

The Star,

AND CONCEPTION BAY SEMI-WEEKLY ADVERTISER.

Volume I.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Friday, August 30, 1872.

Number 31.

AUGUST.

S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.
..	1	2	3
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18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31
..

MOON'S PHASES.

NEW MOON.....	4th,	6.15 A. M.
FIRST QUARTER.....	12th,	2.22 A. M.
FULL MOON.....	18th,	5.22 P. M.
LAST QUARTER.....	25th,	5.4 P. M.

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) WHOLE-
SALE AND RETAIL.

221 WATER STREET,

St. John's,

Newfoundland.

near door East of P. HUTCHINS, Esq.

N.B.--FRAMES, any size
and material, made to order.
St. John's, May 10.

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 de-

nominations

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, Manufactur-

ing Jeweler.

A large selection of

CLOCKS, WATCHES,

MEERCHAUM PIPES,

PLATED WARE, and

JEWELRY of every description & style.

May 14.

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 pre-

pared to repeat the same process, which is per-

fectly 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 Prem-

iums 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.

W. H. THOMPSON,

AGENT FOR

Parsons' Purgative Pills.

W. H. THOMPSON,

AGENT FOR

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

BANNERMAN & LYON'S

Photographic Rooms,

Corner of Bannerman and Water

Streets.

THE SUBSCRIBERS, having made suit-

able 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 ex-

pense 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.

May 14.

W. H. THOMPSON,

AGENT FOR

Fellows' Compound Syrup

OF

HYPOPHOSPHITES.

Bill and Joe.

Come dear old comrade, you and I
Will steal an hour from days gone by—
The shining days when life was new,
And all was bright with morning dew—
The lusty days of long ago,
When you were Bill, and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail,
Proud as a cockerel's rainbow tail;
And mine as brief appendix wear
As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare;
To-day, old friend, remember still
That I am Joe and you are Bill.

You've won the great world's envied prize,
And grand you look in people's eyes,
With H. O. N. and L. L. D.,
In big brave letters, fair to see;
Your fist, old fellow! off they go!
How are you, Bill? How are you, Joe?

You've wore the Judge's ermined robe;
You've taught your name to half the globe;
You've sung mankind a deathless strain;
You've made the dead past live again;
The world may call you what it will,
But you and I are Joe and Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare, and say,
"See these old buffers, bent and gray:
They talk like fellows in their teens!
Mad, poor old boys! That's what it means!"
And shake their heads. They little know
The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe.

How Bill forgets his hour of pride,
While Joe sits smiling at his side;
How Joe, in spite of time's disguise,
Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes—
Those calm, stern eyes that melt and fill
As Joe looks fondly up at Bill.

Ah, pensive scholar, what is fame?
A fitful tongue of leaping flame;
A giddy whirlwind's fitful gust,
That lifts a pinch of mortal dust;
A few swift years, and who can show
Which dust was Bill and which dust was Joe.

The weary idol takes his stand,
Holds out his bruised and aching hand;
While gaping thousands come and go—
How vain it seems, this empty show!
Till all at once his pulses thrill:
'Tis poor old Joe's, "God bless you Bill!"

And shall we breathe in happier spheres
The names that please our mortal ears,
In some sweet lull of harp and song
For earth-born spirits none too long
Just whispering of the world below
Where this was Bill, and that was Joe.

No matter; while our home is here
No sounding name is half so dear;
When fades at length our lingering day,
Who cares what pompous tombstones say,
Read on the hearts that love us still,
His jaquet Joe. His jaquet Bill.

EXTRACTS.

The Communists of Paris.

The Communists of Paris continue to exhibit the most violent antipathy towards the military. On Saturday, the 3rd inst., out of thirty-five prisoners taken to the gaol of La Sante, twenty-seven had been arrested for using abusive language or striking members of the police force or soldiers. The other day a major of chasseurs was run away with, thrown from his horse, and seriously injured in the head in a disaffected district. The people of the place took no pains to conceal the satisfaction they felt at a "Versailleux" coming to grief, and but for a couple of ladies, who happened to pass by, the officer would have been left to his fate! There are no complaints with regard to the conduct of the troops, who appear to behave with great forbearance.

Confession of a Meddling Husband.

It was about the buckwheat cakes. I told Maria Ann any fool could beat her making

those cakes, and she said I had better try it. So I did. I emptied the batter all out of the pitcher one evening, and set the cakes myself. I got the flour, and the salt and water, and warned by the past, put in a liberal quantity of eggs and shortening. I shortened with tallow from roast beef, because I could not find any lard. The batter did not look right. I lighted my pipe and pondered—yeast, yeast to be sure. I had forgotten the yeast. I went and woke the baker, and got six cents' worth of yeast. I put the pitcher behind the sitting-room stove, and went to bed. In the morning I got up early and prepared to enjoy my triumph; but I didn't. That yeast was strong enough to raise the dead; the batter was running all over the carpet. I scamped it up, and put it into another dish. I got a fire in the kitchen and put on the griddle. The first lot of cakes stuck to the griddle. The second dittoed, only more. Maria came down and asked what was burning. She advised me to grease the griddle. I did it. One end of the griddle got too hot, and I dropped the thing on my tenderest corn while trying to turn round. Finally the cakes were ready for breakfast, and Maria got the other things ready. We sat down. My cakes did not have exactly the right flavour. I took one mouthful, and it satisfied me. I lost my appetite at once. Maria would not let me put one on her plate. I think those cakes may be reckoned a dead loss. The cat would not eat them. The dog ran off and stayed three days after one was offered him. The hens wouldn't go within three feet of them. I threw them into the back yard, and there has not been a pig on the premises since. I eat what is put before me now, and do not allude to my mother's system of cooking.

Rough Dealing With the Jews in Poland.

The Imperial ukase prescribing a change of costume to the Jews in Poland has not met with a ready obedience. The long coats have, indeed, been disposed of. Whenever the owners refuse to shorten them, the police obligingly take the task off their hands. The curls have undergone similar treatment. But as the myrmidons of the law are not as skillful in handling the needle as the shears, the trowsers have for the most part remained as short as before. The provision exciting most resistance is that of ordering the chin to be shaved. Barbers' work seems a ticklish matter for policemen to undertake; the Jews on the other hand venerate their beards almost as a sacred thing. They would as soon think of cutting their throats as their beards. The Warsaw police still allow the latter, shunning an application of force as likely to produce a disturbance, but in provincial towns a crusade has been opened against them. At Goica, the police began the campaign by an experiment on an old man of about eighty years of age, who was perforce spoiled of his beard in the public market-place. The old man's cries speedily attracted numbers of fellow-creedmen anxious to rescue their Nestor. No better opportunity could have been desired. As fast as the men arrived they were seized, forced into chairs, and shaved in rather too hurried a manner to be pleasant. The lamentations of the helpless victims are described as most touching.

Singular adventure with Rattlesnakes.

A simple-minded farmer in Arkansas had an adventure with rattlesnakes, a few weeks ago, which might have proved fatal to a wiser man. He was looking for some stray cattle, and on jumping from a rock upon a pile of stones, he suddenly found himself in the presence of a family of rattlesnakes. The reptiles played a lively tune with their rattles, hissed, coiled themselves in attitudes of defence, and seemed ready to dart their fangs into the farmer's flesh. Their conduct struck him as so ludicrous that he stood still and roared with laughter. Peal after peal issued from his throat, and the rattlesnakes utterly astonished, began to uncoil and creep away, and soon disappeared in the crevices of the rock. The simple-minded farmer then wiped his eyes, which his laughter had filled with tears, and went home and told the story of his adventure, which he persists was the funniest thing he ever experienced in all the days of his life.

It is computed that 400 newspapers are now published in British America.