

LITERARY

Gathered Home.

One by one our loved are taken,
Taken to the mansions fair;
One by one sweet flowers are gathered,
Gathered off, the choice, the rare.

One by one fond ties are severed,
Severing from this earthly home;
One by one our treasures going,
Going to the Great Unknown.

Oh, that ever swelling gathering,
Gathering round that great white throne
Loved ones going, dear ones leaving,
Leaving hearts so sad and lone.

Oh, time's dim and misty veiling,
Veiling from us forms so dear;
How earth spirits long to view them,
View them as they now appear.

Sweet their spirits near us hover,
Hover near us all the day;
Keep us close—oh, close to thee, love!
Love and lead us in the way.

Draw our earth-worn spirits upward,
Upward to the realms above,
Whisper to us words of comfort,
Comfort soothing, peace and love.

Stay thou with us as we journey,
Journey sad, as stranger's roam,
Let thine unseen presence guide us,
Guide us till we're gathered home.

MARY STANLEY.

JUDAS' PRICE.

(Continued.)

'We are all friends here, and surely I may venture to show you my latest prize. I was bidden on no account to mention it publicly, but I shall make an exception to-day.'

She led the way to the picture gallery in the upper part of the house. Judith followed with the others—they were a small party—her heart beating high with vague hope. She expected she knew it what. Some secret instinct thrilled her pulses, and warned her. She looked in David's face. He was walking unconcernedly by her side, glancing curiously at the portraits.

'Mind, now,' said the hostess, brightly as she arranged the light, 'I trust to your discretion. I was bidden to keep it as a choice secret, and I expect you to appreciate to the highest my good nature. The painting has a history, I understand, and is from some cause, condemned to be kept obscured for a time. It was only at the expense of much stratagem and finesse that my—Mrs. David, are you ill?'

Mrs. David, looking and listening attentively, while the quite unconscious hostess told her story, of a sudden fell all in a heap on the floor under the picture. There, on the wall before her, in this strange house, in this strange land, she beheld David's lost work, 'The Thirty Pieces of Silver!'

Her husband, white with fear, bent over her, anxious to learn the cause of her illness.

'It is nothing,' she assured him, smiling faintly, and struggling for control in the midst of that solicitous, curious crowd. 'It was only a passing faintness and is already gone. Let us look at the picture.'

The scattered group of amateurs gathered around the 'Judas' once more; they admired and exclaimed. The painting, by reason of its violent abduction and journey across the Atlantic, had sustained some injuries; and more than one of those cultivated observers vowed that it was a stray from one of the Old World galleries—the unacknowledged work of some fourteen century master.

And Judith—Judith, listening and knowing what she did—felt that her heart was bursting! David, studying the coloring carefully, made no sign. Here was the labor of his own hand, the conception of his own genius, the work of his own mind, placed before him a mark for the world's praise, and he knew it not; he could put forth no claim to the reward that should richly have been his. He said a few choice considered words of critical praise, to which the others respectfully listened, feeling that here indeed was a man who knew whereof he spoke; and then, with a courteous adieu, with his wife on his arm, he walked serenely home.

As for Judith, all this while she felt that her heart was bursting. All her wifely pride and sense of justice was in arms. For a long time a mighty struggle went on in her soul; could she speak? Should she let the truth be known? and yet, could she prove that the truth was the truth?

David could affirm nothing! The story

would seem more improbable to him than to the world, even. There were plenty of people in Boston who could vouch for the picture; but Boston was not London. The war was at its bitterest and darkest then, moreover, when she spoke of that dark time to her husband, it awoke in him such a tempest of agitation that she was fain to be silent.

So she laid her hand on her mouth, and her mouth in the dust, and waited for time to work its own wonders.

They continued to dwell in London, where David died, full of years and honors; and Judith, in her old age, gathered her children about her, told to them the story of 'Judas' Price.'

But the whirling of time brought about its sure revenge. The lineal descendant of Daniel David is to-day an artist, an R. A. and a brilliant member of the London literary world and his wife brought him as a precious heirloom in her father's family, a painting known as, 'The Thirty Pieces of Silver.'

GOLD AND GILT.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

IN EARLY SPRING.

She was a very pretty girl, and she knew it, and did her best in an innocent sort of way, to let other people know it; and she could not help thinking, as she walked along the Feltham road, that keeping company with Tom Dawlish—who was just a plain, honest, hard working young fellow—was rather a waste of time, and that marrying him would be altogether throwing herself away.

Her reflections came to an end at the door of Messrs. Bradbury's office and she walked in, wholly intent on the bill she had to pay. A smart looking young man received the money; and when the receipt was made out and she turned to go, she found that the shower which had threatened for some time was coming down with a vengeance.

'Oh, dear!' she said, and I have no umbrella.'

'Wait here a few minutes, miss; it will soon be over,' said the smart young man and then having accepted his offer of shelter, Mary found her self after a minute or two thinking that he was 'a very nice young gentleman' (as she afterwards described him to the cook), and that he had beautiful hair—it was so nicely curled—and he had a little dark moustache, and wore a pretty blue necktie; oh! he was very nice looking indeed.

'Are you Mrs. Poole's sister?' he asked, after a few minutes conversation. Mary flushed as she replied truthfully—'for she was far too good a girl even to equivocate—that she was not such a distinguished individual, but only the housemaid and nursemaid combined. And then he asked what her name was and with another blush she told him that it was Clara, but Mrs Poole said it was too fine a name for a servant, and to call her Mary.'

'I shall call you Clara,' he said—'shall I?' he added with an appealing glance. Mary felt her heart beat faster; something seemed to tell her that her destiny had come and she had no words to say, so he followed up his successful salutation with another one. 'Do you ever get out of an evening for a walk?'

'Sometimes she said softly.

'Will you go for a walk with me next time?'

'It wouldn't be right; you are quite strange, you see,' she answered slowly.

'Oh! we'll soon get over that, you know. Perhaps you are engaged though?'

Mary's innocent heart gave a thump, for here was a good practical question which showed that he meant business—i. e., matrimony.

'No I'm not; but I'm wanted to be,' Not a very lucid answer; but he understood it.

'Who to?' he asked coaxingly.

'Well perhaps I oughtn't to say his name,' she answered slowly; for in this, the most important moment of her life, as she felt it to be, words seemed all together to fail her.

'What is he?'

'He's—he's a carpenter.' Mary never felt the truth more difficult to tell in all her life.

'A carpenter!' he said in a telling tone of injury, not unmixed with scorn. 'Well, of course, if I am not better than a carpenter—'

'Oh! you are, you are, sir,' said Mary, in her excitement putting out her hand, and resting it for just a moment on his sleeve.

Mary lost her heart to the smart young man with the blue tie and the well-soiled hair. He never said anything more definite than he said that first day, but he was always ready to take her out, and most particularly about her dress, and the result was that all her little hoard of savings went in more or less ill-chosen finery, and Tom Dawlish was forgotten. There was only one thing she refused to do, and that was, she would not give up her Saturday afternoon to him. She had always had to take little Franky Poole out for a long walk on that day, it being his half holiday, and she would never consent to his being allowed to run about wild in Kensington Gardens, as Alfred Hill, for so the smart young man was called, suggested, while she walked about with fine sweet heart.

'He is such a wild little fellow, nobody knows what he might do if he had the chance.'

'Ah! you don't care for me,' said the hero of the coal merchant's office, and the proud recipient of thirty shillings a week income. No answer came save that her clasped hand made one in their dumb movement of contradiction. Not over him! Why, every moment in the day was devoted in thinking of him, her work was neglected, her money spent, her place in a fair way of being forfeited, and poor Tom Dawlish nearly heart-broken, and yet he said she did not love him! 'Ah! you don't care for me!' he repeated artfully enough, for no avowal of his own feeling had ever escaped his lips.

'Oh! I do, I do,' she said, and covering her face with her hands, let her head droop down upon his shoulders.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

AFTER THE SUMMER.

'I hate school,' Franky Poole informed her one morning as he sat on the table while he sewed a button on his trousers. 'I should like to be a sailor.'

'Goodness! Master Franky, what's put that into your head?'

'Oh! nothing, only Tom Dawlish was telling me about it, what they did in weeks you know, and all that I should like to be on a raft, I should, and I drew his naked toes up on the table, and wriggled them about at the thought of the great things he would do. 'Tom; coming to-day, I heard mamma say so and if he isn't gone when I come back this afternoon, I shall ask him more about it.'

To be continued.

Wit and Humor.

It is worth every man's time to be born and live in this world, just to watch the phoos and wonder what they are going to do next.

I wouldn't be perfect if I could be—there ain't no pun in it; but there is pun in trying to be better than you are.

Even a mule sometimes misses the mark, but he always has the satisfaction of knowing that he kikt his horizontal best.

When a man begins to mutter as he walks, talking to himself, that man is played out.

The surest way to kill a lie is to say nothing about it—it will soon starve itself.

I look upon fame just as I do upon any other kind of vegetable, worth just what it will bring.

Look here my gentle swain, if you want to git thru this world easy for yourself, and pleasant for others, you dont want to noiviss more than half what you need.—'Josh Billings.'

The language of postage stamps, instead of flowers, has just been invented. Thus, when a postage stamp is placed upside down on the left corner of the letter, it means 'I love you'; in the same crosswise, 'My heart is another's'; straight up and down, 'Good-bye, sweet heart, good-bye'; upside down in the right-hand corner, 'Write no more'; in the centre at the top, 'Yes'; opposite at the bottom, 'No'; on the right hand corner at a right angle, 'Do you love me?'; in the left-hand corner, 'I hate you'; top corner on the right, 'I wish your friendship'; bottom corner on the left, 'I seek your acquaintance'; on a line with the surname, 'accept my love'; the same upside down, 'I am engaged'; at a right angle in the same place, 'I long to see you'; in the middle at the right-hand edge, 'write immediately.'

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Book & Novelty Store,
HARBOR GRACE,
116-WATER STREET-116.

The Subscriber offers for sale:

BOOKS
PICTURES,
LOOKING GLASSES,
CLOCKS, TIME PIECES,
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NEW GROCERY
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(Opposite the Public Wharf),
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The Subscriber begs to inform the public of Carbonar that he has Just Opened the above Premises where he will keep on hand, a choice and well assorted stock of

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,
AT LOWEST PRICES POSSIBLE
N. STEWART,
PROPRIETOR.
Harbor Grace,
June 19nd, 1879.

CAUTION.

The PILLS Purify the Blood, correct a disorders of the Liver, Stomach Kidneys and Bowls, and are invaluable in all complaints incidental to Females. THE OINTMENT is the only reliable remedy for Bad Legs, Old Wounds, Sores, and Ulcers, of however long standing. For Brouchitis, 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 fraud-bears on their labels some address in New York.

I do not allow my medicines to be sold in any part of the United States. I have no Agents there. My Medicines are only made by me, at 555 Oxford Street London.

In the books of directions affixed to the spurious make is a caution, warning the Public against being deceived by counterfeiters. Do not be misled by this audacious trick, as they are the counterfeiters they pretend to denounce.

These counterfeiters 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 venture upon asking from all honorable persons, to assist me, and the Public, as far as may lie in their power, in denouncing this shameful Fraud.

Each Pot and Box of the Genuine Medicines, bears the British Government Stamp, with the words 'HOLLOWAY'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 counterfeiters.

The Trade Marks of these Medicines are registered in Ottawa. Hence, any one throughout the British Possessions, who may keep the American Counterfeits for sale, will be prosecuted.

Signed THOS HOLLOWAY,
33, Oxford Street, London.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

This Great Household Medicine ranks amongst the leading 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 SPINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Female of all ages and as a General Family Medicine, are unsurpassed.

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Its Searching and Healing Properties are known throughout the world.

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 into meat, it Cures SORE THROAT, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even ASTHMA. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

GOUT, RHEUMATISM, And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are Manufactured only at
533 OXFORD STREET, LONDON,
And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines throughout the Civilized World; with directions for use in almost every language.

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

Newfoundland Lights.

No. 4, 1879.

TO MARINERS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that a Light House has been erected on Point Verde, Great Placentia.

On and after the 1st June next, a FIXED WHITE LIGHT will be exhibited nightly, from sunset to sunrise. Elevation 98 feet above the level of the sea, and should be visible in clear weather 11 miles.

The Tower and Dwelling are of wood and attached. The vertical parts of the Building are painted White; the roof of the Dwelling is flat.

Lat. 47° 14' 11" North,
Lon. 54° 00' 19" West.

The Illuminating Apparatus is Dioptric of the Fifth Order, with a Single Argand Burner. The whole water horizon is illuminated.

By order,

JOHN STUART,
Secretary.

Board of Works Office,
St. John's, April 17th, 1879.

NOTICE.

AGROSS NEWFOUNDLAND WITH THE GOVERNOR;

A VISIT TO OUR MINING REGION;

AND—THIS
Newfoundland of Ours,
Being a series on the natural resources and future prosperity of the colony, by the Rev. M. HARVEY.
For sale at the office of this paper, price, fifty cents.

Vol. 1

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