

LITERARY.

Old Songs.

Those dear old songs of early days,
Whose plaintive music to the ear
Resound, throughout life's changing
ways,
In all their loveliness appear:
Their cadences rise like incense rare
On wings of melody divine;
Softly we breathe a silent prayer
As gently on the lips of thine
Departed souls they once did rise
In low, sweet accents full of love,
Ah! those sweet songs we'll dearly
prize.
They waft us thoughts of those above.

Breathe thou, O, hope, a joyful strain,
Let fair hands strike thy chords anew,
Waft back once more the sweet refrain
Of voices of loved ones so true,
As o'er the wrecks of scattered time
Their visions rise in sweet array,
Breathing with pathos pure, sublime,
Songs of the aged and the gray.
Again the hallowed scenes recall
Those dear bright, sunlit days of yore;
They now, as then, our souls enthral,
When those old songs we hear
more.

Then, as the harp's sweet strains arise,
O visions of youth draw near;
With smiling lips, and sparkling eyes,
Pass thou with us an hour of cheer,
And let affection's chain unite
With golden links, soul unto soul,
As faces beam with love's soft light,
Our beings wholly to control,
And from their lips, pure visions fair,
Breathe once again the songs of yore,
As fondly we murmur, silently,
A blessing on those gone before.
DAVID B. METCH.

Could You?

Could you forsake your dearest friend
For others far less true,
Because he did not give to thee
More than was ever due?
Could you be so unkind to him,
And let the friendship die,
That years have made so firm and strong
Now loose in one good-by?

Could you forget the many ties
That bound us in the past,
And give your heart an aching void
That must forever last?
The shadow of the past would rise
To haunt thee like a dream
While you would find the saddest words
Are those "It might have been."

Could you devote your time and means
To build a false hope up,
And toil in vain through weary years,
Then drink the bitter cup?
Ah, no, methinks that such a fate
To thee shall never come—
May better judgment hold thee fast
While still there yet is room.

Could you despoil a life like yours
Of all its bright sunshine,
In supposition that you could
But cast one blight on mine?
Such cruel thoughts should never rise
To fill a heart so pure
As thine has been, it should be now,
And to the end endure.

Now, last of all, I ask of thee,
Be good as thou hast been,
And keep the path in wisdom's way
Through fields of living green;
And, when the sleep of death shall come
To bear thee to the tomb,
Thy soul shall go unto its rest
Free from all earthly gloom.
MALDEN VALENTINE.

GOLD AND GILT.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

AFTER THE SUMMER.

(Continued.)

"I'd tell him not to go filling the child's
head with such nonsense, only I don't
want to get in his way," Mary thought.
But some how Tom got into her way that
afternoon.

"Look here, Mary," he said: "I want
to speak to you. It isn't that I want you
to look at me if you haven't a mind to,
though goodness knows I'd do anything
for you, but I don't want to see a nice
girl like you lowering of herself by
walking out with a chap like Alfred
Hill."

"What's it got to do with you?" she
asked angrily.

"Why, just this, that I have found out
a bit about him, and he's only a laughing
at you, and thinking that you are a nice-
looking girl when you are dressed up,
to walk about with, but as for marrying
you, he'll no more do it than that—and
he snapped his fingers, though what
that action had to do with Mr. Alfred
Hill's intention he did not explain.

"Why, he's going to marry the daughter
of Mr. Brooks, what travels for the firm
—that's what he's going to do. Ask
him and see if he can deny it. Why,
he's coming off directly on y she's nothing

to look at so he isn't fond of showing her
off, but she's got money and pays on the
piano and looks a lady."

"How do you know it?" Mary asked,
her very lips turned white, for her exact-
ing heart knew that he had fallen off
lately, that he was not what he had been
in the spring (the summer was over).
Not that for a single moment she believ-
ed Tom's words.

"Why, I work there and the servant
told me. Because I've seen him go there
courting."

"I don't believe it. You ought to be
ashamed of yourself," and she rushed
away to hide her gathering tears and
frightened face.

She wrote to him, asking him to meet
her that night, but he replied with an
excuse that made her heart sick. He
would meet her to-morrow (Saturday)
afternoon in Kensington Gardens if she
liked, he said and to this she consented
and for the first time, and for his sake,
was false to her charge of Franky.

"You run about, Master Franky dear,
she said. I want to talk to a friend of
mine—but don't go out of sight," and
then in her bewilderment she forgot all
about him. Alfred Hill looked rather
bored than otherwise, but he was smiling
and shiny as ever. She hardly greeted
him when he appeared, but she looked
at him with all the admiration she had
ever felt for him, intensified by her fear.
He sat down beside her, and eagerly
crossing his legs, began tapping his high-
ly polished boots with his bone-headed
cane.

"Alfred," she said, crossing her hands
and looking at him straight in the face
"is it true as you are going to get married
directly?"

"Who to'd you so?"

"It isn't any account who to'd, is it
true as you are going to marry Miss
Brooks because she plays on the piano
and has money, and—?" The tears
came into her eyes and her lips quivered
with anguish. "Oh, it isn't true! I
know it isn't!" and she touched his hand
in her dismay, and looked up into his
face with all her heart's story written in
her eyes.

"I don't see why it shouldn't be, and
so there's the end and short of it. It's
no use making a fuss about it my dear
girl."

"But it isn't? it isn't?" she said ap-
pealingly.

"Well, yes, it is true," he said slowly,
not daring to look her in the face "so
you may as well know it at once."

She stood up before him. "True
Do you mean to say, Alfred, after all
that's passed between us, as you are go-
ing to be married to some one else?"

"I really don't know what you mean
by what has passed between us." You
really couldn't think I was going to mar-
ry you!"

"Why couldn't I?"

"Well, I don't wish to hurt your feel-
ings, but consider the difference in our
positions. One walks out with a pretty
servant girl," but one doesn't marry
her."

"You are not a gentleman, as you
think yourself, Alfred Hill," she said
slowly. "You are dressed as one, but you
are just a bit of a clerk, not any better
than a respectable girl like me, you are
not a gentleman. A gentleman does
not try and take a girl's good name and
win her heart as you have done." Mary
often wondered how she fought her bat-
tle as she did; but she seemed to have
no feeling then, only to realize that which
would come hereafter.

"I'm very sorry that you let yourself
fall in love with me," he said, tapping his
boot again. "I thought you would have
had more pride, at any rate till you were
asked."

"More pride! What do you take me
for?" she asked, her cheeks flushing. "Do
you think I go out with one, and talk
to him, and let him talk to me as you've
done, if I didn't care for him? I've too
much pride for that, and I shouldn't be
fit company for any honest man if I hadn't
And you know as I've liked you for you
made me say it, and you know it; but it
isn't you as I like, but the man I took
you for, and he isn't here at all."

"Well, I'm sorry you are disappointed
in the hope of bettering yourself by
marrying above you, and I think after
all you've said we better part."

"The sooner the better," and she let
him go, and then she sat down and al-
most sobbed her poor foolish heart out,
and spent the bitterest hour of her life
beneath the shadow of the trees from
which the leaves were falling. Suddenly

she looked up for Franky, he was no-
where to be seen. She called at the top
of her voice—no answer came. With a
fear that deadened all other feeling she
ran to and fro in a wild endeavor to find
him. She asked the policeman at the
gate, he had not seen him. An hour
passed in fruitless search, and then pale
with fear and trembling in every limb,
she went home to relate her terrible
news. Just as she got to the door, she
saw through the gathering chinks Tom
Dewlish, and in his arms a little figure
which her heart told her was Master
Franky.

"I met this young gentleman as he was
running away to be a sailor, and luckily
brought him back."

"Running away! Why, how were you
going to get to the sea?"

"I was going to walk there," said
Franky stoutly.

"You would kill your poor mamma."

"Mamma," asked Franky the next day,
"would it kill you if I ran away to sea?"

"Yes dear I think it would."

"Oh! well then, I won't, he answered
patronisingly.

It was spring time again when Tom
Dewlish asked Mary a question—once
more. He had a good situation, and a
prospect of a rise; and he'd always been
daft on her, and he wanted to know if
she could love him. She looked up with
a face that had grown thin and pale, and
answered truthfully and simply—

"I don't think as I do now, Tom;
but if you like to wait, I think it'll come."

"Bless you!" said Tom; "I'd wait seven
years rather nor lose you."

But he had only to wait one. "He's
Gold, and t'other was Gilt," said Mary
on her Wedding-day; and she was right.

Wit and Humor.

In a duel in Kansas the seconds loaded
the guns with soft soap. The man who
won the first shot, fired, and dropped
behind a log. His antagonist walked up
to him and putting the muzzle of his
gun near the coward's head, pulled the
trigger. The victim, feeling the soap as
he put his hand to his head, exclaimed
piteously, "Oh, my poor brains!" He
never heard the last of that.

The beautiful girls of Macon, Ga., hav-
ing met at Catoosa Springs, fell into a
pious strain for want of male companions
and concluded to pray for the welfare of
their lovers. The first one to kneel had
not daring to look her in her petition
when it was discovered that they were ad-
dressed to the same man. The religious
exercises were terminated at once.

Upright Legislator—"What, Sir,
you take me for one who can be bribed?
You insult my sense of honor!
But in case I really was such a man,
how much would you give?"

A lady who had quarreled with her
aid-headed lover, said, in dismissing
him: "What is delightful about you
my friend, is that I have not the trouble
of sending you back any locks of hair."

Eulalie's sweet poem, entitled the
"Cucumber's Victim," says the St. Louis
"Times Journal," has been re-
ceived, and is respectfully but firmly
declined, on the grounds that we cannot
encourage a muse which makes "really
gorgeous" rhyme with "cholera mor-
bus."

A Nevada politician was elected on the
merits of a single speech. All he said
was—"Fellow countrymen, follow me to
yonder refreshment saloon!"

A touching instance of filial piety
comes from Cook county, Texas, where a
resident has a set of furniture made from
the tree on which his father was hanged
ten years ago.

"You are a brilliant and versatile bou-
quet of loveliness," said he with a voice
that was low and soft; and in return she
warbled, "Dry up George, you've said
enough."

Lady: "Why did you leave your last
place?" Servant: "Well, yer see, mum,
I had to pay for all my breakages, and as
they come to more than my wages, yer
see, mum, it was a kind of imposition
that I couldn't stand."

A Marshfield man, who lost his
character some time ago, was severely
handled by some of his former friends.
"I know it, boys, I know my charac-
ter's gone—lost entirely. And," he
added, rather pointedly, "it's too con-
founded bad; for it was the only one in
the place worth saving."

The "Chicago Intelligencer" says—
"Within five minutes after the alarm
was given, our reporter was on the
ground." A rival paper observes—
"We have little doubt of it, if he gave
the slightest provocation to the foreman
of the Engine Company."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE

PERSONS arriving at BAY ROBERTS
per STEAMER, en route for HAF-
BOR GRACE, or CARBONEAR can be
forwarded by a Smart TEAM, personally
by letter, telegraph, or by apply-
ing to MR. HIERLIHY, next PPost Office,
June 19.

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.

JUST RECEIVED

Per Hero, from Glenock,
100 Barrels Bass & Co.'s
ALE,
(QUARTS.)
100 Bls. ditto ditto Pints
May J. & T HEARN.

JUST OPENED.

NEW GROCERY
AND
PROVISION STORE,
(Opposite the Public Wharf),
Harbor Grace

The Subscriber begs to inform the
public of Carbonear that he has Just
Opened the above Premises where he
will keep on hand, a choice and well
assorted stock of

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,
AT LOWEST PRICES POSSIBLE
N. STEWART,
PROPRIETOR

Harbor Grace,
June 19nd, 1879.

CAUTION.

The PILLS Purify the Blood, correct a
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,
Sjids, Gout, Rheumatism, and all Skin
Diseases it is no equal.

BEWARE OF AMERICAN
COUNTERFEITS.

I most respectfully 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 only 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 by
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 sense
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,
33, Oxford Street, London,

ADVERTISEMENTS.



HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

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

These famous Pills purify the blood
and act most powerfully, yet sooth-
ingly on the

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

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

Its Searching and Healing Prop-
erties are known through-
out 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
into 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 Counterfeits
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.

Newfoundland Lights.

No. 4, 1879.

TO MARINERS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,
that a Light House has been erect-
ed on Point Verde, Great Placentia.

On and after the 1st June next, a
FIXED WHITE LIGHT will be
exhibited nightly, from sunset to sun-
rise. Elevation 98 feet above the level
of the sea, and should be visible in
clear weather 11 miles.

The Tower and Dwelling are of
wood and attached. The vertical parts
of the Building are painted White; the
roof of the Dwelling is flat.

Lat. 47° 14' 11" North.
Lon. 54° 00, 19" West.

The Illuminating Apparatus is Di-
optric of the Fifth Order, with a Sin-
gle Argand Burner. The whole water
horizon is illuminated.

By order,
JOHN STUART,
Secretary.

Board of Works Office,
St. John's, April 17th, 1879,

NOTICE.

ACROSS 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.

Vol. 1

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