

The Star,

And Conception Bay Semi-Weekly Advertiser.

Vol. II.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Friday, July 25, 1873.

Number 12.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

JULY.

S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.
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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Moon's Phases.

Calculated for Mean Time at St. John's, Newfoundland.

First Quarter... 1st, 2h. 49m., a. m.
Full Moon..... 8th, 6h. 31m., p. m.
Last Quarter... 15th, Noon.
New Moon..... 22nd, 5h. 41m., p. m.

Mail Steamers to Depart from St. John's.

For Liverpool.....	Thursday, June	19
For Halifax.....	Wednesday,	25
For Liverpool.....	Thursday, July	3
For Halifax.....	Wednesday,	9
For Liverpool.....	Thursday,	17
For Halifax.....	Wednesday,	23
For Liverpool.....	Thursday,	31
For Halifax.....	Wednesday, Aug.	6
For Liverpool.....	Thursday,	14
For Halifax.....	Wednesday,	20
For Liverpool.....	Thursday,	28
For Halifax.....	Wednesday, Sept	3
For Liverpool.....	Thursday,	11
For Halifax.....	Wednesday,	17
For Liverpool.....	Thursday,	25
For Halifax.....	Wednesday, Oct.	1
For Liverpool.....	Thursday,	9
For Halifax.....	Wednesday,	15
For Liverpool.....	Thursday,	23
For Halifax.....	Wednesday,	29

Wholesale Prices Current, St. John's.

BREAD—Hambro' No 1, 32s. 6d.; No. 2 28s. 6d.; No. 3, 24s. 6d. Local No. 1, 26s.; No. 2, 23s. 6d.; F. C., 22s. 6d.
FLOUR—Canada Fancy 42s. 6d.; Canada Superfine, 38s.; New York Extra, 38s. to 39s.; New York Superfine, 35s. New York No. 2 30s. to 32s.
CORN MEAL—White and Yellow, per brl. 18s. to 20s.
OATMEAL—Canada, per brl. 30s.; P E Island, 27s. 6d.
RICE—East India, per cwt. 20s.
PEAS—Round, per brl. 20s. to 21s.
BUTTER—Canada, good 1s. to 1s. 2d. Nova Scotia, good 11d. to 1s. 1d.; American 8d. to 10d.; Hambro' 8d.
CHEESE—9d. to 10d.
PORK—American mess 95s. to 100s.; prime mess 90s.; extra prime 77s.
BEEF—Prime, per brl. 35s.
RUM—per Imp. gallon 7s. 10d.
MOLASSES—Muscovado 2s. 2s. 1d.; Clay-ed 1s. 9d.
SUGAR—Muscovado, 45s. to 47s. 6d.; American Crushed 72s. 6d.
COFFEE—1s. 1d. to 1s. 3d.
TEA—Congou and Souchong, ordinary broken leaf, 1s. 7d. to 1s. 9d.; fair to good, 2s. to 2s. 6d.
LARD—American and Canadian 7d. to 8d.
LEATHER—American and Canadian 1s. 5d.
TOBACCO—Canadian, 1s. 7d. to 1s. 8d.; American 1s. 5d. to 1s. 6d.; Nova Scotian, 1s. 5d. to 1s. 6d.
CORDAGE—per cwt. 65s.
SALT—per hhd. Foreign, Liverpool, 7s. 6d. KEROSENE OIL—New York manufacture 1s. 9d.; Boston 1s. 9d.
COAL—per ton, North Sydney 30s.

172 WATER STREET, 172
JAMES FALLON,
TIN, COPPER & SHEET
IRON WORKER,

BEGET respectfully to inform the inhabitants of Harbor Grace and outports that he has commenced business in the Shop No. 172 Water Street, Harbor Grace, opposite the premises of Messrs. John Munn & Co., and is prepared to fill all orders in the above lines, with neatness and despatch, hoping by strict attention to business to merit a share of public patronage.

JOBGING

Done at the Cheapest possible Terms.
Dec 13.

NOTICES.

JAMES 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 material, made to order.
St. John's, May 10.

FOR SALE.

RESREVES & GROCERIES!

Just Received and For Sale by the Subscriber—

Fresh Cove OYSTERS
Spiced do.
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.

HARBOR GRACE

BOOK & STATIONERY DEPOT,
E. W. LYON, Proprietor.

Importer of British and American
NEWSPAPERS

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

GEORGE BOWDEN,

Repairer of Umbrellas and Parasols,
No. 1, LION SQUARE,
ST. JOHN'S, N. F.

THE SUBSCRIBER, in tendering thanks to his friends for the liberal patronage hitherto extended to him, begs to state that he may still be found at his residence, No. 1, Lion Square, where he is prepared to execute all work in the above line at the shortest notice, and at moderate rates.
All work positively finished by the time promised.

Outport orders punctually attended to.
St. John's, Jan. 4.

HARBOR GRACE

MEDICAL HALL, W. H. THOMPSON,

Proprietor,

Has always on hand a carefully selected Stock of

DRUGS, MEDICINES,
DRY PAINTS,
Oils, &c., &c.,

And nearly every article in his line that is recommendable:

Gallup's Floriline for the Teeth and Breath
Keating's Worm Tablets
Cough Lozenges
Rowland's Odonto
Oxley's Essence of Ginger
Lampough's Pyretic Saline
Powel's Balsam Aniseed
Medicamentum (stamped)
British Oil, Balsam of Life, Chlorodyne,
Mexican Mustang Liniment
Steer's Apodidoc
Radway's Ready Relief, Arnold's Balsam
Murray's Fluid Magnesia
"Acidulated Syrup
S. A. Allen's Hair Restorer
Rossiter's "
Ayer's Hair Vigor
"Sarsaparilla
"Cherry Pectoral
Pickles, French Capers, Sauces
Soothing Syrup, Kaye's Coaguline
India Rubber Sponge, Teething
Sponge, Tooth Cloths
Nail, Shoe and Calf Brushes
Widow Walch's Pills
Morrison's Pills
Cooke's "
Holloway's "
Norton's "
Hunt's "
Holloway's Ointment
Adams' Indian Salve, Russia Salve
Morehead's Plaster, Corn Plaster
Father's Feeding Bottles
Bond's Marking Ink, Corn Flour
Fresh Hops, Arrowroot, Sago, Gold Leaf
Nelson's Gelatine and Isinglass
Bonnet Glue, Best German Glycerine
Lime Juice, Honey, Best Ground Coffee
Nix's Black Lead
Roth & Co.'s Rat Paste
Brown's Bronchial Troches
Woodrill's Worm Lozenges
"Baking Powder
McLean's Vermifuge
Lear's India Rubber Varnish
Copal Varnish
Kerosene Oil, Lamp, Chimnies, Wicks,
Burners, &c., &c.
Cod Liver Oil,
Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites
Extract of Logwood in 1/2 lb. boxes
Cudbear, Worm Tea Toilet Soaps
Best Perfumeries, Pomades and Hair Oils
Pain Killer
Henry's Calmed Mgnesia
Enema Instruments
Gold Beater's Skin
Fumigating Pastilles
Seidlitz Powders
Furniture Polish, Plate Polish
Flavouring Essences, Spices, &c., &c.
Robinson's Patent Harley
"Groats
All the above proprietary articles bear the Government Stamp, without which none are genuine.
Outport Orders will receive careful and prompt attention.
May 14

LeMessurier & Knight,

Particular attention given to the Sale and Purchase of
**DRY & WICKLED
FISH**
FLOUR, PROVISIONS,
WEST INDIA PRODUCE
—AND—
DRY GOODS.

Consignments solicited.
St. John's, May 1873.

BLANK FORMS

Executed with NEATNESS and DESPATCH at the Office of this paper.

POETRY.

The Miss Nomers.

Miss Brown is exceedingly fair,
Miss White is as red as a berry,
Miss Black has a grey head of hair,
Miss Graves is a flirt ever merry;
Miss Lightbody weighs sixteen stone,
Miss Rich can scarce muster a guinea,
Miss Hare wears a wig and has none,
And Miss Solomon is a sad ninny.

Miss Midway's a terrible scold,
Miss Dove's ever cross and contrary;
Miss Young is now grown very old,
And Miss Heavy-side's light as a fairy!
Miss Short is at least five feet ten,
Miss Noble's of humble extraction;
Miss Love has a hatred towards men,
While Miss Still is forever in action.

Miss Green is a regular blue,
Miss Scarlet looks pale as a lily;
Miss violet ne'er shrinks from our view,
And Miss Wiseman thinks all the men silly.

Miss Goodchild's a naughty young elf,
Miss Lyons from terror a fool,
Miss Mee's not at all like myself,
Miss Carpenter no one can rule!

Miss Saddler ne'er mounted a horse,
While Miss Groom from the stable will run;
Miss Kilmore can't look at a corse,
And Miss Aimwell ne'er fired a gun;
Miss Greathead has no brains at all,
Miss Heartwell is ever complaining,
Miss Dance ne'er has been at a ball,
Over hearts Miss Fairweather likes reigning!

Miss Wright is constantly wrong,
Miss Tickell, alas! is not funny;
Miss Singer ne'er warbled a song,
And alas! Miss Cash has no money;
Miss Bateman would give all she's worth
To purchase a man to her liking,
Miss Merry is snocked at all mirth,
Miss Boxer the men don't find striking!
Miss Bliss does with sorrow o'erflow,
Miss Hope in despair seeks the tomb;
Miss Joy still anticipates woe,
And Miss Charity's never "at home!"
Miss Hamlet resides in a city,
The nerves of Miss Steadfast are shaken;
Miss Prettiman's beau is not pretty,
Miss Faithful her love has forsaken!

Miss Porter despises all froth,
Miss Scals they'll make wait I'm thinking.

Miss Meekly is apt to be wrath,
Miss Lofty to meanness is sinking;
Miss Moore's as blind as a bat,
Miss Last at a party is first;
Miss B indle dislikes a striped cat,
And Miss Waters has always a thirst.

Miss Knight is now changed into Day,
Miss Day wants to marry a Knight,
Miss Prudence has just run away,
And Miss Steady assisted her flight;
But success to the fair—one and all!
No mis-apprehensions be making!
Though wrong the dear sex to mis-call,
There is no harm, I hope, in mis-taking.

My Lady's Slipper.

Torn at the heel, out at the toe,
Bronze half dim, and rumpled the bow;
Quaint in design, dainty in size,
Something Titania's self might prize;
Hinting of instep's proud impress;
Hinting of dimpled foot's caress—
How came you perched on my papers and chair
With such an impudent, coquettish air?

Gay little buckle, arch little heel,
Will you my lady's life reveal?
Tell where you bore her such a day?
If to the church? if to the play?
If through the dance's dizzy maze,
Twinkling faster than eye could gaze?
If through the wet, tangled grass in the lane,
Seeking the lover who hides in the rain?

Tell me if ever damtiest feet
Walk into mischief? Do they meet
Hard, sharp stones and slippery ways,
Misty nights, and drearier days?
Tell me if ever Want and Pain
List for her soothing tread in vain?
Tell me if sorrow e'er lurks by her side?
Tell me if Love is her faithfulest guide?

Not into evil, dear little friend,
Let my lady's footsteps tend.
Watch no brave man's loving heart
Her proud foot shall spurn apart.
Grant this tiny slipper soon
Meets a heavier pair of shoon,
Whose stout make and stronger will
Shall my lady's pathway fill,
Turn her haughty foot aside,
Subject to their manlier stride;
Quick to aid it, swift to cheer,
Up the rocky hill-side rear;
While the patter of willing feet,
Makes music in his heart most sweet!

EXTRACTS.

A Sensitive Woman.

The pursuit for information is sometimes attended with difficulties, even in San Francisco. One inquirer, who applied to the *Chronicle* for information as to where Cain obtained his wife, is cruelly rebuffed, the only reply vouching him being this:—"Upon any subject of a public nature we never refuse to throw the desired light. But this is altogether a different thing. It is a family matter with which we do not care to meddle. Cain died some time before many of us were born, and such idle curiosity regarding the family affairs of a deceased person we regard as reprehensible, and calculated to violate the sanctities of domestic life. For these reasons, and because we do not wish to injure the feelings of the relatives of the deceased, we decline to answer the question."

Punctuation.

A suit took place the other day in which a printer named Kelvey was a witness. The case was an assault and battery that came off between two men named Brown and Henderson.
Mr. Kelvey, did you witness the affair referred to?
Yes, sir.
Well, what have you to say to it?
That it was the best piece of punctuation I have seen for some time.
What do you mean by that?
Why, that Brown dotted one of Henderson's eyes, and Henderson put a period on Brown's breathing for about half a minute.
The court comprehended the matter at once, and fined the defendant two dollars.

How a Man and his Wife Put up a Stove.

Putting up a stove is not so difficult in itself. It is the pipe that makes four-fifths of the mischief and all the dust. You may take down a stove with all the care in the world, and have your wife put away the pipe in a secure place, and yet that pipe won't come together as it did before. You find this out when you are standing on a chair with your arms full of pipe and your mouth full of soot. Your wife is standing on the floor in a position that enables her to see you, the pipe and the chair; and here she gives utterance to those remarks that are calculated to hasten a man into the extremes of insanity. Her dress is pinned over her waist, and her hands rest on her hips. She has got one of your hats on her head, and your linen coat on her back, and a pair of your rubbers on her feet. There is about five cents worth of pot black on her nose, and a lot of flour on her chin, and altogether she is a spectacle that would inspire a dead man with distrust. And while you are up there trying to circumvent the awful contrivance of the pipe, and telling her that you know some fool has been mixing it, she stands safely on the floor and bombards you with such mottoes as: "What's the use of swearing so?" "You ain't got any more patience than a child." "Do be careful of that chair." And then she goes off, and reappears with an armful more of pipe, and before you are aware of it she has got that pipe so horribly mixed up that it does seem no two pieces are alike. You join the ends, and work them to and fro, and take them apart again and look at them. Then you spread one out and jam the other together, and mount them once more. But it is no go. You begin to think the pieces are inspired with life, and ache to kick them through the window. But she doesn't lose her patience. She goes around with that awfully exasperating rigging on, with a length of pipe under each arm, and a long-handled broom in her hand, and says she don't see how it is some people never have any trouble in putting up a stove. Then you miss the hammer. You don't see it anywhere. You stare into the pipe and along the mantel, and down on the stove, and along the floor. Your wife watches you intently, and is finally thoughtful enough to inquire what you are looking after, and on learning, pulls the article from her pocket. Then you feel as if you could go out doors, and swear a hole twelve feet square through a block of brick buildings, but she merely observes, "Why on earth don't you speak when you want anything, and not stare like a dummy?" When that part of the pipe which goes through the wall is up, she keeps it up with her broom while you are making the connection, and stares at it with an intensity that is entirely uncalled for. All the while your position is becoming more and more interesting. The pipe don't go together, of course. The soot shakes down into your eyes and mouth, the sweat rolls down your face and tickles your chin as it drops off, and it seems as if your arms are slowly but surely drawing out of their sockets. Here your wife comes to