

The Star,

And Conception Bay Weekly Reporter.

Vol. III.

HARBOR GRACE, NEWFOUNDLAND, FEB. 1875.

1875.

NUMBER XXXVI.

NOTICE.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

All sufferers from coughs, colds, bronchitis, asthma, and irregular action of the heart, are earnestly recommended to rub Holloway's searching Ointment well over the throat, breast and back, as the case may require, twice a day. Invalids may confidently rely upon the beneficial effects resulting from this treatment: this Ointment is the most trustworthy remedy for all internal and external ailments of the throat.

Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Ulcers, Abscesses, Wounds and Sores of all kinds

May be thoroughly healed by the application of this Ointment to the parts affected, after they have been duly fomented with warm water. Under the action of this powerful Ointment, aided by the Pills, the depraved humours of the body will be quickly removed; even scrofulous ulcers and foul sores, however old or inveterate, can thus be cured.

Gout, Rheumatism, and Neuralgic Pains.

This Ointment never fails to give relief. Its very first application lessens the inflammation, and diminishes both heat and pain. This searching Ointment, by depurating the blood in its route to or from the affected parts, promotes healthy action. In severe and chronic cases the Pills should always be taken, as their purifying, alterative and restorative qualities place the whole mass of solids and fluids into a wholesome condition.

The Mother's Friend—Skin Diseases. However Desperate may be Radically Cured.

Scald heads, itch, blotches on the skin, eruptions, ringworm, and such like, are cured by the mighty power of this Ointment. It should be rubbed around the affected parts two or three times a day, and the Pills be taken according to the printed directions.

Dracinal for Nerves, Paralysis and Stiff Joints

Many of the severe cases of the above diseases will yield in a comparatively short time if the Ointment be diligently applied to the affected parts, even when other means have failed. Whenever the malady have been of long standing the Ointment should be assisted by Holloway's purifying Pills which act upon the stomach and liver, guarding digestion against falling into that disordered state, which the pain, restlessness, and fever attending these ailments is apt to produce, and which much retards recovery, and sometimes even makes serious the slightest complaint.

Piles, Fistulas, and Internal Inflammations.

Persons afflicted with these distressing complaints will find in this wonderful Ointment instant means of relief, and all can effect their own cure without explaining their infirmity to any one. The Pills, if in small doses, greatly assist the Ointment, as they purify the blood and regulate the stomach.

Both the Ointment and Pills should be used in the following complaints:

Bad Legs	Corns (Soft)
Bad Breasts	Contracted and Stiff Joints
Burns	Gout
Blisters	Fistulas
Chilblains	Glandular Swellings
Crouped Throats	Skin Diseases
Lumbago	Scurvy
Piles	Scald heads
Rheumatism	Tumours
Sore Nipples	Ulcers
Scalds	Wounds
Sore Throats	

The Pills and Ointment are sold at Professor Holloway's Establishment, 533, Oxford-st., London; also by nearly every respectable Vendor of Medicine throughout the Civilized World, in Boxes and Pots at 1s. 1-2d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 11s. 2s., and 3s. 6d. The 2s. 6d. size contains three, the 4s. 6d. size six, the 11s. size sixteen, the 2s. size thirty-three, and the 3s. size fifty-two; the quantity of a 1s. 1-2d. Box of Pot. The smallest Box of Pills contains four doses; and the smallest Pot of Ointment one ounce.

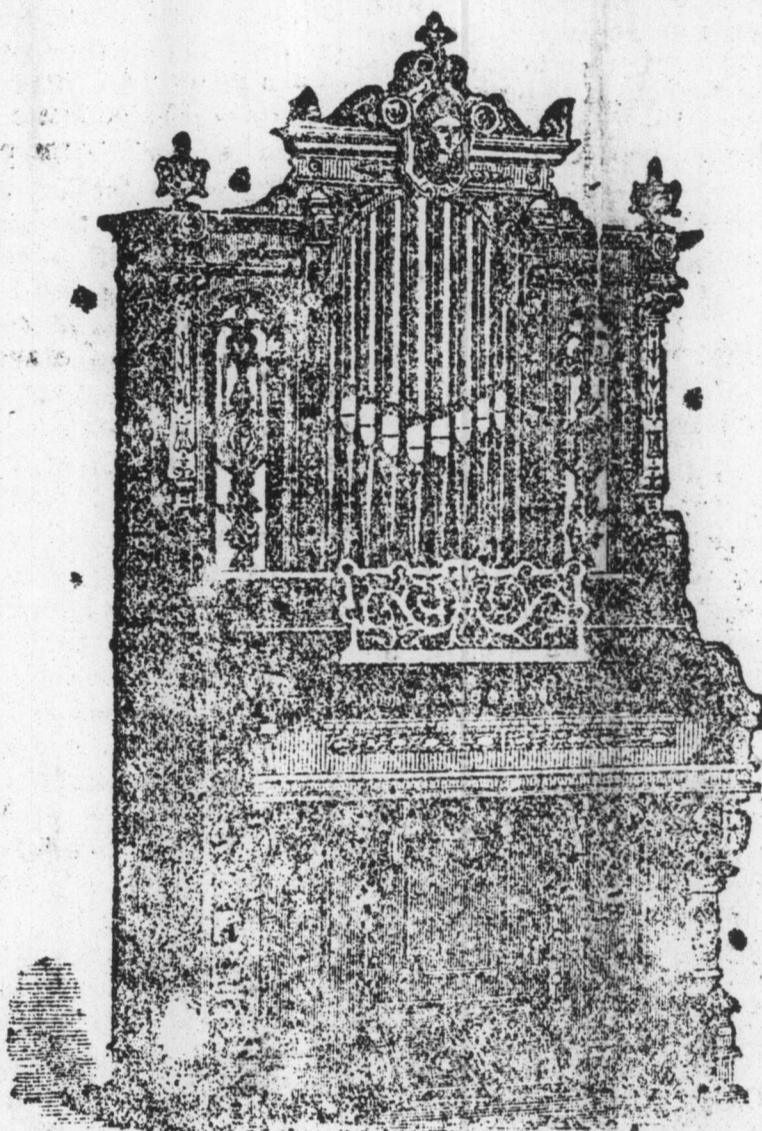
Full printed directions are affixed to each Box and Pot, and can be had in any language, even in Turkish, Arabic, Armenian, Persian or Chinese.

Blank FORMS

Of every description neatly executed at the Office of this paper.

NOTICE.

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EVERY INSTRUMENT FULLY WARRANTED.

GRAND COMBINATION ORGANS

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An invention having a most important bearing on the future reputation of Reel Instruments, by means of which the quantity or Volume of tone is very largely increased, and the quality of tone rendered Equal to that of the Best Pipe Organs of the same Capacity.

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AND ALL THE LATEST IMPROVEMENTS

Can be obtained only in these Organs.

Thirty-five Different styles for the Parlor and the Church The Best Material and Workmanship Quality and Volume of Tone unequalled.

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[Established, 1850.]

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St. Johns, Jan. 1, 1874.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

To the Editor of the H. G. Star.

ESTEEMED FRIEND,— Will you please inform readers that I have a positive

CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

and all disorders of the Throat and Lungs and that by its use in my practice I have cured hundreds of cases, and will give \$100.00 for a case it will not benefit. Indeed, so strong is my faith, I will send a Sample, Free, to any sufferer addressing me.

Please show this letter to any one you may know who is suffering from these diseases, and oblige.

Faithfully Yours,

DR. T. F. BURT.

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July 16

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July 16.

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can accommodate Two or Three permanent

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Residence No 28 Water Street, east the Residence of T. H. Ridley, Esq.

INTERESTING SALES.

SOMETHING OF A FLIRT.

Concluded.

The day at length arrived. Estelle though at first looking on the affair as a great bore, had at length fully entered into the scheme. It was a sunny spring afternoon, and the performers had come to rehearse the evening entertainment. Gay groups of people were laughing and chattering in the great drawing room, while the hammering of the workmen, who were busy with the stage and curtain, forming a deafening accompaniment. Bright-coloured costumes and books of engravings littered the room. The scene was "dizare", and altogether indescribable.

I wished so ardently to appear as a Moorish princess, said a tall, red-haired young lady, who was discontentedly leaning against a pile of velvet cushions. Queen Elizabeth isn't in my line. I don't like the character; and then Sir Walter Raleigh has such a small head that his ruff half hides it. When he kneels to place his cloak before me, I declare he looks as if he had just been beheaded. It's too ridiculous.

Perhaps, suggested Mrs. Mold, with the amiable intention of throwing oil on the troubled waters,—perhaps Mary of Scotland might suit you.

Mary Stuart had auburn hair they say. But not crimson, said the voice of one who was to represent an evil spirit in the last tableau.

What! exclaimed the red-haired maiden, turning wrathfully.

I was alluding to the velvet my dear, rejoined the evil spirit innocently. Upon this, the insulted young lady assumed the character Niobe, and the evil spirit hastened to console her.

What shall do? asked a plump, smiling damsel. How can I wear my pearl-coloured silk in the Kathleen Mavourneen scene. Irish peasant girls do not usually wear silk dresses do they?

You can wear it at the dance after the tableau, said Mrs. Mold, cutting the Gordian knot, as she thought.

But that's not all. I'm dreadfully afraid of the cottage. It's only paste-board, you know; and if it were to fall and bury me in the ruins, how awkward it would be.

I'll see that it's safe. I'm in the same scene, said Ormsby, who, having seen Estelle pass the window, was on his way out.

Wouldn't he make a fine Lord Dunsyre? commented the evil spirit maliciously.

No, indeed—you mean that polite man—what's his name? Oh, yes! Lord Chestnutfield, said Kathleen Mavourneen.

Lord Chestnutfield, you mean, corrected her discontented Majesty of England.

Osmond Ormsby went out on the terrace in search of Estelle. She was there, watering the thick border of roses which grew along its edge.

Osmond's attire was resplendent today. In fact, his 'get up' was perfect. His valet had spent all the morning in elaborating him. He advanced towards Estelle with an air of assurance—some what in the same, saw, and conquered style.

Ha! he drawled, breaking off a rose, to show his delicately gloved hand; they are squabbling inside. Queen Elizabeth wants to abdicate and assume the style and title of the Queen of Scots.

It can't be done, said Estelle, decidedly. There's no time for change; besides, the scene is from Schiller, and both queens are in it. But I'll go and settle the matter.

No—not yet! Please stay. I've something to tell you.

Another time will do, Mr. Ormsby.

No no; only a moment—please remain. A declaration, she thought, stopping reluctantly. I may as well marry him as anybody else.

So with anything but a pleased expression on her face she prepared to list n.

Ahem?—ah!—beloved Estelle!

began Osmond. Then followed an awful pause. He had forgotten his oft-planned speech. The young lady's coolness disconcerted him. He expected that she would pave the way.

Well? she said impatiently. He was scandalized by her want of sensibility. She did not even blush.

My darling, I love you distastefully, he resumed, whipping the perspiration from his brow with a perfumed handkerchief. Be my wife, Estelle! Oh be mine!

His supply of words ceased. Proposing was harder work than he thought.

I'll think about it, she responded shortly, moving towards the house.

Now Osmond had his own reasons for desiring an immediate answer. Creditors were pressing, &c., so he said in a less sentimental tone. Couldn't you decide my fate now? or, at least, tonight? Young ladies are generally bashful in like cases and— You have had a great deal of experience I presume.

No—that is—I was about to say, stammered Osmond. I thought you might be delicate about saying yes—

Or no. Oh, not no, I wear Estelle! And I was about to say that as we are to be in the same 'tableau'—the May Queen—you might signify your consent by giving me the bouquet of white roses and heliotrope I will send you.

Very well if I give you the bouquet, it will mean yes. And she left him. An ice-maiden! he soliloquised putting up his eye-glass to look after her. Stung creatures these Devonshire girls. Awful work popping the question. Glad a fellow has only to go it once. She can't be worth less than a hundred thousand pounds sterling.

The glow of sunset faded into twilight and night came bringing many guests to the Abby. The folding doors separating the two large drawing rooms had been removed forming in this manner one large hall. In front of the newly erected stage the audience presenting as many gay colours as a bed of autumn flowers were seated and listening to an exquisite duet, played by a violin and flute.

The curtain slowly rose to a slow wailing strain revealing a picture from Faust—Margaret going to Church. The lights and hues had been arranged artistically by Estelle and the tableau received an 'excoore.'

Then came the scene from Schiller and after that Kathleen Mavourneen. A cottage was seen in the foreground. A landscape with the sun rising above distant hills occupied the back of the stage.

She held Ormsby's bouquet of white roses and heliotrope. She was extending it to a kneeling sheppard (with a glass screwed in his right eye) when she suddenly noticed a strange form among the audience. The banquet fell to the floor and she sank back fainting in her seat.

There was some confusion. A man hastily rose from his seat and pushing his way through the audience took the fainting girl in his arms, and carried her from the room followed by Mrs. Mold.

A short time past, while the audience chattered, sympathised, and wondered. Mrs. Mold entered to announce that Miss Vane had recovered; and would be able to appear in the next tableau.

I say, Mrs. Mold, said Ormsby indignantly, that fellow acted as if he had a right.

And he has a right, returned the lady. That 'fellow' is Walter Miles.

Walter Miles! I thought he was dead. It appears not. The Dolphin went down but he was saved.

How deuced awkward! muttered Ormsby.

Later. Two people are standing on the moonlit terrace.

We were both to blame Estelle, says Walter putting a golden circlet on her finger.

Let us forgive and forget, Walter—but you're in such a hurry about the wedding day, that I won't have time to gratify my inclination for flirting, she added archly.

You never did flirt—I was a brute to say so.

But Estelle knew better.