

LOCAL MATTERS.

NOTICE.

The public are hereby cautioned against paying subscriptions or amounts for advertisements to any person on behalf of the STAR, unless said person hold written authority from me to collect and receive the same.

J. E. COLLINS,
Ed. "Star."

Personal.

The Surveyor General went to Fredericton Monday evening, to attend a meeting of the Government.

Cow Killed by a Bear.

A cow belonging to Mrs. Doran, Black Brook, was killed by a bear on Sunday. The bear pounced upon its prey quite close to her house.

Church Matters.

This is Rogation week. To-morrow will be Ascension Day, a holiday of obligation in the Roman Catholic church. Masses will be celebrated at the pro-Cathedral, as on Sundays.

Illness.

We regret to hear of the illness at Newcastle of Mr. McLellan, the efficient and zealous track superintendent on the I. C. R. We join in what is a very general wish when we say we hope he will soon be restored again.

Damages.

A portion of the wheel of the "Andover" was smashed in the jam of logs, preventing her from running Monday. The "Derby" took the place of the disabled boat, and ran on time—nearly. The "Andover" got out in good repair, yesterday morning.

A Long Drive.

Enoch Dow, Esq., of Canterbury, York County, now 87 years of age has started for Rhode Island with a pair of horses attached to a farm wagon. His only attendant is a little grandchild 14 years of age. He will drive all the way himself.

Gold in St. Stephen.

From a private letter we learn that there is a great excitement among mineral men in St. Stephen, over the discovery of a lump of quartz, richly laden with gold, by a young fellow there some days ago. The fellow was offered \$200 to tell where he found the piece but he refused to do so. He carried the quartz over to Calais, and showed it around, increasing the interest of all who saw it. Between this Bonanza find, and the Cotton Mill there now, things are lively in St. Stephen.

Why?

The people of Black Brook complain that they are not treated in postal matters as other people are. They ask for example why the carrying off the Black Brook mails is not given by tender, every four years, the same as other mails. For twelve years now they have been carried by the same person, without tenders being asked for—so Black Brook people inform us.

Removing to Chatham.

We are glad to hear that Dr. McDonald, of Newcastle, has decided on changing his residence to Chatham. He has leased the dwelling &c., on water street, recently purchased by Mr. D. Desmond. He purposes moving, we understand, about the middle of June. While welcoming the doctor to Chatham, we wish him very much success.

Bears in Barnaby River.

Some parties in Barnaby River last week set a deadfall for bears. A lad of fifteen, a son of Mr. Timothy Murphy, went out to the deadfall, and found a bear in it, scowling but helpless. The little fellow set upon the bear with an axe and despatched it; but before he had his work quite finished, the mate of the entrapped Bruin came up,—which on seeing the boy, and the axe, etc., turned about, and disappeared in the woods.

Slabs, Edgings, etc., in the River.

The extent to which slabs, edgings, sawdust and other rubbish are thrown into the river, is most disgraceful and injurious. It is hard on the fishermen at Black Brook who have their nets out and pay taxes for these nets, to find the same destroyed, and the fish driven away. Yet the Government have two salaried officers as Harbor Masters—but both of them appear to be as blind as a pair of moles. Or it may be that *Oculus habent et non vident*. Their only aspiration seems to be to draw their pay. Indeed a Government office in but too many cases here, and elsewhere, has now come to be looked upon as a kind of easy chair, where the tenant has only to take his *otium cum dignitate* and sign his quarterly receipts.

Eriptions.

We will never be as we ought to be in this country, till we get the rack-renting system here, as the climax to the other oppression which those who seem to have the blood, and the instincts, and the intelligence of Irish bailiffs have lately brought here from Ireland. An unfortunate from Newcastle writes to us to say that a person there whom he calls "a late imported bailiff," has recently "rack-rented" him for an exercise of "Free Will," an act "within the custom and the constitution." Let our correspondent bide his time. A repulsive member in a community, is like a nauseating pill in the stomach that does not fulfil a legitimate mission—and is eventually vomited forth. The people after all rule here—bailiff tyranny will wither in our free country.

THE ICE JAM ON THE SOUTH-WEST.

Naturally as comes the springs rain, come also tidings of some misfortune connected with the South West Boom. But the calamities are always occasioned by something or another, out of the ordinary way. "If it wasn't for the weak joint" in it one year, "it would have held on all right," "if it was not for the high fresher" another year, "it would not have been jarred,"—and so on.

On Saturday last there was a great rush of water down the river—as there usually is after heavy rains!—and logs came rolling and tumbling into the boom. Those who would expect to see a giant held fast by a cord of pack thread, thought the boom could withstand the logs and the rush of water; but their calculations deceived them. The boom is constructed exactly in the way that makes its most at the mercy of a wavy strain. The boom forms an acute angle with the shore, the apex being the lower end and that subjected to most strain, the widest part being the mouth, or that portion where the logs enter. Naturally enough the whole concern broke away, on being subjected to the pressure of 40 millions of lumber.

It is contended and with every show of reason, that, as the boom stands, it is a mere unreliable trap; that to make it secure it should run to Barnaby's Island, which would not be likely to give way before a jam of logs. This change could be easily effected—and by it the force would be changed from the apex of the boom, to the island, and those owning lumber would not be shivering every rush of water they see in the river. So much for the boom.

News reached here Saturday afternoon that the South West Boom had broken and that the logs were passing out to sea. The tags "Relief," "Gladiator," and "St. George," left with a number of men equipped with all the appliances at their command to save the stuff, and they fancied all the lumber in the boom had escaped. But some hours before news had reached Newcastle, that the boom had broken. Without any trepidation, or any confusion as to what to do under the circumstances, Major Call put out the Andover, and sent up to the scene of the trouble. Despite all obstacles he forced his steamers up to where he could get control of the huge mass,—and with a happy stroke of management saved about 40 millions of logs. A portion of these, it is said about 20 millions, were stopped by the piers of the Railway Bridge. It was this fact that led to the most excitement: for it was reported through Newcastle that a carload of railway officials were coming up to break the jam and save the bridge. But the bridge was in no danger, especially as the water began to fall—for then the logs were held fast by terra firma.

On Sunday night the much talked of war-car of the I. C. R. department arrived at the bridge. Mr. Engineer Mackenzie was on board, and was met by the Surveyor General and Major Call. With both of these gentlemen he examined the piers, but found there was no danger. The lumber owners then breathed easy, though many think it would have taken Mr. Mackenzie and his navies till 1882 to "break the jam."

The safety of the lumber assured, all turned to express their gratitude to Major Call and the "Andover," which steamer well earned the Government subsidy by saving 40 million feet of logs, if she did nothing more for the summer. And in appreciation of their gratitude some of those whose interests were at stake, have agreed to give Major Call a handsome present. We are not at liberty yet to say what it is to be.

During the first full meeting of the directors and other persons interested in lumbering was held in the office of Judge Williston. It was hard to get the parties together and some left before the meeting closed. The Judge held that the bond of Robinson lessee, compelled him to bear all expense in connexion with rafting and assorting the logs for the same price as fixed in the terms of agreement. Another meeting was held at the Waverly afterwards; but we do not care to say anything about that affair now. But by—and-bye we shall have a word to say to Lessee, lumbermen bondholders and all!—If it would not be considered *outré*, let us ask where are the new piers and booms, which Mr. Hutchinson said would be built at the "Old Squaw"? Mr. George Parker said on Saturday last that a mile of the boom pieces were not fit to hold logs. The Lessee also sisted to Major Call when the latter demanded entrance to proceed up river that it was not safe to open the swinging boom—it would break.

STAR BRIEFS.

Bishop Sweeny is expected home from Rome about the middle of June. Arrangements are in progress to give His Lordship a fitting reception.

Father Bazou is instructing a number of children who are about to receive confirmation on Pentecost Sunday.

Barque "Forest Queen" of Belfast arrived in port today with part cargo coal for Geo. McLeod and pig iron for the Miramichi Foundry.

Messrs Gunn & O'Malley advertise today a large stock of provisions and ship chandlery goods. See their advertisement.

See advertisement of the Bank of Nova Scotia just established at Newcastle.

A Bay du Vin Bridge Threatened.

Gulliver's bridge spanning Bay du Van River is in a dangerous condition. During the late fresher a million feet of logs were carried down against the piers. Immediate steps are necessary.

Queen's Birthday.

Yesterday was a quiet day in Chatham. Most of the stores were closed, and a good many of the people were out of town. The streets were silent, and almost deserted. Flags floated here and there, from some of the important buildings, but we looked in vain for a volunteer's coat, and listened long for a *feu de joie*. None of these things were. The "Andover" went up to Red Bank in the morning with a number of excursionists; and a view of the jam of logs was had on the way up. The party engaged themselves in the usual style of picnickers; tripped it over the delicate greens, peeping out after their wintery sleep, and listening to the birds, busy with their building, in the green trees. The party arrived home about 7 o'clock.

CHATHAM BYE ROADS.

The following is the apportionment made for the bye roads of Chatham.

UPPER DISTRICT—35, John O'Riley.
—On Rectory road, \$20; Rectory road to Nelson line, \$15; Road between Baldwin's and Brehoe's, \$10; Irvine road, \$15; John Brown road, \$15; Keenan road, \$10; Road from 3rd tier lots to Nelson line, \$15; Patrick Connell's road, \$10; Road from Johnson's, 3rd tier lots, to Michael Connell's, \$10; To drain road between Michael Fitzpatrick's and D. Travis', \$10—\$130.

Special—36. Patrick Connors. Expended on bridge, 1880, \$44 93.

LOWER DISTRICT—37. William Kerr.
On Loggie's road, \$25; Road from Forrest's to Wilson's, 15; Chatham to Forrest's, 15; Road from Forrest's to Black Brook bridge, back road 15; To continue the road easterly from Old Napan road, 20; On Old Napan road, 10; Road from Murdoch's to Wilson's, 15; Road from Black Brook bridge to Murdoch's, 20; From Black Brook towards Old Napan road, 10; To pay balance due finally M'Dermid 1880, 52 1/2—\$150.25.

Special—38. Thomas M'Laughlin. To pay expenditures in 1880 \$25.

MIDDLE DISTRICT—39. Thomas Keating.

To pay Charles Blakley for road work, 1880, \$20; To repair bridge on road to Creighton's 20; On the Chapel road from Chatham to Glenelg line, 20; On the Gordon road, 10; From Richibucto road to John Lalley's 10; On the St John burying ground road, 10; From Maher's to Brown's, 10; On Archibald Jardine's road, 10; From Chapel road to Richibucto road, past Searle's, 10; To drain road at James Anderson's, between Chapel road and Noonan's, 10; For Meadow road, known as Thomas Keating and Jardine, 20—\$150.

Bye Road Commissioners are notified that no over expenditure will be recognized, and any expenditure of money over sums named will be at their own risk. Returns and Vouchers must be filed with the Auditor General on or before the thirty first day of October, 1881.

ALNWICK NOTES.

The people are just beginning to farm. The weather is very cold and it has been rainy for farming.

There was a great quantity of herring caught in Neguac bay last week. The people here have not seen this fish so plentiful for the last twenty years.

Messrs. Alex. Martin and Simon Simpson has each bought 300 bbls for Lobster bait, and I am informed that Mr. Anthony Adams has also bought 150 bbls for the same purpose. J. W. Anderson has saltered about 500 bbls. Had some one prepared for salting Herring for market they could have got all they wanted.

There were two or three schooners from other places buying herring here this Spring: they paid about 40cts. per bbl, in goods. Some of them loaded their crafts, others did not and could not get loads. It is no wonder had they paid 50cts in cash, or goods at cash price they would have secured all they required.

All the drives are out down here. The drives in Church River, Indian Brook, River des Cachues and the different small rivers which run into the Tabusintac River are also out.

The weather still continues cold and rainy and very unfavorable for farming. There has been a Light House and Beacon erected on the east end of Hay Island this spring, and I presume they will be lighted about mid-summer. It is rumored that there are many applications for the lightkeeperships, and rich enough the applicants are mostly Alnwick men. I have no doubt that they are heartily sorry for ever having supported a man who cannot help them in any way. Experience teaches fools and wisdom, and the election of Mr. Snowball may teach my Alnwick neighbors so.

I am sorry to be able to say that there is three or four men who have worked all winter with Mr. Charles Hickey, who are supplied by Mr. J. B. Snowball, Esq., our M. P. but when the parties got their order for their wintery hard labor and presented them for payment in the office of our said M. P. the word was We will not pay one cent on this order. This was certainly a very discouraging position for a man or men to be in a town without any means to pay their bills, except a refused order of about \$80 or \$90 each. These parties do not blame the National Policy for this. Perhaps our M. P. would be inclined to blame the M. P. for the non-payment of said order. I have been informed since the orders were refused the parties intended to take legal proceedings against Mr. Hickey; and our M. P. consented to pay about one half the amount. At least they lost

half their wintery wages. Such a transaction as this will again encourage the electors of Alnwick to teach Mr. Snowball a lesson in 1883.

I strongly agree with you Mr. Editor that it is time the Liberal Conservative party organized themselves into committees from each parish, such committees to meet as often as convenient. Care should be taken in selecting the committee in each parish to get men who never were bribed either for money or offices, or men who are one thing today and another tomorrow.

I remain, yours,

Alnwick, May 20, 1881.

COMMUNICATIONS.

A VOICE FROM THE MILLS.

To the Editor of the Star:—

DEAR SIR,—The strike here, I am glad to say is ended. The workmen got the wages they had last year, and this is all they demanded before they struck. I have talked to them one and all upon the subject, and it is not the paltry 5 cents a day they minded, but the oppressive spirit that was at the bottom of it. They felt their miserable days pay was small enough, and that it was an outrage to make it any smaller. I suppose you know how the settlement was accomplished? Mr. Snowball brought a policeman down on the wharf—and if you believe when he came with his "bobbie," I was reminded of the landlord beyond the water, followed by a "peeler," as he came to intimidate his tenants. I notice Mr. Snowball's paper puts a new face on the strike. It says in effect that the men were cut down, because they are no good. That two men in the Snowball mill are no better than one man in any other mill. What a story to tell the people of the North, that the poor slaves who do not walk but run, who sweat from morn till night, are cut down because they do not work! The man who oppresses men, is a fit one to libel them too!

You have read the insults I suppose heaped upon the men in this mill. I need not explain the statements any further than to say this: The reason why it takes more men at one gang in this mill, than at a gang in any other mill, is because there is a greater distance to carry the deals than in other mills. With regard to the speed of the gangs I will say nothing—though it is well known that up to last Thursday, when there was a point to be made against the workmen of this mill, the people were told privately and publicly that a gang of this mill cut faster than any other gang on the Miramichi. Thank you Sir for your space and for allowing me to put in a word for the oppressed side of our people.

Yours,

WORKMAN IN SNOWBALL'S MILL.

Chatham May 21, 1881.

A TOUR THROUGH ICE-LAND.

A WELL CULTIVATED VALLEY.

Filthy Railway Cars—A Sensitive Boy.

LANDLORD'S CONTEMPT FOR TENANTS.

Absolute Unquestioned Power.

(From Cor. Montreal "Witness".)

The valley through which the railway passes from Derby to Omagh is one long stretch of beauty, fertility and careful tillage. Every field, whatever its shape, is cultivated up to the fence and into the corners with mathematical nicety. The regular fields, the green separating ditches with their grassy coverings, the hills cultivated to the very tops, and the trees growing here and there all over a landscape that should delight the heart of a farmer. Whenever I come to careless husbandry, I will be sure to record it. I have seen nothing of the kind yet on mountain side or valley. I do not wish to fling a rose-colored veil over every thing because it is Irish. The country is simply beautiful—no words can do justice to it. Still there are some things one could find fault with freely. Between Omagh and Strabane I took

A THIRD-CLASS CAR.

It was dirty, of course, horribly dirty, out, as Mrs. McClarty said, "the dirt was well dried on," and it was almost empty, so I entered. When the train stopped at

STRABANE

was quite dizzy and sick and took refuge in the first 'bus, which 'bus belonged to that superlative establishment, the "Abercorn Arms." Was informed that the late Lord Leitrim had stopped there a day or two before his death on his way to Manorvaughan. "Stopped in this very room," said my informant. He left here on the Sabbath day in his own carriage for Manorvaughan; he had not much reference for the day. He was a very old man, walked lame with one leg, had a very face and very white hair. He rested one day at Manorvaughan, the next day he set out for Manor and was killed.

"Why did they murder him?"

"They said that he was a cruel landlord. Yes, a very bad landlord they said he was." He was very impatient to get away from here that morning. He little thought that he was hurrying to his death.

I ventured to ask if the people here favored the Land League. "I suppose they do not?"

"Oh, but they do! Every one here favors the Land League, for the land is

rented far too high. I know many who are determined, if this Land Law that's to come does not better things, to go off to America. There are a great many going as it is. All that can go will go, if things do not become better.

I heard sentiments like these on the cars. People said: If this Bill brings no relief there will be the greatest exodus that ever was known. Sunday came. Went to the Strabane Presbyterian Church because I was told that Professor Witherow, the historian of the siege of Derry, was to preach there. He did not, however; the pulpit was occupied by another person. From Strabane took the Finn Valley Railway, and went off on a voyage of discovery to Eskry.

At Stranorlar got a car, and a driver who knew Rusky well. The car seemed loose in its joints, the horse was a large bundle of bones that the crows cawed after; but I scrambled into the car and off we went. Left Stranorlar behind, and to climb up the hills; over hills, across hills, soon coming to the conclusion that the driver knew nothing about the place. Taxed him with the fact, when he declared in a sulky manner that during all the years he had driven a car no one had ever wanted to go to Eskry before. He emptied out his temper on the horse, who was not able to run, but broke into an asthmatic attempt at galloping, and very nearly shambled out of the harness. This was

THE ORDER OF OUR MARCH—

gallop up a hill, stop to knot up the harness, creep round a hill, stop to ask the way, stop at the foot of a hill for the driver to walk up, stop some girls to enquire the way again. Of course it began to rain, and rained with a will. Finally after travelling, like the heroes of fairy tales, farther than I can tell you or you can tell me, we came to a blacksmith's shop. The smith, coming to the door to have a good look at the passenger on the car, told us we had come the wrong way entirely—of course we had—but we might better ourselves yet by turning round a certain cabin, over one hill, round another, pass a line kiln, turning to the right at one cross roads, to the left at another, we would come to a fine big house which was the house we sought. As we followed this roundabout direction, a sense of amusement mingled with the aim. The Letterkenny John had said of Eskry: "It's a fine place. It's it that just is. You'll get the fine milk and plenty of it there." When I had made up my mind that the fairies had a hand in mystifying us for invading their native domains, behold we passed the lime-kiln the hills and the crossroads, and stopped suddenly at the house which we sought. A nice-looking house, an orchard before the door on the other side of the road, a nice little flower patch at the door. Litted the knocker and announced an arrival. The goodman was not an home, and the girls were married, and the old woman was so thoroughly frightened that she actually trembled. Was it an embodiment of the Land League coming to entrap her into treason, or a new tenant coming to look after the place, or what? She ventured to ask if we were from the agent in Derry. No, we were not from the agent—knew nothing about him. Would we take a glass of wine? No, we would not take wine, but would gladly take a glass of buttermilk. Buttermilk not to be had. The fire smoked everything was wrong. Pitying the poor woman's evident terror we gladly took our leave, which gave her a visible relief. A neighbor had stepped in with a shillelagh in his hand to see if he was needed. Looked at us in a darkly enquiring look. We left, without enlightening anyone as to the business or rather want of business that took us to the hills. I am sure the old lady will wonder over it for some days. Got to Killygordoun in time for the train; that is, waited at the station for a couple of hours, and admired the banks and braes of a little stream that flowed past, and the grand trees that bordered it, the rich prospect, up and down the valley, of fields green with grass, or brown with the spring hop over buried grain; studied all the rules and regulations of the Finn Valley Railway, framed and hung up in the little station, and read all the advertisements; at last got into the train and steamed away from Killygordoun. Took

A FIRST CLASS TICKET.

As the distance was short, to see what first-class passengers enjoyed. There is a great difference indeed between first and third. Third class is a penny a mile, first is two pence half-penny; luxurious as carpets, curtains, cushions, spring seats and easy chairs can make it. There is not nearly so much difference in price, as difference in style. As a first class passenger I was assisted in and out, and the door held open for me; as a third or second class one can go in or out as they please for all the official care.

Gentry are expected to have a well-filled purse and an open hand. If they have not both, what business have they to set up for gentry? Popular opinion thinks of them as Carleton's hedge scholar expressed himself. "You a gentleman? No, nor one of your breed, seed or generation ever was, you proctoring tuafe you!" Now the line of demarcation between the people trained by ages to stand with open hand expecting a gift, and those to whom a gift is an insult is hard to find sometimes. A young lad, a sharp boy, had been my guide to two or three places and carried my bag for me. I offered him pay, for pay had been expected from me by every one with whom I came in contact from the moment I landed. Tears came in the poor lad's eyes with mortified anger. One feels bad to hurt anyone's feelings, and between those who have a desire for a gift and are hurt if they did not get one, and those to whom offering a gift is the worst form of insult, one is sometimes puzzled

CONTEMPT FOR THE TENANT.

I find a very strong feeling some places where I have been in connection with the contempt which some owners of the soil feel for the cultivators of it. A landlord—lately an attorney in a county town—who has succeeded, most unexpectedly, to a great estate, takes no pains to conceal the contempt in which he holds his tenants. He sauntered into a shop, also the post office of the town, and in the course of conversation informed him that his tenancy were a lazy lot of blackguards. Two of his tenants were present standing in the shop. He did not know them, but they knew him. To the eye of an outsider like myself the tenants seemed the most gentlemanly of the two parties. This gentleman it was explained to me by his tenants, was not a specimen of the usual landlord, who, whatever the fault of the land law might be which they believed in and ruled their conduct by, they were gentlemen who would not degrade themselves by such an utterance. The idea is brought forward to me again and again that the best landlord clings to the power to oppress

ABSOLUTE UNQUESTIONED POWER

to do as he likes with his tenantry though he might never exercise it. The Protestants of Derry, Donegal, Tyrone, farmers with whom I have had the opportunity to converse, all refer to this fact. The good landlord considers it an infringement of his state as a landlord to take away a power he is too kind to use, although he will admit that some have used it unmercifully. A recent speech of Lord Lifford's complains that things are now claimed as a right that used to be regarded as a favour on the part of the landlord's. There is a strong, deep feeling among the best of the tenants against such utterances as these and the spirit behind them. There have been many comments on Mr. Bence Jones' lecture in Holborn, in which he recounted what he had suffered at the hands of the Irish in return for living among them for forty years, not that he mentions any kindness that he has conferred upon them, but simply they are indebted to him for forty years' of his presence amongst them. He moved the audience almost to tears, actually to cheers, by his lamentation over the fact that his daughter, an English lady, had to milk the cows. "She might have done worse, ladies as great as she has been known to do worse," is the ungracious comment on this grievance about here.

Omagh, April 27th, 1881.

Narrow Escape from Drowning.

Mr. John Moran of Chatham, while engaged lumber driving a few days ago on the North Branch of the Rensous, had a narrow escape from drowning. He was engaged breaking a dam, when he fell into the stream. Several hundred logs passed over him, before he was again seen. When taken out he was quite unconscious.

Sheriff's Sale.

To be sold at Public Auction on WEDNESDAY the 1st day of June next, in front of the Post Office, in Chatham between the hours of 12 o'clock noon and 5 o'clock a. m.

All the Right, Title and Interest of Henry Sergeant, in and to all of the several Lots or parcels of Land and premises situate, lying and being in the Parish of Harlowe, and County of Northumberland, bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

All that lot or parcel of land situate in the Parish and County aforesaid, bounded in front or northerly by the Lower Bay du Vi, Bay or Shore, easterly by lands owned by John O'Neill, westerly by lands occupied by Thomas Lewis and in rear by the base-line of said lot—having a frontage of 30 rods more or less, and containing 50 acres more or less.

Also, all that other lot or piece of land situate, lying and being in the Parish and County aforesaid, and bounded in front or Northerly by the base line of the front lots, westerly by lands occupied by John Walsh, Easterly by lands occupied by Patrick Walsh and in the rear by wilderness lands—having a frontage of twenty six rods more or less, and containing fifty acres more or less, and being the Lot of land and premises of which the said Henry Sergeant at present resides.

Also, all that other lot or piece of land situate in the parish and County aforesaid bounded on the Northerly side by lands occupied by John O'Leary, Westerly by lands owned by Michael Carroll, Easterly by wilderness lands and Southerly by lands owned by the late Thomas Sergeant deceased—being a meadow lot.

The same having been seized under and by virtue of executions issued out of the Circuit County Court at the suit of Henry O'Leary against the said Henry Sergeant and Thomas Sergeant, and out of the Northumberland County Court at the suit of Thomas B. Fleisher against the said Henry Sergeant.

JOHN SHIRREFF,
Sheriff of Northumberland County—
Sheriff's Office, Newcastle,
16th February, A. D. 1881.

M. A. FINN

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Orders from the country promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed.
Newcastle, N. B., March 9th