, shall I write to say that I will go on Thursday?"

"Thursday?" taking a list of engagements from a letter rack, "why that is the 25th, the day of Mrs. de Tracy's dance, the last of the season."

"I don't care the least about it. I would much rather go to the Carson's, unless," checking herself, "you want me to go with you?"

"No," abruptly. "There is no use in talking to you. I shall write to accept. There is just time to post her for 11 o'clock."

The days which intervened before the appointed Thursday were not exactly pleasant for Clara. She was not in the good graces of her stately relative, who, nevertheless, designed to drive her to Paddington Station, in her net brougham, and sent her almost clerical-looking manservant to take her niece's ticket and see her safely into the train. A short run of barely an hour brought Clara Rivers to her destination, where her friend awaited her, and after a delightful greeting drove her in a pretty little pony carriage by green lanes and past groups of grand trees to the large establishment which Mr. Carson ruled.

The merry chatter of the two girls—recalling of former experiences—looking Aline's treasures of clothes and books, photographs, and sketches, not to mention tea with Mrs. Carson, a pleasant, easy-tempered woman, made time fly fast, and it was soon time to dress for dinner.

"What charming grounds!" said Clara, looking out of the window of her bedroom, while her friend glanced round to see that nothing was wanting for the guest's comfort.

"Yes, my father is very particular about them. At the other side there is a wood and a large lawn, but this wing is quite ours. The patients' quarters are in the right from this room."

visit paid by her friend's brother to their Versailles school, Clara descended to the drawing-room, meeting her friend at the door. Aline Carson was a tall, slim, stately-looking demoiseille, with fair hair and blue eyes; she was about a year older than Clara, and much more decided in character and manner. The girls made a pretty contrasted pair as they entered together. Mrs. Carson was seated in her favorite chair, stroking a beautiful Persian cat, which sat on her lap, and the doctor was conversing with a well set up, well dressed, soldierly looking man, not tall, but broad shoulders and strongly built. His face was rugged and stern, and a scar as of a sabre-cut, crossed his forehead, and his eyes seemed his left eye. Clara thought she had never seen such piercing glowing dark eyes before.

Dr. Carson welcomed his young guest with kindly warmth, and presented the gentleman with whom he was speaking as Major Delmege.

"I presume you need not wait for Harry?" said the doctor to his wife.

"No," she returned; "he would be here by this time if he were coming. We shall not see him now till to-morrow," and she sang for dinner, which was almost immediately announced.

Clara found herself vivacious with the Major, who from time to time looked at her with almost alarming fixity, only at intervals, however, for he gave all his serious attention to his dinner. Judging from his performance she imagined it must have been a considerable time since he had dined properly. At length his appetite was appeased and he began to talk with his host and hostess, by degrees absorbing most of his conversation; and very interesting his talk was. He had been a great traveler—had traversed Asia from the north, entering India from Mongolia, and finally journeying in Ceylon, where he formed a devoted friendship with a Buddhist priest, whose disciple he and who initiated him into the wonders of occultism—some of the strange doctrines of which he was proceeding to expound when Mrs. Carson retired to her chamber, and he was left listening open-mouthed to the Major's descriptions of the first man, according to the Theosophic ideas.

"Poor Major Delmege!" said Mrs. Carson, as she drew her chair to the open window and sat down to inhale the delightful odors of the garden. "He was growing quite excited, when your father looked at me. We must make him sing when he comes in."

"Still my father has great hopes of him," said Aline.

"Why? can it be possible," began Clara.

"Yes, indeed!" interrupted Mrs. Carson. "He is a patient of my husband's, and a very interesting one. He was badly wounded in the head, as you see, at Inkerman, and has been subject to curious illusions ever since, though in some respects quite reasonable."

"Is he very dangerous?" asked Clara, a little anxiously.

"No. When he first came he was inclined to quarrel with the men, but he was always nice to Aline and to myself. He has a fine voice; we must get him to sing. It always calms him."

A short silence ensued.

Clara did not at all like the idea of passing the evening in Major Delmege's presence. His eyes had frightened her. It was all very well, these benevolent experiments of Dr. Carson's—but he ought not to prosecute them when he had guests.

While she thought, the Major, followed by his host, came into the drawing-room. His eyes immediately sought Clara's with a somewhat wistful expression, but he sat down beside Mrs. Carson, and talked to her in a low voice for a few minutes, while the doctor began to question Clara about her experiences of a London season, and she was forgetting her uneasiness when Mrs. Carson said: "Light the candles on the piano, Aline, my dear. The Major will give us one of his own songs."

That gentleman rose and walked over to Clara.

"Excuse me," he said, with a wonderful pleasant smile. "I did not catch your name when I was presented to you, and you remind me of an—old friend."

"Oh, my name is Rivers," said Clara nervously.

"Rivers? No!" shaking his head; "that tells me nothing. Still, even the semblance of a familiar face is welcome. To-morrow, if you will allow me, I will bring the picture of a lady whom I fancy you resemble."

"Now Major Delmege," interrupted Mrs. Carson. He immediately obeyed, and seating himself at the piano struck some chords with a fine strong touch. The Major will give us one of his own songs."

"But you will sing, will you not, my dear Major?" asked Aline, with whom he seemed very friendly.

"I will," he said, "I will sing you a camp song that our fellows were fond of when we were before Sebastopol. It's rough, you know, addressing himself to Clara, "but you cannot expect much from an uncultivated soldier. The words and music are both mine."

You must give us the pleasure again when Harry comes. You know how much he loves 'Comrades mine!'"

Major Delmege started up. "I have forgotten myself!" he exclaimed, you ought to have sent me away sooner."

"He is rather excited tonight," added Mrs. Carson, "and the doctor had such hopes of him. I must say I always am a little afraid of his growing worse."

"Come, Clara," said Aline, "let us go to bed;" and she carried her young friend off for a little further private conversation before they resigned themselves to sleep. However, they were not long in falling asleep. Aline soon left her to repose, having made plans for riding to a "show" place in the neighborhood next day. Clara closed the door, locked it, and seeing a bolt above, shot it carefully, then she turned to look at the moonlight grounds before she drew down the blind, and prepared for bed.

When she returned to the dressing-room she perceived that a slight recess to the right of the window there was another door she had not seen before. It evidently opened into the central division of the house. She was a little startled, but she did not think it worth it to go and see what was on the other side, for it certainly was not in the lock.

She tried the handle. The door was immovable.

"Probably Aline has locked it and taken away the key," she said to herself. "I must not let myself be silly."

With this resolve she undressed, put out her candle and lay down to rest.

But though tired sleep would not come to her. She shut her eyes close, still she could not help seeing the strangely-marked features of Major Delmege, his curious half fierce, half wistful eyes. She was interested in him, but she opened her eyes close, then she tried to recall Harry Vigors, as a more agreeable object of thought. He had not made much impression on her, but she did remember him as a tall, soldierly-looking man, with a full face, full of life, full always ready for a bit of mischief, though sharp and clever with a good opinion of himself.

How tiresome it was she could not sleep. Now she opened her eyes close, and watched the shadows of the trees thrown on the blind by the moon—there at last she lost consciousness, only to dream uneasily of her host's patient, who seemed to be playing backgammon with her Aunt Honor's and finally threw his dice-box at that stately personage's gray curls.

She woke at this with a sudden conviction that there was a noise in the next room or passage and a rushing sound outside the house. She sat up and listened intently; no, the sounds must have been part of her dream. Now she only heard the distant barking of a dog. How long had she slept? She had left both candle and matches on the dressing table, and she felt strangely reluctant to get out of bed and fetch them.

What was that? A quick, soft footfall passing her door. The door opening on the passage which led to the staircase. Her heart beat, she could almost hear it. If, oh, if she could escape to Aline! But she dared not attempt it, some madman was prowling up and down the passage. Again the footsteps passed. "If this goes on," thought Clara, "I shall be a lunatic before morning. There came a terrible moment, a door slammed quite near, and then she heard footsteps, not soft ones, rather firm, and inconsiderate of possible neighbors, going to and fro in the room next to hers. She could not hit on the name. Should she scream for help? No, for the terrible creature at the other side of that frail door might be irritated into punning on her, and silencing her forever! There was a pause in the walking to and fro—even the whistling ceased. Could the unhappy madman be going to sleep? Poor Clara indulged in a gleam of hope. The door near the door. The moment all was still she would make a dash for Aline's room.

The next moment the sound of a heavy weight driven with immense force, it seemed to her, against the intermediate door, depriving poor Clara of all self-control. She crept close to the entrance, and a cry for help, a despairing cry, escaped her.

There was a sudden cessation of bumping against the door. Rapid footsteps were heard, growing first fainter, then louder. Next the handle of the door near which she crouched was tried by a strong hand, and a voice—not the mad Major's—a young, pleasant voice, asked "What's the matter? What's up? Can I help you?"

"Who—who is there?" sobbed Clara through the keyhole.

"Vigors—Harry Vigors! Can I help you?"

"Oh, thank God! thank God! Take me to Aline. Is it safe—is it safe?"

"Yes, safe enough if you will open the door."

And Clara, regardless of her disheveled hair, her thin white dressing gown, her tear-stained eyes, swiftly opened the door and rushed into the arms of a tall man in a robe of chambers of Indian s. He who stood outside, having evidently deposited his shaded candle on a small table close by.

"Great heavens! Miss Rivers!" he exclaimed, holding her up tenderly. "What has happened?"

"Oh, take me to Aline! Before he comes out and murders you too!"

"The mad man—Major Delmege! He has been trying to burst open the door into my room. I—"

"Major Delmege! He is over so far off! The room next yours is mine! I came so late that I did not disturb any one, but just turned in to my own quarters. I had no idea that there was any one next to me. I threw my postman's bag against the door into your room, which must have started you. I am awfully sorry. Do forgive me! Why, you are trembling like a leaf. No, I am sure you can't stand alone. Shall I bring my sister to you?"

"No," returned Clara, feeling vaguely it was rather too informal to stand there in such a disheveled condition, in that protecting fashion by an almost total stranger. "No, I can go to my room, and she disengaged herself from him, "but you must come with me."

"Certainly," said Vigors, taking up his candle and preceding her. "I can never forgive myself for frightening you!" Aline got up. Here is Miss Rivers, wants you!" and he partially opened the door.

"Harry! What on earth has happened?" cried Aline, struggling into a wrapper and striking a light. "Why, Clara, you look like a ghost!"

A hasty explanation followed, Clara sheltering herself in a big armchair. "I am so distressed, dear, that I did not see the door into Harry's room is always fastened up—seen for fear of the state's door."

"Oh, it's all right now, thank God! Thank God!" said Clara, bursting into tears.

"Go away, Harry," said his sister, in a low voice. "How is it you were so late?"

"Oh, we came by Chertsey and Southampton, and did not reach Waterloo till past 10, then I missed the 11.30 at Paddington. Isay, Aline, can't I get anything for her? She is awfully upset."

"Your best place is to disappear! I will take care of her, and let us not say anything to father about it."

The next day Clara was nearly herself again.

Though looking pale and feeling nervous, she managed to ride, and found Vigors the most thoughtful and careful of cavaliers. Indeed, but having detailed the horrors of a night in Marvell, I have no right to prolong the story.

Has Five Thousand Bods.

What is doubtless the largest hospital, benevolent institution and free school combined is in Turin, Italy, according to a consular report. It is called the Cottolengo, and is three stories high, in the form of a St. Andrew's cross. It has 5,000 beds, over 4,000 being constantly occupied. The connecting wing, forming the street front, contains the office, engraving, waiting and other rooms. Numerous pavilions, cottages, school-houses and workshops occupy the grounds, separated by small but well-kept, gardens and yards, giving plenty of light and adding cheerfulness to the conglomerate of stone structures. The whole being scrupulously clean, a pleasing, homelike effect is secured.

Six years ago a poor monk named Cottolengo founded this institution on money solicited by begging. Its support is still obtained in this manner and by private, mostly anonymous, contributions from one day to another. No sick asking for treatment, nor any healthy person needing shelter have ever been refused admittance. If the latter is in extreme poverty and wants work and cannot get it outside it is given him here.

Homeless boys and girls receive free schooling. They learn how to read and write, knitting, sewing, embroidery or a trade. So do men and women, the trades of carpenter, shoemaker, tailor, printer, bookbinder, baker and confectioner being practically taught. The more skilful laborers are placed in the repairing department. There is constant work for the hospital; also work to fill orders coming from the outside.

Deaf mutes, the blind, incurable idiots, fallen women and picked-up children are taken in and cared for. Anyone needing a roof over his head, so long as he is present and willing to work, and not a criminal, finds a welcome home here, provided he is willing to work in exchange for shelter and a good meal. The Cottolengo is a city in itself, managed by a committee of business men and physicians, ministered to by a priest and attended by a sisterhood. The question, however, whether the applicant be Catholic or not has never been raised.

How a gigantic establishment like this can be run without a fixed income seems to be a mystery. Still it is done, and it has worked well without a hitch for over half a century, growing steadily in the meanwhile in dimensions and in popularity.

Pets of the Great.

The Car possesses a huge board headed to which he is devotedly attached. The animal was presented to him by the King of Denmark just after the railway accident at Bori, in which the Emperor lost a favorite dog. The dog sleeps by his master's bedside, and is always with the Car in his antechamber. If the dog growls at anybody that enters, it is said that they are not received well by the Emperor, who often remarks: "The dog knows my friends much better than I do."

The Queen of the Belgians is a great lover of horses, and has remarkable talent for teaching her favorite tricks. She possesses a small pony which can do no fewer than fifty tricks. The Countess of Planders, too, is passionately fond of dogs; she has six always with her, among them a poodle who is remarkably clever.

The Shah of Persia possesses no fewer than 3,000 cats. His favorite puss, Babr Kahn, a beautiful Angora, cats out of his master's plate.

The constant companion of the King of Greece is a sharp little mongrel dog, who attached himself to King George during maneuvers and refused to be separated from him.

"The Thunderer."

The London "Times" reaps \$45,000 a year by its birth, marriage and death columns.

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