

# The Star,

## And Conception Bay Semi-Weekly Advertiser.

Volume I.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Tuesday, January 28, 1873.

Number 72.

### JANUARY.

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	..
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### 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 and best quality, WHOLE-  
SALE and RETAIL.  
**221 WATER STREET,**  
St. John's,  
Newfoundland.  
One door East of P. HUGHES, Esq.  
**M.B.—FRAMES,** any size  
material, made to order.  
St. John's, May 10.

### FOR SALE.

### RESERVES & GROCERIES!

Just Received and For Sale by  
the Subscriber—

Fresh Cove OYSTERS  
Spiced do.

**PINE APPLES  
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  
Also, Agent for J. LINDBERG, Manufac-  
turing Jeweler.

A large selection of  
CLOCKS, WATCHES  
MEERCHAUM PIPES,  
PLATED WARE, and  
JEWELRY of every description & style  
May 14. ttf

**BLANK  
FORMS**  
Executed with NEATNESS  
and DESPATCH at the Office  
of this Paper.

### NOTICES.

## PAINLESS! PAINLESS!! TEETH

Positively Extracted without  
Pain

BY THE USE OF

**NITROUS OXIDE GAS.**

A NEW AND PERFECTLY SAFE  
METHOD.

### Dr. LOVEJOY & SON,

**OLD PRACTITIONERS OF DENTIS-  
TRY,** would respectfully offer their  
services to the Citizens of St. John's, and  
the outports.  
They can be found from 9 a.m. to 5  
p.m., at the old residence of Dr. George  
W. Lovejoy, No. 9, Cathedral Hill, where  
they are prepared to perform all Dental  
Operations in the most

Scientific and Approved Meth-  
od.

Dr. L. & Son would state that they  
were among the first to introduce the  
Anaesthetic (Nitrous Oxide Gas), and  
have extracted many thousand Teeth by  
its use

### Without producing pain,

with perfect satisfaction. They are still  
prepared to repeat the same process,  
which is perfectly safe even to Children.  
They are also prepared to insert the best  
Artificial Teeth from one to a whole Set  
in the latest and most approved style,  
using none but the best, such a  
received the highest Prem-  
iums at the world's Fair  
in London and Paris.  
Teeth filled with great care and in the  
most lasting manner. Especial attention  
given to regulating children's Teeth.  
St. John's, July 9.

### 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.

172 WATER STREET, 172

### JAMES FALLON,

**TIN, COPPER & SHEET-  
IRON WORKER,**

**B**EGS respectfully to inform  
the inhabitants of Harbor Grace  
and outports that he has com-  
menced business in the Shop No.  
172 Water Street, Harbor Grace,  
opposite the premises of Messrs. Punton  
& Munn, 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. 13. ttf

### W. H. THOMPSON,

AGENT FOR

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

### POETRY.

#### The Denouement.

I am going to be married;  
Don't you envy me, dear girls,  
When you look upon my trousseau,  
Wedding-ring and bridal pearls?  
I am going to be married,  
Though my heart it still is free,  
For I am not as old-fashioned  
As my mother used to be.

She would wed with father, (bless him!)  
A poor farmer, all for love—  
Darn his stockings, churn his butter,  
Meek as any cooing dove!  
And she calls those days the brightest  
Of her happy married life.  
What a taste was hers, dear mother,  
To be servant-maid and wife!

I am going to be married:  
Though my lover is fourscore,  
He has gold and silver plenty;  
Pray what lass would ask for more?  
I must never have a love time—  
I must never ask a mate,  
But do honor to my "veteran,"  
Whom, to tell the truth, I—hate

But I'm going to be married,  
Though a sacrifice, or die;  
And as swift amends hereafter,  
How I'll make his dollars fly!  
What with shopping and with flirting,  
What with dressing like a queen,  
I'll be the gayest little wife  
That ever yet was seen.

Perhaps I'll be a widow  
Ere I'm thirty—pray who knows?  
With a mint of ready money  
And an ocean of fine clothes.  
Then I'll marry some young squire  
Who is handsome, although poor.  
Hark! the marriage bells are ringing,  
And the groom is at the door.

Long, long years are past and over  
Since this maiden chose her lot,  
Yet the old man still is living,  
Hale and hearty, and—why not?  
While his wife has locks of silver,  
And infirmities a score,  
He can count of years a hundred,  
And has hopes of many more!

### EXTRACTS.

#### Making a Fortune.

Samuel McFadden was a watchman in  
a bank. He was poor, but honest, and his  
life was without reproach. The trouble  
with him was that he felt that he was not  
appreciated. His salary was only four  
dollars a week, and when he asked to  
have it raised, the president, the cashier,  
and the board of directors glared at him  
through their spectacles, and frowned on  
him, and told him to go out and stop his  
insolence when he knew business was dull,  
and the bank could not meet its expenses  
now, let alone lavish one dollar on such a  
miserable worm as Samuel McFadden.  
And then Samuel McFadden felt depressed  
and sad, and the haughty scorn of the  
president and cashier cut him to the soul.  
He would often go into the side yard, and  
bow his venerable twenty-four inch head,  
and weep gallons and gallons of tears over  
his insignificance, and pray that he might  
be made worthy of the cashier's and presi-  
dent's polite attention.

One night a happy thought struck him;  
a gleam of light burst upon him, and gaz-  
ing down the dim vista of years with his  
eyes all blinded with joyous tears, he saw  
himself rich and respected. So Samuel  
McFadden fooled around and got a jimmy,  
a monkey-wrench, a cross-cut saw, a  
cold chisel, a drill, and about a ton of  
gunpowder and nitro-glycerine, and all  
those things. Then, in the dead of night,  
he went to the fire-proof safe, and after  
working at it for a while, burst the door  
and brick into an immortal smash, with  
such a perfect success that there was not  
enough of that safe left to make a carpet-  
tack. Mr. McFadden then proceeded to  
load up with coupons, greenbacks, curren-  
cy and specie, and to nail all the odd  
change that was lying anywhere, so that  
he pranced out of the bank with over one  
million dollars on him. He then retired to  
an unassuming residence out of town, and  
then sent word to the detectives  
where he was.

A detective called on him next day,  
with a soothing note from the cashier,  
McFadden treated it with lofty scorn.  
Detectives called on him every day with  
humble notes from the president, cashier,  
and board of directors. At last the bank  
officers got up a magnificent private sup-  
per, to which Mr. McFadden was invited.  
He came, and as the bank officers bowed  
down in the dust before him, he pondered  
over the bitter past, and his soul was filled  
with wild exultation.

Before he drove away in his carriage  
that night, it was all fixed that McFadden  
was to keep half a million of that money,

and to be unmolested if he returned the  
other half. He fulfilled his contract like  
an honest man, but refused, with haugh-  
ty disdain, the offer of the cashier to mar-  
ry his daughter.

Mac is now honored and respected. He  
moves in the best society, he browses  
around in purple and fine linen and other  
good clothes, and enjoys himself first rate.  
And often now he takes his infant son on  
his knee, and tells him of his early life,  
and instils holy principles into the child's  
mind, and shows him how, by industry  
and perseverance, and frugality, and nitro-  
glycerine, and monkey-wrenches, and  
cross-cut saws, and familiarity with the  
detective system, even the poor may rise  
to affluence and responsibility.—MARK  
TWIN.

#### Sentenced to Death.

It would be a terrible thing to think  
that men could actually be glad that a fel-  
low creature is condemned to death, but  
we believe that the sentence of death pass-  
ed on Edward Stokes for the murder of  
James Fisk, jr., on the 6th instant, will  
meet with general approbation; and there  
will be a feeling of satisfaction, at least in  
New York that the dignity of the law is for  
once to be upheld. The record of New  
York for last year is a fearful one, 57  
homicides, and no one punished, and the  
fate of Stokes will probably cause a re-  
vulsion in public feeling and we expect to  
see many more convictions in the present  
year. No one who has read the evidence  
can doubt that Stokes wilfully murdered  
Fisk, and that the sentence of death is a  
just one; and while commiserating deep-  
ly with the unfortunate young man whose  
own rash act has so suddenly cut short  
his career, we cannot but express our  
satisfaction that there appears a possi-  
bility of law and order once more reign-  
ing in New York, and of lawlessness and  
ruffianism meeting their due rewards.

#### The Death Roll.

The report of the coroners of the City  
of New York presents some curious fea-  
tures; from it we learn that there were  
57 cases of homicide, 140 of suicide, 209  
of sunstroke, 735 accidental deaths, 206  
bodies found floating in the river during  
the year 1872. The murder record is ter-  
ribly high, being more than one a week,  
besides which it is fair to suppose that a  
large percentage of the bodies found in  
the river—perhaps one half—were mur-  
ders no trace of the perpetrators of which  
has ever been found. The number of  
homicides exceeds that of the previous  
year by 15; and in view of this increase  
it is well to note that no execution took  
place in the city of New York during the  
year, and that 30 murderers now await  
trial in the Tombs prison. The increase  
of crime in New York during the past  
four or five years has been terrible, and  
unless the verdict in the Stokes case has  
a salutary effect, as we hope it will, we  
fear New York will drift into such a  
state of lawlessness that the dangerous  
remedy of a Vigilance Committee will  
have to be resorted to. The administration  
of justice has been so lax, and bribery and  
corruption so notorious, that all confi-  
dence in the power of the law seems to  
have been lost, and people have been  
pretty freely taking the law into their  
own hands. We hope now that one ex-  
ample has been made a better state of  
things will ensue.

#### Lord Nelson.

Human nature is very frail. No man  
ever had a stronger sense of it under the  
influence of a sense of justice than Lord  
Nelson. He was loth to inflict punish-  
ment; and when he was obliged, as he  
called it, "to endure the torture of seeing  
men flogged," he came out of his cabin  
with a hurried step, ran into the gangway,  
made his bow to the General, and reading  
the articles of war, that the culprit had in-  
fringed, said, "Boatswain, do your duty."  
The lash was instantly applied, and con-  
sequently the sufferer exclaimed, "Forgive  
me, Admiral, forgive me!" On such an  
occasion, Lord Nelson would look round  
with wild anxiety, he would say, "What!  
none of you speak for him! Avast! cast  
him off!" And then add, to the suffering  
culprit, "Jack, in the day of battle, re-  
member me," and he became a good fel-  
low in future.

A poor man was about to be flogged—a  
landsman,—and few pitied him. His of-  
fence was drunkenness. As he was being  
tied up, a lovely girl, contrary to all rules,  
rushed through the officers, and, falling  
on her knees, clasped Nelson's hand, in  
which were the articles of war, exclaiming,  
—"Pray forgive him, your Honor, and he  
shall never offend again." "Your face,"  
said Nelson, "is a security for his good be-  
haviour. Let him go; the fellow cannot  
be bad who has such a lovely creature in  
his care." The man rose to be a Lieuten-  
ant; his name was Wm. Rye.

#### What Men Know of Women.

Men always believe that they under-  
stand women. There is nothing a man

generally prides himself on more. He  
knows when a woman is trying to catch  
him, and is flattering him, and all that;  
but when she says: "There's nobody  
whose judgment I rely on as I do on yours  
you are so sensible, and so kind;" and  
when she takes him into a little back  
room where the *tete-a-tete* is and tells him  
all her troubles, and asks him how, if she  
respects a gentleman, but doesn't love  
him, and she *can't* love Mr. Sprogles,  
"how she shall keep him from propos-  
ing"—then he knows that she is an ap-  
preciative little woman, with no art in  
her.

When, with the most bewitching little  
velvet cloak—price two hundred dollars  
—on her shoulders, she declares that she  
didn't care how she looked and just  
wrapped up well, he knows she has no  
vanity. When she rushes up to her dear  
friend Felicia, and kissing her on the  
cheek, declares that she is so sorry to see  
her looking so pale, and that she'd like  
to kill the dress maker for fitting her  
dress so badly, he knows that she is am-  
able—so amiable! And when, after six  
months of regular calls and constant at-  
tention, she replies to his offer—"Oh, I  
am so taken by surprise! I thought you  
only a friend. I'm engaged to Mr.  
Sprogles!"—he thinks her a dear, artless  
soul, and goes away sorrowing.

#### A Word about Word-Tinkers.

When the notorious etymologist—  
Ruloff the murderer—was hanged last  
year, we think not a few secret regrets  
were felt that more of them were not put  
to the same use.

Not but etymology is well enough in its  
place. Words, like people, have their an-  
cestors and family connections, and to  
trace out their relationship is often a  
pleasing, and not always a profitless em-  
ployment. But save us from the man  
who makes a mission of finding a father  
for every verbal waif that comes in his  
way, even if it have to be adopted out.

Consulting a treatise on the law of in-  
surance lately, we noticed a batch of  
pages devoted to the origin of the word  
"policy;" and after ransacking the nooks  
and crannies of half a dozen living langu-  
ages, and violating the graves of several  
dead ones, where do you think the author  
found it? You would hardly guess. Why  
of all the places in the world, in the Latin  
*pollex*, a thumb, because, forsooth, the  
thumb is, or was anciently, the instrument  
used in affixing seals to documents?  
Doubtless the same ingenious writer  
could, if he tried, give equally good rea-  
sons for deriving equity from *equus*, a  
horse, and honesty from *onus*, an ass.

We wanted to read no more in that  
book. Yet it affords but a fair sample  
of the way in which reckless verbal gen-  
ealogists, in defiance of sense, sound and  
spelling, will invent a spurious kinship  
between words related neither by consan-  
guinity or affinity.

Still more insufferable are the verbal  
*false coiners*, ever on the watch to put off  
some base product of their own in lieu of  
the lawful currency of speech. We had  
more than one example of this during the  
recent horse malady. When nearly the  
whole adult equine population was afflicted  
with influenza, and all the colts had  
croup, and while sympathetic people  
everywhere were kindly advising remedies,  
some recommending to put the patients'  
feet in hot water, and others to  
swathe their throats in red flannel, far  
different was the occupation of the word-  
tinkers. While hundreds of the afflicted  
brutes—peace to their *manes*—were suc-  
cumbing daily, and columns of the morn-  
ing papers were filled with their obituar-  
ies, these critical, or *hippo-critical* gentry,  
spent their time in coining names for the  
disorder. And when at last *Epihippotic*  
and *Epizootic*, after much research, were  
hit upon, was any man or beast the better  
or wiser? At least the horses, we opine,  
would answer *nigh*.

*Epiwhat* is it when donkeys die of it, as  
did that poor little fellow we used to see  
going about the streets tugging a peanut  
cart? Poor little donkey!—he resembled  
so much a certain judicial luminary we  
knew once—not in New York, of course  
—that we never passed him without feel-  
ing an involuntary impulse to raise our  
hat.

Green grow the thistles over him!

"Pray, sir, of what profession are you?"  
asked Mr. Edwin James of a witness who  
had come prepared to prove a fact, and  
who was deemed not very respectable.  
"Sir, I am a shoemaker and a wine mer-  
chant." "A what, sir?" said the learned  
counsel. "A wine merchant and shoe-  
maker." "Then," said Mr. James, "I  
may describe you as a sherry cobbler."

A physician, on presenting his bill to  
the executor of the estate of a deceased  
patient, asked, "Do you wish to have my  
bill sworn to?" "No," replied the exe-  
cutor; "the death of the deceased is suf-  
ficient evidence that you attended him  
professionally."

old church many  
nd Mark were a  
after them rode  
for her escort.  
e of Italy's sun-  
ng, chatting and  
g to the fullest

reached the broad  
r half an hour's  
destination. It  
e half fallen to  
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and at the back,  
ed with rocks and  
the right, and,  
pped down into a  
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ng the rocks,  
water flowed mu-  
on the hillside,  
l near the centre  
finding an outlet  
ad song in shade  
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became separated  
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hey reached its  
zed around. The  
try seemed lying  
ter admiring the  
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ek, covered with  
formed a seat up-  
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ey were seated,  
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raising her hand  
curl that would  
its confinement,  
the chain which  
which she caught  
s falling to the  
wering Richard,  
aimed,—  
where can I have

nd she looked a-  
banner, trying to  
lying near.  
d it when we were  
rock. I will see  
here, and I will  
moment.

he rock, but not  
ried on, and soon  
paces beyond. He  
as he stooped and  
it had been step-  
pen. Of course  
ad broken it, as  
r person there; as  
d, he noticed a  
sely, and laid in  
en. The other  
are, painted on  
at it; what was  
not be—and yet  
portrait! Yes,  
y's face smiling

ent astonishment,  
ot hear footsteps,  
stood beside him.  
n she was there,  
d to the picture,

oy do you carry  
but bowed her  
er face with her

ow, she said.  
re is to be told.  
ck to our resting-  
there while you  
e picture.

he said, reaching  
taking the paper  
in the locket.

aper, opened and  
ertificate of his  
with Mabel Vane.  
on sat gazing far

### OUR NEXT.]

### TAR

N BAY SEMI-  
VERTISER.

ned by the Proprie-  
PARSONS and Wil-  
at their Office, (op-  
of Capt. D. Green,  
r Grace, Newfound-

THREE DOLLARS per  
lf-yearly.

ted on the most  
Per square of seven-  
insertion, \$1; each  
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ing executed in a  
to afford the utmost

### NOTES.

Mr. J. Foote, 1  
" W. Horwood,  
" R. Simpson,  
" C. Rendell,  
" B. Miller,  
" J. Miller,  
" H. J. Watters,  
" J. Edgecombe,