

LITERARY.

The Watermill.

Listen to the watermill, through the livelong day,
How the clinking of its wheel wears the hours away—
Languidly the Autumn wind stirs the green-wood leaves,
From the fields the reapers sing, binding up the sheaves;
And a proverb haunts my mind, as a spell is cast—
‘The mill will never grind with the water that is past.’

Autumn winds revive no more leaves that once are shed,
And the sickle cannot reap corn once gathered;
And the rippling stream flows on tranquil, deep and still,
Never gliding back again to the watermill
Truly speaks the proverb old, with a meaning vast—
‘The mill will never grind with the water that is past.’

Take the lesson to thyself, loving hearts and true:
Golden years are fleeting by, youth is passing too;
Learn to make the most of life, lose no happy day,
Time will never bring back, the chances swept away;
Leave no tender word unsaid, love while love shall last—
‘The mill will never grind with the water that is past.’

Work while yet the daylight shines, man of strength and will;
Never does the streamlet glide unless by the mill;
Wait till to-morrow’s sun beams upon the way,
All that thou canst call thine own lies in thy to-day;
Power, intellect and health may not, cannot last—
‘The mill will never grind with the water that is past.’

Oh! the wasted hours of life that have drifted by!
Oh! the good we might have done, lost without a sigh!
Love that we might once have saved by a single word,
Thoughts conceived, but never penned, perishing unheard!
Take the proverb to thine heart, take oh, hold it fast—
‘The mill will never grind with the water that is past.’

A SNOWDRIFT OR THE ELOPEMENT.

(Continued.)

‘When I was a short slip of a boy I went to Mainown myself as a sort of a servant, your worship; that is I used to do anything in the house, and out of it. The old justice was always a proud, stearn sort of man, and he would never take much notice of us: Mrs. Morgan, sure it was herself that was the kind lady to her servants. She would always have a word for us, and there was not one amongst us that would have objected to go through fire or water to save her. But the darling of the house, was little Miss Lena, she was the only child, and more like a sunbeam than anything. Sure, it was like a dream to see her bright, happy, young face amongst the flowers on the Summer mornings; she would come and stand by the side of me talking her childish language until—bedad! I used to think it was a fairy!’

‘Well time went on until, Miss Lena grew up and got old enough to get to the quality balls of Ballybrake and Leenside, when the head of her seemed quite turned by all the grand folks she saw. The first ball she went to I remember just like I know the things of yesterday, it all seems so distinct like. You see I was head-groom then, your worship, and I had my lady and Miss Lena to drive to all these places. Sure the justice never went; he used to stay at home, but no matter the time, he would not stir a foot towards bed until they came back. Well this first ball of Miss Lena’s was a real grand thing to catch a glimpse of; and while I was standing at the door, waiting with a thing all fur, which the justice sent for Miss Lena, didn’t I see the lords and ladies walking about quite common like? And the music! oh, your worship, it was fine enough to go to sleep to.’

‘While I was standing waiting, with my eyes wide open, to miss nothing, Miss

Lena came walking slowly towards the carriage with as fine and grand a gentleman as I ever saw. I noticed him particularly, you see, for I thought that maybe he was a prince, until I heard Miss Lena call him ‘Captain Laurence,’ and I knew that he was not. To see the way the Captain handed my ladies in the carriage was just a picture. Bedad, and it’s the quality who know properly how to do elegant things.

‘Then I shall see you to-morrow?’ says the captain, leaning his hand in through the window to say good night.

‘You mean to-day Captain Laurence,’ says she, smiling, as we drove off. I knew that she smiled, although I could not see it, for I had seen happiness all over her face as she passed under the lamps.

‘The justice came forward to help my lady and Miss Lena out, as the carriage stopped at the hall door.

‘Have you enjoyed yourself, pet?’ he asked, for he was mortal proud of Miss Lena’s beauty and grace.

‘The happiest evening of my life, papa,’ she answered, and there was a ring-like music in her voice, and a sparkle in her eye, prettier than anything your worship ever saw.

‘Well, the afternoon brought Captain Laurence. He came riding over from Leenside, where he was stationed, and looking in the daylight not a bit less grand than the night before, but more like a prince than ever. He stay’d a long time that first visit, but the visits afterwards were longer and longer, until at last I thought, ‘Bedad, my boy, it’s a pity you do not stay altogether.’

‘I knew the meaning of it all. It was easy guessing the road those two young things were making for; and I think my lady encouraged them, for I know that she left them often together. As for the justice, why he would never see anything; so it was not to be expected that he could see that Captain Laurence and Miss Lena were falling in love with each other.

‘The first time that I really knew there was anything between them was one evening when it was getting towards Autumn, and the nights were cold and chilly. It was my custom, your worship, for to take the round of the greenhouses just at dusk, and shut down the lights. In the conservatory, which went into the drawing room with a cent of the flowers, as they often did, and I heard talking. I went on with my work, and they never minded me,—nobody never did. ‘Sure I’m just the same as yourself,’ I would say sometimes, to encourage them like.

‘I do not like it, Lena,’ I heard the captain say. ‘I do not like it; and I must tell the justice before I go back to-night. Why do you fear, darling?’

‘I do not know, Ernest,’ she says to him, in a sad kind of way like. ‘I have a sort of presentiment of evil for us. Papa has lately so often laid his hand upon my head and talked about wealth and titles, as if he contemplated something fine never talks like that for nothing,’ says she.

‘The captain sighed, and said, ‘I have neither wealth nor title, dear one. I wish I had for your sake.’

‘You have both, Ernest,’ says she, bending down and kissing him,—for you see, your worship, I heard it. ‘You have both, for you are a captain, and you have a wealth of love for me. What more do I want?’

‘And then, your worship, I knew for sure that Captain Laurence had been making love to my young lady, and I could see nothing but misery before them if the justice refused to let them marry.

‘I suppose the captain must have asked him that very night for Miss Lena, for I heard tell in the kitchen of an awful row having taken place between them. All that I knew about it was, that Captain Laurence came round himself to the stables to fetch his horse, and his face was white as a banshee’s as he waited for me to put the saddle on.’

‘In lade, but your honour is going early,’ said I between whites.

‘And enough to make me go, says he. Then he turned sharp round and came close to me, and said, ‘Mind, Pat, if ever you meet with me to the park or elsewhere, never to mention that same in the kitchen, so that it might get to Justice Morgan’s ears.’ Remember that you are helping Miss Lena. And he tried to make me take some money.

‘It is paying me you are,’ says I, indignant, for doing a service for Miss Lena? Put it away your honour, for I can never touch it. Sure there’s not one

of us who would not fight to the death for her; but it’s affection, and not gold, we would not do it for.’ So I just promised the captain that I would never speak if I saw him about the place. No more I never did, and, bedad, I saw him about often enough.

Well, so things went on till nearly Christmas time, when one day the justice walks in very pompous and proud-like, with an elderly, white-headed gentleman, who was as rich as the Queen of England and an earl,—Lord Mount-Stuart. ‘Bedad, leave an Irishman alone for second sight!’ I saw it all in an instant, and you could have knocked me down with a horse-car as soon as my eyes were opened. The earl kept coming and coming, and at last it was whispered all through the servants’ hall that Miss Lena was to be the Countess Mount-Stuart. Sure, the justice was as proud about it as a dog with two tails, and held his head higher than ever. It was no use for Miss Lena and my lady to cry and beg of him not to sacrifice her fair young life to a man old enough to be the grandfather of her; the justice said that she should marry the earl, and there weren’t any going against that verdict.

‘At last the preparations for the marriage began, and poor Miss Lena began to grow whiter and thinner day by day. The wedding was fixed for the end of February, and all the time the captain used to meet her in the grounds on the short afternoons whenever he could. At last, just a few days before the wedding Captain Laurence came to me while I was working in one of the greenhouses. ‘Pat,’ says he, ‘there’s a good fellow, come to the tool-house at eight o’clock to-night, while dinner goes on indoors; and he was gone like a shot.’

‘At eight I unfastened the tool-house and went in, and sure I had not long to wait before the captain came, his handsome face looking sad and white, and so thin it made my heart bleed to see the old justice’s taste for pomp and wealth was causing to the two.

‘Pat,’ says he, grasping my hand in a grip like a young vice.—‘Pat, I know we can trust you.—Bedad if I did not look round for the other of them, but I could see nobody.—Says the captain, ‘Miss Lena is to marry Lord Mount-Stuart in four days!’

‘True for you, captain,’ says I, ‘and sorry am I in my heart of it, for her heart is breaking.’

‘Would you make her happy, Pat?’ says he.

‘Would I? I shouted catching up a spade and holding it before him. ‘Look you here, captain, if it would make Miss Lena happier I would just walk into the dining-room this minute and give the old earl a tap on the head with my spade.’

‘You need not do that, my boy,’ says the captain, ‘but you can help her more than any one if you will.’

‘Bedad, won’t I?’ says I; ‘only say how your honour.’

TO BE CONTINUED

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Public Notice.

J. GLOVER, GOVERNOR.

WHEREAS owing to the inclemency of the weather, and the impassable condition of the roads, it was found impossible to carry out the Poll appointed to take place on the 9th of this present Month, in the District of Bay-Verd, to determine whether Two thirds of the qualified Electors Polled are in favor of a Proclamation being issued for the prohibition of the sale of Intoxicating Liquors in the said District; and it thus becomes necessary to make further order in the matter aforesaid; the Administrator of the Government, do therefore, under the provision of Title XIV., Cap. 51, of the Consolidated Statutes, appoint Tuesday, the Seventeenth day of February next ensuing for the purpose of taking such Poll in the matter aforesaid, at

FRESHWATER, BLACK HEAD, WESTERN BAY, NORTHERN BAY, LOWER ISLAND COVE, AND BAYDEVRED.

in the said District. And I hereby require all persons concerned to take due notice and govern themselves accordingly.

By His Honor’s Command,
E. D. SHEA,
Colonial Secretary,
Secretary’s Office, 13th Jan., 1880.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

TERRA NOVA MARBLE WORKS

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Manufacturer of
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All orders in the above line executed with neatness and despatch from the latest English and American designs.

CAUTION.

The PILLS Purify the Blood, correct all disorders of the Liver, Stomach Kidneys and Bowls, and are invaluable in all complaints incidental to Females. The OINTMENT is the only reliable remedy for Bad Legs, Old Wounds, Sores, and Ulcers, of however long standing. For Bronchitis, Diphtheria, Coughs, Colds, Gout, Rheumatism, and all Skin Diseases it is no equal.

BEWARE OF AMERICAN COUNTERFEITS

I most respectfully take leave to call the attention of the Public generally to the fact, that certain Houses in New York are sending to many parts of the globe SPURIOUS IMITATIONS of my Pills and Ointment. These frauds bear on their labels some address in New York.

I do not allow my medicines to be sold in any part of the United States, I have no Agents there. My Medicines are only made by me, at 533 Oxford Street London.

In the books of directions affixed to the spurious make is a caution, warning the Public against being deceived by counterfeits. Do not be misled by this audacious trick, as they are the counterfeits they pretend to denounce.

These counterfeits are purchased by unprincipled Vendors at one half the price of my Pills and Ointment, and are sold to you as my genuine Medicines.

I most earnestly appeal to that sense of justice, which I feel sure I may venture upon asking from all honorable persons, to assist me, and the Public, as far as may lie in their power, in denouncing this shameful Fraud.

Each Pot and Box of the Genuine Medicines, bears the British Government Stamp, with the words ‘HOLLOWAY’S PILLS AND OINTMENT, LONDON’ engraved thereon. On the label is the address, 533, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, where alone they are Manufactured.

Holloway’s Pills and Ointment bearing any other address are counterfeits.

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, will be prosecuted.

Signed THOS HOLLOWAY
533, Oxford Street, London.

NOTICE

AGROSS NEWFOUNDLAND WITH THE GOVERNOR; A VISIT TO OUR MINING REGIONS 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 price fifty cents

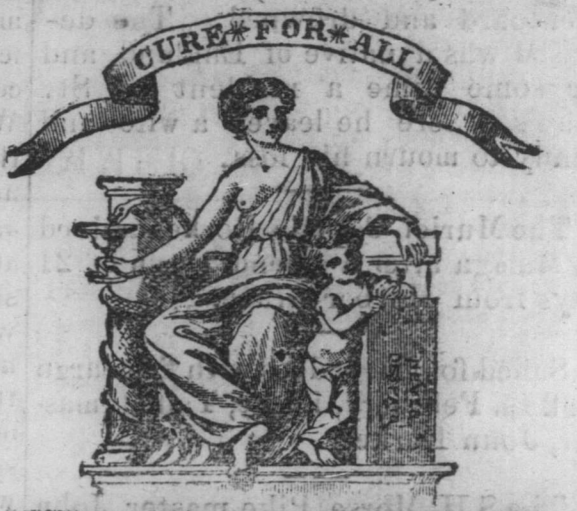
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ADVERTISEMENTS.



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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 those great Main SPRINGS 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 Females of all ages and as a General Family Medicine are unsurpassed.

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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 ORE THROAT, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds and even ASTHMA. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

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 are throughout the British Possessions, who may keep the American Counterfeits for sale, will be prosecuted. Purchasers should look to the label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

AGENCY CARD.

The undersigned thankful for favours informs his friends and the trade, that he continues to manage the Collection of Debts due by persons residing in Conception Bay District, Newfoundland. Security for future payment taken by mortgage on property or otherwise. Holding commissions as Notary Public Commissioner Supreme Court and Land Surveyor, business under these heads carefully attended to. Plans of Land taken.

Inquiries made—questions answered. All business considered confidential. No greater publicity than necessary given to any matter.

The proprietor of any newspapers copying this card will have his newspaper bills collected as payment for yearly insertions in the paper and copy paper sent to my address.

G. W. R. HIERLIHY.

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T. W. SPRY, Notary Public, ‘EXPRESS’ BUILDINGS, ST. JOHN’S, Nfld.

COMMERCIAL BANK OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

A DIVIDEND on the Capital Stock of this Company, at the rate of Ten per Cent. per annum, for the half year ending the 31st December, 1879, will be payable at the Banking House, in Duckworth Street, on and after Thursday, the 8th inst., during the usual hours of business.

By order of the Board
R. BROWN, Manager.



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