

LITERARY.

NEARING HOME.

Nearing home! A little longer
Waft us onward, fav'ring breeze;
Sunbeams falling, clearer, stronger,
Light a pathway through the seas.

Nearing home! Oh, fold your pinions,
Brooding spirits of the storm,
Till o'er Ocean's wide dominions
We are swiftly, safely borne!

Nearing home; Ah, cease to wrestle,
Saucy waves, that keep us back;
Quickly let our bonny vessel
Leave you foaming in her track.

Nearing home! Bright birds are
clinging
Midst the swaying sails above;
They, like we, their way are winging
To a land and home they love.

Nearing home! Now far behind us
Country's bright, but strange, we
cast;
No fond thoughts to them can bind
us—
We are nearing home at last.

Nearing home! No time for dream-
ing—
Fancy soon may quit her throne,
All along the light is gleamin'—
Beams of love to guide us home.
SIEBERT WYNNIE.

Love Begets Love.

Continued.

'No?'—I fear so.
'It will nearly ruin him,' observed
aunt Betha, pathetically—'Possibly.'
'Won't he make terms with the
men?' asked Minnie. 'Strikes are
such dreadful things! I saw one in
the North-ence. I hope I shall never
see another.'
'Terms?' growled Paul. 'He has
made too many with them already.'
'He was the most generous of
masters always,' supplemented aunt
Betha, with a heavy sigh.
'I am tired of this perfection,' said
Gift with a little curl of her lip; 'and
Minnie does not know him—so the
subject cannot be a very amusing one
to her. Suppose we change it, aunt
Betha?'
Aunt Betha sighed; Minnie laugh-
ed.
'What an uncharitable little person
you are Gift!' she said. 'How has
Mr Verney offended you?'
Gift made no reply—indeed she
could have given no good or sufficient
reason for her aversion, so she wisely
held her peace.
Early the next morning Paul drove
his aunt and cousin over to the
Manor. Bruce came out to meet
them, and took them into a handsome
dining-room, with long French win-
dows that opened out on to a lawn
adorned with beds of gaily coloured
flowers.
'What a beautiful garden, Mr.
Verney!' exclaimed Miss Stanhope,
turning towards the window.
'Do you think so?' said Bruce with
a half smile.
'Yes, indeed, it is a lovely home,'
supplemented aunt Betha warmly.
'It does seem sad to leave it,' said
the young master, wearily.
'To leave it my dear boy, what do
you mean?'
'Why, I suppose Paul has told you
of the strike. It may ruin me you
know,' said Mr Verney, with a dubious
shrug of the shoulders.
'No, no, Bruce! Don't talk so!
cried the old lady, tears rolling down
her furrowed cheeks.
'Aunt Betha, you are not helping
me one bit to bear my troubles,' said
he, taking her hand, with a grave
smile.
'No, indeed,' acknowledged Miss
Hemans, deprecatingly. 'Excuse me,
I will be wiser in a moment,' and with
a few choking little sighs, she wiped
her eyes and looked up bravely.
'Paul, I want to talk to aunt Betha
on business. I am afraid it will only
bore Miss Stanhope. Will you show
her the gardens, and, out her some
grapes?' said Bruce. 'I hope you
will not think me impolite,' he added,
turning to Minnie.
'Not at all, I shall enjoy your
grapes.'
'Now, aunt Betha, I am going to
confide in you,' said Bruce as the door
closed on Paul and Minnie.
'You know you may, Bruce,' she
put in, laying her hand upon his.
'Yes. Well you know how badly
things are going with me just now—

that the men are threatening to
strike, unless I agree to their de-
mands for a rise of wages. That I
will not do. It is neither fair to them
to myself, nor to other masters. Then
there is a large American order,
which, if well executed, and at a rea-
sonable rate will be followed by others.
If I pay the men the extra tonnage
they demand, I must either increase
the price agreed on or lose consid-
erably. I did think of having Bel-
gian workmen over to execute the
order hoping that by that time our
own people would have seen their
folly and have been brought to their
senses; but I have abandoned that
scheme for another. Some months
ago an old friend offered me a fair
sum for the house and works, as they
stand. I am going up to London
to-day to see him; if he is still of the
same mind I shall close with his offer,
and save a public sale.'
'And yourself, Bruce? What will
you do?'
'Go abroad—where, I have not de-
cided yet. It will be an agreeable
change for me. I doubt if the men
will find their so; but that is their
own fault.'
'Quite. Oh, Bruce!
'I know what you are thinking of
aunt Betha, but it is not to be; so it
is wiser, in every way, that I should
leave Long Eaton for a time.'
'Yes, it is wiser,' admitted Miss
Hemans with a sigh.
Then they talked of the future, and
Bruce spoke of the possibility of his
joining, as engineer, an expedition
that was going to South Africa, Miss
Hemans gave him sundry little in-
structions about taking care of himself
till the others returned, and then con-
versation became general. After lun-
cheon the visitors drove home.
Bruce had gone three days. Every
one supposed his business to London
was to negotiate for foreign workmen;
and bitter indeed was the feeling in
the village against him. The works
had been closed two days, and the men
stood about the streets, or lounged in
the public-house parlors, with surly
looks and angry voices. Women gos-
siped together at their cottage doors
and vowed vengeance against the
'master,' or cried over the black
prospect the coming winter was open-
ing up before them.
'It's cruel hard,' said one miserably
clad woman with a baby in her arms,
whilst three other little ones clung to
her ragged skirts.
'It be cruel hard,' assented a stout,
red-faced woman, who stood arms
akimbo on the next doorstep. 'But
them as should won't feel it. Its we
that'll get the pinch.'
'And look at the berries! It's
years since they've been so plenty that
always means hard weather, grumbled
a third.
'He that brings the sorer'll feel
the sorer,' quote another dirty woman
oracularly.
'Ay' cried the man who put his
head into Miss Hemans kitchen, 'by
all that is good he shall smart for it!'
* * * * *
It was evening—the October day
was over. Darkness was fast follow-
ing twilight up the Long Valley; the
stars were multiplying every minute;
the wind, which shook the faded limbs
from off the half-bare branches, was
chill and sounded mournfully. There
were few sounds to be heard round the
farm—work for the day was over.
Miss Hemans sat knitting by the par-
lor fire, Minnie at her feet, also sup-
plied with knitting—for aunt Betha
was instructing her in stocking-mak-
ing. Gift was seated on the rug,
reading by the light of a blazing fire.
Suddenly she lifted her head, her eyes
distended, her lips and cheeks blanched
with fear. She was too frightened
either to move or to speak.
Miss Hemans was bending over
Minnie correcting a mistake in her
work. As she raised her head she
caught sight of Gifts face, and fol-
lowing the direction of the girl's
eyes, saw Bruce Verney at the win-
dow, deadly pale, and beckoning for
assistance. Aunt Betha dropped her
work and rushed from the room; and,
almost before Minnie could understand
what was the matter, Miss Hemans,
with the help of the servant, had
brought him into the parlor and placed
him on the sofa near the blazing fire.
'My dear boy, what is it? Where
are you hurt?' she asked, holding a
glass of wine to his lips.
'A stone,' he said, touching his
temple.
'And your arm!' cried Minnie, see-
ing it hung powerless beside him.
'Broken,' he moaned; and then ob-
livion shut out everything.
'We must have a doctor directly!'
exclaimed aunt Betha, supporting his
head.

'And Paul will not be home
to-night,' added Minnie. 'What
a pity! Shall I send Ann for
Dr Strong?'
'My dear, she would not pass
Crooked Acre Lot after dark,
alone, to save her life?'
'I will go,' said Gift, quietly
—she had not spoken before.
'Yes, go, my dear—go quick-
ly!' requested aunt Betha,
without lifting her eyes from
the unconscious man's face.
'Send Ann with a basin of
cold water directly,' whispered
Minnie to her cousin; 'I will
try to strap up the wound, or
he will bleed to death.'
'What are you searching in
my rag-bag for Minnie?' cried
aunt Betha. 'Do come here
and bathe his head again.
What shall we do? Oh, dear,
this is dreadful!'
'Lay his head down on the
cushions, aunt Betha, and cut
open the sleeve of his coat with
your large scissors,' said Min-
nie quietly. 'I am going to
show you what I wanted with
your rag-bag.'
Miss Hemans obeyed. A
little shiver ran through her as
she raised the wounded man's
arm and found his hand all wet
with blood. But Minnie's
quiet assurance calmed her, and
she followed the girl's direc-
tions implicitly.
'You remember, aunt, Harry
once was shot. I saw our
doctor dress the wound, and he
explained the way to stop vic-
lent bleeding; I think I know
enough to do a little good here
till Dr Strong comes.'
While she talked, her fin-
gers deftly rolled and wetted
lint, which she bound tightly
over the wound.
'My dear, how clever you
are!' ejaculated aunt Betha as
the girl rose from the floor on
which she had been kneeling,
to do her work.
'Now shall we try to give
him some brandy, aunt? If
you will raise his head again,
I think I can manage with a
spoon. There—see—his eyes
are opening!'
'Bruce, are you better,' asked
Miss Hemans bending over
him.
He smiled faintly.
Gift almost flew down the
road that led to the village.
Dr Strong's house was quite at
the farther end, and Minnie's
words—'bleed to death!'—
rang in her ears as she ran.
Suddenly, at the darkest part
of the road, a man sprang up
from the hedge and joined her.
She was startled; but not
frightened. She knew all the
village-people; by his voice
she knew that this was Dan
Kite, the greatest idler and
vagabond among them all,
She hurried on without reply-
ing to 'his surly 'Good-night.'
Dan, however, with his long
strides, easily kept pace with
her running.
'Be he dead?' he asked,
hoarsely, jerking his thumb in
the direction of the farm.
'Is who dead?' said Gift
sharply.
'Why, he—the man at t'
Works, sure.'
'How did you know he was
hurt, Dan?' Gift inquired very
quietly.
'Her quiet manner awed dim-
ly. 'Cause—'cause I saw'd him'
he stammered, feeling his
throat get dry and his heart
beat uncomfortably fast.
To be Continued.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

CHEAP DRY GOODS
129--WATER STREET--129
SIGN OF THE RED LAMP.
RICHARD HARVEY,
Having completed his Fall importa-
tions is now offering them at a very
low price.
Winceys from 2½ per yard
Sheetings 9½ " " "
Flannel, all wool 1s " "
Moleskin 1s " "
Blanketing 1s 2d " "
Dress Goods 6d " "
Ladies Felt Hats each 1s
" Ulsters 7s. 6d.
" Skirts 2s. 6d.
" Ties 4s.
" Winter Jackets 5s.
Childrens' " 3s.
A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF
Womens E.S. Kid Boots from 4s. 6d.
" Pebble Lace " 6s.
" Button " 8s.
Mens' Long Boots from 12s. 6d.
" Grain Deck Boots 12s. 6d.
" Lace " 12s. 6d.
Also 500 Pairs Mens' Marching Boots,
at 7s. 11d., only to be bought here.

A choice lot New Teas,
in Boxes or Chests from 1s 4d to 2s 9d
FLOUR, BREAD,
PORK, BUTTER,
MOLASSES
I and a general assortment of GROCER-
IES at very low PRICES, at
No 91--WATER STREET.—No 13.
Nearly Opposite the Custom House.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEWFOUNDLAND
TO MARINERS
NOTICE is hereby given that the
Harbor Light on Rocky Point, at
the entrance of Harbor Briton, Fortune
Bay, has been burned down.
Steps will be taken to replace it as soon
as possible.
Due notice will be given when the new
Light is ready.
By order,
JOHN STUART,
Secretary Board Works.
Board of Works Office,
13th June, 1881.

CRAWFORD'S
Temperance Dining Saloon
140 WATER STREET,
(Opposite Messrs. Job, Eros., & Co.)
Meals, Refreshments to order
Our friends from the Outports
would do well to call should they get
hungry in the City.
June 3.

HARBOR GRACE STOVE DEPOT
Glass and Tinware Establis-
ment.
(To the east of Messrs. John Mann & Co
Mercantile Premises.)
C. L. KENNEDY,
Begs to intimate that he has recently
received a large assortment of the lat-
est improved and very best quality of
Stoves comprising Cooking, Fancy,
Franklin and Fittings of all sizes Eng-
lish and American GOTHIC GRAT-
ES.
In addition to the above, the subscri-
er has always on hand—American
Hatches, Harness Rings and Buckets
Sheath Knives and Belts Wash Boards,
Brooms, Clothes Lines Water Pails,
Matches, Kerosene Oil—best quality
Turpentine, Stove Shoe, Paint & Cloth-
es Brushes, Preserved Fruits, Condens-
ed Milk, Coffee, Soaps and a general
assortment of Groceries, Hardware
Glassware, Tinware etc.
American Cut Nails—all sizes
—by the lb or keg.
Nov.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

JUST OPENED.
M. J. SHEEHAN
Tinsmith and Dealer in Stoves.
Begs to inform the public of Carbonear,
and vicinity, that he has JUST OPENED
business in the shop recently occupied
by Mr. T. Malone and nearly opposite
the Court House Fire Break, where he
has on hand a large assortment of
TINWARE
Of every description.
Also a large assortment of
Stoves and Castings.
All orders in the above line attended
to with promptitude and satisfaction.
M. J. SHEEHAN,
Water Street, Carbonear.

134-SIGN OF THE GUN-134
HAWLEY & BARNES
General Hardware Importers
Have now received their spring stock of
HARDWARE & FANCY GOODS.
Consisting of:
ELECTRO PLATED WARE, CUTLERY
GLASS AND OTHERS,
MANTLE AND TABLE LAMPS,
CHANDLER AND TABLE LAMPS,
IN GREAT VARIETY.
A large assortment of,
GLASSWARE,
NAILS,
SHEET IRON
PAINT,
PUTTY, &c.

HAWLEY & BARNES.
SIGN OF THE GUN,
No. 341, Arcade Building.
ANDREOLI'S
Book & Novelty Store,
HARBOR GRACE,
116--WATER STREET--116.

The Subscriber offers for sale
BOOKS
PICTURES,
LOOKING GLASSES,
CLOCKS, TIME PIECES,
LOOKING GLASS PLATES
Statues, Picture Framing,
STATIONERY,
And a Variety of FANCY ARTI-
CLES, too numerous to mention.
PICTURES framed & order
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Outport Orders strictly attended
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NEW GARDEN SEEDS
JUST RECEIVED
AT
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MEDICAL HALL,
HARBOR GRACE
FOR 1881 FISHERIES.
We are prepared to supply to any
extent, made from best New Orleans.
Cotton and hard laid TWINE—the
very best—all our STANDARD NETS,
for Herring, Cod, Chaplin and Lanca-
SEINES, put together—Roped, Cork-
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manner.
AMERICAN NET & TWINE Co.
ST. JOHN'S, No. 1
MARBLE WORKS
THEATRE HILL, ST. JOHN'S.
ROBERT A. MACKIM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Monuments, Tombs, Grave-
Stones, Tables, Mantel Pieces,
Hall and Centre Tables, &c.
He has on hand a large assortment of
Italian and other Marbles, and is now pre-
pared to execute all orders in this line.
N. B.—The above articles will be sold
at much lower prices than in any part
of the Provinces of the United States.

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