

The North Star

CHATHAM, N. B. July 23, 1881

J. E. COLLINS.....EDITOR

TWO PICTURES.

This is what the great Edmund Burke says of the duty of a Representative. We want Mr. Snowball and his friends to read it:—

‘It is the duty of your Parliamentary representative to sacrifice his repose and his pleasures to yours, and above all, to PREFER IN ALL CASES OUR INTEREST TO HIS OWN.’

SEVERAL UNTRUTHS.

The Opposition organ in St. John, whose unctious is not able to garnish over its implety publishes several libels on the people of Chatham in yesterday's issue. We do not hold it excused that it got its information from this source or that, as no man in this Province knows better than the editor of the *Telegraph* how much reliance ought to be placed in the authority it quotes. Here is the first:—

“A very pleasant feature of the matter was, that while Liberals were invited to be present at the demonstration and presentation of the address to Sir Hector under the belief that it was to be of a non-political character, the managers of the reception all the time contemplated making the address partizan in tone, and the affair a party demonstration.”

It would not be polite to say the above is a lie; yet that is precisely what it is. There was no intention from the beginning to make the reception non-partizan, no one said it was to be non-partizan, no one believed it was to be non-partizan. The first visit of Major Call and other gentlemen here settled that point. The *Telegraph* ought to apologize for the unmannerly untruth. The next is not an untruth in statement, but its intent is falsehood. Here it is:

“Sir Hector and party were to have been met, on their arrival on Thursday morning at Chatham railway station, by a Conservative committee; but when the train with the distinguished guests reached the station, there was not a single representative of the party to be seen.”

The truth is this; Before Sir Hector arrived at all at the Chatham station, representatives of the party were there in waiting, but as the Chatham Branch was not on time, and who has ever known it to be on time, the reception party took a turn round town. They had only just gone when the train came in, and when they returned to the station the party had gone to the hotel in consequence prepared, and in waiting, by the reception committee. One of the gentlemen who is lampooned for being absent it is well known was ill, and kept his bed all that day. Again it says:

“At 10 o'clock the same forenoon, when Sir Hector was presented with an address in the Masonic Hall, there were present by actual count only sixty men and boys.”

This is not true. No one in Chatham believes it to be true or half true. Though it was in the forenoon of a working day, in the small town of Chatham, the Masonic Hall with a capacity to seat six hundred, was filled while Sir Hector delivered his address. It was true that towards the beginning there was a time when there were only “sixty” present, and it is also true that previous to that there was a time when there was no one present. The door was not large enough to admit the six hundred at once—and so it was easy while the audience was filing in, before a tenth of the number came in, to count “only sixty men and boys.” But Sir Hector had a full hall, an enthusiastic, “noble six hundred” who applauded well every point he made. If the *Telegraph* retains any of its early piety it ought to retract this falsehood. We are likewise told:

“The address was of such a partizan character that it is pleasing to note that Sir Hector had the good sense to administer a mild rebuke to his over-zealous friends.”

Also untrue. Sir Hector administered no rebuke to the Conservatives, but we should not be surprised if his recital of how he was received elsewhere by all parties, was a “rebuke” to the Liberal gentleman who refused at Hon. Senator Muirheads request to go upon the platform. If the *Telegraph* wish to know who this gentleman was, he can find out by writing to Mr. J. B. Snowball, M. P. No; Sir Hector heartily appreciated his reception here, and more than once expressed how grateful and how pleased he was for the way the people received him. When he went to Bathurst he referred frequently, and in terms of high eulogium to the Miramichi and its people. Is not the *Telegraph* ashamed? If not ought it not to be? Will it apologize?

The Chignecto Post has our best wishes, but if it doesn't mind we were not at all anxious for that copy of Blake and Huntingtons speech it sent us per last exchange. The Post ought to be ashamed of itself for issuing such treason, and then labelling the “Post Extra.”

AN OUTRAGEOUS ATTACK ON THE ALNWICK DELEGATION.

“A Citizen” to day denounces in terms none too strong the attack made upon the appearance &c., of the delegation from Alnwick which presented the address to Sir Hector. The insult is offered, not to the mere members of the delegation, but to the whole Acadian population of Alnwick, for the people it was at a public meeting, held in Alnwick, who sent the delegation here. We thought Mr Savoy, under the circumstances, did very well, and if we thought otherwise certainly the last thing we should think of doing would be to hold him and his associates up in our paper to be laughed at by our town readers. We think the Acadians of Alnwick are a credit to the Grand Old Nation from which they sprung, and we say this without respect to the side of politics to which they belong. We think for the advantages they have had their advancement in civilization is highly to their credit. So far as we can learn a very large portion of the Alnwick people, while retaining their own language not only can speak but also read and write English. It is an unmanly thing to attack their delegation when they come here, for the sake of making sport for a few readers—we say a few because we hope the number was small indeed who could be amused by such a heartless attack upon a worthy and unoffending people.

ANOTHER WORD TO DR. TACHE.

We do not know what *per capita* value Dr. Tache, or the Chief Minister of Agriculture places upon the people of Miramichi. In other words we do not know how many cents per head they think the people down here are worth; but at all events, from computations we have made, they value a Miramichi life at less than three and one third cents. For example: This is the fifth port in the Dominion, it is visited by ships from half the ports in the world,—this very summer there came a ship in here reeking with small pox and she lay a week in our midst, and her sailors came ashore and mixed with our people, and our people went aboard and mixed with her sailors. This all happened because this port was not a quarantine station. Now the cost of the office would be say \$400 or thereabouts; the number of persons concerned is, say 1,200— which would give an expense of three and one third cents apiece. Perhaps that is too much to give for the sake of protecting a life: if it is our port better remain as it is.

In connexion with the polluted ship “Professor Schwigard” perhaps Dr. Tache or Hon. Mr. Pope does not know that the outrage of having a pestilential ship for six weeks among us was not the worst feature of the horrible case. After being put on quarantine her sailors went ashore every day without let or hindrance, got water, lounged along the river banks among the people who lived there. When the inhabitants learned the sailors who visited them every day were from the “small pox ship,” they became terrified and ordered the sailors away. But the latter refused to go, whereupon two or three men got guns and threatened to shoot them, which for once had the effect of driving them from the land. Does Dr. Tache think this fair treatment to the people of Miramichi? Does he think the community will put up with it?

EDITORIAL GLEANINGS.

THE RIOTS IN ROME.

The anti-Clerical excitement continues. No night passes without an attempted demonstration, which is instantly suppressed. A committee has been formed to confer gold medals on the six men convicted of rioting during the removal of the body of the late Pope. The *Lega della Democrazia* expresses regret that the “carcase of Pius” the Ninth was not flung into the Tiber, and says anti-Clerical clubs are forming to promote the perpetual expulsion of the Papacy from Rome.

The Greatest Blessing.

A simple, pure, harmless remedy, that cures everything, and prevents disease by keeping the blood pure, stomach regular, kidneys and liver active, is the greatest blessing ever conferred upon man. Hop Bitters is that remedy, and its proprietors are being blessed by thousands who have been saved and cured by it. Will you try it?—EAGLE.

Given up by Doctors.

“Is it possible that Mr. Godfrey is up and at work, and cured by so simple a remedy?” “I assure you it is true that he is entirely cured, and with nothing but Hop Bitters; and only ten days ago his doctors gave him up and said he must die!” “Well-a-day! That is remarkable! I will go this day and get some for my poor George—I know hops are good!”—SALEM POST.

\$5 Outfit sent free to those who wish to engage in the most pleasant and profitable business known. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish everything. \$10 a day and upwards is easily made without staying away from home over night. No risk whatever. Many new workers wanted at once. Many are making fortunes at the business. Ladies make as much as men, and young men and girls make great day. No one who is willing to work fans to make more money every day than can be made at any ordinary employment. Those who engage at once will find a short road to fortune. Address H. Hallett & Co. Auguste,

A TOUR THROUGH IRELAND.

A Desolated Land—MAYO.

VISIT TO A MONASTERY RUINS.

GRACE O'MALLEY'S GOLD.

(From Cor. Montreal “Witness.”)

Mrs. McDougall drove from Castlebar to Westport. On the way down, she says the only passenger on the car beside myself was a gentleman, English I presume, who, after he became tired of silence, began a conversation with me, taking for his subject the

OVER-POPULATION OF THE WEST.

I looked to the side of the car where we sat—it was a country of fine grassy hills with not one wreath of smoke curling up from a solitary chimney as far as the eye could reach. I leaned over the wall of the car and looked to the other side—to the limit of the horizon, behold, the land was empty of house or home or human being. I looked over the horse's ears—there was the same scene of utter desolation. I turned round with difficulty and looking behind us—saw the same grass hills swelling up in green silence without man or beast. I said softly, “Lift up thine eyes, sir stranger, and look northward and southward, eastward and westward. Is not the land desolate without inhabitant, where then is this over-population?” The strange gentleman looked, not at the empty hills and the silent green valleys, but at his fellow-traveller with emotions of fear. To doubt that this fair and desolate Mayo is over-populated is to show signs of lunacy or worse. Fenianism, Communism, or even Nihilism is possible if there is no lunacy to account for such strange ideas. Mildly, but with resolution like Samantha's, I urged on the gentleman to look at the prospect, and he was like one awakening from a dream, for the country

FROM NEWPORT TO WESTPORT,

seven and a half miles, is without inhabitants. I believe Lord Lucan was chief exterminator over this stretch of country. Brought up at the little inn at Newport, and the stranger and I breakfasted together. We conversed about over-population. He had travelled much, and when he recollected what his eyes saw instead of what his ears heard of a false cry, he admitted that a loneliness had fallen upon this part of the west. After breakfast he went his way, with a new subject for thought, and I, deserted in a wilderness of a commercial room, took out some paper and began to write. There was no sound but the steel scratch of a pen that grew monotonous. After a long time—some hours—of solitude, the door opened and a gentleman entered with some luggage and a young woman followed him. I gathered up my scribbles and put them away. The gentleman took off his overcoat, and shining out of the breast pocket was a bright revolver. I grew afraid, though, generally speaking, I was too busy to think of being afraid. There was a trans-Atlantic look about the gentleman, a Mississippi appearance about the too conspicuous revolver, and I admit, I thought of some Fenian leader and wondered what Stephens was like. I heard the gentleman order lunch and afterward he left the room. When he returned he introduced himself as Mr. Smithwick. While at Westport, and after M. Smithwick had left her Mrs. McDougall asked the lady if there were any points of interest she might visit. Yes she said, there was Borrischoole monastery (the place of owls) and

CARRIG A OWLAGH (ROCK OF THE FLEET) CASTLE.

one of the strongholds of Granna Uisle. Well, got a car and driver and drove off to see these ruins. I was told that no tourist ever visited Newport without going to see them. The castle was the farthest away, so I went to it first. Passed through a poor stony country with some inhabitants. Near the old castle is a sort of composite house made of old pieces and new pieces thrown together some way. This is the residence of a paid guardian of the poor. The people murmur exceedingly over the taxes, and truly they are ground down with them and a paid guardian adds £500 to their taxation, to which they have a great objection. Beyond the guardian's house, where young people were playing at lawn tennis, close by Clew Bay stood this castle of the Sea Queen, with the water washing round its knees. It is a square heap of solid masonry, and here and there loop hole slits to fire out of. At the very top is a battlement protected gallery and strong projecting apertures through which stones could be let down, or molten lead, or any other deadly messenger, on the heads of besiegers. Truly Grace O'Malley knew what was what as well as any sea queen might do, for here close to the tower the water is deep enough for a vessel of considerable tonnage to ride at anchor safe and concealed, and in perfect shelter. The modern door of the ancient castle was locked, and we drove to the agent of Mr. Simes to get the key and were refused. There is an ancient stair, circular and stony of course, leading up to roof and battlements. It was such a tall tower that I supposed a magnificent view of Clew Bay, and even out to sea toward Canada, might be obtained from the top. The syn pathetic carman, with aye to results, wished to drive the car close to a hole in the wall, through which

an adventurous female might climb, but then it would require a ladder to get down inside from this aperture. Refusing to allow the borrowing of a ladder I turned reluctantly away. The reason why this old tower has a new door is this: An immense hoard of

GRACE O'MALLEY'S GOLD

is concealed beneath the ruins of this castle, guarded by a spell. Who knows when the fated person may come who shall accidentally, or otherwise, break the spell that guards the gold? Anyone born on Christmas Day has a power over spells.

With great respect for the greatness and “knowledgeableness” of Grace O'Malley, came down the stone steps and turned away from her stronghold. As we rattled and jolted over the roughest bit of road which I have yet seen in Ireland, the driver, a dark, keen-eyed man, began to talk of landlords, of the wasting and exterminating Lords Lucan and Sligo. I asked him whom did he think a good landlord. He answered immediately, “Jonathan Pym.” “If you think him so good you might say Mr. Pym.” “When a man is the best in any way he's too big for Mr.,” said the man readily. “I dare say,” I remarked, “that this

JONATHAN PYM

is very little better than the rest.” “But I say he is,” retorted the man fiercely. “Where inside of the four seas of Ireland will you get his equal? He bought the land, coming among us a stranger, and he did not raise the rents. The people live under the rents their fathers paid.” “Well, that's not much?” “If you were a tenant you would think differently. He took off the thatch of the cabins and put on slates at his own expense. There is not a broken roof on the land that he owns. Every tenant he has owns a decent house, with byre and barn, shed and stable, and he done it all out of the money he had, that never was lifted out of the land, and after all left them in at the old rents. There has never been an eviction on his place yet.” “Has he been shot at yet?” I enquired innocently. “Arrah, what would he be shot for?” demanded the man, turning his swarthy face and black eyes full on me. “I thought maybe some one might shoot him for fun,” I explained, feebly. “Fun!” growled the carman, “quare fun! If a man is shot or shot at he deserves it richly. He's not a rale gentleman, wurd and deed, like Jonathan Pym.”

New Advertisements

MASONIC HALL!

TWO NIGHTS ONLY!

MONDAY AND TUESDAY,

AUGUST, 1ST and 2ND!
MATINEE FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN ON TUESDAY, 2 P.M.

HEALY'S

Hibernian Minstrels!

IRISH BRIGADE BAND & ORCHESTRA, Remodeled and Enlarged for the present SEASON!
MORE ACTS THAN EVER BEFORE.
EVERYTHING NEW.
2 IRISH END MEN! 18 VAUDEVILLE ARTISTS!

THE BEAUTIFUL SCENERY OF IRELAND!

The entire Company appearing in Original Song, Dances and Sketches.
POPULAR PRICES.—Admission 25 and 50cts. Reserved Seats on sale at MacKenzie's Drug Store.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby cautioned against giving credit to any of the crew of barkentine “Eliza Smeed,” as the Captain or owners will not be responsible for any debts contracted without a written order.

Master barkentine “Eliza Smeed”.
Chatham, N.B., July 23 '81.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby cautioned against giving credit to any of the crew of the barque “Duke of Westmorland,” as the Captain or owners will not be responsible for debts contracted without a written order from the Captain.

CAPT. GRIFFITH,
Master bark “Duke of Westmorland”
Chatham, N.B., July 23, '81

South West Boom Company.

Sale of Unmarked and Prize Logs

There will be sold at Public Auction on Thursday, the 14th August next, at two o'clock in the afternoon, at Christopher Parker's, in Derby, All the Unmarked and Prize LOGS now lying rafted in the South West Boom. The purchaser to have all such Logs that may be rafted during the remainder of the season, at the rate the present Logs may sell for. Terms Cash.

ALEX MORRISON,
Newcastle, July 19, 1881. President.
Jly 20td

Building Lot FOR SALE.

To be sold at Public Auction on the premises, on Monday 1st of August next, at 7 o'clock p.m.

A Building Lot situate north side of Centre Street, Chatham, adjoining land occupied by Mr. B. McCormack, 50 ft. front, running back 80 ft. Possession given immediately. Terms, CASH.
A. D. SHIRREFF,
Chatham, July 15, '81, Auctioneer.
Jly 20—31 wky

CO-PARTNERSHIP

NOTICE.

The undersigned would respectfully inform the residents of Chatham and vicinity, that they have entered into a co-partnership under the name and style of Mercereau & Thomson, for the purpose carrying on a Picture Framing and Photographic business.

J. Y. MERSEUREAU,
E. H. THOMSON.
Chatham, N. B., April 25, 1881

PHOTOGRAPHIC

In reference to the above we would say that we have bought out the Photographic business lately conducted by Mr J P Stevens in the Studio on Duke street, nearly opposite the Canada House where we are prepared to take

Photographs and Tintypes at the lowest rates.

PICTURE FRAMING.
We keep constantly on hand a large supply of Picture Frames & Mouldings, and are prepared to make up any style of Frames to order, at prices that defy competition.

Don't forget the place, nearly opposite the Canada House, Duke street.
MERSEUREAU & THOMSON.
PHOTOGRAPHERS.

SEWING MACHINES.

I respectfully inform my friends and patrons, that I have by no means given up handling the celebrated

WANZER SEWING MACHINES and may be found at the Studio above named where all orders shall receive prompt attention. Repairing attended to as usual.
J. Y. MERSEUREAU.

Chatham, April 30, '81 3rd

D. DESMOND.

DIRECT IMPORTER OF

CHOICE WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

LOWER WATER ST., CHATHAM

Good Stabling on the premises. Barroom constantly supplied with the best of liquors and cigars.

STEAMER “NEW ERA.”

Captain CHARLES CALL

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE the above Steamer will run as follows:—

Leave Newcastle for Chatham,	Leave Chatham for Newcastle,
7 30 a. m.	9 a. m.
10 30 “	12 noon.
2 00 p. m.	3 p. m.
5 30 “	7 “

Will call at Douglastown every trip and go to Nelson the 9 a. m., 12 noon and 3 p. m. trips from Chatham.
ON Saturday evenings the steamer will leave Newcastle at 6 30 p. m., instead of 5 30, and Chatham at 8 instead of 7 o'clock.
R. R. CALL
Newcastle, Miramichi, May 3, '81 June 15

DR. M'LEARN,

Physician & Surgeon

OFFICE

IN MESSRS SUTHERLAND & CREAGHAN'S

Building.

Boards Waverly Hotel, Newcastle.
June 25th, 1881. 1y

F. O. Peterson.

MERCHANT TAILOR

CHATHAM N B

I have now on hand a large stock of excellent cloths for Men and Youths' Wear which I will make up at as reasonable a figure as any in the trade. All orders will receive prompt attention, and satisfaction guaranteed.

WILLIAM WYSE,

GENERAL DEALER,

Auctioneer and Commission Merchant,

CHATHAM, - - MIRAMICHI, N. B.

Merchandise and Produce received on commission. Liberal advances made

ON CONSIGNMENTS

J. H. PHINNEY,

Cooking, Hall & Parlor Stoves

OF ALL KINDS.

Japanned, Wired and Stamped Good, and Granite Ironware. Also manufacturer of

TINWARE & STOVEPIPE

Orders from the country promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed.
Newcastle, N. B. March 4th

Nettings & Twine.

We keep always on hand a large supply to fill orders promptly at lowest prices.

H. & G. W. LORD,
117 Commercial St.,
Boston, Mass

Fishermen can be supplied at

A. & R. LOGGIE'S,

BLACK BROOK MIRAMICHI

dec2 wky.

\$5 to 20 per day at home. Sample worth \$5 free. Address Stinson & Co.,
Portland, Maine.

Tinware. Tinware!

I beg to inform my friends and the Public in general that I have now on hand a fine assortment of

Granitware, Japanned, Stamped and Plain TINWARE

All of which I will sell low for Cash. I am also prepared to execute all kind of work in

Sheet Iron and Gas Fittings

Ploughs and Plough Fittings always on hand. I also have in stock a nice assortment of

Parlor and Cooking STOVES

with patent OVENS. The inside shell can be taken out for cleaning purposes.

A. C. MCLEAN,
George street, rear of Custom House
Chatham N B June 4th 1888—3m



We keep in Stock at LOWEST PRICES a complete assortment

General Hardware

—AND—

MILL SUPPLIES,

Rubber and Leather Belting, Lacing Leather, Lubricating Oils,

WROUGHT IRON PIPE

for steam, gas or water and Fittings for same.

Glass, Paints, Oils, Cut Nails and Spikes, Wrought Nails and Spikes.

Eletero Plated Knives & Forks.

POCKET and TABLE CUTLERY in great variety.

T. McAVITY & SONS.

July 13—wky 1y 13 King Street, St. John N. B.

WISDOM & FISH.

We desire to call the attention of mill-owners, and others requiring

BELTING,

that we have placed in stock a full line o

RUBBER BELTING

the manufacture of the

Boston Belting Co.,

Parties in want of a STANDARD BELT would do well to get our prices before purchasing elsewhere, or upon their furnishing us specification of quantity required, we will be pleased to give special prices. We also carry in stock a full line of

Machinists Supplies, Lubricating Oils, Wrought Iron Pipe and Fittings.

Orders solicited. Write for prices.

No. 41 Dock Street

SMALL'S BLOCK.

ST. JOHN - - N. B

NOTICE!

Under and by virtue of Chapter 13 of the Consolidated Statutes and Amending Act, entitled “Trespass to Land and other Property of the Crown,” the undersigned will sell by Public Auction, on Tuesday,

2nd August next, at 12 o'clock noon, at Newcastle, in front of the Waverly Hotel, TWO THOUSAND [2,000]

Pieces LOGS,

more or less, marked O F.

The same having been seized under and by virtue of the said Act and amendments thereto.

TERMS—CASH.

J. McD. BARKER,

Seizing Office.

Dated this 14th day of July, 1881. 5i

Restored to Health and Strength From Hon. W. Jones of Vermont.

“I have been troubled from my boyhood with chronic or hereditary lung complaint. Some years since, early in the Winter, I took cold, which as usual settled into a severe cough, which continued to increase as the season advanced, although I made use of all the cough remedies I had knowledge of. My family physician also prescribed for me, but I experienced no relief. During all this time I was gradually running down, losing flesh and strength, until my friends as well as myself became very much alarmed, thinking I should waste away into consumption. While in Boston, during the spring following, I was induced to try Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. After one day's trial I was sensible that it was relieving me. In ten days time my cough had entirely ceased, and I was soon restored to health and strength. I have ever since kept the Balsam in my house, and whenever any member of my family has a cough or cold, it is immediately restored to. No family should be without it.”

50 cents and \$1 a bottle. Sold by all druggists.