

LITERARY.

To Thee, False and Fair.

I cannot shed a tear for thee,
For weeping would be in vain.
Since thou hast bidden me depart
And ne'er return again:
You wish to draw my thoughts to thee
By false and former ties,
But I have buried them so low
They ne'er again can rise.

I leave thee free to thine own way,
And I alone regret
That I can give no base a name
A place in memory yet:
I know thee well, so false and fair,
Traitor in disguise!
May all who thou in future meet
Thy evil snares despise.

Perchance some day your pride will fall;
How bitter then for thee
To drink the cup that once did fill
And offer unto me:
What lavish wealth men sometimes give
For trifles light and small,
What lavish forms are often held
In folly's flimsy thrall.

I'm safe, I know, from danger now,
For thy defacing hand
Can never span the road that leads
To this more happy land!
I leave you with your own sad heart,
Your eyes that burn with tears,
Shall nevermore behold me there
In all the coming years.

You spoke of hope in years ago,
But you must now repine—
The sorrow that is all your own
Shall more than equal mine:
Go back unto your vows and Him
Who justice gives to all—
He yet may heal thy bleeding heart
Near ruined by the fall.

—Waverly Magazine.

HELEN'S HEART;
OR,
TOLD BY THE SHADOWS.

CHAPTER I.

ELEN JAYNE tripped lightly down the path that led to the flat rock by the side of the cove spring.

It was a quiet little dingle, where maples and walnuts lifted their heads, and tossed their spreading branches high above the hazel bushes that grew so thickly around Hazel Dell, as she called it, and as she went down the sinuous little footpath, she found herself humming over the verse of the old song:

"Here in the moonlight often we have wandered,
Through the silent shade."

Helen was a fair, sweet girl of nineteen, full in form and rather above the medium height, though she was a farmer's daughter—she had superior advantages, and her face sparkling with intelligence indicated culture and thought. Her rich brown hair was pushed back from her broad low brow, and fell in a tangled mass of curls over her shoulders. Her large blue eyes had a mellow, liquid light in them, and her full round cheeks had the delicate peach bloom that is so fair to see in the face of youth.

Helen was handsome, and just now at the hour of sunset, when she was tripping down this path to the trysting place to meet her lover, she was more than handsome—she was actually beautiful.

Richard Steele was this lover of hers, who held her heart; and he possessed sovereignty. He knew it, and she knew it. He was her first love, and as she believed, he was to be the love of her life.

They were both young yet—he was hardly twenty-five. Without wealth or friends, Richard Steele, a quiet reserved young man, stood alone, proud, ambitious, and determined to work his way up if it could be done by mortal man under his circumstances. That was the way she understood him.

He had formed his plans before meeting Helen Jayne, or he might have marked out his life different. Now it was too late. She knew all his intentions though and acquiesced in them. She was willing to wait.

And as she had bravely promised to wait, she said nothing at home of the little love-tale that Richard had whispered in her ear. Her father, she knew looked at his poverty proud young man with distant, if not actual dislike, and so she preferred keeping her secret, and well she did so.

Down by the spring the air felt cool and refreshing after the weary heat of the hot summer day. Helen ceased singing and looked around her.

She was alone in the dingle. Richard lingered it seemed, and she seated herself upon the edge of the rock, with her hands folded in her lap to await his coming.

Gradually, as the shadows deepened in the dell, the happy look died away in her face, and in its place came a worried troubled expression. It was not that she was annoyed at waiting; she scarcely knew that she was waiting. A fit of abstraction a train of but half-understood thoughts, an unexplained sense of coming trouble, all combined to throw a gloom over her spirits, and before she knew how, or when or why it came, she felt her eyelids moistened by a flood of tears.

The sound of approaching footsteps recalled her to herself. She sprang to her feet with a quick, noiseless bound,

and stood anxiously expectant. He was coming at last.

No. Disappointment and vexation came instead. There was a low murmur of voices, and she knew that more than one person was drawing near.

Instinctively she cast her eyes about her. One of the voices was a female one. She did not like to be seen there. Without knowing she did it, and without any idea of how her retreat was to be made, in case those coming should loiter by the spring, she sought concealment.

A huge old walnut not a dozen steps away, offered her a haven of refuge, and before she had taken time to consider what she was doing, Helen had ensconced herself behind it. Then it suddenly struck her that perhaps it would have been better to have remained and been discovered than than to place herself in a position where she must be perceived an involuntary eavesdropper.

Nearer and nearer came the pair, until at last, just before they would turn into view from around a bend in the path, their very words could be distinguished.

"Do not be unreasonable, my darling. I did not want to meet you here to night, but it was from no such motive as you impute to me. Tired of you? Never! But you must know that we have a difficult game to play—I have tried to explain that to you. Forgive me if I suggest that, with a head on my shoulders older in years and experience than yours. I am the better qualified to say just how that game ought to be played."

"Played! Played! I am sick to death of this paying of games. I am tired of it all. It must stop. You want to make a plaything out of me and I will not have it. If you deceive me, or fail me, I will kill you."

She ground out the words bitterly. They dropped from her lips as though her whole heart went with their utterance, and they fell upon the man by her side with a weight that checked his speech. For a moment he walked on in silence.

In that moment the two passed between the spring and the walnut, and disappeared along the winding path beyond, all unconscious of Helen Jayne lurking behind the tree.

I mattered not to her for the moment if they had seen her—if a world had seen her.

The peach bloom was gone from her cheeks now, leaving them white and cold as marble. The mist had died away from her eyes, leaving them hot, and gleaming with outraged pride and wounded heart. The girl who had passed was pretty, foolish Susie Fleming, the man Richard Steele.

She could not be mistaken; she knew them both too well. They had gone by at hardly arm's length distance she heard their voices so plainly, and the shadows were not so deep but that she could distinguish form and feature but too distinctly.

Helen came out from under the overhanging boughs, and stood listening till she heard the last murmur of voices, the last sound of footfall had died away. Her hand was on her heart, as though there was a sharp pain there and her lips were compressed tightly together until they were lost in a single, dark line. No wonder that as she looked around the dell it had suddenly grown dark and repulsive. Alas! Yes, she was all alone, and to-night, there they would never wander any more. No wonder that Richard Steele came late to their trysting place—hence he came with another. That he came apparently unwilling was no consolation. He was, and always had been a scoundrel, or he would not have needed to call at all; yet how came it that he would dare to bring that girl there, unless he was willing to meet her, Helen, and most basely affront her?

She paused in her anger, to consider this question. How come it? She must see.

The answer came, as quick as flash, and utterly convulsive. How very strange that she could have made such a mistake. She was a whole day out in her reckoning. It was nearly a week since Richard Steele and she had parted at this spot, and they were to meet again there in just seven days. Meantime he was to be gone. Fate had done her a good turn—it must have been fate that made her make such an error, and blunder into the knowledge of her lover's complete worthlessness.

Well, they should never meet again; there was a gulf between them forever. Had she simply lost his love she would not have cared; but to know of what base clay was her idol was hardest of all.

From her pocket she brought out a diary and a pencil. Hastily tearing out a leaf, she hurriedly wrote these words: "RICHARD STEELE: I shall never meet you again. We are parted now and forever. No communications of any kind will be received. It is useless for me to tell you since you, certainly must know, why and you will scarcely dare trouble me more. The past will be forgotten and the future is assured."

There was a letter-box near, that each had used more than once—the trunk of a fallen tree in which was a great hollow and from that hollow a lesser one running out into the stub of a broken limb. Reaching in, she left this letter there, and then turning away with the decided air of one whose mind was utterly fixed.

Yet before she left the dell entirely just when another step or two would take her out of sight of the spring and the spot but a few brief moments ago she

had expected to meet him who then was her lover, Helen halted and gave one last glance.

And while she stood there with her fingers clenched tightly into the palm of her hand and her frame quivering with suppressed emotion, it seemed to her that away off, down the path taken by the two, she heard a woman's scream.

"You needn't storm around, sis. It's a great pity, to be sure, but it can't be helped, so take it easy."

It was the next day and Helen had taken to household duties, and was seated on the lowest step of the kitchen stairs, shelling peas. Her young brother had come bursting in with the air of one who carried important news, and as he spoke watched her narrowly, as if to see if she suspected what his information might be. If that was his intention, he was disappointed.

There was certainly nothing in her fresh young face to tell any tales.

"What is it that is a great pity, and why do you think that I will be likely to storm around when I hear it? Out with it, Mr. Talk-too-much. Wait, though. Perhaps you better get grandmother's cushion and have it handy in case I should faint. You know my nerves are terrible weak."

With a laugh the boy sprang to the easy chair caught up the cushion and brought it over.

Throwing it down at Helen's feet, as she sat on the step he popped himself down upon it and then went on:

"I'm handy now if you do faint, but I want you to please drop easy. You're not the lightest weight in the world and I'm not exactly Sampson. Well, Mr. R. Steele, has he bolted?"

"Oh, he has had her? Taken anybody's money with him? What has that to do with me?"

"You are a good one sis. If your heart was just dropping in two pieces I don't suppose you would show a sign of it. You are a little white around the lips, but no one that hadn't as sharp an eye as I have would notice it. About the money I can't hear that he took any with him; but I'll tell you what he did take. He took Arthur Fleming's sister and that's a heap size worse than robbing a bank."

"Not Susie Fleming?"

"That's it—so they say. So now Helen dear, what are you going to do about it?"

"What am I going to do? Nothing. What can I do? What should I do?"

"That's so, but it strikes me that you were a little sweet on him yourself. What a grand rascal he is any how."

"Poor girl I pity her if she have trusted herself to Richard Steele's mercy. But Charley boy, I would not talk of such things. These reports are not always true, and you might do considerable mischief."

"Let me alone for that. I don't gabble away from home. I have as much as you think I do. I'm all ears then raising myself up for a retail business in what I hear, when I get back. I'm glad though you don't care for the fellow. He seems to hang around a little more than I thought was agreeable and I had half a notion to give him a piece of my mind. His room is better than his company, and I'm glad he's gone. By-the-by this old kitchen is too hot to suit me. I want more fresh air."

Of the family this younger brother was the only one who ever seemed to suspect that Richard Steele, whom the rest carelessly knew by sight, was anything more than a casual acquaintance. Now his suspicions were lulled, and she was ready to face the world. If her heart ached her face was smiling and no one should ever guess that she had a skeleton in her cupboard.

Above all Helen had to keep the secret of her presence in the glade the night before, and that she had seen Richard Steele and Susie Fleming there together. The intelligence that they had gone off together was something very unexpected to her and she did not all understand it. Certainly from anything she had seen and heard she would not have suspected any such intention.

Then there came to her the remembrance of the scream she was almost sure she had heard, and the whole affair began to assume a mystery that was only too harrowing, since she saw that she dared take no steps to unravel it. She had not even thought it best to ask her brother what evidence the report he had heard was based upon. It might be—but she paused as a thought started up, and resolute y shut it out of her mind.

A day of silent suffering, a night of lonely thought, and then Helen at last saw that the only way out of her trouble was to resolutely tear Richard Steele's image from her heart. Thus far she acknowledged she had unconsciously yearned to have him come back to prove to her that this was all a delusion and a dream and that he was still her ideal and her idol. She gave that up now. The future looked very blank to her—at nineteen when the hopes are shattered the world seems in ruins, but she quietly mapped it out, and then bent resolutely to the task of fulfilling her newly shaped destiny.

After some days she heard more of the story, though it was incomplete enough yet the two had been seen together and on the night of her disappearance Susie Fleming had left a letter for her brother in which she hinted that she was about

to leave, and that pursuit would be useless as before morning she would be a bride.

It was hearing this, that, for the first time made Helen remember her own letter.

Had Richard Steele received it? It was easy enough to see. She ran down the path to the spring, turning to the fallen tree, and placed her hand within the hollow.

The letter was gone.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WIT AND HUMOR.

The best illustrated paper out. A bank note.

Do editors ever do wrong? No; they do write.

Rattlebone's mouth is disfigured by the absence of one of his front teeth. His little son surprised him yesterday by asking—

"Pop, why do you part your teeth, in the middle?"

A shoemaker lately advised a customer, when he complained of his new boots being tight, not to put them on until he had worn them a day or two.

An old bachelor, who particularly hated literary women, asked an authoress if she could throw any light on kissing.

"I could," she said, looking archly at him, "but I think it's better in the dark."

Rough (disguised as a seaman, with painted bird for sale)—"Beg pardon, sir; me and my mate have got a werry waluabie bird for sale; we don't know its name, but p'raps you can tell us."

Mild-looking Gent (who is not to be taken in).—"Well, judging from its companions, I should say it was a jail-bird."

"You young scamp," cried an elderly gentleman, as he caught a little urchin in the act of picking his pocket, "aren't you ashamed of yourself? You so young and a thief already!"

"Oh, gammon," retorted the urchin. "I like that! Ain't you ashamed of yourself—you so old and ain't got a silk pocket-handkerchief yet?"

A young and pretty girl stepped into a shop where a spruce young man who had long been enamored but dared not speak, stood behind the counter selling drapery. In order to remain as long as possible, she cheapened everything, and at last she said, "I believe you think I am cheating you."

"Oh no," said the youngster; "the one you are always fair."

"Well," whispered the lady, blushing, as she laid an emphasis on the word, "I would not stay so long bargaining, if you were not so dear."

Reform in politics generally means. You go out, and I will come in.

"Better be nobody than a sumbody," said a tired boy over his arithmetic.

The ages of vain old people, though undeniably their own, are never owned by them.

"What's the difference," asked a teacher in arithmetic, "between one yard and two yards?" A fence," was the reply of a member of the class. The teacher was silent.

FASHIONS.

Court trains are very long this year. Mourning parasols are trimmed with crape.

Black and white tops are used for fashionable walking boots.

Black brocade grenadines with bright figures are new this summer.

English children wear pinafores of pink, blue and white washing silk.

Black silk is combined with polka dots for walking and evening dresses.

Thyra red is neither poppy nor cherry, but something between the two.

Parasol linings are sometimes of gay Scotch plaids or bandana goods.

White linen, or nearly white, will be worn by ladies at the seaside this summer.

Black net veils with tiny dots of gold and gold borders are new, but unbecoming.

Morning sacques of dotted or striped muslin are to be worn with colored skirts this summer.

Lengthwise button-holes are worked around the waist line of wrappers, and he belt is run through them.

Organdy evening dresses are made up with an imitation of old point lace and a profusion of Persian ribbon arranged in loops.

The newest seaside and traveling costumes are of cream or mastic gray, and are made with long coats, kilt skirts and draped overskirts.

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 BOWELS, 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 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 Breaths, Old Wounds, Sores & Ulcers, it is an infallible remedy. It effectually rubbed to the neck and chest as salve into meat, it Cures SORE THROAT, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colic, 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, 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.



Newfoundland Light's.

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.

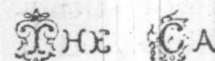
GOVERNMENT NOTICE.

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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