

LITERARY

The following exquisite lines, from the gifted pen of a well-known native poetess, we copy from last Saturday's Standard:

IN MEMORIAM,

THE LAMENTED AND BELOVED ELLIE FLYNN, DAUGHTER OF M. FLYNN, E. Q., AND SISTER OF THE REV. S. FLYNN, C. C., CARBONEAR, WHO DIED ON THE 3RD OCT., 1879.

A faded flower before me lies,  
A fragrance as of Death—  
Of pallid lips and fingers cold—  
Comes to me on its breath:  
A faded flower it came to me  
A few brief weeks at most,  
Cull'd from a wreath that press'd the  
clay  
Of one so early lost.

My thoughts go back a few brief months  
To such a happy scene,  
When other-flowers shone in her hair  
So bright and fresh and green!  
She was the gayest of the gay  
Among that happy throng;  
She played her brightest airs that night  
She sang her sweetest song.

That night henceforth must be a dream  
With memories sad between,  
For Death has snatched the fairest form  
Forever from the scene!  
The songs, the music of that night,  
I'll never hear again  
Without a thrill of deep regret,  
A sigh of mournful pain.

They'll bring me back some happy hours  
With loving friends and true—  
They'll bring me back some wither'd  
flowers  
That perished in their hue!  
Ah! tiny crushed and faded buds  
Your language is of death;  
And broken hearts and blighted hopes  
Come to me on your breath!

You say the waves sobb'd on the shore  
Like souls convulsed with pain  
That fondly bent above the form  
They ne'er would see again.  
You tell how silence like a pall  
Hung over hall and stair;  
That faces yesterday so bright  
Were blanch'd with mute despair.

And loving lips grew strong to say  
The last, the dread farewell;  
And press'd—oh!—so tenderly  
Their lips, they loved so well!  
They saw the grave for ever close  
Above that fair young form.  
And turn'd away with broken hearts  
Like reeds before the storm!

They'll miss thee when the young spring  
flowers  
Perfume the air arou d—  
They'll miss thee when the autumn leaves  
Go rustling o'er the ground.  
And darker will the shadows grow  
Without thee through all years,  
And memory's dream of thee will come  
With bitter, bitter tears.

They'll miss thee from the old Church  
choir  
Mid sounds of praise and prayer;  
The flowers upon the altar high  
Will tell who placed them there.  
A memory of the gentle dead  
Will blend with every strain—  
An echo of the missing voice  
They'll never hear again.

Thou'rt sleeping, ELLIE, peacefully  
Within thy silent grave,  
Above thy happy childhood's home—  
Its sounds, its ceaseless wave!  
The golden dreams of thy young life  
Assume a deeper hue—  
The hand of God has touched them with  
The Perfect and the True!  
E. C. —y.  
St. John's, Dec. 3rd 1879.

"BOREEN."

CHAPTER V.  
(Continued)

The young gentleman with the gory  
ocks skipped off a high stool skipped up  
stairs skipped down again, and jerking  
his head in the direction of the stairway,  
motioned to Andy to ascend.

"You're Mither Fitzgerald?" said  
Andy as he entered a Turkey-rugged pri-  
vate office.

"At your service, sir" was the reply of  
the solicitor. "Take a seat. What cau  
I do for you?"

"I want ye for to read that sir" exclaim-  
ed Andy, flattening out the Freeman's  
Journal and bringing his hand down upon  
the Parliamentary intelligence with an  
immense whack.

Mr. Fitzgerald adjusting a pair of gold  
rimmed spectacles, and, casting a glance  
at the paragraph, quietly observed:  
"I have read it."

"Isn't that iligant? Isn't that shupey-  
rior? Isn't that the best piece av work  
ye ever got done, as oul as ye are?" cried  
Andy gesticulating vigorously.

"It was very well done," said the solici-  
tor with a smile, "but—"

"Hould on for wan minnit. I know  
what yer goin' for to say: 'What's this  
man wastin' me time for?' I'm rot gos-  
in' to waste yer time, or no gentleman's  
time, fumbling in his breast pocket, and  
producing a plethoric-looking book. 'I

heard last night from the mistress of the  
boy that done that, 'again whacking the  
paper, 'that you was his employer. Now,  
I'm thinkin' that mebbe ye hadn't the  
manes, or that ye'd be thrauin' the boy  
like a nagur because he is a boy, an'  
here's what I want ye to tell me: What's  
the highest fee yez ever paid to a barrister  
in all yer professional career?"

"At this moment I coud hardly say."  
"What wud ye pay Counsellor Butt?"

"To plead before a Committee of the  
House of Commons?"

"Yis, sir, yis," exclaimed Andy eagerly  
—just as Masther Walther done, an'  
won in a canther, good look to him!"

"Well," said Mr. Fitzgerald, somewhat  
interested in Andy's earnestness, "we  
would pay Mr. Butt one hundred guineas  
on his brief as a retaining fee, and fifty  
guineas a day refresher."

"Is that all," cried Gavin in a deeply  
disappointed tone.

"That is what I have paid him."

"An' did ye give him nothing extra  
when he won?"

Mr. Fitzgerald shook his head.

"Nor for board and lodgin'?"

"No."

"Well, but there's nothin' in the law  
for to prevint yer givin' him as much as  
ye'd like?"

"Nothing whatever."

"Well, that's fair enough, anyhow," ex-  
claimed Andrew, as with a sigh of relief  
he proceeded to extract a sheaf of Bank  
of Ireland notes from his pocket book.

"Mister Fitzgerald, I want ye for to  
pay Masther Walther five hundred pound.  
Here's the money; let it come from yer-  
self as a reward for winnin' the case."

And Andy banged the sheaf of notes  
on the table.

The solicitor looked from the notes to  
the man, and from the man to the notes.

"I do not understand you," he some-  
what coldly observed.

"Mush! but that's quare," retorted  
Andy. "Don't Masther Walther win yer  
case for ye?"

"Mr. Nugent did his work entirely to  
our satisfaction."

"Isn't he a counsellor?"

"I should say so, and likely to prove an  
able one, with time."

"An' there's no law for to prevint  
you're paying him as much as the ouldest  
counsel or in the Four Courts?"

"Nothing."

"Then here's his fee an' reward," taking  
up the sheaf of notes and again banging  
it on the table.

"This is strangely generous, and—"

"Arrah! don't be talkin' that way, sir.  
Generous! Shure wa-n't I born an' rear-  
ed at Kiltiernan? Doin't I earn Masther  
Walther for to take a double fence, an'  
got him his first broken collar-bone? Wasn't I stopper, and didn't I hunt  
the bounds for the ouldest masther till he  
hadn't a horse nor a dog, left nor an acre  
to run them on if he had? Wasn't I his  
handy man, an' didn't he share his last  
lavins wud me? Generous! Didn't I go  
away wud me heart burstin' fur to seek  
me fortune, for to thry an' help them?  
An' it was a looky day I wint across the  
say. Didn't I go to New York, and didn't  
I dhrove a Third Avenue car for tin  
months, an' didn't I save eight dollas a  
week an' send them home to Father Tom  
Breen for the mistress, unbeknown to  
her?—she thought it was from some wan  
that owed the poor masther the money—  
till I met a man that was staitin' for  
the Black Hills, poor Tim Murphy the  
Lord be good to him! Didn't I go along  
wud Tim, Dind't I an' Tim, who was always  
as jute as a pet fox, buy out an out,  
a claim that belonged to a Pole no less?  
—a hard dhinkin' creature, that died in  
the heel av his fist. Deadwood! Poor Tim  
cotch his death be raison of workin' day  
an' night, an' whin he seen he was dyin'  
sez he, 'Andy, sez he, 'I haven't a soul  
belongin' to me. There's not one, sez  
he, 'av me breed, seed or generation  
alive,' sez he, 'so I make over this mine,'  
sez he, 'to you,' sez he; an' me poor dar-  
lint had it wote out, sir, on paper an  
med over to me regular; an' it's meself  
that hated that same goold whin I seen  
Tim Murphy cold foreinst me. Didn't  
a company that was riz in San Francisco  
send a man out fur to buy the mine, an'  
didn't I sell it to him fur—fai-x it takes  
me own breath away whin I think av it  
—for a half a million av dollas—that's  
aigul to one hundred thousand pounds.  
Didn't I run home the minit I got the  
money, and didn't I purtend for to be  
jest as poor as whin I wint away!—for I  
don't want the family for to think they're  
goin' for to git back the ouldest estates  
through the likes of me. I'm as alone

in the world as poor Tim Murphy ever  
was, an' Father Tom Breen, that knows  
it all, sez I'm right in what I'm doin'; so  
now Masther Fitzgerald wud ye please  
hand this money to Masther Walther for  
once more banging the sheaf of notes on  
the table with one hand, while he re-  
moved the beads of perspiration from his  
forehead with the other.

"Shake hands, Mr. Gavin," said the at-  
torney starting to his feet and clasping  
Andy's bony palm; "one reads of these  
things in romance, but facts are stranger  
than fiction."

Wit and Humor.

A cuff on the ear is worse than two on  
the wrist.

Young men may be made of brass, but  
young ladies are made of bell metal.

There are only three things you can  
get for nothing in this world—air, water,  
and advice.

If Edison can render sound available  
in so many ways, why doesn't he utilize  
the howling wilderness?

Professor—Can you tell of what pars-  
ents the great Napoleon was born?—  
Of Cors-i-can.

A wrestling match differs somewhat  
from a political convention. The man  
who has the floor is at a disadvantage.

"Keep the young men at home." Oh,  
fudge! give the girls a chance. Keep  
the old men at home, that's more to the  
purpose.

Some interesting "marriage" statistics  
are given by the Ga Veston News. The  
News says that Shakespeare was mar-  
ried when was 18, Dante at 23, and Biggs  
ham Young when he was 19, 20, 21,  
22, 23, 24 and so on.

A rustic bridegroom was compliments  
ed by one of his acquaintances, on the  
charming appearance of his bride. "She  
has the most lovely color," I have ever  
seen," remarked the friend. "Yes it ought  
to be good" pensively replied the bride-  
groom; she paid a dollar for just a little  
bit of it in a saucer."

"Man alive" exclaimed the Judge in a  
heated discussion of a tangled theologi-  
cal point with his friend. "I tell you  
you are a free agent. You do not have  
to obey any one." "Yes," said Mr. Good-  
man meekly "but I do though." "Who?"  
bouted the Judge. "My wife, her two  
sisters and the baby" howled the good  
man, meekly triumphant.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Statutory Notice to Creditors.

In the matter of the Estate of JOHANNA  
MOLLOY, late of Brigus, in Conception  
Bay, deceased.

TAKE NOTICE that pursuant to the  
6th section of "The Trustees Act  
1878," all persons claiming to be credit-  
or or otherwise, to have any claim or demand  
against the Estate of the said JOHANNA  
MOLLOY, who died on or about the 14th  
day of March, 1879, are hereby required  
on or before the 10th day of December,  
1879, to furnish in writing the particu-  
lars of such claims or demands to the VERY  
REVEREND EDWARD FRANCIS WALSH, of Bri-  
gus, aforesaid the Executor of the Deceased,  
and to whom probate has been grant-  
ed, or to the undersigned solicitors for  
the said Executor and in default hereof  
the said Executor will, after the said 10th  
day of December proceed to distribute  
the assets of the said deceased, having  
regard only to the claims of which notice  
and particulars shall have been given as  
above required.

Dated at St. John's, this 6th day of  
November, A. D., 1879.

LITTLE & KENT  
Solicitors for said Estate,  
Duckworth Street, St. John's  
November 13. 3i.

HARBOR GRACE STOVE DEPOT.

Glass and Tinware Establish-  
ment.

(Opposite the Mercantile Premises of  
Messrs. John Munn & Co.)

C. L. KENNEDY,

Begs to intimate that he has recently re-  
ceived a large assortment of the latest  
improved and very best quality of Stoves  
comprising Cooking, Fancy, Franklin and  
Fittings of a Sizes English and American  
GOTHIC ARTES.

In addition to the above, the subscri-  
ber has always on hand—American  
Hatchets, Harness Rings and Buckles,  
Sheath Knives and Belts, Wash Boards,  
Brooms, Clothes Lines, Water Pails,  
Matches, Kerosene Oil—best quality,  
Kerosene Lamps, Burners and Chimnies  
Turpentine, Stove, Shoe, Paint & Clothes  
Brushes, Preserved Fruits, Condensed  
Milk, Coffee, Soaps and a general assort-  
ment of Groceries, Hardware, Glassware,  
Tinware etc.

American Cut Nails—all sizes—by  
the lb. or keg.

C. L. KENNEDY.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

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

These famous Pills purify the bloo  
and act most powerfully, yet soothe-  
ingly on the

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

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

Its Searching and Healing Pro-  
perties are known throug-  
hout the world.

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

GOUT, RHEUMATISM,  
and every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it  
has never been known to fail.  
The Pills and Ointment are Manufac-  
tured only 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 Counterfei-  
for sale, will be prosecuted.  
Purchasers should look to the  
Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the  
address is not 355, Oxford Street  
London, they are spurious.

AGENCY CARD.

The undersigned thankful for pa-  
vours informs his friends and the  
trade, that he continues to manage the  
Collection of Debts due by persons resid-  
ing in Conception Bay District, New-  
foundland. Security for future pay-  
ment taken by mortgage on property or  
otherwise. Holding commissions as  
Notary Public Commissioner Supreme  
Court, and Land Surveyor, business  
under these heads carefully attended to.  
Plans of Land taken.

Inquiries made—questions answered  
All business considered confidential. No  
greater publicity than necessary given  
to any matter.

The proprietor of any newspapers  
copying this card will have his news-  
paper bills collected as payment for  
yearly insertions in the paper and copy  
paper sent to my address.  
Bay Roberts.

G. W. R. HIERLIHY.

SEWING MACHINES

Just arrived per "Nova Scotian,"  
from Liverpool,

A CHOICE LOT OF  
Sewing Machines,  
HAND AND FOOT.

BRADBURY'S FAMILY SINGER,  
BRADBURY'S WELLINGTON,  
BRADBURY'S BEATRICE, &c., &c.

All which are offered at a large re-  
duction for CASH.

Send for Catalogue now ready.

F. W. BOWDEN,  
Bowden's Sewing Machine Depot,  
St. John's, Nfld.,  
Oct. 16th.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

TERRA NOVA MARBLE WORKS

West corner of Duckworth St.  
East, St John's.

OPPOSITE STAR OF THE SEA HALL

JOHN SKINNER,

Manufacturer of  
Monuments, Tombs, Grav-  
Stones, Counter-Tops,  
and Table Tops, &c.

All orders in the above line execut-  
ed with neatness and despatch from  
the latest English and American  
designs.

THOMAS GOFF,  
TAILOR,  
CLOTHIER & OUTFITTER.

A Perfect Fit Guaranteed

WEST END, CARBONEAR,  
May 22nd, 1879.

NOW LANDING

Ex. Racer, from Greenock,  
10 Octaves Scotch  
WHISKY

10 Quarter Casks ditto  
25 Cases LOBNE ditto  
50 Cases HAZELBURN ditto  
75 Cases IMH ditto  
50 Hds. Jeffrey's ALE,  
50 Perces PORTER.

May 22. J & T. HEARN

CAUTION,

The PILLS Purify the Blood, correct al  
disorders of the Liver, Stomach Kid-  
neys and Bowls, and are invaluable in  
all complaints incidental to Females.  
The OINTMENT is the only reliable re-  
medy for Bad Legs, Old Wounds, Sores,  
and Ulcers, of however long standing.  
For Bronchitis, Diphtheria, Coughs,  
Colds, Gout, Rheumatism, and all Skin  
Diseases it is no equal.

BEWARE OF AMERICAN  
COUNTERFEITS.

I most res, ectfully take leave to call  
the attention of the Public generally to  
the fact, that certain Houses in New  
York are sending to many parts of the  
Globe SPURIOUS IMITATIONS of  
my Pills and Ointment. These frauds  
bears on their labels some address in  
New York.

I do not allow my medicines to be  
fold in any part of the United States.  
I have no Agents there. My Medi-  
cines are oulr made by me, at 555 Ox-  
ford Street London.

In the books of directions affixed to  
the spurious make is a caution, warning  
the Public against being deceived by  
counterfeits. Do not be misled by this  
audacious trick, as they are the coun-  
terfeits they pretend to denounce.

These counterfeits are purchased be  
unprincipled Vendors at one half the  
price of my Pills and Ointment, and are  
sold to you as my genuine Medicines.

I most earnestly appeal to that sens-  
of justice, which I feel sure I may ven-  
ture upon asking from all honorable  
persons, to assist me, and the Public, as  
far as may lie in their power, in de-  
nouncing this shameful Fraud.

Each Pot and Box of the Genuine  
Medicines, bears the British Govern-  
ment Stamp, with the words "HOLLO-  
WAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT, LONDON"  
engraved thereon. On the label is the  
address, 533, OXFORD STREET, LONDON,  
where alone they are Manufactured.  
Holloway's Pills and Ointment bearing  
any other address are counterfeits.

The Trade Marks of these Medicines  
are registered in Ottawa. Hence, any  
one throughout the British Possessions,  
who may keep the American Counter-  
feits for sale, will be prosecuted.

Signed THOS HOLLOWAY  
333, Oxford Street, London,

NOTICE,

AGROSS NEWFOUNDLAND  
WITH THE  
GOVERNOR;

A VISIT TO OUR MINING REGION  
AND—THIS

Newfoundland of Ours,

Being a series on the natural resources  
and future prosperity of the colony, by  
the Rev. M. HARVEY.  
For sale at the office of this paper, price  
fifty cents