

Thank you heartily, but I must go home at once. I applied for the situation of teacher here, but did not succeed.

'Oh, you did, did you?' scanning him sharply. 'Well, now, there might be other chances here. Suppose you stay over till to-morrow? Come and take supper with me. Something may turn up for you here.'

John consented. He was ready to catch at any straw. There was nothing to look forward to at home but want.

He stayed with the friendly blacksmith that night and the next day. No chance turned up. In the meantime Poger was buried.

The old man had such a fancy for you,' said Nugent, 'that it seems as if you ought to go to the funeral. He'll not have much of a follenin.'

'Will they bury him today?' 'Yes; why not? He's as dead as he can be, and there's no friends to mourn over him.'

Late that afternoon, therefore poor old Poger was laid in a paupers grave at the expense of the village. Half a dozen men among whom were Pipe and Amory, groceryman, postmaster and school committee followed after the rude pine coffin.

When they had left the graveyard and reached the road, Ben Nugent called to halt.

'Gentlemen, old Matthew Poger sent for me the day he died, knowing I had considerable legal learning, and I drew up his will. I put it into the hands of Pipe and Amory.'

'Yes,' said Pipe, drawing out a greasy slip of paper, 'Poger made a will and left his table, bed and all other property which his hut might contain, to Mr Webb here, who had paid for his fare and nursed him faithfully. He says: "If it had not been for him, I might have died in the woods." I am afraid, Mr Webb, the legacy will not help you materially.'

John smiled remembering the filthy bed and table. 'It was well meant, at least,' he said, and retired from his new friends; but Nugent did not leave him.

'Suppose we investigate your legacy. Poger was a careful man and spent nothing. I have heard a report that he was not as poor as he seemed. Let's feel about us a little. They went to the house. The smith threw some wood on the fire, which blazed up, illuminating the cobwebbed walls, the smashed window filled with rags, the wretched old bed. Ben tore the bed to pieces, and the table, punched holes in the wall about the chimney. Are you hunting for a hidden treasure?' said John, laughing. 'Yes I am; peering into an iron pot. What would Poger want of a will if he had nothing to leave?' John joined in the search, laughing as he did it; but it proved vain, and they turned to leave the hut. 'I'll have the table and chairs for firewood, with your leave,' said Ben, gathering up the stray table-legs. John lifted up the chair. How heavy it was! He gazed at the seat. Surely that was a false bottom! The blood rushed to his face. Ben, no less excited seized a club and struck a blow at the old chair. Out fell a shower of silver coins and notes upon the floor.

'I thought as much!' cried Ben, wiping his forehead. 'Here is a handsome sum! And I'm glad of it! You're an honest man Webb, and you deserve it!'

John's fortune was not made precisely. The miser's hoard amounted to nearly fifteen hundred dollars. But with that John bought a little farm in Virginia, to which he moved his family. By hard labor they have been able to live comfortably, and to help their poorer neighbors. 'It is not often,' John tells his boys, 'that Providence throws a hidden treasure in a man's way; but hard toiling and right living never fail to find one.'

He stood twirling his hat in his hand in the hall way. It was about time for the morning stars to begin their song together. 'Well,' and he moved one step nearer the door. 'Well,' she replied, as she stepped to the door also. 'Well, I—I must be going. If—' 'That's right, John, if,' and she leaned her head on his shoulder. 'If—you—have—any—conundrums—to—ask—ask—them now.' He was measured for a new hat and a pair of kid gloves on that same day.

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The North Star.

CHATHAM, N. B., DECEMBER 29, 1880.

J. E. COLLINS, Editor.

THE SPIRIT OF LATEST DESPATCHES.

The cod fishing is good on Bras d'Or Lakes.

There is a feeling in Manitoba against certain clauses in the railway contract.

From the way the Government are hurrying off troops to Ireland it is evident that they apprehend danger.

The *Byestander* thinks the Canada Pacific a stride towards annexation. All looks infected that the infected spy As all looks yellow to the jaundiced eye.

While a Boer was attempting to hoist a Republican flag at Polcheistrona, he was shot by a British officer, whom the Boers immediately shot dead.

The excitement in Ireland is unabated. The country now is suffering with troops, but they seem there to little purpose. The League is just as powerful as ever and controls things by its moral arm.

A WORD TO OUR SMELT FISHERS.

EARLY in the past autumn the various heavy smelt shippers on the Miramichi, held a consultation as to how the trade in smelts could be maintained so as to be profitable to the shipper and the fisherman. In dealing with the future of the trade they had nothing to guide them but the experience of the past; and their experience in the smelt trade for the last year at least had been that the supply of smelts from the Miramichi was greater than the demand abroad, that smelts could be caught faster on the Miramichi and other rivers here, than they could be consumed in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and all the other markets put together. The remedy here was plain to the meanest mind, as it will occur to anyone, that when the supply of any article exceeds the demand, there is no remedy but to curtail the former. Yet this though easy enough to do was one of those things which when done might be regarded by those who had not looked into the question as an infringement on their rights, and the unscrupulous demagogue might easily persuade but too many that it was an act of oppression resorted to in venting personal spite and political malice. Every fisherman who catches smelts, does not stop to reason over the question of supply and demand—he only knows that last year he was allowed to take smelts from Dec. 1st to February 15, that now 15 days have been struck off, and he is therefore ready for the first story he hears about it. Of course there is a very large number of intelligent men fishing smelts who know very well that when they hardly can get a cent per lb. for their catches, or when they cannot sell them at all, it is because the markets have been glutted, and instead of censuring the regulation intended to remedy this evil, they have abundant praise for those who brought it about.

Well, as we have said, the shippers saw that the time for shipping was too long; that December and January could supply smelts in plenty for the entire season—that a longer time than this was ruinous; that the market once glutted with spoil fish, will hardly come up again for the season, and that the interests of the shipper and the interests of the fishermen, both of which are identical, must suffer in consequence. They accordingly decided among themselves to petition the Department to shorten the season from Dec. 1, to February 1, pointing out the reasons for their request. The Minister received the petition, and on enquiry and deliberation concluded the argument was good—and it had been made by Grit and Conservative alike—

so he at once consented, first having received Inspector Vennings endorsement, to their proposals. The law accordingly went in force this season.

Only one month of the season has passed, and though catches this year have been below the average and though lesser numbers fish smelt this year than last, yet the wisdom of the new regulation is firmly established by the facts. Up to now the supply abroad has exceeded the demand, and had the catches been equal to those of last year, the markets would be literally swamped, and the fish would not pay one fourth of the expenses when sold. The object of the new regulation was to induce shippers to hold over every fish that the market could not take, till the demand arose. If this were done it would be found that the surplus from December and January, would keep the market full, during the whole of February. Thus every fish caught would realize a legitimate price, tons upon tons would not be wasted, and the fisherman and the shipper would be a hundred fold better off. All that is needed now to this consummation, is the cooperation of the shippers themselves.

There ought to be a uniformity in the smelt fishing regulations for the whole Province, and this is beyond doubt the Inspectors and the Minister's intention. This year it was different, but it was only so by an oversight which however worked no harm to the fisheries or to the fishermen. Licenses were issued from Kent to fish during November with bag nets, but as it happened not one fish was shipped before the first of December. Unscrupulous persons with no character and paid for belying the Government and misrepresenting everything done by the department state differently, but enquiry at Carleton Station will prove that what we write is correct.

There is now at the Miramichi a gentleman belonging to a large firm of fish agents at Fulton market, New York. He represents the entire market and he states that owing to the quantities in which our shippers send in the smelt to Fulton markets, that there is little for the agents there and less for the shippers. With a view to remedying this he is now here—and his mission gives invincible proof of our statements all along, that the Fishery department was wise in shortening the fishing time, and that the shippers themselves should take immediate steps towards protecting themselves against the grave losses of reckless shipping. The markets now are full, and load upon load of smelts arrives every day at the Chatham station. Let our shippers possess themselves coolly and with confidence; lay over all the smelts that will not bring them a paying price abroad, for they will be able to sell them at paying prices through the month of February. There is no use selling smelt at 2 cents a lb. now in New York, that in February would bring 4 to 5 cents a lb. The shippers have their interests in their own hands.

READ THE ILLS OF POOR PROFESSOR HIND.

PROFESSOR HIND is one of the most obliging men that we have heard about for some time; for he has voluntarily undertaken to act as Auditor General of the Marine and Fisheries reports for the whole Dominion, with out any pay except the mere promise of office and rewards when the present Opposition regains power! In auditing Hon. Mr. Popes blue book lately he has discovered a number of mistakes such as the substitution of tweedledun for tweedledee—and the criminal neglect of the department in omitting to state that in the autumn bass' scales are of a copperish hue; but that in winter they are pale. A number of other fatal omissions and substitutions are complained of, and the question now arises how is a poor insignificant country like Canada going to repay the Professor for his great and voluntary task?

Professor Hind is a kind of a tramp professor. He has prowled around a number of our coast waters observing the habits of lobsters, eels, salmon, cod, herring, whales, etc., and in this way he has a good deal of straggling information on hand, which he can get the public to read unless he can't get it in with some work like that criticizing the management of Mr. Popes department.

It is really too bad that the Government will persist in refusing to do anything for Professor Hind. He has spent the most of his life investigating the mysteries of the piscatorial tribes; yet he cannot get a permanent position of any description in our Marine and Fisheries department. He has been indirectly striving for this a good while now, but his hints and faint requests have never been taken notice of. He has been standing now as far from success as the day he raked his first clam. It is all very well for some people to say, the Professor's criticism is not rational; it is spiteful, that if the Government employed him, he would write the contrary way, etc.; but such people do

not know how much some men will do to get before the public, and to have themselves and their discoveries and their knowledge talked about. The fact of the business is, the Government ought to have employed Professor Hind as the Professor wanted them to do, collecting scientific information on fishes. They should have paid him a couple of thousand dollars a year for parading his theories before the world; and if they had they would not now have him writing against them. They let the Rev. Mr. Grant who accompanied Fleming across the continent on his first survey slip out of their hands in the same way. So long as Grant was employed by the Government he very conscientiously lauded the Pacific R. R. scheme to the skies (Vide first page of his "Ocean to Ocean.") but when the Government said, "Grant we do not want you any longer," he very properly attacked the scheme he had before commended, in the strongest language and over his own name in a number of this year's *Scribner*. Men like Mr. Grant and Professor Hind work for their pay and they are quite justified in attacking any Government the moment the bill is closed against them. Mr. Grant and Professor Hind, having been choked off, are therefore entitled to the sympathy of their countrymen, and in our judgment are justified in the course they have taken.

Some people however maintain that Deputy Smith, who is part responsible for the errors the Professor writes about, and not Mr. Hind, wrote the criticism on the departmental discrepancies; and that the deputy is quite favorable to the Governments opponents, and distributes the patronage of the office among several newspapers which oppose, belie, and blackguard the Government. If this be so, Deputy Smith should be turned off about his business—and no doubt he would make a fortune with Professor Hind gathering up outlandish looking eels or Octopi. We have stated the facts in the last paragraph lest anyone might think our remarks about Prof. Hind were a compliment in the remotest way to Deputy Smith.

It is not necessary for us to state here that Mr. Smith of Mr. Popes department has, as far as his prudence would permit him, always legned himself with the enemy; or that he tried to hunt down the man who appointed him to the position he so miserably half fills; or that he is now an incubus costing the Dominion \$2,000 a year, or that he is any too good at this late hour to lend him self to any plot to bring the Gov't into disgrace, provided he can do it quietly; but he has in this latter as well as in other reprehensible matters, "a brother like unto himself,"—who has kept up correspondence with, and retained private official matters to certain disreputable persons here, who earn their daily bread by belying and vilifying the present Government. If the storm has broken over Mr. Whitechairs head, it came none too soon—and it is now in order that the same fate should overtake the other faithless one—or that he be put out and his place filled by an intelligent and honorable man.

THE FORTUNE BAY "OUTRAGE."

THE press of Newfoundland is to be congratulated on the dignity and ability with which it has conducted its side of the question on the Fortune Bay affair; and among the Island papers in this matter, the *Newfoundlander* has stood to the front. Some time ago it was rumored here that the Island people were in a gale of excitement over Earl Granville's despatch to Secretary Everts on the Fortune Bay matter, but we have now a number of the Island papers at hand and we find that they came to no hasty conclusion; but inferred, and have rightly inferred, that brief as was the summary of Earl Granville's despatch, that there was enough published at any rate to show that Washington diplomatists would find nearly as little satisfaction in it as they did in the despatch of the Earl's predecessor. There was when the text of the document was all made public a difference of wording from that of its predecessor it is true, but the meaning of the one was precisely the meaning of the other, or as a great English paper put it, it was "a distinction without a difference."

But in our humble judgment Earl Granville is to blame and he is Mr. Gladstone, not for their treatment of the case, but for meddling with it at all. They ought to know something now of the habits of the school of politicians who occupy the Chambers of the White House, and they should have kept their doors resolutely shut against Mr. Everts' special pleadings.

They should have known if they do not know, that the upshot will be a demand for another commission to appraise the damages;—and the commissioners next time will sit at Washington. What the result would be it is hard to tell; and therefore Mr. Gladstone who might have non-

sued the case by refusing to hear it, has by his act really admitted it into court where it may fare far better than it deserves. Upon the case says the *Newfoundlander*, the Colonial Secretary's paper:—

American exponents seem generally to have agreed to represent that the whole pith and essence of the contention on our side was that the Gloucester fishermen in Fortune Bay had merely broken a Colonial-made statute. This may have been convenient for those interested in minimizing the wrong to British interests in Fortune Bay; but it is obviously a most unfair position, for it ignores the primary wrong done, which was the *infraction of the Treaty by the act of seining from the shore*. We have always argued, and any fair view of the facts compels us to argue, that the breach committed by the American fishermen was a compound fracture, breaking in the first place the Washington Treaty, and next the local laws affecting the operation of that Treaty, by which the Americans constructively agreed to be bound as part of the Treaty when they accepted the Treaty itself. Now the seining from the shore has never been denied by the Americans; not, as it is denied that this seining violated a Treaty restriction.

The writer follows with a quotation from Judge Forster, Counsel for the Washington side of the question at Halifax. The paragraph thus concludes:—

"So far as the herring trade goes, we could not, if we were disposed to, carry it on successfully under the provisions of the Treaty, for this herring business is substantially a seining from the shore—a strand fishing, as it is called, and we have no right anywhere conferred by this Treaty to go ashore and seine herring any more than we have to establish fish-traps."

But in the teeth of this the Americans did on the Sabbath morning, land, cast out their seines, and draw from the shore. The case has been before the public like a buffalo too long—and shame is it for Earl Granville to keep it longer there.

THAT MODEL FARM.

We regret to say that some of the members of the board of agriculture have got the establishment of the model farm into their heads, and to that end they passed some resolutions the other day. If farmers only looked carefully into the matter they would at once see that a model farm without the aid of an agricultural college, would be like a model school without teachers. It would be a costly incumbrance which would not yield ten cents worth of practical value. Of course there can be no great harm in the Board enquiring into the cost of such model farm; but we have too much faith in the good sense of the Legislature to think they will sanction such a piece of expensive folly as the Board proposes. Now if they set up a college, with a staff of Agricultural professors in connexion with the model farm, the latter would be the material on which the professors could work, and there our farmers sons could learn the advanced knowledge relating to ploughing, sowing, tending and reaping; towards changing land, the rotation of crops, the relation of soils, etc., and also the methods of cross breeding, and stock raising in its various phases. But establish your model farm and you have it to look at it over the fence, and that is all. No such information as the *farming public* requires will be spread abroad by means of it; it will conserve no good, and will only furnish a theme to talk about—and report upon every year.

WHAT IS WRITTEN REMAINS.

"The evil that men do lives after them."
—JULIUS CAESAR.

In 1871 Mr. T. W. Anglin, Mr. Mackenzie, Mr. Smith and Mr. Mills and all the other Ministers of their school said the North West was a barbarous wilderness, that it was not worth opening up, that in summer it was burning hot, and in the winter cold as Siberia. They scouted the idea of building a road through such a worthless region and appealed to the public of Canada for audience to what they said. "And should the road be ever built there," said they, "the traffic that will be derived, will not grease the wheels; and Canada will find herself out of pocket six million dollars a year to run it." But the same Anglin and his friends a week ago put the lands in this "barren wilderness" of 1871 down at from \$2 to \$5 an acre: inveighed against the Government for settling such a monopoly of lands—mind you these same "barren lands"—upon the syndicate. But louder than all their howls was that against making over the road to the company—the same road which in '71 they said would cost the Government \$6,000,000 a year to run! Verily but these speeches of other days rising up now against their authors remind one of the ghost of Banquo in the play.

GRIT GUNS AGAINST THE GRITS.

An article published by the *Toronto Globe* eight years ago on the Canada Pacific is coming again in the light of the present Grit policy. Here are a few passages from *Globe* Editorial then:—

"Instead of the fact that the "North Pacific" is under construction being an argument for allowing the Canadian project to lie in the meantime in abeyance, it affords the strongest reason possible for its being pushed through without delay. Politically it is a manifest and pressing necessity, while commercially it is as evidently of the very highest importance for Canada."

"Our rulers will be traitors to their country and to British connection if they lose a single season in making it practicable and convenient for settlers to go to Fort Garry through our own territory, and in putting things in fair way for the Canadian Pacific Railway. It is a question not merely of convenience but of national existence; it must be pushed through at whatever expense."

"Without such a line a great British North America would turn out an unsubstantial dream."

The Grits all along the line are exposed to the withering fire of their own utterances of days gone by. The same *Globe* who published the above 8 years ago, to-day repudiates its own words and denounces the Government in frantic terms for building the Canada Pacific!! Consistency but thou art a jewel sure enough!

FAMOUS!

"'Tis pleasant sure to see one's name in print. A book's a book, although there's nothing in it."

Lord Byron fell asleep one night unknobbed, and woke up the next morning famous. Only the other day Mr. Parkin was a quiet plodding schoolmaster at Fredericton; only the other day he lectured on the "Federation of the Empire" in St. John. Since then he has sent copies of his lecture away, one to Goldwin Smith. The latter has replied, and now Mr. Parkin's loud dream is realized; his fairy hope is a material thing—he is famous!

TWO GRIT GUNS SPIKED.

Those grits who cry out about granting away 25 000 000 acres of our best land to a soulless corporation, find their mouths shut when the Syndicate offers to take another \$25,000 000 instead!

After all the grit howling the Canada Pacific is to be constructed according to the Union Pacific as it stood in 1873. This brings the standard up to the highest of American roads!

George Elliott is dead. She was a great writer—and leaves behind her a world of fiction of her own creation.

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