

The only trouble is that there is so many folks in the business now, that the supply has killed the demand.—[Josh Billings.]

House Hold Hints.

Bed and Bedding for the Sick.—If the bed is higher than the sofa, the patient often prefers not to get out at all rather than undergo the fatigue of getting out. If the bed were a low one, he might often feel like taking a few minutes exercise every day in other rooms, or even in the open air. It is so very odd that people never think of this, or how many more times a patient who is in bed for twenty-four hours is obliged to get out of bed and into bed than they who get into bed and out of bed only once in twenty-four hours.

A patient's bed should always be in the lightest part of the room, and he should be able to see out of a window.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the old, four-post bed with curtains is utterly inadvisable, whether for the sick or for the well. Hospital beds are in many respects better than private ones.

There is reason to believe that not a few of the cases apparently resembling scrofula among children proceed from the habit of sleeping with head under the bedclothes, and so inhaling air already breathed, which is further contaminated by exhalations from the skin. Patients are sometimes given to a similar habit, and it often happens that the bedclothes are so disposed that the patient must necessarily breathe air more or less poisoned by exhalations from the skin. A good nurse will attend to this. It is an important, part so to speak, of ventilation.

It may be worth while to remark that where there is any danger of bed sores a blanket should never be used under the patient. It retains damp and acts like poultice.

Never use anything but blankets as bed covering for the sick. The heavy cotton and impervious counterpane is bad, for the very reason that it keeps in the emanations from the sick person, while the blankets allow them to pass through. Weak patients are invariably distressed by a great weight of bedclothes, which often prevents their getting any sleep whatever.

The Phantom Ship.

"Robbie is very sick, Nellie," said my mother, as I bade her good-night at the nursery door one Christmas Eve.

"Why mamma, I thought he was better in the afternoon," I said anxiously.

"Yes, he seemed so, but he is much worse; I wish papa were home."

"Can't I do anything, mamma? Let me stay up with you?"

"Not now, dear, but if there is any change, I'll call you, and with a kiss, my mother dismissed me, but not to sleep, for I was very anxious.

We were alone, mother and I, in perhaps the most lonely part of St. Margaret's Bay, and the doctor more than six miles away, and I lay thinking and watching, the moonlight making bright patches on my bedroom floor. Why should I not go for the doctor? I thought I could skate nearly the whole way, for the ice was very good on the way. No sooner said than done, and springing up, I dressed and hurried down stairs, and entered the room where my mother was; bending over my little brother's cot, she started when she saw me.

"Why, Nellie, I thought you were in bed."

"I am going for the doctor, mother."

"But, Nellie, you will never be able to walk."

"I am going by ice," and I saw by mother's face that she was relieved, and that she had been thinking of the same thing.

"You will not be afraid to stay alone, mother, and I will be back in no time," I said, and hurried on my wrappings.

"No, dear; but I fear for you; it is a long way, and if brother were any better I would not let you go."

"Never fear for me," I answered, as cheerily as I could, and, kissing Robbie's flushed cheek, stole out of the house, just as the clock struck eleven.

It was a most magnificent night; the moon was shining like day, and the ice sparkled like glass. It was only a few yards from the farmhouse where we lived to the water's edge, and, running down the bank, I sat down on a rock, quickly adjusted my skates, and struck boldly out. Although I was but sixteen, I was a Nova Scotian girl, and born and brought up in the country; therefore, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, not the faintest idea of fear crossed my mind, and the thought of my pet Robbie's danger gave me energy. The first two miles I sped onward, like a bird, till I could see Clam and Shetland islands in the distance. Suddenly a bright light shot out behind them, growing brighter as it advanced toward me.

"It must be some one coming up with a lantern," I thought, and quickened my gait; but, a moment after, I stood transfixed with terror, as I watched that light change and grow larger, until it formed a huge ship, not a spar or a rope wanting, but all a mass of fire.

Near and nearer it came, until I could hear the noise of wind in the sails, and the hoarse noises of the sailors, as it whizzed by me, and then I sank insensible on the ice.

A feeling of being intensely cold recalled me to myself. Rising with difficulty, I glanced fearfully round, not a sound broke the silence of the night, but, far off in the distance, I saw that light growing dimmer and dimmer, and then I tried to go forward.

At first, my trembling and benumbed limbs refused to do their work, but gradually I grew stronger, and sped onward over that vast frozen plain.

How those remaining miles were crossed, I know not, but, trembling with fear

and excitement, I at last reached Dr. N.'s door and knocked loudly for admittance. The doctor himself opened the door.

"What! Miss Nellie, you here at this time of the night?" he exclaimed.

"Robbie is very ill; come at once," was all I could gasp, as I sank exhausted on a hall chair.

He lifted me up in his strong arms, and carried me into his study, where a bright fire was blazing. Leaving me there, trying to get warmed, he hurried off to get his horse ready.

A quarter of an hour after, I was snugly tucked away in the buffaloes' beside Dr. N.—in his comfortable sleigh. It was not only then that I ventured to tell him of my adventure on the ice, fondly expecting to be laughed at, and told that I had been over-working myself at my books, and that my brain was out of order; but, greatly to my surprise, he said, gravely, when I had finished—

"Well, Miss Nellie, you have just seen what has been seen by many persons ere this—the Phantom Ship of our bay. When I was a young man, I often heard the old settlers tell of the ship of fire that sailed up our bay, but never believed it, until one very dark night, I was crossing the bay in a boat; it was pretty late, when I saw it coming towards me. I drew nearer to the shore, and watched it, as it passed me. What it is I am not prepared to say; but that it has been seen many times by different persons is quite true."

When we reached home we found Robbie better, but my midnight expedition cost me a month's sickness. I have passed many happy Christmas Eves since then, but I don't think I will ever forget the night I met the PHANTOM SHIP on Margaret's Bay.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—"Homo" has been received, but too late for today's issue; will have due attention on Tuesday. We are also in receipt of a communication from Carbonar, signed "A Good Templar." The writer strongly deprecates the conduct of certain individuals, and attributes the defeat of the Permissive Bill to sectarian feelings. As "A Good Templar" uses very strong language in this connection, we deem it prudent to withhold the publication of his letter for the present. If, after further inquiry, we feel justified in laying it before the public, we shall do so in our next issue.



HARBOR GRACE, JANUARY 10, 1873.

MASONIC.

LODGE "HARBOR GRACE," No. 476. F. & A. M., R. S.

THE Annual Meeting of the above Lodge was held in the Masonic Hall, yesterday, at high twelve.

The S. D. G. M., T. H. Ridley, Esq., having been announced, was received according to ancient form and custom, when the following Officers were installed to serve the ensuing year:—

- Bro. W. H. Thompson, W. M.
" W. O. Wood, S. W.
" Joseph Godden, J. W.
" J. Paterson, (re-elected) Treasurer.
" T. M. Cairns, Secretary.
" O. Cruger, S. D.
" J. Trappell, J. D.
" E. W. Lyon, Stewards.
" R. McRae, Stewards.
" Rev. A. Ross, Chaplain.
" S. Andrews, B. B.
" Wm. Smith, I. G.
" F. Fitzgim, Tyler.

BAZAAR.

ON Monday and Tuesday next, the Bazaar in aid of a fund for the liquidation of the debt incurred by recent repairs and additions to the Wesleyan Church here, will be open in the Masonic Hall.

We understand that through the indefatigable of the Rev. C. Ladner and the ladies connected with the church, the Bazaar will be one of the best ever held in this town; it is therefore to be hoped that it may meet with liberal patronage and public appreciation.

Bazaars in themselves require no recommendation; the worth of one's money is always obtainable; besides the novelty of the thing is sure to please, the greater number of the articles for disposal—both useful and ornamental—being the work of the fair ladies of the vicinity.

An Exhibition in connection therewith will also be held. We learn that a beautiful collection of articles will be on view.

A Refreshment Table, burdened with all good things in the shape of eatables, will be provided for visitors, and every thing done to make the occasion a pleasant one.

In all likelihood, the enterprise will result satisfactorily, and be of benefit to the fund it is intended to assist. We wish it every success.

TEMPERANCE.

THE installation of Officers—for the current quarter—of the Harbor Grace Division of the Order of the Sons of Temperance, took place at Temperance Hall, on Wednesday evening—David Rogers, Esq., Deputy Grand Worthy Patriarch, presiding. The occasion was

one of great interest. Mr. Rogers, well known as an able and never-failing advocate of the temperance cause, having duly installed the Officers, delivered a beautiful and most impressive address, in which he pointed out to them the importance of their various duties, and the happiness accruing from the faithful discharge of the same.

It is gratifying to know that the order, which has already made its influence felt in the accomplishment of good, is by every effort, unweariedly endeavoring to be of service in the overthrow of intemperance and the furtherance of the noble cause of total abstinence. God-speed them in their work; it is a work of brotherly love, which in the end shall have its reward.

The following were elected to office for the current quarter:—

- Bro. James Payne, Worthy Patriarch.
" James Munn, Worthy Associate.
" James Alexander, Recording Scribe.
" Sister Jane D. H. Withycome, A. R. Scribe.
" Bro. Thomas Gillard, Financial Sec. Lib.
" Thomas Macey, Treasurer.
" John Brace, Chaplain.
" Robert Stowe, Conductor.
" William Thompson, Assist. Conductor.
" Samuel Pike, Inside Sentinel.
" Samuel Peet, Outside Sentinel.

FIREMEN'S BALL.

THE first public ball of the season takes place in the Masonic and British Halls on Wednesday evening next, under the auspices of the Volunteer Fire Company. We hope the gathering will be a good one, and that those hardy fellows who are ever willing and ready to protect us from danger, will enjoy themselves. The firemen will dress in their splendid uniforms, thus, with the more brilliant attire of the fair sex, a fine effect will be produced; in fact, a military appearance will pervade the scene.

As annually customary at the commencement of the new year, a general early closing of the various mercantile establishments has taken place. This affords young men an excellent opportunity for improvement and instruction, which they would do well to take advantage of.

MESRS. RIDLEY & SONS brigantine "Elizabeth Jane," from Sydney to this port—aneant the safety of which so much uneasiness has been felt, owing to late stormy weather and a long absence at sea—is (by message, received to-day) at Cape Broyle.

LOCAL ITEMS.

MASONIC.

ST. JOHN'S LODGE, No. 579. F. & A. M., R. E.

Friday, the 27th ultimo, being the festival of St. John the Evangelist, an Emergency Meeting of the above Lodge was held in the Masonic Hall, on the evening of that day, at 8 o'clock. There was a goodly attendance of the members and brethren of the Avalon Lodge, No. 776 (same registry) and Lodge Tasker, No. 455, R. S., were well represented. The R. W., the Deputy District Grand Master, W. V. Whiteway, Esq., Q. C., and the Deputy District Grand Secretary, having been announced, were received according to ancient form and custom.

The D. D. Grand Master, in the absence of the R. W., the District Grand Master, the Hon. J. S. Clift, then installed the officers to serve the ensuing year, as follows, viz:—

- Bro. R. T. Rankin, P. M. (re elect.) W. M.
" A. J. W. McNeilly, S. W.
" A. Pearce, J. W.
" H. Cooke, (re-elected) Treasurer.
" H. T. B. Wood, Secretary.
" W. Irving, S. D.
" J. Rodgers, J. D.
" Brothers A. Purcell and E. M. Archibald, Stewards; Brothers J. Hill, I. G., and W. Smith, Tyler.—Times of Saturday.

The Annual Meeting of the Congregational Home Missionary Society was held last evening in the basement of the Congregational Church, there being a very large and respectable gathering from the several Protestant Churches present. The Chair was taken at half past seven o'clock by the Hon. P. L. Tessier, and the business of the evening was commenced by the reading of the Secretary's report for the past year by R. Neyle Esq., and the reading by Jas. Howe, Esq., of the Treasurer's report, both the papers showing highly satisfactory results.

The resolutions were severally moved and spoken to by the Rev. Messrs. Harvey and Milligan, and by Messrs. Vey, F. Winton, and T. Chaney; and were supported by Messrs. J. N. Finlay, J. Beer, H. W. Seymour, S. March, Rev. Mr. McDougall, and Mr. Cruikshank, and by the Pastor of the Church, the Rev. T. Hall. At the close of the evening's very pleasant and interesting meeting a vote of thanks was given to the Chairman, and to the Secretary and Treasurer, and the benediction was pronounced by the Rev. Mr. Milligan.

This is the Society with which the Rev. Mr. Harrington is connected, and a very pleasing account of his year's operations was read to the meeting. The Secretary's report acknowledges the numerous kindnesses received by the Rev. Mr. Harrington from His Excellency the Governor, from the Government, and from Gentlemen in town who have made Mr. Harrington's mission the object of their benevolent donations.—Chronicle, Jan. 4.



Latest Despatches.

OTTAWA, Jan. 3.

It is stated on good authority that parliament will be summoned for despatch of business about the 18th Feb.

LONDON, 2.

Lieut. General Von Karnecke will succeed General Von Roon as Minister of War, the latter to be made Field Marshal.

A despatch from Rome says the Pope in receiving the Palatine guards on New Year's Day made a brief address alluding to the persecution of the church and declaring that the cities of Europe were standing on perilous ground.

LONDON, 3.

The "Times" on the death of King Kamahameha says it must confess, Americans will finally people the Sandwich Islands, which will become a valuable colony between San Francisco, China, and Austria. It doubts the right or propriety of a nation taking possession of Sandwich by filibustering.

NEW YORK, 3.

Troops have killed thirty-seven and captured a number of Apache Indians.

The evidence on both sides of Stokes' case has been finished, and arguments for the defence commenced.

Rain and fog prevail in the middle and Eastern states. Gold 111 3/4.

A REAL TRAGEDY.—Here is a capital plot for a melo-drama. We commend it to the attention of Mr. Delay. "Near Waverly, Illinois, a year or two ago, a young man finding himself mysteriously shunned at a party by the young lady he loved, took up with, and afterward married another, with whom he had earlier associations, and who, as he learned sometime after his marriage, had caused the misunderstanding on the part of his real sweet-heart by retarding and sending to the latter a letter originally written to herself. The husband subsequently smothered his wife with a pillow, escaping detection at the time, but dying recently of a broken heart left a confession of the fact."

There is a chance here for three capital characters—the young man, his wife, and the deserted lady. The pillow business has, it is true, been done by Shakespeare, but the modern dramatist can follow the precedent, and not be so very particular as to the originality of his points

ANOTHER LIVINGSTONE EXPEDITION.—The "Figaro" announces that a Swedish lady, the Countess Skenns, has arrived in Paris with the intention of organising there another expedition—a feminine one—for the succour of Dr. Livingstone, as she thinks the work done by Mr. H. M. Stanley is not sufficient. She states that she well knows Central Africa, which she explored in company with her husband, and she alleges that she is personally acquainted with all the chiefs of the country.

SEVERAL months ago, a young man of Menasha, Wis., determined to abandon the use of all ardent drinks. He joined the Good Templars, and confined himself exclusively to tobacco. At that time he was poor and friendless, with no one to love and no one to caress. Now he occupies a lucrative position on a canal boat, and is engaged to be married to four women.

HANDS have they, yet steel not.—Clocks. Legs have they, yet walk not.—Tables. Teeth have they, yet chew not.—Combs. Lips have they, yet kiss not.—Pitchers. Eyes have they, yet see not.—Needles. Hearts have they, yet pity not.—Cabbages.

Ears have they, yet hear not.—Old book leaves. Arms have they, yet toil not.—Chairs.

A BEGGER once posted himself at the door of a Chancery Court, and kept saying, "A penny, please, sir!—Only one penny, Sir, before you go in!" "And why, my man?" inquired an old country gentleman. "Because, sir, the chances are you will not have one when you come out!"

A COCKNEY conducted two ladies to an observatory to see an eclipse of the moon. They were too late—the eclipse was over, and the ladies were disappointed. "Oh!" exclaimed our hero, "don't fret; I know the astronomer well; he is a very polite man, and I'm sure will begin again."

THERE is something dreadfully annoying in watching a person doing a simple thing in a bungling manner. A Danbury man thought a neighbour wasn't harnessing a mule as he ought to and took hold to help, and immediately exchanged the role of Samaritan for a roll in the mud. He says no man need look for happiness in this world.

NEWS & ITEMS.

ARE you in trouble? Work it off. Don't try to quench your sorrow in rum or narcotics. If you begin this you must keep right on with it, till it leads you to ruin; or if you try to pause, you must add physical pain and degradation to the sorrow you seek to escape. Of all wretched men, his condition is the most painful who, having sought to drown his grief in drink, awakes from his debauch with shattered nerves, aching head and depressed mind, to face the trouble again. That which was at first painful to contemplate, will, after drink seem unbearable. Ten to one the fatal drink will be again and again sought, till its victim sinks a hopeless, pitiful wreck. Work is your true remedy. If misfortune hits hard, you hit something else hard. There is nothing like, good, solid exhausting work to cure trouble.

There are some great troubles that only time can heal, and perhaps some that can never be healed at all; but ail can be helped by the great paucity. Try it ye afflicted ones. It operates kindly and well, leaving no disagreeable consequences in its train, and large quantities of it may be taken with the most beneficial effects.

A MERCHANT who was noted for his stuttering, as well as for his shrewdness in making a bargain, stopped at a grocery and inquired: "How m-m-many t-t-turkeys have you g-g-got?"

"Eight, sir," replied the grocer.

"T-t-tough or t-t-tender?"

"Some are tender and some tough," was the reply.

"I k-k-keep b-b-boarders," said the new customer, "p-p-pick out the four t-t-toughest turkeys, if you please."

The delighted grocer very willingly complied with the unusual request, and said, in his jolliest tones—

"These are the tough ones, sir."

Upon which the merchant coolly put his hand upon the remaining four, and exclaimed:

"I'll t-t-take th-th-these."

AN EMBARRASSING FEMALE.—Milwanke cherished a Teutonic lady, fair, forty, and measuring two yards around the chest, sixty-two inches around her waist, and twenty-eight inches around her "biceps." The man who desires to embrace that woman will have to do as Bangs did in a similar case—reach around as far as he can, then make a chalk mark, and start again from where he left off. The funeral expenses of such a woman would be enormous, unless she could be induced to go out and expire in the grave-yard.

THE Princess of Wales has presented to Sandringham Church a thank-offering for the recovery of her husband from his dangerous illness. It consists of a brass lectern in the form of an eagle. Upon the breast is a red cross, with this inscription beneath:—"To the Glory of God, a thank-offering. Fourteenth of December of 1871. Alexandra." "When I was in trouble I called upon the Lord, and he heard me."—Psalm cxx., v. i. The lecturn was placed in the church on the Prince's birthday, and was used for the first time at the morning service on Sunday.

REV. DR. MCCOSH, President of Princetown College, tells the story of a negro who prayed earnestly that he and coloured brethren might be preserved from what he called their "upsettin' sins." "Brudder," said one of his colored friends, at the close of the meeting, "you aint got the hang of dat ar word. It's besettin, and not upsettin'." "Brudder," replied the other "if dat's so, 'tis so. But I was prayin' de Lord to save us from de sin of intaxation, and if dat aint an upsettin' sin I dunno what am."

THE late Rev. Norman McLeod, of Glasgow, a giant of a man, in company with a minister of smaller stature, was once crossing a lake in the Highlands when a storm arose. One of the passengers said: "The two ministers should begin to pray or we'll all be drowned." "No, no," answered the boatman, "the little one may pray if he likes, but the big one maun tak' an oar."

A GENTLEMAN travelling in Ireland said to a very importunate beggar, "You have lost all your teeth." The beggar quietly answered, "An it's time I parted with um, when I'd nothin' for um to do."

THE mother of an ungovernable Irish boy living in Portland thus excused him to the police, "Sure, Patey isn't a bad boy at all, but he is troubled with a rush of mind to the brain!"

THE "World" announces that a number of business men have gone to San Domingo, to conclude arrangements with President Bazaa, for the purchase of the Bay of Samana.

The Rev. inscription of aches his persently an old score and ten room. He w woollen gown. His gray hair on his head, sharp and pin red was on his trembled as he

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