

The Star,

And Conception Bay Semi-Weekly Advertiser.

Volume I.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Friday, December 13, 1872.

Number 61.

DECEMBER.						
S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.
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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) WHOLE-
SALE AND RETAIL.
221 WATER STREET,
St. John's,
Newfoundland.
One door East of P. HURCHINS, Esq.
N. B.—FRAMES, any size
and material, made to order.
St. John's, May 10. tff.

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 de-
nominations
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, Manufac-
turing Jeweler.
A large selection of
CLOCKS, WATCHES
MEERCHAUM PIPES,
PLATED WARE, and
JEWELRY of every description & style.
May 14. tff

going with you,
[REMOVED]
STAR
NEW BAY SEMI-
WEEKLY ADVERTISER,
Printed by the Proprietor,
W. Simpson, at
their Office, (op-
posite Capt. D. Green,
Harbor Grace, Newfound-
land.)
THREE DOLLARS per
yearly.
Ad on the most
convenient square of seven-
pence, \$1; each
copy executed in a
neat and prompt
manner.
T. S.

Dr. J. Foots.
W. Horwood.
R. Simpson.
C. Rendell.
B. Miller.
J. Miller.
H. J. Waits.
Jno. Edgcombe.

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 DENTIS-
TRY, 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 Me-
thod.

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 Prem-
iums 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. THOMPSON,
AGENT FOR
Parsons' Purgative Pills.
Blacksmith & Farrier,
BEGS respectfully to acquaint his num-
erous patrons and the public gener-
ally, that he is EVER READY to give
entire satisfaction in his line of business.
All work executed in substantial manner
and with despatch.
OFF LeMarchant St., North of Gas
House.
Sept. 17.

BANNERMAN & LYON'S
Photographic Rooms,
Corner of Bannerman and Wa-
ter 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.
ALEX. BANNERMAN,
E. WILKS LYON.
Nov 5. tff

The Star of Love.

'Tis night, my love! the stars are bright,
An' I cold the wild wind blows;
You pine beneath a tropic night—
I freeze in arctic snows;
A third of all the bulk of earth
Between us intervenes;
You keep the land that saw your berth,
I roam in foreign scenes.

But, love! you know the promise made.
The day our paths diverged,
That whether under sun or shade,
Or where the ocean surged,
At midnight on a single star
Our eager eyes would rest,
And then our hearts, however far,
Would seem together blest.

And not a night has passed away
But I, that promise kept,
Looked for the Star of Love away
Before my senses slept;
Though oft the envious clouds would come
An' I muffle all the sky,
And leave within my silent home
A sense of misery.

Yet then I thought that over you
The sky was warm and clear,
An' I from the midnight concave blue
Stars lit the atmosphere;
That you could see, if I could not,
Our altar in the skies—
That pure imaginary spot
We sought for sacrifice.

Another year, my wandering o'er,
I'll seek my native land again;
I'll watch that Star on sea or shore,
And bid it guide me o'er the main!
Then by that side, star-gazing still,
I'll sit till morning's golden dyes
Dim heaven's stars, and then my fill
Of stars will gather from your eyes.

The Ellis Murder.

The dreadful mystery which shrouded
the remains of the man found packed in
two barrels, and floating in the Charles
River at Cambridge on Wednesday of last
week, was lifted on Friday, a nephew of
the murdered man identified them as
those of Mr. Abijah Ellis, a resident of
the South End. On the score of murders
Boston and vicinity had a frightful re-
cord enough before this one, those of the
Joice children, Katie Leehan and Mr.
Lane being yet fraught with mystery. The
excitement consequent upon the discov-
ery of the remains and identification of
Mr. Ellis, has not been paralleled in
this State since the Parkman murder, and
every effort to discover the murderer at first
seemed likely to be in vain. But the
newspaper men of Boston, justly excited
at the stigma upon the city's fair name,
not themselves to work, and "by strict
attention to business," succeeded in a
gratifying triumph over detective tenaci-
ty, and skill. A *verid* man found out where
the shavings came from that filled the
barrels, and a *Journal* reporter found the
first blood in the stable where the deed
was committed. Although the fact is
pretty clearly established that Ellis was
a "Shylock," and the indignation of the
public somewhat appeased on that ac-
count, the case exhibits a phase of hu-
man nature on the part of Alley which
it is not pleasant to contemplate. The
demeanor he exhibited when arrested, or
"detained," as they call it, his apparent
inference when asked to account for
the blood on his wearing apparel, the
serenity attributed to him when Mr. Chief
of Police Savage accused him of guilt, are
not calculated to excite much compas-
sion for him—if the fact is proved that
he was hounded, as it is well known some
creditors like Parkman and Ellis follow
their debtors. Whether Alley meant to
kill Ellis when he struck him, will never
be known only from his own lips, but the
weak spot of packing him in barrels and
paying a debt with the eagerly watched
money on the very next day, will pretty
surely make him pay the penalty with
his neck. The fact is, that a vast major-
ity of people who mould public opinion in
this State have become convinced that
murders are too frequent in our midst,
and the Executive prerogative is not likely
to be exerted soon again when a man has
been condemned. The accused is an Am-
erican, a native of New Hampshire, and a
man considerably advanced in years.—
Boston Transcript, Nov. 16.

Ambition.

Never expect a selfishly ambitious man
to be a true friend. The man who makes
ambition his god, tramples on every

thing else. He will climb upward, though
he treads on the hearts of those who love
him best, and in his eyes your own value
lies in the use you may be to him. Per-
sonally, one is nothing to him; and if
you are not rich, or famous, or powerful
enough to advance his interests after he
has got above you, he cares no more for
you. Why should he? To some men,
"Tis sweet to know there is an eye to
mark
Your coming, and grow brighter when you
come."

but not to him. The "eye" cannot put
dollars into his pocket, nor a notice of him
in the newspapers, or elect him to a fine
position of any kind.

Once, perhaps, in by gone days, when
he was a less successful man, even your
friendship was of some value; but he has
risen above you now, and has no need of
your favor or your introduction. His
compliments, once so freely dispensed,
would be wasted on one of no importance,
and by way of relief to the flatterer he
still utters where it will pay to utter
them, he snubs or is sharp with you.

Very well; don't breathe a sigh for him
and save your tears for more worthy
folk, if you belong to the weeping sex.
True Greatness never yet forgot the
friend of its hour of struggle, but cold
Ambition has neither friendship nor love,
and in your earnest you gave him hand
and your board; but the bread and ra-
dishes of friendship are only bread and
radishes to him. Why should he sup
with you when Position offers him cards
for a reception?
You thought fine things of him, and
you loved him well. No matter for that.
You have played your part—he, his,
Leave Ephraim to his idols.

Profit Yielded by Sheep.

For profit to the small farmer who farms
high and pays every personal attention
to his stock, there is nothing likely to
prove so remunerative as sheep bread-
ing with the object of furnishing mutton
to easily-accessible markets. Meat is now
at a high price, and likely to remain so
for many years to come; and with the
great increase in the tendency to breed
sheep of the mutton type, it is also observ-
able that mutton of a superior quality to
what was formerly obtained from fine-
wooled sheep is becoming better known
and appreciated as wholesome food, and
is also fast driving even the farmers them-
selves to abandon pork as a diet. No
class of stock that is kept on the farm can
be made more profitable, by judicious
management, than sheep. Unlike other
stock, they give a treble return. First,
they yield fleeces of wool that always find
a ready market; second, if of the mutton
type, their carcasses come early to matur-
ity, and can be readily sold to the butcher
at any age between three months and
five years, as the market may determine;
lastly, they are great improvers of the
soil, through the manure they yield. The
poorest land that ever was put under the
plow can be readily and cheaply improv-
ed, and brought to a high state of fer-
tility, by means of clover and sheep.
Witness the doings of Mr. Coke, after
wards created Earl of Leicester, who re-
claimed 50,000 acres of rabbit warrens in
Norfolk, England, with clover and sheep,
and turnips afterwards, and formed an
estate that is counted among the best
farming lands in England.

It is a very inferior type of sheep that
will not yield a fleece of wool that will
amply repay the farmer for the food con-
sumed each year. But the profit to the
farmer who cannot keep a large enough
flock to make it an object either to breed
for ram sales or for wool alone, is to be
found in turning over his capital invested
as often and quickly as he can. Hence
to succeed he must depend more upon
feeding and attention to markets than
upon breeding to sell again for breeding
stock. For him, cross-bred animals are
as good as any—in fact better for his pur-
pose than any one pure breed. Cross-bred
animals usually have this advantage; Be-
ing of two separate strains of blood, with
no close affinity, they are stronger,
healthier, and possess better constitutions
and less liability to sudden fluctuation
than pure blood.

Where many fail is in the autumn man-
agement of their flocks. So long as the
sheep can get a bit of frozen grass, they
will remain out in the fields. They are
very apt then to loose condition unob-
served, and when they are driven by
hunger to the barn yard, they are so de-

bliterated from exposure and want of nu-
triment in the late grass they never re-
cover so as to be worth much as breeders.
It is better to compel them to take their
winter quarters early, and give them a
little at this time once a day till they take
to their winter fodder. They will be in
good condition, and it is very easy to keep
sheep so by close attention, but quite
another matter to bring them up in con-
dition if they fall off on the late autumn
grass. A very little grain will go a great
way in keeping sheep in condition
throughout the winter, and is an expense
that should not be grudged by the far-
mer who has no roots and wishes to have
strong, healthy lambs in spring, and good
fleeces of wool to sell.

Saved by a Horse.

Let any man who ever struck a horse
in anger, read this story and be ashamed
of himself. Some years ago, a party of
surveyors had just finished their day's
work in the North-Western part of Il-
linois, when a violent snow-storm came on.
They started for their camp, which was
in a large prairie, 20 miles from any other
timber. The wind was blowing very hard
and the snow drifting so as to nearly
blind them. When they thought they
had nearly reached their camp, they all
at once came upon tracks in the snow.
These tracks looked at with care, and found
to their dismay, that they were on their
own tracks. It was now plain that they
were lost on the great prairie, and that if
they had to pass the night there, in the
cold and snow, the chances were that not
one of them would be alive in the morn-
ing. While they were all shivering with
fear and the cold, the chief man of the
party caught sight of one of their horses,
—a grey pony known as Old Jack. Then
the chief said: "If any one can show us
our way to camp out of the blinding snow
Old Jack can do it. I will take off his
bridle and let him loose, and we can fol-
low him. I think he will show us the
way to our camp." The horse, as soon as
he found him self free threw his head and
tail into the air, as if proud of the trust
they had put upon him. Then he snuf-
fed the breeze, and gave a loud snort,
which seemed to say: "Come on boys!
Follow me; I'll lead you out of this
scrape." He then turned in a new di-
rection and trotted along, but not so fast
that the men could not follow him. They
had not gone more than a mile when
they saw the cheerful blaze of their camp
fires, and they gave a loud huzza at the
sight and for Old Jack.

Is He Honest?

It is rather interesting to see how even
with some very benvolent people a moral
taint is a bar to charity. Is he honest?
they ask first. If that question is an-
swered satisfactorily, their generosity
knows no bounds. But if the poor fellow
has the double misfortune of a light
purse and a slim conscience—then he
must move on! If he is sick in body,
they help him, O how tenderly! If he is
sick in soul they cast him off without com-
punctions. If a pile of bricks fall and
break his leg, how quickly they run for
bandages; but if a sadder accident over-
whelms him in moral misery, they think
they do well to abandon him to his fate.
They appear never to consider how brittle
are the legs of their own virtue; how
fortunate for themselves that their ways
lie not alongside of tottering moral brick-
piles.

Resist Temptation in Time.

If perfect knowledge of human nature
was in the prayer. "Lead us not into
temptation," after it has begun to be tempta-
tion. It is in the outskirts of the habits
that the defence must lie. No apprentice
ever refrained from his master's gold af-
ter his eye had once begun to gloat upon
it, and he had got over the habitual feel-

"Since what passed between us," said a
very zealous clergyman, "I hope you do
not open any letter whatever on a Sun-
day." "I do not," replied the parishion-
er; "you must know, I received one this
very morning just as I was leaving home
for church, but I left it unopened." "That
was right; and what think you of the ser-
vice to day—my new curate's reading, and
my sermon on attention to religious du-
ties?" "Indeed I can hardly say; to tell
the truth I could scarcely notice anything,
for I could not help thinking all the time
what there might happen to be in that
letter."

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