

The Star,

And Conception Bay Semi-Weekly Advertiser.

Volume I.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Friday, December 20, 1872.

Number 63.

DECEMBER.						
S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
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29	30	31
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FOR SALE.

RESERVES & GROCERIES!

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

NOTICES.

J. 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. HURCHIS, Esq.
N. B.—FRAMES, any size and material, made to order.
St. John's, May 10. tf.

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.

A large selection of CLOCKS, WATCHES
MEERCHAUM PIPES,
PLATED WARE, and
JEWELRY of every description & style
May 14. tf

NOTICES.

**PAINLESS! PAINLESS!!
TEETH**

Positively Extracted without Pain
BY THE USE OF
NITROUS OXIDE GAS.

A NEW AND PERFECTLY SAFE METHOD.

Dr. LOVEJOY & SON,

OLD PRACTITIONERS OF DENTISTRY, would respectfully offer their services to the Citizens of St. John's, and the outports.

They can be found from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., at the old residence of Dr. George W. Lovejoy, No. 9, Cathedral Hill, where they are prepared to perform all Dental Operations in the most

Scientific and Approved Method.

Dr. L. & Son would state that they were among the first to introduce the Anaesthetic (Nitrous Oxide Gas), and have extracted many thousand Teeth by its use

Without Producing pain,

with perfect satisfaction. They are still prepared to repeat the same process, which is perfectly safe even to Children. They are also prepared to insert the best Artificial Teeth from one to a whole Set in the latest and most approved style, using none but the best, such as received the highest Premiums at the world's Fair in London and Paris.

Teeth filled with great care and in the most lasting manner. Especial attention given to regulating children's Teeth.
St. John's, July 9.

W. R. THOMPSON,

AGENT FOR

Parsons' Purgative Pills.

G. R. BAINES,

Blacksmith & Farrier,

BEGET respectfully to acquaint his numerous patrons and the public generally, that he is EVER READY to give entire satisfaction in his line of business. All work executed in substantial manner and with despatch.

Office LeMarchant St., North of Gas House.
Sept. 17.

BANNERMAN & LYON'S

Photographic Rooms,

Corner of Bannerman and Water Streets.

THE SUBSCRIBERS, having made suitable arrangements for taking a FIRST-CLASS

PICTURE,

Would respectfully invite the attention of the Public to a
CALL AT THEIR ROOMS,
Which they have gone to a considerable expense in fitting up.

Their Prices are the LOWEST ever afforded to the Public;

And with the addition of a NEW STOCK of INSTRUMENTS, CHEMICALS and other Material in connection with the art, they hope to give entire satisfaction.
**ALEXR. BANNERMAN,
E. WILKS LYON.**
Nov 5. tf

POETRY.

When Memory is Dearest.

Dear is memory when it takes me
Back to the scenes of long ago,
The white cottage by the river
Where the waves dance to and fro,
And the graceful weeping-willows
That upon its banks did grow.

Dear is memory when it takes me
Back to the old district school
Where so oft the teacher whipped me
For breaking the golden rule;
For I was the wildest, jolliest boy
That ever played the fool.

Dear is memory when it takes me
Back upon the billowy sea,
Where I listened to the sailor's as
They sang their songs for me,
Thrilling my heart with the wildest joy
As they sang so merrily.

But memory is dearest when
It takes me back to the place
Where my youthful self was conquered by
Your beautiful sweet face,
And your ever-laughing hazel eyes
That thrilled me with their gaze.

Oh! yes, memory in dearest
When she first takes me back to where
I first met you, little darling,
My sweet girl so pure and fair,
And saw you smile and merrily
Toss back your auburn hair.

Sweet, my darling, that happy meeting
I never shall forget,
Whose roguish smiles and catching
glances
Cling to my memory yet,
And the melodies you sung for me,
The first time that we met.

EXTRACTS.

MR. THOMPSON'S PRODIGAL.

We all knew that Mr. Thompson was looking for his son, and a pretty bad one at that. That he was coming to California for this sole object was no secret to his fellow-passengers; and the physical peculiarities, as well as the moral weaknesses, of the missing prodigal were made equally plain to us through the frank volubility of the parent. "You were speaking of a young man which was hung at Red Dog for sluice-robbing," said Mr. Thompson to a steerage passenger, one day: "be you aware of the color of his eyes?" "Black," responded the passenger. "Ah!" said Mr. Thompson, referring to some mental memoranda, "Charles' eyes was blue." He then walked away. Perhaps it was from this un-sympathetic mode of inquiry: perhaps it was from that Western predilection to take a humorous view of any principle or sentiment persistently brought before them, that Mr. Thompson's quest was the subject of some satire among the passengers. A gratuitous advertisement of the missing Charles, addressed to "Jailers and Guardians," circulated privately among them; every body remembered to have met Charles under distressing circumstances. Yet it is but due to my countrymen to state that when it was known that Thompson had embarked some wealth in this visionary project, but little of this satire found its way to his ears, and nothing was uttered in his hearing that might bring a pang to a father's heart, or imperil a possible pecuniary advantage of the satirist. Indeed, Mr. Bracy Tibbets' jocular proposition to form a joint-stock company to "prospect" for the missing youth received at one time quite serious entertainment.

Perhaps to superficial criticism Mr. Thompson's nature was not picturesque nor lovable. His history, as imparted at dinner, one day, by himself, was practical even in its singularity. After a hard and wilful youth and maturity—in which he had buried a broken-spirited wife, and driven his son to sea—he suddenly experienced a religious conversion. "I got it in New Orleans in '59," said Mr. Thompson, with more p-obable—he had little love for the general suggestion of referring to an son he had regained. The obedience he exacted was freely given, the reform he Parse me the beans." Perhaps this practical quality upheld him in his apparently hopeless search. He had no clew to the whereabouts of his runaway son—indeed, scarcely a proof of his present existence. From his indifferent re-

collection of the boy of twelve, he now expected to identify the man of twenty-five.

It would seem that he was successful. How he succeeded was one of the few things he did not tell. There are, I believe, two versions of the story. One, that Mr. Thompson, visiting a hospital, discovered his son by reason of a peculiar hymn, chaunted by the sufferer in a delirious dream of his boyhood. This version, giving as it did wide range to the finer feelings of the heart, was quite popular; and as told by the Rev. Mr. Gushington, on his return from his California tour, never failed to satisfy an audience. The other was less simple, and, as I shall adopt it here, deserves more elaboration.

It was after Mr. Thompson had given up searching for his son among the living and had taken to the examination of the cemeteries, and a careful inspection of the "cold hic jacets of the dead." At this time he was a frequent visitor of Lone Mountain—a dreary hill top, bleak enough in its original isolation, and bleak-er for the whitefaced marbles by which San Francisco anchored her departed citizens, and I kept them down in a shifting sand that refused to cover them, and against a fierce and persistent wind that strove to blow them utterly away. Against this wind the old man opposed a will quite as persistent—a grizzled, hard face, and a tall, cape-bound hat drawn tightly over his eyes—and so spent days in reading the mortuary inscriptions audibly to him-self. The frequency of scriptural quotations pleased him, and he was fond of corroborating them by a pocket Bible. "That's from Psalms," he said, one day, to an adjacent grave digger. The man made no reply. Not at all rebuffed, Mr. Thompson at once slid down into the open grave, with a more practical inquiry, "Did you ever, in your profession, come across Charles Thompson?" "Thompson be —," said the grave-digger, with great direction. "Which if he hadn't religion, I think he is," responded the old man, as he clambered out of the grave.

It was, perhaps, on this occasion that Mr. Thompson stayed later than usual. As he turned his face toward the city, lights were beginning to twinkle ahead, and a fierce wind, made visible by fog, drove him forward, or, lying in wait, charged him angrily from the corners of deserted suburban streets. It was on one of these corners that something else, quite as indistinct and malevolent leaped upon him with an oath, a presented pistol and a demand for money. But it was met by a will of iron and a grip of steel. The assailant and assailed rolled together on the ground. But the next moment the old man was erect; one hand grasping the captured pistol, the other clutching at arm's length the throat of a figure surly, youthful, and savage.

"Young man," said Mr. Thompson, setting his thin lips together "what might be your name?"
"Thompson!"
The old man's hand slid from the throat to the arm of his prisoner, without relaxing its firmness.

"Charles Thompson, come with me," he said, presently, and marched his captive to the hotel. What took place there has not transpired, but it was known next morning that Mr. Thompson had found his son.

It is proper to add to the above improbable story, that there was nothing in the young man's appearance or manners to justify it. Grave, reticent, and handsome, devoted to his newly found parent, he assumed the emoluments and responsibilities of his new condition with a certain serious case that more nearly approached that which San Francisco society lacked, and I—rejected. Some chose to despise this quality as a tendency to "psalm-singing;" others saw in it the inherited qualities of the parent, and were ready to prophesy for the son the same hard old age. But all agreed that it was not inconsistent with the habits of money-getting, for which father and son were respected.

And yet, the old man did not seem to be happy. Perhaps it was that the consummation of his wish left him without a practical mission; perhaps—and it is Orleans in '59," said Mr. Thompson, with more p-obable—he had little love for the general suggestion of referring to an son he had regained. The obedience he exacted was freely given, the reform he Parse me the beans." Perhaps this practical quality upheld him in his apparently hopeless search. He had no clew to the whereabouts of his runaway son—indeed, scarcely a proof of his present existence. From his indifferent re-

the act seemed to lack sanctification. In

this perplexity, he read again the parable of the Prodigal Son—which he had long ago adopted for his guidance—and found that he had omitted the final feast of reconciliation. This seemed to offer the proper quality of ceremoniousness in the sacrament between himself and his son: and so, a year after the appearance of Charles, he set about giving him a party. "Invite every body, Charles," he said dryly: "every body who knows that I brought you out of the wine-husks of iniquity, and the company of harlots; and bid them eat, drink, and be merry."

Perhaps the old man had another reason not yet clearly analyzed. The fine house he had built on the sand-hills sometimes seemed lonely and bare. He often found himself ying to reconstruct, from the grave features of Charles, the little boy's, which he but dimly remembered in the past, and of which lately he had been thinking a great deal. He believed this to be a sign of impending old age and childlessness; but coming, one day, in his formal drawing-room, upon a child of one of the servants, who had strayed, he would have taken him in his arms, but the child fled before his grizzled face. So that it seemed eminently proper to invite a number of people to his house and, from the array of San Francisco maidenhood, to select a daughter-in-law. And then there would be a child—a boy, whom he could "rear up" from the love-ginning, and—love—as he did not love Charles.

We were all at the party. The Smiths, Joneses, Browns, and Robinsons came also, in that fine flow of animal spirits, unchecked by any respect for the enter-pocket Bible. "That's from Psalms," he said, one day, to an adjacent grave digger. The man made no reply. Not at all rebuffed, Mr. Thompson at once slid down into the open grave, with a more practical inquiry, "Did you ever, in your profession, come across Charles Thompson?" "Thompson be —," said the grave-digger, with great direction. "Which if he hadn't religion, I think he is," responded the old man, as he clambered out of the grave.

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