

LITERARY.

Reflection.

Methinks that I now can see
The landscape that I once did view;
The spot that was so dear to me
Than aught on earth I ever knew.

I see those rugged hills portray
Where nature with its frosted hand
Hath decked it in its grand array.
A thing of beauty there to stand.

And at its base a river flows,
That doth reflect this will above!
And paint it in that grand array
That we would paint the one we love.

And she—for one—I see her still,
I see her flushed and heated face
As on the crest of yonder hill,
She yielded to my kind embrace.

Oh! how sweet to gaze upon the spot,
The rugged woodland mountain side,
Where my young and ambitious heart
Was given her to win a bride.

I see the distant village now,
I view it o'er as I did then,
The day that we to each did vow
A love that naught should ever end.

I now the inclined plane ascend,
The summit of the hill I gain;
And to the spot my steps I bend
To vow the same vow o'er again.

RUPERT'S CHOICE.

CHAPTER III
(Concluded.)

I walked back to the Manor with Mrs. Loraine, but we were silent except on village topics. Just as we reached the house Rupert drove up in his dogcart, which had gone to meet him at the station. Mrs. Loraine kissed her hand to him, but hurried into the house as if she thought herself late. I saw that she dreaded his questions.

"Good morning Job," he called out cheerily, as he pulled up. "So Mona came all right?"

"Yes," I replied.

"And how did she and mother hit it off?" he asked, as we entered the hall.

"Your mother was as kind as it was possible to be," I said; "you need not be afraid of that. And I hurried up-stairs to avoid further questions."

A few minutes later I looked out of my window, and saw Rupert and Miss Herries standing on the lawn outside of the dining-room window. His back was toward me, so I could not see what was his expression; but her's provoked me beyond endurance. How would Rupert find any attraction in such looks and manners, even though the eyes were handsome?

Not long afterward, the sound of the gong took me down to breakfast. Mrs. Loraine and I met at the door; Rupert and Miss Herries came in at the open window. Mrs. Loraine greeted the young lady, and then turned to Rupert and said something about being glad he had got back so early.

"I was sure to come!" he said, as he stooped to kiss his mother. "And now, tell me, how have you and Mona been getting on? I asked Job, but she was not communicative."

Now, to be asked by your son, in the presence of a young lady who is to be your daughter-in-law, how you have got on with her, can never be pleasant; but when you are conscious of having taken a great dislike to her, it must be singularly disagreeable.

Mrs. Loraine looked intensely annoyed, but she tried to smile as she said,—

"I think I must leave that question to Mona herself to answer."

Miss Herries, who was standing by the window looking out, neither turned round nor showed any sign of interest.

"When she appears, I'll ask her," replied Rupert, carelessly. "I wonder what makes her so late."

"My dear Rupert!" remonstrated his mother, nervously. "Do not talk so wildly."

"I am quite in earnest, mother," he said. "I think she must either be very tired, or not well, or not know her way, or something—for she is always up early I know. What on earth are you starting at, Job? I am not at all ashamed of being anxious about her."

"I don't understand?" began Mrs. Loraine, and she looked at me to help her, for the strange conversation had brought Miss Herries to the table.

"Do not tease your mother, Rupert," I said, earnestly, "but explain quietly. It is this young lady Miss Herries?"

Rupert's look of amazement; and indignation was unmistakable. It said, as plainly as words could have done,—

"That—my Mona Are you all mad?" The next moment the poor girl's look of bewilderment recalled him to a recollection of what was courteous and he said, "I have never had the pleasure of seeing that young lady before, and do not know her name."

"I don't know what the mistake is," said the supposed Miss Herries turning to Mrs. Loraine with crimson cheeks, and looking ready to cry. "My name is Marian Harris, and I came down to Helmsleigh yesterday to live with Mrs. Loraine."

Light broke in upon us, though how it had all happened we could not tell, Mrs. Loraine kindly answered Miss Harris,—

"It is not your fault, my dear, only a mistake from the similarity of names. You are going to Helmsleigh Grange, I imagine, to my cousin, Mrs. George Loraine. I sent to meet a Miss Herries, who is to be my daughter-in-law."

"The servant came up to me and said, 'Miss Harris,' at least I thought so, 'for Helmsleigh?' and I said 'Yes,' and came here. Nothing you said showed me there was a mistake. I am very sorry," said Miss Harris, much confused.

"But, mother!" began Rupert, "where—"

"Mrs. George Loraine and Miss Herries!" announced Saunders, throwing open the door very wide. Rupert's face lighted up as he sprang forward to the side of the girl I had seen in church.

"Mona, my darling, what does all this mean?"

Mrs. George Loraine laughed.

"Why it means that young men should go to stations themselves to meet young ladies, instead of going off to cricket matches and sending the footman. Your young lady came to my house, and a nice dull evening she must have had, for I was dining ten miles off. And mine, I suppose, came here—I see, there she is—"

"Go, go, and pack up your things the cart will be here directly."

"Herries' luggage, and will take back."

"Miss Harris embarrassed and mortified left the room as if glad of an excuse to do so, I was so sorry for her, for her position was awkward."

Rupert, meanwhile, had been introducing the real Mona to his mother. What a different greeting it was! Then he turned to me.

"Now, Mona, here is Miss Barlow, only you don't know her by that name."

Miss Herries put both hands in mine, and raised her sweet face to be kissed and whispered,—

"You will help me to learn how to be a daughter to her."

"Well, Rupert," said Mrs. George in her loud voice, "it was a queer way for her to come to Helmsleigh for the first time, in the omnibus from Newbury, and then find an empty house to receive her."

"In an omnibus!" cried Rupert, vehemently.

"Yes, just in a common omnibus, sir," cried Mrs. George, laughing. "It is a capital joke. Tell them about it, my dear, Miss Herries laughed."

"I got out at Newbury, saw my box out of the van, and told the porter I expected some one to meet me from Helmsleigh. He asked me if I were the young lady for Mrs. Loraine's and I said I was. Then he called out to another man, pointing to my box,—

"Here you are, Tom and that's the lady."

"I was rather surprised, but Tom told me quite civilly that Mrs. Loraine was sorry she could not send on for me, but the Helmsleigh bus could put me down at the gate. So into the bus of course I got and it did put me down at a lodge where a boy with a wheelbarrow was waiting. He took me and my box into a house where the butler told me that Mrs. Loraine was dining out, and would not be back till very late, but begged I would make myself comfortable. The housemaid would show me my room and dinner could be ready when ever I liked."

"My poor child!" said Mrs. Lauraine.

"What did you think of such a reception?"

"I thought it very odd," replied Mona, with a smile and a blush. "I asked when Mr. Loraine was expected back from Cleveleys; and was told not till the next morning. So I had my dinner all by myself as there seemed nothing else to be done."

"And were very angry," said Rupert.

"Confess, Mona! did you not begin to think of going straight home again?"

Mona laughed.

"Well, perhaps I might, only I did not suppose the bus was likely to go back to Newbury that evening."

"She laughs now," said Mrs. George.

But the maids told me a different story, about last night."

"How did you make out the mistake?" asked Mrs. Loraine, for Mona colored painfully, though she smiled as she thought of her tears the previous evening in her solitude.

"Why, the moment she came in from church this morning, and found me in the garden, she saw I was not a bit like the photographs she had seen of you, Eleanor. Then we had it out in half a minute and we had a good laugh over it, and I thought the best thing to do was just to walk up here at once to breakfast. And now," added Mrs. George, laughing her jolly, unrefined laugh, "what sort of girl is the real Miss Harris?"

"You must find out for yourself Harriet," replied Mrs. Loraine smiling. "Now Mona, come up with me and take off your hat. Miss Barlow will go and bring down Miss Harris and we will all have breakfast."

We had a very merry breakfast. After it was over, Mrs. George carried off poor Miss Harris, who it appeared was the eldest daughter of an attorney at Bristol, and being tired of home and poverty and a crowd of younger brothers and sisters, had come out to see the world as a companion. Seen in this new light, she was not a bad sort of girl, but we scarcely know how to be thankful for having found out that she was not to be Rupert's wife, and that this sweet and charming girl now left us was the real Mona Herries.

Wit and Humour.

What Scotch sport is like ladies' conversation?—Dears talking.

There is in Philadelphia a "School of Design for Women." The dear creatures don't need one.

"Are you not afraid your wife will get married again when you die?"—"I hope she may, as there will be one man in the world who will know how to pity me."

"Now, children, who loves all men?" asked a school inspector. The question was hardly put before a little girl, not four years old, answered quickly, "All women!"

"That great admirer of Avon's bard, who inquired where the following passage is found, 'Is that a f that I U B 4 me?' is informed that it may be found in Macbeth, whose murderous put a . . . to I Duncan.

The following anecdote was told by an American preacher for a fact: He was praying and in his prayer he said, "I pray that the power of the devil may be curtailed." Just then an old darkey in the congregation cried out, "Yes, amen! Bless me! Cut him tail right smack, smooove off."

"Will advertising pay?" is a very old question, which has always been answered in the affirmative; but the question in a newspaper office is, "Will the advertiser pay?" This is not always answered in the affirmative.

An Irishman catching a thief's hand in his pocket at the post-office, the other day, knocked the thief down, and began to trample on his carcass as if he was dancing a Fardowner's jig.—"What's that for?" asked a bystander.—"Oh," said Pat, "it's small change the fellow wanted, and faith, I'm after giving him a few post-office stamps."

"But if I place my money in the savings bank," inquired one of the newly arrived "when can I draw it out again?"—"Oh," responded his Hibernian friend: "sure an if you put it in to-day, you can get it out again to-morrow, by giving a fortnight's notice."

"Julius, was you ever in busin' as?"—"In course I was."—"What business?"—"A sugar-planter."—"When was that, my coloured friend?"—"Der day I buried dat old sweetheart o' mine."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GUNN & CO.
SHIP-WRIGHTS AND CAULKERS.
North Sydney, C. B.

Vessels repaired on the Marine Railway promptly, and at reasonable rates.

Experienced Workmen Employed and First-Class Material Used.

REFERENCES:
Captain Pamerton, Captain Joyce, Carbonear, Master Edward Joyce.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

TERRA NOVA MARBLE WORKS
West corner of Duckworth St.
East, St. John's.

OPPOSITE STAR OF THE SEA HALL
JOHN SKINNER,
Manufacturer of
Monuments, Tombs, Grave
Stones, Counter Tops,
and Table Tops, &c.

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

THOMAS GOFF,
TAILOR,
CLOTHIER & OUTFITTER.
A Perfect Fit Guaranteed.
WEST END, CARBONEAR
May 22nd, 1879.

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 555 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,
333, 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

R. MCCARTHY,
COMMISSION MERCHANT
AND AUCTIONEER,
AT HIS
Market-Stand & Auction-Mart
WATER STREET,
Carbonear, Newfoundland,
October 16, 1879.

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 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.

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 rubbed into the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it Cures SURE 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 one throughout the British Possessions, who may keep the American Counterfeit for sale, 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.

AGENCY CARD.

The undersigned thankful for past 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.
Bay Roberts.
G. W. R. HIERLIHY.

A CARD.
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

Vol. 1.
THE CARBONEAR
OUTPORT
Is Printed and
Office, Water St.
THURSDAY MORNING
Terms --- \$
(Payable half-
ly) Advertis-
Fifty cents per
line, one-third of
continuation.
ments in-erted
half-yearly or
reasonable term
All communica-
ed to the Editor
lisher,
J. A. RO
Herald

ADVER
P. JORDAN
CLOTHING A
ESTABLISHM
222 Water S
Importers of
Manufactur
Always on han
CLOTHES
Made up under
which they can
SELL AT VE
Also a large
THERWARE
All orders
DEPARTMENT
at ention and be
required and at
SIBLE PRICE
See 4

JUST
NEW
PROVISIONS
(Opposite
The Subscrip
public of Carbo
Opened the abo
will keep on ha
assorted stock
GROCERIES
AT LOWEST

Harbor Grace,
June 19nd, 18
THE WORK
GENUINE
Sewing
The best in the
lar SEWING M
Beware of I
Spurio
You can get t
at 172 Water S
Cash or easy m
The Trade M
each Machine.
turing Co. is in
of the arm. A
find the above
Genuine Singer
Bickford Knitt
Clothes Ring
ines, Plain
Ne
Attachments fo
The Singer M
York, U. S.
Sewing Machine
ranted
Oct 30.
JOB P
of every descr
ed at the of