

The Star,

And Conception Bay Semi-Weekly Advertiser.

Volume I.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Friday, January 17, 1873.

Number 70.

JANUARY.

S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.
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FOR SALE.

RESERVES & GROCERIES!

Just Received and For Sale by the Subscriber—

Fresh Cove OYSTERS
Spiced do.

PINE APPLES
PEACHES

Strawberries—preserved in Syrup
Brambleberries do.

—ALWAYS ON HAND—
A Choice Selection of GROCERIES.
T. M. CAIRNS.
Opposite the Premises of Messrs. C. W. Ross & Co.
Sept. 17.

NOTICES.

J. 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) WHOLESALE and RETAIL.
221 WATER STREET,
St. John's,
Newfoundland.
One door East of P. HUTCHINS, Esq.
N. B.—FRAMES, any size and material, made to order.
St. John's, May 10. tf.

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 denominations, 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, Manufacturing Jeweler.
A large selection of CLOCKS, WATCHES, MEERCHAUM PIPES, PLATED WARE, and JEWELRY of every description & style

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 DENTISTRY, 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 Method.
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 as receive the highest Premiums 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.

BANNERMAN & LYON'S
Photographic Rooms,
Corner of Bannerman and Water Streets.

THE SUBSCRIBERS, having made suitable arrangements for taking a **FIRST-CLASS PICTURE,** Would respectfully invite the attention of the Public to a **CALL AT THEIR ROOMS.** Which they have gone to a considerable expense in fitting up. Their Prices are the **LOWEST** ever afforded to the Public; And with the addition of a **NEW STOCK of INSTRUMENTS, CHEMICALS** and other Material in connection with the art, they hope to give entire satisfaction.
ALEXR. BANNERMAN,
E. WILKS LYON.
Nov 5. tf

Blacksmith & Farrier,

BEGGS respectfully to acquaint his numerous patrons and the public generally, that he is **EVER READY** to give entire satisfaction in his line of business. All work executed in substantial manner and with despatch.
Off LeMarchant St., North of Gas House.
Sept. 17.

W. H. THOMPSON,
AGENT FOR
Felows' Compound Syrup
OF
HYPOPHOSPHITES

POETRY.

I'm Twenty-Five.
'Tis wondrous strange how great the change
Since I was in my teens!
Then I had beaux andillet-doux,
And join'd the gayest scenes;
But lovers now have ceased to vow—
No way they now contrive
To poison, hang, or drown themselves,
Because I'm twenty-five!

Once, if the night were e'er so bright,
I ne'er abroad could roam
Without "The bliss—the honour—miss,
Of seeing you safe home."
But now I go, through rain or snow,
Pensive, and scarce alive,
Through all the dark, without a spark,
Because I'm twenty-five!

They used to call, and ask me all
About my health so frail:
And thought a ride would help my side,
And turn my cheek less pale.
But now, alas! if I am ill,
None cares that I revive;
And my pale cheek in vain may speak,
Because I'm twenty-five!

Now if a ride improve my side
I'm forced to take the stage;
For that is deem'd quite proper for
A person of my age;
And then no hand is offer'd me
To help me out alive;
They think it won't hurt me to fall,
Because I'm twenty-five!

Oh, dear! 'tis queer that every year
I'm slighted more and more;
For not a beau pretends to show
His head within our door.
Nor ride, nor card, nor soft address
My spirits now revive;
In truth, one might as well be dead
As say, "I'm twenty-five!"

EXTRACTS.

The Idyl of Red Gulch.
BY BRET HARTE.
Sandy was very drunk. He was lying under an azalea-bush, in pretty much the same attitude in which he had fallen some hours before. How long he had been lying there he could not tell, and didn't care; how long he should lie there was a matter equally indefinite and unconsidered. A tranquil philosophy, born of his physical condition, suffused and saturated his moral being.

The spectacle of a drunken man, and of this drunken man in particular, was not, I grieve to say, of sufficient novelty in Red Gulch to attract attention. Earlier in the day some local satirist had erected a temporary tombstone at Sandy's head, bearing the inscription, "Effects of McCorkle's wh-key,—kills at forty rods," with a hand pointing to McCorkle's saloon. But this, I imagine, was, like most local satire, personal; and was a reflection upon the unfairness of the process rather than a commentary upon the impropriety of the result. With this facetious exception, Sandy had been undisturbed, a wandering mule, released from his pack, had dropped the scant herbage beside him, and sniffed curiously at the prostrate man; and a vagabond dog, with that deep sympathy which the species have for drunken men, had licked his dusty boots, and curled himself up at his feet, and lay there, blinking one eye in the sunlight, with a simulation of dissipation that was ingenious and dog like in its implied flattery of the unconscious man beside him.

Meanwhile the shadows of the pine trees had slowly swung around until they crossed the road, and their trunks barred the open meadow with gigantic parallels of black and yellow. Little puffs of red dust, lifted by the plunging hoofs of passing teams, dispersed in a grimy shower upon the recumbent man. The sun sank lower and lower; and still Sandy stirred not. And then the repose of this philosopher was disturbed, as other philosophers have been, by the intrusion of an unphilosophical sex.

"Miss Mary," as she was known to the little flock that she had just dismissed from the log school-house beyond the pines, was taking her afternoon walk. Observing an unusually fine cluster of blossoms on the azalea-bush opposite, she crossed the road to pluck it,—picked her way through the red dust, not without certain fierce little shivers of disgust, and came to a stop. And then he came suddenly upon Sandy!

Of course she uttered the little staccato cry of her sex. But when she had paid that tribute to her physical weakness she became overbold, and halted for a moment,—at least six feet from this prostrate monster,—with her white skirts gathered in her hand, ready for flight. But neither sound nor motion came from the bush. With one little foot she then overturned

the satirical head board, and muttered "Beats!"—an epithet which probably, at that moment, conveniently classified in her mind the entire male population of Red Gulch. For Miss Mary, being possessed of certain rigid notions of her own, had not, perhaps, properly appreciated the demonstrative gallantry for which the Californian has been so justly celebrated by his brother Californians, and had, as a new comer, perhaps, fairly earned the reputation of being "stuck-up."

As she stood there she noticed, also, that the slant sunbeams were heating Sandy's head to what she judged to be an unhealthy temperature, and that his hat was lying uselessly at his side. To pick it up and to place it over his face was a work requiring some courage, particularly as his eyes were open. Yet she did it, and made good her retreat. But she was somewhat concerned, on looking back, to see that the hat was removed, and that Sandy was sitting up and saying something.

The truth was, that in the calm depths of Sandy's mind he was satisfied that the rays of the sun were beneficial and healthful; that from childhood he had objected to lying down in a hat: that no people but condemned fools, past redemption, ever wore hats; and that his right to dispense with them when he pleased was inalienable. This was the statement of his inner consciousness. Unfortunately, its outward expression was vague, being limited to a repetition of the following formula—"Su shine all ri! Wasser maar, eh? Wass up, su shine?"

Miss Mary stopped, and taking fresh courage from her vantage of distance asked him if there was anything that he wanted.

"Wass up? Wasser maar?" continued Sandy, in a very high key.
"Get up, you horrid man!" said Miss Mary, now thoroughly incensed; "get up and go home."

Sandy staggered to his feet. He was six feet high, and Miss Mary trembled. He started forward a few paces and then stopped.

"Wass I go home for?" he suddenly asked, with great gravity.
"Go and take a bath," replied Miss Mary, eying his grimy person with great disfavour.

To her infinite dismay, Sandy suddenly pulled off his coat and vest, threw them on the ground, kicked off his boots and, plunging wildly forward, darted headlong over the hill, in the direction of the river.
"Goodness Heavens!—the man will be drowned!" said Miss Mary; and then, with feminine inconsistency, she ran back to the schoolroom, and locked herself in.

That night, while seated at supper with her hostess, the blacksmith's wife, it came to Miss Mary to ask, demurely, if her husband ever got drunk. "Abner," responded Mrs. Stidger, reflectively, "let's see: Abner hasn't been tight since last election." Miss Mary would have liked to ask if he preferred lying in the sun on these occasions, and if a cold both would have hurt him; but this would have involved an explanation, which she did not then care to give. So she contented herself with opening her grey eyes widely at the red cheeked Mrs. Stidger,—a fine specimen of Southern efforescence,—and then dismissed the subject altogether. The next day she wrote to her dearest friend, in Boston: "I think I find the intoxicated portion of this community the least objectionable. I refer, my dear, to the men, of course. I do not know anything that could make the women tolerable."

In less than a week Miss Mary had forgotten this episode, except that her afternoon walks took thereafter, almost unconsciously, another direction. She noticed, however, that every morning a fresh cluster of azalea-blossoms appeared among the flowers on her desk. This was not strange, as her little flock were aware of her fondness for flowers, and invariably kept her desk bright with anemones, syringas, and lupines; but on questioning them, they one and all, professed ignorance of the azaleas. A few days later, Master Johnny Stidger, whose desk was nearest to the window, was suddenly taken with spasms of apparently gratuitous laughter, that threatened the discipline of the school. All that Miss Mary could get from him was, that some one had been "looking in the window." Irate and indignant, she sallied from her hive to do battle with the intruder. As she turned the corner of the school house she came plump upon the quoniam drunkard,—now perfectly sober, and inexpressibly sheepish and guilty-looking.

speech which quivered on her ready tongue died upon her lips, and she contented herself with receiving his stammering apology with supercilious eyelids and the gathered skirts of uncontentation. When she re-entered the schoolroom, her eyes fell upon the azaleas with a new sense of revelation. And then she laughed, and they were all unconsciously very happy.

It was on a hot day—and not long after this—that two short legged boys came to grief on the threshold of the school with a pale of water, which they had laboriously brought from the spring, and that Miss Mary compassionately seized the pail and started for the spring herself. At the foot of the hill a shadow crossed her path, and a blue shirted arm desperately but gently relieved her of her burden, Miss Mary was both embarrassed and angry. "If you carried more of that for yourself," she said, spitefully to the blue arm, without deigning to raise her lashes to its owner, "you'd do better." In the submissive silence that followed she regretted the speech, and thanked him, so sweetly at the door that he stumbled. Which caused the children to laugh again,—a laugh in which Miss Mary joined, until the colour came faintly into her pale cheek. The next day a barrel was mysteriously placed beside the door, and as mysteriously filled with fresh spring-water every morning.

Nor was this superior young person without other quiet attentions. "Profane Bill," diver of the Slumgull, on Stage widely known in the newspaper by his "gallantry" in invariably offering a box seat to the fair sex, had excipied Miss Mary from this attention, on the ground that he had a habit of "cussin' on up grades," and gave her half the coach to herself. Jack Hamlin, a gambler, having once silently ridden with her in the same coach, afterward threw a decanter at the head of a confederate for mentioning her name in a bar room. The over dressed mother of a pupil whose paternal was doubtless had arisen ungartered near the stute Vestal's temple, never daring to enter its sacred precincts, but content to worship the priestess from afar.

With such unconscious intervals the monotonous procession of blue skies, glittering sunshine, brief twilights, and starlit nights passed over Red Gulch. Miss Mary grew fond of walking in the sedate and proper woods. Perhaps she believed with Mrs. Stidger, that the balsamic odors of the firs "did her chest good," for certainly her slight cough was less frequent and her step was firmer; perhaps she had learned the unending lesson which the patient pines are never weary of repeating to heedful or listless ears. And so, one day, she planned a picnic on Buckeye Hill, and took the children with her. Away from the dusty road, the straggling shanties, the yellow ditches, the clamor of restless engines, the cheap finery of shop-windows, the deeper glitter of paint and coloured glass, and the thin veneration which barbarism takes upon itself in such localities,—what in "innate relief" was theirs! The last heap of ragged rock and clay passed, the last unsightly chasm crossed,—how the waiting woods opened their long files to receive them! How the children—perhaps because they had not yet grown quite away from the breast of the bounteous Mother—threw themselves face downward on her brown bosom with uncouth caresses, filling the air with their laughter; and how Miss Mary herself—felicely fastidious and intrenched as she was in the purity of spotless skirt, collar, and cuffs—forgot all, and ran like a crested quail at the head of her brood, until, romping, laughing, and panting, with a loosened braid of brown hair, a hat hanging by a knotted ribbon from her throat, she came suddenly and violently, in the heart of the forest, upon—the luckless Sandy!

The explanations, apologies, and not otherwise conversation that ensued, need not be indicated here. It would seem, however, that Miss Mary had already established some acquaintance with this ex-drunkard. Enough that he was soon accepted as one of the party; that the children, with that quick intelligence which Providence gives the helpless, recognized a friend, and played with his blonde beard, and long silken mustache, and took other liberties—as the helpless are apt to do. And when he had built a fire against a tree, and had shown them other myriads of wood-craft, their admiration knew no bounds. At the close of two such foolish, idle, happy hours he found himself lying at the feet of the schoolmistress, gazing dreamily in her face, as she sat up in the sloping hill side, wearing wreaths of laurel and syringas, in very much the same attitude as he had lain when first they met. Nor was the similitude greatly forced. The weakness of an easy, sensuous nature, that had found a dreamy exaltation in liquor, it is to be feared, was now finding an equal intoxication in love.

I think that Sandy was dimly conscious of this himself. I know that he longed to be doing something,—slaying a grizzly, scalping a savage, or sacrificing himself in