

The Star,

And Conception Bay Semi-Weekly Advertiser.

Volume I.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Friday, January 10, 1873.

Number 68.

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. HITCHINS, Esq.
N. B.—FRAMES, any size and material, made to order.
St. John's, May 10. tft.

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
May 14. tft.

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 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 received 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.

Blacksmith & Farrier,

BEGS 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.

THOMPSON, AGENT FOR

Parsons' Purgative Pills.
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.
ALEX. BANNERMAN,
E. WILKS LYON.
Nov 5 tft.

W. H. THOMPSON, AGENT FOR

Felows' Compound Syrup
OF
HYPOPHOSPHITES.

POETRY.

LIVES WRITTEN AFTER LISTENING TO THE PREACHING OF AN AGED PASTOR.

He stands in his pulpit, that grave old man,
With an eye still bright, though his cheek is wan,
And his grey-tinged locks are backward rolled
From a noble brow of classic mould;
And his form, unstooped by weight of years,
Most of its primal beauty wears.

He opens a volume of the Sacred Word,
Not a whisper low nor loud is heard;
Every fold assumes a serious look,
As he reads the word of the Holy Book;
And the thoughtless and gay grow reverent there
As he opens his lips in fervent prayer.

He stands as the good old prophet stood,
Teaching the truth of the living God,
Pouring reproof on the ears of men
Whose hearts are at ease in their folly and sin—
With a challenge of guilt still unforgiven
To the soul untaught to dwell in heaven.

O, who can but honor the good old man
As he nears his three score years and ten—
Who hath made it the work of his life to bless
Our world, in its woe and wretchedness;
Still guiding the few who were wont to stray
In the path of sin, to the narrow way.

With a kindly look through the lapse of years
He hath shared their joys, he hath wiped their tears,
He hath bound the wreath on the brow of the bride,
He hath stood by the couch when the loved ones died,
Pointing the soul to glorious heaven
As the ties which bound it to earth were riven.

Methodists they'll weep another lay,
When the good old man hath passed away,
When the last of his ebbing sands have run,
When his labor is o'er and his work is done,
Who'll care for the flock and keep the fold
When the pulse is still, and his heart is cold

They'll miss him then every look and tone
So far from him, now forever gone,
Will fill the heart with inward pain;
And they'll long and listen for them in vain,
When a stranger's form and stranger's face
Shall stand in their honored pastor's place.

EXTRACTS.

Origin of the "Fighting Editor."
The "John Bull" newspaper, edited by Theodore Hook, frequently indulged in offensive personalities in remarking on the conduct and character of public men. A military hero, who would persist in placing himself conspicuously before the world's gaze, received a copious share of what he considered malignant and libellous abuse in the columns of said newspaper—his "Soldiers Spirit on Revenge."
An officer and a gentleman could not become himself by calling up a hiring scribbler for honorable satisfaction. No! he would horse-whip the miscreant in his den—the Bull would be taken by the horns!

Donning his uniform and arming himself with a huge whip, he called at the office of the paper and, scarcely concealing his agitation, inquired for the editor. He was invited by the clerk to take a seat in the room. He complied, and was kept waiting while the clerk, who recognized the visitor, ran up stairs and informed the editorial responsibility of his name and evident purport. After an aggravating delay, which served considerably to increase the ill temper of the officer, the door opened and a coarse, rough-looking man, over six feet in height, with a proportionate breadth of shoulder, and armed with a bludgeon, entered the room.

Walking up to the surprised and angry visitor, he said, in a voice of thunder:
"Are you the chap as wants for to see me?"
"You! No, I wish to see the editor of this paper."
"That's me; I'm the werry man."
"Thee must be some mistake."
"Not a morsel! I'm the head hitter of this Bull," said the fellow, bringing the

knobbed end of his bludgeon in fearful proximity to the officer's caput.

"You the editor? Impossible!"
"Do you mean to say I'm telling a lie?" roared the ruffian, as he again raised his knotty argument.

"Certainly not—by no means!" said the officer, rapidly cooling down and dropping the whip and his wrath at the same time.

"Werry well, then! What are you wanting wi' me?"
"A mistake, my dear sir—a mistake. I expected to meet another person. I'll call some other day," and the complainant backed to the door, bowing to the drawn stick before him.

"And don't let me catch you coming again without knowing who and what you want. We're always ready for all sorts of customers—army and naval, civil or military—horse, foot and dragons."

The officer retired, resolving to undergo another going by the "Bull" before he again ventured to encounter the herculean proportions of the fighting editor.

When the clerk informed the occupants of the editorial sanctum of the visit of the irate Colonel, neither Hook nor the publishers cared to face the horse-whip. A well known pugilist, the land lord of a tavern in the vicinity, was immediately sent for; a slight preparation fitted him for the part, in which he acquitted himself with complete success. The story rapidly circulated, and the reputation of the fighting editor of the "John Bull" prevented further remonstrances from persons who felt themselves aggrieved by the strictures of the press.

Buried by a Bear—A Remarkable Experience with a Grizzly.

A gentleman who arrived a few days ago from the lower country, where grizzly bears help the herders to take care of the sheep, relates a curious bear adventure which occurred to an Indian herdsman in his employ. He sent the man to a distant portion of a large rancho to look after a large herd of sheep. The Indian at night fell got under a shed with a roof of branches, but open on all sides, and lay down in his blankets. After a few hours sleep he was awakened by feeling the hot breath of some animal on his face. He moved his arms, and at once understood the situation—a huge bear was snuffing him. The man, with great presence of mind, determined to keep perfectly still, for he knew if he moved or cried out one blow of those huge paws would break his skull like a walnut. Bruin scratched off the blankets and seized the Indian by the leg. Though suffering terribly, the brave fellow did not allow a groan or cry to escape him. The bear dragged him from the hut for some distance and then commenced to dig a hole to lay the Indian in and cover him up from the coyotes. After the grave had been dug deep enough the bear (contenting himself with about a pound of flesh from the victim's thigh) moved the body to the hole and covered it up. The Indian managed to keep the earth over his face loose enough to allow him to breathe, and when the bear retired he crawled out towards the Mustang, which was proketed some yards out side the hut. With great difficulty he mounted, and then rode towards the rancho house. A doctor was sent for and pronounced the wounds, though severe and painful, not likely to prove fatal. The next day a hunt was organized, and the grizzly was killed in the neighborhood of the spot where he had stowed away his intended meal.

A Tale of Two Newspapers.
An antiquated writer in the Memphis Appeal has dug up out of his memory the following rich story. The young lawyer referred to is still flourishing in Memphis:—
"There was never greater local excitement than that which grew out of this infernal navy-yard business. Half the people were in favor of accepting the property, and half or more opposed to it, the latter thinking that the government might be induced even yet to make liberal appropriations and perfect the navy-yard and build ships and steamers here. There were two newspapers published here—one a morning publication, edited by a gentleman of no ordinary ability, named Bankhead, who was tragically and mysteriously assassinated some six years ago. There was another, an afternoon paper, called the News (I believe that was its name), edited by a man named Yancey. These editors opposed one another on the navy-yard question, and their discussion had begotten a good deal of excitement, when both went away for the Summer, and each without the other's knowledge, employed the same man, this young lawyer, to conduct his paper in his absence. The young limb of the law naturally enough took to both sides of the question. He made the controversy between the two papers hotter and hotter on each successive day. Crowds gathered each afternoon about the News office, and some-body expected that the two furious editors would shed blood.

The coming duel in Aankansas was confidently anticipated, and the ferocity of the two papers was marvellous. Popular excitement was intense when Bankhead came hurrying home from Virginia and Yancey from Alabama each thinking that the other was about to murder his own substitute. Such was the fervor of popular feeling and exasperation, that the story was necessarily kept quiet. If the mischievous fraud upon the public passion had been exposed at the time, the con amore editor would have been hanged to a lamp-post."

TEMPERANCE.

Playing at Keeping Restaurant.

"Sidney, I am tired of this," said little Harry Hunter, as he threw down his bat and ball. "What else shall we play?"

"I know," said Sidney; "Let's play at keeping re-restaurant. I'll be barkeeper, and you make believe you are coming in to get a drink. I'll fix this board on these blocks for the place the man stands behind when he pours out the drinks; I'll put these old bottles on it, and these blocks for cigar boxes as we see them fixed in the windows. There now that's right; but I bet you can't do your part, Harry; your too little."

"Can't I?—dead I can though, elegant," said Harry, gleefully: "cause I saw pa do it, and he ought to know how."

"I'd like to know where you saw pa taking a drink, Harry! I don't believe it," said Sidney.

But I did see him, said Harry stoutly. I went walking with him yesterday, and when we got by the place at the corner, where the windows are fixed like our bar here, only ever so much nicer—well, pa told me to wait a minute, 'cause he wanted to see a man in there, and when he opened the door I saw such pretty things—big glasses and pictures, and shiny fixin's and lots of other things, so I pushed the door open a wee, little mite, and peeped in.

Well, said Sidney, who was much interested, what did pa do?
I can't show you without a tumbler, was Harry's reply; but I'll find one, and he scampered into the kitchen, and was back in a twinkling, with a cracked glass he found on the table. There! now I'll show you, and he placed the glass on the make believe bar.

He went out a short distance and returned with his hands in his pockets, walking with a comical sturt, in imitation of his father's long strides "Brandy," said he, elevating his childish voice.

Sidney turned around, and pretending to pour something in the glass, which he gave to Harry, and he could hardly keep from laughing as the mimic toper turned his head back, as if draining out the last drop of the supposed contents, and smacking his lips, wiped them with his handkerchief, and placing on the bar a piece of paper as a substitute for a stamp, he strutted away.

Sidney could hold out no longer, but burst into a roar of laughter, upsetting in his merriment the whole establishment, and sending blocks, boards, bricks and tumbler all in one confused pile at his feet.

"Now, Harry, did pa really look that way? I didn't know he ever drank any liquor. Ma says it's wrong," said Sidney, as soon as he could get his face straight.

"Yes, he did do just that way I showed you, and when I'm a man I'll do so too. When he started to come, I ran out on the pavement, and I heard a man say, 'If Hunter goes on in this way, he'll be in danger soon.' What did he mean, Sidney? Before Sidney could reply, the dinner-bell was rung, and the hungry little fellows rushed into the house.

Seated at the window overlooking the play-ground, the father of these children had seen and heard, through the half-closed blinds, all that had transpired. Words are powerless to express the feeling that agitated his breast. The childish lesson, so unconsciously taught, was not lost; for never again did he drink a glass of liquor; the little one had cured him by 'playing at keeping restaurant.'

The Bed Bug.

The bed bug is built in a circle, and his mouth reaches clear round the edge of his body.

This enables them to bite their food just as well in one place as another without turning round.

It is as handy for a bug to bite, as it is for a red kole of fire to burn.

The bed bug is a very easy animal to cultivate; in fact, if you will only give them house rent free they will cultivate themselves.

Two bed bugs will produce in one year four thousand three hundred and 2 bed bugs besides laying twelve hundred and 30 eggs for the next years crop.

They are as prolific as measles.

For a large yield and quick return there ain't no stoch arrangement that can beat bed bugs.