

The Star,

And Conception Bay Semi-Weekly Advertiser.

Volume I.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Friday, December 13, 1872.

Number 61.

DECEMBER.						
S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.
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FOR SALE.

RESERVES & GROCERIES!

Just Received and For Sale by the Subscriber—
Fresh Cove OYSTERS
 Spiced do.
PINE 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.

NOTICES.

J. HOWARD COLLIS,
 Dealer and Importer of
ENGLISH & AMERICAN HARDWARE,
 Picture Moulding, Glass
 Looking Glass, Pictures
 Glassware, &c., &c.
TROUTING GEAR,
 (In great variety and best quality) WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
 221 WATER STREET,
 St. John's, Newfoundland.
 One door East of P. HURCHINS, Esq.
N. B.—FRAMES, any size and material, made to order.
 St. John's, May 10. tff.

HARBOR GRACE
BOOK & STATIONERY DEPOT.
E. W. LYON, Proprietor,
 Importer of British and American
NEWSPAPERS
 —AND—
PERIODICALS.
 Constantly on hand, a varied selection of School and Account Books Prayer and Hymn Books for different 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 MEERCHAUM PIPES, PLATED WARE, and JEWELRY of every description & style.
 May 14. tff

BANNERMAN & LYON'S
Photographic Rooms,
 Corner of Bannerman and Water Streets.
THE SUBSCRIBERS, having made suitable arrangements for taking a FIRST-CLASS
PICTURE,
 Would respectfully invite the attention of the Public to a
CALL AT THEIR ROOMS, Which they have gone to a considerable expense in fitting up.
Their Prices are the LOWEST ever afforded to the Public; and with the addition of a NEW STOCK of INSTRUMENTS, CHEMICALS and other Material in connection with the art, they hope to give entire satisfaction.
ALEXR. BANNERMAN,
E. WILKS LYON.
 Nov 5. tff

NOTICES.

PAINLESS! PAINLESS!!
TEETH
 Positively Extracted without Pain
 BY THE USE OF
NITROUS OXIDE GAS.
 A NEW AND PERFECTLY SAFE METHOD.
Dr. LOVEJOY & SON,
 OLD PRACTITIONERS OF DENTISTRY, would respectfully offer their services to the Citizens of St. John's, and the outports.
 They can be found from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., at the old residence of Dr. George W. Lovejoy, No. 9, Cathedral Hill, where they are prepared to perform all Dental Operations in the most
 Scientific and Approved Method.
 Dr. L. & Son would state that they were among the first to introduce the Anaesthetic (Nitrous Oxide Gas), and have extracted many thousand Teeth by its use

Without Producing pain,
 with perfect satisfaction. They are still prepared to repeat the same process, which is perfectly safe even to Children. They are also prepared to insert the best Artificial Teeth from one to a whole set in the latest and most approved style, using none but the best, such as received the highest Premiums at the world's Fair in London and Paris.
 Teeth filled with great care and in the most lasting manner. Especial attention given to regulating children's Teeth.
 St. John's, July 9.

W. THOMPSON,
 AGENT FOR
Parsons' Purgative Pills.
Blacksmith & Farrier,
BEGS respectfully to acquaint his numerous patrons and the public generally, that he is **EVER READY** to give entire satisfaction in his line of business. All work executed in substantial manner and with despatch.
 OFF LeMarchant St., North of Gas House.
 Sept. 17.

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The Star of Love.

'Tis night, my love! the stars are bright,
 An I cold the wild wind blows;
 You pine beneath a tropic night—
 I freeze in arctic snows;
 A third of all the bulk of earth
 Between us intervenes;
 You keep the land that saw your berth,
 I roam in foreign scenes.

But, love! you know the promise made.
 The day our paths diverged,
 That whether under sun or shade,
 Or where the ocean surged,
 At midnight on a single star
 Our eager eyes would rest,
 And then our hearts, however far,
 Would seem together blest.

And not a night has passed away
 But I, that promise kept,
 Looked for the Star of Love away
 Before my senses slept;
 Though oft the envious clouds would come
 An I muffle all the sky,
 And leave within my silent home
 A sense of misery.

Yet then I thought that over you
 The sky was warm and clear,
 And from the midnight concave blue
 Stars lit the atmosphere;
 That you could see, if I could not,
 Our altar in the skies—
 That pure imaginary spot
 We sought for sacrifice.

Another year, my wandering o'er,
 I'll seek my native land again;
 I'll watch that Star on sea or shore,
 And bid it guide me o'er the main!
 Then by that side, star-gazing still,
 I'll sit till morning's golden dyes
 Dim heaven's stars, and then my fill
 Of stars will gather from your eyes.

The Ellis Murder.

The dreadful mystery which shrouded the remains of the man found packed in two barrels, and floating in the Charles River at Cambridge on Wednesday of last week, was lifted on Friday, a nephew of the murdered man identified them as those of Mr. Abijah Ellis, a resident of the South End. On the score of murders Boston and vicinity had a frightful record enough before this one, those of the Joyce children, Katie Leehan and Mr. Lane being yet fraught with mystery. The excitement consequent upon the discovery of the remains and identification of Mr. Ellis, has not been paralleled in this State since the Parkman murder, and every effort to discover the murderer at first seemed likely to be in vain. But the newspaper men of Boston, justly excited at the stigma upon the city's fair name, put themselves to work, and "by strict attention to business," succeeded in a gratifying triumph over detective tenacity and skill. A *veridical* man found out where the shavings came from that filled the barrels, and a *Journal* reporter found the first blood in the stable where the deed was committed. Although the fact is pretty clearly established that Ellis was a "Shylock," and the indignation of the public somewhat appeased on that account, the case exhibits a phase of human nature on the part of Alley which it is not pleasant to contemplate. The demeanor he exhibited when arrested, or "detained," as they call it, his apparent indifference when asked to account for the blood on his wearing apparel, the serenity attributed to him when Mr. Chief of Police Savage accused him of guilt, are not calculated to excite much compassion for him—if the fact is proved that he was hounded, as it is well known some creditors like Parkman and Ellis follow their debtors. Whether Alley meant to kill Ellis when he struck him, will never be known only from his own lips, but the weak spot of packing him in barrels and paying a debt with the eagerly watched money on the very next day, will pretty surely make him pay the penalty with his neck. The fact is, that a vast majority of people who mould public opinion in this State have become convinced that murders are too frequent in our midst, and the Executive prerogative is not likely to be exerted soon again when a man has been condemned. The accused is an American, a native of New Hampshire, and a man considerably advanced in years.—*Boston Transcript*, Nov. 16.

Ambition.

Never expect a selfishly ambitious man to be a true friend. The man who makes ambition his god, tramples on every-

thing else. He will climb upward, though he treads on the hearts of those who love him best, and in his eyes your own value lies in the use you may be to him. Personally, one is nothing to him; and if you are not rich, or famous, or powerful enough to advance his interests after he has got above you, he cares no more for you. Why should he? To some men, "Tis sweet to know there is an eye to mark Your coming, and grow brighter when you come."

but not to him. The "eye" cannot put dollars into his pocket, nor a notice of him in the newspapers, or elect him to a fine position of any kind.

Once, perhaps, in by gone days, when he was a less successful man, even your friendship was of some value; but he has risen above you now, and has no need of your favor or your introduction. His compliments, once so freely dispensed, would be wasted on one of no importance, and by way of relief to the flatterer he still utters where it will pay to utter them, he snubs or is sharp with you.

Very well; don't breathe a sigh for him and save your tears for more worthy folk, if you belong to the weeping sex. True Greatness never yet forgot the friend of its hour of struggle, but cold Ambition has neither friendship nor love. In very earnest you gave him hand and heart in those dead days. In true hospitality you welcomed him to your hearth and your board; but the bread and dishes of friendship are only bread and radishes to him. Why should he sup with you when Position offers him cards for a reception?

Profit Yielded by Sheep.

For profit to the small farmer who farms high and pays every personal attention to his stock, there is nothing likely to prove so remunerative as sheep breeding with the object of furnishing mutton to easily-accessible markets. Meat is now at a high price, and likely to remain so for many years to come; and with the great increase in the tendency to breed sheep of the mutton type, it is also observable that mutton of a superior quality to what was formerly obtained from fine-wooled sheep is becoming better known and appreciated as wholesome food, and is also fast driving even the farmers themselves to abandon pork as a diet. No class of stock that is kept on the farm can be made more profitable, by judicious management, than sheep. Unlike other stock, they give a treble return. First, they yield fleeces of wool that always find a ready market; second, if of the mutton type, their carcasses come early to maturity, and can be readily sold to the butcher at any age between three months and five years, as the market may determine; lastly, they are great improvers of the soil, through the manure they yield. The poorest land that ever was put under the plow can be readily and cheaply improved, and brought to a high state of fertility, by means of clover and sheep. Witness the doings of Mr. Coke, after wards created Earl of Leicester, who reclaimed 50,000 acres of rabbit warrens in Norfolk, England, with clover and sheep, and turnips afterwards, and formed an estate that is counted among the best farming lands in England.

It is a very inferior type of sheep that will not yield a fleece of wool that will amply repay the farmer for the food consumed each year. But the profit to the farmer who cannot keep a large enough flock to make it an object either to breed for ram sales or for wool alone, is to be found in turning over his capital invested as often and quickly as he can. Hence to succeed he must depend more upon feeding and attention to markets than upon breeding to sell again for breeding stock. For him, cross-bred animals are as good as any—in fact better for his purpose than any one pure breed. Cross-bred animals usually have this advantage; Being of two separate strains of blood, with no close affinity, they are stronger, healthier, and possess better constitutions and less liability to sudden fluctuation than pure blood.

Where many fail is in the autumn management of their flocks. So long as the sheep can get a bit of frozen grass, they will remain out in the fields. They are very apt then to loose condition unobserved, and when they are driven by hunger to the barn yard, they are so de-

bliterated from exposure and want of nutriment in the late grass they never recover so as to be worth much as breeders. It is better to compel them to take their winter quarters early, and give them a little at this time once a day till they take to their winter fodder. They will be in good condition, and it is very easy to keep sheep so by close attention, but quite another matter to bring them up in condition if they fall off on the late autumn grass. A very little grain will go a great way in keeping sheep in condition throughout the winter, and is an expense that should not be grudged by the farmer who has no roots and wishes to have strong, healthy lambs in spring, and good fleeces of wool to sell.

Saved by a Horse.

Let any man who ever struck a horse in anger, read this story and be ashamed of himself. Some years ago, a party of surveyors had just finished their day's work in the North-Western part of Illinois, when a violent snow-storm came on. They started for their camp, which was in a large prairie, 20 miles from any other timber. The wind was blowing very hard and the snow drifting so as to nearly blind them. When they thought they had nearly reached their camp, they all at once came upon tracks in the snow. This they looked at with care, and found to their dismay, that they were on their own tracks. It was now plain that they were lost on the great prairie, and that if they had to pass the night there, in the cold and snow, the chances were that not one of them would be alive in the morning. While they were all shivering with fear and the cold, the chief man of the party caught sight of one of their horses, a grey pony known as Old Jack. Then the chief said: "If any one can show us our way to camp out of the blinding snow Old Jack can do it. I will take off his bridle and let him loose, and we can follow him. I think he will show us the way to our camp." The horse, as soon as he found him elf free threw his head and tail into the air, as if proud of the trust they had put upon him. Then he snuffed the breeze, and gave a loud snort, which seemed to say: "Come on boys! Follow me; I'll lead you out of this scrape." He then turned in a new direction and trotted along, but not so fast that the men could not follow him. They had not gone more than a mile when they saw the cheerful blaze of their camp fires, and they gave a loud huzza at the sight and for Old Jack.

Is He Honest?

It is rather interesting to see how even with some very benvolent people a moral taint is a bar to charity. Is he honest? they ask first. If that question is answered satisfactorily, their generosity knows no bounds. But if the poor fellow has the double misfortune of a light purse and a slim conscience—then he must move on! If he is sick in body, they help him, O how tenderly! If he is sick in soul they cast him off without compunctions. If a pile of bricks fall and break his leg, how quickly they run for bandages; but if a sadder accident overwhelms him in moral misery, they think they do well to abandon him to his fate. They appear never to consider how brittle are the legs of their own virtue; how fortunate for themselves that their ways lie not alongside of tottering moral brick-piles.

Resist Temptation in Time.

If perfect knowledge of human nature was in the prayer. "Lead us not into temptation," No man ever resists temptation, after it has begun to be temptation. It is in the outskirts of the habits that the defence must lie. No apprentice ever refrained from his master's gold after his eye had once begun to gloat upon it, and he had got over the habitual feel-

"Since what passed between us," said a very zealous clergyman, "I hope you do not open any letter whatever on a Sunday." "I do not," replied the parishioner; "you must know, I received one this very morning just as I was leaving home for church, but I left it unopened." "That was right; and what think you of the service to day—my new curate's reading, and my sermon on attention to religious duties?" "Indeed I can hardly say; to tell the truth I could scarcely notice anything, for I could not help thinking all the time what there might happen to be in that letter."

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ing which made any approach to its ap- propriation an impossibility. No Joseph ever resisted, except through the impulse of pure fear, after he had once begun to revolve the possibility of giving way.

Lovers' Quarrels—Proposed Flag of Truce.

Lovers quarrel. That is the rule. If there are lovers who do not quarrel, they constitute the happy exception.

Why should lovers quarrel? There is no better answer to that question than by asking another: Why are people made as they are?

Some lovers keep up a sort of constant running fire upon each other—never intended to kill, or to wound very deeply, but only to annoy and tantalize, as if for the very purpose of testing their love by ascertaining mutually how much they will bear from each other, without breaking off forever.

Breaking off forever! Ah, that is the fatal ending of many a lovers' quarrel. It may arise from the most trifling of causes. There may not have been any intention, or even willingness to offend on either side. Yet the breach once opened is never healed.

Well, very likely the reader argues, if lovers always quarrel, and always have quarrelled, why, then it seems to be inevitable, and there is nothing left but to submit to the irreversible decree.

There is something in that, too. Lovers quarrels will never be wholly prevented. At the same time they may be diminished, and their evil effects lessened.

They may be rendered fewer, if anticipated and guarded against. Do not believe that your love renders it impossible for you to quarrel, and you will not be as likely to quarrel.

Bear ever in mind how easily differences arise, and how difficult it is to end them; this will make you think twice before you give or take offence.

If misunderstandings occur, examine your own heart and your own conduct with stern impartiality, to ascertain whether you are to blame; and if you are, let no false pride prevent the prompt and full acknowledgment of your error.

When armies are contending with each other, under a flag of truce negotiations may be opened for a settlement and peace.

We think it would be well for some kind of a flag of truce to be established by which negotiations might be opened more readily than they are now between disaffected lovers. Let it in some way be indicated that reconciliation and peace would be preferable to war.

There is much said against games of chance; and it may be worth while for your readers to have some guiding principle in judging about such matters.

Those who say that there is nothing wrong in the use of chances, in a proper manner, refer to the fact that, in the Jewish church, the lot was not only used, but that it was substantially true, and equally true of almost all ancient nations.

The land of Palestine was divided among the tribes by lot; after the captivity, Jerusalem was repopulated from the tribes of Judah and Benjamin, selected by lot; the spoil of battle or captured cities was divided by lot; men were selected for battle by lot; the distribution of priestly service in the temple among the sixteen of the family of Eleazar and the eight of Ithamar was by lot. Matthias was chosen by lot by the apostles to fill the place made vacant by the apostasy of Judas. The lot was used for the detection of culprits, as in the case of Jonathan, and the still more striking case of Achan.

The lot, for the decision of doubtful or obscure cases, runs back to a period when man had not learned the art of investigation, long before there was an art or science of evidence; before judicial tribunals had learned calmly to sift matters and determine the truth; when affairs were likely to be determined by the hot passions of men.

Imperfect as the lot must have been, as a judicial test, it was certainly a great advance over the precipitate action inspired by passion, since it took matters out of the hands of men, and referred them to the arbitration of a higher power.

That the Jews believed that a Divine Providence made use of the lot, in the affairs of men, is clear from Proverbs 16: 33: The lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord.

It is very plain, then, that the lot was employed in an early and rude state of society, before men had learned the right use of their faculties, in the determination of serious questions, and that it carried with it a sense of the Divine Presence. It was, indeed, a solemn appeal to God, ear determine justice and right, as trial by arms in the middle ages was, and as the oath is in modern times; and there can be no sort of justification drawn from it for the use of the lot in a light and trivial way, or as an instrument of amusement, any more than one could justify profane swearing by alleging that men were sworn in civil courts.

To the ancients, the lot, the casting of dice, and various other expedients, were not supposed to involve chance. To them it was an appeal to certain knowledge.

Whatever may be believed in respect to the lot, as a civil and religious custom, no one pretends that it now has any validity. Drawing cuts, casting lots, throwing dice, and the multitude of other expedients, are, and are regarded as mere appeals to chance. And the question is, whether it is right to employ such methods.

1. In all cases where the use of chance is likely to stir up evil feeling, to pervert the conscience, to induce an element of dishonesty, it is not right to use it. The use of chance as an element of gambling, no matter how minute the sum, is mischievous.

2. In things indifferent, where an appeal to chance is a mere convenience, and where experience shows that no harm, but much good follows, there is no reason why chance should not be employed. Seats may be appointed by lot, as fairer than any other mode of distribution.

3. Amusements may be sought based upon the element of chance. There are games of chance which turn on chance which neither excite evil feelings nor blur the moral sense, nor produce any moral injury whatever, and which do, on the other hand, produce innocent hilarity, kindly social relations, and help to redeem social gatherings from moping stiffness or coarse indulgence.

If in their practical workings they are found to produce evil, they are to be set aside; not because they are wrong in principle, but simply because, under certain circumstances, they are found to be mischievous, just as bread and meat are sometimes forbidden, not because they are unwholesome, but because, in certain conditions of the human system, wholesome things are unwholesome.

All gambling may turn upon chance, but all chance does not involve gambling. There is no such thing as innocent gambling. There is a good deal of chance that is not only innocent, but beneficial.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.



HARBOR GRACE, DECEMBER 13, 1872.

THE weather of the past few days, which had been fine, cold and bracing, gave place this morning to a disagreeable change. The wind is now from the east with a heavy rain, and every appearance of a continuance.

An attempt at forgery was to-day made on a mercantile firm here, in this wise:—A person representing himself as a fisherman's shaman or servant wrote out a note, such as is usually given from the counting-room for goods, and presented the same to the store-keeper, requesting its value. The peculiar writing made the latter enquire into the matter, when it was ascertained to be a forgery. In the meantime the forger had fled, leaving his note behind, which is indeed a "funny one."

The amount in figures for a certain sum is also written inversely on its face, thus making another amount, while against the amount, in the same hand, is deducted so much for sundries had, by way of a ruse to obtain more.

ABOUT five o'clock this p. m., the body of a man was discovered in the water near River Head. On examination the remains proved to be those of a person named Morrissey, who had been missing some time. The body has been placed into a store near by, pending a coroner's inquest.

THE "Courier" of the 4th inst. publishes the subjoined Address of the Quarterly Meeting of the St. John's Circuit, Wesleyan Church, to the Rev. Henry L. Cranford, upon the occasion of his intended departure for Europe, as also the reply of the Rev. gentleman thereto:—

SAINT JOHN'S, December, 2nd 1872.

TO THE REVEREND HENRY L. CRANFORD,

REV. AND DEAR SIR.—We, a Committee appointed by the Quarterly Meeting of the St. John's Circuit, beg to assure you and Mrs. Cranford of our heartfelt sympathy for you in your present affliction.

No words can convey to you the regret we feel at the failure of your health, and the necessary interruption for the present of your highly prized Ministry amongst us, from which we had hoped to continue to derive very much profit and gratification.

In this, however, as in all things, we was, indeed, a solemn appeal to God, ear determine justice and right, as trial by arms in the middle ages was, and as the oath is in modern times; and there can be no sort of justification drawn from it for the use of the lot in a light and trivial way, or as an instrument of amusement, any more than one could justify profane swearing by alleging that men were sworn in civil courts.

We commend you and yours to the care of our Heavenly Father, and shall not cease to pray for you, that He may keep you in all your ways, and bring you back to us from Europe, after a few months rest, perfectly restored to health,

Begging you to accept of the accompanying purse of One Hundred Pounds, as a token of the esteem in which you are held among us.

We are, Rev. and Dear Sir, Yours very respectfully, JOHN STEER, JAMES A. WHITEFORD, Circuit Stewards.

REPLY.

TO MESSRS. J. STEER AND J. A. WHITEFORD. GENTLEMEN.—In receiving your Address so full of sympathy, accompanied as it is, with the yet stronger proof of your esteem, permit me to assure you, on behalf of Mrs. Cranford and myself, of our deep sense of your kindness in this, the hour of trial.

As it is deemed necessary for the restoration of my health that I should visit Europe for a few months, I would patiently submit to the Divine Will, trusting with you, that the means to be employed may, with the Divine Blessing, result in my perfect recovery, that I may be permitted to return in safety, to resume my duties with renewed vigour.

In leaving I go cheered by the proofs of your affection, with which you have this day presented me; the thought that (although accompanied by many imperfections) my labours have not been altogether in vain, and the assurance, that where ever I may be, I shall have an interest in your prayers.

Trusting that you will accept my sincere thanks for your practical expressions of sympathy and esteem, and praying that the great Head of the Church may vouchsafe you all needful blessings.

I am, dear sirs, Yours very affectionately, HENRY L. CRANFORD. St John's, December 2nd, 1872.

Horse Flesh.

BY "AULD BEEKIE."

A persevering writer on agriculture ("save the mark") in a recent essay gives some valuable information regarding the bad effects of cold water on an over-heated stomach, and recommends Spruce Beer as a safer beverage.

Molasses Tea is also spoken of as highly nutritious, and wishing to give it a trial, I endeavored to procure some in town, but to my dismay met with nothing but laughter and ridicule at the different stores. I found teas under such names as Bohea, Congou, Black, Green, and Gunpowder, but Molasses Tea is unknown. The same writer goes on to tell us how long a yard of tripe is, and what time (to the minute) pig's feet, beef, mutton, &c. take to digest.

All the observations taken from the digestive powers of some other persons—observations taken 100 feet below sea level. He also observes that during the Franco-German war (not the one at the British Hall) a great many horses were eaten, and winds up with the remark, "how many hours would it take to digest a horse, is a question." Now that is just the question I intend to answer, and if the writer of the agricultural essay referred to is really anxious to ascertain the number of hours, let him observe the following directions:—

Mix one ounce each of salts and soda and boil; when cool, strain and drink before retiring for the night. In the morning swallow two tablespoonfuls of dry mustard, washing it down with a cup of strong coffee; abstain from eating for fourteen hours. This done, have your horse weighed, take to the cook say two pounds; when done to your taste, eat, and time will show how many hours that quantity will take to digest. A computation of the time required to digest a whole horse can thus be made, and the world enlightened and palates brightened on the subject.

The following is an article from the pen of Fanny Fern, written when she was so ill that she could not use her right hand, and consequently had to write it with her left hand:—

THE SINS OF CHRISTIANS.

Most people suppose that as soon as a person joins the church, perfection in thought, word and deed is to be demanded of him. They forget that, like other soldiers who have enlisted, the most loyal and true-hearted have moments when the weary body succumbs to torpor; or the strained vision, through the dust and smoke of battle, loses sight of the height to be attained; or the benumbed ear listens feebly for the rallying cry. Who shall call such a one—"traitor"? Not He who "knoweth our frame," and "remembereth that we are dust." Others besides Peter have gone "out and wept bitterly;" and although a censorious world may have condemned the offence and sneered at the tears, yet over and above the transgression and the penitence the Saviour has written, "Neither do I condemn thee, go, and sin no more."

There was once an independent old lady who speaking of Adam's naming all the animals said she didn't think he deserved any credit for naming the pig—and one would know what to call him.



Latest Despatches.

LONDON, Dec. 6. Member of Parliament Smith, of England, who recently returned from the United States, made a speech at Westminster, criticising the working of the ballot in Great Britain and the United States.

The ship "Titania" from Quebec to Bristol has been abandoned at sea with the loss of eight of her crew.

The situation at Versailles remains for the present unchanged.

The Committee of thirty had taken some radical measures, and announced a programme, which can only lead to a disagreement with the Executive.

Thiers has announced that he will not change his policy. The Radical press regarded the situation as precarious.

The Assembly seems likely in one form or another to endure for the present. The Committee on the Electoral law has dreaded to make voting compulsory.

PARIS, Dec. 6. Paris advices report the government situation. It is believed to be improving. It is rumoured this morning that M. Goulard will be appointed Minister of Interior; M. Léon, Minister of Finance, and M. Fourtiau, Minister of Public Works.

The election for President and Vice-President of the Swiss Confederation, for the year 1873, has resulted in the choice of Cuesola for the former office, and Schenick for the latter.

NEW YORK, 7. Judge Brady will probably preside at the trial of Stokes, next Monday.

An effort is to be made to have Congress donate land to exiles from Alsace and Lorraine.

GOLD 113; Exchange steady. Both houses of Congress have adjourned over till Monday.

LONDON, 9. A westerly gale prevailed throughout England. Many buildings demolished, and others damaged. Many persons were hurt by falling debris.

Eight ships were blown ashore at Plymouth. The flag-ship "Narcissus" parted masts at Devonport, but succeeded in anchoring before being damaged.

The German ship "Cambridge," and other small merchantmen also parted anchors at Devonport, and were blown ashore. Despatches from other sections of the country bring intelligence of great destruction of property. The gale was as severe in Wales and Ireland as in England, and accompanied by lightning and rain. Many towns were flooded. Several vessels are ashore in Cork harbor. The damage to property in that city was very great. Many buildings were unroofed, and trees blown down.

The pinnacles of the tower of St. Thomas were blown down while the congregation were at worship, and falling on the roof crushed through into the body of the church. The people were seized with a panic, and rushed from the building. None killed. The escape is regarded as miraculous. The "Lebanon" from Sunderland for New York, went ashore and was wrecked off Lowestoft, the crew barely escaped with their lives. At Oxford the Chapel of Oral University was badly damaged, and the freight depot of the Great Western Railroad was entirely demolished.

NEW YORK, 9. General Banks presented a bill in Congress to-day, raising the President's salary to fifty thousand dollars per annum.

The New York "Evening Express" newspaper office was burned last evening.

Minister Washburn will remain Minister to the French Republic, and will shortly return to France.

The British steamship "Scandera" which left New York, Oct. 8th, and has not since been heard from, is now given up for lost.

The government will not enter Alabama legislation matter, unless some point in the Constitution requiring federal interference is brought up.

The United States authorities will sustain decisions of the Federal courts in New Orleans at all hazards. Federal troops will hold possession of the State posts. The two Legislatures will probably both try to assemble.

President Tejada, of Mexico, took possession of his office on the 1st instant. Gold 113.

Latest.

LONDON, 9. Much anxiety is felt at Liverpool on account of the non-arrival of the steam ship "City of Bristol" from New York. Cardiff harbor is crowded with ships, windbound.

A number of cottages were blown down during the storm of yesterday at Bridgewater.

Thiers seems to have bridged over the crisis in France, and has obtained fair support from both the Right and Left centres.

The Reform Bill in Prussia is now law, having passed the Upper House of the Diet.

Catholic Churches in the City and Province of Posen, Prussia, have been closed by the government on account of some disregard of state authority.

Floods in the North of Italy continue to spread, and some of the larger towns are threatened.

LONDON, 10. The "City of Bristol" arrived off Queenstown, with broken shaft.

The gale continued yesterday, but not with such severity as on Sunday. Despatches bring intelligence of disasters by both sea and land. The damage in London is considerable; eight houses were blown down, and forty persons injured by falling buildings. An unknown brig foundered off the coast of the Isle of Wight, every person on board perished. The barque "Stratham" from Hamburg for New York, was wrecked on Kenndridge Ledge; crew saved.

The Gasometer attached to the Royal Arsenal of Woolwich was damaged, and the hospital has been without gas for two nights. Telegraphic communication very much impeded.

NEW YORK, 10. Gold steady.

TERRIBLE SNOW STORM. EIGHT HUNDRED RAILROAD WORKMEN CUT OFF FROM SUCCOR.

CHICAGO, Nov. 21. A special despatch from St. Paul says that gloomy news may be anticipated from Minnesota. As the track layers on the extension of the Winona and St. Paul railroad were approaching the Western State line a terrible snow storm enveloped them and cut them off from communication with civilization.

The working force numbered over 800 men, and so sanguine were their expectations that favourable weather would outlast November that no preparations were made to avoid a calamity such as it is feared has befallen them.

There was only a limited supply of provisions kept in store, for although a hundred miles distant from the telegraph and construction trains they maintained a regular communication with Sleeping Eye, the nearest white settlement. When intelligence of the storm reached Winona, J. H. Stewart, General Superintendent, started out with two locomotives and a train of cars, but so heavy and deep were the snow drifts and so intense the cold that up to Saturday morning they had not passed New Umm. At that place two additional locomotives were attached to the train, and then taking on board rations for thirty days and one hundred and fifty men, besides materials with which to fit up boarding accommodations in the cars, the train again started. A passage way had to be forced through drifts eight and ten feet deep, and even where the snow did not exceed one foot in depth, so hard was it and packed that recourse was had to shovels before any advance could be made. On Sunday the train had penetrated twenty-five miles.

Meantime the storm raged with violence unprecedented, and when last heard from, Tuesday night, the relief train was stuck fast in the accumulating snow, 40 miles west of Sleeping Eye, and 80 miles west of the suffering trackmen. Yesterday morning the telegraph wires were down west of St. Peter, and the latest reports from Winona in the afternoon state that the wind had increased to a furious gale. For six days the storm has continued with unabated fury. A painful impression is created that the men at the end of the track will starve before relief can reach them. No supplies are known to be accessible, for the line is being constructed in advance of the government surveys far into a country uninhabited save by a few adventurous squatters and sickly Indians.

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THE following is related by the

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NEWS ITEMS.

The following adventure with a bear is related by the "Omaha Dispatch:"

A citizen was returning home from a fishing expedition to the mountains, having with him a fine string of trout. On his way he saw a young bear, probably about half grown, coming towards him, and occupying the only path by which he could leave the place. The bear didn't seem very savage, and the man thought by giving him the fish he would be satisfied, and thus afford an opportunity to escape. He threw the fish, but there's where he made the mistake. Bruin mistook this act of kindness for an assault, and at once advanced upon the foe. Man and bear then grappled, the bear by some means getting the man's arm in his mouth; both tumbled to the ground, and after a short struggle, both hugging each other closely, rolled into the creek. This had the effect of separating them, and the man hastily climbed out of the stream and ran for life. The water doubtless cooled the bear's wrath, for he did not follow his enemy, going away in a different direction.

A pompous Mayor once said to Professor Agassiz that he had himself been deeply interested in natural science, but that the pressure of business had prevented its pursuit. "I became a banker, sir," said he; "and I am what I am." The style of grandeur in which the words were uttered is indescribable. Agassiz immediately recited his own early history, how his father had provided a place in a bank for him on his leaving college, how he had begged first for one year more of study, then for another, and when a third was granted to him his fate was fixed. "And, Mr. W.," said Agassiz, "if it had not been for that little firmness, I should to-day have been nothing but a banker." Somehow the Mayor looked rather foolish.

"It will soon be over," were the dying words of Fanny Fern. It will soon be over—how soon, indeed, will it be over with all of us! Men no longer live to the age of the patriarchs; only one person in a hundred, it is said, attains the age at which Fanny Fern died; and yet how youthful she seemed! It will be over soon. But when it is over, it will be well if it can be truthfully said of us, that we were always as thoughtful of those by whom we were surrounded as Fanny Fern was of her little granddaughter, when, the evening of her death, she said to her husband, "Put her to bed early, and if I die in the night, don't wake her, to tell her, before morning."

A FOP.—Don Feelepe defines a fop thusly:—"The fop is a complete specimen of the outside philosopher. He is one third collar, one eighth patent leather, one fourth walking stick, and the remainder gloves and hair. As to remote ancestry there is some doubt, but it is now pretty well settled that he is the son of a tailor's goose. He becomes ecstatic at the smell of new cloth. He is somewhat nervous, and to dream of a tailor's bill gives him the nightmare. By his hair one would guess that he was dipped like Achilles; but it is evident that the goddess held him by the head instead of the heel. They are not so entirely to blame for being so devoted to externals. Paste diamonds must have a splendid setting to make them sell. Only it does seem a waste of material to put five dollars worth of beaver over five cents worth of brains.

APROPOS of office-seeking, a wealthy and benevolent citizen of New York is so firmly persuaded that in order to be elected to office a man must stoop to some small, if not absolutely mean action, that he requests his friends to inscribe upon his tombstone the words "He never held an office," thinking that such an epitaph will be sufficient indication of a life of integrity. There are many in this community who will agree with him.

Love induced a beautiful and accomplished girl of Chicago to marry a blind man with a club foot. He was a poor man, while his wife has an income of \$1,500 a year.

It, as atheists affirm, creation came by chance, what a sublime chance it was.

When you bury animosity never mind the stone.

DIED.
Last evening, Bertram, youngest son of Mr. Thomas Wells, aged 18 months. This morning, after a brief illness, Martha, youngest daughter of Mr. William Crane, aged 14 years.

FOR SALE.
JUST RECEIVED,
Ex "Kate," and FOR SALE by the Subscriber,

A CARGO PRIME SYDNEY COALS.
G. MAKINSON.
Dec. 13.

NOTICE.
172 WATER STREET, 172
JAMES FALLON,
TIN, COPPER & 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. Punton & Munn, 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.

J. Mellis,
TAILOR & CLOTHIER,
208, Water Street, St. John's,

BEGS respectfully to inform the public of Conception Bay generally that he has always on hand a complete assortment of

CLOTHING
For all seasons of the year, which can be obtained at the LOWEST remunerative PRICES. All Clothing to order, cut in the most fashionable styles, and forwarded with despatch. Terms moderate. Orders from the outports promptly attended to.
J. M. visits Conception Bay twice a year, of which notice is duly given.
Dec. 10.

W. H. THOMPSON,
AGENT FOR
Fellows' Compound Syrup
OF
HYPOPHOSPHITES.

BLANK FORMS
Executed with NEATNESS and DESPATCH at the Office of this Paper.

BANNERMAN & LYON'S
Photographic Rooms,
Corner of Bannerman and Water Streets.

THE SUBSCRIBERS, having made suitable arrangements for taking a **FIRST-CLASS**

PICTURE.
Would respectfully invite the attention of the Public to a **CALL AT THEIR ROOMS,** which they have gone to a considerable expense in fitting up. Their Prices are the **LOWEST** ever afforded to the Public; and with the addition of a **NEW STOCK** of INSTRUMENTS, CHEMICALS and other Material in connection with the art, they hope to give entire satisfaction.
ALEXR. BANNERMAN,
E. WILKS LYON.
Nov. 5.

CAUTION!
HEREBY GIVE NOTICE that after this date, I will not be responsible for any Debts contracted in my name, without a Written Order from myself.
ROBERT MORRIS.
Dec. 10.

NOTICE.
Bazaar!

A BAZAAR for the purpose of LIQUIDATING THE DEBT incurred by recent repairs and additions to the Wesleyan Church here, will be opened on or about the 15th JANUARY next. Contributions in aid of the same are solicited, and will be most thankfully acknowledged by the Ladies furnishing Tables, or by the

REV. C. LADNER.
Dec. 6.
Union Bank of Newfoundland.
THE Directors hereby give notice that a Dividend on the Capital Stock of the Company, at the rate of twelve per cent. per annum, for the half year ending 30th Nov. 1872, will be payable at the Banking House, in Duckworth Street, on and after THURSDAY next, the 5th inst. (By order of the Board.)
JOHN W. SMITH,
St. John's Dec. 3. Manager.

CAUTION!
HEREBY GIVE NOTICE that after this date, I will not be responsible for any Debts contracted in my name, without a Written Order from myself.
LUCINDA BARTLETT.
Bay Roberts,
Nov. 13, 1872.

FOR SALE!
BY
THE SUBSCRIBER—
1 Good Horse
1 Set Harness
1 Cart
1 Dray, and
1 Catamaran.
Dec. 3. **JAMES POWER.**

A Dwelling House
—AND—
LAND
Attached, (known under the name of Snow Hill) situated on the Carbonear Road, one mile from Harbor Grace. This is an eligible place for farming operations, and is alike suitable for rich or poor. For particulars apply to
JAMES POWER.
Oct. 29.



General Post Office Notice.
FROM and after the 1st day of November the Postage Rates on Letters, Books, Parcels, Circulars and Newspapers, addressed to the Dominion of Canada and Prince Edward Island will be as follows, viz.—
Letters, per half-ounce..... 6 cents.
Books and Parcels, per lb.16 "
Circulars, each..... 2 "
Newspapers, each..... 2 "
Prepayment compulsory.
A similar reduction will take place on the correspondence to and from the United States, when the Postal Convention has been signed, which will be about the first of December.
Correspondence transmitted by Contract Steamers leaving St. John's for Liverpool, will be, for Letters at the reduced rate of six cents per half-ounce. That per steamer via Pictou and Halifax to Liverpool, at the same charge as now made, of twelve cents the half-ounce.
JOHN DELANEY, P. M. G.
W. H. THOMPSON,
AGENT FOR
Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

NOTICES.
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 yretic Saline
Powel's Balsam Aniseed Medicamentum (stamped)
British Oil
Balsam of Life
Chlorodyne
Mexican Mustang Liniment
Steer's Opodildoc
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 Rings
Sponge, Tooth Cloths
Nail, Shoe and Stove Brushes
Widow Welch's Pills
Cockle's "
Holloway's "
Norton's "
Hunt's "
Morrison's "
Radway's "
Ayer's "
Parsons' "
Jaynes' "
Holloway's Ointment
Adams' Indian Salve
Russia Salve

All the above proprietary articles bear the Government Stamp, without which none are genuine. Export Orders will receive careful and prompt attention.
May 14.

LEMESSURIER & KNIGHT,
[LATE EVANS, 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.

FOR SALE.
—BY—
THE SUBSCRIBER,
231 Water Street— 231
BREAD
Flour, Pork, Beef
Butter, Molasses, Sugar
Tea, Coffee, Cheese,
Ham, Bacon, Pease, Rice
TOBACCO
KEROSENE OIL, &c., &c.
CHEAP FOR CASH, FISH
OR OIL.
DANIEL FITZGERALD.
Sept. 13.

FOR SALE.
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.

E. W. LYON
Has just received a large assortment of
Coloured French Kid GLOVES,
Which he offers to the public at VERY LOW PRICES.
July 9.

JUST RECEIVED
A FRESH SUPPLY OF
ADAMS' INDIAN SALVE.
W. H. THOMPSON.

A Modern Proteus.

I breakfasted with Mrs. A. Andante was her cue; A slumberous spell was over me— I was andante too!

SELECT STORY.

ENTERPRISE;

THE TWO VAGABONDS.

Chapter II.

(CONTINUED.)

Will I? Not if I know it. I'm going, and I'll tell you why. Both my father and mother died when I was very young, leaving me wholly dependent upon the charity of an uncle, who is kind and liberal enough, but so cold and distant as to make me unhappy and discontented.

Why do you object to my company, then? Don't any more. Get ready as soon as you can, and steal off early to-morrow.

Chapter III.

Next morning, much to the sorrow of the whole school, Con departed as mysteriously as he had come. Shortly after, Bill was missed, and in his room was found a note, stating that he had gone to find Con, and that it would be useless to attempt to discover what direction he had taken, or anything concerning his whereabouts.

Chapter IV.

Upon their arrival at St. Louis, Con immediately started, followed by Bill, for a cheap lodging house at which he had been accustomed to put up in bygone years. The landlord had forgotten him and Con made no attempt to freshen his memory.

Chapter V.

Their voyage to the "old country" was unmarked by any exciting adventures; on the contrary, it was quite tedious. One hot, summer day, they sailed up the Thames. Instead of shipping for America, as they had plenty of chances to do, they saw the sights of London, and then started out into the country.

of the deck of what he had seen. After taking a survey of affairs, the officer said, "It looks bad. If it is a pirate craft, they show considerable pluck in boarding us so near port. I don't think it can be; nevertheless, I will hail her and see." Boat ahoy! he shouted.

All this time the pilot had preserved the utmost silence; but Con, thinking that he might recognize the boat, asked him what it was. Ism Chei, for that was the pilot's name, answered, in passable English, that he guessed it was all right, but he wasn't sure; and, leaving the wheel, went to the ship's side, and leaning over the railing peered, with his beady, black eyes, at the stranger.

She's all right; little fun poker, he at last said, returning to the wheel, but not until the ship had swung well round to the leeward; and as there was a stiff seaward breeze blowing, she had crept quite close to the stranger before the pilot succeeded in righting her.

Bill was the treasurer and accountant of the firm. He went to the bed, and, stooping down, drew from under it a gorgeously painted tin box—a specimen of his artistic taste and ability. He opened it, and drew forth a roll of banknotes. Counting them over, he turned to Con, and said, "Twenty dollars left of the fifty we started with."

By thunder! That's too bad. Let's give up the biz, sell out our stock, and strike for California. I'm agreeable, responded Bill. Very well, then, answered Con. Let us go out and see if we can't scare up some sort of a job on one of these westward bound trains.

After considerable difficulty they procured situations as cattle-drivers on a large train of permanent settlers, who were taking a considerable amount of stock with them to their new homes. It is unnecessary to detail the many adventures of our travellers ere they reached California. Suffice it to say that, after they reached their journey's end, they found that mining life fell far below their expectations, and, after a few more weeks of want and poverty, they resolved to go to sea, as common sailors, and thus see "the world." With this idea, they embarked on board a ship bound for China.

Their passage across the Pacific was remarkably pleasant. Having a kind captain, and possessing the knack of adapting themselves to circumstances, Con and Bill, after the qualms of seasickness had passed off, and they had "learnt the ropes," were as merry as lords.

They were sailing along the Chinese coast, when the first and only mishap of the voyage occurred. It was a fatal one. They had taken aboard during the first part of the day, a native pilot. He was a villainous looking subject; but, as he behaved himself, no one suspected that anything was wrong.

At about eight o'clock in the evening, while Con, Bill, and a few other seamen, who composed the watch, were on deck, and the remainder of the crew were below, our two friends discovered a light bearing down upon them; the vessel from whence it came was off their starboard bow.

Con immediately suspected that something was wrong, for they had all their lights up; yet the junk, as he now distinguished her to be, continued her course. Con straightway informed the officer

Our mariners drifted about until morning, when they were picked up by a vessel bound for Hong Kong. Next day they arrived at their destination worse off than when they started from San Francisco. They lost their wages for the voyage, and also the money they had saved while in California, besides being without any means of earning a living.

We must find some work, and earn enough money to see China well, and then get out of this, said Con. Easier said than done, replied Bill. Not a bit of it, my hearties said a harsh voice immediately behind them. They both turned, and beheld a short, puffy, florid-faced little Englishman.

What's the work, and what's the wages? queried Bill. Well, you know, I keep an eating 'ouse 'round the corner. I want waiters who kin jabber English. I'll ire you, if you says so. It isn't hard work; all you'll 'ave to do is put on a white apron, and git vittles when they's called for. The wages is eight shillings a week.

What d'ye say, Bill? Better than nothing. All right; we'll take it. When shall we begin? Just as soon as yer can. That's now. Come along, than. And he led them to a neat, but not gorgeous establishment, for most of the patrons of this enterprising Boniface were sailors.

Our heroes donned their aprons, and were soon flying around in lively style, taking orders. Among the waiters was another American who had formerly been a sailor but was now trying his hand at a new trade. He had been playing servant for six months, and was heartily sick of it. Under his guidance, Con and Bill explored the city, and soon as they could do it, the three clubbed their funds together, and started out on a tour of China.

After innumerable fights with Chinamen and robbers of various nationalities, our sailors, at the end of four months, found themselves at Nankin, looking out for a chance to ship. The opportunity soon offered, and Con and Bill secured berths on board a ship bound for England; while their companion on their tour shipped for South America.

Chapter V. Their voyage to the "old country" was unmarked by any exciting adventures; on the contrary, it was quite tedious. One hot, summer day, they sailed up the Thames. Instead of shipping for America, as they had plenty of chances to do, they saw the sights of London, and then started out into the country.

They wandered about for a while, and then, as their funds were reduced to a pretty low ebb, sought work. After some difficulty, they secured employment, Con in the stables, and Bill in the garden, of a country gentleman named Moran, who lived in Devonshire.

Although this work was disagreeable to our heroes, they were obliged to do it. In addition to a logging for travel, which they were obliged to curb, the upper servants assumed arrogant pretensions, and attempted to rule over them. They found our heroes anything but submissive mortals, consequently there was a great deal of trouble in the household. Con was particularly unmanageable, and made many enemies among the servants on account of his high temper.

The crowning point of his iniquity, however, was the attention he paid to Maria, one of the maids, a particularly pretty girl, with whom the pompous butler was in love. The jealousy of the latter was extreme, and finally resulted in a serious quarrel between Con and the butler, which resulted in an appeal to Mr. Moran by our hero.

The servants want to put me down, because I don't cringe and beg, said Con, to his employer, and I won't stand it. Why, your butler, coachman and footman think themselves superior to you, and get angry when I refuse to bow to their supreme majesties. I've thrashed two of them, and I'd do the same with the rest, if I was going to stay; but I'll leave to-day.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE STAR AND CONCEPTION BAY SEMI-WEEKLY ADVERTISER, is printed and published by the Proprietors, ALEXANDER A. PARSONS and WILLIAM R. SQUARREY, at their Office, (opposite the premises of Capt. D. Green, Water Street, Harbor Grace, Newfoundland.

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Table with columns S, M, and values 1, 2, 8, 9, 15, 16, 22, 23, 29, 30.

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Fresh Co Spiced

Strawber Syrup

Bramble

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JEWELRY May 14.