

The Star,

And Conception Bay Semi-Weekly Advertiser.

Vol. II.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Wednesday, August 27, 1873.

Number 20.

USEFUL INFORMATION

AUGUST.

S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31

Moon's Phases.

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

First Quarter.....	1st, 10.58 a. m.
Full Moon.....	8th, 10.21 p. m.
Last Quarter.....	15th, 1.13 a. m.
New Moon.....	22nd, 10.0 p. m.
First Quarter.....	31st, 0.19 a. m.

Mail Steamers to Depart from St. John's.

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

Wholesale Prices Current, St. John's.

BREAD—Hambro' No 1, 32s. 6d.; No. 2, 28s. 6d.; No. 3, 24s. 6d. Local No. 1, 26s.; No. 2, 23s. 6d.; F. C., 22s. 6d.
FLOUR—Canada Fancy 42s. 6d.; Canada Superfine, 38s.; New York Extra, 33s. to 39s.; New York Superfine 35s. New York No. 2 30s. to 32s.
CORN MEAL—White and Yellow, per bbl. 18s. to 20s.
OATMEAL—Canada, per bbl. 30s.; P E Island, 27s. 6d.
RICE—East India, per cwt. 20s.
PEAS—Round, per bbl. 20s. to 21s.
BUTTER—Canada, good 1s. to 1s. 2d. Nova Scotia, good 11d. to 1s. 1d.; American 8d. to 10d.; Hambro' 8d.
CHEESE—9d. to 10d.
HAM—9d. to 10d.
PORK—American mess 95s. to 100s.; prime mess 90s.; extra prime 77s.
BEEF—Prime, per bbl. 35s.
RUM—per Imp. gallon 7s. 10d.
MOLASSES—Muscovado 2s. a 2s. 1d.; Clay-ed 1s 9d.
SUGAR—Muscovado, 45s. to 47s. 6d.; American Crushed 72s. 6d.
COFFEE—1s. 1d. to 1s. 3d.
TEA—Congou and Souchong, ordinary broken leaf, 1s. 7d. to 1s. 9d.; fair to good, 2s. to 2s. 6d.
LARD—American and Canadian 7d. to 8d.
LEATHER—American and Canadian 1s. 5d.
TOBACCO—Canadian, 1s. 7d. to 1s. 8d.; American 1s. 5d. to 1s. 6d.; Nova Scotia, 1s. 5d. to 1s. 6d.
CORNBAG—per cwt. 65s.
SALT—per hhd. Foreign, Liverpool, 7s. 6d.
KEROSENE OIL—New York manufacture 1s. 9d.; Boston 1s. 9d.
COAL—per ton, North Sydney 30s.

172 WATER STREET, 172

JAMES FALLON,

Tin, Copyer and Sheet-Iron Worker,

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

JOBGING

Done at the Cheapest possible Terms.

Dec. 13.

tff

NOTICES.

JAMES HOWARD COLLIS

Dealer and Importer of

ENGLISH & AMERICAN HARDWARE,

Picture Moulding, Glass Looking Glass, Pictures Glassware, &c., &c.

TROUTING GEAR,

In great variety and best quality, WHOLE SALE and RETAIL.

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

One door East of P. HUTCHINS, Esq. N.B.—FRAMES, any size material; made to order. St. John's, May 10.

FOR SALE.

RESERVEES & GROCERIES!

Just Received and For Sale by the Subscriber—

Fresh Cove OYSTERS Spiced do.

APPLES

PEACHES

Strawberries—preserved in Syrup
Brambleberries do.

—ALWAYS ON HAND—

A Choice Selection of

GROCERIES.

T. M. CAIRNS.

Opposite the Premises of Messrs. C. W. Ross & Co. Sept. 17.

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.

large selection of CLOCKS, WATCHES MEERSCHAUM PIPES, PLATED WARE, and

JEWELRY of every description & style May 14. tff

GEORGE BOWDEN,

Repairer of Umbrellas and Parasols,

No. 1, LION SQUARE, ST. JOHN'S, N. F.

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

All work positively finished by the time promised. Outport orders punctually attended to. St. John's, Jan. 4.

HARBOR GRACE

MEDICAL HALL,

W. H. THOMPSON,

Proprietor,

Has always on hand a carefully selected Stock of

DRUGS, MEDICINES,

DRY PAINTS,

Oils, &c., &c.,

And nearly every article in his line that is recommendable:

Gallup's Floriline for the Teeth and Breath

Keating's Worm Tablets

" Cough Lozenges

Rowland's Odonto

Oxley's Essence of Ginger

Lampough's Pyretic Saline

Powell's Balsam Aniseed

Medicamentum (stamped)

British Oil, Balsam of Life, Chlorodyne

Mexican Mustang Liniment

Steer's Apodiloco

Radway's Ready Relief, Arnold's Balsam

Murray's Fluid Magnesia

" Acidulated Syrup

S. A. Allen's Hair Restorer

" " "

Ayer's Hair Vigor

" Sarsaparilla

" Cherry Pectoral

Pickles, French Capers, Sauces

Soothing Syrup, Kaye's Coaguline

India Rubber Sponge, Teething

Sponge, Tooth Cloths

Nail, Shoe and Stove Brushes

Widow Welch's Pills Morrison's Pills

Cockle's " Radway's "

Holloway's " Ayer's "

Norton's " Parsons' "

Hunt's " Jaynes' "

Holloway's Ointment

Adams' Indian Salve, Russia Salve

Morehead's Plaster, Corn Plaster

Mather's Feeing Bottles

Bond's Marking Ink, Corn Flour

Fresh Hops, Arrowroot, Sago, Gold Leaf

Nelson's Gelatine and Kinglass

Bonnet Glue, Best German Glycerine

Lime Juice, Honey, Best Ground Coffee

Nixy's Black Lead

Roth & Co.'s Rat Paste

Brown's Bronchial Treches

Woodill's Worm Lozenges

" Baking Powder

McLean's Vermifuge

Lear's India Rubber Varnish

Copal Varnish,

Kerosene Oil, Lamps, Chimnies, Wicks,

Burners, &c., &c.

Cod Liver Oil,

Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophos

phites

Extract of Logwood, in 1/2 lb. boxes

Cudbear, Worm Tea, Toilet Soaps

Best Perfumeries, Pomades and Hair

Oils

Pain Killer

Henry's Calcined Magnesia

Enema Instruments, Gold Beater's Skin

Fumigating Pastilles, Seidlitz Powders

Furniture Polish, Plate Polish

Flavouring Essences, Spices, &c., &c.

Robinson's Patent Barley

" Groats

All the above proprietary articles

bear the Government Stamp, without

which none are genuine.

Outport Orders will receive careful and

prompt attention. May 14 tff

LeMessurier & Knight,

COMMISSION AGENTS.

Particular attention given to the Sale and Purchase of

DRY & PICKLED

FISH

FLOUR, PROVISIONS, WEST INDIA PRODUCE

—AND—

DRY GOODS.

Consignments solicited. St. John's, May 7, 1873. tff

BLANK FORMS

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

POETRY.

Home Again.

Once more down the lane I've wandered
Unto my father's door;
Once more my footsteps wake the echoes
Along the oaken floor.
Through many years of changing fortune
Mine eyes have never seen
The blushing of these summer roses,
These walls all mossy green.
There lies some tender tale of childhood
In every greenwood tree,
Some story in each rustic arbor,
Of what I used to be.
Up yonder towering tree I've clambered
To reach the topmost bough;
I trained that rose's climbing branches
That hide the brown roof now.
And as I sit within the parlor,
Where oft we used to meet,
I seem to hear the ring of laughter,
And trip of happy feet.
And phantom faces come and vanish
Within the doorway there;
I see the flash of snowy fingers,
The gleam of golden hair.
And in and out among the shadows,
I lit childhood's boys and girls:
The shimmer of their summer garments,
The waving of their curls;
I hear their footsteps on the threshold,
Their voices in the air:
Within the hall I catch their whisper,
They call me on the stair.
I hear a low voice sweetly humming
Snatches of olden lays.
That wakes within my heart a memory
Of many long gone days.
But when I reach to grasp the vision
That smiles and warbles there,
It passes through my outstretched fingers—
A phantom of the air.
Mother! thy weary child hath wandered
Through years of doubt and pain,
And now, all sad and lonely-hearted,
He greets his home again.
But not the loved familiar faces;
O mother! can it be,
That here I sit within the homestead
And call in vain for thee!
Oh, once again to lay my head
Upon that gentle breast—
To feel thy brown hair float about me,
To die and be at rest.
O shadows of this ruined household!
That throng with ghostly tread,
I cannot grasp thy phantom fingers—
Would too that I were dead!
Faces and forms my heart has treasured—
Soft eyes that smiled on me—
Come back unto the weary-hearted,
Or bid him come to thee!

EXES OF THOUGHT.

Good manners is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse.

MINDS of moderate calibre ordinarily condemn everything which is beyond their range.

That charity is bad which takes from independence its proper pride, from mendacity its salutary shame.—SOUTHEY.

PRUDENCE is that virtue by which we discern what is proper to be done under the various circumstances of time and place.—MILTON.

He who recives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it.—CHARRON.

VANITY is the fruit of ignorance. It thrives most in subterranean places, never reached by the air of heaven and the light of the sun.—ROSS.

HATH any one wronged thee? be bravely revenged; slight it, and the work is begun; forgive it, and 'tis finished. He is below himself who is not above an injury.

It is hard to personate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, Nature will always be endeavoring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or other.—TILLOTSON.

A good conscience is to the soul what health is to the body—it preserves a constant ease and serenity within us, and more than counterbalances all the calamities and afflictions which can possibly befall us.—ADDISON.

THERE is scarce any lot so low, but there is something in it to satisfy the man whom it has befallen; Providence having so ordered things, that in every man's cup, how bitter soever, there are some cordial drops—some good circumstances, which, if wisely extracted, are sufficient for the purpose he wants them—that is to make him contented, and if not happy, at least resigned.—STERN.

EXTRACTS.

A Cyclone.

THE CUNARDER "OLYMPUS" IN DANGER.
The Cunard steamer *Olympus*, which left Boston on the 18th ult., encountered a cyclone the second day out, and although no great damage was sustained by the ship, passengers or cargo, the excitement was so intense as to amount to a panic. One of the Boston passengers on board has sent home a very graphic account of the affair and the exciting scenes on board. They left Boston Light, he says, at noon of the 8th, with a southerly wind, and made some two hundred and fifty miles the first twenty-four hours. In the afternoon of the second day, the wind freshened from the south-east, and at 11 p. m. when he turned in, it was blowing steadily from that quarter. At about two a. m. they encountered a cyclone, and the ship was put head to the wind. About half past two a. m. a heavy pointed sea struck the vessel on the quarter, throwing several tons of water with a terrific force against the saloon, dashing in the side of the saloon, carrying away the forward davit of the quarter boat, and some twenty feet of the rail, tearing up and breaking off several of the stanchions of the poop deck railing, and carrying the after binnacle adrift into the lee rail. This large body of water in the saloon made fearful havoc, ripping up tables, settees, and tearing away glass racks, side lamps and other movables and apparent immovables, and dashing them pellmell into the lee side of the saloon. Stewards and waiters, asleep in the saloon, were dashed about among the debris of broken chairs, tables, glassware and crockery, but, fortunately, with the exception of a few cuts and bruises, were unhurt. Meanwhile the water, checked in its course by the lee side of the saloon, found vent by the companion way and the ventilator in the lower cabin, where the scene for a few moments was very exciting, the passengers, aroused from their slumber by a terrific crash, which was immediately followed by a rush of water into the lower saloon and a shower bath from the ventilator, imagined that the ship had been run into and was not only sinking but already under water. It was with the greatest difficulty that the stewards, headed by the purser, who had recovered from their fright and rushed to the passenger's assistance in a somewhat primitive costume, could persuade the ladies that there was no real danger. The noise of the gale overhead, the roll and pitch of the ship, and the constant rush of the water from side to side of the ship were by no means calculated to soothe them. At last, however, some of the passengers and the waiters succeeded in carrying the ladies from the staterooms aft to the dry ones forward, where they were wrapped up as well as what few dry blankets and shawls on hand would do, and then the stewards and what men could be spared from the deck were set to work hauling out the cabin, which took some three hours, and by daylight the carpets were all up and on deck, together with the mattresses, bedding, &c. Very fortunately there were no personal accidents of any account. Mr. Wight, of Jordan, Marsh & Co.'s establishment of Boston, had a cut in the face, which, although it bled profusely, is now all healed up. The third officer, Mr. Pierson, had just left to look at the barometer when the sea struck. Had he been a moment later or earlier he would probably have been badly injured and perhaps killed. The purser was washed from his bunk, and together with the chief steward, found himself swimming when he awoke, bruised, but not seriously. Those that were not on duty on deck were below encouraging and quieting the passengers, which act was accomplished in a most incredibly short time, when it is considered they were all asleep at the time of the accident. After the excitement was over and the writer had recovered one of his boots, which had gone on a voyage of discovery all over the cabin, he went on deck. The sight was a most beautiful one. The sea, owing to the rapidly changing winds of the cyclone, was not in furrows, as usual, but presented a series of pointed waves rushing in every direction. The accident was of a nature not to be anticipated.

Deluge on the Peruvian Coast.
A proverb which has long been popular in Peru, that no rainfall occurs along the coast, has been disproved by a terrible storm which occurred on the 9th of July. A letter from Lima to the *New York Herald* gives the following particulars:—At about four o'clock p. m. the sky assumed a threatening attitude, and a few minutes after the streets bore evidence of the strength of the waterfall. People might have been seen in every quarter of the town hurrying to their dwellings, or from thence to the nearest shops in search of India-rubber cloth and other impervious aids. But of no avail; the

rain poured down, causing as much consternation as would a snow-storm in Havana; the fragile roofs confessed themselves vanquished by their unexpected enemy. The water rushed uninterruptedly through the fragile defences; the accumulated filth of centuries was filtered through on the velvet carpets, the silken curtains and the ornate furniture of the old palaces. The church bell tolled out the plegaria, or the prayer to heaven for a cessation of the dire invasion; the people begged the elements to change their attack; even an earthquake would have been hailed as a relief to such an affliction. But the heavens seemed pitiless. About one o'clock in the morning the deluge ceased, and then the miserable inhabitants of the city found that there was no rest, no comfort for them in their dripping beds. The damage is two fold. The public health has been seriously endangered. Physicians say that colds and coughs are unprecedentedly general, and no place in the world is more fatal for lung sufferers than Lima. The injury to household goods is stupendous. Many walls were undermined and fell to the ground, burying all beneath the debris. All, fortunately, does not imply a loss of life. In one establishment alone, that of one of the most wealthy bankers of the city, thirty thousand dollars' worth of sumptuous furniture was utterly ruined. The palace of Justice, where the supreme and superior courts hold their sittings, was converted into a lake. The great library was drenched from the top to the bottom shelves. Many inestimable volumes of manuscript relating to the early history of Peru are now but masses of worthless pulp. The streets were intransitable.

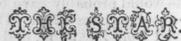
A Leap Into the Rapids.

The Montreal Gazette has an account of a suicide committed a few days ago by a passenger who leaped from a steamer into the "Rapids" in the River St. Lawrence. The passenger was standing on deck, a little apart from the rest and seemingly engaged, like them in watching the current. Suddenly he drew himself up to his full length, threw his arms aloft, and, raising a loud cry sprang forward into the water. He sank like lead, but soon emerged again and made a struggle, whether spasmodic or otherwise for his life. Those who were nearest to him immediately rushed forward to the side of the steamer over which he had gone, and gave the alarm. It took only a moment to decide that there was no means of rescuing the unfortunate man. None of the boats could be lowered, because none could live in such a tide. Neither could the steamer herself render any assistance, because being so near the rapids, it was not safe for her to slow her engines, or to execute any lateral movement. The poor man had therefore to be left to his fate; and he went down in sight of all the passengers. He rose to the surface a second time, only to remain a moment, and sank to appear no more. The man was a cabin passenger, of very gentlemanly appearance, and supposed to hail from Cleveland, Ohio. He was tall, of dark complexion, and well dressed. His satchel, the only article belonging to him, on being opened, was found to contain half a dozen shirts, some socks, handkerchiefs and other effects, but nothing whatever to lead to his identification. It was surmised by some that he was intoxicated, but the more general belief is that he was laboring under mental aberration.

Attacked by Sharks.

On the 28th ult., while a party of fishermen were hauling their nets at the mouth of Chester River, in Chesapeake Bay, twenty miles from Baltimore, they were attacked by several sharks. They made all haste to reach their boats, but before one of them, James Green, could reach it, he was seized by a shark and one leg so nearly bitten through that it hung to his body by shreds of flesh and bone. His companions rowed towards him and tore him from the mouth of the savage fish in an almost dying condition. He was brought to the city and his leg amputated; but it is scarcely possible that he can live.

The San Francisco "Commercial Herald" says that there are 25,000 Angora goats in California from half-blood to near five eighths, and that in a few years there will be 1,000,000.



HARBOR GRACE, AUG. 27, 1873.

In consequence of prevailing high winds and scarcity of bait little has been done with the fish in this neighborhood during the past week. The fishery about Bonavista continues good, and by recent advices from Trinity, we are happy to learn that an improvement in the fishery has lately been experienced in that quarter.

The children of the Wesleyan Sunday School held their annual picnic at Alexandra Park on Saturday. The day was delightfully fine, and, thanks to the ample preparations made by the superintendent and teachers, the children—numbering about two hundred and fifty—were enabled to enjoy themselves to their entire satisfaction.

Yesterday the children of the Episcopal Sunday Schools were treated by their teachers and friends to an evening's enjoyment at Mr. Thomas Godden's farm. The affair was highly interesting to the children and heartily appreciated by all present.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[FOR THE HARBOR GRACE STAR.]

Temperance.

It is not that there is any extraordinary tendency in this community to indulge in intoxicating liquors that induces the writer to expatiate on the evils accruing from intemperate habits, and hold up the magnanimous cause of Total Abstinence. No! in fact our people are as a class daily improving in habits of industry and sobriety; therefore, my present aim is merely to advance a few words to such as have not yet denounced forever the accursed inn in liquid form, that deprives man alike of reason and of life.

It is a sad and melancholy fact that there yet exists an amount of drunkenness by no means enviable, therefore it is the duty of all true Christians to battle with the hydra-headed monster in whatever shape he assumes, and feeling that the cause is just, union in the crusade cannot but in the end bring about a glorious victory.

Much credit may be ascribed to temperance societies for their successful and untiring efforts in ameliorating the condition of society, and it is very gratifying to witness the rapidity with which a new and noble structure is being raised in our town to the interest and furtherance of Total Abstinence. Oh! that I had moral suasion enough, an invincible something that would rescue from the mighty grasp of surreptitious and seductive alcohol hundreds of our youth prior to their becoming enamoured of its soul-destroying influences, before misery, shame, or remorse attach to the rising generation of our race.

It has been, and often is, very lucidly made apparent that the greater number of crimes committed are attributable either directly or indirectly to the use of strong drink. Some there are who say it is not the use but the abuse of strong drink that leads to crime. That logic is unreasonable; an imbecile argument, for where there is no use there cannot be abuse. It is therefore apparent that to abuse, there must first be a use, a use leading to abuse, an abuse leading to every species of crime.

What young man can say, "I will never abuse?" Yet it is an invariable assertion made by the beginner. Alas! how soon in nearly every case does the stinging element gain the mastery, and if moral courage is not strong enough to rescue from the certain abyss of misery before him, he is swept away, and joins the throng whose deglutitions are made matter of boating instead of shame.

It therefore particularly behoves the young to studiously avoid contact with this deplorable essence of hell—for in no other way than a wide berth from it, and assistance from Almighty God, obtainable by prayer, can any one be said to build upon a rock.

It were needless to dwell upon or enumerate the miseries attendant on either the use or abuse of alcohol, these being, alas! but too well known and apparent to all.

In conclusion, let us hope that the Temperance Societies amongst us, aided by Christian friends, may be the instruments, under Divine Providence, of rescuing thousands from eternal ruin. God speed them in their noble, just and philanthropic cause. Let no man rail at them—no man can. Let those who are now, so to say, in a state of alcoholic fluidity assume a quality of firmness, compatible with a power able to resist, denounce, and openly condemn the intoxicating cup, and happiness will ever be their experience.

CONSCIENCE.

Aug. 25, 1873.

[TO THE EDITORS OF THE STAR.]

Sirs,—In accordance with the promise made in my first communication, I have carefully watched the progress of events connected with the Committee appointed on the occasion of the big picnic in Alexandra Park. Nothing, however, has yet transpired to lead to the belief that the Committee has succeeded in obtaining the desired information. It will, doubtless, be gratifying to some of your readers to learn that arrangements have been effected for the holding of an "indignation meeting" in the above named Park, on the first favourable evening. I have not only received an invitation to be present, but also a copy of the programme made out for the occasion. The meeting will be presided over by Miss A., who will open the proceedings with a speech commendatory of the recent conduct of certain masculine members of the community in opposing the efforts of the ladies to make marriage compulsory. Speeches will also be delivered by several other ladies; after which a vote of thanks will be given to the Standard's correspondent "Old Quill"—who will ever after be known by the ladies as the "Knight of the Sorrowsful Figure!" The "Old Quill" will then advance to the front and enumerate the numerous deeds of daring performed by him in defence of the ladies—how he has been exposed to "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," maltreated, despised, exiled, "tossed in a blanket," &c., ad infinitum; and all for the sake of the ladies. The "fair creatures" will weep rivers of tears, and promise the sufferer that his name shall be handed down to posterity as the "Don Quixote" of the nineteenth century. They will then present him with a package of "Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powder," and request him to take a small quantity whenever afflicted with *caecothel scribendi*, with the assurance that it is strongly recommended for *donkeys* as well as horses. After which the meeting will be brought to a close.

Yours, &c.

AN AMATEUR QUILL DRIVER.
Aug. 26.

Latest Despatches.

LONDON, Aug. 20.—Gladstone presided at a musical festival at Mald yesterday.

The American yacht "Fanshine" is at Cows, from New York—19 days out. She experienced two heavy gales, and was hove to two days.

The Manchester Ironmasters anticipate a strike.

Cholera in Bosnia. Three more petrolists have been condemned to death at Seville.

The Carlists force amounts to 25 strong battalions.

A cable is being laid between Lisbon and Rio.

OTTAWA, 21.—Royal Commission in session this morning; no names of witnesses or other information yet transpired.

The Halifax "Express" is of opinion that the evidence of corruption on the part of Lord Dufferin's Cabinet may be briefly disposed of. It is simply microscopic in its nature. Besides the ravings of the opposition it consists only of the charges of that man of Chicago whose name has become a by-word of disgrace; who betrayed his partner and sold his private correspondence.

NEWS ITEMS.

WHO IS REUTER.—Reuter, now Baron Reuter, is one of the mysteries as well as one of the great successes of the day. He is a small Hebrew, about fifth-eight, but no one knows anything of his early history. Some fourteen years ago he haunted newspaper offices. His sole object was to benefit the press.

"No, I assure you upon my word of honour,"—here he laid his hand on the breast and a low bow—"I greatly admire ze London press. It iz ze vun great press of ze vorlt. I vant no money. Just put my name. Just zay ze despatch comes from Mr. Reuter. I shall be entirely satisfied." The persuasive notes were listened to. They produced their effect. Telegraphing was expensive, and newspaper profits were small. The despatches were used for probably a month. Then another visit. The post was in and the shrewd little man was safe.

"Were ze little despatches of gute? Zey were! I am delighted." I care far nutting but to please ze press. Should he continue them? He should be happy and in the meantime it was a waste of good money for the — or — to be paying for despatches from their own correspondents. Why throw money so away? So the special telegrams were stopped. Another month, and this time there is more of confidence in the eye of the little man. He knows his — like to make an arrangement for one year? They see what his despatches are worth. They must see what a saving was made. The other papers were all accepting an annual engagement, etc. Ultimately the engagement was made. Then the country papers came into it—not merely the daily papers, but also the weekly papers who concluded with him for one day's despatches. The whole press in a short space of time became, as far as its foreign news is concerned, "Reuterized."

The terms of his full subscription have been raised from £600 to £1,200 yearly. Private subscribers, exchanges, townhalls, statesmen, foreign ministers, and a host now subscribe to Reuter. He has coined money. Reuter's despatches constitute an accomplished fact. Their originator is now a baron. He married a lady of some beauty. He has the best opera box; his horses are the wonder of the row; he has a own house, a sea-side house, and a country-house. His manner is that of a band despot. He smiles with a sort of patronizing smile, as though he were keeping his greatness back.

EARTHQUAKE AT SOUTHPORT.—A distant shock of earthquake was felt at Southport on Wednesday evening at about a quarter-past ten o'clock. It caused considerable commotion, the first impression being that an explosion had occurred in some of the collieries in the neighbourhood of Skebmersdale, the sound of the first shock apparently coming from that direction. The descriptions of the shock are various. Some persons represent it as resembling the sound of a heavy weight falling on the floor and shaking the house. To others it seemed like the violently shutting of a door in the adjoining house. There were four shocks altogether, the first being much the loudest. A long interval elapsed between the others. Although the hour was late, many of the inhabitants left their houses to ascertain the cause. There was an absence of any undulatory motion similar to that

which accompanied the heavy shocks which visited the same neighbourhood, in common with others in the district, about two years since. On that occasion the kitchenware was removed from the shelves.

The Steamship Virginius.

LATEST ADVENTURE OF THE BLOCK-RADE RUNNER IN CUBAN WATERS.

KINGSTON, Jam., July 18, 1873.

It had been known that the steamship Virginius was lying in the port of Colon, closely watched by a Spanish steamer of war, and that Spanish steamer as closely watched by the United States steamer Kansas; that the Spaniard had threatened to sink the Virginius if she attempted to leave this port, and the American promised to do as much for the Spaniard if he molested the Virginius in any way. After listening to much "tall talk" from the Spanish commander, whose craft was moored alongside the Virginius, Rafael Quesada, who commanded the latter, caused anchor to be weighed, and steamed out of port, amid the repeated cheers of the populace, who thronged the sea shore to witness the upshot of the movement. But the commander of the Bazan calmly walked up and down the deck and watched the Virginius clear out of sight as he cooled his face by means of a palmetto fan. He made no effort to pursue her, although he knew full well she was stored with Remingtons and needle-guns and all else that would be serviceable to a people engaged fighting for liberty, as the Cubans now are against the Spaniards.

The steamer which brought this news to Kingston had hardly settled at her mooring when the Virginius herself arrived. The Spanish Consul immediately telegraphs the important news to Cuba, and is apprised that a Spanish gunboat would shortly be despatched to Kingston. In due course the Cheruco arrived and, as if to repeat the farce that had been played at Colon, dropped close alongside the Virginius. It is said some threats were used, which, having been reported, called forth a despatch from the United States Consul, followed up by a caution from the British Commodore, in consequence of which the Cheruco put to sea yesterday afternoon.

The intention, it is said, is to intercept the Virginius and prevent her landing her store of arms and ammunition on the Cuban coast. But in this the Spaniards have pretermitted their opportunity, the Virginius having already eluded their vigilance and made good her intention of landing the expedition—the fourth successful one directed by the able young General, Rafael Quesada. It appears that on leaving Colon she proceeded direct to the coast of Cuba, where she arrived on the 6th of July. It was at dusk on Saturday evening, and the insurgent outposts being present to give the assurance that all was clear, the business of landing commenced at once and was kept up with spirit all through the night. By daylight on Sunday morning all was complete and the steamer cleared out for Jamaica, having put the insurgents in possession of the munitions of war, besides a large quantity of medicines, clothing, &c.

So favorable were the chances of the expedition that General Quesada had time to communicate with his compatriots on shore, and even receive letters from his brother and other friends of the cause who are now in New York. These letters, as well as an important correspondence belonging to the Spaniards, which fell into the hands of the insurgents after a recent engagement and which it has been decided to publish, will be forwarded to New York by the Claribel to-day.

An interview with General Quesada showed him to be a young man of considerable intelligence and of unmistakable courage and enterprise.

The first detachment of the army of occupation in France arrived at Berlin on the 6th inst., and met with a popular ovation at the railway station. We also hear from Berlin that a crisis produced by over-speculation is prevailing at Posen, and that four great banking houses have failed. One banker has committed suicide, another has been sent to a lunatic asylum, and it is expected that more than one hundred persons will be financially ruined. There appears to be no doubt of the presence of cholera in Berlin.—It is stated that twenty-five cases of cholera, with twenty-three deaths, have been reported during the last few days to the Board of Health, but these numbers, it is thought, may be overstated.

THE Russian "Imperial Gazette" has published the following order regarding the discussion of political topics by the newspapers:—"In the case of the government regarding as inopportune the discussion of certain political questions by the public press, this fact is to be notified to the editors of those papers which are not under the surveillance of the censor by the manager of the press office. Any editor not complying with notification will render his paper liable to be suspended by the Minister of the Interior.

A YOUNG gentleman named Oldham, of Chudleigh, died recently from the effects of a blow on the head with a cricket-ball. He did not take much notice of the blow at the time, but subsequently became very ill and died before the arrival of the doctor.

QUARTERMASTER SPEAKMAN, whose services in connection with the saving of life at the wreck of the "Atlantic" have been frequently mentioned, was recently presented with a purse containing £63 by the inhabitants of Ashton-under-Lyne, his native town.

Cardinal Giuseppe Ferretti, nephew to the Pope, died suddenly on the 8th inst., from a fit of apoplexy, in his fifty-sixth year.

Strangers are fleeing for their lives from Cartagena.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF ST. JOHN'S

ENTERED.

- Aug. 19.—Ranger, (s.s.) Jones, Greenock—J & W Stewart.
- 20.—Lady Mary, Deroy, Oporto—Harvey & Co.
- Lavinia, McKenzie, Liverpool—J & W Stewart.
- Charles Tupper, Wilkie, Boston—Clift, Wood & Co.
- Swell, Lanzer, Figueira—W & G Rendell.
- Ida, Elliott, Oporto—Capt. Walters.
- Una, Oats, Figueira—Bowring Bros.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

IMPORTANT TO THE
Citizens of Newfoundland.
THE CONTINENTAL
LIFE
INSURANCE
COMPANY
 OF NEW YORK,

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

St. John's and Harbor Grace, Newfoundland.

The CONTINENTAL, beyond all comparison, the most successful and most popular Company ever established in Europe or America. It has only been SEVEN YEARS in existence, but at its organization men of enlarged views, and great experience in Life Insurance, were placed in its management, who, having discarded all useless and annoying restrictions, and adopted all the improvements known in Life Insurance—many of them original with themselves, it at once received, and continues to receive, a support unprecedented; and it now stands far ahead of many companies TEN YEARS older than itself. It has issued over FIFTY-NINE THOUSAND POLICIES, and has over \$6,750,000,000 assets, all securely invested, as required by law, in Bonds of the United States, Bonds of the State of New York, or in Real Estate. For that portion invested in Real Estate, it holds in all cases Double Security. So popular is its management and so great the public confidence that there are only Two Companies in the World that now approach it in the amount of business done.

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

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

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

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

All Policy holders can vote and are eligible to office.

Directors.

- L. W. FROST, President.
- HON. GEO. HILTON SCRIBNER, Secretary of State.
- HENRY C. FISH, D. D., Newark, N. J.
- M. B. WYNKOOP, of Wynkoop and Hallenbeck.
- JOSEPH T. SAWYER, Mer., Liberty Street.
- RICHARD W. BOGART, O. M. Bogart & Co., Bankers.
- CHANCY M. DEPEIN, New York.
- R. C. FROST, do do
- WILLIAM C. WHITNEY, Barrister-at-Law, New York.
- L. W. FROST, President.
- J. P. ROGERS, Secretary.
- JAS. McDONNELL, Gen'l. Agent.
- A. T. DRYSDALE,**
 Agent for Northern District,
 Newfoundland.
 Aug. 23, 1873. 1y.

BUSINESS NOTICE.

AUCTION MART!
 75 WATER STREET, 75
HARBOR GRACE.
 We offer For Sale,
PROVISIONS,
Groceries, &c.,
 At fair remunerating prices for
CASH, FISH or OIL!

Auction Sales and Commissions promptly attended to.
GEORGE HARRIS & Co.,
 Aug. 16. tft

FOR SALE.

Just received from Sydney, C. B.,
 10 Rolls Grained and Split
LEATHER.

A. DRYSDALE,
 Aug. 2. 1m.

COMMERCIAL BANK OF NEW FOUNDLAND.

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

LUMBER!

THE SUBSCRIBERS

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

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

GEO. C. RUTHERFORD & Co.
 July 15.

Very Important Notice!

The Wonder of the World!
GOOD NEWS FOR ALL!!
Prof. HERMAN'S

WORLD RENOWNED
VERMIN DESTROYER!

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

FOR KILLING

Rats, Mice, Insects on Poultry, Ants, Bugs, Cockroaches, Black Beetles, Fleas on Dogs, Blight and Insects on Plants, Moths in Furs, Tick or Scab on Sheep or Goats also on Cattle, &c., &c.

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

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

DIRECTIONS FOR USE ON EACH PACKET.

MANUFACTORY:

Gravel Lane, Houndsditch,
 CITY OF LONDON, ENGLAND.

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

OUTPORT AGENTS:

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

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

LUMBER!

—BY—
H. W. TRAPNELL.

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

- 20 M. seasoned Prime Pine BOARD
- 20 do. Hemlock do.
- 30 do. No. 2 Pine do.
- July 30.

NOTICES.

METROPOLITAN LIFE Insurance Company, OF NEW YORK.

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

DEPOSIT AT OTTAWA

For Canadian Policy Holders only.

HON. L. A. WILMOT, D. C. L.,

Lieut.-Governor of New Brunswick, Director at the Board for Canada

The Reserve Dividend System

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

W. H. THOMPSON,
 Harbor Grace,
 General Agent for
NEWFOUNDLAND.
 April 1. tft.

SAILMAKING!

The Subscriber

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

GEORGE CARSON.
 May 23. tft.

C. BREAKER,

Sailmaker,

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

Bazaar!

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

BAZAAR

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

St. PAUL'S CHURCH

IN THIS TOWN.

The sum of £2,300 has been expended in completing the enlargement of the original Building. The balance remaining unpaid at this date is about £300. Our friends in St. John's kindly contributed £100, and the rest, amounting to £1,900, has been raised by the unaided efforts of the Congregation.

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

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

BLANK FORMS

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

FOR SALE.

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



Manufactured by the Kendall Manufacturing Co., Montreal.

CHEAPEST AND BEST.

THE 'FAVORITE' SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINES

Are a wonderful achievement of inventive Genius and Mechanical Skill.

For Simplicity, Durability and Beauty they stand Unrivalled.

Stitch Alike on Both Sides.

They will do all kinds of

FAMILY SEWING

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

They have a large Shuttle and Bobbin and make the regular

LOCK STITCH,

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

They use a short, straight Needle, and the

Four Motion Drop Feed,

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

THE SHUTTLE CARRIER

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

Each Machine is furnished with a

Hemmer, Gatherer, Braider, Self-Sewer, Quilter, 6 Needles, 4 Bobbins, Oiler, Screw Driver, Gauge and Screw, Directions and Spools ready for use.

Makers' Price List.

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

With Plain Walnut Table..... 27.00

With Quarter Case Walnut Table. . 30.00

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

THE ADVANTAGES OF THE

'FAVORITE'

Shuttle Sewing Machines

OVER ALL OTHERS.

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

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

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

4th.—They can be operated by a child.

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

—ALSO—

No. 2 SINGER MANUFACTURING MACHINES,

New Improved Pattern,

F. W. BOWDEN, St. John's, Agent for Newfoundland.

ALEXR. A. PARSONS, (Sub-Agent Harbor Grace.)

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, RUSH

OR OIL.

DANIEL FITZGERALD.

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. 1y†

W. H. THOMPSON,

AGENT FOR

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

JUST RECEIVED

A FRESH SUPPLY OF

ADAMS' INDIAN SALVE.

W. H. THOMPSON.

PIANO TUNING!

Mr. J. CURRIE,

TUNER AND REPAIRER OF

PIANOS.

IN returning thanks for past favours he begs respectfully to solicit a continuance of the same. All work executed punctually, and satisfaction guaranteed.

CONCERTINAS also repaired.

Satisfactory references as to ability will be given on enquiry.

Orders left at No. 170 Water Street will receive immediate attention.
 Dec. 17. tft

G. F. BARRIS.

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.

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. }

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

W. H. THOMPSON,

AGENT FOR

Fellows' Compound Syrup

OF

HYPHOPHOSPHITES

An Old Road.

A curve of green tree tops, And a common wall below, And a winding road that dips and drops, Ah me! where does it go? Down to the lovely days Goes that familiar track, And here I stand and wait and gaze, As if they could come back.

Somewhere beneath that hill Are children's running feet, And a little garden fair and still, Were never flowers so sweet! And a house within an open door, What was therein, I know,— O! let me enter nevermore, But still believe it so.

Up this oft-trodden slope What visions rise and throng! What keen remembrances of hope Lie shattered all along! These flowers that never grew, Bloom they in any clime? Can any Spring to come renew What died in that sweet time?

Here I believed in fame, And found no room for fear; Here sprang to meet what never came Here loved—what is not here! Not worth a moment's pause Seemed any fallen gem, Not worth a sigh, a glance, because Life would be full of them.

The child in the fairy tale Dropped tokens as he passed, So pierced the darkness forest-viel And found his home at last; I, in the falling day, Turn back through deeper gloom, By gathered memories feel my way Only to find—a tomb.

For there they lie asleep, Eyes that made all things sweet, Hands of true pressure, hearts more deep Than any left to beat; A world where all was great? Paths trodden not, but seen; Light streaming through an open gate, The world that might have been!

Pictures, and dreams, and tears— O Love, is this the whole; Nay, wrap your everlasting years About my failing soul! The lightest word you spake Beyond all time shall last— These only sleep before they wake— In love there is no past!

SELECT STORY.

AT LAST.

HERESE, bring up my breakfast; an omelette, two quails, well done, with muffins and chocolate, is all that I will take. Dear me! how distressing it is to have no appetite, and the Widow Stockton heaved a sigh as she sank down amid the rose-colored cushions of her arm-chair. Old Stockton's money will soon disappear if I keep on at this rate. Here's a bill of five hundred dollars for dress and trimmings; six hundred for—well what's the use of troubling oneself about small affairs? Why does not Therese hurry?

A shuffling step was heard approaching, and amid a rattling and jingling of crockery the broad face of Catherine, the cook, smiled upon Mrs. Stockton.

Why didn't Therese bring it herself? impatiently demanded the lady.

Indade, ma'am the likes of that waiting-maid I never seen. She went up and down the kitchen like mad, ma'am, crying and groaning the while I was broiling the fowl, and spaking in her villainous French. I axed her was it sick she was, but she only wrung her hands and rolled up her great eyes at me; so I jest caught up the tray, ma'am, and it's hoping ye'll like the dainty bits I'm setting before ye; and Catherine paused to take breath.

How dare you tell me that Therese is sick when she is to arrange my hair?

Indade, ma'am, it's sorra—Heaven be praised! Here is the very identical Therese herself, looking as chirp as iver!

Catherine thought you were ill, said the mistress, while the heavy frown gradually left her brow.

It was nothing, madame. May I open the window for you?

Never mind about it; look after my dress and laces; in an hour I shall want you. Baron Defareau will call at one precisely. Wait, give me my jewel-case; here is the key of the drawer.

The girl staggered a few paces, while a deadly pallor crept over her face.

Baron Defareau? she faltered.

What do you know of him that causes you to start so?

The name is one I have not heard in years; and—madam—it—recalled other memories, she gasped.

The maid handed the casket to her mistress and then left the room.

Baron Defareau here! O God! Is there no pardon for being a nameless orphan? Must he be permitted to snatch from me the only blessing that is left to my poor, desolate heart? She clenched her hands and tore her hair in her wild agony; then as her passion subsided, she attempted to do her mistresses bid-

ding, but her trembling form sank wearily down on the floor.

Miss Distresher, mistress has been ringing three blessed times for yer. What's the matter? And the sympathetic Catherine leaned over the prostrate girl.

Tell Robert—where am I? came from the ashen lips as she pressed her hand to her pallid brow.

Indade, ye look like a ghost, miss. There goes mistress's bell agin. Bless us! She's getting into a woeful passion! She'll think ye are a waiting-maid fur shure.

Help me to rise, Katie, and please do not tell how you found me, implored Therese. I will go to her now. Baron Defareau; let me repeat the hateful name until my ears are less shocked at the sound, she murmured, as she stood at Mrs. Stockton's open door.

How dare you delay when I summon you, girl? Do you not know that I wish to look my best to-day? Come take down my hair.

Therese's hands gleamed through the dark masses of hair that she was so artistically coiling around the beautiful head.

A curl will relieve the plainness, Therese suggested.

Stop, Therese, if there is not a gray hair right on my temple! A gray hair, Therese, and I—Well, it does not matter; don't let it remain there. Why cannot we always be young and fair? she queried, glancing with a disturbed look at the image reflected in the pier glass before her.

You never displayed such taste before. My hair looks charming. Go to the door, Therese; some one is there.

A gentleman sends his spees to missus and waits her ladyship's pleasure in the 'ception-room, said the obsequious lackey, presenting a card.

Give it to me, said Mrs. Stockton, advancing. The baron, as I supposed. Tell the gentleman, Juno, that I will not keep him waiting long. Then turning to Therese she continued, the dinner is not until six; but the company are to have a dance on the green at two; my 'pelonaise' now; music, charades, and so forth, in the evening. The baron is quite enthusiastic about it. He is very lively, although he is old enough to be your father. Look out! Do not tear that lace! I know he is completely captivated for he said that American ladies were 'naivete,' and charming, while he looked straight at me. By-the-by, Therese, he speaks English almost as perfectly as you. Where did you learn it?

My mother was born in England, was the low reply.

Hand me my opera cloak. Don't forget to put the rest of my jewelry safely back into the drawer.

Therese, concealed behind the heavy folds of the damask curtains, watched the baron assist the smiling widow into the elegant phaeton that stood waiting to receive them.

He will marry her; but what of poor, poor Therese? she moaned as the carriage was wheeled rapidly down the avenue.

One by one she placed each sparkling ornament in the velvet case, then carefully laid it in the drawer.

He will come here day after day, and he will find me. No, I will find another home. I have baffled him once I will flee again. Poor madam! I have been so happy here! They will not return until late. I can go out, and no one will question me.

She threw her light mantle around her and stole out.

In England I could not rest, and here in this glorious land I am still a wanderer.

From the great thoroughfare she passed on until the green fields began to appear, and she soon emerged in the open country.

Hark! I hear his voice! Robert! Robert! she called, as a beautiful boy of four summers came bounding towards her.

My precious one! she said, as she fondled his silken curls.

Mamma, mamma, softly fell on her ear.

An overgrown girl came bounding forward, shouting at the top of her lungs, Robbie! Robbie! but stopped as she saw him enfolded in Therese's arms.

Come, my darling, let us go to the house, said Therese.

Auntie Greenop is out to-day remarked the girl.

When she returns tell her I am coming here to stay until I can get another place.

Why don't you have a home for you and Robbie, mamma? asked the child.

The tears were raining down the cheeks of the lister, while she pressed her hand to her heart. Long she caressed the child.

I must leave you now, darling, but tomorrow, you will see me again. Here are some bon-bons. Good-by, my darling.

The sun had sunk far below the horizon when Therese again stood in her chamber. Carefully she took down each well-worn garment, and while

heartrending sobs shook her frame she sorrowfully folded them.

It is done, she said, at length; the farewell only remains to be spoken, and again I shall be adrift on the cold, cold world.

Quickly she fastened down the lid of her trunk, and directed her steps to the boudoir. The door of the room was opened from the opposite side, and the tread of many feet resounded through the hall.

Madam and de gentleman bofe bin hurt, missis; dey are fetching 'em up stairs now, said Juno. De hosses ain't caught yet; de carriage gone to—

Baron Defareau hurt? Don't stand dare in de way; step aside till dey lay missis down.

Whiter than the coverlet on which she rested looked the fair face of Mrs. Stockton.

Do you not see that she is faint from pain and terror? Go for a physician at once, said Therese, as she bathed the brow of the sufferer.

When the physician arrived, Mrs. Stockton had recovered enough to speak. Go to the baron, Therese, she said; see that he has every care.

It was many days before Mrs. Stockton was able to leave her room. Poor Therese divided her time between waiting on her mistress and watching the slow progress of the fever that seemed to be consuming the very life-blood of the baron.

Will he live or die? thought Therese, as she bent over his attenuated form. How I could rejoice in his death! His life is in my hands. Shall I give him back to fortune, fame and health, or shall I fold my arms and see the breath that has so often cursed me go out forever? Robbie, for your sake he ought to die.

Robert, Robert! I will find her, moaned the sick man.

Call for Robert, hard-hearted father! How you would recoil if you knew whose hand administered the cooling draught to your parched lips! I almost wish it were poison. Great God what am I saying? What must I have endured to have such a thought enter my brain? Robert, Robert, your image rises before me, and I will nurse him to life again.

When the physician entered, she said,—

He is sleeping now, but it seems the deep sleep of death.

He may never awaken; prepare for the worst, said the doctor.

Do not leave me. See, even now his eyes open; he looks around, whispered Therese.

Thank God, he will live, said the doctor, while Therese hid her face in her hands.

An opiate was administered, and the patient slept. Then the doctor ordered absolute rest for the attendant whose constant care had saved the stricken man.

If I only had strength to depart, sighed Therese as she sank exhausted on her pillow. Where can I find another home? was her last waking thought.

The morning light was struggling to get through the curtained window when she awoke.

Mistress says you must not come out of yer room to-day, said Catharine as she brought in a cup of coffee and fresh rolls.

Madam is very kind, and I thank her, returned the maid. How is the baron.

He is aisy now. Mistress says she is able to look after him a bit; and Catharine bustled out of the room.

One more day's grace before I go I know not whether, How furiously madam's bell is ringing! What can she want of me? The baron must be worse! exclaimed Therese.

With feeble step the girl reached her mistress's apartment.

Where is my casket, Therese? demanded Mrs. Stockton. You alone know where I keep it. Have you displaced it?

Madam, I returned it to the secret drawer as soon as you and the baron left the house.

The eyes of Mrs. Stockton wore a strange expression as they rested on the shrinking girl.

You must have it in your possession; and her hand grasped the silken bell-cord. I shall ring for Juno; he shall search your trunk.

You cannot suspect that I would be guilty of theft? cried the affrighted maid.

No scene; here is Juno. Come with us.

Mechanically Therese looked on while every garment was ruthlessly examined.

You must not open that, she exclaimed, as Juno seized upon an elegant morocco case and was trying to find the spring to open it.

Go on, said the stern voice of the mistress.

You shall not, she cried, and gathering her falling strength she sprang forward.

My jewels are in there no doubt, said Mrs. Stockton, as the girl fell unheeded at her feet. Why—the baron's picture! What mystery is this? Has

she robbed him also? A plain gold ring, a flaxen curl; but where are my jewels? A bundle of letters; they must belong to the baron since they bear his seal! Everything is packed ready to make off with the booty. She shall not escape me! the widow said as she looked at the girl who was now reviving.

Juno, tell the porter to detain Miss Therese, should she try to leave the grounds.

Most of the day Mrs. Stockton remained by the side of the baron, but her mind constantly reverted to her missing treasures; and when night closed around her, she lay tossing uneasily on her bed.

What can I do to make her confess? she repeated again and again. 'Tis past midnight, and still I am awake. Perhaps if I turn down the gas I can sleep.

A sound as though some one was cautiously turning the knob arrested her attention.

Again I have forgotten to slide the bolt, was the widow's mental ejaculation.

The door slowly opened, and the white-robed figure of Therese glided in. She passed on until she stood by the mantel; inserting her hand behind the mirror she drew forth a package, glanced at it, then carefully replaced it, and with noiseless tread she left her mistress alone.

As soon as her fright would permit, Mrs. Stockton went to the glass, and behind it, stowed far out of sight, she found her own casket!

She has come to see if the jewels are still safe. She did not dare to secrete them in her room. Ungrateful girl.

The morning was far advanced as Mrs. Stockton stood watching Therese's slumber. A smile rested on the parted lips of the girl, and her luxuriant hair was streaming over the snow-white pillow, setting off the exquisite loveliness of her madonna-like countenance. An expression of scorn rested on madam's face as she noted her strange beauty.

Therese, she called.

The girl moved.

Therese, repeated the woman, are you feigning sleep? Arouse yourself! Madam, is it you who calls me?

Yes, and I have some unpleasant news to tell you, I have found the casket.

The casket, thank Heaven! she exclaimed. Now you will restore my package of letters and the miniature. But where did you find the jewels?

How dare you ask? Where you secrete them, and where you came in the dead hour of the night to see if they were safe.

Where I—what do you say? O madam, you mock me!

Go! leave my house! Your presence breathes naught but treachery and deceit. Go! before I have you thrust forth or yield you up to justice!

Madam, have pity; think I tried to steal your jewels, but give me back—

Give you back, shame-faced girl, the letters you took from the baron while you pretending to devote you whole time to his recovery!

Madam, as God hears me, I have never seen your casket since the day you went—

Therese, I will not stand and hear you perjure yourself; and madam turned away.

Madam, madam! shrieked the maid; but madam would not stay.

It was a long while before the baron was pronounced convalescent.

I must thank you, madam, for your care during my illness. Sometimes it seems as though an angel had offered me drink when my throat was burning with its terrible thirst.

Therese an angel! thought madam. Here are your letters, she said, anxious to divert his thoughts. And here is your picture, taken some years ago, I presume.

Where did you get that? And the letters in Robert's handwriting! Where did you get them?

Briefly she told him how Therese had concealed them.

Woman, do you know they belong to me—Therese? Where is she now?

She tried to steal from me, and I drove her forth.

Poor child, still persecuted. Why do you still flee from me when I have these weary years striven to undo the great wrong I committed? he muttered. Therese must be found at once, he said aloud.

Is it spaking of Miss Distresher ye are? said Catharine, who had been an unobserved listener instead of attending to the arrangement of the fruit on the table. It's meself who saw her standing by the window of a house way down the lane, sir, last day I went out, sir.

The excited baron could not be persuaded to send for her, but went immediately to find her.

Mamma, mamma, birdies sing, but mamma cry, said a childish voice.

Hush, child; some one comes. O God! he has found— Therese!

Do not take my boy from me, she gasped, as she clasped him to her heart.

No; I have come to restore you to your home and to your husband.

She looked at him in a dazed way. Slowly his meaning dawned upon her.

To home—to Robert. But you told me I was not his wife; and the law would protect you; that your son was not of age, and could not marry. And I his bride of only one year!

Come, Therese, do not recount your wrongs, but listen to me. No sooner had you fled with your babe than my son returned. Your letter told him all. He spurned me from him. Like a maniac he tore his hair. Gone were the visions of a brilliant alliance for him. He called aloud for his wife and child. In bitterness of heart I followed you to London, and from thence to America. Never for a moment did I give up the search. And now will you not return to the sorrowing heart that calls in vain for you?

A new light shone in her dark eye as she extended her hand to him.

Gladly will I return, but—oh! she faltered, as a sudden thought oppressed her. I cannot go, for I am branded as—how can I say it?

I know what you would say. Tell me all about it. Your character must stand before the world in its true light. You shall be righted, he said.

On his way back to Mrs. Stockton's his mind was in a chaos of joy and perplexity. Joy that his weary search was ended, and disturbed at the charge brought against Therese.

The widow sprang to the hall as the servant opened the great oaken door for him, and excitedly exclaimed,—

Have you seen her—Therese? Take me to her, that I may tell her I know she is innocent. Catharine says she came in at midnight and looked at the bottles of medicine which stood by your side, and she knew by the vacant glare of her eyes, that she was walking in her sleep! She feared to awaken her, but watched her until she went into her own apartment! I will tell her she can come back to serve me.

No need, for she is going to Europe with me,—

With you? Your wooing has progressed rapidly, she said, as a crimson flush mounted to her brow.

Therese is my son's wife! She was married to Robert more than five years ago. I separated them, and now I shall reunite them.

The widow insisted that Therese and her child should be put under her surveillance until she could prepare them for their homeward journey. And though it was hard for her to give up the idea of marrying a title, she bade them all God-speed as she waved her lace handkerchief to the happy trio who stood on the deck of the great ocean steamer that was now sailing on the harbor.

The following advertisement appeared recently in the 'N. Y. Tribune.' It must have been written by a philosopher or a first-class joker:

If the party who took my overcoat was influenced by the inclemency of the weather, all right, but if by commercial considerations, I am ready to negotiate for its return.

DURING the war of 1812, the American officer, Captain Porter, of the Essex going into flight with a vessel commanded by a noted British captain, named Winter, gave his orders as follows: My men, you see a very severe winter approaching; I have only to keep up a good fire.

A MAN who was bitten by a dog the other night, declared, as soon as he recovered from his fright, that he would kill the animal. But the dog isn't mad said the owner. Mad! shouted the victim, exasperatingly; what has he got to be mad about?

THERE are but three ways of living, as some one has said, by working, by begging, or by stealing. Those who do not work, disguise it in whatever pretty language we please, are doing one of the other two.

THE STAR.

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