

The Star,

And Conception Bay Semi-Weekly Advertiser.

Volume I.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Tuesday, December 24, 1872.

Number 64.

DECEMBER.

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

Preserves & 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 SEAR,
(In great variety and best quality) WHOLE-SALE 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. tff.

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
MEMBERCHAUM PIPES,
PLATED WARE, and
JEWELRY of every description & style
May 14. tff

STAR
ON BAY SEMI-WEEKLY ADVERTISER,
Published by the Proprietor, PARSONS and WILKES, at their Office, (opposite Capt. D. Green, Harbor Grace, Newfoundland.)
—THREE DOLLARS per half-yearly.
Printed on the most durable paper.
—Per square of seven insertions, \$1; each extra, 50 cents.
—The undersigned is a member of the Press and is bound to afford the utmost facilities.
M. J. Foots.
W. Horwood.
R. Simpson.
C. Rendell.
B. Miller.
J. Miller.
H. J. Watts.
J. M. Edgewood.

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.



AGENT FOR

Parsons' Purgative Pills.



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.

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. tff

POETRY.

[SELECTED FOR THE STAR.]
SANTA CLAUS.

Annie and Willie's Prayer.

'Twas the eve before Christmas: "Good-night" had been said,
And Annie and Willie had crept into bed:
There were tears on their pillows, and tears in their eyes,
And each little bosom was heavy with sighs—
For to night their stern father's command had been given,
That they should retire precisely at seven,
Instead of eight; for they trouble him more
With questions unheard of than ever before;
He had told them he thought this delusion a sin,
No such being as "Santa Claus" ever had been,
And he hoped, after this, he should never hear
How he scrambled down chimney's with presents each year.
And this was the reason that two little heads
So restlessly tossed on their soft, downy beds.
Eight, nine, and the clock on the steeple tolled ten;
Not a word had been spoken by either till then,
When Willie's sad face from the blanket did peep,
And whispered, "Dear Annie, is you fast asleep?"
"Why no, brother Willie," a sweet voice replied,
"I've tried it in vain, but I can't shut my eyes;
For, somehow, it makes me so sorry because
Dear papa has said there is no Santa Claus;
Now we know there is, and it can't be denied,
For he came every year before mamma died;
But then I've been thinking that she used to pray,
And God would hear everything mamma would say,
And perhaps she asked him to send Santa Claus here,
With the sacks full of presents he brought every year."
"Well, why can't we pray just as mamma did then,
And ask him to send him presents adieu?"
"I've been thinking so too." And without a word more
Four little bare feet bounded out on the floor,
And four little knees the soft carpet pressed,
And two tiny hands were clasped close to each breast.
"Now, Willie, you know we must firmly believe
That the presents we ask for we're sure to receive;
You must wait just as still till I say the 'Amen,'
And by that you will know that your turn has come then."
"Dear Jesus look down on my brother and me,
And grant us the favour we are asking of Thee;
I want a wax dolly, a tea-set and ring,
And an ebony work-box that shuts with a spring;
Bless papa, dear Jesus, and cause him to see
That Santa Claus loves us far better than he.
Don't let him get fretful and angry again
At dear brother Willie and Annie, Amen!"
"Please, Desus, 'et Santa Taus tum down to night,
And bring us some presents before it is light.
I want he should give me a nice little sed,
With bright, shiny runners, and all painted yed;
A box full of tandy, a book and a toy,
Amen, and then, Desus, I'll be a good boy."
Their prayers being ended, they raised up their heads,
And with hearts light and cheerful again sought their beds;
They were soon lost in slumber, both peaceful and deep,
And with fairies in Dreamland were roaming in sleep.
Eight, nine, and the little French clock had struck ten,
Ere the father had thought of his children again;

He seems now to hear Annie's half-suppressed sighs,
And to see the big tears stand in Willie's blue eyes.
"I was harsh with my darlings," he mentally said,
"And should not have sent them so early to bed;
But then I was troubled—my feelings found vent,
For bank stock to day had gone down ten per cent.
But of course they've forgot their troubles ere this,
And that I denied them the thrice-asked-for kiss;
But, just to make sure, I'll steel up to their door,
For I never spoke harsh to my darlings before."
So saying he softly ascended the stairs,
And arrived at the door to hear both of their prayers.
His Annie's "bless papa" draws forth the big tears,
And Willie's grave promise falls sweet on his ears.
"Strange, strange, I'd forgotten," said he with a sigh,
"How I longed, when a child, to have Christmas draw nigh.
I'll atone for my harshness," he inwardly said,
"By answering their prayers ere I sleep in my bed."
Then he turned to the stairs and softly went down,
Threw off velvet slippers and silk dressing-gown—
Donned hat, coat, and boots, and was out in the street,
A millionaire facing the cold, driving sleek.
Nor stopped he until he had bought every thing,
From the box full of candy to the tiny gold ring;
Indeed, he kept adding so much to his store,
That the various presents outnumbered a score,
Then homeward he turned with his holiday load,
And without Mary's aid in the nursery 'twas stowed;
Miss dolly was seated beneath a pine tree by the side of a table spread out for her tea;
A work-box well-filled in the centre was laid,
And on it a ring, for which Annie had prayed.
A soldier in uniform stood by a sled,
"With bright shining runners and all painted red."
There were balls, dogs, and horses, books pleasing to see,
And birds of all colours were perched in the tree;
While Santa Claus, laughing, stood up in the top,
As if getting ready more presents to drop.
And as the fond father the picture surveyed,
He thought for his trouble he had amply been paid,
And he said to himself, as he brushed off a tear,
"I'm happier to-night than I've been for a year.
I've enjoyed more true pleasure than ever before,
What care I if bank stock falls ten per cent. more!
Hereafter I'll make it a rule I believe,
To have Santa Claus visit us each Christmas Eve."
So thinking, he gently extinguished the light,
And tripped down the stairs to retire for the night.
As soon as the beams of the bright morning sun
Put the darkness to flight, and the stars, one by one,
Four little blue eyes out of sleep opened wide,
And at the same moment the presents espied.
Then out of their beds they sprang with a bound,
And the very gifts prayed for were all of them found.
They laughed, and they cried in their innocent glee,
And shouted for "papa" to come quick and see
What presents old Santa Claus had brought in the night
(Just the things that they wanted), and left before light,
"And now," added Annie, in a voice soft and low,
"You'll believe there's a Santa Claus, papa, I know!"

While dear little Willie climbed up on his knee,
Determined no secret between them should be;
And told in soft whispers, how Annie had said
That their dear, blessed mamma, so long ago dead,
Used to kneel known and pray by the side of her chair,
And that God up in heaven had answered her prayer!
"Then we dot up and prayed just as well as we could,
And God answered our prayers, now wasn't He dood?"
"I should say that he was, if he sent you all these,
And knew just what presents my children would please.
(Well, well, let him think so, the dear little elf,
'Twould be cruel to tell him I did it myself.)
Blind father! who caused your stern heart to relent?
And the hasty word spoken so soon to repent?
'Twas the Being who bade you steel softly up stairs,
And made you his agent to answer their prayers.

Interesting Experiments.

Dr. Richardson, F. R. S., has written an article for the London *Popular Science Review*, entitled "Physiological Position of Alcohol," to which we ask the attention of medical men as well as all others. It details careful experiments of his own, and of Dr. Parkes and Count Wollowieg. The result of these experiments shows:—
That taking alcohol into the stomach causes over action of the heart and arterial vessels. The number of beats of the heart soon increases 13 per cent., and if drinking is carried on the increase amounts to 20 per cent.
"Taking as a standard the ascertained fact that the lowest amount of daily work done by the heart is equal to 122 tons lifted one foot, the work done by it under alcohol was that of lifting 158 tons one foot, while the last two days of alcohol showed 24 tons extra. "Little wonder, is it," says Dr. R., "that after the labor imposed upon it by six ounces of alcohol, the heart should flag; still less wonder that the brain and muscles which depend upon the heart for their blood supply should be languid for many hours, and should require the rest of long sleep for renovation." "It is hard physical work," he adds, "to fight against alcohol, harder than rowing, walking, wrestling carrying heavy weights, coal heaving, or the treadmill itself." To this all who have been foolish and unfortunate enough to have been alcoholized will feel compelled to say, Amen!"

"Archbishop Manning, alluding to these results in the recent conversations of the National Temperance League, very justly observes: "If you will imagine a flywheel which is accelerated one-third beyond its proper speed, you will understand how much sooner it wears out." This homely illustration shines by its own light.
"We are as yet, however, only on the threshold of the tragedy. The "flush" so familiarly associated with wine or other alcoholics, and which mantles the cheek in the first stage of excitation, is not what many topers take it for, a merely local or temporary result. It is not local but universal. "If the lungs could be seen, they too, would be found with their vessels injected; if the brain and spinal cord be laid open to view, they would be discovered to be in the same condition; if the stomach, the liver, the spleen, the kidneys, or any other vascular organs or parts could be laid open to the eye, the vascular enlargement would be equally manifest." Let these words of Dr. Richardson sink deep into the heart of every moderate indulger. If they do then, as often as you see the wine flush mount into the cheek of your bottle friend, or into your own, you will be able to read in it a reflex of the congestion that has already taken place throughout every vascular tissue of the body from the centre to the skin.
And as this flush is not local, so, if you pause not in time, you will ere long discover, when it is too late, that neither is it temporary. "The vascular changes" adds our scientific authority, "temporary only in the novitiate, become permanent. The bloom on the nose which characterizes the genial toper, is the established sign of alcoholic action on vascular structure." This surely is alarming enough,