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MARQUIS,
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Tenders.

Sealed tenders for provining heating apparatus for Legislative Buildings, Fredericton, will be received at the Department of Public Works, till 1st day November next. Plan and Specification to be seen at the Chief Commissioner's office. Department not bound to accept lowest or any Tender. Good sureities will be required.

P A LANDRY,
Chief Commissioner.

Fredericton, Oct. 19, 1880.—oct20t28

GRANITEWARE.

I have received a large stock of graniteware, consisting of all articles hitherto in the tin line; among which are Pans of all kinds. Preserve Pots and Ket les, Tea and Coffee Pots, &c, &c, glaized a la porcelain, and guaranteed never to rust.

H P MARQUIS,
Cunard St, Chatham

Cooley Milk Cans.

I am sole manufacturer for the agent for the Cooley Patent Milk Cans in the four northern counties. No dairy should be without this excellent article, which is now used entirely by the Dublin and numerous other creamery associations. For sale low.

H P MARQUIS,
Cunard St, Chatham, N B

Chatham, Oct 16, 1880—tf

$10 Outfit furnished free, with full instructions for conducting the most profitable business that anyone can engage in. The business is so easy to learn and our instructions are so simple and plain, that anyone can make great profits from the very start. No one can fail who is willing to work. Women are as successful as the men. Boys and Girls can earn large sums. Many have made at the business over one hundred dollars in a single week. Nothing like it ever known before. All who engage are surprised at the ease and rapidity with which they are able to make money. You can engage in this business during spare time at great profit.. You do not have to invest capital in it.. We take all the risk.. Those who need money should write to us at once. All furnished free.. Addres True & Co, Augusta, Maine. oct30 s&w1y

$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 pay. No one who is willing to work fails 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, Augusta, Maine. oct30s&w1y

In Press—To be published in Jan. 1881

LOVELL'S
GAZETTEER OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

CONTAINING the latest and most authentic descriptions of over 7,500 Cities, Towns and Villages in the Provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Newfoundland, Prince Edward Island, Manitoba, British Columbia and the North West Territories, and other general information, drawn from official sources, as to the names, locality, extent, etc., of over 1800 lakes and rivers; a table of routes, showing the proximity of the railway stations, and sea, lake and river ports, to the cities, towns, villages, etc., in the several Provinces, [this table will be found invaluable]. and a neat colored map of the Dominion of Canada. Edited by P. A. Crosby, assisted by a corps of writers. Subscribers names respectfully solicited. Agents wanted.

Price $3—Payable on delivery.

JOHN LOVELL & SON,
Publishers.

Montreal, August, 1880—oct6tf

LEMONT'S
VARIETY STORE!
FREDERICTON, N. B.

established 1844, and has kept up to the times. From a little one it has grown to be a strong one.

We thank our patrons for past favors, and solicit a continuance of their trade

All the people within fifty miles must know where LEMONT'S ORIGINAL VARIETY STORE is, and that in it they can find the largest, best selected, and Cheapest Stock of HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS in the City.

LEMONT'S VARIETY STORE is a household word.

We don't have to pay any $650 Store Rent, as we own our Establishment. Our expenses are small. We buy our Goods for Cash, consequently can sell them CHEAPER than any other storekeeper.

We employ workmen in our CABINET WORKSHOP making

Furniture to Order.

We have more Goods than Money, and for Money will give the best value to all who are in want of the Goods we keep.

LEMONT & SONS.

Fredericton, Sept. 18, 1880.

NOTICE.
DR. McDONALD,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE in Sutherland & Creaghan's Building, next to Mr. James Davidsons—opposite Mr. Joseph Hayes Store.

NEWCASTLE, - - N. B.

September 17, 1880.—1y

JOHN R. MALTBY
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
NOTARY PUBLIC,

Conveyancer, &c. &c.

OFFICE:—*Over the store of James Fish, Esq., Commercial Wharf.*

NEWCASTLE, N. B.

Sept. 1, 1880.

LOCAL MATTERS.

Thanks.

We have to thank Captain Lawlor of Newcastle for late papers which he has sent us from Plymouth, G. B.

Collision.

The barques "Foscole" and "Nauantum" ran into each other near Newcastle on Monday. The latter ship sustained much damage to her rigging.

Requires Fixing.

That deplorable sidewalk nearly opposite Harper's Corner; also that opposite the Methodist Church.

Sneak Thieves.

Some contemptible thieves went aboard the Gladiator lying at Muirheads wharf Saturday night, and stole about 90 lbs. of beef. The police think it was "a shame."

Church Festivals.

Monday being the Feast of all Saints, it was kept holy by the faithful of the Catholic Church. There was high Mass at 11 o'clock in the Cathedral, His Lordship Bisnop Rodgers officiating.

New Tin Shop.

Messrs Woods & McEwin have opened a new tin shop in McCully's building, Water Street. There is always plenty of room for men of enterprise in any community. Mr Woods himself is said to be a first class workman. We wish the new firm every success.

Personal

Mr. Samuel Adams of Bathurst has returned from Colorado. He returns there in a few days to look after a valuable mining property. Mr. Adams intends putting up a mill on the Restigouche.

The Surveyor General left Newcastle Monday night for Fredericton. He will return about Saturday.

Rev. Father Dixon of Newcastle was in town to-day.

That Shed.

Our readers no doubt, do not forget that half a dozen times, if not more, it was predicted in the STAR that an old shed standing, or impending, up town, would fall sometime soon; and that children playing near it ran great risk of being killed. The goodly commissioner paid no attention to the matter; and just as we stated, one of the last breezes blew down the old affair, prostrating it across the sidewalk. This town is managed most scandalously.

Death of a Captain at Newcastle.

The unfortunate captain (Rouett) of the French barque Soundary on Friday night dropped down and shortly after died, on board his ship which lay at Rosebank. There are several stories as to the cause of his death, but as no good can come of publishing them it is better they should be left rest. Dr. McLean attended the unfortunate man but could do nothing to relieve him. The flag flew half at mast upon his ship till the funeral. He was a Roman Catholic through life we have heard—but was buried in St Andrew's cemetery with masonic honors.

Hallow E'en.

If there is any latent fun in a community Hallow E'en generally brings it out. A young fellow who has passed his neighbor's fence or shop shutters every other evening in the year without molesting the same, on Hallow E'en will be found with a hundred imps sparkling in his eyes, pulling down the one or lugging off the other. Hens, chickens and ducks are especial victims for annihilation on that evening, and while any other festivals may be forgotton, Hallow E'en never escapes the most heedless youth. Saturday and Sunday evenings last were both celebrated by tearing down old fences, and uprooting old sidewalks. Even they visited Strawghan's back yard, took out his cart, stripped it of its wheels and left the trunk in a helpless condition on the street.

Street Crossings—A Proposition.

We would recommend our bright light Mr. Goggin, at the next Witenagemote to see that a lot of scows be provided for Chatham's streets. This wading through the streets after a rain storm has gone on now about long enough; and the people who pay their taxes ought to get something better in return. To each scow, or punt, a ferryman should be appointed, provided with paddles and poles. One ferry should then be run from Snowballs across to McLaughlans, and at every hundred yards up and down within the town limits. That there might be no fear of the scows ever coming to grief, by running aground on the streets, the steam mud scow *St Lawrence* might be employed to steam up and down the streets once a month, and take the mud out of it. Bridges or crossings of course, Mr. Goggin would deem no good, because the first freshet on Water Street they would be carried away.

THE CORNERS.

Mr. Goggin ought also to ask for another favor; and that is, that the poor fellows who occupy the corners, and block up the sidewalks, should be provided with recreation of some kind. On each corner there should be a noggin of cut tabacco and a box of pipes; a pack of cards, and a bottle of rum. It should then be the duty of the police to see that the same was replenished at certain hours of the day. And we have confidence enough in our police to believe they would most faithfully perform that duty; that rarely indeed would they be found away from their post.

STAR BRIEFS.

—Thanksgiving day.

—The epizootic is everywhere.

—A lot of our sportsmen are down at Tabusintac.

—There is only one vessel now at Black Brook—the Last Rose of Summer.

The Mills and the Weather.

Hutchison's mill is humming now, and employs a good many men. It was reported that Morrison's mill would start up again, but we fancy it is getting too far advanced in the season now. Yet we learn that the Gulf Stream waters pour up Belle Isle Strait this fall, at a higher temperature than ever before since note has been taken of it; and that for this reason we have had unusually mild weather this fall so far; and that the probabilities are, we will have a good deal of fine weather yet. One thing is certain, but for the kindly influence of the Gulf Stream life along the northern parts of the Province would be harder to bear in late fall and winter; and it would be almost impossible to live in Newfoundland without fur clothing. As it is, it *seems* ten times colder there than here, the moist wind actually piercing to your heart. Though this be true, the mercury seldom falls below 8° or 10° Fahrenheit; while here we have it frequently down to, and below, 20°; though we do not feel a tenth of the cold.

Dr. Leeming Coming to Chatham.

Rev. Dr. Leeming has written to us from Charlottetown to say he will lecture in Chatham on Friday evening, Nov. 5th, his subject being Mary Queen of Scots. We have seen a host of press notices of this lecture, and from the many we quote from the Boston *Globe* of Oct. 1st:—

"It is no exaggeration to state that the lecture on "Mary Queen of Scots," given last night by Rev. Dr. Leeming, of Australia, was one of the grandest bursts of Oratory delived in recent times. The large audience was completely electrified, and rounds of applause greeted the gifted speaker, at the close of many of his moving passages. . . . . It is impossible to find a more graceful, thrilling and majestic speaker. . . . . In fact if the tragedy of "Mary Queen of Scots" were produced upon the public stage, the greatest of our leading tragedians, surrounded with all the aids of scenic representation, could not produce the profound sensation, caused by Dr. Leeming in last night's oration."

He will lecture in Newcastle tomorrow evening. Dr. Leeming was born in New South Wales, and is descended from one of the oldest Catholic families in England, which stood true to the old faith during the trying times of the Reformation—and since. He has been a missionary in New South Wales the past ten years, and is now taking a winters recreation. He should have a full house.

A Curious Oyster.

On board the New Era, Monday, we were shown a most curious oyster. The creature was of the ordinary size and had been brought from the Island, but from between the shells as it were there grew a number of tentacles, composed we should judge of animal matter. Each tentacle terminated like a swallows tail and strangely enough at the apex of the angle formed seemed to have a mouth, through which nutriment might be sucked. Connexion was formed between the tentacles and the fish, by a sort of membranous matter, which was attached to the animal; and which seemed of a consistence somewhat tougher than the oyster. Mr. A. A. Davidson, M.P.P., at Newcastle, has the tentacles; and they are worth preserving.

A Miramichi Man Drowned.

We find in a Halifax exchange of Friday the following:—

Capt. McDonald, of the brigt "G. W. Anderson," which arrived today, 27 days from Malaga, with a cargo of fruit consigned to Messrs. J T & A W West, reports Sept. 21, while lying in the port of Malaga, the mate, Duncan McKinnon, a native of Miramichi, N. B, fell overboard out of a boat alongside and was drowned. On the passage home experienced heavy gales from North and North-west from the 5th to the 18th. Also on October 24th experienced a terrific gale from South-east. On the 12th inst., Giorlani Burgain, seaman, a native of Austria, fell from the mainboom overboard. The vessel was hove to and a boat lowered, which picked up the man and brought him aboard. Every exertion was made to restore life, but without avail.

The Minstrels Tomorrow.

Newcastle's now celebrated Ethiopian Troupe will give an entertainment tomorrow evening in the Masonic Hall, Chatham. In Newcastle they drew a full house; and their performance is said to be one of the richest and best carried out things seen in these parts for this many a day. There will hardly be standing room in the Hall tomorrow evening.

A Crew Picked up.

Through a private letter to Mr. O'Malley of this town we learn that the barque Titania, Capt. Hauff which sailed hence in September, picked up off the coast of England a crew of 22 men belonging to a French fishing boat. He landed them at Falmouth.

Rafts.

About 13 rafts came down from the Southwest boom yesterday; some went to Black Brook, some were left at Newcastle, and some at Douglastown—the balance at Chatham.

Blissfield Elections.

Henry Swim,	96	Mitchell Men.
W. Bamford.	87	
R. Atridge,	43	Snowball Men.
J. Holmes,	31	

Comment is unnecessary!

The Tugs.

The Gladiator went to Richibucto anticipating vessels going into that harbor. The St. George is up for repairs.

Mr Archibald Forbes in the Masonic Hall.

Because of the bands into which Mr. Forbes fell to some extent, and the stupid way his advertizing arrangements &c., were carried out, he had a poor audience in the Masonic Hall Monday night, far less than half as large as he should have had. It would be hard to give a closer or a better description of this noble type of man and correspondent than this:—Of unusual heighth, with broad, square shoulders, deep, full chest, and powerful limbs; the slightest movement showed the possession of wondrous muscular strength, evenly and fully developed. His square head was uprightly poised on a full, well rounded neck. His thin hair, scrupulously parted in the middle, left the outlines of his mouth visible. Will power and determination are imprinted on the strong lines of his face and there is a sort of a bulldog resolution visible that makes spectators readily believe in Archibald Forbes' wonderful rides over pathless wilds and heroic conduct under fire. His appearance created the best of an impression, and far in advance of a word spoken, he had made a conquest over the audience. There stood a man before them who had felt the heats of Africa and the colds of Russia; who had seen Kings crowned "as only Kings *are* crowned," and seen them, too, humbled to the very dust. They saw in him no dainty fine weather correspondent who runs his tongue out as he writes, and now and again gives a mysterious look at the wall, but one who stood upon the battle field when cannon roared and soldiers shouted anticipating victory; and after the battle too when the smoke had rolled away and the rigid dead and groaning dying covered the field. Few such men stand before any audience; never had such a man stood before the people of Chatham.

Everything with Mr. Forbes seemed subordinate, to the clear, straight thrilling story he had to tell. He neither scraped nor bowed, but cooly and calmly entered *in medias res*. "It was in July 1870" he began, "that I commenced my career as a war correspondent." Since that time it had fallen to his lot to make seven distinct campaigns four in Europe, one in Asia, and one in Africa. He visited India three times, saw King Thebeau of Burmah, saw St. Petersburgh in its joy and St. Petersburgh in its sorrow; dropped in and saw Stanley at Zanzibar, and ate a Christmas dinner at the head of the Khyber Pass; had been wounded twice, and taken prisoner half a dozen times. But his object was to tell something of the great persons he has met in that time.

KING WILLIAM.

In the market place of the little town of St. Armand, after the Franco Prussian war had begun he first saw Prince Frederick Charles, that bluff keen-eyed man of rugged front, and sharp speech. Beside him was the Tactician chief Von Moltke, then gaunt and wrinkled, who knew "how to keep silent in seven languages" And near this there stood another man, more like a soldier than a statesman, the iron-willed Bismarck, determination deep set in every line And then there marched by those proud armies that humbled the mighty France. A blush of pride kindled in Wilhelm's cheek as he saw them On the 18th of August, 1870, was fought the battle of Gravelotte. Prince Frederick Charles at early morn stood the centre of the proud princes and mighty chiefs and gave them orders. He saw him slap his thigh and exclaim. "Your duty is to march forward, find the enemy, prevent his escape, and fight him wherever you find him." They found them—and all day long the battle raged, till 60,000 men who had gone out in their pride lay dead or wounded on the field. The enemy stood bravely; and the efforts of the troops to break their lines was answered by a sleet of lead. Night crept in, and from the thunders of the cannon the earth quaked In the shade of an inn the Emperor William sat upon a plank one end resting on a dead horse, the other on a broken waggon. Near by sat Bismarck pretending to read letters. His great face showed no token of concern. A sudden blaze lit up the night; a dragoon thundered in, "We have won the plateau—the victory is for your Majesty." The emperor said, "God be thanked," and Bismarck nervously crushed his letters. That night the victorous monarch lay down in a barn and slept.

THE LAST OF THE NAPOLEONS.

Next day every one lipped it, "Napoleon surrendered;" and grim warriors could not stand the news, but cheered like boys. That night we ate eggs and bacon with Bismarck, and he gave us the hint to be a stir early in the morning. With daylight the Prince was a-horseback: a proud bay he rode that pranced through the chaos. They followed on foot to Sedan. Soon there passed a spattered and faded carriage. Gold lace gleamed in it: and Bismarck dismounting took off his hat, and bowed low to France's fallen monarch. The emperor was gaunt and leaden colored—every inch a fallen prince. Then the two, he and Bismarck went into a weaver's cottage and both sat down and talked. Bismarcks voice was firm, and they could see him bring down his forefinger on the palm of his hand. In an hour Bismarck rode away to confer with the king. The sun was high when he galloped back. The fallen monarch and the count entered the carriage and drove to the chateau. Not long after this the capitulation was signed. That was a meeting never to be forgotten between Napoleon and Wilhelm. The one wearing a flush of victory, the other dishevelled hair and leaden haggard face. As they clasped hands Nopoleon put his handkerchief to his face, and Wilhelm's face showed strange emotion. Mr. Forbes that night slept in the room the night before occupied by Napoleon. On the chair beside the bed he found a book—and strangely enough it was Bulwers, "Last of the Barons."

THE SHAH OF PERSIA.

After skipping from India where he accompanied the prince on his tour and taking a look in on Spain where he saw Alfonso, he penned the Shah, the shabbiest fraud in this age of frauds that he had ever met. He was a hook-nosed, hawk-eyed rascal who spat upon the skirt of the Empress Augusta, and had been driven from her presence. He went to England to negotiate a loan, and to show Persia's ability to pay back he loaded himself with jewels the brightest, costliest gems that the world had ever seen. No wonder—they were made in Paris. He went into a cotton mill in Manchester, and five hundred English girls, not unhandsome, sang a pæan of welcome. He put his hand in his pocket and walking up to the proprietor, cooly offered to buy out the whole female stock. Some of those who were delighted to lend him money in England would be more delighted now to see him Strange to say—Princes' memories of course are short—he went away and forgot to pay anything.

THE DAGGER HAUNTED CZAR.

He saw the Grand Duke Nicholas in a boat on the Danube. About 55, he was tall and well set, with a rugged and blustery front. This was when the Russo Turkish war went on. Four months later he saw the Czar. He learned at Shipka Pass, that victory would be Russia's. He turned his horse for Bucharest, 150 miles away, had fresh relays of horses and neither rested nor slept on the way. He met Ignatieff "Where are you from?" "Shipka Pass," "The deuce you are—then you must see the Emperor." No news had reached him ere this nor for many hours afterwards. He explained it all to the Czar whom he met in a dismantled Turkish house without a carpet on the floor. He drew plans and astonished the Czar. Ignatieff went out, and as they sat alone an expression came over the Czar's face as if to say, What a chance if this man wanted to kill me!

KING THEEBAU.

This Prince he saw before he became soured with a "double barrelled mother in law"—a woman whose two daughters he had married. He had not than begun to murder his sisters and his cousins and his aunts. The Prince gave him a ring, containing a whopping jewel. A jeweller in London declared it worth $15. So the prince of the white elephant was a fraud.

The Prince Imperial was a true son of France; heedless as a boy, full of pranks, and often falling head over heels in love—coming down the skylights to see his lady love; and thirsting for glory, running out to Zululand. He saw him "baptized with fire" at Saarbuck, and lying dead in the grass at Zululand with eighteen assegai wounds in him.

He saw Cetewayo and his brother; and ended by a lofty tribute to the Royal family. Of the Prince of Wales he saw much, and if he had faults, they served as "a fringe to a noble character." When he lay on the verge of death, England found how well she loved him. Mr. Forbes ended.

Throughout there was no flagging of interest and attention; like a beautiful stream the story of the lecture went on, now and again a ripple of applause appearing.

A Chapter of Nuisances.

A correspondent writes us: "In your last, Sir, you spoke of that dread nuisance causing young Morris' death. I only wonder the whole street was not smitten. I refer now to Duke street. Immediately opposite the ground is clayey and miry, but this did not seem to be bad enough, it had to be made worse. If you look by the Masonic Hall you will see a tank. Well, the fire wards did well for the public when they put up that tank; but when they left it there with no drain to carry off the surplus water, they made a great nuisance. This surplus water, Sir, has been emptying itself on the public highways for years; and the Road Commissioner, though two years in office, has let the householders round and about suffer—never taken any steps to abate the nuisance. The thing has gone on, during many a hot summer month, death's poisonous vapours steaming up from the pools. Many a child playing innocently along the street has inhaled the poison, gone home and died. Two victims have lately been claimed by it—but so long as these are not voters it is of little matter. Grown men, too, have been stricken down from inhaling the poison of our sinks, and still our commissioner goes along his eyes shut against the nuisances.

THE SLAUGHTER HOUSE.

But this is not all—the town is a mass of poison holes. There is the slaughter house not 50 yards to the south of one of the cess-pools mentioned. Once this was done away with, but it was established again. Last summer in calm hot weather the deadly, sickening odor that rose from this horrid place would defy description. In no other town in Canada are the slaughter houses allowed in the heart of the houses. The horrible stuff running from this place, settles down on the road side, and flies come in millions to feast on the foulnes. And yet we have a commissioner.

THAT TANNERY.

Another nuisance is the Tannery, at the entance of Duke to King street The long standing tan pits are thrown out here, and the whole place round is be-stenched. It is a frightful thing that the owner of this tannery whoever he may be, is allowed to do this; and I tell you Sir, that some day a plague will come out of these places, and when too late the people will see the dangers they, through their carelessness, have called upon their heads. Well, sir, a public drain leads from the corner of Duke and King Streets, and if this man has choked that sewer with his filth, he should be made to clear it.

THE KIND OF A COMMISSIONER WE WANT.

There is a general complaint among the people of the neighborhood about this matter; but they are without redress. I only say now, that Chatham wants a proper, plucky man: a man who is no creatures tool; who loves cleanliness, decency and order himself—a man who will see that the public is not exposed to the dangers of plague every day and obliged to wallow in filth as if they were pigs. A middle district man is wanted now—write this up sir, it you please in your paper. A thousand will bless you for it. There is a party scavenger here who durst not call his soul his own; who would see the people die like sheep from these cess-pools and would be afraid to raise his finger against the nuisances, fearing that pork and molasses might lose a vote. Give us therefore a decent plucky man, say Robert Murray for commissioner. He was in the office before and did his duty well. Put this before the council; never mind what our two mis elected men say about it. They have no weight against the rest; and no legal voice. Lawlor, however, will resign, and not run again. Goggin better resign and stay resigned; we can get along better without anyone, than with *him* Get a man I say who is not afraid to do his duty; who keeps no store—then our trade can be better and cheaper done for *cash!*

The pork and molasses influence has run too long now, so have many other things. There is no reason why some other mill could not supply deals for sidewalks as well as Snowballs—and *cheaper* The walks ought to be better in the center of our town where business is done. Now it is like a huge pig stye. Now new patches are only put down where the staunch voters for Snowball live. In Heavens name, try and do the best you can to have us rid of these horrible nuisances."

Notes From the Capital.

Rafting goes on yet.

THE weather is charming.

THE Government is in session.

THE Equity Court meets Wednesday.

YOUNG WHITE, at Nashwaak has severely cut his hip. Dr. Gregory attends him.

THE Aldermanic elections are upon us; and they are hardly worth writing about.

THE public schools have been examined this week, and shown excellent proficiency.

THE Normal School opens Thursday and there are about 130 applicants for admission. The ten months term commences now.

MR. FRED PHILLIPSE ROBINSON, has just returned from Manitoba. It will be remembered Mr. R. went out to engage in stock raising business.

MR. DEVEREAUX has gone away. He gave out before going, that he was off to help the Presedential campaign! It is not likely he will run for president.

MR. JOHN WOOD, appears against John and Mrs. Mackey for slander. Mr. Woods it is thought does not want to gain character—but money. It is a shame for him.

WE have a run of theatricals here this week. Do you ever have any in Chatham? [Seldom.—ED.] We have Rose Michel, Grimaldi etc. The company will go away poorer but wiser men.

I regret to tell you that Hon. John A. Beckwith has been seriously ill the past few days. Mr. Beckwith is now in his 80th year, and a change for the better must soon some or he can't survive.

THERE is a large number of prosecutions under the C. T. A. The following are the fines:—John Mckeen $50; Councillor White, Gibson, $50;—the other day a City Alderman was fined $50. This is scandalous, and the arm of the law is not half harsh enough.

MR. MATHESON, so long manager of Messrs. Gregory and Blairs outside office, has been admitted barrister. I congratulate him heartily, and wish him every success. There is one thing, Mr. M. has studied in the cleverest law office in town; and it is his own fault if he is not up in the profession.

There is a great deal of dissatisfaction felt with regard to the way Dr. Jack is managing the College. Most of his ideas are prehistoric, many of them are pre-Adamite. The papers may puff this college as the please; it is still by no means what it ought to be. Dr. Jack should accept a retiring salary and make way for some active man who is an educationist. I hope the Government will look into this matter. I will detail to you shortly just what I mean.

The St. John papers are having their revenge on Fredericton now. When they speak of Provincial or Dominion exhibitions, or gatherings of any kind, Fredericton is systematically ignored. The *Reporter* arouses itself, and with all the eloquence and fire of a dead stick inveighs against such treatment. Dr. Archer now is the only one who can say a word for Fredericton, that will have any weight outside—but the plough and harrow marks of Mr. Johnson will remain on the paper for ever.

Newcastle Local Items.

MR. MCCULLEY, our teacher, has gone, and Mr. Coyngraham of St. John has taken his place. Before Mr. McCulley left some of the pupils of his school presented him with an inkstand, and a gold pencil case, accompanied with handsome addresses. Mr. McCully with a good deal of emotion, acknowledged the presents. The pupils then gave three cheers for him. His successor will doubtless be a good teacher, but his originality is of the most startling nature. There is no other man in the profession like him.

THE school examination here was quite creditable The prizes awarded in Mr. Hutchison's school, and kindly given by Rev. Mr. Greer, were:

For general proficiency, attendance and punctuality [the highest possible mark 1,000.] Henry Wyse, 782, Eliza Reid 781, Bertie Wyse, 669, Katie Bohan, 707.

The prizes were presented by Miss Benson.

IN the High School the prize was furnished by Mr. J. Snowball, a case of mathematical instruments, was won by Robert Nicholson, who made 447 points out of a possible 500. The same pupil took the Gov. General's medal making 95 per cent.

PROF. George Leeming is billed here for to morrow evening. I hope he will have a crowded house. He lectures on Mary Queen of Scots.

IT is ow about time the "Advocate" dropped school matters. Don't you think so?

OUR minstrels will be with you to-morrow. Give them a good reception—they are worthy of it.

Election

John S. Pond, and Kenneth Cameron were elected as Councillors, for Ludlow.

Communications.

A LETTER FROM BARNABY RIVER.

To the Editor of the Star.

DEAR SIR,—Having occasion recently to pass by Barnaby River Station on the I. C. R. several times by rail, the conviction was forced upon me that the care of H. M. Mails, was a matter of not much importance, inasmuch as I noticed each time a small boy signing the usual acknowledgement of the safe receipt of the mail bag, and then carrying the same away. Afterwards I travelled through the section of country around about the Station and I learned on enquiry that the postmaster, Mr. John McDonald is either unwilling or unable to perform the duties of his office and the business is left entirely on the hands of the above named boy who is, I should judge about eight years old. Complaints are numerous, about the way in which the office is run, one man asserting that it was almost impossible for to get a letter registered because the postmaster did not know how it was done. Rumor has it also that he has to go out to Nelson to get his quarterly returns made out properly, being unable to do it himself. Would it not be well for Inspector McMillan to look into the matter and either teach the present incumbent, (or incumbrance) how to perform his duties or get someone who already knows?

While on this subject I must express my surprise that one of the most flourishing settlements in the country, viz Semiwagan Ridge is destitute of any mail accommodation whatever and they must either go to Barnaby River, Nelson, or Derby for their mail matters or go without. The first named P. O. is the nearest, being about six miles from the centre of the settlement. With a competent postmaster at Barnaby River a weekly mail could be made up, and despatched from there at a small expense, which would be a great conveinence to the people in the above named settlement.

READER.

HARBOR MATTERS.

DEAR SIR—Our Harbor is nearly cleared of ships and the pilots are dividing their spoils after their seasons work. The situation of the Lump Buoy and the work performed by the dredge is fully discussed at O'Malley's Angus in the chair.

BY TELEGRAPH.

Fire in Woodstock.

(*Special to Star.*)

WOODSTOCK, Nov. 3.

A fire broke out here yesterday evening and destroyed a store house, the offices and analytical labaratory of [name marred in despatch] Loss $3,000.

New Advertisements

CAR LOAD OF

APPLES

AT AUCTION!

140 BARRELS!

On Saturday, 6th inst., at 10 a. m. sharp, opposite my auction rooms.

All winter fruit, very fine. Housekeepers' attention solicited. Last lot for this season.

WM. WYSE,
Auctioneer.

Chatham, Nov. 3—1i