

The Star,

And Conception Bay Semi-Weekly Advertiser.

Volume I.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Friday, November 15, 1872.

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NOVEMBER.

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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) WHOLE-
SALE and RETAIL.

221 WATER STREET,
St. John's,
Newfoundland.

One door East of P. HURONS, 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 de-
nominations
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, Manufac-
turing Jeweler.

A large selection of
CLOCKS, WATCHES
MEERCHAUM PIPES,
PLATED WARE, and
JEWELRY of every description & style.
May 14. tff.

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

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 DENTIS-
TRY, 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 Me-
thod.

Dr. L. & Son would state that they
were among the first to introduce the
Anaesthetic (Nitrous Oxide Gas), and
have extracted many thousands of 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 a
receive at the highest Pre-
miums at the World's Fair
in London and Paris.

Teeth filled with great care and in the
most lasting manner. Special attention
given to regulating children's Teeth.
St. John's, July 9.

W. H. THOMPSON,

AGENT FOR

Parsons' Purgative Pills.

W. H. THOMPSON,

AGENT FOR

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

BANNERMAN & LYON'S Photographic Rooms,

Corner of Bannerman and Wa-
ter 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.
ALEX. BANNERMAN,
E. WILKS LYON.
Nov. 5. tff.

G. R. BARNES,

Blacksmith & Farrier,

DEGS respectfully to acquaint his num-
erous patrons and the public gener-
ally, 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.

W. H. THOMPSON,

AGENT FOR

Fellows' Compound Syrup OF HYPOPHOSPHITES.

POETRY.

We're Floating Down the River.

We're floating down the river,
The noiseless stream of time:
Its voyagers of all ages—
They hail from every clime,
It had its lights and shadows,
'Tis fraught with hopes and fears;
Some cross it in a moment,
And some are crossing years.

We're floating down the river;
At first it seems so wide,
That our frail barques can never
Land on the other side.
The trip seems one of pleasure;
We've nothing now to fear,
No tempest can beset us
While skies are fair and clear,

We're floating down the river;
As further on we go,
The stream appears more narrow,
The waters faster flow.
We're looking out for dangers
That lie on every side:
Our watchword it is onward,
As down the stream we glide.

We're floating down the river;
When we've been on it years,
And cast our glances backward,
If but a step appears,
The waters now are deeper,
The bottom lost from view;
Where once the boats were many,
They are scattered now and few.

We're floating down the river,
As others have before;
Off-times a boat will leave us,
And strike out for the shore;
And then our journey onward
More lone and sad is found—
One comrade less to cheer us
As we are homeward bound.

We're floating down the river;
Some time our turn will come
To launch out from the others,
And set our sails for home;
And, when shall come that summons
From shores beyond our view,
Oh, may our boats be ready
To dash the breakers through!

EXTRACTS.

Time of Sleep.

When night spreads her sable curtain,
The din of business is hushed; the lower
animals, obedient to the signal, retired to
their grassy couch; a refreshing coolness
pervades the air, and dreamy stillness
rests upon the earth, all alluring to re-
pose. How strange, then, that human
beings should be deaf to this eloquent
language! How strange that they should
pervert the order of nature by converting
day into night, and nights into day! And
yet it is so. With multitudes, night is
not a season of rest for invigorating the
mental and bodily powers, but a time for
soul and body-destroying dissipations,
and teeming mischiefs. This is the time
for fashionable parties, where, in addition
to want of rest, the system is poisoned by
impure air, and oppressed by excessive
and improper food and drinks; while the
mind and all the moral feelings are work-
ed up into a feverish state of excitement,
which re-acts with a terrible effect on the
poor, abused and over-burdened physical
frame.

Can any one believe, for a moment,
that the laws of nature be thus violated
with impunity? As soon might a feeble
woman expect to have the foaming catar-
act of Niagara poured over her head without
injury. Every violation of physical law
must be visited with its legitimate punish-
ment. These laws are written in our
frame by the hand of the Almighty him-
self, and they are fixed immutable in
their nature and consequences. One of
these laws is that night be ordained for
scenes of excitement and dissipation, and
who yet keep late hours flatter them-
selves that they incur no risk. In one
respect, at least, they do not invert the order
of nature, and must suffer accordingly.
Day sleep will not answer as a substitute
for night sleep. Circumstances may
sometimes render it necessary to make
up in the day for unavoidable loss of rest,
yet this necessity should, as far as possible
be avoided. The rule is, "Early to bed
and early to rise."

A Strange Case.

The right of a child to prosecute its
parents for whipping him and to recover
damages in a court of law, is in process of
demonstration in Cincinnati. The case
is one which, from the health and high
social standing of the parties, promises to
furnish the great sensation of the day in
that city. David Gwynn Minor is the
plaintiff, an infant in the eyes of the law

who claims, of the Court of Common
Pleas, damages to the amount of \$50,000
from his parents, for the abuse and ill-
treatment he has suffered at their hands
since 1858. The boy's petition tells a
horrible and disgusting story. That por-
tion which is fit to appear in print re-
counts how he was thrashed with an iron
ramrod and with rubber whips: how he
was dragged about the house and down
two flights of stairs by the hair; and how
by way of encouraging petitional medita-
tion, he was thrust into a closet, under a
tank of hot water, and kept there for ten
hours, in such a position that he was un-
able to stand up or sit down. Such are
some of the charges which young Minor
brings against his parents, offering in sub-
stantiation the scars upon his body and
the feeble health which he possesses.
The parents have refused and offer to
compromise the matter, which act seems
to give strength to their side of the case,
and it appears probable that the whole
disgusting business will come into court.
It is fortunate that such cases are rare;
for, however delightful they may be as
scandal, they fail to be profitable in any
other respect.

The True Test.

How often we here, "I've been to
see a friend." And how few ever fully
feel the value of that word. When en-
emies gather around; when sickness falls
on the heart; when the settled sadness of
the soul, like death itself comes down;
when the world is dark and cheerless,
then is the time to test the value and full
meaning of the term. The heart that has
been touched with true gold, redoubles
its energies when a friend is in danger.
He who turns from suffering or distress
betrays his hypocrisy, and proves that
self-interest and not your happiness sus-
tain him in his adversity. Let the true
friend feel that his kindness is appreciated
and has not been thrown away. Real
fidelity may be rare, but it does exist and
its power is seen and felt. The good, the
kind, the generous, are around us every-
where if we would only seek them out.
There are many who would sacrifice wealth
and fame, everything but honor to serve
a cherished one, and they move through
the world quiet and unrecognized, be-
cause no opportunity has been offered to
draw them out.

Singular Freak of Nature.

Western papers have discovered a sin-
gular freak of nature in Kentucky, being
no less than a negro with a hairy tongue
the hair being of a sandy-red color, and a
little over half an inch long, and, as the
hair sloped backward, it gave him pain
while speaking. At the root of each
hair the flesh was blue. He has no hair
on his face, though he is fully forty years
old. His wool is like that of any other
darkey—black and kinky. He is perfect
in every limb and feature, except his
tongue; and what is also remarkable, he
has grey eyes. On questioning him he
gave the following facts: He was born
in Xenia, Ohio, of a white woman, his
father being black. On the breaking out
of the war he entered a colored regiment
as corporal. He was wounded at Peters-
burg, and at the end of the war he return-
ed to Ohio, from whence he came to Cov-
ington about a year ago. He has none
of the idioms of the negro, and except a
thickness of speech, caused by the growth
of hair on his tongue, his pronunciation is
perfect. The next Munchausen story
will probably be about the proverbially
well-known "Irish jintleman" with "hair
on his teeth."

A Monkey Mamma.

A New Zealand correspondent of the
San Francisco "Alta," says:
"However strange Mr. Darwin's theory
—that man is descended from a monkey
—may seem to be to many, the following
particulars in the early history of one of
the present members of Parliament for
New Zealand are related in all sober ear-
nestness by Southern papers. Mr. B.'s
early life was spent in the wilds of South
America. When a mere infant he was
one day laid peacefully at rest at the
door of his woodland home. His worthy
parent, near the cabin, shot the young
offspring of a large monkey, at which the
affectionate mamma was, of course, much
wounded. She was, however, driven away
by the approaching hunter, and in pass-
ing the cabin door noticed and stole the
future New Zealand legislator. The loss
was not discovered for nearly half an
hour afterwards, and then all efforts to
find the robber proved unavailing. Three
months after this period a hunting party
came across a family of monkeys in the
wilderness, and there in the arms of
the careful although untutored wet nurse
was the long-lost child who chattered and
jibbered in the most approved monkey
fashion, apparently fully equal to the ex-
igencies of the situation. Could there
be any more convincing evidence than
this of the affinity between our race
and those hairy denizens of the woods? A
y

did the hunters step in and thus prevent
the development of another link in the
Darwinian chain? The child was borne
home, and under careful nurture and
training the evil effects of bad company
were removed.

"WIDDERS."

Not far from Elkhorn lived the pretty
little widow Fauntleroy, and one of her
neighbors was General Peyton. The
General had looked upon the little widow
very much as he did upon his favorite
horse Powhattan—"the best horse in
the Blue Grass region."

The pretty Mrs. Fauntleroy had been
a widow more than a year, while the
General, having a great regard for eti-
quette, had patiently waited for the time
to elapse, in order to declare himself.
But the widow, with her woman's art,
kept her lover at bay, and kept him in
in her train.

He had escorted her to this barbecue,
and when returning had expressed his
satisfaction at the prospects of General
Combs, and the success of the Whig
party.

The widow took sides with the Demo-
cracy, and offered to wager her favourite
Gypsy, or anything else she possessed,
against Powhattan or anything she might
fancy in the General's possession.

The General's gallantry would not al-
low him to refuse the wager, which he
promptly accepted. By this time they
had reached the North Fork of the Elk-
horn, and were about to ford it, (bridges
were not plentiful in those days) when
John Peyton, the General's only son and
heir, came up at a sharp gallop behind
them.

The widow turned and bowed to John
and rode on into the stream, but a little
behind her companion. The east bank
was very steep, and required the horses
to put forth all their strength to reach
the top with their loads.

As luck would have it, good or ill, the
widow's girth broke just at the commence-
ment of the steep part. The lady, still
seated on her saddle, slid swiftly back
into the water, while her horse went up
the bank like an arrow.

John Peyton leaped from his horse
and in an instant caught the floating
lady and saddle, and before the General
had recovered from his astonishment,
was at the top of the bank with his bur-
den. The little widow was equal to the
occasion, for she begged the General to
ride on and stop her horse, which had
now begun to understand his part in the
mishap, and was beginning to increase his
gait towards home.

The General did as he was bid, and soon
returned with the horse. In the mean-
time John Peyton had secured his own
horse, and when the General came back
with the widow's horse, she and John
were laughing merrily over the ridiculous
accident, but what further passed be-
tween them is only known to themselves.

John Peyton repaired the broken girth,
fastened the saddle again on the horse,
placed the lady to her seat, bade her good
evening, mounted his horse, and taking
another road down the Elkhorn, rode
rapidly home, leaving the General to es-
cort the widow.

It is not necessary to relate how he
entertained his fair companion with
ponderous anecdotes of Mr. Clay and
other famous public men; but when he
reached Fauntleroy place, he accepted
the lady's invitation to dismount and
take tea with her.

After having changed her wet clothing
the pretty widow entertained her guest
with her brightest smiles and some new
songs. The General was delighted, and
expressed his delight as Kentucky gentle-
men of that day would have done. "You
are the finest songstress, madam, in the
Blue-grass region."

When he bid her good night and shook
hands with her on the porch, the wicked
little widow gave his hand a little squeeze
—only a little—but it thrilled like an elec-
tric shock through his great ponderous
frame, while she laughingly reminded
him of his wager. That night, in his
dreams, the little widow Fauntleroy was
repeated so often, and in so many be-
witching forms, that he resolved to pro-
pose to her at their first meeting,
nor did he dream that he could be re-
fused.

The next morning a letter from his to-
bacco factor called General Peyton to
Louisville, and before his return, the po-
litical contest in the Ashland district was
over; and wonderful to relate, John C.
Breckinridge, the young Democrat, was
elected to Congress.

General Peyton was both surprised and
indignant. "Mr. Clay's district, sir, the
finest Congressional district in the Blue-
grass region, has disgraced itself, sir," was
almost his first remark to his neighbor,
Col. Beaufort.

To his son John he communicated his
intention of bringing Mrs. Fauntleroy to
adorn the head of his table.

"Sir, she is the finest lady in the Blue

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grass region, and I hope, sir you will always respect your future mother."

John, with a quiet smile assured him that he was pleased with his choice. This pleased the General highly, for he had been a little afraid that John would object to a step-mother younger than himself.

The next morning the General ordered Powhattan brought out and led over to Mrs. Faunteroy's. Calling John, he requested him to go with him to call upon Mrs. Faunteroy.

"The whig party has disgraced itself in Mr. Clay's district, sir, and I am compelled to part with the finest blooded horse in the State to pay my wager with that lady, sir."

The black boy had led Powhattan to the hitching rail in front of Mrs. Faunteroy's yard, and having tied him, had gone into the quarters to tell his brothers and sisters of their mistress' great good luck in having won the famous horse Powhattan.

When General Peyton and John arrived, they found the pretty widow and two lady friends in the yard admiring Powhattan.

The ladies were in high glee, and after the usual salutation, the ladies invited the gentlemen to take seats on the porch, which they did.

"Madam," said the General to Mrs. Faunteroy, "I have come like a true Kentucky gentleman, to pay the wager I have lost. Powhattan, madam, is rightfully yours."

"But, General," said she, "I believe the wager was conditional. It was the horse or anything else on the place, was it not?"

"Madame, you are correct," he replied. "But there is nothing on my place one-half in value of Powhattan. I cannot permit you to select an inferior animal."

The pretty widow blushed to the tips of her fingers when she said: "You have another and superior animal here—your son John; if he would but use his tongue, I think I shall choose him."

There was a moment of dead silence, then a laugh, in which the General did not join.

He rose, and in his blandest manner bade the ladies good morning. To John he said, "Sir, you will remain."

And that is the way that John Peyton came to marry the pretty widow Faunteroy.

General Peyton never forgave his pretty daughter-in-law her practical joke. In after years he used to say:

"Sir, she is the finest lady in the Bluegrass region, but she lacks taste, sir."

The Lady and the Burglar.

A STRANGE STORY.

A correspondent on whose faith we (Sheffield Daily Telegraph) can rely sends us the following narrative:—

Two or three years ago a lady, who lived in a rambling, old-fashioned house, in a southern county, retired at night to her bedroom, which was situated in a wing of the building at some distance from the sleeping apartments of the domestics. Through some cause which need not be explained, her male relatives were that night absent, and she was alone in that part of the house. But, though by no means what is termed a masculine woman, she was not nervous, and refused to allow one of the maid servants to share her room. Having locked her door, she spent some time in setting some drawers "to rights" and in reading old letters. By this time it was near midnight, and the whole house was still. Having put away her packet of letters, it occurred to her as she crossed the room to lift the valance of the bed and look beneath it. To her horror she saw a man concealed there; and she thought—though this may have been imagination—that his eye caught hers. For a moment she stood as one paralysed. She could not have screamed had she wished; and then she remembered that her voice at its loudest would not reach the servant's room. She tried to force herself to be calm; and as the man made no sign, she concluded that he could not have seen her. Gradually her self-possession returned. She feared to go to the door and unlock it, lest the burglar should suspect that she was about to summon help, and should intercept her. To gain time, she sat down, took her Bible from her dressing table, and read a chapter aloud. Such, indeed, was her habit every night. Opening the sacred book at random, it so happened that the chapter lighted on was that containing the parable of the Prodigal Son. She was a deeply religious woman; and, as she read, her mind seemed to be cleared, her will grew strong, and a calm, abiding faith in God's protection and the power of God's word seemed to spring up within her as by sudden inspiration. What if this man could be made to feel as the prodigal! What if she, weak and helpless as she was, could, by divine help, turn him from his wickedness and cause him to live a new life! Kneeling down when the chapter was ended, she prayed aloud—prayed earnestly and fervently. She besought safety for herself during the perils of the night, and cast herself in supreme confidence on the Divine protection. Then she prayed for others who might have been tempted into ill-doing—that they might be led from evil, and brought into the fold of Christ; that to such may be vouchsafed the tender mercy and loving kindness promised to all who truly repent their sins. Lastly, she prayed that, if He willed it, even to-night, some such sinner might be saved from the wrath to come; might, like the Prodigal, be made to see that he had sinned, and might so be welcomed back with the joy that awaits even one penitent.

The lady rose from her knees, trustful and refreshed. She determined to act as though she were perfectly fearless, and believed herself to be alone. In this spirit she partially undressed herself, and got into bed. After lying there perfectly still for some time—how long she could never tell, for minutes seemed hours—

she heard a rustling under the bed. The man got up as noiselessly as he could. Now came a moment of breathless suspense. The room was dark, and he was groping his way. At last it became clear in the darkness that he was moving towards the door. There came a clatter from something he knocked down; and at the sudden noise the lady's nerve left her for a moment, and she could not help crying out. But the burglar said:—I mean you no harm, Ma'am; I am going to leave the house, and thank you for your prayers. With some difficulty he opened the bedroom door, and presently she heard him open a window in another part of the house, and drop down into the garden.

This adventure the lady did not relate to anybody till it became known quite lately under these circumstances:—She was visiting at a friend's house in the north of England, and while there was asked to go to hear, in a Dissenting place of worship, a minister who was "a reformed character," and was in the habit of narrating some of his experiences for the benefit of a certain class of hearers. She said at first that she disliked sensational preaching and declined to go, but being urged she consented. I suppose you will guess the sequel. In the course of the sermon the preacher told all the incidents of this terrible night exactly as they occurred, though he did not say where or when they occurred, or that he was concerned in them. After the sermon, she went into the vestry, and asked him who had told him this story? After some hesitation, he said he was the burglar. He told her that it had been arranged he should let in two other men to rob the house; that he suspected she had seen him under the bed, and if she had gone to the door he meant to rush upon her before she could leave the room; but that her self-possession, her entire reliance on other than human aid, and her earnest supplication and intercession which, as he felt, were for him, sank deep into his heart, and as he listened he there and then resolved not only to give up his guilty design but to live a reformed life altogether. To that resolution he had adhered; and to her was owing whatever good he had since been able to do as a minister of the Gospel.

If this story be sensational (adds our correspondent) I cannot help it; it is true.

Policemen Nonplussed—Too Big to be Arrested.

There was an exciting scene in Nottingham Market-place early on the morning of the 17th ult. About half past three o'clock two police officers (Inspector Billington and Police constable Marshall) saw a man running as fast as he could towards South Parade, and, suspecting that he had done something wrong, they stopped him at the top of Farmer's yard. They asked him what was the matter, but the man was so "blown" and excited that he was scarcely able to answer. At length he gasped "There's some wild beasts loose," and the officers going in the direction indicated went past the bazaars towards the shows. In the avenue extending (past the show fronts) from Long row to Wheelergate, the officers were startled by the figure of a huge elephant, which was coming along at the "double," like a Robin Hood. Not knowing whether the brute had "intents wicked or charitable," the officers discreetly got out of his way. Should the elephant chase him Marshall thought he might be best able to dodge him round the pillars on South Parade, and accordingly took refuge there. After knocking over two gardeners' stalls, the elephant followed Marshall to the edge of the causeway, where he reared himself upon his hind legs and roared as only elephants can roar. A corporation horse—standing with a dust cart at the top of Peck lane—terrified at the hideous noise, bolted off towards the clubhouses in Victoria street, as though the affrighted animal was well aware that at that hour of the morning clubs were the only places to be saved from policemen and elephants, all public houses being closed. Apparently distracted by the rumbling noise of the dust cart, the elephant turned from the policeman, and, again at the "double," retraced his steps past the shows towards Long row. Discretion being the better part of valor, the police officers did not follow him, although from the noise they heard it was evident the brute was misconducting himself amongst the stalls. In a few minutes he returned to South Parade, and, perhaps scenting the clubhouses, or the strong odours from the dust cart, the elephant jogged along in that direction. Whether the clubhouses or the dust cart were less agreeable the nearer he got to them we cannot say, but certain it is the brute tacked about, and next turned his attention towards the dog show watchman, who was bivouacking by the side of a fire near the Exchange pump. The presence of such an unsmooth visitor quickly roused up the sleepy watchman, who took to his heels across the talks of timber lying about, and the elephant followed him so nimbly and so closely that the terror-stricken watchman scrambled over a stall-cart for safety. There, although the elephant could not get to him, the ill-bred brute put his head over the cart, and with a snort both loud and long almost deluged the poor fellow with the unsavoury contents of his trunk. At this critical (to the watchman) crisis several persons connected with Day's menagerie (from which the elephant had escaped) arrived upon the scene and the sagacious animal, evidently recognising the voice of the keeper, quietly walked up to him and was led back to his old quarters.—Nottingham Journal.

The suspension bridge known as the Pont de Constantine, erected in 1838, to connect the island of Saint Louis with the Quai Saint Bernard, has just fallen into the Seine.

THE leaf-falling season is fast giving place to the leafless, the air is becoming cold, and sharp frosts are occasionally experienced.

The town is unusually quiet for this time of year, and gratifying is it to observe that few cases of drunken helplessness are to be met with. Whether it is that our people are becoming alive to the fact that drink is the precursor of nearly all manner of crimes or degradation, or that the unproductiveness of the summer's fishery has taught a lesson of frugality, we cannot say; however, it is to be hoped that both reasons for good conduct are being taken to heart. The accused drink is a deadly enemy, ever cutting off from amongst us those whose natures were once the noblest. It behoves all young people, and especially at this season, when temptation is rife, to shun the tempting cup, and abhor the very name of alcohol. There is no sense in drinking when not thirsty, and when thirsty, cold water, so plentiful and easy to be obtained, will quench thirst without the danger of tampering with intoxicating liquors.

FROM Telegrams in another column it will be seen that the recent conflagration in Boston has been a gigantic disaster, the estimated amount of loss being \$125,000,000. It is to be hoped that none of our friends in this community are losers by the fearful calamity which has just befallen the "Athens of America." We will anxiously await American papers with particulars of this distressing destruction, when an epitome thereof will be laid before our readers.

WILSON'S THEATRE.

MR. J. B. HOWARD, the gentlemanly comedian of this company takes a benefit this evening, and we hope he will have, as he deserves, a full house. We have enjoyed many a hearty laugh during his masterly renditions of comic characters, and as a "funny man," consider him one of the best that we have ever listened to. He appears in two pieces arranged and adapted by himself, and we feel assured that all who favor him with a call, will go home fully satisfied that they have enjoyed a pleasant evening with this talented son of Momus; and we trust none of our readers will let pass this last opportunity of testifying their appreciation of one who during his short stay with us has proved himself in every respect an actor and a gentleman.

THE "Chronicle" of Thursday says: The Hon. C. F. Bennett arrived by the "Austrian" and we are happy to say that the hon. gentleman is in excellent health and spirits.

Minutes of Agreement.

BY "AULD REEKIE."

It is not every day that a fellow has the opportunity of witnessing bargains entered into between employer and employed. Recently I was called upon to take down the marks of the subscribers to the following agreement, having first given it as my opinion that a more perfect and advantageous form for both parties thereto could not possibly be devised. How Biddy will fulfil her onerous duties 'twould be premature to say. Mr. Clearhead is a very thin, diminutive person, while Biddy stands six feet in her boots, and is remarkably well developed for her age. Here is the agreement entered into, word for word:

"It is this day agreed between Joseph Clearhead and Biddy Cheenon, that she must serve Mister Clearhead from the last of October for six months follerin'. She is to rise every mornin' at 6 o'clock, Sundays excepted, when she is not to stir without orders; she is to be obedient to all commands of Mister Clearhead and Mistres and childer, barrin' the pigs and the poultry. She is not on any account to go courtin', onless permishun is asked and granted. The duties to be attended to is the usual household work, which is suitable for a large family. And it is further understood and agreed that Biddy Cheenon is to do everything she can for the good of the voyage, her share of all meals being a sixteenth part to be made an eighteenth, if before her time is up she exceeds two hundred and ninety-five pounds aver-dupoise. In consideration for the true performance of this agreement, without performing any neglects, she is to be paid one pound thirteen shillin' and fourpence starling, rate of exchange accordin to bechaviour."

JOSEPH X CLERHEAD.
BIDDY X CHEENON.

Witness,
'AULD REEKIE.'

TENNESSEE has three thousand justices of the peace, "and yet," says a Nashville paper, "we have but little peace and less justice in the State."

Latest Despatches.

GREAT FIRE IN BOSTON.

TERRIFIC GAS EXPLOSIONS. Soldiers and Firemen Injured.

NINE HUNDRED AND THIRTY BUSINESS HOUSES AND SIXTY DWELLINGS CONSUMED.

LOSS \$125,000,000

BOSTON, Nov. 11.

No Cable news this morning.

At 12 o'clock last night there was a terrific gas explosion in W. R. Storr's store, blowing the front wall off the store into the street, and setting fire to the building. Owing to the frequent gas explosions in the stores and sewers of the streets, the firemen were deterred from going near the building for some time. From the stores the fire communicated to the jewellery establishment of Shreve, Crump & Co. The upper part of which building was occupied by numerous parties, and the whole of this fine block was soon destroyed. One explosion followed another in rapid succession and several soldiers and firemen were injured, some seriously. Martha E. Hutchinson, leaped from a second story window, receiving fatal injuries. The fire worked down Summer Street, and destroyed several other stores, but was stopped when within one building of C. F. Hovey's dry goods store. Jordan, Marsh & Co.'s store, and the Park's House were finally saved, and at daylight the fire was under control. The loss by the great fire yesterday is variously estimated from one hundred and eighty millions to two hundred and twenty-five million dollars.

NEW YORK, 11.

Call 113 2-4.

Stocks generally declined, owing to the Boston fire.

The number of firms and business houses, burned out, is 930; dwellings 60. The loss is generally estimated at one hundred million dollars. It is believed that the Boston Insurance Companies will pay an average of fifty per cent. A large number of outside companies will pay in full. Of the seven Banks burned, only three failed to settle through the clearing house to-day, and they will undoubtedly be found sound when their safes are recovered. Twelve to fifteen hundred soldiers are doing guard duty in the streets in the vicinity of the burnt district. Crowds visit Boston to see the ruins, and hundreds of thieves and incendiaries are gathered from all parts of the country. The City is in darkness to-night, owing to the destruction of gas pipes.

Bowles, Bros. & Co., bankers in London, Paris, and United States, failed on Saturday.

A cable despatch announces the burning of the City Flour Mills in Thames Street, involving heavy loss.

Great sympathy is expressed in England for the destruction of a large business portion of Boston.

LONDON, 11.

England and Portugal have agreed to settle their differences by Arbitration, with President Thiers as arbitrator.

Thirty-eight miners were killed by a fire damp explosion in France.

The banquet to the Lord Mayor of London takes place on Saturday.

The London Mills were burned on Saturday. Loss £100,000. Several lives were lost.

The "Mauritius" was lost in the Bristol channel, and twenty-three persons drowned.

The French Assembly opened yesterday.

The Republican members resolve to oppose all constitutional reforms.

LONDON, 12.

It is believed that the amount of insurance in London Companies, upon property in the burnt district of Boston is 2 1-2 million dollars.

A commission is to be sent to Boston by the London Companies to make investigations of the facts in relation to the origin and progress of the conflagration, as a matter of general importance to insurance interests.

NEW YORK, 12.

The steamer "Kate" is sunk in the Mississippi. Loss \$200,000. Insured for \$160,000.

The steamer "Dakota" reported lost, put in at Sandiago.

Boston was placed under martial law last night. The supply of gas was shut off from most of the city on account of leaks and a limited supply, and consequently the theatres were all compelled to close. The city government will lay out the burnt district with straight and wide streets. Aid and sympathy was extended from all parts of the country.

BOSTON, 12.

The military still hold possession of

the surroundings of the burnt district to prevent arson and robbery. The Boston Insurance Companies will pay fifty per cent., and those abroad in full.

The merchants of Boston exhibit no despondency, but express their determination to meet their reverses and conquer them.

Chicago has appropriated \$100,000 for the relief of Boston. Gold 113 3-4. Exchange 8 1-2

LOCAL MATTERS.

Published by Authority.

Earl of Kimberley to Governor Hill. (COPY.) NEWFOUNDLAND. No. 36.

DOWNING STREET, 14th October, 1872.

SIR,—I have laid before the Queen the Address to Her Majesty, from the Legislative Council and House of Assembly, of Newfoundland, which accompanied your Despatch, No. 28, of the 10th May last, on matters connected with that part of the Coast of the Island commonly designated as the "French Shore."

I request that you will inform the Council and Assembly, that Her Majesty has been pleased to receive their Address very graciously, and that the questions raised therein are receiving the careful consideration of Her Majesty's Government.

I have, &c, &c, &c. (Signed,) KIMBERLEY, GOVERNOR HILL, C. B. &c, &c, &c.

Earl Kimberley to the Officer Administering the Government of Newfoundland. (COPY.) NEWFOUNDLAND. No. 37.

DOWNING STREET, 18th October, 1872.

SIR,—I have the honour to inform you, that Her Majesty will not be advised to exercise Her power of disallowance with respect to the Act of the Legislature of Newfoundland, (35th Vic, Cap. xi), entitled "An Act to assimilate the Tonnage Duties on Foreign Vessels to those of British," a transcript of which accompanied Sir H. Hoyle's despatch, marked "separate," of the 14th August last.

I have, &c, &c, &c. (Signed,) KIMBERLEY, The Officer Administering the Government of Newfoundland.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, 11th November 1872.

The Right Hon'ble the Earl of Kimberley has info me His Excellency the Governor that Her Majesty the Queen has been graciously pleased to approve of Frederick B. T. Carter, Esq. Q. C. and Ambrose Shea, Esq., retaining the Title of Honourable within the Colony of Newfoundland, on account of the length and general merit of their services as Executive Counsellors.

His Excellency the Governor in Council has been pleased to appoint Mr. John R. Kearney to be Fourth Clerk of the Customs Department at this Port, in the room of the late William Redfin, deceased.

Messrs. John Rolls and John Furneaux, J. P., to be Members of the Board of Road Commissioners at Rose Blanche, in the room of Thomas Bobbett and James P. LeGros, left the Island; and Mr. John Antle to be an additional Member of the Road Board at Heart's Content.—Gazette.

Sabbath School Anniversary.

On Sunday last services of a highly interesting character were held in the Wesleyan Church in this city. Revd. C. S. Milligan, M. A., occupied the pulpit in the morning, and preached an elaborate discourse from—

Ecclesiastes xi, 1st verse—Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it in many days.

In the afternoon the children of the Sabbath School held their annual Missionary Meeting. The entire service was conducted by the children and consisted of singing, recitations, &c, some of the latter having been rendered in a very creditable manner.

In the evening the pulpit was again filled by Revd. Mr. Milligan. Revd. Mr. Cranford was appointed to conduct this service, but owing to severe indisposition he was unable to be present. The sermon especially for young men, was preached from—

Daniel xii, 13th verse.—But go thou thy way till the end be: for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days.

The spacious church was crowded on this occasion, and the attention of the vast congregation was rivetted upon the preacher, as he vividly portrayed the character of Daniel and presented him to young men as an example worthy of their imitation.—Ledger of Tuesday.

A strike among the legal profession of Dundee is threatened. From twenty-five to thirty of them are required as presiding officers at the ensuing municipal elections, and it is said that they are dissatisfied with the fees which the Ballot allows them for their labour.

Baron Nathaniel Rothschild, the eldest son of Baron James Rothschild, of Paris, is engaged on the compilation of a family history of the Rothschilds from 1806 to 1871. The history will contain several interesting letters written by Napoleon I., and hitherto unpublished; also of other eminent statesmen.

The new Whitworth gun is said to have proved a remarkable success.

NEWS ITEMS.

A SAD TRAGEDY.—A letter was received recently in this city by one of the family from Captain D. Mahoney, commander of the ship "Lizzie Fennell," on board of which a terrible tragedy was before reported to have occurred. The letter is dated at "Guanape Island, Peru, South America, Sept. 21, 1872." Captain Mahoney writes under a terrible state of mind, and the letter gives evident proofs of emotion. The vessel arrived at Guanape on the 31st of August, and between 12 and 1 o'clock Mrs. Mahoney and her child "died" it says, Mrs. Mahoney had been laboring under a peculiar female affliction, which at intervals caused temporary aberration of the mind. These turns of insanity would last two or three days, and would come on about once a month, and then she would be well for several weeks. During one of these turns, at the time mentioned, Mrs. Mahoney killed her child and committed suicide. No mention whatever is made of arrest, or anything of the kind and this letter should set everything at rest as regards the terrible occurrence. The captain declares "it is his intention to bring the remains home with him, as he could never think of leaving them on these Islands." *St. John Globe.*

The case of the Tichborne Claimant came before Mr. Justice Quain, in chambers, on a summons calling on Messrs. Gorton and De Fiva, who have been his attorneys, to deliver to the Claimant all documents in their custody relating to his defence. The application was resisted, on the ground that the solicitors had a lien on the papers until their bill of costs had been paid. The trustees of the Defence Fund were ready to pay the amount on taxation, but the bill could not be taxed until after the vacation. Ultimately, it was arranged that the matter should be referred to Master Pullock. In the course of the discussion Mr. Justice Quain said he knew from the best authority that notice of trial would be given for the sittings after terms.

An unfortunate Baltimore gentleman armed with a shot gun, went out in the woods in Harford county, Md., to shoot squirrels. Seeing what he supposed to be a large gray squirrel perched on the limb of a tree, he took aim and fired. Upon stooping down to pick up his squirrel, he was staggered by a peculiar blow upon the side of his nose, and before he could regain a perpendicular position, another stinging blow upon the left side of nasal. He then discovered that the supposed squirrel was a hornet's nest, the occupants of which made a savage war upon him, and before he could beat a retreat his nose and right cheek were swollen to an enormous size. The incident required the unfortunate Baltimorean to remain in the house for three or four days.

DEATH OF SIR THOMAS J. COCHRANE.—Sir Thomas J. Cochrane, Admiral of the fleet, died last night. He was born in Edinburgh, in 1789. He had served in the expeditions against Belleisle, Ferrol, Cadiz, Egypt, etc. From 1825 to 1834 he was Governor of Newfoundland, and was member of Parliament for Ipswich from 1837 to 1841. He was appointed Vice Admiral of the United Kingdom in 1863, and Admiral of the fleet in 1855.

It seems that destructive floods have devastated portions of all quarters of the globe this year. The inhabitants of the valleys of Shilda and Amoor, in the Amoor Valley section of Russia, have recently been driven out of their houses by the rising floods, and have sought refuge in the mountains. Many Cossack settlements are completely swept away, leaving no vestige behind them.

An experiment was tried recently in Paris, to use an ostrich in place of a horse for drawing a carriage. A large ostrich, from the Acclimatization Society's Garden, was harnessed to a light carriage and driven by long rains by its trainer. The bird is said to have been very tractable, and to have passed by everything on the road very quietly.

The horses attached to a steam fire engine in Albany, N. Y., becoming frightened while being driven to a fire, recently, ran with the machine to the dock, and leaped in where the water was twelve feet deep. The driver swam ashore, but the horses, valued at \$1,200 were held down by the weight of the engine and drowned.

Mr. Edward Foster, a Preston druggist, was recently convicted, for the fifteenth time, for neglecting to vaccinate his child. He has already paid nearly £14 in fines and law charge, but is still obdurate. The magistrate's order was again repeated.

The citizens of Chicago are actively and determinedly pushing up the authorities to the punishment of criminals, and especially to the hanging of murderers.

M. Rochefort is reported to be in a very precarious state.

MARRIED.

At Montreal, on the 8th October, at Grace Church, Point St. Charles, by the Revd. S. Belcher, Mr. John McNabe, Conductor of G. T. R., youngest son of Daniel McNabe, formerly of Locadia Post Office, to Selina, eldest daughter of Mr. Frederick Lang, formerly of St. John's, Nfld.

On Sunday, October 6th, at Harbor Britton, by the Lord Bishop of St. John's, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Brennan and Clark, Richard Arthur Patrick Cross, to Sarah Cecelia, third daughter of Mr. James Organ, of Gaultois.

At Port Mulgrave, N. S., on Tuesday, Nov. 5th, by the Rev. J. Tremaine, Mr. William Edward Earle, of the N. Y., Newfoundland and London Telegraph Co., to E. Primrose, daughter of J. B. Hadley, Esq.

Also at the same place and same time, by the same, Mr. Wm. P. Trites, of the same Co., to Rachel, also daughter of Mr. Hadley.

Oct. 12th, at the parish church, Dawlish, William Rayner Best, to Jane Townshend Troadbridge, both of Exeter.

DIED.

On Wednesday morning, 6th inst, after a short illness, Elizabeth Shambler, aged 40 years.

On Sunday last, after a long illness, Jane, the beloved wife of Mr. John Angel, aged 22 years.

At King's Cove, on the 27th September, Mr. George Connolly, a native of the County Waterford, Ireland, aged 60 years. Much regretted by his virtuous neighbors of every class.—R. I. P.

At Brooklyn, U. S., on the 26th Oct. last, Margaret, widow of the late Mr. John McWilliam, beloved by all who knew her.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF HARBOR GRACE.

ENTERED.

Nov. 13—Kate McKenzie, McAuley, Baddeck, cattle.—Paterson & Foster.
15—Escort, Walsh, Montreal, provisions, —Panton & Muir.
Susan, Farrell, Sydney, coal.—Daniel Green.

CLEARED.

Nov. 12—Isabella Ridley, Noble, Cow Bay, ballast.—Ridley & Sons,
Elizabeth Jane, Cleary, Cow Bay, ballast, Ridley & Sons.

PORT OF ST. JOHN'S.

ENTERED.

Nov. 11—Charlotte, Palfrey, Cow Bay, S. March & Son,
Georgina, White, Sydney, LeMessurier & Knight
Rival, Bran come, Glace Bay, Bowring Brothers.
12—Glynwood, Sinclair, Charlottetown, Cliff, Wood & Co.
Reindeer, Provan, Lewis, Sydney, W. & G. Rendell
Mary White, LeBlanc, New York, Harvey & Co.
Della, Keny, Antigua, J. & W. Pitts,
Victoria, America, Terrie, New York, G. Branning.
Wolf, Hancock, Montreal, W. Griev & Co.

CLEARED.

Nov. 9—Maxim, Clarke, Sydney, Job Bros. & Co.
Panther, Bartlett, ditto, Baine, Johnston & Co.
Amaro, Morell, Barcelona, C. F. Ansell.
Minda Bruce, Searle, Barcelona, P & L Tessier.
Zenos, Mercenario, Barcelona, C F Ansell.
Jes-y, Kidd, Oporio, Job Brothers & Co.
12—Brothers, Callahan, Sydney, Cliff, Wood & Co.

BRITISH HALL,

Harbor Grace.

Benefit

OF

MR. J. B. EDWARD.

This [FRIDAY] Evening production of the New Drama entitled, the

Harbor Grace

Fireman.
Fireman.
Fireman.

In course of preparation Shakspeare's Grand

Tragedy

—Entitled—

Macbeth.



General Post Office Notice.

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.

W. H. THOMPSON,

AGENT FOR

Parsons' Purgative Pills.

FOR SALE!

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.

W. H. THOMPSON,

AGENT FOR

Fellows' Compound Syrup

OF

HYPOPHOSPHITES.

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 | Morehead's Plaster |
| Keating's Worm Tablets | Corn Plasters |
| " Cough Lozenges | Mather's Feeding Bottles |
| Rowland's Odonto | Bond's Marking Ink |
| Oxley's Essence of Ginger | Corn Flour, Fresh Hops |
| Lampough's Pyretic Saline | Arrowroot, Sago, Gold Leaf |
| Powel's Balsam Aniseed | Nelson's Gelatine and Isinglass |
| Medicamentum (stamped) | Bonnet Glue |
| British Oil | Best German Glycerine |
| Balsam of Life | Lime Juice, Honey |
| Chlorodyne | Best Ground Coffee |
| Mexican Mustang Liniment | Nixey's Black Lead |
| Steer's Opodiloe | Roth & Co's Rat Paste |
| Radway's Ready Relief | Brown's Bronchial Troches |
| Arnold's Balsam | Woodill's Worm Lozenges |
| Murray's Fluid Magnesia | " Baking Powder |
| " Acidulated Syrup | McLean's Vermifuge |
| S. A. Allen's Hair Restorer | Lear's India Rubber Varnish |
| Rosster's " | Copal Varnish |
| Ayer's Hair Vigor | Kerosene Oil, Lamps, Chimnies |
| " Sarsaparilla | Wicks, Burners, &c., &c. |
| " Cherry Pectoral | Cod Liver Oil |
| Pickles, French Capers, Sauces | Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites |
| Soothing Syrup | Extract of Logwood, in 4 lb. boxes |
| Kaye's Coaguline | Cudbear, Worm Tea |
| India Rubber Sponge | Toilet Soaps |
| Teething Rings | Best Perfumeries, Pomades and Hair Oils |
| Sponge, Tooth Cloths | Pain Killer |
| Nail, Shoe and Stove Brushes | Henry's Calcined Magnesia |
| Widow Welch's Pills | Enema Instruments |
| Cockle's " | Gold Beater's Skin |
| Holloway's " | Fumigating Pastiles |
| Norton's " | Seidlitz Powders |
| Hunt's " | Furniture Polish |
| Morrison's " | Plate Polish |
| Radway's " | Flavouring Essences |
| Ayer's " | Spices, &c., &c. |
| Parsons' " | Robinson's Patent Barley |
| Jaynes' " | " Groats |
| Holloway's Ointment | |
| Adams' Indian Salve | |
| Russia Salve | |

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

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. tft

JUST RECEIVED

A FRESH SUPPLY OF

ADAMS'

INDIAN

SALVE.

W. H. THOMPSON.

Aug. 23.

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. tft

BLANK

FORMS

Executed with NEATNESS

and DESPATCH at the Office

of this Paper.

About the Printers.

I wish I was a printer,
I really do indeed,
It seems to me that printers
Get every thing they need—
(Except money.)

They get the largest and the best
Of everything that grows,
And get free into circuses
And other kinds of shows—
(By paying an equivalent.)

The biggest bug will speak to them
No matter how they dress;
A shabby coat is nothing,
If they own a printing press.
(Policy)

At ladies' fairs they're almost hugged
By pretty girls who know
That they praise up everything
The ladies have to show.
(Bully).

And then they get a blow-out free,
At every party feed;
The reason is because they write
What other people read.
(That's what's the matter.)

CLIFF COTTAGE.

OR THE ROMANCE OF A SUMMER.

[CONCLUDED.]

Do you find that sort of reading instructive, Miss Barbara? a pleasant voice questioned.

I turned quietly, blushing vivid scarlet. He grew grave instantly.

Forgive me, Miss Thorne, I really did not mean to disturb or offend you. Sit down again, or I shall think you are angry with me. Tell me how you like Cliff Cottage, and if Boston came up to your expectations.

I sat down, striving to get my calmness back again. Why was John Heathfield always trying to make me tell him my thoughts? What were they to him?

I always liked Cliff Cottage; it is among my most delightful of childhood memories, I said dreamily.

Mr. Heathfield looked mystified. Then you have been here before? When, I wonder?

While your father and mother were living, I answered softly, speaking of the dead. Aunt Esther used to sew a great deal for your mother, and I always came with her.

But I don't remember you, he said, taking one of his good looks at me.

Very likely not, I answered laughing, you were at school in Germany. I remember Tom.

John Heathfield's face went through a swift variety of expressions at mention of the long unspoken name. Eager hope lit his eyes as he said,—

If only you had been here the Christmas Tom went away, so you could remember any of the trouble. When I got home both parents were dead, and Tom gone. The property was all willed to me, he said regretfully.

I was here, sir; I do remember pretty much all about it. Tom was in love, and wanted to marry some one his father disapproved. Some poor young girl, I believe. And your father swore Tom should marry Virginia Hall.

Ah, yes, sure enough; Virginia Hall. A sort of cousin of ours; I never saw her. She came and went during my years of absence. Tell me about her; handsome wasn't she?

Yes; but I always hated her, and so did Tom. There was never any peace with her here.

Little girl, don't you know it's very wicked to hate?

And as unavoidable as it is wicked, I said, laughing at his make-believe horror. You would have hated her, too. She was jealous, overbearing and untruthful. I remember how she broke the dead off the big doll Tom gave me for a birthday present, and then Tom shook her out of a pear tree and nearly broke her neck.

I wish I knew who it was Tom loved, said Mr. Heathfield. He was a splendid fellow generous to a fault. I suppose he is head long ago. I could enjoy life if he had come home to his rightful possessions. I shall never touch a cent of his half of the money—never.

What are you talking of? asked Miss Lamerse, gliding softly in upon us in an elegant dinner-dress.

We are talking of dead people, I said. Are you in the mood?

She put up her hands over her shell-like ears. Mercy! there's a thunder shower coming up, and one terror at a time is enough for me. Come John.

He turned to her his face, clear of regret or pain, and I took my discarded book, right side up this time.

A week ran on thus; a succession of golden summer days. The bridal dresses were nearly completed, but Mr. Heathfield would not hear a word of our going away. He insisted on our staying over the wedding as guests, declaring he could not do without Aunt Esther's quiet, order-bringing touch arranging everything so perfectly. That most charitable woman would not listen a moment to the slightest expression of my

growing distrust and dislike of Miss Lamerse.

You are ignorant of the world, and unaccustomed to its foibles and follies, my child, she said, after a tirade of mine that had, no doubt plenty of bitterness in it.

But she is so utterly hollow, and devoid of a single religious principle. The idea of Mr. Heathfield selecting such a woman for a mother to his dead wife's child; he is fascinated with her perfect face. She has no heart,"

"Barbara, my dear child, for pity's sake control your tongue and search your own heart. Charity thinketh no evil.

I went away grieved and abashed, but not convinced of Miss Lamerse being in any degree fit for any good man's wife.

On my way to the orchard I met little Rupert coming in, eating candy voraciously. He immediately offered to share the treat with me.

Very nice. Where did you get it? I asked carelessly, not that I cared to know, but I liked to hear him talk.

From Miss Lamerse. She's talking with a strange man in the graperies, and she gave me the candy not to tell, and I'm not going to tell! he said stoutly. Certainly not, I said soothingly; good boys never tell tales. But I have a new picture-book in my room, and if you will come with me I'll give it to you.

He followed me in delightedly, and in two minutes I had him stowed away on the parlor sofa deep in the tragedy of Cock-robin. Then I went to the window in my own room overlooking the garden.

Frequent as surprises were becoming of late, I started and trembled on catching a clear view of the man's face as he removed his broad-brimmed hat and gave her out of it a package of letters. It was the man who had followed us from the picture store.

I stood patiently waiting for her to become aware that I was watching her, anxious to note the effect. My earnest gaze probably attracted hers; for after parting from her companion she raised her eyes straight to mine. A momentary weakness set her staggering for an instant, then she came into the house and up stairs to my room.

She found me sewing composedly. Are the grapes ripening? I asked, lifting my eyes to her.

Her face was calm as ever, only paler, and the blue velvet eyes wide enough open for once.

Don't cross swords with me. I hate to fight, though I can, she said slowly. Then in her usual tone: You were admiring my serpent bracelet the other day; those stones in the eyes are diamonds. Will you have it?

I am not Phebe Marks, Lady Audley, I said, looking her eyelids down.

Are we enemies then? pleadingly. We can never be confederates, I answered coolly, folding up my finished work.

I did a bold thing that night; the only underhand thing I was ever guilty of. Mr. Heathfield took Aunt Esther and Miss Lamerse out for a sail in the moonlight, and I made up a headache and joyed at being left behind.

After they were fairly gone, and half a mile of water between us, I hunted up a key to fit Miss Lamerse's door, and after rummaging her closet for the dress she had discarded for a thicker one, I drew from the pocket those mysterious letters.

To have read them there as I did, would have melted the heart of a stone—Tom Heathfield's letters, some to his brother, for they covered a space of some years, tender, brotherly letters that never reached goal, full of the weary longing of the home-sick wanderer, asking why had ever been sent to him in his exile. I don't want the money; no doubt I deserve to be disinherited; but for God's sake write to me, John, he pleaded, at the end of every one.

I replaced them all, with a few added tears on their worn and yellow pages, and then I could have fairly cried for joy. I had his address, or rather what it had been within a year, a little village half way up an Australian mountain.

And before I slept I had written a letter to him that the very next morning I mailed with my own hands. It was short and to the point.

"The rat that has gnawed in twain every line of communication between you and those who love you, is trapped at last. Come home, I pray you."

BARBARA THORNE.

My name, I knew would still be familiar to him, and I tried in vain to wait patiently for results. And between my own nervous terror of consequences and the dread of Aunt Esther's reproving eyes, if she found out my little intrigue, I passed a sleepless night.

Chapter III.

The summer days, rare with ripening harvests glided on till it was August and the day appointed for John Heathfield's wedding but one week distant. As the days ran on bare of events, a sickening dread took possession of my heart to sit moaning beside the love that had crept

in—a passionate yet humble and unasking love, that might never meet fruition this side of the land where there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage.

The wedding dresses, each elegant and costly, were finished and laid away; and I sat in the cool library one afternoon busy about some sewing of my own, and lifting my eyes now and then to the only picture that hung there, the face of the neek-eyed Agnes Heathfield, little Rupert's dead mother.

How the hazel eyes and little rose-lipped mouth seemed to look at and plead with me to watch over and protect her boy from the overhanging evil. To my excited imagination the face seemed actually nearing mine.

I have done all in my power; for the rest there is God's providence, I said aloud, half unconsciously.

Some soft step broke the stillness. Miss Lamerse stood in the middle of the room, having just come in from a walk, with her hands full of wild flowers.

How industrious you are, she said, watching me a moment.

Her eyes rested at length upon the picture opposite. She studied it a moment, then said, her red lip curling,—

The first wife was far enough from being a beauty, at any rate.

I had meant to keep civility on my side, but plain speaking has ever been my besetting sin; and the utter heartlessness in her tone angered me terribly. So I said in a tone that fully matched hers,—

No; the first wife wasn't very handsome, certainly, but quite as much of a beauty as the second will be of a saint, judging by appearances.

The swift, angry blood rose, at this, to the very roots of her hair.

For shame, Barbara Thorne, she said hotly, your temper is precisely suited to your name—barb on one end and a thorn on the other.

Don't provoke me then by disparaging your betters.

How was she better than I? she asked. Because she was truth itself. You do not know the meaning of the word. Indeed, you have told me at least fifty distinct falsehoods within three months.

Ah! you are delightfully plain-hearted.

It is a trait peculiar to the Thornes; they have too, a peculiar gift of discovering deceit in others.

Charming people. Let me tell you, since you are so hotly interested in that paragon of a picture when once I am married to John Heathfield I'll just make him turn its face to the wall.

I think you will; when you are his wife I think you will!

I had risen and stood facing her. She paled a little under my cool, confident gaze.

What do you mean, Barbara? she asked curiously.

That you will never marry John Heathfield; never. Indeed, if you were an older woman, I should have expected to see a husband and half a dozen children here to claim you, long ago.

But in case they don't come, what is to hinder my marriage?

The judgement of a singular dream I had the other night. We Thornes do not often dream, and when we do it generally amounts to a prophecy. I thought a man came here in broad daylight, his face pale and deathlike, his dress a single garment of vivid scarlet. And he talked long and earnestly with John Heathfield, forbidding this marriage. And Mr. Heathfield wept, and—yielded.

A white terror took possession of her, as I stood telling my ghostly story, till she was quite as pale as the man in my dream. But for her never-failing pride I think she would have screamed aloud. But she turned and silently went up stairs.

All right, my lady, I said to myself, if I only have frightened some of the impudence out of you.

My little school over at Fisherville opened the ensuing day, after the long summer vacation. I went to my task with a kind of relief, hoping vainly to still the headache that was becoming chronic, I feared.

I went home every night pretty thoroughly tired and was fairly hungry for the supper Aunt Esther had waiting for me. I sat helping myself, wondering why she did not appear to welcome me.

Miss Lamerse came in, her eyes bearing evidence of recent tears. That softened me towards her. Indeed, I had almost forgotten our quarrel of the day previous.

Are you ill? I asked in a tone really kind.

No; but, Barbara Thorne, for Heaven's sake quit dreaming. The man in the red cloak has come; his name is Disease. Little Rupert has malignant scarlet fever, and if he continues growing worse as fast as he has all day, there will be no wedding here at present.

Where is he? I asked, drinking half a cup of tea at a swallow.

On that great wide bed in the spare chamber, where my wedding dress laid yesterday, she said gloomily.

I made a motion to go.

Do nurse him carefully, you and Miss Lowell; she is with him now. I don't know anything about sickness, she said humbly.

The week wore away, and sure enough there was no wedding. Rupert lay insensible part of the time, and only seemed to suffer terribly when the spasms came on. The house was darkened, the bells muffled; and Aunt Esther and I had reason to be thankful that we knew something about sickness.

One evening just after sunset I had coaxed Aunt Esther to lie down in an adjoining room, and I sat by the bed, the child's hand in mine; and John Heathfield, standing beside me, dropped tears over the changed face of his dying boy. The child turned to me suddenly, resting his beautiful, long-lashed eyes on my face. Then he spoke the first coherent word of many days.

Mamma, he said softly, caressing my hand, aren't you my own mamma?

You may call me so, if you like, my darling, for I love you very dearly, I said, kissing the little pinched face.

Oh, I thought you were my dear mamma. I am going up in heaven to find her. I want my papa to kiss me.

John Heathfield bent down to the little lips, chilling even then; and with the father's kiss the child-spirit fled.

Just then Miss Lamerse appeared in the door, but by some sudden, unaccountable impulse, born perhaps in that sudden moment, he put up his hand and motioned her away. And then he went on his knees beside his dead boy, and, hiding his face in my lap, wept aloud.

A September afternoon was sending streaks and bars of dusky gold into the octagon parlor at Cliff Cottage, which was fast gliding into the old routine. There was a period of mourning to elapse before another marriage day would be appointed, and Aunt Esther and myself were talking of a return to our own hearthstone. This afternoon being one in which there was no school—the semi-weekly half holiday—I sat luxuriously idle, looking out to sea, as I laughingly told Aunt Esther, to see if my ship was coming in.

A sudden spring to her feet of Miss Lamerse, who had been curled up on the sofa reading a novel for the last two hours, made me look quickly in the direction her eyes were strained, her face ashy white. A tall sunburned man, I had not heard come in, stood inside the door, eying her like fate.

How do you do in these days, Cousin Virginia? he asked, walking up to Miss Lamerse.

She did not speak but made a motion in a blind sort of way, as if to beat down the hand he had not extended.

He turned from her to the window where my Aunt Esther sat, her soft eyes feeding on his face as one looking into heaven.

O Esther, my darling, the years have been very long; what have you to offer me? he said brokenly, stretching out his arms to her.

The old love, Tom. Only the old love, time-seasoned.

Judging by the way he held her to his heart, one might suppose it was happiness enough for him.

By-and-bye he turned again to the haggard-faced woman, crouching over her book, trying so hard to steady her shaking hands.

So you won't speak to me, Cousin Virginia, he said again.

She sat upright now, facing him.

You are mistaken, sir. I am not your cousin; some resemblance deceives strangely, I know, she said, trying to smile.

Yes; so do I know. True, you are not my cousin in reality, but you are the daughter of my Uncle Rupert's second wife, by a former husband; and your name is—no, no, pardon me—was—Virginia Hall. Heavens! don't I wish I had broken your neck when I shook you out of that pear tree? it would have been infinitely better for all concerned.

And Tom Heathfield laughed the old, boyish laugh. Then he began again: You are a wicked woman, Mrs. Lamerse, a false and wicked woman; but for God's providence I might have died in foreign lands, nor ever have known that I had, this side of the ocean, a relation to love or mourn me, he said sternly.

But I did not drive you away. It was not my fault that your father wanted you to marry me. I always hated you—always, she said spitefully.

No, that was not your fault; but it was your fault keeping a knave at your back to intercept my letters, and thus lead my brother and my betrothed wife to believe me dead or false. What can you say to that?

Nothing evidently. She sat still growing red and white by turns. Tom Heathfield discovered his brother, just then, standing and listening and staring in the doorway, like one in a dream.

John, old boy, he cried, bounding toward him, aren't you glad I've come home?

Everlastingly glad, dear Tom, if you're quite sure it's you, bodily. But what is this you are saying to me—to Miss Lamerse?

Just the truth; only she is Mrs. Lamerse, if you please, John. I've been working among those cursed mountains the last six months, trying to get out gold that never was there, in company with this woman's lawful husband; good

fellow, too. The only weak spot he has is his love for his wife, who deserted him because he was poor.

What have you to say to this? John Heathfield asked, terrible in his sternness, turning on the shuddering woman. Then with something of his old tenderness, he added softly: Deny it, I pray you; only deny these horrible accusations, and I will believe you in the face of all the world.

She sat cowering, but perfectly silent. Honest Tom had tears in his eyes, as he wheeled around to face his brother.

John! John! he said brokenly, do you think I am trying to stab your heart through its love, as she has stabbed mine all these years? No! by Heaven I have means to prove all I say.

But how did you know she was here? I do not understand.

I had stood silently by all this time, but spoke out eagerly then,—

It was my doing, utterly and entirely. Alone and unasked I set about preventing this unholy marriage. I recognized my old enemy, Virginia Hall, in your promised wife, though she had colored her brown hair black, and had grown from a girl to a woman. With Tom lost, hopelessly, she thought the Heathfield money was still possible to her through you. I suspected her tactics and foiled them. Finding Tom's homesick letters—directed some to you and some to Aunt Esther—in her pocket, and thereby learning his address, I wrote him to come home. Thank God he is here.

The astonished woman had risen, and was eyeing me, her blue eyes alight with hot anger.

Then it is you who have brought this trouble to my door, Barbara Thorne? Your letter betrayed me to Tom Heathfield.

Exactly. You could not cross the ocean to steel that letter.

John Heathfield never turned his eyes toward her again, but took my hand in his and drew me gently away. That night Cliff Cottage was clear of her forever.

There was a wedding in the octagon parlor the very next week, and Aunt Esther was the bride in the silver gray silk. Tom was forlornly proud and fond of her.

John gave them Cliff Cottage as a wedding present, and they live there prosperous and content; and John and I live in our splendid city house, rich, happy and happy.

Soft-hearted fellow John was, wasn't he, now? said Tom one night, talking it all over; he always believed all women to be angels. Well, some are—there's my Esther.

And my little Barbara, put in John, looking up from his paper and knocking the ashes off his pipe.

A THREE-YEAR-OLD, contemplating a favorite cow, asked her mother, "What Daisy did with her end when she was done with it?"

The puzzled parent did not know. "Oh, I know," said the little one, "she gives it to papa, and he keeps it in his cheek."

SOME one wrote to Horace Greeley inquiring if guano was good to put on potatoes. He said it might do for those whose tastes had become vitiated with tobacco and rum, but he preferred gravy and butter.

"MISTER, how do you sell sugar today?"

"Only twenty cents a pound."

"Can't give it. I'll drink my coffee without sugar and kiss my wife for sweetening. Good day, sir."

"Good day. When you get tired of that kind of sweetening call around."

"I will."

He called the next day.

A HINT TO PARENTS.—Do all in your power to teach your children self-government. If a child is passionate, teach him by patient and gentle means to curb his temper; if he is greedy, cultivate liberality in him; if he is selfish, promote generosity.

JOSH BILLINGS says.—Knowing how to sit square on a bile, without hurting, is one of the lost arts.

THE STAR

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