

The Star,

And Conception Bay Semi-Weekly Advertiser.

Volume I.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Tuesday, December 17, 1872.

Number 62.

DECEMBER.

S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31
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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
Bramberries 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) 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. 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 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, Manufac-
turing Jeweler.

A large selection of
CLOCKS, WATCHES
MEERCHAUM PIPES,
PLATED WARE, and
JEWELRY of every description & style
May 14. tft

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 DENTIS-
TRY, 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 Me-
thod.

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 a
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. R. THOMPSON,
AGENT FOR

Parsons' Purgative Pills.

Blacksmith & Farrier,

BEGS respectfully to acquaint his num-
erous patrons and the public gener-
ally, 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 Wa-
ter 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

POETRY.

The Gambler.

"Whenever you are tempted to play
any game, for a single dollar or a single
cent, remember the terrible confession of
a gambler now in his gloomy cell in the
State prison, New York: 'Gambling is
a vice which I cannot overcome.'"

He has the shrewd knack,
To shuffle the pack
And bring out an ace, a king, or a jack,
A heart or a spade,
As though they were made
By him, an adept at the trade.

But the heart he makes
Never beats nor breaks;
'Tis a pulseless thing, played for the stakes.
A thin painted cheat,
With no blood to beat,
Without pity, the type of deceit.

And there is the spade—
A sham, that is made
Not to dig with, or use in trade,
But to use in play,
All night and all day,
To get something for nothing that way.

The diamond in paste,
Alas! how they wa-te
Their money, who seek wealth in haste
A diamond of paint,
Neither rich nor quaint,
Is of no worth to sinner or saint.

And the gambler's king
Is a vulgar thing,
Only fit for the blackleg's ring.
And his painted queen
Is common and mean;
Who in her company would be seen?

This lover of pelf
May stake himself,
When losses at play have swept his shelf;
Then the Father of sin,
With a frightful grin,
Will sit down at the table and win.

EXTRACTS.

The Country Post Office.

The country post office is seldom, per-
haps never, a building dedicated to let-
ters.

The postmaster usually keeps "the
store" as well and regards the other little
affair as a means of increasing his busi-
ness—nothing more. When any one
comes for a letter he will be apt to go
away with raisins, fancy biscuits and other
things as well. The letters are put away
in a desk or box, if the postmaster is a
very careful man; if not, he hunts them
up when inquired for.

The official at my post office is current-
ly reported to have replied to Miss Sa-
bina Smith's inquiry for a letter, by shout-
ing into the back room:

"I say, warn't that ere letter Baby
was chewin' directed to Miss Sabina
Smith?"

To which the reply came:
"Yes; I'll fetch it. I allow you'll have
to dry it, Miss Smith, 'fore you kin read
it. He's chewed the envelop clear
through."

This, however, is a strong case. Gener-
ally, by going for a letter to our office,
one would be apt to get it with the en-
velope unbroken.

What a gathering place the post office
is! Perched upon the barrels, or stand-
ing round the door, one may find all the
idlers of the neighborhood; and here,
too, about post hours young business
men make their appearance, and, while
talking of trade, anxiously watch the
street down which some young female
figure is pretty sure to come. No doubt
many a proposal has been made on the
way home from the post office. If not,
our young men have no idea what a good
chance means. A long quiet street, no
one to interrupt them; trees waving on
the left, the sea murmuring on the right,
the afternoon drawing to a close, all
sweet things influencing her budding
heart; and he "in his shop clothes"
and fashionable hat, looking so well.
The question, practically interpreted,
would be:

"After a few months of courting and
kissing, will you sew, and sing, and cook
for me until you die of it?"
But why should the country girl do
more than her city sisters? They and

see a bright picture, often quite unreal,
through the magic circle of the marriage
ring, and so does she, of course.

Perhaps our post office is not the place,
but it might have been, where a letter
directed to "Mother," and nothing more,
lay so long mystifying the postmaster, un-
til an old woman hobbled in one morn-
ing and asked for "a letter from my
son, what's at sea," when the epistle be-
ing handed over, was found to have
reached its destination.

Squire Schenck claims the big envelope
with "Square skunk" upon it, as a matter
of course; and Miss Anna Maria Moran
does not feel surprised when an epistle is
handed to her with this remarkable word
upon it: "AnnermariahMurray."

A letter is a letter when it comes to a
country post office, and it is not expected
to be clean, or to be directed in any or-
thodox manner.

Letters addressed, "Polly Jenkins, or
any of 'em if she's away," and "Helen
Dibbins, forgetting her married name,"
were received without surprise.

One which bore the superscription,
"Mr. Peter Parkins," remained for a long
time unclaimed, until the postmaster re-
membered that "that was his own name."
He had been called "Uncle Pete" so
long, that he had forgotten the fact en-
tirely.

Yes, this is a queer little post office—
 quaint, and strange, and simple, and with-
out rules or order; but through it many
a message of joy and sadness has passed—
many a story of marriage and death.
Hear's here beaten wildly on their way
to that little building, and many a poor,
quivering lip has been hardly able to form
the words, "None for me yet?"

There comes the little steamer, rush-
ing in the harbor with an occasional puff
of the steam whistle, and two little mail
bags are hurried to the post office, where
the postmaster, deeply sensible of the
importance of his position, waits to receive
them. The contents of these bags may
break hearts or fill them with untold joy.

Making Each Other Miserable.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

As if there were not troubles
enough in this world that come upon
men without human design, people set
themselves to work to diminish happi-
ness and to increase misery. Phrenolo-
gists tell us that there is in man an organ
and faculty of destructiveness—that, when
unregulated, it inspires cruelty; that it
is the root of that horrible pleasure which
the old Romans had, and their modern
descendants still have, in murderous glad-
itorial shows, contests of wild beasts, bull
fights, &c.

But there runs through modern civil-
ized society a vein of the same quality.
People that would faint to see a gush of
blood, and who think themselves Chris-
tians, have a lively enjoyment in witness-
ing pain, and cultivate the art of inflict-
ing it. The mention of a few of the meth-
ods employed will make good my re-
marks:

The delight with which many report
bad news; the eagerness with which they
report evil sayings which cannot but la-
cerate the feelings, show a morbid love
of suffering. This is not the trait of vil-
lains only. It exists in people of real
kindness of disposition. It is not an
omalous, because it is so widely extended
as to seem normal.

Some people scatter pain producing
elements thoughtlessly, and are surprised
and sorry when they witness the suffering
produced. Others do it for momentary
pleasure, without meaning any serious
results. But now and then we find per-
sons who love to torment a victim. They
enjoy another's sufferings. It is their
happiness to see some one made keenly
miserable by their lance like tongue.
They will smile, and talk in low, sweet
tones, and shoot quivering sentences,
poison-tipped, and cast a look sideways to
see if they strike, and at every sign of pain
their face grows bright.

In part this is a latent ambition. Peo-
ple thus assert their power over others.
It raises one in his own estimation to per-
ceive that he can control the moods of
others.

But there is still more common ex-
hibition of the love of suffering. It is
seen in the ignoble, but universal Art of
Teasing.

We see it in its most unregulated form it
among children, who nip and pinch each
other, make up mouths, twitch each
other's clothes, run off with toys, push
and "joggle," point with insulting fingers
this matter. Our national reputation is at

and in a hundred ingenious ways strive
to make each other miserable. As they
grow up, it often happens that young
people carry on a campaign of teasing,
each one vieing with another which shall
be the sharpest.

It does not cease with youth. Grown
folks, good-natured, kind hearted, well-
meaning and full of benevolence, often
show this perverse spirit, in the midst of
all their kindness. By sharp speech, by
veiled sarcasm, by exciting curiosity which
they will not gratify, by narrating pre-
tended facts, by sinister compliments, by
rallying one when circumstances forbid a
reply, by equivocal praise, by blunt telling
of some truth that had been better left
unsaid, and by hundreds of ingenious
ways which time would fail to tell, people
inflict pain upon each other.

Those who in the main are striving to
make friends happy, will have one black
web in thread of white. Those who real-
ly love each other have a strange fond-
ness for stirring each other up.

There is an innocent and even pleasure-
producing method of rallying which, if
definitely and gracefully done, heightens the
enjoyment of society. One may touch a
discord if it lapses into a true chord.
Sometimes, when we have good news to
tell, we are bewitched with a desire to
open the matter as if it were a great
trouble that we were about to break.
There is a gentle badinage, an innocent
arrow shooting, which flatters and charms.
But life is full of the other sort. If Dar-
win is right in thinking that men ascend-
ed from monads by gradual evolution,
then it is very certain that some men
came up by the way of the mosquito, the
flea and the biting fly, and that their an-
cestral traits still linger in the blood.

A Simple Invention Greatly Needed.

In cities, towns and large villages, coal
gas is almost the only material employed
for lighting purposes. But in country
houses, and with the great majority of the
inhabitants of the United States, kerosene
or some kind of refined coal oil, is used.
Coal gas is too expensive, unless manufac-
tured on a large scale. And, indeed, the
coal oil is but little inferior in quality, and
furnishes a splendid light compared with
anything known and in general use before
its discovery.

But there is one difficulty, almost uni-
versally experienced, in burning coal oil,
if the wick is turned up a little too high
it emits a black, suffocating smoke, dis-
coloring the lamp chimney so as to ren-
der it opaque, and covering the ceiling a-
bove with lamp black. And this results
from the slightest degree of carelessness
in adjusting the wick. Not one person
in a hundred is sufficiently careful al-
ways to avoid it.

What is needed is some simple contri-
vance which will arrest the screw when
the wick is turned high enough to burn,
and before it is high enough to smoke.
Cannot somebody among our million
and one inventors devise such a contri-
vance.

National Song.

It appears that a National Song has
sprung into existence among us, and, if
reports be correct, is taking our Canadian
people by storm. Now, a National Song
is a fine thing to have. Of course it
would be better—nicer, to have a Nation-
al Hymn, like the English people; but as
that seems rather too much, we may very
properly content ourselves with a first-class
National Song. The one which has been
published during the past week by our
city papers must be counterfeit; it can't
be the one they are having such a time
about in the Upper Provinces. If it is,
then the music must be very nice, for the
words are not up to the mark. You know
in pieces of music, a great deal depends
on the air; the words are of less account.
For instance, in our National Hymn these
lines:

"Confound their politics, frustrate their
knavish tricks."

are not anything extra; but a good, live-
ly air makes them pass off very well. Yet,
the great objection to our present Nation-
al Song is in the circumstance that the
poetry is not just the thing. Any one
could write as good as that. It would be
just as well to have a ditty written so
fine that no common person could equal
it. This in an important matter. A
false step might work irrevocable harm.
The Government at Ottawa had better
exercise great caution and vigilance in
this matter. Our national reputation is at