

The Star,

And Conception Bay Semi-Weekly Advertiser.

VOLUME II.

HARBOR GRACE, NEWFOUNDLAND, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1873.

NUMBER 34.

USEFUL INFORMATION

OCTOBER.

S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.
5	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.

Full Moon..... 4th, 0.17 p. m.
Last Quarter..... 11th, 9.17 p. m.
New Moon..... 20th, 0.6 a. m.
First Quarter..... 27th, 4.42 a. m.

Mail Steamers to Depart from St. John's.

For Liverpool.....	Thursday,	June 19
For Halifax.....	Wednesday,	" 25
For Liverpool.....	Thursday,	July 3
For Halifax.....	Wednesday,	" 9
For Liverpool.....	Thursday,	" 17
For Halifax.....	Wednesday,	" 23
For Liverpool.....	Thursday,	" 31
For Halifax.....	Wednesday,	Aug. 6
For Liverpool.....	Thursday,	" 14
For Halifax.....	Wednesday,	" 20
For Liverpool.....	Thursday,	" 28
For Halifax.....	Wednesday,	Sept 3
For Liverpool.....	Thursday,	" 11
For Halifax.....	Wednesday,	" 17
For Liverpool.....	Thursday,	" 25
For Halifax.....	Wednesday,	Oct. 1
For Liverpool.....	Thursday,	" 9
For Halifax.....	Wednesday,	" 15
For Liverpool.....	Thursday,	" 23
For Halifax.....	Wednesday,	" 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, 38s. 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. Island, 27s. 6d.
RICE—East India, per cwt. 20s.
PEAS—Round, per brl. 20s. to 21s.
BUTTER—Canada, good 1s. to 1s. 2d. Nova Scotia, good 11d. to 1s. 1d.; American 8d. to 10d.; Hambro' 8d. to 10d.
CHEESE—9d. to 10d.
HAM—9d. to 10d.
PORK—American mess 95s. to 100s.; prime mess 90s.; extra prime 77s.
BEEF—Prime, per brl. 35s.
RUM—per hhd. 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.
LEATHER—American and Canadian 7d. to 8d.
TOBACCO—American and Canadian 1s. 5d. to 1s. 8d.; 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, Copyer and Sheet-Iron Worker,

BEGS 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.

JOBGING

Done at the Cheapest possible Terms.
Dec. 15. tf

NOTICES.

Very Important Notice!

The Wonder of the world!

GOOD NEWS FOR ALL!!

Prof. HERMAN'S

WORLD RENOWNED

VERMIN DESTROYER!

WHICH IS KNOWN TO BE Far Superior to Anything Ever Yet Discovered

FOR KILLING

Rats, Mice, Insects on Poultry, Ants, Bugs, Cockroaches, Black Beetles, Fleas on Dogs, Blight and Insects on Plants, Moths in Furs, Tick or Scab on Sheep or Goats also on Cattle, &c., &c.

Sold in Packets at 25 cents per Packet; or Six Packets for \$1.25.

The Powder is warranted free from all bad smell, and will keep in any Climate. It may be spread anywhere without risk, as it is quite harmless to Cats or Dogs, as they will not eat it.

DIRECTIONS FOR USE ON EACH PACKET.

MANUFACTORY:

Gravel Lane, Houndsditch,

CITY OF LONDON, ENGLAND.

The above discovery has gained for Professor Herman a Silver Prize Medal at the Inter-Colonial Exhibition of Victoria, Australia, of 1866, besides numerous testimonials.

OUTPORT AGENTS:

Messrs. Squires & Noble, Harbor Grace.
" Jillard Brothers, "
Mr. W. H. Thompson, "
" Michael Jones, "
Messrs. Duff & Balmer, Carbonear.
" G. & J. Smith, Brigus.
Mr. P. Nowlan, "
" G. C. Jerritt, "
" Robert Simpson, Bay Roberts.
" Moses Gosse, Spaniards Bay.

HARBOR GRACE.

St. PAUL'S CHURCH
BAZAAR.

THE Ladies' Committee respectfully request that those of their friends who have kindly promised contributions to the above object, will be pleased to forward them, so that they may be received at the latest by the 1st November.

Mrs. S. ANDREWS,
" W. O. WOOD,
" EVILL,
" TAPP,
" C. ROSS,
" A. RUTHERFORD,
" BADCOCK,
" FORD,
" A. CLIFT
" HIGGINS.
" BERTRAM JONES.

Sept. 30, 1873.

FR SALE.

LUMBER!

—BY—

H. W. TRAPNELL.

Now landing, ex "Atalanta," from Port Medway, N. S.:

20 M. Seasoned Prime Pine

BOARD

20 do. Hemlock do.
30 do. No. 2 Pine do.
July 30.

HARBOR GRACE

MEDICAL HALL,

W. H. THOMPSON,

PROPRIETOR

Has always on hand a carefully selected Stock of

DRUGS, MEDICINES,

DRY PAINTS,

Oils, &c., &c.,

And nearly every article in his line that is recommendable:

Gallup's Floriline for the Teeth and Breath
Keating's Worm Tablets
" Cough Lozenges
Rowland's Odonto
Oxley's Essence of Ginger
Lamploght's Pyretic Saline
Powell's Balsam Aniseed
Medicamentum (stamped)
British Oil, Balsam of Life, Chlorodyne
Mexican Mu-tang Liniment
Steer's Apollidoc
" Radway's Ready Relief, Arnold's Balsam
Murray's Fluid Magnesia
" Acidulated Syrup
S. A. Allen's Hair Restorer
Rossiter's "
Ayer's Hair Vigor
" Sarsaparilla
" Cherry Pectoral
Pickles, French Capers, Sauces
Soothing Syrup, Kaye's Coaguline
India Rubber Sponge, Teething
Sponge, Tooth Cloths
Nail, Shoe and Stove Brushes
Widow Welch's Pills
Morrison's Pills
Cockle's " Radway's "
Holloway's " Ayer's "
Norton's " Parsons' "
Hunt's " Jaynes' "
Holloway's Ointment
Adams' Indian Salve, Russia Salve
Morehead's Plaster, Corn Plaster
Father's Feeding Bottles
Bond's Marking Ink, Corn Flour
Fresh Hops, Arrowroot, Sago, Gold Leaf
Nelson's Gelatine and Isinglass
Bonnet Glue, Best German Glycerine
Lime Juice, Honey, Best Ground Coffee
Nixy's Black Lead
Roth & Co.'s Rat Paste
Brown's Bronchial Troches
Woodill's Worm Lozenges
" Baking Powder
McLean's Vermifuge
Lear's India Rubber Varnish
Copal Varnish,
Kerosene Oil, Lamps, Chimnies, Wicks,
Burners, &c., &c.
Cod Liver Oil,
Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites
Extract of Logwood, in 1/4 lb. boxes
Cudbear, Worm Tea, Toilet Soaps
Best Perfumeries, Pomades and Hair
Oils
Pain Killer
Henry's Calmed Magnesia
Enema Instruments, Gold Beater's Skin
Fumigating Pastils, Souditz Powders
Furniture Polish, Plate Polish
Flavouring Essences, Spices, &c., &c.
Robinson's Patent Bary
" Groats

All the above proprietary articles bear the Government Stamp, without which none are genuine.
Outport Orders will receive careful and prompt attention.
Sept. 71 tf

LeMessurier & Knight,
COMMISSION AGENTS.
Particular attention given to the Sale and Purchase of
DRY & PICKLED FISH
FLOUR, PROVISIONS,
WEST INDIA PRODUCE
—AND—
DRY GOODS.
Consignments solicited
St. John's, May 7, 1873. tf

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BLANK FORMS

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

POETRY.

A Reverie.

The golden grain has fallen 'neath the scythe,
The Autumn whirlwind moans amid the trees,
And on its course the sere leaves circling writhe—
So pass Life's withered hopes on Memory's fitful breeze.
But O they were not ripe, those visions fair,
When Time's rude sickle laid them, yet all green;
And e'en in death their fragrance fills the air
That ever wafts them back to me, I ween.

Sweet was the time when long—so long!
—ago
I filled Life's canvas with a scene so fair
That even then, alas! I seemed to know
The sketch was all too radiant, its tints too fair.
I named it "Promise," for my theme was Spring
A perfume sweet—Hope's breath—its flowers exhaled;
But ere its blossoms might their harvest bring,
Time's shadows gathered o'er it, and its glory paled.

Some of those gathered grains will yet give birth
To other golden crops, where is the yield
Of those bright promise-buds that decked the earth,
And shed delusive glory on Life's battle field?

Adown the vista of the past are seen
Panta-tic shapes, all dimmed their once bright train;
All tearful now I view the fading scene
As to my saddened heart it ever comes again.

EXTRACTS.

UNDER FALSE COLORS.

BY JUDGE CLARK.

My pocket book is gone! exclaimed an excited passenger, who had stepped up to the bar to liquor, and suddenly found himself without the means to liquidate.
Mine too! chorused a dozen more of us, simultaneously clapping our hands on our personal sub-treasuries and finding them vacant.

There was a commotion on board the good steamer *Swiftsure*, one of the best then navigating the Mississippi. A ruel set were we on whom thus unexpectedly dawned the fact of present insolvency.

My own case was peculiarly hard. The money I had lost was my all. I had just drawn it from the bank to pay for a home I had bargained for, and to which I was expecting soon to conduct my long-intended bride. Poor Kate—I could hardly, in justice, ask her to wait longer.
It is evident we have pickpockets on board, observed a grave-looking gentleman, who had already found time to talk himself into a leader of opinion among us.

It was pretty evident.
They have gone ashore with the booty, suggested another—we have already made several stoppages.

True, replied the grave gentleman; still it is proper that a general search be instituted. It will at least serve to clear of suspicion those present.

Very right, was the general voice.
And as a mover of the proposal, the gentleman continued, I first offer for scrutiny my own person and effects.

For form's sake the offer was accepted. Of course no discoveries were made in that quarter. Beyond a decent supply of clothing, a few religious books, and a moderate sum of money, nothing was found on the gentleman's person or among his effects.

At least they have left me my little pitance, he remarked, returning it to his pocket. I presume they hardly thought it worth the risk to venture on robbing a clergyman.

Had we known the gentleman's calling sooner—we were inexcusable not to have surmised it—we should certainly have insisted on his exemption from the test he had just undergone.

One after another was put through the ordeal with equally fruitless results, till it came the turn of the slipshoddy little man, who had hung back to the last, and whom nobody seemed to have noticed till now.

Step forward, sir, and submit like the rest, said the clergyman.

The little man obeyed. As he approached, a singular change came over the minister's countenance. It grew a trifle pale. But the feeling, whatever it was, was evanescent.

Do your duty, gentlemen, he said, in his usual tone of authority.

Those appointed to conduct the search proceeded with it. This time results were not so barren. Every one of the missing wallets was found in the little man's possession! It was easy to see he was an old offender. He didn't even flush at his detection. It was hard to tell whether the clergyman looked more surprised or pained.

What shall be done with him? was the general query.

It's a pity the laws are so laxly administered hereabouts, remarked the minister.

That's true, said another. It's no use turning him over to the law; he would be out of its clutch in a week.

Let's deal with him ourselves, I say, spoke up a burly planter from the bayous.

My function forbids that I should actively counsel violence, said the clerical gentleman, with just a touch of snivel in his tone.

Never you mind, Dominie, interrupted the planter; we'll take the responsibility.

It is greatly to be regretted, the minister went on, that such necessities should ever exist, but, it must be confessed, they sometimes do exist. This time the snivel was more perceptible.

Sound doctrine, old boss! again put in the planter. Jest leave the practice to us.

A rope was procured, at one end of which a noose was improvised, the other being made fast to one of the stanchions, and the culprit was given ten minutes to prepare.

Have you no remonstrance to make against this? asked the little man of the minister.

Ask your own conscience, replied the latter, what remonstrance I can make.

There is but one crime deserving of death, said the little man, with calm distinctness, and that is *willful murder*.

Again the minister's face paled.

Time is up! admonished the planter. Now you jest mount the guard there, and when you're shoved over the side, whether you're hanged or drowned will depend on the strength of the rope.

Can I offer you any spiritual consolation, my sinful friend? said the minister, with a snivel which was now very distinct.

You hypocritical villain! thundered the little man, with sudden vehemence. In your situation, such language to a clergyman is little short of blasphemy, returned the other.

You a clergyman! exclaimed the little man. If you ever entered a church in your life it was to rob it.

My character, I trust, is not to be assailed by the slanders of one found with stolen property on him, was the dignified answer.

This has gone far enough, said the little man. Gentlemen, I'm Tom Hanley, the detective. I hold a warrant for this man's arrest for murder and robbery. It was he who picked your pockets, for he is an adept in that as well as other crimes.

I saw him in the act. The accomplice to whom he passed the stolen property I took aside unobserved, before he left the boat at the landing, and, by a little moral suasion, induced him to disgorge privately, taking good care he should afterward have no chance to communicate with his principal. Two of my men followed him ashore, and ere now he is as hard and fast as this one will soon be.

The detective pulled off his whig and false whiskers, when the familiar face of Tom Hanley was recognized by at least a score of those present.

At a given signal, half a dozen stalwart assistants, whom he had, till now, taken for simple passengers, came forward, and in a trice the desperate thief and murderer was in custody, and manacled. He was taken ashore at the next landing, and, in due time, had justice.—N. Y. Ledger, Oct. 4.

A True and Touching Incident.

A young man and his wife were preparing to attend a Christmas party at the house of a friend some miles distant.

Henry, my dear husband, don't drink too much at the party to-day; you will promise me, won't you? said she, putting her hand upon his brow, and raising her eyes to his face with a pleading smile.

No, Millie, I will not; you may trust me, and she wrapped her infant in a soft blanket and they descended.

The horses were soon prancing over the turf, and a pleasant conversation beguiled the way.

Now, don't forget your promise, whispered the young wife, as they passed up the steps.

Poor thing! She was the wife of a man