

LITERARY

The King's Jewel.

'Twas a night to make the bravest
Shrink from the tempest's breath,
For the winter snows were bitter,
And the winds were cruel as death.

All day on the roofs of Warsaw
Had the white storm sited down
Till it almost hid the hump's huts,
Of the poor outside the town.

And it beat upon one low cottage
With a sort of reckless spite
As it to add to their wretchedness
Who sat by its hearth that night;

Where Derby, the Polish peasant,
Took his pale wife by the hand,
And told her that when the morrow came
They would have no home in the land.

No human hand would aid him
With the rent that was due at morn;
And his cold hard hearted landlord
Had spurned his prayers with scorn.

Then the poor man took his Bible,
And read, while his eyes grew dim,
To see if any comfort
Were written there for him;

When he suddenly heard a knocking
On the casement, soft and light,
It wasn't the storm; but what else could
be
Abroad in such a night?

Then he went and opened the window,
But for wonder scarce could speak,
As a bird flew in with a jewelled ring
Held flashing in his beak.

'Tis the bird I trained,' said Derby,
'And that is the, precious ring
That once I saw on the royal hand
Of our good and gracious king.'

'And it birds, as our lesson tells us,
Once came with food to men,
Who knows,' said the foolish peasant,
'But they might be sent again?'

So he hopefully went with the morning,
And knocked at the palace gate,
And gave to the king the jewel
They had searched for long and late.

And when he had heard the story,
Which the peasant had to tell;
He gave him a fruitful garden,
And a home wherein so dwell.

And Derby wrote o'er the doorway
These words that all might see;
Thou has called the Lord in trouble,
And He hath delivered thee!

"BOREEN."

CHAPTER VI.

(Continued.)

'Never. My Thames has been done on
the penny boats between London Bridge
and Westminster.'

'It is charming along here, is it not?'
'Absolutely.' And gazing outwards,
he was silent.

'We are approaching Marlow. You
can see the church-spire above the trees
That red brick house with the wooden
cross-beams is the celebrated Angler's,
an inn that old Isaac Walton used to visit
it for possets. Sir Jasper Jyvecote pro-
poses that we shall land for a few mo-
ments to taste the M'selle cup for which
the hostelry is so famous.'

'I'll see him hanged before I taste his
cup,' resolved the barrister.

Miss Branscombe who knew every reed
on the river, chatted gaily and charmingly,
relating anecdote, historical and gos-
sipy, and seeing with woman's instinct
that the barrister was 'not r' the vean,'
keep the shuttlecock to her own bat-
tles-dore, never so much as affording him
a chance of exerting himself by sending it
back to her.

'Here's Marlow lock, and now for our
cup,' she cried as the launch glided into
the fern-oid chamber.

'No cup for me, thanks,' said Nugent.
'But it will be *les-magiste* to refuse it.
'I owe no allegiance to Sir Jasper
Jyvecote, Miss Branscombe.'

At this moment the baronet sauntered
forward.

'By Jove! I thought you had gone
overboard, Miss Branscombe,' he observ-
ed, adding, 'Whose is the cur?', casting a
disgusting glance at Boreen, who was
gazing sidewise at the varnished shoes.

'That's my dog,' said Nugent sternly.
'Aw! he's Irish,'
'He is,'
'I thought so.'

'I should imagine you thought very
little about anything,' and Walter turn-
ed contemptuously upon his heel.

I do not seek to excuse my hero. I
have already said that he was but four-
and-twenty and full of hot Irish blood—
blood that leaped into flame as the match
struck. I am telling a plain, unvarnished
tale, and my reader will take my hero
with his imperfections, such as they are.
'I beg pardon, Miss Branscombe,

said turning on his heel and bowing,
then, calling Boreen, he lightly sprang
ashore.

'I stop that ninny-hammer's sneering,
he quietly said to himself, as he wanders
ed, his hands deep in his coat pockets,
into the trim, glowing garden attached
to ye ancient hostlerie nor did he rejoice
the party until the whistle from the
launch announced her instant departure.

'Nearly left behind, Blantyre,' chuck-
led the marquis as Walter leaped on to
the deck. Take a cigar? Irish bar, eh?
Rum lot, wild; clever. Young fellows
Home Rulers, old fellows Whigs—rascally
Whigs, by Jupiter! Hate Whigs,
Blantyre. Lord O'Hagen—orator—flow-
ery. Dowse doosid funny—clown.'

Ethel who had spent her morning in
the engine-room, now appeared with
Estelle, whom she had attired in a suit
of waterproof.

We are going to have a white squall
Walter, and see how splendidly Estelle
is prepared for it!

'Take your friend astern, Baby. Have
to meet another secretary at Puleyne,
Blantyre.' And his lordship returned
to his all-absorbing scarlet despatch-box.
Nugent mentally resolved to avoid
both Miss Branscombe and her guided
admirer for the remainder of the day.

'I'll just see this thing out as I would
a comedy of high life; and so here goes
for treating the marchioness much as
Dick Swiveller treated his titled dame
over a game of cribbage.' And the bar-
rister rejoined his hostess, with whom was
Ethel.

The Marchioness of Pomfret was a sus-
perb horsewoman. She had ridden with
the Pytchley and Queen, and contents
plated in the near future a run with the
Galway Blazers. Upon the subject of
horses Nugent, thanks to Andy Gavin,
was an expert, and the moment the
topic was started her ladyship and her
guest were completely *d'accord*, nor did
they cease a very animated and mutually
interesting conversation till the launch
glided into a tiny harbor which bore all
the appearance of a gigantic bath.

'You should see Miss Eileen O'Meara
ride with the Blazers,' cried Nugent, his
eyes on fire, his cheeks all aglow. 'I'll
tell you what happened last season but
one. We were a field of fifty, going at
a sapping pace till we came to Sir Val
Blake's demense wa l. The fox took a
break in the wall, and the dogs fol-
lowed. Every man in the hunt rode up to it and
balked, preferring to trust to the gate
Miss O'Meara was coming along her
white teeth set, her hands well down.
Give me room gentlemen, please, she
cried, and she cleared it like a bird.
We saw nothing but the bright stee-
ple of her plucky mare. When we
rejoined her she was standing by the side
of the mare whose girls had been loosed,
and no one but herself and the dogs had
seen that fox killed. Captain Candy, of
the Ninth Lancers—they called him
Sugar Candy—and I measured the height
of that jump, and it was five feet eleven
and a half. Miss O'Meara is a bruck.'

'I don't admire masculine girls,' ob-
served Miss Branscombe coldly, as, tak-
ing Sir Jasper Jyvecote's arm she went
ashore.

Mamma, you must go with pappa. I
want Walter. I have oh! so many things
to show him,' cried Ethel. Estelle is
asleep, and 'Toicette will mind her.
Come, Boreen, Boreen! Hi! Cats! Cats!
Puleyne, the princely seat of the Mar-
quis of Pomfret, is situated on the right
bank of the Thames as you ascend from
Taplow. The house is Elizabethan, of
red brick. It encloses a square court
with an arched cloister, pale blue for-
get-me-nots clinging to the walls, and a
fountain plashes into a circular basin in
the central grass-plot. It stands on a
sort of plateau some ten feet above the
level of the surrounding park, the des-
cent from the higher to the lower level
being accomplished by flights of broad
stone steps. This plateau is laid out in
elaborate gardens, the hues of the flowers
being graduated and patterned out ac-
cording to the latest refinements of chro-
matic art. Along the front of the house
extends a broad, gravelled walk border-
ed by a regiment of huge earthen jars
as would serve admirably in the Morgi-
anni scene in 'Ali Baba,' solely devoted
to creeping plants of dead gray.

Under the southern wing of the house a
smaller walled-in garden is kept in the
Queen Anne style—Nature in ruff and
farthingale and high heeled shoes. The
great park outside with its five thousand
rolling acres of turf and brake is studded
with clumps of burly oaks and the an-
cient rugged thorns, and a stately avenue
of over two miles in length bordered

with towering chestnuts and lime-trees
three deep on either hand, leads up to
the house.

Oh! it was fair to behold stately deer,
with tender limbs and poised antlers,
passing along the golden bays that glint-
ed through the boughs. Oh! it was de-
lightful to walk beneath the shadowy
haunts on a carpet of moss softer than
Aubusson, or Tashmeghar, or Persian.

Ethel having selected a sight for the
fete champetre, the grass was soon in an
azalean bloom of lobster salad, while sol-
emn servants silently busied themselves
in elaborate and seductive prandial pre-
parations. Boreen had to be tied to a
tree, but not until he had polished off
a chicken pie and had become the hap-
py possessor of an entire lobster, which he
worried as he would comparative and res-
calictrant cat. Sir Jasper did Ganymede
to Miss Branscombe; the marquis having
bundled off a third secretary, with the
despatch box, [applied] his spectacles to
the contemplation of the tempting vi-
ands, and Walter whose appetite always
stood him in good stead, laid on like
Macduff. Ethel's health was drunk in
champagne, and then the party pro-
ceeded in a wagonette to the house, Ethel
having carefully collected sticks with
the aid of Walter wherewith to build a
fire, to make the tea on the return to the
launch.

In the cloister Nugent was thrown be-
side Miss Branscombe, Sir Jasper Jyve-
cote having entered the house with the
marchioness.
'I hope that stupid remark of Sir Jas-
per have been erased from your mem-
ory,' she said.
He turned and met her eyes and then
he felt how beautiful she was.
'I'm very sorry—that is for your sake.
I'm awfully sorry I let myself go that
time Miss Branscombe—and—and, you
will please let me say good-by.'
'Good-by.' And the girl looked at him
with wondering eyes as she echoed the
word.
'Yes.'
'Now! Why?'
He grew very pale.
'I want to get back to Ireland. I am
not fit for this sort of thing. I am sorry
I am sorry I came. Don't be offended
with me! And suddenly taking her hand
and lifting the tips of her fingers to his
lips, he flung one long, hungering look
into her eyes and the next instant he was
gone.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Wit and Humor.

'Doctor examine my tongue,' said
a good woman, 'and tell me what it
needs.' 'It needs rest,' replied the
doctor.

A young gentleman advertised for
a wife, through the Chicago papers
and received answers from eighteen
husbands, saying that he could have
them.

'Why do you publish so many re-
cords of crime?' asked a gentleman
of the late Horace Greedy. 'Be-
cause they are the sin-news of the
paper,' was the reply.

A grocer had for his virtues obtain-
ed the name of the 'Little Rascal.'
A stranger asked him why this ap-
ellation was given him. 'To dis-
tinguish me from the rest of my
trade,' quoth he, 'who are all great
rascals.'

An honest old lady in the country,
when told of her husband's death,
exclaimed, 'Well, I do declare, our
troubles never come alone! I tint a
week since I lost my best hen, and
now Mr. H— has gone, too, poor
man!'

'You are my precious pearl,' he
said as he drew her to his manly
breast. 'Oh, John,' she sighed,
'and you are my oyster.'

Talking about a new style of ortho-
graphy, if 'tho' is spelled 'though'
and ate 'eight' and bo 'bean,' why not
spell potatoes *poughteigh-teaux*?

'Get up and give an account of
yourself,' said a policeman to a pros-
trate drunkard. 'How can I give an
account when I have lost my balance,'
was the reply.

In a severe gale a lady asked his
neighbor if he was not afraid his
house would blow away. 'Oh, no,'
was the answer; 'the mortgage on it
is so heavy as to render that impos-
sible.'

The man who bored the first oil
well is still alive, and residing at
Bethlehem, Pa. The man who bored
the first editor went to his grave
years ago, 'unwept, unhonored and
unhung.'

'Never kiss a girl if she doesn't
want you to,' says an article on the
'Art of Kissing.' But pretty often
when a girl says she doesn't want
you to kiss her is the very time she
does want you to, and you'd better
take the benefit of the doubt.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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West corner of Duckworth St.
East, St. John's.

OPPOSITE STAR OF THE SEA HALL

JOHN SKINNER,

Manufacturer of
Monuments, Tombs, Grav-
Stones, Counter Tops,
and Table Tops, &c.

All orders in the above line execut-
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the latest English and American
designs.

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May 22nd, 1879.

CAUTION.

The PILLS Purify the Blood, correct all
disorders of the Liver, Stomach Kid-
neys and Bowls, and are invaluable in
all complaints incidental to Females.
The OINTMENT is the only reliable re-
medy 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
bears on their labels some address in
New York.

I do not allow my medicines to be
fold in any part of the United States,
I have no Agents there. My Medi-
cines are only made by me, at 555 Ox-
ford 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 coun-
terfeits 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 ven-
ture upon asking from all honorable
persons, to assist me, and the Public, as
far as may lie in their power, in de-
nouncing this shameful Fraud.

Each Pot and Box of the Genuine
Medicines, bears the British Govern-
ment Stamp, with the words "HOLLO-
WAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT, LONDON"
enraved 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 Counter-
feits for sale, will be prosecuted.

Signed THOS HOLLOWAY
333, Oxford Street, London,

NOTICE,

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WITH THE
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A VISIT TO OUR MINING REGION
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OF LIFE. They are confidently re-
commended as a never failing remedy
in all cases where the constitution
from whatever cause, has become
impaired or weakened. They are won-
derfully efficacious in all ailments
incidental to Females of all ages and
as a General Family Medicine are
unsurpassed.

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For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts
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It is an infallible remedy. It effectually
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And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines
throughout the Civilized World; with
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guage.

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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 the
favours informs his friends and the
trade, that he continues to manage the
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yearly insertions in the paper and copy
paper sent to my address.
Bay Roberts.

G. W. R. HIERLIHY.

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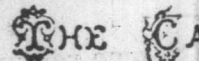
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NOTICE.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

I, ROBERT CHURCH, of the City of
Montreal, Province of Quebec, Canada,
Shoe-maker; hereby give notice that I
have made application, under Sec. 13
Cap. 19, XIX Vic., for Letters Patent
of the Island of Newfoundland and
"Improvements in Boots," said im-
provements being applicable to "Tongue
Boots," and consisting mainly in form-
ing the leg, of a single piece of special
pattern, with the seam in front.
ROBERT CHURCH

Vol. 1



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