

S.Y. MITCHELL,
—DEALER IN—
GROCERIES
AND LIQUORS
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
Pleasant Street,
OPPOSITE MASONIC HALL.
NEWCASTLE, N. B.
October 1, 1889.

J. B. RUSSELL,
Direct Importer
CHOICE WINES,
BRANDIES,
WHISKIES,
CORDIALS,
&c., &c., &c.
—ALSO—
COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF WELL-SELECTED
GROCERIES
Opposite Masonic Hall,
NEWCASTLE, N. B.
Newcastle—Nov 24—18

LIME! LIME! LIME!
TO PLASTERERS, BUILDERS, AND FARMERS.
Fresh Burnt Cork Lime always on hand at the Lime Kiln in Chatham, and at John P. McNeill's office; also on and after the 20th inst., Lime from Bellefleur will be delivered at different stations and sidings along the I. C. R. Orders solicited and promptly attended to. W. H. KUSSELL, Chatham April 13 3 n. MANUFACTURER

STOVES! STOVES!
Tinware, Tinware.
The subscriber has opened a warehouse in the building known as
FISH'S TANNERY,
where all classes of the above goods are on exhibition.
I can quote prices for these goods which will commend them to purchasers.
STOVES
purchased at my establishment will be fitted up free of charge.
CALL & INSPECT STOCK
Freezers & Refrigerators
a specialty.
R. D. SOUTHWOOD,
Newcastle, Sep 1889—29291f

END
ORY.
SCRIBER
Factory and Planning of the Town he is now the public, the Prices
OWS, MOULD,
KETS, STAIR
HAND WAL
ISERS OF
S. NOWEL
etc., etc.
Planning and Butting
RDS, SUR-
ING etc. etc.
inflection Gurr-tread
ROE CASSIDY,
16, 1881-187

W. N. HARPER,
Watch Maker, Jeweller etc.,
Upper water street,
CHATHAM.
WATCHES & CLOCKS etc.,
repaired at short notice. Address 103
Chatham, N.B. April 4 ap 13 1

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, 1889.

MASONRY.
The Subscriber begs leave to inform the Public in Town and Country that he is prepared to execute all orders entrusted him in this line, at reasonable rates.
He keeps constantly on hand,
STONE,
BRICK,
LIME
and SAND.
Satisfaction guaranteed.
ANTHONY FOREST.
Cor. Duke & Henderson Street,
Chatham, April 13, 1881—1f

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 hope his 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 of the Black Brook mails is not given by tender, every 1-2 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 etc., 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.

Braps 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 officer 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.

Evictions.
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 was not for the weak joint" in it one year, "it would have held on all right," "if it was not for the high freshet" 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 heavy 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, of 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 beholding 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 tugs "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. Newcastle, that the boom had broken. Newcastle, that the boom had broken.

Bye Road Commissioners are notified that no over expenditure will be recognized, and any expenditure of money or 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 salted 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 Couch River, Indian Brook, River des Caches and the different small rivers which run into the Tabusiate 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 H. J. 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 at Snowball 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 tools and wisdom, and the election of Mr. Snowball may teach my Alnwick neighbors some.

I am sorry to be able to say that there are three or four men who have worked all winter with Mr. Charles Hickey, who are supplied by Mr. J. B. Snowball, and Mr. P. but when the parties got their order for their winter haul, 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 \$50 or \$80 each. These parties do not blame the National Policy for this. Perhaps our M. P. would be inclined to blame the N. 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 half the amount. At least they lost

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 picknickers; tripped it over the delicate green, peeping out after their wicker 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 and Breho's, \$10; Irvine road, \$15; John Brown road, \$15; Kennan 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 K. Tr.
On Loggie's road, \$25; Road from Forrest to Wilson's, 15; Chatham to Forrest's, 15; Road from Forrest to Black Brook bridge, back road 15; To continue the road easterly from Old Napan road, 20; On Old Napan road, 10; Road from Murdock's to Wilson's, 15; Road from Black Brook bridge to Murdock's, 20; From Black Brook towards Old Napan road, Ferguson's, 10; To pay balance due finally M' Dermid 1880, 525;—\$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 Riechi barto road to John Lashy's, 10; On St. John burying ground road, 10; From Maher's to Brown's, 10; On Archibald Jardine's road, 10; From Chapel road to Riechi barto road, past Seanie'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.

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WORKS IN SNOWBALL'S MILL.
Chatham May 21, 1881.

A TOUR THROUGH IRELAND.
A WELL CULTIVATED VALLEY.
Filthy Railway Cars—A Sentitive 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 covering, the hills cultivated to the very top, and the trees growing here and there all over a landscape that should delight the heart of a farmer. Whenever I come to care less husbandry, I will be sure to record it. I have seen nothing of the kind yet on a 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 something out 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. M'Clarty 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 superb establishment, the "Abercorn Arms." We informed that the late Lord Leitrim had stopped there a day or two before his death on his way to Mouravoghan. "Stopped in this very room," said my informant. He left here on the Sabbath day in his own carriage for Mouravoghan; he had not much reference for the day. He was a very old man, walked lame with one leg, had a very fair and very white hair. He rested one day at Mouravoghan, the next day he set out for Mouravoghan 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 burying 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 with it. All that can go will go, if things do not become better, or if 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 Withrow, 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 Rusky.

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 Rusky 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 stumbled 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 lime kiln, turning to the right at one cross road, 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 rain. The Letterkenny man had said of Rusky: "It is a fine place, it is that just this. 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, behind we passed the lime-kiln the hills and the crossroads, and stopped suddenly at the house 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. Lifted the knocker and announced an arrival. The godman was not at home, and the girls were married, and the old woman was so thoroughly frightened that she actually trembled. Was it an endorsement 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 shillagin 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 Killigordon in time for the train; that is, waited at the station for a couple of hours, and admired the banks and braces 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 hued 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 Killigordon. Took

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.

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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 covering, the hills cultivated to the very top, and the trees growing here and there all over a landscape that should delight the heart of a farmer. Whenever I come to care less husbandry, I will be sure to record it. I have seen nothing of the kind yet on a 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 something out 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. M'Clarty 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 superb establishment, the "Abercorn Arms." We informed that the late Lord Leitrim had stopped there a day or two before his death on his way to Mouravoghan. "Stopped in this very room," said my informant. He left here on the Sabbath day in his own carriage for Mouravoghan; he had not much reference for the day. He was a very old man, walked lame with one leg, had a very fair and very white hair. He rested one day at Mouravoghan, the next day he set out for Mouravoghan 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 burying 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 with it. All that can go will go, if things do not become better, or if 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 Withrow, 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 Rusky.

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 Rusky 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 stumbled 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 lime kiln, turning to the right at one cross road, 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 rain. The Letterkenny man had said of Rusky: "It is a fine place, it is that just this. 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, behind we passed the lime-kiln the hills and the crossroads, and stopped suddenly at the house 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. Lifted the knocker and announced an arrival. The godman was not at home, and the girls were married, and the old woman was so thoroughly frightened that she actually trembled. Was it an endorsement 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 shillagin 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 Killigordon in time for the train; that is, waited at the station for a couple of hours, and admired the banks and braces 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 hued 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 Killigordon. Took

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