

LITERARY

Never Give Up.

Oh never give up, and never get blue,  
Keep a brave soul, you'll weather it  
through.  
Never say fail,  
Thrice clad in mail!  
Is the hero who's honest and true.  
When the weather is dull and the rain  
Rolls like white tears on the window pane,  
Never get blue,  
Light will shine through,  
And the sun rise in glory again.  
Though thy losses like tempest clouds  
lower,  
Be a hero, shrink not from the shower,  
'Never de-pair,'  
Arching the air  
Is a bow spanning cottage and tower.  
What though riches should take wings  
and flee,  
And thy lot with the 'onely should be,  
'Never give up,'  
Mixed in the cup  
Of tears are the sweets of adversity.  
I the haughty pass by with a sneer.  
Think not that scorn can eclipse the  
sphere.  
'Never say die,'  
Let him pass by,  
A turn of the wheel may bring near.  
Strike out and swim through the rolling  
sea  
To the shore, where hands are out stretch-  
ed to thee.  
'Never go down,'  
He will not drown  
Whose head is up raised and whose hands  
are free.  
Oh, never give up and never get blue;  
Keep a brave soul, you'll weather it  
through.  
'Never say fail,  
Thrice clad in mail'  
Is the hero who's honest and true.  
G. W. B.

The Morning Hills.

MAURICE THOMPSON.

I.  
He sits among the morning hills,  
His face is bright and strong,  
He scans far heights, but scarcely notes  
The herdsman's idle song.  
He cannot brook this peaceful life  
While battle's trumpet calls;  
He sees a crown for him who wins,  
A tear for him who falls.  
The flowery glens and shady slopes  
Are hateful to his eyes,  
Beyond the heights, beyond the storms  
The land of promise lies.  
II.  
He is so old and sits so still,  
With face so meek and mild  
We know that he remembers naught,  
Save when he was a child.  
His fight is fought, his fame is won,  
Life's highest peak is past,  
The laurel crown, the triumph's arch,  
Are worthless at the last.  
The forest of age destroys the bay—  
The loud applause of men  
Falls feebly on the palsied ears  
Of four score years and ten.  
He does not hear the voice that bears  
His name around the world,  
He has no thought of great deeds done  
Where battle tempests whirled.  
But evermore he is looking back,  
While memory hills and thrills  
With echoes of the hard-man's song,  
Among the morning hills.

Mabel Willey's Lovers.

(Continued.)

'Oh! do,' answered Kitty aloud. Then taking Mabel's hand, she said: 'You must know my dear, that he and I are just engaged. I spoke the sweet yes to him as we were strolling up the brook—this never-to-be-forgotten brook.'  
'Engaged—going to be married,' said Mabel in a musing tone and fixing her dark eyes upon Harry, who wondered what she was thinking of while she watched him so wistfully. Then presently Mabel went on:  
'Yes, do out your name on the tree, for you must never forget this day—never; and your names will be visible upon it many years to come.'  
At three o'clock their steps to the beach, where Harry deftly carved, his name and the name of his betrothed upon the bark.  
'Why, how strange!' cried Mabel when he had finished. Then, taking Kitty by the sleeve, she drew her to the other side of the tree, where, lol in letters almost obliterated, by time, was written Harry Fletcher—Mabel Willey!  
'Then you have a lover too, of the same name as mine,' observed Kitty.  
'A lover! I have none,' returned Mabel. 'Besides, do you not perceive that these names have been here a long time, for the bark has nearly grown over them.'

'Well, who were these lovers then?—for such no doubt they were,' said Kitty. 'I do not know; I only discovered the names yesterday. I'll ask grandpa as soon as he comes back from the mill.'  
'Do,' said Harry, 'for I am curious to know.'  
'And before you return to Illinois, continued Kitty, 'please come to the Kearsarge House, in order that I may see you again; for where your home is, far, far from where ours is going to be.'  
'We intend to live in Paris,' said Harry. 'In Paris?' observed Mabel. 'You mean, of course, the Paris that is in France?'  
'Is there any other?' said Kitty, inwardly smiling at her simplicity.  
'Oh, yes. There is a Paris in Oregon and another in Texas.'  
Here the talk ended by Mabel promising to visit Kitty ere many days were over.  
'I should not have expected to meet such a fine looking, well-mannered girl in a place like this,' spoke Miss Gibbon, when she and Harry were out of Mabel's hearing.  
'In America pretty girls are as plenty as blackberries,' answered Harry.  
'Well, we certainly carry off the cream in Europe,' added Kitty. 'But this young woman is a peasant.'  
'A farmer's daughter,' said Harry.  
'Oh! we should call her a peasant in France, Harry dear. And I have some misgivings as to what mother will say when she hears that I have invited Mabel to visit me at the hotel.'  
'Well, she is dark complexioned, and I'll swear she is an Italian baroness,' retorted Harry, laughing.  
'Oh! yes, do. A capital joke! Why, we know ever so many baronesses abroad. Ma has a large circle of noble acquaintances.'  
'Really!'  
'Yes. And I know three American girls married to counts. But there was no love between them during the courtship—not a spark it was all pure business from beginning to end and I am told the young ladies are now very unhappy.'  
'We! our way of courting is the best,' said Harry.  
'Judging from my own experience it undoubtedly is,' continued Kitty, looking tenderly at him. 'The walks we have enjoyed together have taught you what I am; and, oh! how fortunate it is that I came back to America this year.'  
'Most fortunate for me,' said Harry.  
'And for me, too, dear boy. But now, to speak serious about Mabel; I am in a quandary. What shall I do? Ma will see at a glance that she is a peasant.'  
Mrs. Gibbon was highly pleased when her daughter told her of her engagement to Henry Fletcher, Jr.  
'Console toi, ma fille,' she said. 'Si n'a pas de titre, l'argent au moins ne lui manque pas.'  
But as Kitty had feared, she was not at all pleased when she heard about Mabel Willey.  
'Mais, mon Dieu! C'est une paysanne!' groaned the widow who was wont to speak French to Kitty, and spoke it well, too—'une paysanne!' Then sinking down in a rocking chair, 'Mon-Dieu!' she sighed, 'mon Dieu! quel scandale.'  
Here the matter was let drop for Mrs. Gibbon was too delighted with Kitty's engagement to remain long out of humor.  
Three days later, when the widow was seated on the piazza, fanning away the mosquitoes and wishing with all her heart that she was at Biarritz or Trouville, up rattled a farm wagon. An old man was driving, his back pretty well bent with years and beside him sat Mabel.  
'Grandpa I'll not be long,' said the girl, alighting from the vehicle, and speaking loud enough to be overheard by a number of guests.  
'Mon Dieu!' groaned Mrs. Gibbon, who guessed who it was.  
Now, Mabel did not know Kitty's mother, but it so happened that it was she whom the girl first addressed.  
'I am come to call on Miss Gibbon. Can you tell me, madam, whether she is in?' inquired Mabel.  
'Go ask one of the servants,' replied the widow, her eyes darting flashes of anger as she spoke. Then suddenly a bright thought struck her; quick a change came over her features, and dropping her voice, she added just as Mabel was turning away, 'Stop! I remember now Miss Gibbon has gone on a picnic and won't be back till quite late.'  
'Oh, too bad,' ejaculated Mabel. 'I may never see her again.'

In another moment the wagon drove off and the girl was on her way to the West.  
When Harry returned the following week to New York and told his father of his betrothal to Miss Gibbon the heiress, Mr. Fletcher senior was as pleased as Kitty's mother had been.  
'But now, my son,' he said, 'you must not be idle any longer; you must come down town and learn business.'  
'Business!' exclaimed Harry with an air of surprise.  
'Why yes. Have I not been steadily at work in Wall Street more than twenty years? During a l that time no holiday have I taken—not one except one fortnight after your mother's death. Then I own I did pass a short time in the country for grief rendered brain labor out of the question. And now I am worth a million at the very least; and with such an example as I have set you would you lead a drone's life.'  
'Well, but, father, I am quite satisfied with our fortune; 'tis large enough, and I have promised Miss Gibbon that we must make our home abroad.'  
Mr. Fletcher was so much taken aback by these words that he could only knit his brow; he could not speak.  
Then Harry proceeded, 'And father, I think you ought to take a holiday this season. What is the use of racking your brains for more money, since you have a million? Oh, I wish you had been with me at North Conway. I had such pleasant rambles among the hills, such trout fishing! And in one of my walks—'twas the morning I proposed to Kitty—I found our name carved on a tree.'  
The youth now described the big beech and the brook and the old farm house; for it was a never-to-be-forgotten morning and he loved to tell all he remembered of those happy hours.  
While he was speaking the look of displeasure which clouded his father's face when he began gradually passed away; the stern, matter-of-fact business man grew pensive; and when at length Harry came to describe Mabel—dark eyed, barefooted, graceful Mabel Willey—the attentive listener shaded his eyes with his hand, and Harry could not imagine why his parent sighed. But the young man adroitly took advantage of his emotion to again ask if he might not go live in Paris. 'I promised Miss Gibbon, father that we would make our home there. You sure you would not have me break my word?'  
Mr. Fletcher merely answered: 'Hush—peak no more about it. Go! go!'  
Whereupon Harry, now in the blindest of moods, hurried off to get his totting wagon: for he had invited Kitty to take a drive in the Central Park.  
At this same hour while Harry and his betrothed were enjoying themselves together, conversing chiefly about Europe—their own country seemed to hold very little place in their thoughts—Mabel Willey was engaged in household duties with her mother.  
Mabel was right when she praised her Western home: a log-house standing on a knoll, which over looked a swift flowing river; beyond the river a broad expanse of rolling prairie where the grouse were wont to gather in spring-time, and for hours long their voice, saying Coo-ooo, coo-ooo, coo-ooo, would reach Mabel's ear; while ever and anon a black bass would spring up out of the flood marking the spot where he fell into the water by a ring of widening, quivering, ripples. And, oh! how the girl loved these sights and sounds. But most of all did she love the deer, who would steal out of the forest of a moon light night in autumn, and make incursions into the corn-field hard by. Nothing had ever disturbed the harmony of this sweet spot. Husband and wife loved each other with true love, and God had blessed them with six children, of whom Mabel was the eldest; and when you saw Robert Willey felling a tree or following the plough you knew where his off-spring had derived his health and strength from, while in the mother's face still lingered traces of the beauty which young Mabel had inherited. But Robert did not perceive that his Mabel was changed; no, as fair in his eyes, was she now as when he wooed her in the far-off days of his youth.  
Above the broad fireplace in the room where the family assembled of an evening, to chat and make merry after the labors of the day were over, and these words painted in large letters and taken from the Book of Proverbs:  
TO BE CONTINUED.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Effie: 'Oh, my dear husband, I can't consent to your going across the ocean until—until your life is fully covered by insurance.'  
In a letter to a friend a young lady states that she is not engaged, but she sees a cloud above the horizon about as large as a man's hand.  
'My son,' said an old lady, 'how must Jonah have felt when the Whale swallowed him?' 'Down in the mouth,' was young hopeful's reply.  
A devoted husband says that the phonograph is simply a machine that 'talks back,' and he has had one of that kind in his house ever since he was married.  
'Why, Freddie,' said mamma, 'you ought not to make such a fuss. I don't fuss and cry when my hair is combed.'  
'Yes,' replied Freddie, 'but your hair ain't hitched to your head, as mine is.'  
A sailor put a saddle on hind part before. A bystander showed him his error. The sailor exclaimed; 'How do you know which way I am going to ride?'  
A western editor speaks of his rival as 'mean enough to steal the swill from a blind hog.' The rival retorts by saying 'He knows he lies; I never stole his swill.'  
At a salon in Paris, before an admirable portrait of a gentleman well known for his rare qualities as a bore, a visitor said: 'That is a speaking likeness of X., isn't it?' 'Yes,' replied his companion, 'so speaking that you can hardly refrain from telling him to shut up.'

ADVERTISEMENTS.

CARD.

W. J. HENDERSON,  
SHIP BROKER  
Commission & Forwarding  
Agency, &c.,  
ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.  
May 29.

NOW LANDING  
Ex. Racer, from Greenock,  
10 Octaves Scotch  
WHISKY

10 Quarter Casks ditto  
25 Cases LORNE ditto  
30 Cases HAZELBURN ditto  
75 Cases IRISH ditto  
50 Bhd. Jeffrey's ALE,  
50 Tierces P. RIER.  
May 22. J. & T. HEARN

CARD.

JOHN A. ROCHFORD,  
NOTARY PUBLIC.  
'Herald' Building, Water St.,  
CARBONEAR, N.F.L.D.  
Next Post & Telegraph Offices.  
All business transacted with  
punctuality and satisfaction.

AVALON  
Hair Dressing Saloon,  
296—Water Street—296,  
[Opposite Messrs. SILLARS & AIRNS.]  
ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND,  
E. W. PIKE, Proprietor.

NOTICE.

AGROSS NEWFOUNDLAND  
WITH THE  
GOVERNOR;  
A VISIT TO OUR MINING REGION;  
AND—THIS  
Newfoundland of Ours,  
Being a series on the natural resources  
and future prosperity of the colony, by  
the Rev. M. HARVEY.  
For sale at the office of this paper, prices  
fifty cents.

UNION BANK OF NEWFOUNDLAND.  
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN  
that a dividend of 8 per cent.  
upon the paid up Capital Stock of this  
Institution, has been declared for the  
half-year ending 31st May, 1879, and  
a Bonus of £2 per share, payable at  
the Banking House, in this city, on  
and after Thursday, 12th inst.  
By Order of the Board,  
JAMES GOLDIE,  
MANAGER.  
June 19.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

This Great Household Medicine ranks amongst the leading necessities of Life.

These famous Pills purify the blood and act most powerfully, yet soothingly on the  
LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS, and BOWLS, giving tone, energy and vigour to these great MAIN SPINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Female of all ages and as a General Family Medicine, are unsurpassed.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

its Searching and Healing Properties are known throughout the world.

For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores & Ulcers, it is an infallible remedy. It effectually rubs into the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it Cures SORE THROAT, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even ASTHMA. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulae,  
GOUT, RHEUMATISM,  
And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.  
The Pills and Ointment are Manufactured only at  
533 OXFORD STREET, LONDON.  
And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines throughout the Civilized World; with directions for use in almost every language.  
The Trade Marks of these Medicines are registered in Ottawa. Hence, any one throughout the British Possessions, who may keep the American Counterfeits for sale, we will be prosecuted.  
Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 355, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

Newfoundland Lights.  
No. 4, 1879.  
TO MARINERS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,  
that a Light House has been erected on Point Verde, Great Placentia.  
On and after the 1st June next, a FIXED WHITE LIGHT will be exhibited nightly, from sunset to sunrise. Elevation 98 feet above the level of the sea, and should be visible in clear weather 11 miles.  
The Tower and Dwelling are of wood and attached. The vertical parts of the Building are painted White; the roof of the Dwelling is flat.  
Lat. 47° 14' 11" North.  
Lon. 54° 00' 19" West.

The Illuminating Apparatus is Dioptric of the Fifth Order, with a Single Argand Burner. The whole water horizon is illuminated.  
By order,  
JOHN STUART,  
Secretary.

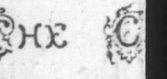
Board of Works Office,  
St. John's, April 17th, 1879.

GOVERNMENT NOTICE

THE PUBLIC are hereby notified that from and after this date Parties having ORDERS on the BOARD OF WORKS are required to present the same for payment on TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS only in each week, between the hours of ten and two o'clock.

By order,  
JOHN STUART,  
Secretary.  
Board of Works, St. John's,  
2nd May, 1879.

Vol. 1.



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