

The Star,

And Conception Bay Semi-Weekly Advertiser.

Vol. II.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Tuesday, June 24, 1873.

Number 2.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

JUNE.

S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30

Moon's Phases.

Calculated for Mean Time at St. John's, Newfoundland.

First Quarter... 3rd, 2h. 49m., a. m.
Full Moon... 10th, 6h. 31m., p. m.
Last Quarter... 17th, Noon.
New Moon... 24th, 5h. 41m., p. m.

Mail Steamers to Depart from St. John's.

For Liverpool.....	Thursday,	June 19
For Halifax.....	Wednesday,	" 25
For Liverpool.....	Thursday,	July 3
For Halifax.....	Wednesday,	" 9
For Liverpool.....	Thursday,	" 17
For Halifax.....	Wednesday,	" 23
For Liverpool.....	Thursday,	" 31
For Halifax.....	Wednesday,	Aug. 6
For Liverpool.....	Thursday,	" 14
For Halifax.....	Wednesday,	" 20
For Liverpool.....	Thursday,	" 28
For Halifax.....	Wednesday,	Sept 3
For Liverpool.....	Thursday,	" 11
For Halifax.....	Wednesday,	" 17
For Liverpool.....	Thursday,	" 25
For Halifax.....	Wednesday,	Oct. 1
For Liverpool.....	Thursday,	" 9
For Halifax.....	Wednesday,	" 15
For Liverpool.....	Thursday,	" 23
For Halifax.....	Wednesday,	" 29

Wholesale Prices Current, St. John's.

BREAD—Hambro' No 1, 32s. 6d.; No. 2, 28s. 6d.; No. 3, 24s. 6d. Local No. 1, 26s.; No. 2, 23s. 6d.; F. C., 22s. 6d.
FLOUR—Canada Fancy 42s. 6d.; Canada Superfine, 38s.; New York Extra, 38s. to 39s.; New York Superfine, 35s. New York No. 2, 30s. to 32s.
CORN MEAL—White and Yellow, per brl. 18s. to 20s.
OATMEAL—Canada, per brl. 30s.; P E Is. land, 27s. 6d.
RICE—East India, per cwt. 20s.
PEAS—Round, per brl. 20s. to 21s.
BUTTER—Canada, good 1s. to 1s. 2d. Nova Scotia, good 11d. to 1s. 1d.; American 8d. to 10d.; Hambro' 8d.
CHEESE—9d. to 10d.
HAM—9d. to 10d.
PORK—American mess 95s. to 100s.; prime mess 90s.; extra prime 77s. 6d.
BEEF—Prime, per brl. 35s.
LARD—per imp. gallon 7s. 10d.
MOLASSES—Muscovado 2s. a 2s. 1d.; Clay-ed 1s. 9d.
SUGAR—Muscovado, 45s. to 47s. 6d.; American Crushed 72s. 6d.
COFFEE—1s. 1d. to 1s. 3d.
TEA—Congou and Souchong, ordinary broken leaf, 1s. 7d. to 1s. 9d.; fair to good, 2s. to 2s. 6d.
LARD—American and Canadian 7d. to 8d.
LEATHER—American and Canadian 1s. 5d.
TOBACCO—Canadian, 1s. 7d. to 1s. 8d.; American 1s. 6d. to 1s. 6d.; Nova Scotia, 1s. 5d. to 1s. 6d.
CORN—per cwt. 65s.
SALT—per hhd. Foreign, Liverpool, 7s. 6d.
KEROSENE Oil—New York manufacture 1s. 9d.; Boston 1s. 9d.
COAL—per ton, North Sydney 30s.

172 WATER STREET, 172
JAMES FALLON,
TIN, COPPER & SHEET
IRON WORKER,

RESPECTFULLY to inform the inhabitants of Harbor Grace and outports that he has commenced business in the Shop No. 172 Water Street, Harbor Grace, opposite the premises of Messrs. John Munn & Co., and is prepared to fill all orders in the above lines, with neatness and despatch, hoping by strict attention to business to merit a share of public patronage.

JOBGING

Done at the Cheapest possible
Terms,
Dec 13.

NOTICES.

JAMES HOWARD COLLIS

Dealer and Importer of

ENGLISH & AMERICAN

HARDWARE,
Picture Moulding, Glass
Looking Glass, Pictures
Glassware, &c., &c.

TROUTING GEAR,
In great variety and best quality, WHOLE-
SALE and RETAIL.

221 WATER STREET,
St. John's,
Newfoundland.

One door East of P. HUTCHINS, Esq.
N.B.—FRAMES, any size
material, made to order.
St. John's, May 10.

FOR SALE.

RESERVES & GROCERIES!

Just Received and For Sale by
the Subscriber—

Fresh Cove OYSTERS
Spiced do.
APPLE
PEACHES

Strawberries—preserved in
Syrup
Brambleberries do.

—ALWAYS ON HAND—
A Choice Selection of
GROCERIES.
T. M. CAIRNS.
Opposite the Premises of Messrs. C.
W. Ross & Co.
Sept. 17.

HARBOR GRACE

BOOK & STATIONERY DEPOT

E. W. LYON, Proprietor.

Importer of British and American

NEWSPAPERS

—AND—

PERIODICALS.

Constantly on hand, a varied selection of
School and Account Books
Prayer and Hymn Books for different de-
nominations
Music, Charts, Log Books, Playing Cards
French Writing Paper, Violins
Concertinas, French Musical Boxes
Albums, Initial Note Paper & Envelopes
Tissue and Drawing Paper
A large selection of Dime & Half Dime
MUSIC, &c., &c.
Lately appointed Agent for the OTTAWA
PRINTING & LITHOGRAPH COMPANY
Also, Agent for J. LINDBERG, Manufac-
turing Jeweler.
large selection of
CLOCKS, WATCHES
MEERSCHAUM PIPES,
PLATED WARE, and
JEWELRY of every description & style
May 14.

GEORGE BOWDEN,

Repairer of Umbrellas and
Parasols,
No. 1, LION SQUARE,
ST. JOHN'S, N. F.

THE SUBSCRIBER, in tendering
thanks to his friends for the liberal
patronage hitherto extended to him, begs
to state that he may still be found at
his residence, No. 1, Lion Square,
where he is prepared to execute all
work in the above line at the shortest
notice, and at moderate rates.

All work positively finished by the
time promised.

Outport orders punctually at-
tended to.

St. John's, Jan. 4.

POETRY.

The Artisan's Song.

You ask me why I sing,
To my lapstone's merry ring—
Why my hammer and my song in concert
seem to be?
And I answer you that I
Have always found real joy
When heart and hand, in union, join in
hymns of harmony.

I hold it is no wrong
To sing the whole day long,
As I sit and earn the bread for my child-
ren and my wife;
For I toil and sing for love,
And the maxim I approve,
"Tis better far to sing than sigh through
the checkered scenes of life."

I feel happy thus to toil,
And I'll ever wear a smile,
For my heart is like a sky that is always
clear and glad;
And there's music in the ring
Of my hammer, so I'll sing,
For my face was never to wear a look
that's sad!

I've neither ship nor tree,
Yet few so blithe as me
In my humble, cosy home, 'mid my olive
leaves of joy;
My wife makes all things neat,
And my daughters all things sweet,
And everything that's good is centred in
my boy.

EXTRACTS.

Woman's Rights.

'Tis woman's right to be the first to
clasp in tender arms the infant child; her
right to calm its woes, from the moment
it enters life with its first wailing cry till
it breathes the last groan of infirm age.
Her right, when standing alone in life,
as though upon some wave-washed rock,
support and comfort swept away by the
wild breakers of misfortune, even there,
heart-broken and despairing, her right to
bend her head to the will of God, but with
uplifted eyes and clasped hands, receive
that comfort from above which passeth
all understanding.

Her right, no matter how down-trodden
or repulsed, to have the fibres of the
heart wound round something pure and
good, some precious gift spared to her
by Him "who tempers the wind to the
shorn lamb." Perhaps it may be but a
little child, afflicted; but though its tiny
limbs may be deformed, or its helpless
body wasted by disease, its eye may never
sparkle with a ray of intelligence, or its
lips utter aught but the jabber of an
idiot, and still, with all its afflictions, they
do but render it all the dearer to the
mother's heart, and make it the guiding
star which brightens her dark way, which
keeps her on the straight path, and saves
her, perhaps, from sinking into the slough
of wretchedness.

Her right to blush when sneered at un-
deservedly, yet find relief for many a
wrong in woman's refuge—tears.

Her right to be the cherished friend,
the worshipped wife, the light of home.

Her right, in time of peace, to lean upon
strong arms, to listen, with glowing cheek
and sparkling eye, to words of praise ut-
tered by loving lips; her right to be
most richly blessed by all the comfort of
a happy home, round whose cherished
threshold no darkening shadows linger.

Her right, in time of war, to send her
idols forth, with tearful eyes and low-
breathed prayers; her right to feel that
thoughts of her mingle with thoughts of
country in the soldier's mind, when the
battle is raging, when the victory is won,
or when the life-stream is flowing from
the fatal wound; her right to know her
name was the last his pale lips uttered.

Her right to hail their return with a
proud, a thankful heart, or perhaps to
hide behind a widow's veil the anguish of
her soul; or, with grey locks streaming
and dim eyes wild aching, repeat above a
lonely grave the cry of Israel's unhappy
king: "My son! my son! I would to God
I had died for thee!"

Her right to hold the hands of the sink-
ing form, while, with gentle touch she
wipes the death damp from the brow, to
hold the last drop of water to the parch-
ing lips, to vainly strive to warm the stiff-
ening limbs of a beloved one, when the
chill of death is creeping over us; her
right, at last to close the righteous eyes,
and, having robbed us for our narrow bed,
to whisper words of consolation to those
we leave behind to mourn.

Anecdote of the Empress of the French.

A charming anecdote, worthy of the
ancient days of chivalry, is being whisper-

ed about amongst the higher circles of
London.

It seems that a young hero of high life,
and always a great admirer of the Em-
press Eugenie, paid a visit to Chiselhurst
previous to his departure for Paris.

"What can I bring your Majesty from
Babylon?" (the name by which the doomed
city was then designated by the Ultra-
montane party), said the young noble-
man, as he bent low over her Majesty's
fair hand.

"Nothing," said the Empress, sadly;
then, suddenly correcting her speech,
said, quietly, "Yes, there is one thing that
I should love. Bring me a rose from the
garden of the Tuilleries."

The young man promised to execute
this apparently easy commission, and de-
parted in sadness. Shortly after, he re-
appeared at Chiselhurst with a case of
purple morocco in his hand, which he re-
cently presented on bended knee, to the
Empress. It was the Golden Rose, gift
of the Pope to Her Majesty, that he had
brought "from the Tuilleries." How he
had obtained it, or through what course
of adventure he had traced it to the party
willing to part with it, will never be
known, nor yet at what sacrifice it was ob-
tained. But great was the joy of the il-
lustrious lady on beholding it, and par-
don the feeling which induces her to hope
that it will bring a blessing at last to her
house and stay the wrath of Heaven.

The Queen's Visit to the International Exhibition.

At an hour which finds too many of us
lingering yet over breakfast, the Queen,
accompanied by two of her daughters—
the Princess Christian and the Princess
Beatrice—yesterday visited the Interna-
tional Exhibition. It is a matter of fact
that persons who have daily business in
one or other of the departments were ap-
prised on coming to work that Her Ma-
jesty had spent an hour in the building,
and had "been gone some time." The
Queen and the Princesses entered the
culinary lecture theatre, and took their
seats in the front row, close to the long
table at which examples of cookery are
shown. The interest taken by the Royal
ladies in what they had come to see and
hear was not based on mere curiosity to
know how an omelet is made, and how
the process can furnish a theme for grave
and even scientific comment. In the
long desired attempt to put clearly and
practically before the public those prin-
ciples by which the preparation of food
should be regulated in every household,
Her Majesty no doubt shares with all true
domestic reformers a feeling of anxious
hope. The experiment which was sub-
mitted yesterday morning for Her Ma-
jesty's critical notice was the production
of an omelet at the cost of two-pence-half-
penny. Standing at the tabular stone, in
full view of her illustrious observers, the
neat-handed Phillis, in a natty and, one
might almost say, coquettish attire of
drab and white, whisked up three eggs,
a sprinkling of chopped parsley, a pinch
of salt, and a *souffron* of black pepper, with
about two ounces of bacon cut into half-
dice, and turned the frothing mixture
into the omelet-pan, into which a lump
of butter had been allowed to run into
a tolerably hot liquid state without brown-
ing. Her Majesty smiled and bowed ap-
proval as Phillis used the flat spoon to
double up her golden omelet, shook the
pan deftly for a few moments, and then
dexterously shot the tender and shapely
mess into a deep oval silver plate—a
dainty dish, indeed, to set before the
Queen. And all this was done very quick-
ly, without the smallest trouble, and at a
fraction of the cost of a much less nutri-
tious meal. The omelet was eaten, as it
fully deserved to be eaten, by Royalty,
and having signified an entire approba-
tion of the precept and practice afforded
by the School of Popular Cookery, the
Queen was graciously pleased to accept a
handsomely bound copy of the little
three penny manual of recipes, with the
Royal arms stamped in gold on the cover,
London Telegraph.

The Mauser Rifle.

The Prussian military journal, *Neue
Militaerische Blatter*, contains some inter-
esting information respecting the adapted
Mauser rifle, which is being served out to
the guards, and is to constitute hence-
forth the destructive firearm of the Ger-
man army. It appears that at long ranges
the rifle is remarkably true, but at short
distances it requires an exceptionally low
aim. Its best distance is said to be 200
metres, or about 250 yards. It requires
just half the time for loading that the
needle gun did, and less (as three to four)
than does the Chassepot. Eighteen shots
per minute may be delivered by single
men, and twelve shots in volley; but as
a rule, no more than twelve or eight are
counted upon. The rifle is described as
light and handy, durable, and not apt to
get out of order. Altogether the military
authorities consider that they could not
have made a better choice,

DEATH OF THE HON. JOSEPH HOWE.

Another prominent Canadian states-
man is gone. The Hon Joseph Howe,
Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, died
yesterday morning at Halifax, at an age
verging on threescore and ten. It is but
the other day that he retired from a long
and active connection with politics to
seek in the *otium cum dignitate* of the
gubernatorial office a refuge suited to his
delicate health and advancing years. His
friends looked forward to a prolongation
of his days, and his death was sudden
and unexpected.

His family originally came from one
of the southern countries of England
during a time of persecution, and settled
in New England. His father was a
Loyalist during the revolutionary era, and
emigrating to Halifax, his son Joseph was
born there in 1804. His father held the
office of King's Printer, and Joseph him-
self learned the printing business, and
in 1827, being then only twenty-three
years of age, became editor and proprie-
tor of the *Acadian*, and a year afterwards
of the *Nova Scotian*, continuing, through
different journals, with a brief interval,
his connection with the press from that
time till 1856; and thereby exercising a
remarkable influence on the Province of
Nova Scotia. In his youth he entered
the literary world in a short poem entitled
"Melville Island." It was not, however
by this class of writing that Mr. Howe
first made himself a power; it was by his
squibs and political lampoons that he
gave the greatest evidence of that talent
which, before long, brought him so pro-
minently before the people. His con-
nection with the press was of long dura-
tion, through which protracted period he
edited and conducted more than one of
the journals of the country. One of his
most remarkable productions was a series
of papers entitled "Legislative Raves,"
in which he exposed, in all their naked-
ness, the frauds, corruptions, mismanage-
ments and neglect of not only the colonial
but municipal legislatures. On ac-
count of these he was prosecuted for libel
by the Corporation of Halifax, and though
defending his own case, completely de-
feated his opponents. Shortly after he
was compelled to fight a duel with the
younger Halliburton, the *canon belli* be-
ing the same as that for which he had to
stand his trial before the Courts. He
entered the Nova Scotian Legislature in
1835, and was elected Speaker of the Le-
gislative Assembly in 1840, and subse-
quently passed through a variety of high
offices. He was leader of the Liberal
party in Nova Scotia for many years pre-
vious to the Union, and of the Anti-Con-
federate or Repeal party of that Province
for some time afterwards. He went
several times to England on various mis-
sions; and during his long career was
the author of many public pamphlets,
speeches, lectures and addresses, besides
effecting a number of constitutional and
legislative achievements.—*Montreal Daily
Witness, June 2.*

From the *Truro Sun*, June 4.

This sad intelligence was received here
on Sunday last, with very general man-
ifestations of regret. We had intended to
write a short eulogy on the career of
this truly great man, but as our Halifax
Correspondent has taken up the subject,
we are content to leave the matter in his
hands:—

HALIFAX LETTER.

But a short week ago your correspon-
dent felt a thrill of pleasure in noticing
the circumstances in connection with the
Hon. Joseph Howe's installation as Lieut-
enant-Governor; to-day it is his mourn-
ful duty to recount the incidents of his
death. Early on Sunday morning the
rumor became current that the Governor
was dead, but all were loth to believe
that the greatest man in British America
and the idol of Nova Scotians was no
more. But as the morning advanced it
became apparent from many unmistakable
tokens that some great calamity had be-
fallen us during the sleeping hours; for
the flags on Government House, the
citadel and other public buildings were
at half-mast, while many indications of
mourning were visible in every quarter.
In a little while it was announced in the
streets and from the pulpits that Joseph
Howe was dead. From the moment the
sad fact was known, simple and holy rever-
ence for his memory was shown by every
class of people. If a person had not
seen the indications of woe displayed, he
would have known by the universal quiet
in the streets, and the absence of passers-
by, that a great sorry was resisting upon
the city. A strange quiet pervaded, and
every house felt as lonely and sad as if a
loved inmate lay cold in the arms of
death, or a dear friend had been suddenly
stricken down.

In the death of the Hon Joseph Howe
everyone feels he has sustained a person-
al loss, and all knew that Nova Scotia has
lost her noblest, ablest son. Even little
children repeat his name with sadness,