

LITERARY

The Factory Girl.

'Twas on a winter morning,
The weather wet and wild,
Two hours before dawning
The father roused his child;
Her daily morsel bringing,
The darksome room he paced,
And cried the 'hell is wringing;
My hapless darling, haste!

'Dear father, I'm so sorry;
I scarce can reach the door,
And long the way and dreary;
Oh, carry me once more!
Her wasted form seems nothing,
The load is on his heart,
He scotches the little sufferer,
Till at the mill they part.

The overlooker met her
As to her frame she crept,
And with his throng he beat her,
And crushed her when she wept.
It seemed as she grew weaker,
The threads the oftener broke,
The rapid wheels ran quicker,
And heavier fell the stroke.

She thought how her dead mother,
Blessed her with latest breath,
And of her little brother,
Worked down, like her, to death:
Then told a tiny neighbor
A ha'penny she'd pay
To take her last hour's labor,
While by her frame she lay.

The sun had long descended
Ere she sought that repose,
Her day began and ended
As cruel tyrants chose.
Then home! but oft she tarried,
She fell and rose no more,
By pitying comrades carried,
She reached her father's door.

At night, with tortured feelings,
He watched his sleepless child,
Though close beside her kneeling
She knew him not nor smiled.
Again the factory's ringing
Her last perception tried,
Up from her straw bed springing,
'Tis time!' she shrieked and died.

That night a chariot passed her,
While on the ground she lay,
The daughters of her master
An evening visit pay.
Their tender hearts were sighing,
As negro's wrongs were told,
While the white slave was dying,
Who gained their father's gold.

TRUE TO HER HEART;

OR,
EDITH LYNN'S TRIAL,
BY WM. R. EYSTER.

(Concluded.)

In a day or so he comes to her with a grain of news. It may have no bearing, or it may. A short time before Lynn's disappearance he had a violent quarrel with a French captain, Victor Brabant. Threats were made, and Brabant was the man to carry them out. He too is missing, and must be found. Paul goes away again to seek him, and days go on—days in which Edith, with a white face and hollow eyes, goes around as if in a dream. Oliver Oatley seeks him out. He is at work again—a trusted man with a wealthy firm, and in a fair way to regain his lost footing. He looks at her and sees that she is dressed soberly, but not in mourning. When the afternoon sun chances to slant in upon her face, he is shocked at the sight of the change a little time has made.

She sends him away soon, and after he is gone a boy comes to the door with an envelope in his hand. He says that the gentleman who just left must have dropped it—shall he leave it there, or not? He has not time to take it to him and it may not be of any value. Edith takes it from him, says she will see that the owner receives it, and sends the boy away with a dime, though a telegram already read is hardly likely to be worth that much. In an hour she forgets all about it.

Paul sees it that evening. He takes it up mechanically and looks at the address, then lays it down, a thought appears to strike him. He examines it again. The address is to Oliver Oatley, at the number which was formerly Lyman Lynn's place of business. Edith looks at him in surprise.

'That is a despatch Mr. Oatley dropped after leaving here to-day. A boy brought it here and I promised to send it to him. What are you going to do?'

'Going to read it,' replied Paul, suiting the action to the word. 'I don't like that Oatley.'

'Oh, Paul!'

But Paul is unmoved by her implied reproach. He reads and is silent. She thinks she sees a strange light in his eyes and asks—

'What is it?'

'It is a telegram from Paris. Traces of Brabant. Sustained credit. All will be well. There is no signature. Now what does it mean? Why should he receive a telegram that contains traces of Brabant with keeping up credit? What credit does it mean and who sends the message? After these questions the two look at each other mutely, as though through the shadow of a ghastly, until Edith whispered,

'There is some foul play some where, I feel it.'

'Yes, he is deceiving Lyman to his ruin. He means something more too. There is danger. That Brabant! What can we do?'

Silence again, before the answer comes from Edith herself.

'Go to him. If he's on the face of the earth he must be found. The telegram may do something, but we must do the rest.'

'Can we not strike Oatley?'

'No. Leave him here in his fancied security. I can lull him into unsuspecting quietness. He is urged on by love, revenge and gold, and no doubt, his plans are so well laid that things goes on with him. I doubt if he could say half if he would. He must not know that we suspect, and we will glide quietly away.'

'So be it, yet I will set someone to watch him.'

In haste they make their preparations, and take the next steamer for Europe.

CHAPTER II.

Lyman Lynn going away from his wife on that eventful morning, is in a fit condition for any mad freak. When Oatley and he talk over a great loss that has been discovered and suspicion is fixed upon Brabant he thinks that he sees clearly that the best chance is for him to follow the man, whom he believes to be a fugitive.

To find the absconding Frenchman where he should he look but in Paris? And to blind any watching confederates, Lynn goes away in the quietest of ways—even in a semi-disguise. What Edith may think he just then cares very little but he does give Oatley some sort of message for his wife for his hasty departure and possible silence.

In due course of time he reaches France and finds himself in beautiful Paris. There he learns one thing—that Victor Brabant had been in the city. What became of the captain seems beyond the comprehension of the police, who are not eager in the search. For that he does not care so much. By this time he thinks more of making some compromise by which he can regain the lost securities than of legal processes of personal vengeance. He has no idea that his departure has caused any great excitement, as Oatley was left to explain it, and by chance he does not see the two or three items that crept into the New York papers, although he tried to keep himself posted on the home news. He retains his incognito, and together is as foolish as his worst enemy would wish him to be.

When one wishes to hob-nob with criminals it is strange how soon opportunity offers. Soon after sending the unsigned telegram, that eventually fell into Edith's hands, he receives a mysterious communication, which he answers and says nothing about. At nightfall he wraps a cloak around him and visits an unsavory part of the city.

What might be expected follows. He does not reappear he searched for Wilson Brabant and he found an ugly rap on the head and a prison in a cellar of dungeon like darkness and strength. His purse and other valuables are taken from him, and he is left with the idea that the chances for his having a very long life are decidedly slender.

Mrs. Lynn and Paul came to the city also. They have money and no bargainers for concealment and the like to make, so they go to the police and mean business—their statements, slender in meaning as they seem to be are received with great respect, and they feel encouraged. The only trouble is to give some thorough means by which Lyman Lynn can be recognized. No one knows anything of such a name and character.

Nevertheless, progress is made. Under the influence of exercise and a little hope color and roundness come back to Edith's cheeks, though you may be sure that she enjoys her European trip but little.

She and Paul are in conference with an officer of the police, when a detective in plain clothes comes in with a report on the case in hand. He is a Scotsman, by the way; a hard featured, resolute, looking man of middle age. He tells the whole story in brief to his breathless listeners. What they have told him supplies the 'motif' and enables him to fill up the gaps.

Mr. Lynn attempted to pass under a fictitious name and made himself an object of suspicion. When he went down to the criminal part of the city and remained there, no one thought it worth while to enquire into the matter. No doubt he could be found if wanted. But when, a few days later, his wife came with her vague story it put a different face on the matter, and his case was investigated.

Mr. Lynn was in search of one Victor Brabant. He was deceived by a letter to enter an apparently deserted house, from which he was never known to emerge. Perhaps he was living perhaps dead; but in either case his body was there, and they were ready to search for it. It would be as well to go in some force, for it was a dangerous expedition. In case they found the bandits who were probably there, resistance might be expected. The madam should wait in hope they would not be gone long, and she should receive early intelligence.

Edith smiles a little scornfully at the idea of her waiting.

'I shall accompany you who ever else goes to seek him shall not be left in advance of his wife, I have the courage and strength.'

She will not be dissuaded, and so they go together—Mrs. Lynn, Paul, the detective, and several of the uniformed police. They come to the house from different directions, without any apparent objective point, and then suddenly fling themselves upon it. The detective knows every lock and bolt on the outworks. With keys and crows they force their way in an instant.

Through mouldy, deserted hall and rooms they pass until they come to the den of ruffians they are after. It is deserted, but bears traces of recent occupancy. There is a couple of chairs and tables with a couple of glasses and bottles of wine.

The detective looks around keenly, puts his hand to his head and thinks a moment.

'I think I know something of the place,' he says, and advances to the wainscotted wall. He presses, and at last springs back several panels, revealing a door beyond, secured by a heavy lock.

The detective bends down and listens.

'The passage behind leads down to the cellar under the next house,' he says, in an undertone and applies a crowbar to the lock.

Edith sinks into a chair, and Paul stands by her side, encouraging her.

CHAPTER III.

Lyman Lynn has kept up his courage under trials that would have unmanned most men. He has been wounded, bound, half starved and confined in a dungeon; and has no very clear idea of what his enemies are after. His money they have and they say nothing about ransom. There are two men who act as jailors, and at last one of them drops a hint, and he thinks he understands they are keeping him alive until they can find a convenient way of disposing of his body.

Something may happen in the interim that may make it better for them not to have killed him. They do not wish to give up their comfortable quarters, or they would leave his body there and run the risk of being brought to justice for the deed, if the corpse was ever found.

Somehow Victor Brabant is mixed up with the affair—and someone else. He grows weaker and weaker. He has regrets. Now that the chances are he will never see her again he remembers only his ideal wife, whether she misses him, and curses himself for a brute that he did not write to her. Oatley will of course explain everything, but that is no excuse for him. And then he remembers with sudden pain, that if he dies here in this hole, the chances are his estate will be bankrupt, and no provision for Edith. He has plenty of time for all these reflections, any many more.

When his two jailors come hastily into his prison he does not cry for mercy, although he knows a crisis has arrived. He listens to their talk and manages to obtain an inkling of how matters are. An eye is on the house, no doubt the police will be there in a short time. One man is timorous, the other is determined to act. The one wishes to escape and leave the prisoner to his chances; the other is determined to complete the murder before going and then claim the reward. The latter draws his knife and advances; the former catches his comrade by the arm. There is a scuffle then up the dark stairway a splitting tearing sound.

Lyman Lynn raises his voice in a fine shrill yell that pierces through the shadows with an agony of sound, and is answered by a woman's scream from above. The ruffians stop their struggle, listen and then flee away like the wind, whilst Lyman Lynn falls back panting for breath, and like seeming to linger nowhere save in his eyes.

There are steps on the stairs, a circle of light from a bull's-eye lantern falls on the prisoner, and Edith comes rushing past the rest to fling herself upon her husband's breast.

She sobs and moans, and caresses him with her soft slender hands, calling him her darling and showering kisses upon his white cold lips. She calls him back to life, and weak and wondering, he looks at her with astonished eyes. Of all persons to come to the rescue, she is the last he expected.

'They got away from the hated house—Lyman Lynn weak but happy. Hereafter nothing on earth can come between man and wife.'

For a few days Lynn enjoys rest and quiet and grows stronger rapidly. The police are on the hunt for Victor Brabant—the two men are already captured, and he soon shares their fate. When Brabant is taken the mystery is laid bare.

He and Oatley took the securities and shared them. Oatley induced his partner to pursue the course that he did with the understanding that if he followed, Brabant was to have him murdered.

'To what end?' asks Lyman, breathlessly as he hears the story.

'To the end—that you might have a widow, monsieur.'

So Oliver Oatley's plot is blown to the winds. He hears nothing of the punishment of his friends, and has been half-distracted over the disappearance of Edith, and the failure of his efforts to win her. He suspects that she has gone west with her brother, and while he is pushing inquiries in that direction, retribution and the law descend upon him deep and hard.

He gets his just dues, and Paul Boyd goes back to his labors, feeling that his sister's happiness for the future is secured. In the time of trial she was true to her heart, and henceforth she and Lyman Lynn are one.

WIT AND HUMOR.

The goats are out on windy days, ready to pick up a man's straw hat for him.

The young girl who graduates in four languages and sixteen flounces will soon be heard from.

A newspaper erratum draws attention to the fact that "Impudent" Order of Odd Fellows should have been "Independent."

Some one asked the master of a colored servant why the latter always wore an irreproachable white cravat. "So as to know where his head begins," replied the master.

"Well, you'll own she's got a pretty foot, won't you?" "Yes, I'll grant you that, but then it never made half as much of an impression on me as the old man's."—"Yonker's Gazette."

Mrs. Partington again—"Poor man!" said the old lady; "so he's really gone at last! Ninety-eight, was he? Dear, dear! to think how that if he had lived two years more he'd have been a centurion."

"So then you are going to house-keeping, are you?" said an elderly spinster to a blushing young bride. "Yes," was the low reply. "Going to have a girl, too, I suppose?" "The new-made wife colored, and then responded, "I really don't know whether it will be a girl or boy."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A CARD.

T. W. SPRY,
Notary Public,
"EXPRESS" BUILDINGS,
ST. JOHN'S, N.F.L.D.

AVALON.

Hair Dressing Saloon,
296—Water Street—296,
[Opposite Messrs. SILLARS & AIRNS.]
ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND,
E. W. PIKE, Proprietor.

A CARD.

W. J. HENDERSON,
SHIP BROKER
Commission & Forwarding
Agency, &c.,
ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND,
May 29.

NOTICE.

EXCURSIONISTS,
Or others travelling around CONCEPTION BAY, or visiting HEART'S CONTENT, can always secure

A GOOD TEAM,
Upon application to
THOMAS CULLEN,
Water Street, West, Carbonar
Near the Court House,
May 29.

A CARD.

Superior Board and Accommodation for either Permanent or Transient

BOARDERS.
B. S. MOREY,
177 DUCKWORTH STREET,
Near Prescott Street, St. John's.
May 22.

UNION BANK OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a dividend of 8 per cent. upon the paid up Capital Stock of this Institution, has been declared for the half-year ending 31st May, 1879, and a Bonus of £2 per share, payable at the Banking House, in this city, on and after Thursday, 12th inst.

By Order of the Board,
JAMES GOLDIE,
MANAGER.
June 19.

JUST RECEIVED
Per Hero, from Glenock,
100 Barrels Bass & Co.'s
ALE,
(QUARTS.)
100 Bbls. ditto ditto Pints.
May 22. J. & T. HEARN.

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 BOWELS, 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.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

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.

GOVERNMENT NOTICE.

THE PUBLIC are hereby notified that from and after this date Parties having ORDERS on the BOARD OF WORKS are required to present the same for payment on TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS only in each week, between the hours of ten and two o'clock.

By order,
JOHN STUART,
Secretary.
Board of Works, St. John's,
2nd May, 1879.

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.

Vol. 1.

THE CARBONAR

OUTPORT

Is Printed and Office, west of the Office, Water Street, THURSDAY MORNING.
Terms - - - (Payable half)

ADVERT

Fifty cents per line, one-third continuation. Advertisements inserted half-yearly or reasonable terms. All communications to the Editor, please to be addressed to the Editor, Carbonar.

J. A. F.

Harbor

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LABRADOR

(The Northern Connect with

Labrador

John's on Harbor Grace - bor; from Ba Salmon River, Harbor, thence on Sablon, Forteau Bay, Chateau, and Cape Char

PROCEEDING

Harbor to Spear Point, Bight, Deal, Purch Bowl, Grady, and the Harbor, Manne Cape Harrigan

RETURNING

navick, Advatic Harrison, Sleigh Harbor, White Lake Apple Rigoulette, Pa pendent, two la

Log Island alternately.

Grady.

Indian Tick Bateauaux and Punch Bowl

nately.

Comfort Big alternately.

Venison Island Tub Harbor

ternately.

Dead Island Ship Harbor

alternately.

Fishing Ship Harbor Bight, Little Harbor

Murray and nately, and the

The following as above except trip in Septem

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St. John's, Jun

JUST

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AT LOWEST

Harbor Grace,

June 19nd, 1