

# The Star,

## And Conception Bay Semi-Weekly Advertiser.

VOLUME II.

HARBOR GRACE, NEWFOUNDLAND, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1873.

NUMBER 22.

### USEFUL INFORMATION

#### SEPTEMBER.

S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.
7	1	2	3	4	5	6
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	..	..	..	..
..	..	..	..	..	..	..

#### Moon's Phases.

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

Full Moon..... 6th, 5.38 p. m.  
Last Quarter..... 13th, 0.10 p. m.  
New Moon..... 21st, 2.20 p. m.  
First Quarter..... 29th, 11.25 a. 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, 35s. to 38s.; 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 10 1/2d.  
HAM—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. a 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. 7 1/2d. to 1s. 8 1/2d.; 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, Copyer and Sheet-Iron Worker,

BEGS 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, WHOLESALE 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.

#### RESERVEES & 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. W. Ross & Co.  
Sept. 17.

### ARBOR 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 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.  
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 Ointment  
Oxley's Essence of Ginger  
Lampplough's Pyretic Saline  
Powell's Balsam Aniseed  
Medicamentum (stamped)  
British Oil, Balsam of Life, Chlorodyne  
Mexican Mustang Liniment  
Steer's Apodidoo  
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  
Inca Rubber Sponge, Teething  
Sponge, Tooth Brushes  
Nail, Shoe and Stove Brushes  
Widow Walch's Pills Morrison's Pills  
Cockle's " Radway's "  
Holloway's " Ayer's "  
Norton's " Parsons' "  
Hunt's " Jaynes' "  
Holloway's Ointment  
Adams' Indian Salve, Russia Salve  
Morehead's Plaster, Corn Plaster  
Father's Peeding 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  
Nixy's Black Lead  
Roth & Co.'s Rat Paste  
Brown's Bronchi 1 Troches  
Woodill's Worm Lozenges  
" Baking Powder  
McLean's Vermifuge  
Lear's India Rubber Varnish  
Copal Varnish,  
Kerosene Oil, Lamps, 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 Magnesia  
Enema Instruments, Gold Beater's Skin  
Fumigating Pastilles, Seidlitz Powders  
Furniture Polish, Plate Polish  
Flavouring Essences, Spices, &c., &c.  
Robinson's Patent Barley  
" 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,

COMMISSION AGENTS.

Particular attention given to the Sale and Purchase of

#### DRY & PICKLED FISH

FLOUR, PROVISIONS,  
WEST INDIA PRODUCE

—AND—

#### DRY GOODS.

Consignments solicited.

St. John's, May 7, 1873.

#### BLANK FORMS

Executed with NEATNESS

and DESPATCH at the Office

of this paper.

### POETRY.

#### A Hundred Years Ago.

Where are all the birds that sang  
A hundred years ago,  
The flowers that all in beauty sprang  
A hundred years ago?  
The lips that smiled  
The eyes that wild  
In flashes shone,  
Soft eyes upon;  
Where, oh! where are lips and eyes,  
The maiden's smiles, the lover's sighs,  
That lived so long ago?

Who peopled all the city streets  
A hundred years ago?  
Who filled the church with chuckle meek  
A hundred years ago?  
The sneering tale  
Of sister frail—  
The plot that worked  
A brother's hurt;  
Where, oh! where are plots and sneers,  
The poor man's hopes, the rich man's fears,  
That lived so long ago?

#### Where are the graves where dead men slept

A hundred years ago?  
Who were they that living wept  
A hundred years ago?  
By other men  
That knew not them  
Their lands are filled—  
Their graves are filled;  
Yet nature then was just as gay,  
And bright the sun shone as to-day,  
A hundred years ago.

#### The Waiting Angels.

Two bright little angels were watching  
above;  
Their faces were shining with joy and with  
love;  
I wondered why thus amid raptures  
great,  
They lingered stood beside Heaven's  
open gate.

I said to them, "Sweet are the songs that  
ye raise,  
And loudly ye join in the chorus of praise;  
All Heaven is your portion, then why do  
ye wait,  
With look of expectancy, close by the  
gate?"

When thus I had spoken, the angels re-  
plied:  
"We two, when on earth, were a sweet  
mother's pride;  
Ah! dearly she loved us; but we could  
not wait,  
And entered without her the fair, pearly  
gate.

"Deep, deep was her sorrow, while bright  
were our joys;  
And ever she mourns for her two darling  
boys.  
Though we cannot mourn, we impatiently  
wait  
To welcome her first when she comes to  
the gate.

"We left her too soon to respond to her  
love,  
And first understood it while passing  
above;  
So now, to reward her, we patiently wait,  
To kiss her dear lips as she enters the  
gate.

"Soon, soon shall we hear the soft funeral  
chime,  
Which tells that our mother has left earth  
and time;  
The moments pass swiftly which here we  
must wait,  
Ere mother, sweet mother, will enter the  
gate!"

#### GEMS OF THOUGHT.

VALUE the friendship of him who stands  
by you in the storm; swarms of insects  
will surround you in the sunshine.

HABITS influence the character pretty  
much as under currents influence a vessel,  
and whether they speed us on the way of  
our wishes or retard our progress, their  
power is not the less important because  
imperceptible.

GOD'S word is like God's world—varied,  
very rich, and very beautiful. You never  
know when you have exhausted all its  
secrets. The Bible, like nature, has  
something for every class of mind. Look  
at the Bible in a new light, and straight-  
way you see some new charms.

If you cannot be a river, bearing great  
vessels of blessings to the world, you can  
be a little spring by the dusty wayside of  
life, singing merrily all day and all night,  
and giving a cup of cold water to every  
weary, thirsty one who passes by.

### EXTRACTS.

#### Woman's Will.

The little couplet about "when she  
will, she will," was aptly illustrated on a  
train from Westfield to Springfield, the  
other day. A haughty and elaborately  
dressed young lady entered the train, fol-  
lowed by a wee bit of a dog, when the  
following animated dialogue ensued:  
Brakeman, with dignified air—"No dogs  
allowed on the train, Mi-sis!" Nice young  
lady—"Dogs are allowed on the train."  
Brakeman more forcibly—"Against or-  
ders to allow dogs in this car!" Injured  
Miss to her dog—"Come, Pet, come; you  
shall ride with me; its nothing to him."  
Brakeman, chuckling aside, yet with a  
still more peremptory manner—"Your  
dogg musn't go in, ma'am!" Injured  
Miss, at last fully aroused—"Mind your  
business, sir! That dog is going to ride  
in this car!" Suffice it to say, the dog  
rode in that car.

#### Wax Flowers.

A Danbury man thought it would be  
pleasant to have his wife make wax flow-  
ers. He said there was something to  
cultivate besides the body, and what we  
live for was not for bread alone, and so  
he got her some moulds and a couple  
hundred sheets of wax, and she went to  
work. After a while, he commenced to  
find some difficulty in drawing on his  
clothes, and experienced a mild sort of  
vexatious trouble in getting a comb  
through his hair. He didn't mind this so  
much, but when he walked around, stock-  
ing feet, and couldn't pull his boots on,  
and drew a chair in the air when he start-  
ed to rise from it, he lost his interest in  
art, and kicked the entire wax establish-  
ment into the street.

#### Domestic Tyranny.

There are some who are told by the New Al-  
bany (Ind.) Ledger, two men lived in  
that town who are treated by their wives  
with revolting cruelty. The first victim  
is described as "diminutive in size, feeble  
in health, and lacking in courage." On  
the other hand, the wife is a powerful  
creature, "large, burly, boney, and  
double fisted." When she is excited she  
so mauls her little man that all he can do  
is to cry piteously for assistance. In fact,  
knowing what is coming, he does this fre-  
quently as a precautionary measure, even  
before the truculent dame begins busi-  
ness. Victim No. 2 is "of good size,  
strong muscle, and average quantity of  
nerve;" but his wife having the valuable  
assistance of a pious and sainted moth-  
er-in-law, is enabled to chastise him when-  
ever she thinks that she may feel better  
for doing so. One can bear it no longer,  
and has humbly petitioned for a divorce.  
He is the little one. The stout fellow  
with the mother in law hasn't courage  
enough left to sign a petition.

#### A Mission Accomplished.

When a woman puts three mackerel to  
soak in a dish-pan, whose sides are eight  
inches high, and leaves the pan on a stair-  
way, she has accomplished her mission  
and should go hence. This is what a  
Division street woman did Friday night.  
Filled the pan at the pump and then left  
it standing on the steps to the stoop,  
while she went into the next house to see  
how many buttons would be required to  
go down the front of a redingote. And a  
mighty important affair that was, to be  
sure. And there was her husband tear-  
ing through the house in search of a  
handkerchief, and not finding it of course.  
And then he rushed out into the yard,  
wondering where on earth that woman  
could be, and started down the steps  
without seeing the pan, or even dreaming  
that any one could be so idiotic as to  
leave it there. Of course he stepped on  
it; or at least that is the supposition, as  
the neighbors, who were brought out by  
the crash that followed, saw a horrified  
man, and a high dish pan, and three hor-  
rified mackerel shooting across the gar-  
den, and smashing down the shrubbery.  
And he was a nice sight, was that unhap-  
py man, when they got him on his feet.  
There wasn't a dry thread on him, and  
his hair was full of bits of mackerel, and  
one of his shoulders was out of joint, and  
his coat was split the whole length of his  
back, and he appeared to be out of his  
head. He was carried in the house and  
laid on the bed, while others went after  
a doctor, and sixteen women assembled  
in the front room and talked in whispers  
about the inscrutable ways of Providence,  
and what a warning this was to people  
who never looked where they were going.  
—Danbury News.

#### A Violent Storm in Switzer-land.

Recently a violent storm passed over  
Geneva, lasting for several hours. At  
times the rain fell in such torrents as to  
transform the streets into rivers. The  
thunder and lightning which accompanied



the rain were very severe, and continued through the greater portion of the night. It is apprehended that great damage has been caused to the crops, which in consequence of the late hot weather, are very much advanced. Violent storms, with thunder and lightning are reported to have occurred during the last few days in various parts of Switzerland, in several instances causing serious loss of life and property. In the village of Arwangen, canton Bern, the lightning entered a house on Friday evening, killing no fewer than four persons. At Lenk, in the same canton, the Simmen overthrew its banks, and four or five bridges were carried away. It is estimated that damage was done to the amount of 100,000. Last week in one of the eastern cantons a house in which family worship was at the time being held was struck by lightning; all the family were more or less affected, and the mother was thrown into her husband's arms.



HARBOR GRACE, SEPT. 3, 1873.

THE LABRADOR FISHERY.

By the arrival of the Northern mail steamer, we are in receipt of advices from Labrador to the 21st ult. We are gratified to be enabled to report a marked improvement in the fishery on that coast, and have reason to believe that the voyage, on the whole, will be the best for many years past. We copy from the "Morning Chronicle" of yesterday the subjoined official report, brought on Friday last by the "Cabot."

Rigolette, Aug. 14.—No codfish. The salmon fishery is over. About 450 tierces taken.

Mannox Island, Aug. 16.—Boats 100 qts. One brl. salmon per night per two nets the past three nights. First salmon caught 13th.

Rogers Harbor, Aug. 16.—Boats 100 qts. Touched at Adnavick, near Rogers Harbor. Boats had 60 to 70 qts. with a fair prospect. They were getting 30 to 40 lbs. herring per net per night.

Cape Harrison, Aug. 16.—Boats 100 qts. Twelve crafts here, averaging from 400 to 500, but did not get the first here. The boats belonging to these crafts have been getting eight to ten qts. per head the past week.

Holton, Aug. 17.—Boats 130 to 160; seines 40. Boats getting from three to four qts. per day.

Emily Harbor, Aug. 17.—Boats 100; seines 250 to 300. Boats getting from three to five qts. per day. Bait scarce.

Indian Harbor, Aug. 17.—Boats 130 to 150; seines 500, and 50 to 60 tierces salmon taken.

Plenty lance for bait, but no fish going. At Long Island, boats are getting from three to four qts. per day, and good prospects.

South East Cove, Aug. 18.—Boats 30 to 40; seines 100 to 200.

Indian Tickle, Aug. 18.—Boats 25 to 40; seines 470. Boats getting from two to four qts. when they have bait.

Domino, Aug. 18.—Boats 30 to 35; seines 100 to 180. Getting 50 brls. herring per net per night.

Seal Island, Aug. 18.—Boats 30 to 40; seines 200.

Spotted Islands much the same as Domino.

Cove's Harbor much the same as Seal Island.

Comfort Bight, Aug. 19.—Boats 30 to 40; seines 200.

Venison Tickle, Aug. 19.—Boats 40 to 60; seines 120. Twenty tierces salmon taken. Prospects poor at present; good sign of herrings.

Square Islands, Aug. 19.—Boats 15 to 20, and getting from one to two qts. per day.

Francis Harbor Bight, Aug. 19.—Boats 15 to 20; seines 25 to 35. No fish catching, but plenty of squids. The "Thomas Ridley" arrived from the Straits on Saturday (16th) with 1700 qts. for three crews.

Battle Harbor, Aug. 20.—Boats 20 to 30; seines 30 to 50. 200 tierces salmon caught. Battle Harbor is the only place that has so much salmon.

Chimney Tickle, Aug. 20.—Boats 50 to 90; seines 200 to 300. Capt. Gordon has 70 brls. salmon. The boats are getting from two to four qts. per day. Plenty of squids; prospects good.

Beuley Harbor, Aug. 20.—Boats 30 to 40; seines 50 to 80. Very little fish going; herring scarce.

Red Bay, Aug. 20.—Boats 30 to 40; seines 140.

Lance a Loup, Aug. 21.—Boats 150 to 170; seines 900. Boats getting from seven to eight qts. per day. Plenty of herrings, squids, and lance, and splendid weather for making.

Blanc Sablon, Aug. 21.—Boats 100 qts.

Additional Notes.

August 16 called at Bagged Islands. Boats 120 qts., and catching daily from eight to ten qts.

Same date at Sloop Cove. Seven crafts there averaging from 30 to 400. No seines. Boats 100 qts., and getting five qts. per day.

August 17, at Brig Harbor, House Harbor, Ice Tickle, Sloop Harbor, and Mark's Harbor. The people at these places were doing much the same as at Emily Harbor and Holton.

Bakespie Bight, Split Knife and Cutthroat, the same as Indian Harbor. Boats getting from three to five qts. a day when they have bait. Squids going now. From Mannox Island to Indian Harbor, squids are the best bait the fishermen can get.

Grady, Long Island and Black Island much the same as at South East Cove. Plenty of lance; no herring.

August '9 at Batteaux. Codseines 300 to 400; boats 60.

Black Tickle, Salmon Bight, Jeffers Harbor, 35 qts. per boat.

Venison Tickle, Tab Harbor, Sung Harbor, Triangle, 15 to 20 qts. per boat.

Dead Island 15 to 20 qts. per boat; seines 50 to 80.

It is the opinion of some of the old people on the Labrador that the fall fishing will be better. The fish is flying about the ground, and what is going is very large, much the same as the Newfoundland shore fish. From Mannox Island up to Red Bay there are plenty of squids, a circumstance never known before; and from Mannox Island up to Indian Harbor there is plenty of fish. In consequence of such an abundance of squids the herrings won't mesh, and can't be taken in seines. Such weather was never seen for making fish—no ice, no sea, and very little wind. A small boat could go and come from the Labrador.

Death of the Rev. Dr. Doyle.

With unfeigned sorrow we have to announce the death of the Rev. Dr. Doyle, Catholic Curate of this city, which sad event took place at the Palace on Wednesday night last at nine o'clock at the early age of 29 years. Though apparently of a strong and vigorous constitution he had within him those symptoms which tended to make his friends apprehensive on his account. On Thursday the 14th he was seized with hemorrhage of the lungs to an alarming extent and though he rallied more or less from the attack, he could not be pronounced out of danger, and during the last few days the hopes of his recovery gradually weakened until on the night of the 27th he passed peacefully away amid all the aid and consolation provided by the church.

Rarely has it been the lot of a journalist to record a death which awakened more profound grief and sympathy. His youth, his gentle bearing, his high culture and undoubted talents, pointed him out as one destined to make his mark in the history of his time and to attach to him troops of friends and adherents. Born in this country he first graduated at St. Bonaventure College, and subsequently became a student of the Propaganda at Rome, where he deservedly took high honors. St. John's, his native place, has been the scene of his ministerial labours, and for the past six years he has been a zealous and devoted Priest in whom the people recognized those qualities of heart and intellect that gave promise of a bright career of future usefulness.

No one who knew him, as did the writer of this imperfect but loving tribute, could doubt the full realization of the anticipations he awakened, had it pleased the Omnipotent One to leave him in our midst. But no doubt the issue has been wisely ordered, though if we could we would delay the acquisition of his reward. He had filled his sheep fold with the corn and a full harvest; but it has not been so decreed, and we must bear humbly, though with sore hearts the unerring fiat.—Newfoundlander.

The remains of the late Rev. Dr. Doyle were interred on Saturday, amid general demonstrations of mourning. The funeral cortege passed through Water Street, the order of procession being as follows:

- The Star of the Sea Society.
Total Abstinence and Benefit Society.
Juvenile Branch ditto.
Cathedral Fire Brigade.
Fishermen's Society.
Phoenix Volunteer Fire Company.
Mechanic's Society.
Benevolent Irish Society.
The Coffin, with the following Pall Bearers—Hon H. Renouf, Hon T. Talbot, Hon R. Kent, and Jas. Fox, M. Fenelon, and Jno. Delaney, Esqrs.
Then followed relatives of the deceased.
Right Rev. Dr. Power and Rev. Dean Cleary.
Roman Catholic Clergy.
The St. Joseph's Catholic Institute, as mourners.
Private citizens.
The procession was a very long one, and was witnessed by many spectators.—Chronicle of yesterday.

EXTRACT from a letter to our address dated Montreal, August 7:—"The steamer 'Newfoundland,' that is to convey the mails between your port and Halifax, during the winter months, arrived out here a short time since, but has left for the lower Provinces. She is a fine boat, and I should judge from her appearance, well adapted to contend with ice. I have no doubt she will give satisfaction to your people and Government."—Times.

BOATING EXTRAORDINARY.—Three men arrived here on Thursday from St. George's Bay, N. F., having come all the distance, (453 miles) in a 5-ton boat schooner-rigged and bringing with them 100 qts. codfish. The party consists of Mr. Joseph McKay, (the owner) Mr. William Messervey, and Mr. William Jacob. They started from St. George's Bay on Friday at one o'clock, and reached Halifax at eleven o'clock on Thursday, having stopped one day and night at Codroy Harbor, Nfld. The boat is now lying at Commercial wharf; and we believe the owner is desirous of selling it.—[Halifax Citizen.

Josiah A. Noonan, formerly a journeyman printer, and who many years ago published a paper in Amsterdam, in this State, is about to issue a weekly journal in Chicago, in the interest of the patrons of husbandry.

Some of what are called the ice caves in the Catskill Mountains contain six feet of snow.



Latest Despatches.

LONDON, 29.—The Government have decided to send an expedition to Cape Coast Castle against the Ashantees, under the command of Sir Garrett Wolseley.

The Spanish government have been informed that the Carlists and insurgents are acting in concert.

The "Great Eastern" grappled and raised the cable at a point designated by electricians, but it proved to be west of the fault. Fog and gales renders the work difficult. Halpin is sanguine.

New York, 29.—Gold 115 1/4.

HALIFAX, 30.—John B. Gray of the Money Order Office, was arrested by detective Hunt, charged with embezzling five thousand dollars of the Department funds.

It is rumoured that hundreds of lives were lost 'on the north east coast of Prince Edwards Island.

New York, 29.—News unimportant.

In Ottawa the Grits say the Royal Commission will sit and take such evidence as Sir John will be pleased to bring forward despite the refusal of Huntington to attend.

The Saserperet has visited Portland Harbor.

King Charles, of Wurtemberg, is at Vienna.

LONDON, Aug. 23.—Monsell, P. M. G., resigned, but at Mr. Gladstone's request will remain temporarily in charge of the Department.

Three thousand Carlists were defeated on Sunday after a severe fight.

Baker and party reached Casro.

Midland English Counties suffered very much from a terrible storm. Extensive destruction of property, and many lives lost.

Bank forgers sentenced to penal servitude for life.

Castellar elected President by the Cortes.

The Lisbon and Rio cable broke in the laying thereof.

Dissatisfaction at the distributions of Vienna medals which are said to be worthless.

New York, 27.—Yellow fever raging at Vera Cruz.

Spaniards defeated by Cubans at Puerto-Principe. Gold 115 1/4.

NEWS ITEMS.

Countess Molina, wife of "the infant" Don Carlos, is at Graz.

Hussien Avni Pacha is on the tapis as the Grand Vizier of Turkey.

Queen Olga, of Wurtemberg, has given 2,000 marks to the poor of Vienna.

Mr. Cummings, the labor reform leader of Massachusetts, is dangerously ill.

The Perfect of Stamboul, Ali Pacha, will probably be the next Minister of Turkey at Paris.

Server Pacha, the Turkish Minister at St. Petersburg, it is rumoured, will be shortly recalled.

There are now sojourning at Saratoga Springs two Governors, seven ex-Governors and two ex-Lieutenant Governors.

The brigand Francisco La Piane, who since 1866 has been a terror in Calabria Italy, has surrendered himself to the authorities.

The King and Queen of Denmark will visit the Emperor of Austria at Vienna before the close of the Exhibition.

Some of the hunters of Binghampton N. Y. are looking for a wild man in the woods on Mount Prospect. Those who have seen him say he can whoop like a Modoc.

A Vermont paper says the shores of Lake Champlain are dotted with the tents of pleasure-seeking parties, and their boats may be seen from morning till night, in earnest pursuit of pike, pickerel and bass.

The Rev. Newman Hall is seeking a divorce from his wife in the London Divorce Court on the ground of marital infidelity. The reverend gentleman's married life began in romance, Mrs. Hall having become attached to him while he was her tutor.

The Grand Duke Alexis has not allowed himself to accomplish what is said to have been the real object of his tour around the world. His heart is still loaded with love for Mile. Jonovski, the daughter of the Czar's former tutor and his constancy is rewarded with permission to contract a morganatic marriage with her. Such love alliance will not prevent the Grand Duke's espousal of a princess for political purposes.

A Terrible Disaster.

A CROWD OF WOMEN STRUCK BY LIGHTNING IN THE WYOMING VALLEY.

SCRANTON, Pa., Aug. 12.—A thrilling catastrophe occurred this afternoon on the hills, about five miles from this city at a place called Kuhn's Patch. A large number of women and girls from Scranton were on the hills gathering berries, when a storm came up from the south and they rushed to an untenanted building to take shelter from the down pouring rain. About forty-one women and children found room in the old house, while seven were obliged to stand outside under the storm. With the increasing storm the sheets of fire began to descend, the lightning becoming more vivid and the peals of thunder seeming to advance from distant caverns until the old building began to tremble. At length a lightning shaft, more vivid than any that had preceded it, descended among the unhappy group of women and girls, killing two of them and scorching in a frightful manner four others, tearing the flesh off their limbs and producing a heart sickening scene among the panic stricken women. For some time even those who had not been touched by the appalling sight they had seen and were unable to render any assistance. The groans of those fearfully injured and six other suffering victims were heartrending, and the utter helplessness of the poor woman and girls were pitiable. Word was sent eventually to Scranton, and with the utmost despatch messengers were sent over the hill to the scene of the disaster with wagons, medical attendance and bedding on which to convey the dead and wounded to the city. Two of the women who stood outside the shed said that the excitement was so intense when they left the shocking scene that they could not bear to go into the old house nor to hear the moans of those within who were suffering from the most excruciating agony. The road leading from Scranton to the sad scene is almost impassable being completely flooded at several points; and it will be a late hour tonight before those who had gone there with wagons can return to the city.

I learn that a woman named Kine and a girl named Schenck, eighteen years of age, the daughter of a poor blind man, are dead.

LATER DETAILS OF THE CALAMITY.

SCRANTON, Pa., Aug. 12.—p.m.—The party of women struck by lightning on the Kuhn Patch hills, near Scranton this afternoon, have been brought to this city. Only two were killed on the spot, but four others are burned fatally and many quite seriously.

Several of the women were unable to find room in the hut or the deaths would have been much more serious.

One of the women standing on the outside at the time the fiery dart entered the ill-fated place states that the rain and hail was falling in torrents and all crowded to the door. When the lightning struck, preceded an instant before by a terrible peal of thunder, one dreadful chorus of screams rent the air, and at the sight of the dead and those whose flesh had been stripped from their bodies in many parts, several members of the party fainted, while the remainder, though unhurt, were perfectly paralyzed with fear. It was some twenty minutes before any one could be induced to move toward the city for assistance, so great was the dread that had fallen on them by this dreadful visitation. The Wyoming Valley has been partly inundated by the heavy rain, and there was considerable difficulty in reaching the unfortunate people.

A HEAVY rain storm, accompanied by vivid lightning and unusually loud and sharp peals of thunder occurred in Baltimore between two and three o'clock, August 12. The sloop Lucy, Captain Christy of Brandywine, Del., while lying at Lighthouse wharf, was struck by lightning and her topmast and lowermast shivered. Chatsworth and Schroeder Runs, in the northwestern section of the city, overflowed and the foundations of several houses in course of erection were washed away. The cellars of a large number of buildings were flooded. The stalls of George Sheets were struck by lightning and a valuable horse killed. The aggregate loss will reach several thousand dollars. The schooner Leonidas, Captain David Howard, was also struck by lightning during the storm this morning, and had her mainmast shattered.

The box factory of L. Grube & Co., corner of West Falls avenue and Lombard street, was struck by lightning, entailing a loss of \$2,000.

INDIAN MURDERS.—Rev. Norman Badger, army chaplain at Fort Concha, Western Texas, arrived at St. Louis on the 10th August 'en route' for Washington. He states that a scouting party returned to Fort Concha on last Saturday week, after forty day's absence, bringing in a number of stolen ponies, captured from the Indians off their re-

servation; also the fresh scalp of a white girl thirteen years old, who was, with a woman, killed and scalped on Staked Plain two weeks before. Mr. Badger says it is now known that General McKenzie, during his great expedition against the Comanches last fall, killed upwards of one hundred of them, although it was reported at the time that he killed but twenty-three. About three weeks ago a band of Indians appeared near Old Camp Colorado, shot and stabbed a Mrs. Williams, also shot Mrs. Williams' little girl, mashed her head against the post, threw her body into the fire, then entering the house shot a girl eight years of age and carried her away with them.

Mrs. Williams notwithstanding her two wounds, crawled into the house and pulled her little child out of the fire, rolled her in a wet blanket and laid her in bed. Her husband soon after returning, she related to him the circumstances of the attack upon the house, and then died; but the infant, whose head had been so badly bruised, was still alive when last heard from, and would probably recover.

A band of from fifty to sixty Indians were roaming about the country south of Fort McKuvett, and, in the absence of the cavalry at the fort, couriers have been sent in all directions to warn the settlers. Much alarm excited and citizens were arming to defend themselves.

HORRIBLE CRUELTY.—One of the most revolting cases of inhumanity that has thus far disgraced the police records of Philadelphia, was brought to light on the 13th ult. At four o'clock a married lady named Margaret Sailor appeared before Recorder Beidler and requested that a warrant be issued for the arrest of her stepmother, Mrs. Josephine Rowland and a stepister named Sarah Jean Baptiste, of Dickinson Street, near Seventh Street, for long and persistent cruelty to her sister, Miss Mary Rowland. She stated in her complaint that these two persons had forcibly detained Miss Baptiste in an attic room of their dwelling house since last Christmas, and had not allowed her liberty for a moment since that date; furthermore, that they had rendered her sister's forced imprisonment the more horrible by a studied system of starvation, and that she was only able to effect her escape but yesterday evening.

The case was immediately afterwards given into the hands of Captain Hines, chief of the detectives, who detailed an officer to investigate the affair, and his report fully confirmed the statement of Mrs. Sailor. He found the room in which Miss Rowland had been confined so many weary months to be literally covered with vermin and the stench so unbearable that he was forced to retreat to get fresh air. In a corner of this chamber of starvation he discovered a white-wash bucket partly empty, and from patches of white-wash here and there on the walls he inferred that the monsters had been endeavouring to conceal all traces of the presence of their captive, but too late. Mrs. Rowland and Miss Baptiste were arrested on the spot and are now occupying a cell at Police Headquarters, pending an examination.

Dr. Predick who examined the unfortunate young lady, gives it as his opinion that she will not survive but a few days longer, as her frame has been reduced to that of a mere skeleton. Miss Rowland escaped by forcing the window of her room and descending to the ground over the roofs of adjoining houses. The case excites the utmost indignation in this city.

MARRIED.

At the Cathedral, yesterday, by the Very Rev. D. Falconio, O. S. F., Mr. Simon McCarthy, of Carbonear, to Maria, daughter of Mr. Jeremiah Hartrey, of this town.

DIED.

On Monday morning last, after a short illness, Charles Thomas, only son of Capt. H. W. Clunn, aged 3 years and 3 months.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF HARBOR GRACE. ENTERED. Sept 1.—British Gem, Bernard, Figueira, salt—W J S Donnelly Sept 2.—Sun Beam, Popham, Figueira, salt—John Munn & Co

CLEARED. Sept 2.—Sheitan, Graham, Naples, fish—John Munn & Co

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Caution!

HEREBY caution all persons against employing or harboring MICHAEL SWEENEY, an indentured apprentice, who has deserted from my service. PATRICK FOX, Carbonear, Aug. 26, 1873.

Citizen

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IMPORTANT TO THE  
Citizens of Newfoundland.



THE CONTINENTAL  
LIFE  
INSURANCE  
COMPANY  
OF NEW YORK.

In order to complete their line of Agencies from London to San Francisco, California, and to extend universally the benefits and advantages offered by their Company, and to place within reach of all the means of making provision for the Widow and the Orphan, have decided on establishing Agencies in

St. John's and Harbor Grace, Newfoundland.

The CONTINENTAL, beyond all comparison, the most successful and most popular Company ever established in Europe or America. It has only been Seven Years in existence, but at its organization men of enlarged views, and great experience in Life Insurance, were placed in its management, who, having discarded all useless and annoying restrictions, and adopted all the improvements known in Life Insurance—many of them original with themselves, it at once received, and continues to receive, a support unprecedented; and it now stands far ahead of many companies Ten Years older than itself. It has issued over FIFTY-NINE THOUSAND POLICIES, and has over \$5,750,000,000 assets, all securely invested, as required by law, in Bonds of the United States, Bonds of the State of New York, or in Real Estate. For that portion invested in Real Estate, it holds in all cases Double Security. So popular is its management and so great the public confidence that there are only Two Companies in the World that now approach it in the amount of business done.

By the Laws of the State of New York Life Insurance Companies are not allowed to do Fire Insurance or any other business, the importance of which law cannot be over-estimated by all who desire to protect their families by Life Insurance, and who do not wish to have their funds put in jeopardy by Fire Insurance.

By the Laws of New York Life Insurance Policies are held sacred to the families of the insured, free from the claim of Creditors.

The CONTINENTAL issues all kinds of Policies, viz: Ordinary Life, Endowment, Joint, &c.

All losses in Newfoundland will be paid at the Agency here without subjecting claimants to the trouble and expense of going to New York.

All Policy holders can vote and are eligible to office.

Directors.

- L. W. FROST, President.
- HON. GEO. HILTON SCRIBNER, Secretary of State.
- HENRY C. FISH, D. D., Newark, N. J.
- M. B. WYNKOOP, of Wynkoop and Hallenbeck.
- JOSEPH T. SAWYER, Mer., Liberty Street.
- RICHARD W. BOGART, O. M. Bogart & Co., Bankers.
- CHANCY M. DEPEIN, New York.
- R. C. FROST, do do.
- WILLIAM C. WHITNEY, Barrister-at-Law, New York.
- L. W. FROST, President.
- J. P. ROGERS, Secretary.
- JAS. McDONNELL, Gen'l. Agent.

A. T. DRYSDALE,  
Agent for Northern District,  
Newfoundland.

Aug. 23, 1873. 1y.

BUSINESS NOTICE.

AUCTION MART!

75 WATER STREET, 75  
HARBOR GRACE.

We offer For Sale,

PROVISIONS,

Groceries, &c.,

At fair remunerating prices for  
CASH, FISH or OIL!

Auction Sales and Commissions  
promptly attended to.  
GEORGE HARRIS & Co.  
Aug. 16. 1y.

FOR SALE.

Just received from Sydney, C. B.,

10 Rolls Grained and Spilt

LEATHER.

A. T. DRYSDALE.

Aug. 2. 1m.

COMMERCIAL BANK OF NEW  
FOUNDLAND.

A DIVIDEND on the Capital Stock of this Company, at the rate of Ten per Cent. per Annum, for the half year ending 30th June, 1873, will be payable at the Banking House, in Duckworth Street, on and after TUESDAY the 15th instant, during the usual hours of business. (By order of the Board.)  
R. BROWN, Manager.  
St. John's July 14 1873.

LUMBER!

THE SUBSCRIBERS

ARE now Landing and offer For Sale the Cargo of Schooner Kate, from Bilgewater, N. S., consisting of—

- 40 M. Hemlock BOARD
- 20 " Spruce do.
- 20 " Pine do.

GEO. C. RUTHERFORD & Co.  
July 15.

Very Important Notice!

The Wonder of the World!

GOOD NEWS FOR ALL!!

Prof. HERMAN'S

WORLD RENOWNED

VERMIN DESTROYER!

WHICH IS KNOWN TO BE  
Far Superior to Anything Ever  
Yet Discovered

FOR KILLING

Rats, Mice, Insects on Poultry, Ants, Bugs, Cockroaches, Black Beetles, Fleas on Dogs, Biting and Lice-ty on Piant, Moths in Furs, Tick or Scab on Sheep or Goats also on Cattle, &c. &c.

Sold in Packets at 25 cents per Packet; or Six Packets for \$1.25.

The Powder is warranted free from all bad smell, and will keep in any Climate. It may be spread anywhere without risk, as it is quite harmless to Cats or Dogs, as they will not eat it.

DIRECTIONS FOR USE ON EACH  
PACKET.

MANUFACTORY:

Gravel Lane, Houndsditch,  
CITY OF LONDON, ENGLAND.

The above discovery has gained for Professor Herman a Silver Prize Medal at the Inter-Colonial Exhibition of Victoria, Australia, of 1866, besides numerous testimonials.

OUTPORT AGENTS:

- Messrs. Squires & Noble, Harbor Grace.
- " Jillard Brothers, "
- Mr. W. H. Thompson, "
- " Michael Jones, "
- Messrs. Duff & Balmer, Carbonear.
- " G. & J. Smith, Briggs.
- Mr. P. Nowlan, "
- " G. O. Jerritt, "
- " Robert Simpson, Bay Roberts.
- " Moses Gosse, Spaniards Bay.
- Wholesale Agents for the Island of Newfoundland
- Messrs. W. & G. RENDELL,  
St. John's

Who will supply all Outport Agents who may be appointed by the English Representative, as only Agents so appointed can be supplied.  
May 23. 1y.

LUMBER!

—BY—

H. W. TRAPNELL.

Now landing, ex "Atalanta," from  
Port Medway, N. S.:

20 M. seasoned Prime Pine

BOARD

20 do. Hemlock do.  
30 do. No. 2 Pine do.  
July 30.

NOTICES.

METROPOLITAN  
LIFE

Insurance Company,  
OF NEW YORK.

JOSEPH F. KNAPP, President.  
J. R. HEGEMAN, Vice-President.  
R. A. GRANNISS, Secretary.  
Wm. P. STEWART, Actuary.  
E. R. CORWIN, Manager.  
THOS. A. TEMPLE, Attorney.

DEPOSIT AT OTTAWA

For Canadian Policy Holders  
only.

HON. L. A. WILMOT, D. C. L.,  
Lieut.-Governor of New Brunswick,  
Director at the Board for Canada

The Reserve Dividend System

Is one more step in the march of progress. Presented only after mature thought, it invites the test of the severest scrutiny. Its chief merit is its PERFECT ADAPTABILITY to the wants of insurable lives. The RESERVE DIVIDEND and RESERVE ENDOWMENT POLICIES originated and published by the Company's Actuary, under copyright in 1869. The principle involved renders every form of insurance a provision in life. It converts an ordinary life Policy, otherwise payable only in the event of death, into a CASH ENDOWMENT, MATURING EVERY TEN YEARS.

W. H. THOMPSON,

Harbor Grace,

General Agent for

NEWFOUNDLAND.

April 1.

SAILMAKING!

The Subscriber

RESPECTFULLY to acquaint the Ship-owners and public of Harbor Grace and the outports that he has taken the Workshop lately occupied by Mr. Robert Morris, No. 10 Victoria Street, where he is prepared to perform all work in the above line in a satisfactory manner, and hopes by strict attention to merit a fair share of public patronage.

GEORGE CARSON.

May 23.

C. BREAKER,

Sailmaker,

WOULD respectfully intimate to the Shipowners and public of Harbor Grace and vicinity that he has taken the Loft lately occupied by Morris & Parsons, (opposite the premises of Messrs. John Mann & Co.) where he is prepared to make and repair SAILS of all shapes and sizes in a manner calculated to afford general satisfaction, and with the utmost dispatch.  
April 25. 1y.

Bazaar!

THE co-operation of CHRISTIAN FRIENDS is respectfully solicited in aid of a

BAZAAR

To be held in NOVEMBER next, for the purpose of raising funds for the liquidation of the debt on

St. PAUL'S CHURCH

IN THIS TOWN.

The sum of \$2,300 has been expended in completing the enlargement of the original Building. The balance remaining unpaid at this date is about \$300. Our friends in St. John's kindly contributed \$100, and the rest, amounting to \$200, has been raised by the united efforts of the Congregation.

Contributions in Money, in Useful and Fancy Articles, or in Materials for making up, will be thankfully received by

- Mrs. S. ANDREWS,
- " W. O. WOOD,
- " EVILL,
- " TAPP,
- " C. ROSS,
- " A. RUTHERFORD,
- " BADCOCK,
- " FORD,
- " A. CLIFT,
- " HIGGINS,
- " BERTRAM JONES.

March 28, 1873.

BLANK FORMS

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

FOR SALE.

Just Received  
A SUPPLY OF THE  
'Favorite'  
SHUTTLE  
SEWING MACHINES,



Manufactured by the Kendall Manufacturing Co., Montreal.

CHEAPEST AND BEST!

THE

'FAVORITE'

SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINES

Are a wonderful achievement of inventive Genius and Mechanical Skill.

For Simplicity, Durability and Beauty they stand Unrivalled.

Stitch Alike on Both Sides.

They will do all kinds of

FAMILY SEWING

With perfect ease, and are equally good for light Manufacturing purposes.

They have a large Shuttle and Bobbin and make the regular

LOCK STITCH,

the same as made by the Singer, Wheeler & Wilson, Weed, and all other First Class Machines.

They use a short, straight Needle, and the

Four Motion Drop Feed,

Which is considered the best in the World. The Feed being made of one piece, it is impossible for it to get out of order.

THE SHUTTLE CARRIER

Is also made of one piece, and is so constructed that the Shuttle face is always kept close to the race, which prevents the Machine from missing stitches.

Each Machine is furnished with a

Hemmer,

Gatherer,

Braider,

Self-Sewer,

Quilter,

6 Needles,

4 Bobbins,

Oil,

Screw Driver,

Guage and Screw,

Directions and Spools ready for use.

Makers' Price List.

By Hand, on Marble Slab.....\$22.00

With Plain Walnut Table..... 27.00

With Quarter Case Walnut Table.. 30.00

Orders executed by return post, and Machines sent free of expense, ready to commence sewing immediately—with explicit instructions.

THE ADVANTAGES

OF THE

'FAVORITE'

Shuttle Sewing Machines

OVER ALL OTHERS.

1st.—They are simple, perfect, and easily operated.

2nd.—They make the celebrated Lock Stitch alike on both sides, that will not rip or ravel.

3rd.—They are sold at a price within the reach of every family in the land.

4th.—They can be operated by a child.

5th.—They are particularly adapted for all Family Sewing and Dress Making.

—ALSO—

No. 2 SINGER

MANUFACTURING MACHINES,

New Improved Pattern,

F. W. BOWDEN, St. John's,

Agent for Newfoundland.

ALEX. A. PARSONS,

Sub-Agent Harbor Grace.

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charm him on to love me, and then, when he began the invariable eulogy, wither him with my scorn and sarcasm, what a glorious revenge it would be! she thought, as she stood by her dressing table, piling up the coronal of golden hair. I wonder if I will ever meet him in society, and if he will ask for an introduction.

She was the only daughter and heiress of Hugh de Estabrooke, Esq. His father was Banker Maxwell, of St. Louis; nothing could be more probable than that they would meet, and so she planned till a servant entered.

A gentleman in the drawing room, Miss de Estabrooke.

Blanche let her hair fall from its heavy pile as she asked.—  
Who is the gentleman? didn't he send his card?

No, Miss de Estabrooke, he just said, all at home this eve? and walked past me as if he knew the way.

Who can it be?  
She arranged her wondrous tresses with renewed vigor, gave a parting glance at the tall glass, and, wending her way down the wide staircase and along the stately hall, stood in the rose-flushed reception room, a tall, queenly girl, in black velvet and diamonds.

A gentleman, a tall, handsome fellow, arose at her entrance.

Miss de Estabrooke, I think?  
Blanche bowed haughtily.

I am Mr. Maxwell, and, at the offset, apologize for my intrusion, or rather hasten to explain my stupid error. I started to call on my sister, Mrs. Secor, and mistook your house for hers. It is next door, I believe, and I am as yet so unused to your streets that I make a great many mistakes. This, however, crowns them all, still I hope you'll excuse me.

A very natural mistake for a stranger, and most excusable.

She bowed with grave courtesy as she spoke. Her voice was politely even, but I think he must have seen some animosity lurking in her eyes, for, with all due clarity, he bowed himself to the hall. Blanche was left alone in the reception-room, to think over her shade of an adventure, and quell the rising thoughts.

I wish I hadn't heard that about him, for I really like his looks. I wonder what his cynical lordship thinks of me. And she glanced at her reflection in the pier glass. A slight graceful form, slender, swan-like throat, glossy, golden hair, and such eyes! Deep, shining, azure blue naturally, in the shade gleaming gray, sparkling black in excitement. With such a face and such eyes, what could he think of her but that she was wonderously lovely? Perhaps, even yet, she thought, shamefacedly to herself, fate may bestow upon me the weapons of revenge.

Just then the door bell rang, and the servant brought in a note.

DEAR BLANCHE:—Elmer says you are alone this evening. If so, will you accept an informal invitation, and spend a few hours with us? Come in just as you are the minute you receive this, and oblige Yours, sincerely, ADA SECOR.

At first, 'Dear Blanche' was angry with Elmer for taking so much upon himself; but by-and-by she concluded to accept the invitation. So she went in, found pretty Mrs. Secor very much amused at her brother's adventure, and her brother ready to receive a formal introduction with a 'nonchalance' that, to say the least, annoyed her.

She had only made her debut the preceding season, and in that time had been more admired for her queenly grace, more revered for her stately hauteur than any belle that for years had appeared in the giddy vortex.

Surely Mr Maxwell could not have been aware of the fact, or he would not assume such an almost condescending air, would not listen with such polite indifference to her graceful platitudes, or lean over the piano with such an unmoved face as her melodious voice filled the room with the harmonious echoes of 'Adelaide,' or soared away in unpronounceable Italian arias. She changed her fancy then, swept the keys of Stein way's grand piano-forte, and broke into the plaintive melody of the 'Land o' the Leal.'

Thank you, Miss de Estabrooke. His face was radiant now. At the risk of disgracing my taste forever, I'll boldly assert that your last selection is my favorite style of music—perhaps owing to the same principal which is carried throughout our whole lives. We admire the grandeur, of the incomprehensible, but turn with relief to that which we know and love.

I don't think I quite understand you, Mr. Maxwell. It seems to me that music, even the abstract, is never incomprehensible. Your principal may apply to outside things, but I really think its bearing upon music is very indirect.

Do you? I'm sorry my theory meets with your disapprobation, but, not being musical myself, perhaps I did flounder a little.

Blanche, calmly triumphant, allowed her fingers to wander idly over the keys as she replied,—

Music always seems to be a little world by itself, removed from idle theory and metaphysics that disturb us here below. For they are disturbing. I like to take life as a beautiful reality and let metaphysics alone.

Most ladies do, he replied, laughing carelessly. They like to accept life as a beautiful reality, themselves being a part of it.

Ah! So he isn't content to vent his sarcasm among his club companions, Blanche thought, and, folding her jewelled hands, she turned from the piano and looked him in the face.

Accepting your verdict for the sake of argument, may I ask a question in return? How far superior are the lords of creation? They do not say that such is their acceptance of life, but they accept it. A woman of wealth, of position, may have vague longings, but the by-laws of society so-called, effectually bar their fulfillment, keep her down in her place, as its vocabulary says. Men, on the other hand, have no such difficulties. They are as free as the very air they breathe, and use their freedom by enjoying life to the very utmost; then in case of a 'blase' sensation, vent their sarcasm upon the weaker sex, point out their inefficiencies, their weaknesses, happily forgetful of the fact that, were we all weighed in the balance, they may be found wanting.

I doubt if, in the whole course of his petted life, Elmer Maxwell had ever so truly admired a woman as at that moment he did Blanche Estabrooke. He was arbitrary and slightly vain, but he had a strong, deep love for the beautiful either in nature or sentiment.

Forgive me, Miss de Estabrooke, he said, extending his hand, and henceforth number me as one of your converts. I agree with you heartily and unreservedly, and sincerely thank you for opening my eyes to an undeniable fact. We do forget that

"Life is real, life is earnest."

Blanche liked him so much. She was an enthusiastic girl on some points, and this frank candor was one of them. It was a relief to really talk after being saluted with platitudes so long. She liked him very much; but still her purpose was clear before her. No enthusiastic sayings, no mere emotion, should shake her from it.

They met very often after that. Nights after he might be seen leaning over her at the opera, or treading the mazy waltz to Strauss's divinest inspirations. Day after day he watched for her golden hair for a glimpse of the fair face on the fashionable promenade. He walked beside her, drove beside her, or, if the weather was unpleasant, wended his way to the brown stone front next to Mrs. Secor's home. There he hung enraptured over the piano in the little rose flushed room, or she, toying with pretty words, would lift her bewildering eyes, and ask Mr. Maxwell to read to her while she finished those slippers for papa. Sometimes she let him make his own selections from Owen Meredith, Longfellow, and Tennyson, and once he read the whole of "In Memoriam."

Mr. de Estabrooke liked him—liked better still his evident 'penchant' for fair, stately Blanche. But Blanche herself! Who could fathom Blanche? At last it came to an end.

Elmer came in one morning with a cloud upon his handsome face. Blanche looked up, and seeing something was coming, asked no questions, till he began—

I'm going home to-morrow.

She had been prepared for this some time.

Inded? It must be a premature decision.

It is no decision of mine at all. My mother is ill, and, though not dangerously so, has sent a telegram for me. Otherwise, you know I would be content to linger here indefinitely.

You will not return very soon, I suppose?

No trembling, no emotion in her voice.

I will not, except on one condition. The white and crimson wool over which she bent became more intensely interesting. He, with his strong hands pushed the mass away.

Do you want to know what that condition is?

She looked up fearlessly.

No, for I know it already.

And you will be my wife, Blanche, won't you?

Her hour of triumph had come her espousal of her sex's wrongs; but her anticipation of pleasure was not quite realized, as she answered,—

No, decidedly no! When a gentleman selects his club for asserting that ladies in these days simply say yes for the pleasure of afterward refusing, and for his part, he would feel refreshed to get a decided no, I like the pleasure of refreshing him.

She had expected that her speech would have the effect of making him plead more earnestly; that he would humbly acknowledge his error; but, instead of that, he merely rose from his seat, and for a moment stood before her.

No more, Miss de Estabrooke, please. When a man asks a woman to become his wife, and offers her his undivided love, he can offer no higher proof of his esteem. No true woman would select such a time for arranging any fancied wrong, for in this case, the wrong is entirely fancied; and, more than this, Miss de Estabrooke, a true woman, such as I imagined you to be, would never stoop to enact such a revenge. You did it for my good, I presume. Well, in parting from you with open eyes, I can only pity any poor, blind successor, who may be the next victim of your philanthropical schemes.

Another moment, and he was gone. Blanche was left alone in the middle of the room, anguished in the tumult of her own miserable thoughts. Her revenge was so mean, so trivial—and she loved him! She loved him with her whole heart, soul and strength. She could not call him back; she could not throw herself upon his mercy. He despised her, mistrusted her, he went gladly from her presence. His wounded, deadened love would take the form of ambition. Men would rise and call him great, and she—ah! She could only—

Watch and love him better than he knew.

Elmer went away next morning, and Mrs. Secor accompanied him. Blanche watched them through the lace curtains of her own room, and felt her heart sinking, slowly sinking, as she saw the smile with which he assisted Ada into the carriage, the affected horror of his face as he placed Baby Secor beside her mother, then jumping in gaily, looking as carelessly at De Estabrooke Mansion as if he had never entered it.

Blanche turned slowly from the window,—

"Saying only, it might have been."

Society had claims upon her, after that, and she satisfied society, talked, laughed, danced and flirted, as if no shadow had ever ruffled her popularity. Even to herself, to her heart, she tried to say she did not care; but of course the result was a failure, her heart being the repository of all vague longings and regrets which beset her almost hourly.

An indefinite number of successors took the place of the departed Mr. Maxwell. Miss de Estabrooke smiled upon them all, and before the season was over had the hardest name of all the reigning flirts. She did not care for that, however. She had said once, and believed always, that flirting was the lowest use a woman could make of the talents her God had given her; but theory and practice did not always go hand in hand, and now, outwardly at least, Miss de Estabrooke gloried in the list of the fallen.

Girls hated her. To a certain extent they always do hate a contemporary. Agtoun recognized the fact, and said,—

"A fairer face, a higher place, More worship, more applause, Will make a woman loath her friend, Without a deadlier cause."

Blanche recognized it in her own experience, and smiled at the recognition. To her the amusement was like some sparkling wine, enlivening at the time, lasting, depressing in its effects.

Mrs. Secor returned, and from time to time there floated upon Blanche news of Elmer Maxwell's rising fame. In the bar he was looked upon as authority, in politics, despite his youth, men respected him. The mystic ranks of literature he invaded, always meeting with success.

Ah, well! She was his inspiration. Even in her humiliation that was a comfort.

At last spring wore away, summer arrived and with it the Long Branch season. Miss de Estabrooke drew heavily upon her father's well-filled purse, saw that an elaborate wardrobe was prepared, and then, chaperoned by a widowed cousin, started for the campaign. Of course the gentlemen were delighted to see her. She was well established by this time, and stepped naturally into her place of pre-eminent belle.

Who is here? she asked the evening of her arrival, as she swept along the veranda leaning on Clire Gower's arm.

Couldn't begin to tell, he answered. But as your question doubtless refers to the gentlemen, I'll do my best. There are the usual set—Leigh, Warner, Dick Leslie, but Elmer Maxwell is the lion. There he is now, coming along with Miss Helen Markham. It is on-dit that they are engaged, for she was our belle before Miss de Estabrooke came.

She was too faint to thank him for the compliment—escape was all she wanted.

It feels damp, take me in, please, she said, quickly, and in mute dismay. Then she went to her room, and thought—thought over all her past conduct till she grew calm, and went down with fixed determination on her face. In the hall she met him, the lion of the day the man whom she had refused nine months before.

How do you do, Mr. Maxwell? she said, advanced with outstretched hands and a grave smile of welcome.

Miss de Estabrooke! this is an unexpected pleasure, Cool, but friendly;

nothing remarkable in his manner. Have you been here long, Miss de Estabrooke?

No; I only came this morning. You have arrived at the acme of gayety, they say. Are you going to the ball-room?

No. I am looking for my cousin.

Will you take my arm? Perhaps I can assist you in your search.

Ten minutes after, they were strolling along the veranda, and Blanche was saying,—

I have heard of your success, Mr. Maxwell. Will you allow me to congratulate you?

Thank you, but to me congratulations seem like a mockery till some pinnacle of fame has been reached. And I, as yet, am only on the road.

Yes; but when you are once fairly started on the road, the ascent is easy. May I go further, and congratulate you upon a still happier event?

You refer to my reported marriage with Miss Markham? No, you may not congratulate; if it were true, which it is not, congratulations from your lips would be mere mockery.

He thought of her, then? In a moment the girl beside him was standing still; her face, revealed in the moonlight was passionately pleading, her eyes were mutely imploring, and the two beautiful white arms were clasped together on his arm.

I want to tell you, she said, and I want you to listen to me. It hurts my pride, but even that I can bear. You despise me, I know, and I deserve it, but oh! I have suffered for my folly. I wanted to be heroic; I thought it would be a lesson to you. I thought you would say something more, and I would relent. I never imagined you would leave me as you did.

He clasped her to him.

My darling! Blanche! Did you love me then, and do you now?

Her happy face was his answer.

They buried their mutual follies in the grave of the past, and began a new future, a happier, truer future than they had ever dreamed of.

WHEN a crowd of jay hawkers started a disturbance in a Texas church, the preacher raised a shot gun from behind the pulpit and said, William Delloon, sit down, or I'll make it painful for you. William sat down and paid strict attention to the sermon, and so did his comrades.

I DON'T complain, said a political orator, that my opponent speaks so often on the causes of the public distress—no, not at all; but I do complain that every time he speaks he has a new theory on the subject!

WHEN will the counsel for the defendant learn wisdom? exclaimed a lawyer named Fall, who was speaking for the plaintiff. Undoubtedly before Fall, if ever, retorted the counsel for the defendant.

A CITIZEN of Philadelphia, who went to live in an ice-house during the summer, and found it intolerably cold, hid upon the happy expedient of putting up a stove, and is now enjoying life serenely.

A STUDENT at a veterinary college being asked 'If a broken-winded horse were brought to you for treatment, what would you advise?' promptly replied, 'to sell him as soon as possible.'

A VERMONT paper says, that a young girl from the country called at a village bookstore the other day and asked for a deck of them new postal-keards.

A SIGN on a garden fence near Long Branch reads thus: Positively no more strolling allowed on the premises, No exceptions.

THE STAR.

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The Wife.

What is a wife? A fellow's soul That shares our joys and troubles,— But halves our pleasures on the whole, And all our sorrow doubles.

What is a wife? Our reverse side, Grim shadow, twin existence; For let good luck or ill betide We still have one subsistence.

What is a wife? A plant that twines Young olives round our table; And bids us joy in our hard lines, And love them—if we're able.

A wife is—what? A doubtful prize; Much angel, but more tartar; Bliss which exalts us in such wise As martyrdom the martyr.

Our slaves while we her will obey; Our solace when contented; Our ruin when she has her way; Our torment when prevented;

Our friend when fickle fortune smiles; Our light when noon oppresses; Our hope when we have done with fears, Wet blanket in successes.

What is she? To sum up, a wife Is speaking with urbanity— The harsh, strong, bitter pill of life, And blister of humanity.

SELECT STORY.

No, Decidedly No!

HI! the women form a slippery element. In these days, it would be extremely refreshing to get a decided no, the fashion being to say yes, and, if convenient, to jilt a fellow afterward.

They thought he could never have been in love, or had been ignominiously jilted; but, of course, both conjectures were wrong. He had fancied himself in love very often, but as yet had never met with the fate which he foolishly ascribed was so common. What he said it for, I'm sure he could not tell himself unless by the extravagance of the speech he hoped to gain a momentary supremacy among his fellows. People often do get tired of the beaten track of conversation, and risk saying an absurd thing for the sake of going off by themselves.

Elmer Maxwell was just sufficiently 'blase' to enjoy such notoriety; but, alas for poor Elmer! his joy was destined to be of short duration.

Young Wayman heard of the brief oration, and thought it worth remembering, and being in that delightful stage of puppyism where to stigmatize his superiors in the 'genus homo' was of itself a pleasure, he repeated it, with variations, to Blanche de Estabrooke. Of course he could not have found a more appreciative audience. Blanche was young and enthusiastic enough to undertake the thankless task of defending her species, so, in a state of lady-like wrath, she arched her superb brows over Mr. Maxwell's unqualified impertinence.

Really, our alluring sex ought to feel grateful to this 'Daniel come to judgement!' she scornfully said.

While thus encouraged Mr. Wayman added to the variations, till Elmer Maxwell and his ill-timed cynicism stood out in frightful enormity before Blanche de Estabrooke's eyes.

At periods throughout the following day she thought of it, and, when the unusual prospect of a quiet day promised itself, she recommenced her analysis. If I were only a Circe, that could