

The Star,

AND CONCEPTION BAY SEMI-WEEKLY ADVERTISER.

Volume I.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Tuesday, July 16, 1872.

Number 18.

JULY.

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MOON'S PHASES.

NEW MOON.....5th, 2.54 P. M.
FIRST QUARTER...13th, 4.17 P. M.
FULL MOON.....20th, 10.23 A. M.
LAST QUARTER...27th, 3.48 P. M.

NOTICES.

J. HOWARD COLLIS,

Dealer and Importer of

**ENGLISH & AMERICAN
HARDWARE,**

Picture Moulding, Glass,
Looking Glass, Pictures
Glassware, &c., &c.

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N.B.--FRAMES, any size and material, made to order.

St. John's, May 10.

HARBOR GRACE

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—AND—

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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.

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Lately appointed Agent for the OTTAWA PRINTING & LITHOGRAPH COMPANY

Also, Agents for J. LINDBERG, Manufacturer of Jewellery.

A large selection of

CLOCKS, WATCHES, MEERCHAUM PIPES, PLATED WARE, and

JEWELRY of every description & style. May 14.

BLANK FORMS

Executed with NEATNESS and DESPATCH at the Office of this Paper.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

A Mother's Love, or, Safe in the Cleft of the Rock.

In the Highlands of Scotland, a poor widow found herself unable to pay the rent of her small cottage, and the agent of the landlord threatened to dispossess her. A kinsman who lived at some distance had promised to assist her, and she set out for his residence, carrying on her back her only child, a boy about two years old.

The morning when she left her home gave promise of a lovely day. But before noon the heavens were darkened by a gathering storm. It was in the month of May, and the fall of snow on that day so unusual both for its season and its severity, is yet remembered in the region as "the great May storm." The severity of the storm overtook the lone traveller in a wild mountain pass, ten miles from her home. She knew that a mile beyond it there was a house where she could find shelter; but whenever she attempted to face the blast which was rushing through the gorge, all hope failed of proceeding in that direction.

After wandering some time among the huge fragments of granite which skirted the base of the overhanging precipices, she found a sheltered nook under a ledge of rock, where she crouched, pressing her child to her trembling bosom. The storm continued to rage, and it became bitterly cold. All she thought of was the protection of her child. She wrapped him in her shawl, which was thin and worn. As night came on, she stripped off almost all her clothing and wrapped it round the child whom she held in her arms. She put in a deep crevice of the rock among some dried heather and fern. Covering his face with tears and kisses she left him in a soft sleep, and rushed into the snow drift, resolved to find assistance for him or perish in the attempt.

The night of storm was succeeded by a peaceful morning. The people of the village, fearing that she could not have reached her destination, set out in a body to search for her. They reached the pass, and at its entrance they found the widow dead, her arms stretched forth as if imploring assistance. Before noon, the cries of the child guided them to its safe hiding place, where all the story of the mother's love was revealed.

Fifty years later, an aged minister was preaching in a distant city on the love of Christ, and in illustrating the nature of the love which seeketh not her own, he told the story of the Highland widow, whom he had known in his boyhood. Some time afterwards a message was brought from a dying man, who greatly desired to see him. The request was speedily complied with. The sick man seized him by the hand, and gazing intently in his face, said, "You do not know me, but I know you and knew your father before you. I have been a wanderer in many lands, and have fought and bled for my country. I came to this town a few weeks ago in bad health, and was providentially led to the place where you were preaching. I heard you tell the story of the widow and her son."—Here the voice of the old soldier faltered, but recovering himself a little he cried, "I am that son!" and burst into a flood of tears.

"Yes," he continued when he had recovered his composure, "I am that son! Well might you ask what a heart would have been if such a mother's love had been forgotten by me. I never forgot her, and my last desire is to lay my bones beside hers in the old churchyard among the hills. But what covers me with shame is, that until now I never saw the love of the Saviour in giving himself for poor sinners." With deep reverence he added, "It was God made you tell that story. Praise to His holy name! my mother has not died in vain, and the prayer offered for me has been answered." The story of her love has been used by the Holy Spirit in leading me to see the love of Christ. I see it; I believe it; I have found refuge in my old age as in my childhood in the cleft of the rock; but it is the Rock of Ages!" And clasping his hands, he repeated with intense fervor, "Can a mother forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? They may forget, yet will not I forget thee!" He lived for some years a devoted disciple of the Lord Jesus.

Sir A. T. Galt has retired from political life. He was for many years one of the leading statesmen of Canada.

The Newspaper.

In a recent article on "Newspapers," the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*—an excellent paper, with a name which we begin to like, notwithstanding unfavorable first impressions—makes the following suggestions:

Notwithstanding the fact of the great degree of prosperity generally attending newspaper enterprises in this country, it is not probable that neither the success of the journals of the past nor of the present furnish a fair test upon which it will be safe, in the future, to base enterprises in journalism. Newspapers are now so plenty and so cheap, and the facilities of the telegraph are so great, that news, which to many conductors of daily journals seems to be the first and about the only consideration, has ceased to maintain its relative overshadowing importance, as compared with the opinions and comments of the press. The journals that will exert the greatest degree of influence will be those which most correctly apprehend the best sentiment and most pronounced will of the masses of the people. The journal that depends upon and strives to represent the mass of general intelligence will achieve independence alike honorable to itself and gratifying to its readers. Such a journal will have not only the largest but most respectable following and accomplish the most good in the world of newspapers. In the future people will pay a penny for the associated press despatches, and another for the most industrious and enterprising gatherer of "specials" but the other three pennies will be paid for the journal that best represents and reflects, in its editorial columns, the sentiments most widely entertained by the people.

If these views are correct, journalism in this country is in its infancy. High as its attainments and aims now are, there is a vast field for improvement, and the next ten years will doubtless witness developments in journalism equally astonishing with those of the last decade. It is only in countries where the people lead, but never follow, individuals, that free governments can long continue to exist. Journals that comprehend this fact will be able to aid in the perpetuation of our form of government, and hence assist in a higher development of civilization. Journals that fail to appreciate this difference between the past and the present will fail to interest or benefit the masses of the people, and hence deservedly fail of success.

Summer Drinks.

Ice water should be drunk but sparingly. A most excellent substitute for it is pounded ice taken in small lumps into the mouth and allowed to dissolve upon the tongue. This will prove very refreshing and much more enduring in its effects.

Lemonade is a simple and grateful beverage. To make it: Roll the lemons on something hard till they become soft; grate off the rinds, cut the lemons in slices and squeeze them in a pitcher, (a new clothes pin will answer for a squeezer in lieu of something better) pour on the required quantity of water, and sweeten according to taste. The grated rinds, for the sake of their aroma, should be added too. After mixing thoroughly, set the pitcher aside for half an hour; then strain the liquor through a jelly strainer and put in the ice.

Travellers who find it inconvenient to use lemons can carry a box of lemon sugar prepared from citric acid and sugar, a little of which in a glass of ice-water will furnish quite a refreshing drink, and one that will help oftentimes to avert sick headache and biliousness. Citric acid is obtained from the juice of lemons and limes.

Perry is a delicious beverage made from cherries and will keep a year or more. Take six pounds of cherries and bruise them; pour on a pint and a half of hot water, and boil for fifteen minutes; strain through a flannel bag, and add three pounds of sugar. Boil for half an hour, or until the liquid will sink to the bottom of a cup of water (try it with a teaspoonful of the liquid;) then turn into jelly cups and cover with paper dipped in the white of an egg.—*Scribner's for July.*

The Royal Visit to Ireland.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh landed at Kingstown shortly after ten o'clock on Tuesday. He was received with the highest honors, and met with the heartiest welcome.

Greater numbers have awaited, but truer greeting was never accorded, a royal visitor to Ireland. The Lord Lieutenant, with a large and distinguished party, met the Prince on landing. The Chairman and Town Commissioners of Kingstown presented him with an address congratulating him that his first Irish official visit was to give expression to her Majesty's continued interest in the development of those industries in friendly rivalry with the sister countries which tended to promote Ireland's wealth and prosperity. The Duke having briefly replied, left for Dublin, where he was received by the Lord Mayor in state and amid great popular applause. He then proceeded to the Viceregal Lodge. After some hours' sojourn at the Viceregal Lodge, his Royal Highness visited the Zoological Gardens. The visit was the occasion of a scene of enraptured beauty in the park, as trains of equipages passed along each avenue and gaily-attired pedestrians hastened to welcome the illustrious visitor. At four o'clock his Royal Highness, accompanied by the Lord Lieutenant, Countess Spencer, and a select party, arrived at the Gardens, where the Duke was received by the President and Council of the Royal Dublin Society. He almost immediately sought out the elephant, one of the chief attractions of the gardens. The noble animal was the gift of his Royal Highness, who brought him from India. The elephant was mounted in full Indian trappings, and looked splendidly. In the gardens there was an immense gathering of the aristocracy, and the promenade was rendered more agreeable by the alternate music of the military and Royal Irish constabulary bands. His Royal Highness remained about an hour, visiting the various specimens in the collection, and then returned to the Viceregal Lodge, where there was a private dinner party, and subsequently a concert took place. *Manchester Times, June 8.*

Thunder Storm at Nova Scotia.

This city was visited by a thunderstorm of extraordinary violence on the afternoon Tuesday last. For several hours big clouds rolled up on all sides, and distant thunder was audible. At half past three a heavy cloud passed over the city discharging foods of rain and large masses of hail. At half past four a second cloud narrower but lower than the former rolled over us. There were two explosions of lightning in the heart of the city. One discharge struck the steeple of Chalmers Church and injured it seriously. The whole building was severely shaken. Splinters were flying considerable distances. A cloud of dust that rose after the stroke and the crash created the impression that the church was on fire. The alarm was sounded and firemen rushed to the scene. Happily there was no fire. The second terrible crash followed close on the first and the electric fluid struck the cupola of the New Provincial Building causing some damage. It also struck lightly in a part of the Old Building.—*Haltfax paper, June 22.*

Lobster Factory.

The Lobster Factory at Chester, carried on by the Portland Packing Co., is driving a large business this season. They have boiled as high as 12,000 lobsters in a day, and canned 150,000 tins in twenty six days. Employment is thus given to scores of persons, male and female, and money made out of this hitherto almost neglected shell-fish. A lobster weighing 21 pounds was recently sent to this city by them for the Museum. The only objection hitherto to the working of this Company, has been their profaning the sanctity of our Sabbaths by continuing their labor on that as on other days; but we are glad to notice this season that this has been abandoned. They also have opened establishments of the same kind at Cape Sable Island, Indian Harbor and Cape Canso.—*Ibid.*

Froude.

It is announced that Froude, the brilliant Essayist and Historian, will spend the winter in the United States, delivering a course of lectures on the following subjects:—

1. The Norman Conquest of Ireland.
2. Ireland under the Tudors and Stuarts.
3. The Penal Laws and their Consequences.
4. Grattan.
5. The Rebellion of 1798, the Union, and the Ireland of to-day.

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OUR NEXT.]

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