

LITERARY.

Sweet Sixteen.

'You think the world is only made
For you and such as you,' he said,
Laughing aloud in boyish scorn,
Of boyish mirth and mischief born.

She never turned from where she stood
Prinking her little silken snood
Of sixteen curls before the glass:
She never turned to see him pass.

Nor answered him save with a laugh
That half confessed his boyish 'chaff';
But left alone confronted there
With her own image fresh and fair.

A sudden blush lit up her face
With newer youth and fresher grace,
And eyes that were demurely fixed
A moment since with thought unmixed.

Upon the smoothing of a tress,
Now sparkled soft with consciousness,
'Why not why not?' she lightly cried
Out of the gay exultant pride.

The sweet wild insolence of youth;
'Why not for me, for me, forsooth,
And such as me the world be made,
For me its glories all arrayed?

For since the world and life begun,
What poet's measure have not run
Through all the strains of minstrelsy
In praise of me and such as me?

For youth and beauty in their day
Have ruled the world and will for aye,
One, greatest of them all has sung
In verse that through the world has rung.

And here's my day to live and reign,
To take the joy and leave the pain
From this old world that's made for me,
For me, for me, and such as me!

Gay laughter rang through every word,
And yet beneath the laughter stirred
A something more than jesting play—
Just sweet sixteen that very day.

She half believed in sober truth,
In the sweet insolence of youth,
That all for her, a foolish maid,
The world's gay glories were arrayed.

PAULINE VERNON.

CHAPTER I.

'I have a bit of news for you Lionel.'
There was a smile on Pauline Vernon's
lovely face when she said these words to
her betrothed lover, as he sat where he
had a right to sit close beside her, on
the satin sofa in Mr. Vernon's elegant
parlor.

'Indeed! I hope it is pleasant news,'
said Mr. Lionel Darrel.
'Oh, yes, no doubt it will be delightful.
I am expecting a visitor.'

'A visitor! Well the pleasantness depends
then. If it is a fine-looking young
fellow coming to cut me out I don't see
it at all.'

'Lionel, you know better!' laughed
Pauline. 'If it were a gentleman it would
be papa's visitor, not mine.'

'A lovely young lady, Lionel. My cousin
Maud Vernon. You've heard me speak
of her?'

'I think I have.'
'She is an orphan and papa is her
guardian. She generally lives with a
married sister but she is coming to Ver-
non Hill to spend the summer. Aren't
you glad?'

'Hm—well—yes; if her coming gives
you pleasure I ought to be, I suppose,'
responded Mr. Darrel.

'But you don't speak as if you were.'
'No; candidly, dear Pauline, I am not.
Don't you see, her coming will spoil all
our pleasant walks and talks, and rides
together. I don't need any company
but you and if she comes I'll never have
an hour alone with you.'

And Mr. Darrel took Pauline's soft
hand in his own warm clasp and sighed
heavily.

'But we must not be selfish you know,
dear Lionel,' answered Pauline with a
light sigh, for she, too had thought of
that, and the hours spent with Lionel
Darrel were very happy ones to her.

'One ought not to be, I suppose, but
I could live if she didn't come.'

'Take care, sir! You haven't seen her
yet, she is very lovely very bewitching
sweet and fairly like, and—'

'Oh for heaven's sake no more. You
overwhelm me! But I don't care if she
is an angel; she isn't my Pauline, and
she won't disturb my heart.'

'Thank you for your loyalty Lionel,
she will be here to-morrow.'

'To-morrow! So soon! Ah, then, this
is our last evening together. You must
let me stay late to-night. And now get
your shawl and let us go out to the rose
arbor a little while; the evening is too
lovely to stay in doors.'

He put Pauline's hand to his lips,
these lovers were not very demonstrative,
and released her. She went for her shawl
to stroll with him, but ah! neither one
of them dreamed how prophetic were
Lionel Darrel's words and that it was,
indeed, the last evening they would ever
spend together just as they were now.

Pauline Vernon was the only daughter of
a wealthy lawyer, and since her mother's
death years ago she had been mistress
of her elegant home, assisted by her trusty
housekeeper Mrs. Dwyer.

She was rather tall, with a beautiful-
ly developed form, clear pale complexion,
magnificent brown hair, and a pair of

earnest brown eyes, so sweet and tender
that, looking into them, you instinctively
felt that all things true and womanly
dwelt in the pure soul which looked out
through them.

In manner she was entirely lady like
and self possessed and in disposition she
was, as has been said, 'another
'affectionate, unselfish, and cheerful;
kind to the suffering, generous to the
poor, courteous to her equals, considerate
to her inferiors; and though possessed
of great beauty, she was not made vain
and silly by the consciousness of it.'

Lionel Darrel was her accepted over-
lover. He was not entirely her father's choice,
but as he seemed to be hers, Mr. Vernon
interposed no objections, and the course
of true love seemed destined, for once,
to run smooth.

Tall, broad-shouldered, strong of limb
and light of foot, with a hand-ome manly
face and rich, tawny beard and mustache,
it was no wonder that Pauline was attracted
with him.

There seemed to be no flaw in her gem
but a close observer reading the lines
about his mouth and chin, usually hidden
by his hand-ome beard would have said
that somewhere in Lionel Darrel's com-
position there was a weak spot, and he
might sometime be led through it to his
ruin.

So much by way of introduction. Now
for our story.

The dewy sunlight of a beautiful June
morning hung fresh and fragrant over
the landscape around Vernon Hill, as
Pauline stood upon the front piazza the
next day, waiting the arrival of the car-
riage that had been sent to the station
to meet Maud Vernon at the early train.

It rolled rapidly up the broad drive,
and a slight willowy figure in a travelling
dress of silvery gray, sprang out, and
came running up the steps, throwing
herself into Pauline's waiting arms.

'I am so glad to see you, darling!' said
Pauline; 'you must be so tired riding all
night.'

'No I am not very tired. I rested very
well in the sleeping car,' answered Maud's
silvery voice.

'I hope you have not breakfasted?'
'Mrs. Dwyer has kept breakfast waiting
for you.'

'Indeed I have not. And I assure you
I am hungry too.'

'Well come right in and we will try
and find something to satisfy you. James
take Miss Vernon's trunks up to the room
next to mine. Would you prefer to go
up stairs first, Maud, or will you have
breakfast first, and rest a few minutes?'

'I believe I will have breakfast. I
made my toilet as well as I could in the
car dressing room.'

'Come right in then, and let me help
you off with your things. Papa has to
go to town early every day; he went this
morning when the carriage went for you
but he will be home to dinner, and you
will need to rest until that time.'

Helen led her cousin into the e-
legant parlor, and assisted her to remove
her rappings.

'Oh how beautiful you are!' she cried
impulsively. 'And in her heart she died
'How beautiful you are, I wish Lionel
could see her now, he is so fond of beau-
ty!'

'No prettier than you, I look like a
'baby and you like a grand gracious wo-
man,' replied Maud unconscious of telling
the truth as she shook out the great
clout of golden hair which fell below
her slender waist, and turned her large
blue eyes upon her cousin.

'Little flatterer!' smiled Pauline. 'Now
come, or you will perish with hunger.'

'She led the way to the small dining-
room where a charming little breakfast
table was laid for two.

'Oh, what a sweet little place!' cried
Maud, drawing a breath of the warm
perfumed air.

'We think it pleasant than the larger
dining room, when there not too many of
us,' said Pauline. 'But for dinner and
on great occasions, we use that room.
Will take coffee or chocolate dear.'

'Chocolate please, I prefer it for break-
fast. How kind you are to wait for me.'

'Not at all. I came down when papa
took his but mine will taste better with
such pleasant company. After you rest
a while, I will show you over the house.'

'It is a lovely place, I am sure I shall be
very happy here,' said Maud.

'We will try to make you so,' smiled
Pauline, in return.

After breakfast Maud was shown to
her room, to lie down for a few hours
Pauline promising to call her in time for
dinner.

Accordingly she went herself to her
cousin's door, but Maud was already up
and dressed.

'What, ready so soon. I did not hear
you stirring,' said Pauline. 'Papa has
not come yet, and it you like I will show
you the house before dinner.'

'I shall be delighted. How do I look?
Shall I do? I haven't worn this blue silk
before, so I don't know how it becomes
me,' said Maud, unconsciously pacing in
Pauline's hand a key to her character.

'It is very becoming and you look like
a fairy,' returned Pauline. 'I am sorry
there is no one but papa, besides myself
to admire you to-day.'

'Don't you have any company here in
the country?'

'Oh yes, plenty; but there happens to
be nobody just now,' said Pauline as they
went down stairs.

Pauline did, to make her feel herself en-
tirely at home.

After dinner the two cousins returned
to the parlor, and Maud flitted around
smiling herself with the pretty knicks
knacks and trifles scattered about, until
at last she chanced upon a picture of Mr.
Lionel Darrel, in a small oval frame of
velvet.

'Oh, Pauline who is this handsome
man?' she cried.
'That?' said Pauline, with perfect indif-
ference. 'Let me see. Oh, that is Mr.
Darrel.'

'And who is Mr. Darrel?' persisted
Maud.

'He is—Mr. Lionel Darrel, a friend of
—of papa's. He used to be a student in
papa's law office before he was admitted
to the bar.'

'Oh! Well, I hope he comes here
sometimes?'

'He comes often. He is an intimate
friend of—of the family.'

'And is he as handsome as his picture?'

'I believe most people think so.'

'Well, I wonder you don't fall in love
with him.'

'I'm not one of the susceptible kind,'
laughed Pauline.

'Well, I am, and I'm going to fall head-
over heels in love with this Mr.—what
did you say?—Lemuel Darrel?'

'Lionel,' quietly supplied Pauline
What, have you come to break a country
heart for pasture, e'en you go to town?'

'Oh, no. Nor to get my own broken
either, laughed Maud.

And Helen echoed the laugh, for she
was so secure in her faith in her lover,
that not one doubt disturbed her gentle
breast.

But she could not say to her light
hearted cousin, 'Lionel Darrel is my be-
trothed.' She could talk of other things
but this secret was too sacred to be light-
ly jested upon.

Perhaps it was not wise to hide it, but
Pauline in her proud reticence, could not
tell it.

Maud is only jesting,' she said as a
faint pang shot through her heart. 'She
means nothing, and I am quite willing.
Lionel should admire her loveiness.
She will find out for herself after a
while, and I don't fear for him in the
least.'

Alas! for poor true-hearted Pauline.
And alas! for warm hearted, but vain
and weak little Maud.

And twice alas! for blind Lionel.

CHAPTER II.

At an early hour that same evening
Mr. Lionel Darrel sprang lightly up the
steps at Vernon Hill, and was ushered
into the parlor.

Pauline sat there in a beautiful evening
dress of garnet and cream colored silk,
and close to her sat Maud, in the blue
silk which so well set off her dazzling
complexion and long golden hair.

Pauline arose and received Mr. Darrel
with quiet cordiality such as she might
have shown to any friend, then turning to
Maud, she said—

'Cousin Maud let me present Mr. Dar-
rel. Mr. Darrel my cousin, Miss Vernon.
Lionel Darrel bowed low and stammered
some reply, quite at variance with his
usual self-possessed ease.

He was prepared to meet a pretty girl,
with this radiant vision, with floating gold-
en hair which stood beside Pauline was
a surprise that struck him, for an instant
dumb.

He quickly recovered himself, however,
and was soon as entertaining as ever.

The evening seemed to pass so quick-
ly that Mr. Lionel Darrel was quite as-
tonished when the clock struck eleven.

'So late?' said he. 'I had no idea of it.
You ladies charm a man till he forgets
how time flies. I suppose I must say
good-night now.'

Not just yet, pleaded Pauline. 'You
have not heard Maud sing. Come, little
one let Mr. Darrel hear 'Loves Young
Dream,' just once, won't you?'

Maud needed no second request, for
music was the one thing in which she
really did excel, and she was not at all
averse to showing off her accomplishments.

Lionel Darrel was very fond of music,
and his praise was enthusiastic enough
to satisfy even Pauline; but he did not
ask for another song, and shortly took
his leave.

Pauline accompanied him to the door.
'How do you like Maud?' she asked.

'Oh—she is pretty and sings like a
bird or an angel. She will be a great
idea of company for you Pauline. It is
very nice she came,' said Lionel, quite
forgetting the lamentation he had made
over her coming only the night before.

'I told you I knew you would like her,'
said Pauline.

'Well you see I'm hardly well enough
acquainted to judge of that yet. But I
dare say I shall like her,' answered Mr.
Darrel.

He then bid Pauline good-night and
strode away.

As I said before these lovers were not
demonstrative, but was it fancy or was
Pauline correct in thinking that his good
night was even less so than usual this
time?

Such an idea did cross her brain for an
instant, but quick y banished while she
went back to her fair cousin with a calm
bright face.

And Mr. Lionel Darrel, hastening
rapidly down the hill towards the town
was thinking.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Sins of the Drunkard.

By order of the Bishop of Liverpool
the following important announcements
were recently made in the churches and
chapels of that diocese;

In consequence of the widely-spread
vice of intemperance, and the many evils
both spiritual and temporal, resulting
from it we feel it incumbent upon us to
make known to all the following doc-
trines—the teaching of our greatest theo-
logians:

1. Whosoever deliberately drinks to
such an extent as to lose his reason com-
mits a mortal sin.

2. Whosoever knows by past experi-
ence that a certain quantity of liquor has
rendered him intoxicated if he again
drinks to the same degree, whereby he
doth, can, and ought to foresee this dan-
ger, commits a mortal sin.

3. Whosoever continues to drink, not
withstanding his probable belief that in-
toxication will be the result, and not-
withstanding that he foresees, or ought to
foresee, this danger, commits a mortal
sin.

4. Whosoever knows by past experi-
ence that when drunk he is accustomed
to blaspheme or utter other improper
language, or to strike other individuals
about him, besides the mortal sin of
drunkenness, is guilty of those other
crimes, either mortal or venial, commit-
ted during the state of intoxication.

5. Whosoever knows by past experi-
ence that by frequenting ale-houses, gin
shops and taverns, or by going thither
in company with others, he is generally
accustomed to fall into drunkenness, is
obliged under mortal sin to avoid the
proximate occasion of sin, that is, to ab-
stain from frequenting such ale-houses,
gin shops or taverns, or from going
thither with such companies.

6. Whosoever goes to confession, and
has not a true and firm resolution of ab-
staining in the cases aforesaid, cannot be
absolved, and should he receive abolu-
tion it is not only of no avail, but he
becomes guilty of sacrilegious confess-
ion.

7. Whosoever does not adopt the
proper means for the correction of this
vice, and should he receive abolu-
tion it is not only of no avail, but he
becomes guilty of sacrilegious confess-
ion.

8. Whosoever entices and urge another
to excess in drinking, whom he fore-
sees will be intoxicated, commits a mor-
tal sin.

9. Any seller of liquor who continues
to supply it to an individual who he
knows will become intoxicated thereby
commits a mortal sin because he di-
liberately cooperates in the sin of another.

10. Whosoever is guilty of excess and
intemperance in drinking, even though
not to intoxication but thereby causing
great distress to his family, squandering
wealth by his intemperance that which
should serve for their support, commit-
ting a mortal sin against charity and justice,

in like manner whosoever thus renders
himself incapable of the payment of his
debts, although he may not drink to in-
toxication commits a mortal sin.

Let all confessors, both secular and
regular, impress upon their penitents
the enormity of this sin, by some, per-
haps little regarded, and let them dili-
gently prescribe the means for its cor-
rection.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

JUST RECEIVED,
Per Hero, from Grenock,
100 Barrels Bass & Co.'s,
A L E,
(QUARTS.)
100 Bls. ditto ditto Pints
May 22. J. & T. HE'RN.

A CARD.

Superior Board and Accomodation
for either Permanent or Transient
BOARDERS.
B. S. MOREY,
177 DUCKWORTH STREET,
Near Prescott Street, St. John's.
May 22.

A CARD.

T. W. SPRY,
Notary Public,
"EXPRESS" BUILDINGS,
ST. JOHN'S, NFLD.

P. F. CARBERY,
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANT
AND AUCTIONEER,
Central Auction-Mart,
BECK'S COVE, ST. JOHN'S,
St. John's, June 12. 2m.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

This Great Household Medi-
cine ranks amongst the lead-
ing necessities of Life.

These famous Pills purify the blood
and act most powerfully, yet soothingly
on the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS,
and BOWLS, giving tone, energy and
vigour to these great MAIN SPINGS
OF LIFE. They are confidently re-
commended as a never failing remedy
in all cases where the constitution,
from whatever cause, has become
impaired or weakened. They are won-
derfully efficacious in all ailments
incidental to Female of all ages and
as General Family Medicine, are
unsurpassed.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

Its Searching and Healing Prop-
erties are known through-
out the world.

For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breaths,
Old Wounds, Sores & Ulcers,
It is an infallible remedy. It effectually
rubbed on the neck and chest as salt
into meat, it Cures SORE THROAT,
Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even
ASTHMA. For Glandular Swellings,
Abscesses, Piles, Fistulae,

GOUT, RHEUMATISM,

And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it
has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are Manufactured
solely at

533 OXFORD STREET LONDON.
And are sold by all Vendors of medicines
throughout the Civilized World, with
directions for use in almost every lan-
guage.

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 535, Oxford Street,
London, they are spurious.

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 sun-
rise. 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" Nor'th.
Lon. 54° 00' 19" West.

The Illuminating Apparatus is Di-
optric of the Fifth Order, with a Sin-
gle Argand Burner. The whole water
horizon is illuminated.

By order,

JOHN STUART,
Secretary.

Board of Works Office,
St. John's, April 17th, 1879.

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.