

LITERARY.

Dreams and Shadows.

Thinking sadly of the future,
And of happier years gone by,
Shadowy forms of hours departed
Flit around me as I lie.

Musing on the fate that gave me
Mind and heart that crave in vain
For the tenderness and kindness
I may never know again.

Dreaming of happy times gone by—
Of girlhood passed away—
When I built those fairy castles,
Since fallen to decay.

Oh sad and weary days are those
When hope's bright pictures fade,
When hope's sweet dreams and fan-
tasies
Fall to the earth decay'd!

But why should I wildly weep
When one blessing from above,
A little child's pure heart is mine,
A little child's fond love?

This is enough! I will be brave!
I will not cry aloud;
For I know that there is sunshine
Always behind the cloud.

M. R. A.

VIVIENNE.

Continued.

'He is gone, Guy—I shall never see him again!' and so turned to leave the room.

She went a few yards, then paused, and, coming back to me—

'Dear Guy,' she said, with a little faint attempt at a smile, 'I don't seem to me than all the tears that could be shed, and putting her arms around my neck, she drew down my face to hers and kissed me, and so went quietly away.

From that day Verschoyle's visits ceased and his name was never mentioned amongst us—from which I concluded that Vivienne had told her mother the entire story.

Mrs De Vere looked troubled and careworn, and followed her daughter's every motion with eyes full of tender love and pity; while the poor child went her usual daily occupations, never omitting a single duty, never forgetting or neglecting, but always with the same sad and lonely look upon her face.

She read she walked, she superintended her garden, she fed her swans at times she was even cheerful; but she never laughed and very seldom smiled.

It was Tuesday evening—that is, the evening of the day, one week back on which Vivienne and her lover had parted—and being chilly, we three were sitting round the fire in the drawing-room discussing my departure to my own home, which was to take place on the following day—for the poachers had become troublesome, and my steward required my presence for many reasons—when a bustle and noise was heard in the hall, and the door opening suddenly, Cummins, Lady Flora's maid, came hurriedly into the room. She seemed much agitated, and her eyes were red as if from excessive weeping.

'Oh, ma'am,' she began, hysterically when Vivienne sprang to her feet, crying: 'Cecil!' with pallid lips, and a despairing tone, showing—heaven help her, poor girl!—the one thought that occupied her mind from morning until night.

'Oh, Miss De Vere,' Cummins went on, turning at once towards Vivienne 'Mr Cecil—the Captain—about four hours ago, riding by Herts Wood, the poachers fired at him, and it seems—

'He is not dead?' Vivienne moaned, interrupting her.

'They mistook him for some one else,' the woman went on, never heeding her question, and weeping all the time. The hall entered his side man and—

Down came Vivienne's little white hand on her shoulder, shaking her roughly.

'He is not dead; speak—speak!' she cried, fiercely, almost mad with suspense.

'No, miss,' Cummins answered, turning quickly round, and frightened by the girl's face into speaking concisely, 'but the doctor says there is no hope, and he has been calling for you, miss, for the last half-hour, and please em, my lady, says—

But what my lady had not said was quite lost on me, as Vivienne suddenly left the room, and I followed quickly to order the carriage, knowing well that her intention was to reach poor Cecil's side without a moment's delay.

Returning to the drawing-room a few minutes afterwards I found Vivienne there before me, a dark shawl thrown over her white dress, and both her hands clasped within her mother's; so they both stood, neither of them speaking until the carriage being announced, I took her down and put her into it.

Giving the word to the coachman, I sprang in after her and, Cummins sitting opposite, we set out in silence for the Castle. The distance was but a short one, about half an hour's drive perhaps, but I pray heaven I may never again in all my life spend such a thirty minutes.

When at last we did arrive we found the door open, and Vivienne, springing to the ground, without waiting for assistance, ran up the stairs and entered the hall, which was but dimly lighted and quite deserted, having over it that indescribable look of desolation and gloom which too surely betokens the approach of death.

Throwing her shawl on the ground, Vivienne continued her way up the stairs, while I followed a few yards behind, and on the first landing came face to face with the old doctor of the district, who attended all the families for miles around, and had known her from her birth.

'My dear,' he said, speaking slowly and kindly, and putting both his hands upon her shoulders, 'I cannot allow any excitement; it will only increase the suffering and can do no good.'

'You need have no fear for me,' she said, in a quiet, self-possessed tone and, seeing the calm expression of her face, he gave a satisfied nod, and took her across the landing to the door of the chamber.

But her courage failed her, and, turning to him, she caught his arm, whispering piteously—

'His face?'

'It is quite uninjured,' he made answer, understanding her question at once. 'Take courage child; and, opening the door of the room, he motioned her to pass through.

As he was about to follow, I stopped him and asked, hesitatingly—

'How long?'

'Perhaps four hours, perhaps only two,' he replied, with a mournful shake of the head; and then we passed into the apartment where Cecil Verschoyle lay, surely dying.

What Vivienne first saw was Lady Flora kneeling by the side of the bed, her lips pressed to her brother's hand, which hung slightly over the edge of it; but, seeing Vivienne, she rose, and tottered to the other side of the room where Lord March received her in his arms.

Cecil was lying with closed eyes, his face deadly pale, and seemingly in a deep lethargy when we entered.

To be Concluded

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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PURITY OF BLOOD ESSENTIAL TO HEALTH, STRENGTH, AND LONG LIFE.

THE PILLS

surpass all other Medicines for Purifying the Blood; they are available for all a domestic and household remedy for all disorders of the

STOMACH, LIVER, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS.

in Congestion and Obstruction of every kind they quickly remove the cause, and in constipation and disordered condition of the Bowels, they act as a cleansing aperient.

For Debilitated Constitutions and also Female Complaints these Pills are unsurpassed—they correct all Irregularities and Weaknesses from whatever cause arising.

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stands unrivalled for the facility it displays in relieving, healing, and thoroughly curing the most inveterate Sores and Ulcers, and in cases of

BAD LEGS, BAD BREASTS, OLD WOUNDS

Gout, Rheumatism, and all Skin Diseases, acts as a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment, 533, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, sold at 1s, 1 1/2, 2, 91, 4s, 6d, 22s., and 35s., each Box and and in Canada, 36 cents, 90 s., and \$1 50 cents., and the sizes in proportion.

Caution.—I have no Agent in the United States, nor are my Medicines sold there. Purchasers should therefore look to the label on the Pot and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London they are spurious.

The Trade Mark of my said Medicines are registered in Ottawa, and also at Washington.

Signed THOMAS HOLLOWAY 533, Oxford Street, London. Sept. 1, 1889

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He has on hand a large assortment of Italian and other Marbles, and is now prepared to execute all orders in this line.

N.B.—The above article will be sold at much lower prices than in any part of the Provinces of the United States.

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We are prepared to supply to any extent, made from best New Orleans Cotton and hard laid TWINE—the very best—all our STANDARD NETS for Herring, Cod, Caplin and Lance SEINES, put together—Roped, Corked and Leaded in the most approved manner.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.



LABRADOR MAIL STEAMER—1881.

THE LABRADOR MAIL STEAMER KITE to leave St John's on the 5th July calling at Harbor Grace, thence direct to Battle Harbor.

PRECEEDING NORTH.—From Battle Harbor to Spear Head, Francis Harbor, Bight, Square Islands, Dead Islands, Venison Island, Bolsters Rock, Punch Bowl, Bateauaux, Indian Tickle, Gundy, and thence direct to Indian Harbor for Avic and Nain, (to this last named Port only two trips will be made.)

RETURNING SOUTH.—Calling at Cape Harrigan, Hopedale, Lilly Island, Tunnawic, Looch, Stawberry, Munnocks Island, Long Tickle, Roger's Harbor, Adnavic, Ragger's Islands, Jagger Tickle, Cape Harrison, Sloop Cove, Sleigh Tickle, Holton, Lundy Harbor, White Beans, Smokey Tickle, Indian Island, Lark's Harbor and Independent, two last places alternately.

Long Island and Southeast Cove alternately.

Grady, Black Island each alternate trip.

Lady Tickle, Donno and Bateauaux alternately, Punch Bowl.

Seal Islands and Comfort Bight alternately.

Bolster's Rock, Venison Island, Tub Harbor and Snug Harbor alternately.

Dead Island, Scrammy Bay, Ship Harbor and Fishing Ship Harbor alternately.

Francis Harbor Bight, Little Harbor.

Murray and Spear Harbors alternately, and thence to Battle Harbor.

The following trips will be the same as above, except after the first round trip in September, the Steamer will not be required to go North of Holton, but after that trip must call at all Harbors between Bateauaux and Healy Harbor, for Herring Fishery news.

The Steamer Kite will leave St. John's on the 18th July, and fortnightly during the performance of the Labrador Services and will make the usual calls in the Straits as follows, connecting with Kite at Battle Harbor:—

Samson River, Blanc Sabon, Forteau, Lance-au-Loup, Red Bay, Chateau, Healy, Chimney Tickle and Cape Charles.

JOHN DELANEY,

Postmaster General

St. John's, 2nd July, 1881.

HARBOR GRACE STOVE DEPOT

Glass and Tinware Establishment.

(To the east of Messrs. John Mann & Co Mercantile Premises)

C. L. KENNEDY,

Begs to intimate that he has recently received a large assortment of the latest improved and very best quality of Stoves comprising Cooking, Fancy, Franklin and Fittings of all sizes English and American GOTHIC GRATES.

In addition to the above, the subscriber has always on hand—American Hatches, Harness Rings and Buckets, Sheath Knives and Belts Wash Boards, Brooms, Clothes Lines Water Pails, Matches, Kerosene Oil—best quality, Paraffine, Stove Shoe, Paint & Clothes Brushes, Preserved Fruits, Condensed Milk, Coffee, Soaps and a general assortment of Groceries, Hardware Glassware, Tinware etc.

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

Nov.

CRAWFORD'S

Temperance Dining Saloon

140 WATER STREET,

(Opposite Messrs. Job, Bros., & Co.)

Meals, Refreshments to order

Our friends from the Outports would do well to call should they get hungry in the City.

June 3.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

CHEAP DRY GOODS

123--WATER STREET--129

SIGN OF THE RED LAMP:

RICHARD HARVEY,

Having completed his Fall importations is now offering them at a very low price.

Wineys from 2 1/2 per yard
Sheatings..... 9 1/2 " "
Flannel, all wool..... 1s " "
Moleskin..... 1s " "
Blanketing..... 2 1/2 " "
Dress Goods..... 6d " "
Ladies Felt Hats each..... 1s 6d
" Uists..... 7s 6d
" Skirts..... 2s 6d
" Ties..... 3s 4d
" Winter Jackets..... 5s
Childrens' "..... 3s.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

Womens E.S. Kid Boots from 4s. 6d
" Peble Lace " 6s.
" Button " 8s.
Mens' Long Boots from 10s.
" Grain Deck Boots..... 12s. 6d,
" Lace " 12s. 6d

Also 500 Pairs Men's Marchalng Boots, at 7s. 11d., only to be bought here.

A choice lot New Teas,

in Boxes or Chests from 1s 4d to 2s 9d

FLOUR, BREAD,

PORK, BUTTER,

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And a general assortment of GROCERIES at very low PRICES, at

No 91--WATER STREET.--No 13.

Nearly Opposite the Custom House.

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HAWLEY & BARNES

General Hardware Importers

Have now received their spring stock of

HARDWARE & FANCY GOODS

Consisting of:

ELECTRO PLATED WARE, CUTLERY GILT AND OTHERS,

MANTLE AND TOILET GLASS CHANDLIER AND TABLE LAMPS,

IN GREAT VARIETY.

A large assortment of,

GLASSWARE,

NAILS,

SHEET IRON

HAWLEY & BARNES.

SIGN OF THE GUN,

No. 341, Arcade Building,

JUST OPENED.

M. J. SHEEHAN

Tinsmith and Dealer in Stoves

Begs to inform the public of Carbonear, and vicinity, that he has JUST OPENED business in the shop recently occupied by Mr. T. Malone and nearly opposite the Court House Fire Break, where he has on hand a large assortment of

TINWARE

Of every description.

Also a large assortment of

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