

LITERARY.

God Knows.

Oh, wild and dark was the winter night,
When the emigrant ship went down,
But just outside of the harbor bar
In sight of the startled town,
The winds howled and the sea roared,
And never a soul could sleep,
Save the little ones on their mother's
breast,
Too young to watch and weep.

No boat could live on the angry surf,
No rope could reach the land:
There were bold, brave hearts upon the
shore,
There was many a ready hand:

Women who prayed and men who strove
When prayers and work were in vain,
For the sun rose over the awful void
And the silence of the main:

All day the watchers paced the sands—
All day they scanned the deep.
All night the booming minute guns
Echoed from steep to steep.
'Give up the dead, O cruel sea!
They cried athwart the space;
But only a baby's fragile form
Escaped from its stern embrace!

Can't one little child of all
Who with the ship went down
Tha' night, when the happy babies slept
So warm in the sheltered town!
Wrapped in the glow of the morning
light,
It lay on the shifting sand,
As fair as a sculptor's marble dream
With a shell in its dimpled hand.

There were none to tell of its race or kin
'God knoweth' the paster said,
When the sobbing children crowded to
ask
The name of the baby dead,
And so when they laid it away at last,
In the churchyard's hushed repose,
hey raised a stone at the baby's head
With the carven words 'God Knows!'

JULIA C. B. DORR.

"BOREEN."

CHAPTER I.

(Continued.)

In a few minutes the flippant young
lady produced a doll as large as a full-
grown child, with very staring blue eyes,
the lashes picked out, as is the fashion
with some of the living dolls of the pre-
sent time, vermilion lips shaded like
Cupid's bow, and the hair, of a pale gold,
in flowing ringlets.

'Does she squeak?' asked Walter.

A gentle pressure in the region of the
chest extracted the desired sounds, while
the eyes, when the young lady was
placed in a recumbent position, closed
dreamily.

'This is just the thing; but she's not
dressed,' observed the barrister.

'I'll have her in any dress you may
select by four o'clock, sir—bridal, bal-
matinee or morning dress, in door or out
of door, and in the prevailing mode.'

'Which would a little nymph of six or
seven prefer, do you think? She's not
my child,' he added with a smile.

'Little girls are very strong on brides,
sir, as they can marry them every day or
ten times a day.'

'A wedding trousseau has always an
attraction for the smallest daughter of
Eva,' laughed the barrister, whereat the
flippant saleswoman vouchsafed to smile
too.

'Where shall I send the bride, sir?'

'To Lady Ethel Branscombe, Horse
Guards, I wish to pay you now. How
much?'

'Will you have Honiton or Valenciennes
trimming?'

'You needn't put me through my fac-
ings, for I'm not up in this sort of thing,'
he laughed.

'Well, let-me-see,' tapping her
teeth with the pencil point. 'White
satin, orange blossoms—um—um—um—
Honiton, I'll send her home for five
pounds.'

This staggard Nugent, whose ideas
upon the subject of the expense of dolls
had not soared above thirty shillings.
Could he afford to pay five pounds for a
doll seeing he could purchase a much
cheaper one and probably just as attrac-
tive? Then the icy stare of the banker's
daughter smote him.

'I'll show her that I can do the correct
thing,' he muttered, as he drew the crisp
Bank of England note from his pocket
book.

'You will be sure to send the doll
home to-day?'

'It shall be delivered at four o'clock
sir. Anything more I can do for you?'

'Thanks, no. I have purchased my
first, and probably my last, doll.'

CHAPTER II.

Bingham Duncombe was in the House.
He sat for the pocket borough of Skip-
ton-cum-Fodlum, in Derbyshire. He
graduated for senatorial honors by ac-
cepting the post of assistant private Sec-
retary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland,
an office created by the Earl of Spencer
to oblige Sir Dudley Duncombe, Bing-
ham's father. It was while he occupied
this humble and unobtrusive post that
Walter Nugent encountered him. Dun-
combe was a first-rate cricketer, a hard
hitter, and a splendid wicket-keeper. Nu-
gent belonged to the Phoenix Club, whose
first eleven was ever engaged in bowling
out the Viceregal eleven on the bit of
green velvet lawn close to the Viceregal
Lodge in the Phoenix Park. The young
barrister was the best round hand bow-
ler in the Phoenix, and his twist and
swiftness played havoc with wickets that
had stood the test of the wickedest men
in the All-England eleven. On one oc-
casion Duncombe received a ball from
Nugent in the knee instead of on the bat
and he was laid up on a sofa for week
during which period the barrister walked
out to the Lodge day after day to sit with
and talk to him. An intimacy sprang up
between the two young men, and the as-
sistant private secretary, who had charge
of the list of invitations to the Viceregal
dances, took especial care to have Walter
Nugent bidden to all ordinary court gay-
eties, the extraordinary being exclusively
for the *creme de la creme* of swelldom, or
for people who had struggled to the front
in the fight for name and fame.

Bingham Duncombe was really glad to
meet the barrister, and paid him the
highest compliment that lay in his power
—namely, that of asking him to meet his
mother and sister. A man will ask you
to a hotel, to his club, but when he is
thoroughly desirous of showing you the
greatest attention he will invite you
to his home. Rely upon it, he thinks
well of you when he intends to present
you to his sister. A brother is ever on
the watch, on guard as it were, against
the men who are introduced to his sister.
He knows who and what they are when
pater familias will take them on trust.

'I've asked a young Irishman to dine
today,' he announced.

'An Irishman?' exclaimed his eldest
sister, Kate.

'I like Irishmen,' chimed in Miss Isa-
bella Duncombe. 'They always say what
they like, and it's very refreshing. What
is he like, Bingham?'

'He is very handsome, and thorough-
bred, and always in earnest.'

'Is he anybody?' languidly demanded
Mrs. Duncombe.

'No.'

'Ah! the table will be spoiled as usual.'

The Duncombe Mansion in Berkley
Square was a ponderous-looking house
with ponderous doors and ponderous
knockers. Ponderous balconies ran
along the windows of two stories, and a
ponderous coping completed the facade
skywards. The hall, fitted up with a
cavernous fireplace like a family vault
was ponderous and gloomy. Ponderous
tables and chairs and pictures furnished
it, while a ponderous-looking servant
with ponderous gilt buttons opened the
door.

'Why didn't I run down to the Star
and Garter at Richmond?' muttered
Nugent as he pulled at the ponderous
bell-handle.

The barrister's silver watch, a hunter
belonging to his father, was fifteen min-
utes fast, and when the servant announ-
ced 'Mr. Nugent,' it was to rose-colored
satin and white lace, and statues, and
pictures, and flowers, and the thousand-
and-one costly knick-knacks that consti-
tute the charming *ensemble* of the draw-
ing-room.

'I couldn't have mistaken the hour,'
said Walter to himself. 'I suppose these
swells ask you at the half-hour for the
quarter to.' And dropping into a care-
sing arm-chair which concealed him al-
most to the top of his head, he took a
photograph album from an onyx table
and soon became absorbed in the counter-
feit presentations of fair women and
brave men. He was turning over the
leaves rather rapidly, as the faces were
all unknown to him save that of
Bingham's, when he suddenly stopped
short, and bending the book forward in
order to obtain better light, continued
to gaze long and earnestly at the photo-
graph of a young girl.

'It's rather like me, Bingham, is it
not?'

Walter Nugent started to his feet,
Opposite to him stood Hester Brans-
combe.

He bowed haughtily, and, closing the
book, moved in the direction of one of
the other drawing-rooms. He would be
even with this girl—use the same weap-
ons. He wanted no speech of her.
Let her remain within the arctic circle
she has drawn around herself and her
hundreds of thousands. He would none
of her.

If he had been an older man, had seen
more of the world, he would have acted
otherwise; but his heart was young and
hot, and his blood was red and warm, and
he was hardly four and twenty. It was a
silly thing to resent the manner of a total
stranger a—woman. It was eminently
ridiculous, and knowing this, he felt a
stubborn pride in paying out the role he
had foolishly, and with such utter disre-
gard of the unities, created for himself.

'Let me present you to my mother,'
said Duncombe, and Walter bowed to a
pair of gold rimmed eye glasses sur-
mounting a black satin dress.

'Very cold in Ireland now, I suppose?'
'Oh! dear no, not yet.'

'Ah! Your first visit to London, Mr.—
Mr.—'

'Nugent.'

'Nugent. First visit of course?'

'Why of course, Mrs. Duncombe?' he
laughed; but the lady's attention was
diverted from him by the arrival of an
old gentleman all forehead and shirt frills
and an antique lady hung in diamonds
like an Indian idol.

'My sisters—Mr. Nugent,' said Miss
Duncombe, moving over to where Miss
Hester Branscombe was picking a yellow
rosebud, a glorious Marechal Niel, to
pieces. Duncombe didn't think it worth
while to waste her time upon the unil-
lustrious Irishman, Isabella, the second
sister of sweet seventeen, made up for
all deficiencies, and was soon in the
hunting field, 'fetching coppers' and
being pounded to Walter's unmitigated
pleasure and satisfaction. He took her
down to dinner, and it was only when his
eyes met those of the banker's daughter
earnestly fixed upon him that he recalled
the fact of her existence.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Wit and Humor.

Women should always avoid exhibiting
bad temper. None of them care to show
their [r]age.

'How came you to have such a short
nose?' asked a city dandy of a country
boy. 'So that I should not be poking it
into other people's business,' was the re-
ply.

'Old Scull,' said Lord Monck once to
the late Vincent Scully, M. P. 'won't
you be in your place in the House to-
night? I want you, as my bill is to come
up.' 'My Lord' replied Scully 'I shall
thank you not to take the last letter
from my name, or if you do, add it to
your own.'

He came home very late one night,
and, after fumbling with his latch-key a
good while, muttered to himself, as he
at length opened the door, 'I mushmak-
eny noish, caught holoman's asleep.'
He divested himself of his garments with
some trouble, and was congratulating
himself on his success as he was getting
into bed, when a calm, clear cold voice
sent a chill down his spinal column:
'Why, my dear, you am't going to sleep
in your hat, are you?'

The Buffalo Express thinks that wo-
men can never play ball satisfactorily
until they are permitted to use their ap-
rons to catch with.

'No' said Paperwate, explaining, 'I
wasn't really mad when the old man
drove me from the house, but I must say
I felt put out.'

The sun blazes tremendously. Per-
haps the orb of day thinks the earth is a
fraud and ought to be thoroughly shone
up.

Kingston girls, when they go on a
pic-nic take the young men along with
them to protect them from snakes. These
modern Eves are so particular.

Little things are often important.
What would a forty cent cigar amount
to if you had no match?

'Are you a wall flower?' he asked, and
she replied, 'No, I am a wall sir.' Then
they walked.

The two-headed girl is ample proof
that humanity is something more than a
single skull race.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

This Great Household Medi-
cine ranks amongst the lead-
ing necessities of Life.

These famous Pills purify the blood
and act most powerfully, yet soothingly
on the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS,
and BOWLS, giving tone, energy and
vigour to these great Main SPRINGS
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,
Old Wounds, Sores & Ulcers,
It is an infallible remedy. It effectually
rubbed into the neck and chest, as salt
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ASTHMA. For Glandular Swellings,
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The Pills and Ointment are Manufact-
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533, OXFORD STREET, LONDON,
And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines
throughout the Civilized World; with
directions for use in almost every lan-
guage.

The Trade Marks of these Medicines
are registered in Ottawa. Hence, any
are throughout the British Possessions,
who may keep the American Counterfeit
for sale, we 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.

SEWING MACHINES.

Just arrived per "Nova Scotian,"
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A CHOICE LOT OF

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Send for Catalogue now ready.
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sion favours informs his friends and the
trade, that he continues to manage the
Collection of Debts due by persons resid-
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foundland. Security for future pay-
ment taken by mortgage on property or
otherwise. Holding commissions as
Notary Public Commissioner Supreme
Court, and Land Surveyor, business
under these heads carefully attended to.
Plans of Land taken.

Inquiries made—questions answered
All business considered confidential. No
greater publicity than necessary given to
any matter.

The proprietor of any newspaper
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paper bills collected as payment for
yearly insertions in the paper and copy
paper sent to my address.
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May 22. J. & T. HEARN.

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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, Diptheria, 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"
engraved 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
33, Oxford Street, London,

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