

AT AUCTION SALE.

THE STOCK OF GOODS AT PUBLIC AUCTION, on and after
TUESDAY, THE 28TH DAY OF JUNE,

HEAP GOODS,

IN COTTONS, PRINTS, FLANNELS,

Yarns &c. Small Wares, Trimmings Linings, Linens &c. Ladies and Boys' Hats, Straw Hats, Men's and Boys' Caps &c. Clothing, shirts, Lenders and Drawers, Boots and Shoes in Mens and Boys, Ladies and Children's. Boy's, Ladies and Children's. Hats and Trunks, Valises and Satchels, Combs, Brushes, Jewelry &c. &c. Hardware in Shelf Goods of every description. Carriage Goods, Nails, Spikes Horse Nails, and Garden Rakes, & Hoed. SCYTHES, FORKS, POTATO FORKS & DRACS. Bells Glass, Putty, Paints, Oils, Cordage, Well assorted Groceries, Tobaccos, Pipes, Spices, Syrups, Ullix Oils, Castor Oil, &c. Bed-room Sets in ash and bass Wood. Bedsteads, Wash Stand, Tab of other Articles too numerous to mention.

SELL WHOLESALE IN LOTS AT COST,
giving the time intervening before the Auction.
25, Cash. Over and up to \$75, four months. Over \$75 six months,
and approved joint notes.

on **TUESDAY, 28th** at 10 O'CLOCK.

RICHARD DAVIDSON.

JUNE 10th, 1881.

S. R. JONES & CO.,

Three **BALES** and **CASES**

of Great Britain the past ten days as an Extra Shipment,
Three **BALES** and **CASES**

of Coatings, Prints, Black and Coloured Dress Goods,
Great Variety. Winceys, Hessians, Haberdashery,
Smallwares, Silk Ties, Scarfs, &c.

50 Bales Grey Cottons,
25 Whites Cottons. The best value today in the
Dominion of Canada. Camp Blanketing, Cheese Cloths,
Ducks, Ducks, and White Cottons. The celebrated Oxford and
Capes, &c. &c. Will give home-spun. The celebrated Oxford and
Importations, a full and complete Stock of all Goods in the Trade at

LOWEST RATES

JUNE 10th, 1881. June 11, '81 1y

RECEIVED THIS WEEK,

AT THE DRUG STORE,

of Patent Medicines, viz
Beech's Wine and Irons,
Hop Bitters.

Hypophosphites,

Northrop's and Symon's
Liver Oil, as well as all
of Medicines of the day.

ALSO:

bulk or in bottles.
Boyd's electric Batteries

ery, Soaps, Hair Cloth,
Brushes,
Millet, Maw and Rape

E STREET,

PROPRIETOR.

15-1881-14

GREAT

VERY JAM

AT

HEAL BROS.

immense Jam of Family

Molasses, Sugars,
&c., &c.

per Str. "Andover"

doz. EGGS,
straw BUTTER,
50 bbls. POTATOES.

per Str. "Andover"

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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. O'CLLINS,
Ed. "Star."

Where it Fell.

The threatened disaster fell not upon
the world but—upon the Grits.

Ready for Sea.

There are six vessels lying opposite
the town, ready for sea, and waiting a
fair wind.

Arrivals.

Nineteen vessels arrived here on Monday.
The harbor now has a business
like appearance.

Test.

The steam fire engine, having
previously been repaired, was tested on
Monday. It worked fairly we believe.

The "Richard Hargrave."

This is a fine new vessel and belongs to
Mr. C. C. Watt of Newcastle. She
arrived here Tuesday and will load deals
for Geo. McLeod.

Oyster Poaching.

If oyster fishing closes by law the 1st
June, how is it that they have been
up to now in Lower Bay du Vin near
Harrington's? Who is the responsible
officer?

Mare Bears.

Mr. Thomas Whalen of Black River,
and Mrs. Dunn of the same place, had a
cow each killed by bears last week.
Here would be a useful field for our
volunteers.

Salmon.

Schooner "Bell," Captain Joseph
Williston, brought 468 salmon up from
Chapman's ice house Monday. These were
shipped to the States, where salmon is
selling up to 22 cents per lb.

The Bazaar.

The ladies of the Presbyterian Con-
gregation have the pleasure of seeing
that their Bazaar is a grand success.
The Hall has been thronged this after-
noon, and this evening the harvest will
be.

The Collapse.

Verily but coming events do cast their
shadows before. It was the coming of
the defeat in Colchester and Picton on
Saturday that oppressed the poor Grits
so much that they thought the end of
the world was coming.

Hadn't Heard a Word.

Up to 12 o'clock on Saturday evening,
some of our prominent Grits busi-
ness men, hadn't "heard a word" from
Picton or Colchester, though they had
offered quiet condolence at 9 p. m. to
their doomed representative. Why had
news is getting to travel as slowly as the
"Chatham Branch"!

The Newcastle Battery, etc.

Major Call commanding 6 officers,
75 men and 29 horses and 4 guns left
Newcastle on Tuesday for Sussex; also
2 companies of 73 Battalion under
Major McCully, 8 officers, 86 men and
4 horses left Chatham in the regular
accommodation train at 10 o'clock a. m.
Tuesday for the camp.

The Black River Troops.

This body moved out yesterday morn-
ing, taking the "Branch," en route for
Sussex. The commissariat officer for the
Black River department ought to be
cashiered. The gear worn by the Black
River troops was in a disgraceful state.
You would think the overcoats had been
riddled by musketry instead of by moths.
There were smelt scales on several of
them.

A Case of Gratitude!

For some reason that no "fellow can
understand" Mr. James McKay, late, and
so long, of the employ of Mr. B. Snow-
ball, has been discharged. He belonged to
the county, of course, and that may
have been a reason for his discharge.
But so far as we have heard, he was con-
sidered a first-class business man. The
best proof of this may be found in the
fact, that he was no sooner discharged
than he was engaged by the Stewart
concern to take charge of their lumber
interests at Malheur. Mr. McKay at
the last election was one of Snowball's
strong men, his whipper in, and exer-
cised as much influence, as any other
employee of the provision candidate.

STAR BRIEFS

The 19th has passed, and we are all
alive.

The military festival opened in Sussex
today.

Grit stock is a drug in the market since
Saturday evening.

There are nine square rigged vessels
lying at the Canada Dock discharging
ballast.

There is a schooner in New York load-
ing anthracite coal for Mr. T. F. Gil-
lespie our M. P. P.

Mr. Henry Wyse of Newcastle has
purchased the property belonging to his
father on George Street.

Hon. Mr. Caron, Minister of War will
be at Sussex on the 1st of July. The
Governor General, and several Ministers
and other notables will be likewise there.

Archbishop Hannen arrived in Halifax
from Rome, Saturday, in the "Parisian."
The Catholics of Halifax turned out in
large numbers, and gave His Grace a
beauty reception.

ST. JOHN NOTES.

The people of St. John do not belong
to the Carlyle school. They take the
good of every day but seem to have nei-
ther taste nor energy enough to look for
more to morrow. They lack those hon-
orable feelings of pride and ambition
which are necessary essentials for an on-
ward march to progress. Every winter
they are entertained with a series of lec-
tures which are always pronounced ad-
mirable but in truth are nothing more
than magazine articles sometimes poorly
written, sometimes indifferently com-
piled and invariably badly delivered.

Sometimes ago the idea struck them of
perpetuating the memory of the pioneers
of the country through the means of a
monument of some description. For quite
while the correspondence and editorial
columns of our papers had space for no
other subject until it was finally decided
that a Memorial Hall should be erected.
Here the matter dropped and we have
heard nothing of it since.

The Free Public Library was the next
to be renovated. The requirements of
the fair Queen of the Fundy, and the fact
that there were men in St. John who
would one day grace the annals of the
literati, were arguments readily used by
those who were anxious for the move-
ment. Works were sent liberally from
different quarters of Canada and the
neighboring Republic, a repository was
procured; and I would say, the matter
was left to rest in peace, was it not for
the fact that every week or so the press in-
forms us that they are putting a new lock
on the door, white washing the ceiling,
painting the shelves, marking the books,
or scrubbing the floor. And the people
are happy because there is a slight
prospect of having books for the free use
of their children ten years hence.

The literature of their newspapers is
very indifferent, and still they are con-
tented. Its "pot house politicians,"
elected by their popular vote, is another
proof of excellent taste. And the claim
they now have to a professional artist is
another example of their love for the sub-
lime. If the duty of a "child of art"
consists in throwing paint with a brush
on canvas I am compelled to admit that
their his and such a state of per-
fection that Minerva should decorate his
brow with the diadem of success and his
name should adorn the garland of art
with that of Angelo, Raphael and Ra-
bens.

MORE LAWYERS.

Mr. A. B. Walker, L. L. B., a colored
gentleman who studied law in this City
under the preceptorship of George G.
Gilbert, Esq., was sworn in on Wednes-
day last, as an Attorney of the Supreme
Court. Mr. Walker has established quite
a local fame as a photographer and is
beyond a doubt the only verbatim re-
porter in the Province. He has been a
hard student and possesses no small
amount of intellect so that he bids fair
to reach a high position among the
members of the bar.

ST. JOHN, June 21, 1881.

OUR CHATHAM BUSINESS
HOUSES.

MR. MOSES CONNORS.

Mr. Connors and his business are well
and favorably known. This establish-
ment is one of the time-honored institu-
tions of the Miramichi, that has seen
others totter and fall, always maintain-
ing itself. Some men people say are
born under a lucky star; but the lucky
star is the man himself, and not some
controlling influence in the sky. Mr.
Connors seems always to have prospered
in his undertakings, and he now sees him-
self, after his battle through life, well
provided for in his later years. His
store has always been a credit to the
trade; and now as always it boasts of a
large general stock, and a staff of cus-
tomers, whom nothing could induce to
go elsewhere. By the way, one of the
English delegates in a letter to the British
press, described Mr. Connors as a Rot-
schild of the Miramichi.

MR. J. FOTHERINGHAM.

Everybody knows the establishment with
the sign of the golden ball; and few
there are about Chatham and its
environs that do not know the proprietor
of the establishment. Mr. Fotheringham
has played in the dual role of mercantile
man and local politician, and in both he
has been successful to a creditable
degree. While he kept a first class boot
and shoe store, he was a first-class coun-
cillor for our parish, but at the present
he gives his time to his business, and Mr.
Goggin holds the reins of government.
Besides boot and shoes, of a wide variety,
and the best quality, Mr. Fotheringham
is an extensive dealer in furniture which
he always sold cheap and which he now
sells cheaper still—even though afflicted
by the N. P. Mr. Fotheringham is a
warm hearted Scotchman, generous
and frank to a fault and we wish him a
long continuance of his usual good luck
in business.

MR. W. N. HARPER.

Mr. Harper's establishment is adver-
tized elsewhere in the Star. He keeps
and makes, and repairs watches, clocks,
jewellery, and nearly everything in the
jeweller and goldsmith's line. He is a
first-class workman, is prompt in his
attention to his business—and popular
with his many customers. His stock on
hand has been selected with care; and
owing to a proper management the
business of Mr. Harper is a paying
one.

D. M. LOGGIE & CO.

This is an extensive and popular dry
goods, and general establishment, and
successful as it is extensive and popular.
Wherever you see a Loggie doing busi-
ness, you may be sure he is not going
behind hand, and this is eminently true
of the establishment in question. Mr. D. M.

Loggie has been about 8 years doing
business here, and each year in that time
has seen an improvement in his affairs.
His stock is choice, extensive and varied,
while his clerks are attentive and cour-
teous, and keep their shop in a creditable
manner. Beside the dry goods business
Messrs. Loggie do an extensive outside
business in the fish trade etc.

MR. JAMES DESMOND

Has lately established himself in a gro-
cery business on Water Street, and
though he has not long occupied the new
stand, he has secured an encouraging
share of patronage. Mr. Desmond is a
general favorite personally, long and
well known as a business man; as a
master shipbuilder and mechanic. We
wish him success in his new establish-
ment.

MR. P. A. NOONAN.

This is a new establishment, dry
goods, situated in the old Noonan store,
which occupies one of the most promi-
nent business places in town. The busi-
ness has been started by Mr. P. A.
Noonan, on his own account, and the stock
is very large, and in great measure sel-
ected under the personal super-
vision of Mr. Noonan. It would be
difficult to enumerate the entire stock
list but the general goods furnishings, in
wide variety, of different prices, but all
low, ready made clothing, hats, caps, may
be mentioned. Mr. Noonan has already
an encouraging patronage, and the pros-
pects are it will increase much, and will
reward the young proprietor for his ven-
ture.

(To be Continued.)

A TOUR THROUGH IRE-

LAND.

ANOTHER "BAD" LANDLORD.

Beautiful Scenery—and Lands let
out for Pasture.

O'RUARKE'S CASTLE—WHENCE FLED
"ERIN'S DEGENERATE DAUGHTER."

(From Cor. Montreal "Witness.")

I was a little disappointed that I was
getting no information on any side of
the question of the day, and my letters
which were to be sent to Sligo not com-
ing to hand. I was advised to go down
to the beautiful Lough Gill to Drumahaire
to see the ruins of Breen's Castle, the
place from which the fair wife of the
O'Rourke, Prince of Breen, fled with
McMurrough, which was the cause of
the Saxon first gripping green Erin.

A VERY PRETTY GIRL.

electrified me by informing me that I
was from America. She advised me to
take a small boat and have a sail on
Lough Gill, for I would always regret it
if I did not see its beauty when I had the
opportunity. In her excessive kindness
she introduced me to a river maiden,
strong and comely, who would row me
about with all kindness for a small con-
sideration. Prudently discovered what
the consideration was to be, and then
gave in to the arrangement. The water
nymph had been away gathering sticks;
she had to empty her boat and I waited
a little impatiently, a little ruefully. The
boat was big, clumsy and leaky, but the
girl was eloquent and eager to persuade
me it was a fast and comfortable boat.
She produced an ancient cushion from
somewhere; there was a clumsy getting
on board, and she pushed off. We went
sailing down among the swans, the coots
and the rushes, passed little tree laden
islands, hooped with a stone wall for fear
they might be washed away. The sun
shone pleasantly, the swans floated on
majestically, or solemnly dived for our
pleasure, the coots skimmed about know-
ing well we had not often enjoyed the
pleasure of watching them. The grand
woods that encompass the residence of
Wynne of Hazelwood spread out over
many acres, caught the sunlight on
one side. The broad green meadows
of Captain Wood Martin lying among the
trees looked like visions of Eden on the
other. My river maiden discovered to
me a swan's nest among the reeds; told
me stories of the fierceness of brooding
swans, and offered to get me a swan's
egg for a curiosity, nevertheless. Re-
marking to her that

CAPTAIN WOOD MARTIN

kept his grounds looked up very carefully
enquired what should happen if he drew
ashore and landed on his tabooed do-
main. The water maiden said one of his
men would turn us out. Enquired if he
was a good landlord. "Oh sure he has
never a tenant at all as at on his whole
place; it does be all grazing land. He
takes cattle to graz. He charges £2
a year for a yearling and £5 a year for a
four year old, and he has cattle of his
own on it." How do you know the
price? "Sure I read it on the handbills
posted up." Looking at the other side
of the glorious lake, at the long thicket
of trees that shades the demesne that Wynne
of Hazelwood keeps for his home and
glory, stretching over miles of country;
saw the little grey rabbits, more precious
than men in my native land, that were
hopping along after their manner, quite
a little procession of them, at the edge
of the bush.

TO DRUMAHIRE.

We drove completely round lovely Lough
Gill, seeing it from many points of view.
Sligo is not altogether a garden of Eden,
for we passed a great deal of poor stony

barren land here and there on this jour-
ney. Like all hilly land, there are
pretty valleys among the hills and fair,
brood fields here and there, but there is
much barren and almost worthless soil.
Now, there is one thing that has struck
me forcibly since I came to Ireland. I
saw it in Down, Antrim, Derry, Done-
gal, wherever I have been as well as in
Sligo. The poorer and more worthless
land, the tenants' houses the
thicket. The good land has been mono-
polized to an immense extent for
grazing and for grain and they are grand
and gloriously beautiful. Then pride and
fashion demand that the mountain com-
mons be reserved for game, that is, rabbits.
A man must have extensive wilds to shoot
over, so the poor laborers are huddled into
houses—awful huts with gardens, and the
poor farmers are clustered on barren
soil trying to force nature to allow them
to live after paying rent. Some of the
mountains near Drumahaire are billows
of solid stone crusted with moss. They
have a strangely awful look. We left the
car to climb up Doony Rock, a little
round isolated hill or rock with enough
of an earth quill to cover its rockiness,
so that grass, flowers and even trees
cling to its breast and wave round its
summit from the clear grassy spot on the
summit fringed round with trees, which
one arrives at in a rather breathless state,
there is a view of surpassing beauty. The
lovely lake lies as our feet with all her
islands sleeping on her breast. The
Hazelwood forest, I may call it so, runs
down into the lakes in points, sweeps
back from round little bays; its masses of
foliage look as if the house were a sweet
secret that it guards well. Oh, there is
hill and dale, meadow and copse, moun-
tain and glen, and one gets drunk with
looking at and breathing in beauty. Oh
beautiful Erin! and your sons and daugh-
ters starving amid all this plenty and
luxury! We got to Drumahaire stopped
at a dandy iron gate beyond which the
turrets of Breen's Castle were waving
banners of ivy, entered and found the
castle in a private domain. Here in the
shadow of the old castle was the hand-
some modern cottage extensive and
stylish, inhabited by

MR. LATOUCHE.

the agent so much dreaded, so much
hated in Northern Leitrim. This is the
gentleman who is accused of charging the
tenants 10s 6d for potatoes which
the landlord sent down to be given
to the tenants at five. If racking the
tenantry is the condition on which he
gets this lovely home, it is a temptation
certainly. We felt as if we were in the
wrong place, as, after glancing at the
handsome cottage, the trim lawn fringed
with shrubbery and then at the ruins, we
took the lower walk hoping to get round
under shelter of the trees to the ruins.
A small river brawled over stones below—
far below where we were walking. A
detached portion of the ruins sitting on
a rock overlooked both us and the river.
Was it at any part of this building the
naughty lady watched for her lover? A
little further on we looked down some
steps into gardens stretching along be-
side the river—gardens blazing with its
flowers and sweet wild blossomed fruit
trees. It was so unexpected, so splen-
dently beautiful, it surpassed a dream
of fairy-land. We passed on, saw a shadowy
lady among the flowers on the lawn,
knew it was the wraith of the unhappy
and guilty Dearyogill. Stole out of
the garden gate—at least I did—
with naughty and intrusive. Found our-
selves in the clean little town of Drum-
ahaire, a pretty little village straggled
over a hillside among the trees. Went
into a shop to enquire for the verit-
able

BREEN'S CASTLE.

A sad and hungry looking man scen-
ing a possible sinance started forward
as a guide. He piloted us back by the
way we came into the ruins we had pass-
ed. We determined to see visions and
dream amid these historical
ruins. Alas, it was a disgraceful failure!
Not only was the back of the modern
tyrannical cottage laid up against the
ancient and modern were dovetailed into
one another trying to bewilder you, as
to where ancient history and legend
ended, and modern anecdote began. We
looked into the great hall with its deep
overhang at the side, and upward where
another stately apartment had once been,
a lofty presence room over the great
hall, but the week's wash of the La
Touche's was flapping in the wind that
moaned through the deserted halls of
the O'Rourke. Looked into a tower to
find a great stack, climbed over a load of
coal to see the withdrawing room of the
departed, but not forgotten great lady,
or the kitchen that cooked for the men-
at-arms, who waited on the lord's be-
hest. Peeped into a turret and was in-
sensibly asked what we meant by a
splendid but ill-tongued peacock; admir-
ed the ivy green that lapped the bare
walls and noticed that the chickens
roosted there in its shelter.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for May.

This ably conducted magazine pre-
sents rare attractions, both literary and
artistic, in the latest issue. The opening
article, entitled "Benjamin Disraeli, Earl
of Beaconsfield," is particularly interest-
ing; it is admirably illustrated, "Recol-
lections of Cadet White Forty Years Ago."
"The Lancashire Traders," "The South
Giles," "The Islands of the Bay State"
(by N. Robinson), etc., etc., possess
great merit, and are profusely illustrated.
"A Late Remorse," Mr. Benedict's in-
tensely interesting serial, is continued, and
there are short stories by S. Annie Frost,
B. C. Cordell, Jane G. Austin and other
popular writers; these, with several ex-
cellent sketches, afford pleasant reading.
The poems are by W. H. Roberts, J. Cun-
ningham, etc., and many of them have
tasteful illustrations. The miscellany

embraces a great variety of subjects, and
abounds with information, interest and
entertainment. In view of the quantity
and quality of the literary and artistic
contents of each number of this period-
ical, it must be regarded as the cheapest
magazine published. There are 128
pages quarto, and about 100 illustrations.
The yearly subscription is \$3, and a
single copy is only 25 cents, sent post-
paid. Address, Frank Leslie's Publish-
ing House, 53, 55 and 57 Park Place,
New York.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF CHATHAM.

ARRIVED—18—bk Tolni, 512, Car-
len, England, J. B. Snowball.

20—bk Sheffield, 620, Ulorch, Guy,
Ewen & Co.

bk Nordcap, 621, Steen, Laurvig, J.
B. Snowball.

bk Concurrent, 548, Caspersen, Glas-
gow, Guy, Ewen & Co.

bk Ujus, 320, Hansen, Waterford,
Order.

bk Baltic, 641, Wolfsburg, Liverpool,
Wm. Muirhead.

bk Vigo, 505, Bierman, Waterford,
J. B. Snowball.

bk Rogate, 337, Christophersen,
Bordeaux, J. B. Snowball.

bk Carmel, 780, McCallum, Liver-
pool, J. B. Snowball.

brig Titania, 340, Sherrinlom, Madera,
Guy, Ewen & Co.

bk Erna, 445, Sorensen, Norway, A.
Morrison.

CLEARED—June 20—brig KronPrinds
Carl, Larsen, France, deals, J. B. Snow-
ball.

PORT OF NEWCASTLE.

ARRIVED—June 18—bk Minnie, 508,
Schneider, London, R. A. & J. Stewart.