

# THE CARBONEAR HERALD

## AND OUTPORT TELEPHONE

Circular Secretary's Office

Vol 3

CARBONEAR, NEWFOUNDLAND, August 5th, 1881.

No 11

### ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE CARBONEAR HERALD

AND  
OUTPORT TELEPHONE.

Printed and Published from the Office west of the Post and Telegraph Offices, Water Street, Carbonear, every FRIDAY MORNING.

Terms --- \$3.00 Per Annum

Payable half-yearly in advance.

### Advertising Rates.

Fifty cents per inch for first insertion, one-third of the above for each continuation. Standing Advertisements inserted monthly, quarterly half-yearly or yearly on the most reasonable terms.

All communications for the "Herald" to be addressed to the Proprietor and publisher;

E. J. BRENNAN,  
Herald Office, Water St.  
Carbonear

### HOUSEHOLD WORDS!!!



**HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.**

PURITY OF BLOOD ESSENTIAL TO HEALTH, STRENGTH, AND LONG LIFE.

### THE PILLS

surpass all other Medicines for Purifying the Blood; they are available for all as a domestic and household remedy for all disorders of the

STOMACH, LIVER, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS.

In Congestion and Obstruction of every kind they quickly remove the cause, and in constipation and disordered condition of the Bowels, they act as a cleansing agent.

For Debilitated Constitutions and also Female Complaints these Pills are un- surpassed—they correct all Irregularities and Weaknesses from whatever cause arising.

### THE OINTMENT

stands unrivalled for the facility it displays in relieving, healing, and thoroughly curing the most inveterate Sores and Ulcers, and in cases of

BAD LEGS, BAD BREASTS, OLD WOUNDS  
Gout, Rheumatism, and all Skin Diseases, acts as a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,  
533, OXFORD STREET, LONDON and sold at 1s. 1/4, 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 31s., each Box and Pot and in Canada 36 cents, 90 cents., and \$1 50 cents., and the larger sizes in proportion.

**Caution.**—I have no Agent in the United States; nor are my Medicines sold there. Purchasers should therefore look to the label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

The Trade Mark of my said Medicines are registered in Ottawa, and also at Washington.

Signed THOMAS HOLLOWAY,  
533, Oxford Street, London,  
Sept. 1, 1880

### ADVERTISEMENTS

**BOWDEN'S Sewing Machine Depot**  
SAINT JOHN'S.

Just Received ex. s.s. *Nova Scotian* a choice lot of new Hand

### Sewing Machines,

Manufactured by the Britannia Sewing Machine Co., England.

OF THE SINGER PATTERN.

These are the First lot of HAND SEWING MACHINES ever imported, and contains improvements controlled by no other machine.

SAMPLES may be seen at Mr. JOHN FOOTE'S

### CALL AND SEE THEM.

An entirely new Machine of American Manufacture will shortly be introduced

### "THE LIGHTNING SEWER."

The New Wilson Oscillating Shuttle Sewing Machine

Orders Received by

JOHN FOOTE,

Agent, Carbonear

248 WATER STREET, 248

### UNION COFFEE HOUSE

—AND—

### DINING SALOON

ANDREW LENNOX

MANAGER AND PROPRIETOR.

MEALS served at all hours and at lowest prices. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed. Remember the sign of the COFFEE POT, No. 248 Water Street, St. John's.

### COMMERCIAL BANK OF NEWFOUNDLAND

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Proprietors of this Company will be held on TUESDAY, the 12th day of July instant, at 12 o'clock noon, at the Banking House in Duckworth Street, in accordance with the Act of Incorporation.

(By order of the Board)

R. BROWN.

4th July, Manager

### COMMERCIAL BANK OF NEWFOUNDLAND

A Dividend on the Capital Stock of this Company, at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, for the half year ending 30th June, 1881, and a Bonus of One per cent., will be payable at the Banking House, in Duckworth Street, on and after THURSDAY, the 15th inst., during the usual hours of business.

(By order of the Board.)

R. BROWN,

July 15, 1881, Manager

### JOB PRINTING

Neatly executed at the Office of this paper.

### AGENTS FOR HERALD

The following gentlemen have kindly consented to act as our agents, all intending subscribers will therefore confer a favor by sending in their names and subscriptions that they may be forwarded to this office.

Brigus—Mr. P. J. POWER, School Teacher

Day Roberts—Mr. G. W. R. HIERLIHY.

Heart's Content—Mr. M. MOORE.

Bell's Cove } Mr. Richard Walsh, Post Office Little Bay }

Twillingate—Mr. W. T. ROBERTS.

Fogo—M. JOSEPH RE DELL

Titon Harbor—Mr. J. BURKE, Sr.

King's Cove and Keels—Mr. P. MURPHY,

Boisvieux—Mr. P. TEMPLEMAN

Catalina—Mr. A. GARDNER.

Bay de Verde—Mr. JAMES EVANS

Collier—Mr. HEARN

Conception Harbor—Mr. KENNEDY

HARBOR MAIN—Mr. E. MURRAY.

SALMON COVE—Mr. WOODFORD

HOLYWOOD—Mr. JAMES JOY.

Notice.—This paper will not be delivered to any subscriber for a less term than six months—single copies fourpence.

All correspondence intended for publication must be sent in, not later than Wednesday evening.

### Miscellaneous.

### AN AUDIENCE OF ONE.

Emmett the actor, tells us the following story of how he once played to an audience of one in a theatre at Columbus, Ohio.

After two or three performances the posters announced a matinee. I went to the theatre at two o'clock that afternoon and found my company skulking behind the curtain in their everyday suits. I looked out in the auditorium. There was just one man in the theatre. He sat clear back in the parquet. It was as much as I could do to outline him in the darkness. I went out to the box office. "Did that man pay for his ticket?" I asked. "Yes, fifty cents," the treasurer replied. "The manager told me to return him his money and close the theatre." "No you won't," I said. "I have never disappointed an audience when I am sober, and I do not propose to do so now. We'll play for him." I went to the parquet, introduced myself to the man and thanked him for his attendance. I told him that as he had thought enough of me to come and see me and pay fifty cents for the privilege, he should have as good a performance as though the house was packed. I then went behind the curtain and requested the company to dress. "Great Caesar, Joe, one of them said, 'you ain't a going to play to that one man, are you?' Yes, I am," I replied. "He's paid his money, and he shall have his money's worth." "Oh, these," broke in another member of the company. "I'll pay his fifty cents and you let him go." I told them that the performance must go on as usual, and warned each one that any attempt to gape the audience or any failure to play a part in full would be a signal for discharge.

Well, the orchestra played an overture and the curtain arose. I walked down to the foot lights. I invited the audience to come forward and take a front seat where he could see and be seen. He thanked me and settled himself in the front row. I suggested that a little generous applause thrown in when he thought the actors deserved it would serve to inspire them and warm them to their work. He seemed to appreciate the suggestion and agreed to give us all the encouragement he thought we deserved. The performance began. I don't think I ever played better. I threw myself into the character, and sang the "Lullaby" so tenderly that the entire audience was in tears. He called for an encore. I told him we rarely gave an encore, but as this was an extraordinary occasion he should have one. He applauded liberally at times where no applause was deserved. At such times I called his attention to the omission, and asked whether or not he had made a mistake. A hint was sufficient.

He would clap his hands as though perfectly enraptured and shout, "Bravo!" like an Italian over Salvini. The company paid no attention to him, but went on with the performance as regular as clock work. Between the acts, however, one or two of them evinced a disposition to go out in the auditorium and mingle with the audience. I set my face against it and they refrained. At the close of the second act the manager entered the theatre. He had been out for a walk. He seemed dumb-founded at seeing the house so brightly lighted, and the orchestra playing soberly to one man. But he was more astonished when the curtain arose and the performance was resumed with as much unconcern as though there was a thousand dollars in the house. But he had an eye to the business. He sent word to the newspaper reporters, and a half a dozen of them arrived in time for the last act. No actor ever received better newspaper criticism. Some of them wrote a column long. It turned out that the audience was the owner of a colliery in Michigan, and very wealthy. The following night he gave the whole company a banquet at the leading hotel. He entertained us as handsomely as we had entertained him, and we parted with mutual regrets. Just a year afterwards I announced another matinee at Columbus. It was well advertised and the house was packed to suffocation. I took in over \$1,200. My sense of duty to that one man, who invested the small sum of a half a dollar and returned me a golden harvest.

### Rioting in Rome.

The despatches from Rome the past few days have contained references to a disturbance in that city upon the occasion of the removal of the body of the late Pope Pious IX. The particulars of the affair are stated in the following special to the New York World:

The translation of the body of Pope Pius IX, from its resting place in the Basilica of St Peter to the tomb provided for it in the Church of San Lorenzo was accomplished last night and this morning, the removal beginning at midnight and the whole ceremony being ended before daylight. The ceremony was attended by some of the most shameful scenes ever seen in Rome. Immediately after his death and his obsequies, it will be remembered that the body of the late Pope, encased in several coffins, one within the other was elevated in a niche prepared for it high up on the walls of one of the Chapels of St. Peter's, where it remained until yesterday. Means were taken in accordance with the order given in his will, a simple and inexpensive tomb had been prepared as its last resting place, under the altar of the Church of San Lorenzo, which is some distance from the Vatican. The late Pope had certain tender reminiscences connected with this church and for this reason wished his body to repose there. Moreover it has been said that profound humility of spirit had induced him to mortify his pride in life by directing that his body should not have the honor of permanent sepulture in the grandest church of the world and near the remains of the apostles Peter and Paul.

The tomb of the Church of San Lorenzo has been completed for some time, but for reasons satisfactory to his executors the translation of the body was postponed until last night. A careful watch was preserved over it until all the arrangements were complete. At midnight the coffin was carried from the chapel, and surrounded by a large number of priests and laymen who carried lighted candles. The scene was solemn and sombre in the extreme, but scarcely had the procession left the steps of St. Peter's than an angry mob of the roughs of the city swarmed around it, hustling and intercepting the priests, endeavoring to extinguish the candles and to overturn the bier and shouting "Long live Italy! Down with the Pope! Away with the black gowns!" and so on. The disturbance became so great and the fear of a terrible scandal was so imminent that the city authorities were compelled to intervene. On arriving they dispersed the mob, order was restored, the procession moved on to the church and the ceremonies of placing the body in the tomb was completed.

The Daily News Rome correspondent, writes that the anti-clerical ferment continues, and no right passes with-

a demonstration. These are instantly suppressed by the police. Anti-clerical clubs are forming to promote the perpetual expulsion of Papacy from Rome.

### FROM SCHOOL-ROOM TO PALACE.

A Female Teacher Suddenly Falls Heir to \$2,500,000.

Wheeling, W. Va., is not a great city in any respect, except, perhaps in nails. It is a smoky, dirty little place, with solid industries and very little romance; yet recently there has come to light an event in which Wheeling, or a person formerly a resident of Wheeling, figures that puts to flight some of the most sensational imaginings of the novel writers of the day.

The Iveson family is well known in this vicinity, especially Miss Ida Iveson who for five years was a teacher in the First Ward School, leaving that position in June, 1880. During that time she was a general favorite with all, being a handsome, prepossessing young lady, with a genial manner and education far above that of the average. At the time mentioned she resigned and returned to her home in Chillicothe. Everyone supposed that she had been born in the humble walks of life, as she denied herself every luxury and devoted all her earnings to the support of a broken-down father three sisters and a boy brother. She is only 24 years old, and her entire life has been one of self-sacrifice and denial.

Now for the romantic part. Miss Ida is a member of one of the oldest families of Scotland, an heiress to about \$2,500,000. Gittanockie Hall, Duffrineshire, Scotland, is one of the largest estates in that section of the country. For many long years it has belonged to a family named Armstrong, and at the time this story begins belonged to Sir Spencer Armstrong. He died about sixty years ago, and the heirs were his sons, William and John Christopher. Wm was the oldest, and, according to the laws of Great Britain, inherited the entire estate, but there was a clause in the will which left a portion to John. This William contested, and after a long legal fight, John lost Gittanockie and came to America. He landed without a cent in his pockets or any friends.

The early part of his career in this country is unknown, but about twenty five years ago he opened a small tailor shop in St. Clairsville, and there married a Miss Billings. For several years they lived there happily, having children born to them, and then removed to Cornellville. About two years ago two strangers called on Mr. Iveson and offered him \$5,000 to sign a paper: the contents of which he was not to know. His suspicions were aroused, and, after a long struggle, he managed to scrape enough money together to go to Scotland, where he found that his brother William had died, and that a steward and a distant relative were endeavoring to prove in court that John Christopher Armstrong, alias Iveson (he having changed his name in coming to this country) was dead, and William, leaving no issue, the property reverted to them, the two schemers.

Upon the appearance of Mr. Iveson, he was duly declared the rightful owner, and the steward convicted and sentenced to thirteen years in prison. Mr. Iveson returned to Cornellville, but the excitement and fatigue was too much for him, and on the 7th inst. he suddenly died, leaving the magnificent estate to be enjoyed by his posterity. The property outside of a will, now reverts to the young man, a lad 15 years of age, now known as Sir William Armstrong. The family sailed from New York last Thursday. Miss Ida being followed by the well wishes of her numerous friends in this city.

This is surely a step from poverty to affluence, the young lady, by one of Fortune's fitful freaks, being transported from a school-room to a palace with all the luxuries of life, where she will move in the most aristocratic circles of her noble ancestors in grand old Scotland.