

The Star,

And Conception Bay Semi-Weekly Advertiser.

Vol. II.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Saturday, August 30, 1873.

Number 21.

USEFUL INFORMATION

AUGUST.

S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.
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
31

Moon's Phases.

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

First Quarter.... 1st, 10.58 a. m.
Full Moon..... 8th, 10.21 p. m.
Last Quarter.... 15th, 1.13 a. m.
New Moon..... 22nd, 10.0 p. m.
First Quarter.... 31st, 0.19 a. m.

Mail Steamers to Depart from St. John's.

Destination	Day	Time
For Liverpool	Thursday	June 19
For Halifax	Wednesday	" 25
For Liverpool	Wednesday	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 Island, 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 1 1/2d. to 1s. 1d.; American 8d. to 10d.; Hambro' 8d.
CHEESE—9d. to 10 1/2d.
HAM—9d. to 10d.
POPK—American mess 95s. to 100s.; prime mess 90s.; extra prime 77s.
BEER—Prime, per brl. 35s.
RUM—per imp. gallon 1s. 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. 8 1/2d.; American 1s. 5d. to 1s. 6d.; Nova Scotia, 1s. 5d. to 1s. 6d.
CORDEAGE—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, Copier and Sheet-Iron
Worker,

BEGS 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, Wholesale 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.

RESREVES & GROCERIES!

Just Received and For Sale by the Subscriber—
Fresh Cove OYSTERS
Spiced do.

APPLES

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 denominations
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, Manufacturing 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.
Output orders punctually attended to.
St. John's, Jan. 4.

HARBOR GRACE

MEDICAL HALL,

W. H. THOMPSON,

Proprietor,

Has always on hand a carefully selected Stock of

DRUGS, MEDICINES,

DRY PAINTS,

Oils, &c., &c.,

And nearly every article in his line that is recommendable:

Gallup's Floriline for the Teeth and Breath
Keating's Worm Tablets
Rowland's Ointment
Oxley's Essence of Ginger
Lampbrush's Pyretic Saline
Powell's Balsam Aniseed
Medicamentum (stamped)
British Oil, Balsam of Life, Chlorodyne
Mexican Mustang Liniment
Steer's Apodiloe
Radway's Ready Relief, Arnold's Balsam
Murray's Fluid Magnesia
Acidulated Syrup
S. A. Allen's Hair Restorer
Rossiter's
Ayer's Hair Vigor
Sarsaparilla
Cherry Pectoral
Pickles, French Capers, Sauces
Soothing Syrup, Kaye's Colalgine
India Rubber Sponge, Teething Sponge, Tooth Cloths
Nail, Shoe and Stove Brushes
Widow Welch's Pills
Morrison's Pills
Cockle's
Radway's
Holloway's
Ayer's
Norton's
Parsons'
Hunt's
Jaynes'
Holloway's Ointment
Adams' Indian Salve, Russia Salve
Morehead's Plaster, Corn Plaster
Mather's Feeding Bottles
Bond's Marking Ink, Corn Flour
Fresh Hops, Arrowroot, Sago, Gold Leaf
Nelson's Gelatine and Isinglass
Bonnet Glue, Best German Glycerine
Lime Juice, Honey, Best Ground Coffee
Nixy's Black Lead
Roth & Co.'s Rat Paste
Brown's Bronchial Troches
Woodill's Worm Lozenges
Baking Powder
McLean's Vermifuge
Lear's India Rubber Varnish
Copal Varnish
Kerosene Oil, Lamps, Chimnies, Wicks, Burners, &c., &c.
Cod Liver Oil
Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites
Extract of Logwood, in 1 lb. boxes
Cudbear, Worm Tea, Toilet Soaps
Best Perfumeries, Pomades and Hair Oils
Pain Killer
Henry's Calmed Magnesia
Enema Instruments, Gold Beater's Skin
Fumigating Pastiles, Seidlitz Powders
Furniture Polish, Plate Polish
Flavouring Essences, Spices, &c., &c.
Robinson's Patent Barley
Groats

All the above proprietary articles bear the Government Stamp, without which none are genuine.
Output Orders will receive careful and prompt attention.
May 14.

LeMessurier & Knight,
COMMISSION AGENTS.
Particular attention given to the Sale and Purchase of
DRY & PICKLED FISH
FLOUR, PROVISIONS,
WEST INDIA PRODUCE
—AND—
DRY GOODS.
Consignments solicited.
St. John's, May 7, 1873.

BLANK FORMS
Executed with NEATNESS and DESPATCH at the Office of this paper.

POETRY.

The Old Folks Alone.

An old wife sat by the bright fire-side,
Swaying thoughtfully to and fro,
In an ancient chair, whose creaky noise
Told a tale of long ago,
While down by her side, on the kitchen floor,
Stood a basket of worsted balls—a score.

The good man dozed o'er the latest news,
Till the fire of his pipe went out,
And, unheeded, the kitten, with cunning paws,
Rolled and tangled the balls about,
Yet still sat the wife in the ancient chair,
Swaying to and fro in the fire-light glare.

But anon, a misty tear-drop came
In her eye of faded blue,
Then trickled down in a furrow deep,
Like a single drop of dew,
So deep the channel, so silent the stream,
The good man saw naught but the dimmed eye beam.

Yet marvelled he much that the cheerful light
Of her eye had weary grown,
And marvelled he more at the tangled balls,
So he said in a gentle tone,—
I have shared thy joys since our marriage vow,
Conceal not from me thy sorrows now.

Then she spoke of the time when the basket there,
Was filled to the very brim,
And now there remained of the goodly pile,
But a single pair for him,
Then wonder not at the dimmed eye-sight,
There's but one pair of stockings to mend to-night.

For each empty nook in the basket old,
On the hearth there's an empty seat,
And I miss the shadows from off the wall,
And the patter of many feet,—
'Tis for this that a tear gathered o'er my sight,
At the one pair of stockings to mend to-night.

'Twas said that through the forest wild,
And over the mountain bold,
Was a land whose rivers and darkened caves
Were gemmed with the fairest gold;
Then my first born turned from the oaken door,
And I knew the shadows were only four.

Another went on the foaming wave,
And diminished the basket's store,—
But his feet grew cold, so weary and cold,
They'll never be warm any more,—
And this nook, in its emptiness, seemeth to me
To give back no voice but the moan of the sea.

Two others have gone toward the setting sun,
And made them a home in its light,
And fairy fingers have taken their share,
To mend by the fireside bright;
Some other baskets their garments fill—
But mine! O, mine! is emptier still.

Another—the dearest—the fairest—the best—
Was taken by the angels away,
And clad in a garment that waxeth not old,
In a land of continual day,
O! wonder no more at the dimmed eye-sight,
While I mend the one pair of stockings to-night.

It is better to accomplish perfectly a very small amount of work than to half do ten times as much.
We sleep, but the loom of life never stops; and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down, will be weaving when it comes up to-morrow.
It will afford sweeter happiness in the hour of death to have wiped one tear from the cheek of sorrow than to have ruled an empire, to have conquered millions, or to have enslaved the world.

Our world has been called "a vale of tears," and human life a bubble, raised from those tears and inflated with sighs, which, after floating a little while, decked with a few gaudy colors, is touched by the hand of Death, and dissolves.

EXTRACTS.

How I Edited an Agricultural Paper Once.

BY MARK TWAIN.

I did not take the temporary editorship of an agricultural paper without misgivings. Neither would a landsman take command of a ship without misgivings. But I was in circumstances that made the salary an object. The regular editor of the paper was going off for a holiday, and I accepted the terms he offered, and took his place.

The sensation of being at work again was luxurious, and I wrought all the week with unflagging pleasure. We went to press, and I waited a day with some solicitude to see whether my effort was going to attract any notice. As I left the office, toward sundown, a group of men and boys at the foot of the stairs dispersed with one impulse, and gave me passage way, and I heard one or two of them say: "That's him!" I was naturally pleased by this incident. The next morning I found a similar group at the foot of the stairs, and scattering couples and individuals standing here and there in the street, and over the way, watching me with interest. The group separated and fell back as I approached, and I heard a man say: "Look at his eyes!" I pretended not to observe the notice I was attracting, but secretly I was pleased with it, and was purposing to write an account of it to my aunt. I went up the short flight of stairs, and heard cheery voices and a ringing laugh as I drew near the door, which I opened, and caught a glimpse of two young, rural looking men whose faces blanched and lengthened when they saw me, and then they both plunged through the window with a great crash. I was surprised.

In about half an hour an old gentleman with a flowing beard and a stern, austere face, entered, and sat down at my invitation. He seemed to have something on his mind. He took off his hat and set it on the floor and got out of it a silk handkerchief and a copy of our paper. He put the paper on his lap, and while he polished his spectacles with his handkerchief, he said:

"Are you the editor?"
I said I was.
"Have you ever edited an agricultural paper before?"
"No," I said; "this is my first attempt."
"Very likely. Have you had any experience in agriculture, practically?"
"No, I believe I have not."
"Some instinct told me so," said the old gentleman, putting on his spectacles and looking over them at me with asperity, while he folded his paper into a convenient shape. "I wish to read you what must have made me have that instinct. It was this editorial. Listen, and see if it was you that wrote it:—

"Turnips should never be pulled—it injures them. It is much better to send a boy up and let him shake the tree."
"Now, what do you think of that?—for I really suppose you wrote it?"
"Think of it? Why, I think it is good. I think it is sense. I have no doubt that, every year, millions and millions of bushels of turnips are spoiled in this township alone by being pulled in a half-ripe condition, when, if they had sent a boy up to shake the tree—"
"Shake your grandmother! Turnips don't grow on trees!"
"Oh, they don't, don't they? Well, who said they did? The language was intended to be figurative, wholly figurative. Anybody that knows anything will know that I meant the boy should shake the vine."

Then this old person got up and tore his paper into small shreds, and stamped on them, and broke several things with his cane, and said I did not know as much as a cow; and then went out and banged the door after him, and, in short, acted in such a way that I fancied he was displeased about something. But not knowing what the trouble was, I could not be any help to him.

Pretty soon after this a long, cadaverous creature, with lanky looks hanging down to his shoulders, and a weeks stubble bristling from the hills and valleys of his face, darted within the door, and halted, motionless, with finger on lip, and head and body bent in listening attitude. No sound was heard. Still he listened. No sound. Then he turned the key in the door and came elaborately tip toeing toward me, till he was within long reaching distance of me, when he stopped, and, after scanning my face with intense interest for a while, drew a folded copy of our paper from his bosom, and said:

"There—you wrote that. Read it to me, quick! Believe me—I suffer."
I read as follows— and as the sentences fell from my lips, I could see the relief come—I could see the drawn muscles relax, and the anxiety go out of his face,