

# The Star

## And Conception Bay Semi-Weekly Advertiser.

Vol II

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Tuesday, July 8, 1873.

Number 5.

### USEFUL INFORMATION.

#### JULY.

S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	...	...

#### Moon's Phases.

Calculated for Mean Time at St. John's, Newfoundland.

First Quarter... 1st, 2h. 49m., a. m.  
Full Moon... 8th, 6h. 31m., p. m.  
Last Quarter... 15th, Noon.  
New Moon... 22nd, 5h. 41m., p. m.

#### Mail Steamers to Depart from St. John's.

Destination	Day	Time
For Liverpool	Thursday	June 19
For Halifax	Thursday	June 25
For Liverpool	Thursday	July 3
For Halifax	Thursday	July 9
For Liverpool	Thursday	July 17
For Halifax	Thursday	July 23
For Liverpool	Thursday	July 31
For Halifax	Thursday	Aug. 6
For Liverpool	Thursday	Aug. 14
For Halifax	Thursday	Aug. 20
For Liverpool	Thursday	Aug. 28
For Halifax	Thursday	Sept. 3
For Liverpool	Thursday	Sept. 11
For Halifax	Thursday	Sept. 17
For Liverpool	Thursday	Sept. 25
For Halifax	Thursday	Oct. 1
For Liverpool	Thursday	Oct. 9
For Halifax	Thursday	Oct. 15
For Liverpool	Thursday	Oct. 23
For Halifax	Thursday	Oct. 29

#### Wholesale Prices Current, St. John's.

BREAD—Hambro' No 1, 32s. 6d.; No. 2, 28s. 6d.; No. 3, 24s. 6d. Local No. 1, 26s.; No. 2, 23s. 6d.; F. C., 22s. 6d.  
FLOUR—Canada Fancy 42s. 6d.; Canada Superfine, 38s.; New York Extra, 33s. to 39s.; New York Superfine, 35s.; New York No. 2, 30s. to 32s.  
CORN MEAL—White and Yellow, per brl. 18s. to 20s.  
OATMEAL—Canada, per brl. 30s.; P E Is land, 27s. 6d.  
RICE—East India, per cwt. 20s.  
PEAS—Round, per brl. 20s. to 21s.  
BUTTER—Canada, good 1st, to 1s. 2d. Nova Scotia, good 1st, to 1s. 4d.; American 8d. to 10d.; Hambro' 8d.  
CHEESE—9d. to 10d.  
HAMS—9d. to 10d.  
PORK—American mess 95s. to 100s.; prime mess 90s.; extra prime 77s.  
BEEF—Prime, per brl. 35s.  
LUM—per Imp. gallon 7s. 10d.  
MOLASSES—Muscovado 2s. a 2s. 1d.; Clay-ed 1s. 9d.  
SUGAR—Muscovado, 45s. to 47s. 6d.; American Crushed 72s. 6d.  
COFFEE—1s. 1d. to 1s. 3d.  
TEA—Congou and Souchong, ordinary broken leaf, 1s. 7d. to 1s. 9d.; fair to good, 2s. to 2s. 6d.  
LARD—American and Canadian 7d. to 8d.  
LEATHER—American and Canadian 1s. 5d.  
TOBACCO—Canadian, 1s. 7d. to 1s. 8d.; American 1s. 5d. to 1s. 6d.; Nova Scotian, 1s. 5d. to 1s. 6d.  
CORDAGE—per cwt. 65s.  
SALT—per hhd. Foreign, Liverpool, 7s. 6d.  
KEROSENE OIL—New York manufacture 1s. 9d.; Boston 1s. 9d.  
COAL—per ton, North Sydney 30s.

172 WATER STREET, 172

JAMES FALLON,

TIN, COPPER & SHEET

IRON WORKER,

RESPECTFULLY to inform the inhabitants of Harbor Grace and outports that he has commenced business in the Shop No. 172 Water Street, Harbor Grace, opposite the premises of Messrs. John Munn & Co., and is prepared to fill all orders in the above lines, with neatness and despatch, hoping by strict attention to business to merit a share of public patronage.

Done at the Cheapest possible

Terms.

Dec 13.

### NOTICES.

JAMES HOWARD COLLIS  
Dealer and Importer of

ENGLISH & AMERICAN

HARDWARE,

Picture Moulding, Glass

Looking Glass, Pictures

Glassware, &c., &c.

TROUTING GEAR,

In great variety an 1st quality, WHOLE

SALE and RETAIL.

221 WATER STREET,

St. John's,

Newfoundland.

One door East of P. HITCHINS, Esq.

N.B.—FRAMES, any size

material, made to order.

St. John's, May 10.

### FOR SALE.

RESERVEES & GROCERIES!

Just Received and For Sale by

the Subscriber—

Fresh Cove OYSTERS

Spiced do.

APPLE

PEACHES

Strawberries—preserved in

Syrup

Bramberries do.

—ALWAYS ON HAND—

A Choice Selection of

GROCERIES.

T. M. CAIRNS,

Opposite the Premises of Messrs. C

W. Ross & Co.

Sept. 17.

### HARBOR GRACE

BOOK & STATIONERY DEPOT.

E. W. LYON, Proprietor.

Importer of British and American

NEWSPAPERS

—AND—

PERIODICALS.

Constantly on hand, a varied selection of

School and Account Books

Prayer and Hymn Books for different de-

nominations

Music, Charts, Log Books, Playing Cards

French Writing Paper, Violins

Concertinas, French Musical Boxes

Albums, Initial Note Paper & Envelopes

Tissue and Drawing Paper

A large selection of Dime & Half Dime

MUSIC, &c., &c.

Lately appointed Agent for the OTTAWA

PRINTING & LITHOGRAPH COMPANY

Agent for J. LINDBERG, Manufac-

turing Jeweler.

Large selection of

CLOCKS, WATCHES

MEERSCHAUM PIPES,

PLATED WARE, and

JEWELRY of every description & style

May 14.

GEORGE BOWDEN,

Repairer of Umbrellas and

Parasols,

No. 1, LION SQUARE,

ST. JOHN'S, N. F.

THE SUBSCRIBER, in tendering

thanks to his friends for the liberal

patronage hitherto extended to him, begs

to state that he may still be found at

his residence, No. 1, Lion Square,

where he is prepared to execute all

work in the above line at the shortest

notice, and at moderate rates.

All work positively finished by the

time promised.

Outport orders punctually at-

tended to.

St. John's, Jan. 4.

### POETRY.

#### Intemperance.

My native land amid thy cabin homes,  
Amid thy palaces a demon roams;  
Frenzied with rage, yet subtle in his wrath,  
He crushes thousands in his fiery path;  
Stalks through our cities unabashed and  
throws  
Into the cup of sorrow bitterer woes;  
Gives to the pang of grief an added smart,  
With keenest anguish wrings the break-  
ing heart,  
Drags the proud spirit from its envied  
height,  
And breathes on fondest hopes a killing  
blight,  
Heralds the shroud, the coffin, and the  
pall,  
And the graves thicken where his foot-  
steps fall!

Ho! for the rescue! ye whose eyes have  
seen  
The ruin wrought where drunkenness  
hath been;  
Ye who have gazed upon the speechless  
grief  
Of early widowhood that mocked relief—  
Ye who have heard the orphan's strug-  
gling sigh,  
When, mad with agony, he prayed to die—  
Ye who have marked the crimes and  
shames that throng,  
Like satiate fiends, the drunkard's way  
along—  
Ye who can tell his everlasting doom  
When darkly over him shall close the  
tomb.

Up! ye are bidden to a nobler strife—  
Not to destroy, but rescue human life;  
No added drop in Misery's cup to press,  
But minister relief to wretchedness;  
To give the long-lost father to his boy—  
To cause the widow's heart to sing for  
joy—  
Bid plenty laugh where hungry Famine  
howls,  
And pour the sunlight o'er the tempest's  
scowls;  
Bring to the soul that to despair is given,  
A new found joy—a holy hope of heaven!

Trampling the dead beneath their bloody  
feet!

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Not to destroy, but rescue human life;  
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But minister relief to wretchedness;  
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A new found joy—a holy hope of heaven!

#### WIT AND HUMOR.

Yor read the newspapers; will you tel-  
me what you conceive to be the final  
sensation of an editor after a weeks work?  
It is clear, from his own admissions, that  
during this time he has gone through  
every possible phase of emotion. Thrice  
in one day he has been "glad to ob-  
serve." But on the same day he has  
been "pained to remark," "astounded to  
consider," and "anxious to know." In  
the same column he is happy to hear of  
the safety of a missing vessel; is grieved  
to learn that the condition of this or that  
statesman grows rapidly worse; and then  
again is delighted to perceive that some  
improvements are being made in H—  
Street. What is the ultimate result of  
this constant gladness, grief, delight,  
pain, astonishment, and fear? Weari-  
ness, I should say.

One does not very often encounter  
affectionate bachelor lawyers; yet they  
must exist, or how came the following  
quaternion to be written? It would hardly  
be the production of anyone outside the  
profession. I met with the lines, scratched  
by a diamond upon a window-pane of  
a boarding house in V— Street, a short  
time since; and the sight of some similar  
lines has recalled them to mind:—  
Fee simple or a simple fee,  
—And all the fees entail,  
Are nothing when compared to thee,  
Thou best of fees—female.

There are some good rhymes, doubt-  
less well known. I wish to know who is  
the author of them:—  
When Eve brought woe to all mankind,  
Old Adam called her wo man;  
And when she wo'd with love so kind,  
He then pronounced her wo man.  
But now with folly, dress, and pride,  
Their husbands' pockets trimming,  
The ladies are so full of whims  
That people call them whim-men!

The owner of a tenement house inform-  
ed his tenants the other day that he was  
going to raise their rent all round, where-  
upon they held a meeting and passed a  
resolution of thanks to the landlord for  
"promising to raise their rent, as the  
times were hard, and they feared that  
without his assistance it could not be  
raised at all."

### EXTRACTS.

#### Bad Habits.

Among the minor disagreeables is the  
man who, in conversation, is continually  
interrupting you with "Certainly," "Ex-  
actly," "I understand." He anticipates,  
or attempts to, all you are about to say.  
He says "I understand," when you are  
satisfied he don't understand anything  
about it. He repeats "Exactly," when  
there is no exactness to speak of, and ex-  
claims "Certainly," when the matter in  
hand is surrounded by the greatest pos-  
sible amount of uncertainty. You open  
a conversation with him as follows:  
"My dear sir, do you remember—"  
"Certainly."  
"When—"  
"I understand."  
"You—"  
"Exactly; exactly, sir,"  
and still the man hasn't the remotest idea  
what you are driving at, or to what par-  
ticular circumstance you desire to draw  
his attention. Sometimes he assumes a  
very knowing look, that carries fraud on  
the face of it, and then again, while ex-  
claiming "I understand," in the most  
confident and possible manner, his coun-  
tenance is as expressionless as a mud ball,  
or alive with bewildering inquiry.

Every reader of this article knows a  
man who says, "Eggs-actly," to almost  
every proposition, with particular em-  
phasis on the eggs. Like as not a good  
many of the said readers are committed  
to the same habit, if they only knew it.

Once knew a lady who professed to  
lead the ton, who says "Certainly." She  
is nervously particular about her pro-  
nunciation, and it would mortify her al-  
most to death if she should be caught  
saying "Cer'nly," as vulgar and unedu-  
cated people do.

Then there is the man who, in relating  
a circumstance, makes a proposition,  
punches you in the ribs or thumps you on  
the breast, with the remark, "Don't you  
understand?" He doesn't mean any-  
thing by it. Like as not you have said  
"Certainly," and "Eggs-actly," "Jes' so,"  
so many times yourself during the recital  
any fool might know you understood all  
about it. Yet he keeps up his thumping  
as though he would drive the matter into  
you by sheer force, and exclaims, "Don't  
you understand?" with a tone that  
might imply he considered you an idiot if  
you didn't.

Very few people can tell a story with-  
out throwing in "you know" occasionally.  
Many employ the term two or three times  
in every sentence. It is very disagreeable  
you know, to be compelled, you know, to  
hear a man telling a story, you know,  
that consists of more of you knows, you  
know, than anything else, you know.  
Well, you know how it is yourself.

What makes a barber always inquire,  
"Does the razor hurt you?" He knows  
very well whether it does or not. He is  
a better judge of a sharp razor than you  
are, anyhow. And who ever heard a man  
reply that the razor did hurt him? Don't  
you always say "Oh, no; that's all right?"  
You are momentarily flattered by the  
tone of kind solicitude with which the  
barber asks the question, and pleased  
with the consideration he shows for your  
feelings, and you wouldn't tell him his  
razor was dull if it was nearly pulling  
your beard out by the roots.

I have myself assured a barber his razor  
was all right, with tears of anguish wash-  
ing away the lather on my cheek. I  
couldn't bear to hurt the feelings of a  
barber who could inquire in such tender  
anxious tones, "Does de razor hurt you,  
sah?"

I am satisfied the barber who started  
the thing did it to cover up the atro-  
cities of a dull razor. Our barbers  
copied it for they are an imitative race  
and the custom has become general, as  
all customers know.

I once saw a surly old fellow hand a  
barber an extra half dollar, after giving  
a tonsorial operation, with the remark  
"There, I'll make you a present of that,  
you are the first barber who ever shaved  
me without asking if the razor hurt."

The first thing a man learns when he  
begins to "clerk it" in a store is to in-  
quire, "Anything else?" and it is general-  
ly the last thing he forgets. There is a  
story of a defunct dry goods clerk who  
after the funeral services were over, and  
the undertaker had put the last screw  
into the lid of his coffin, preparatory to  
interment, was heard to say, in faint and  
muffled tones, "Anything else?" A most  
remarkable illustration of ruling passion  
strong in death.

It is a little thing to be annoyed by,  
to be sure; but I always make a precipi-  
tate flight from a store after making a  
purchase, in order to avoid that inevitable  
"Anything else?" Somehow there is an  
implied imputation in it that you are not  
really sure what you came there for, and  
that you don't know when your business  
is concluded. The man who looks at  
you with an express on which seems

to say, "Are you sure you have got all  
you wanted? Think now; haven't you  
forgot something you came purposely  
for?"

It isn't flattering to one's common sense  
and we have sometimes wondered if it  
ever secured any additional sales. But  
all trades and professions have their set  
phrases and stereotyped expressions, I  
suppose, and the sales-man is doubtless  
entitled to his.

#### A Lost Patient.

A foreign scientific periodical relates  
this suggestive story:—

Some time since a lady called upon a  
celebrated oculist in order to consult  
him on account of her eyes, complaining  
that their power of vision had of late con-  
siderably diminished. At a glance the  
doctor saw she was a lady of rank and  
wealth. He looked at her eyes, shook  
his head, and thought the treatment  
would require much time, as there were  
reasons to fear amaurosis in her case. He  
must advise her, first of all, that as she  
had informed him she was residing a con-  
siderable distance in the country, she  
must move into the city at once, and thus  
enable him to see her frequently, if pos-  
sible, daily.

The lady then rented an elegant man-  
sion, moved into the city and the physi-  
cian was punctual in his attendance. He  
prescribed this and that, and thus days  
run into weeks and weeks into months.  
The cure, however, was still coming. The  
physician tried to console her.

One day the patient hit upon a curi-  
ous scheme, and she waited but long  
enough to carry it into effect.  
She procured for herself a very old and  
poor attire, put a hood of tremendous  
size upon her head, took a basket in her  
hand, and in these habiliments she visit-  
ed her physician, selecting for the pur-  
pose a very rainy day. She had so well  
succeeded in disguising and disguising  
herself that the eye even of a lover could  
scarcely have recognized her. She was  
obliged to wait a long time in the ante-  
room of her physician, with many others,  
who, like her, were seeking relief. At  
last her turn came.

"Well, my good woman, what have you  
to complain of?"  
Very bad eyes, doctor, she answered.  
He took her to the light, looked into  
her eyes, but failed to recognise his pa-  
tient. Shrugging his shoulders, he said:  
"Your eyes are well enough."  
Well? she said.

Yes, I know what I am saying.  
But I have been told that I was getting  
the a—a—forget how it is called.  
Amaurosis?  
Yes, that is it, doctor.

Don't you let them make you believe  
any such nonsense. Your eyes are a lit-  
tle weak, but that is all. Your physician  
is an ass.  
An—?  
Yes, an ass. Tell him boldly that I  
said so.

The lady now arose, and in her custom-  
ary voice said: "Sir, you are my physi-  
cian; don't you know me?"

The face the sage counsellor made is  
easier to imagine than describe.

Gracious madame! he commenced to  
stammer an apology, but the lady would  
not listen to him, and left him indignant-  
ly. She never saw the gentleman any  
more.

#### The Contemplated Balloon

##### Voyage Across the Atlantic.

The New York World has received reli-  
able information upon the contemplated  
balloon voyage across the Atlantic, and  
remarks:—It is now almost a fixed fact  
that Professor John Wise, Secretary of the  
meteorological section of the Franklin  
Institute of this city, will start from Bos-  
ton Common on July 4, on his aerial voy-  
age across the Atlantic. Mr. Washing-  
ton H. Donaldson, the daring aeronaut,  
and two scientific gentlemen, not yet  
selected—although there are many ap-  
plicants for the adventure—will accom-  
pany him. Within a few days past the  
Common Council of Boston have appro-  
priated the sum of \$3,000 for the purchase  
of the materials for the balloon and for  
other necessary apparatus, provided the  
Boston men of science can be satisfied  
that the professor's theory is a plausible  
one. Professor Wise says he can do  
this beyond all question. He will make  
the journey of 3,000 miles in not more  
than seventy hours and probably not  
sixty. His confidence in the success of  
his venture is based on the theory, which  
his frequent experiences as an aeronaut  
have proved to be a true one, that the  
entire upper atmosphere surrounding the  
earth moves with the revolution of the  
earth eastwardly. According to this, as  
soon as this air-tide is struck by the bal-  
loon the air-ship will drift Europeward  
at the rate of 100 miles an hour. But this  
immense rate of speed will not be a  
source of peril to the voyagers, for, as  
Professor Wise explains, to the voyager  
the balloon, no matter how fast it may go,  
seems to stand still. Professor Wise does