

# The Star,

## And Conception Bay Semi-Weekly Advertiser.

Volume I.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Tuesday, December 10, 1872.

Number 60.

DECEMBER.						
S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
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15	16	17	18	19	20	21
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FOR SALE.

RESERVES & GROCERIES!

Just Received and For Sale by the Subscriber—

Fresh Cove OYSTERS Spiced do.

PINE APPLES PEACHES Strawberries—preserved in Syrup Brambleberries do.

—ALWAYS ON HAND—

A Choice Selection of GROCERIES. T. M. CAIRNS.

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

NOTICES.

J. HOWARD COLLIS, Dealer and Importer of ENGLISH & AMERICAN HARDWARE.

Picture Moulding, Glass

Looking Glass, Pictures

Glassware, &c., &c.

TROUTING GEAR,

(In great variety and best quality) WHOLESALE and RETAIL.

221 WATER STREET,

St. John's,

Newfoundland.

One door East of P. HUTCHINS, Esq.

N. B. --FRAMES, any size and material, made to order.

St. John's, May 10. ttf.

HARBOR GRACE

BOOK & STATIONERY DEPOT.

E. W. LYON, Proprietor,

Importer of British and American

NEWSPAPERS

—AND—

PERIODICALS.

Constantly on hand, a varied selection of

School and Account Books

Prayer and Hymn Books for different denominations

Music, Charts, Log Books, Playing Cards

French Writing Paper, Violins

Concertinas, French Musical Boxes

Albums, Initial Note Paper & Envelopes

Tissue and Drawing Paper

A large selection of Dime & Half Dime

MUSIC, &c., &c.,

Lately appointed Agent for the OTTAWA

PRINTING & LITHOGRAPH COMPANY

Also, Agent for J. LINDBERG, Manufacturing Jeweler.

A large selection of CLOCKS, WATCHES

MEERCHAUM PIPES,

PLATED WARE, and

JEWELRY of every description & style.

May 14. ttf

NOTICES.

PAINLESS! PAINLESS!! TEETH

Positively Extracted without Pain

BY THE USE OF

NITROUS OXIDE GAS.

A NEW AND PERFECTLY SAFE METHOD.

Dr. LOVEJOY & SON,

OLD PRACTITIONERS OF DENTISTRY, would respectfully offer their services to the Citizens of St. John's, and the outports.

They can be found from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., at the old residence of Dr. George W. Lovejoy, No. 9, Cathedral Hill, where they are prepared to perform all Dental Operations in the most

Scientific and Approved Method.

Dr. L. & Son would state that they were among the first to introduce the Anaesthetic (Nitrous Oxide Gas), and have extracted many thousand Teeth by its use

Without Producing pain,

with perfect satisfaction. They are still prepared to repeat the same process, which is perfectly safe even to Children. They are also prepared to insert the best Artificial Teeth from one to a whole Set in the latest and most approved style, using none but the best, such as received the highest Premiums at the world's Fair in London and Paris.

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

W. J. THOMPSON, AGENT FOR

Parsons' Purgative Pills.

G. F. BARRIS,

Blacksmith & Farrier,

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.

BANNERMAN & LYON'S

Photographic Rooms,

Corner of Bannerman and Water Streets.

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

PICTURE,

Would respectfully invite the attention of the Public to a

CALL AT THEIR ROOMS.

Which they have gone to a considerable

expense in fitting up.

Their Prices are the LOWEST

ever afforded to the Public;

And with the addition of a NEW STOCK

of INSTRUMENTS, CHEMICALS and other Material in connection with the

art, they hope to give entire satisfaction.

ALEXR. BANNERMAN, E. WILKS LYON.

Nov 5. ttf

P O E T R Y .

An Editor's Table.

The editor sat in his sanctum, His countenance furrowed with care, His mind at the bottom of business, His feet at the top of a chair: His chair-arm his elbow supporting, His right arm upholding his head, His eyes on the dusty old table, With different documents spread.

There were thirty long pages from Howler With underlined capitals topped, And a short requisition from Growler, Requesting his newspaper stopped. There were lyrics from Gusher the poet, Concerning sweet flowers and zephyrs, And a stray gem from Plodder the farmer, Describing a couple of heifers.

There were billets from beautiful maidens, And bills from a gracer or two, And his best leader hitched to a letter, Which enquired if he wrote it or who? There were raptures of praises from writers, Of the smooth and mellifluous school, And one of his rival's last papers, Informing him he was a fool.

There were several long resolutions, With name telling whom they were by Canonizing some harmless brother, Who had done nothing else than to die. There were traps on the table to catch him, And serpents to sting and to bite. There were gift enterprises to sell him, And bites attempting to bite.

There were long, startling "ads" from the city, And money with never a one, Which added "please give this an insertion." And send in your bill when you've done.

There were letters from organizations— Meetings, wants, and their laws— Which said "can you print this announcement, For the good of our glorious cause?"

There were tickets inviting his presence To festivals, parties and shows, Wrapped in notes of—"Please give us a notice!" Demurely slipped in at the close, In short, as his eye caught the table, And ran over the ink-spattered trash, There was nothing it did not encounter Excepting perhaps it was—CASH.

EXTRACTS.

What We Have Lost.

The settlement of the San Juan dispute, hinging as it did, on that piece of folly, the Ashburton Treaty, recalls fresh to our mind the many losses which New Brunswick has suffered by that imbecile document.

The eight or nine millions acres taken from the Province to swell the territory of the State of Maine were lost by the loose wording of the treaty, and the indifference manifested towards Colonial interest by Great Britain. No wonder the city of Boston honoured Lord Ashburton by naming one of her principal aristocratic streets after him. How would it sound to day to hear a new Avenue in Boston or New York called "McDonald Avenue," or "Emperor William's Court?"

And yet such a name would be no more of an insult to the honesty and integrity of the individual after whom it was named, than is that present disgrace, "Ashburton Place."

It is a mark, not of respect to the noble Lord, but of glorification over the manner in which he was over-reached. The treaties of Great Britain have all of them been fruitful of disputes, and in every case the result has been unfavorable to us. By the Treaty of 1783 disagreements arose which have not all been settled.

The evident desire of the British Commissioners to settle the disputes anyhow, was taken advantage of by the Americans, and we now have the disagreeable consequences forced upon the Dominion; while we are compelled to look on and see our rights and our territory yielded up, without being able to take one step to defend them.

The Dominion is no treaty making power. England does that for us,—but we question if the United States is sorry

for it. Better terms can be wrung out of the noble Lords from across the water than could be obtained from our practical statesmen, and it will not be till our rights are bartered away for a visionary scheme of peace, that we will be permitted to act as becomes a nation.

It is but right that we should know our position; and the fruits of the bitter lessons taught us by the lack of interest manifested by the British Cabinet in our territorial welfare, will be neither pleasant to the eye, nor grateful to the taste. Not that we ought to blame the British people, their hearts beat in unison with ours, but the whole odium must rest on the manifest desire of the Government of England to make their hold of power secure for the present.

We, in the Dominion, are far away from British power; we have no presence there to argue our cause; we are not known as well as the monied British citizens of India and the East, and as a consequence our power is not fully understood. Our rights are not in our own keeping, our strength is not appreciated, and our manhood has never been honestly asserted.

England's policy in America has always been a mistaken one, and if we have no republicanism in our midst, it is due, not to the work of England's Government, but to the pure loyalty that abides in our hearts.

Our ideas may be conservative in this respect, we desire British connection; they are republican so far as they demand local independence.

We have been compelled to assume the responsibility of our own interests, we demand the management and control thereof.

Now that the Dominion is formed let us hope that England will not negotiate future treaties with the United States through the hands of men who know nothing of the interests at stake, but will refer the matter to our statesmen whose education and training must of necessity fit them for the proper understanding of such business.

We hope that we will soon hear the last of these disputes, and that British officials will learn a lesson from the mistakes of the past; and leave American questions to the control of those who know how to settle them.—Colonial Farmer.

A Small Pox Remedy.

The following statement of a correspondent of the Stockholm (Cal) Herald has been going the rounds of the papers. An ex-Californian says he has seen it tested with entire success. We reproduce it therefore for what it is worth.

I herewith append a recipe which has been used to my knowledge in hundreds of cases. It will prevent and cure Small Pox through the fitting and filling. When Jenner discovered Cow Pox in England the world of science hurried an avalanche of fame upon his head; but when the most scientific school of Medicine in the world—that of Paris—published this recipe as a panacea for Small Pox, it passed unheeded. It is as unerring as fate and conquers in every instance. It is harmless when taken by a well person. It will also cure Scarlet Fever, here is the recipe as I have used it and cured my children of the Scarlet Fever. Here it is as I have used it to cure Small Pox when learned Physicians said the patient must die—it cured. Sulphate of Zinc one grain, Fox glove (digitals) one grain, half a teaspoonful of sugar; mixed with two table spoonfuls of water; when thoroughly mixed add four oz. of water. Take a spoonful every hour, either disease will disappear in twelve hours. For a child smaller doses, according to age. If countries would compel their Physicians to use this, there would be no need of Pest Houses. If you value advice and experience, use this for that troublesome disease.—Cape Breton Advocate.

Making His Way.

To one who observes and reflects, there can hardly be a more interesting and touching spectacle, than a young man just beginning to make his way through the world.

Hitherto, except among those unfortunate outcasts who are, happily, greatly in the minority—at least in America—he has a home of some kind, and a certain amount of care and education. But now he is a man—he must himself provide all that he needs of food, shelter, and clothing, and if he has no other wants than these, must himself supply them.

If he is content with very humble occu-

pation, the cares of life will not be great. A "hewer of wood" can find employment in any part of the world; and though his manual labors will be tedious and wearisome, yet his brain will not be tortured to think and plan for the exigencies of life.

But in this country few are satisfied to hold what is considered an inferior position; to do work which anyone can do because it does not require mental ability or education, but only physical training and practice. Nearly every one aims to "do better" than their parent's did; even the unlettered peasants who emigrate from countries where they and their ancestors have gone on in one beaten track for centuries, nor believed that learning and riches could be possible to one of their class—when they have reached our land of liberty and breathed our domestic air, they put their children in our schools, while they toil and strain every nerve, and stint themselves in every way to educate the children and fit them for what is considered an easy life with better pay than the parents had.

At last the young man is started in business; a place is secured for him with a salary which supplies his immediate wants; he has friends, he has a home, or a temporary substitute for home; he has an opportunity to "make his way," to win a high position for himself, perhaps riches and enduring fame. What better beginning had Shakespeare, the son of a butcher, or our Ben Jonson, who began life as a mason and helper with his trowel to build Lincoln's Inn; or Dr. Livingstone, the celebrated missionary traveler, who, in youth, was a weaver; or the scientific philosopher, Michael Faraday, who was early apprenticed to a book-binder, and worked at that trade until he was twenty-one; or Adrian VI, whose father was a bargeman, and so poor that the son, after working all day, was obliged to study at night by the street lamps.

The majority of famous men, and in this country the majority of rich men, have risen from the humblest ranks. For however poor in material possessions a young man may be, he has always the glorious legacy of youth—Hope. If then, he has also aspiration, energy, and firm determination to succeed, he will ultimately reach his mark, however high he has placed it.

But, ah! how many hindrances and obstacles will beset him, and shake him, and try to swerve him from his purpose. His pay is very small, and his wants are many and great. His work is confining and tedious, and he longs for freedom. He thinks of the many years which must be spent in the same hard, plodding way, and sighs with discouragement.

He is also tempted in many ways; the importance attached to show and style of living, to elegant clothes and handsome jewelry, by even the best people, is constantly forced upon him. They preach to the young of self-denial and humanity; but do they practice these virtues? They declare that they respect a man for what he is? Observe the ladies and gentlemen who stand high in society when they are not among strangers, do they not treat with a little more courtesy and a little more deference, the man or the woman who is well dressed, than the one who is not? Is there not at least a tone of patronage, a shade of superiority in their manner towards a shabby-looking stranger, which proves that they are judging by the clothes?

While highly bred and excellent people unconsciously treat a poor, young man in this way, what savage rudeness, what contemptuous tyranny most men and women exhibit towards him, at the same time that he sees them show abject humility and servile flattery to those who are more ostentatious and better dressed than themselves.

He perceives the importance generally attached to appearances, and knowing that some of his companions, who get no better pay than himself, are able to dress fashionably, and make a show in living, he is tempted to use the same secret and disreputable means which they employ to gain money more quickly, and "live in style" during youth, instead of plodding wearily and patiently through all rebuffs and discouragements to middle age. For any honest man who is poor, very rarely attains success in any business or profession before he is forty years old.

And for the very few who succeed, what vast numbers utterly fail.

Therefore, a young man at the beginning of life awakens our friendly solicitude and interest, since we know from

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I had pictured him  
I tried to forget  
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pleasing acquaint-  
and the sweet girl  
is my hand, if you  
ed you ever since  
was the queen of

... OUR NEXT.]

STAR

ON BAY SEMI-  
VERTISER,

... ed by the Proprie-  
Parsons and Wit-  
at their Office, (op-  
of Capt. D. Green,  
or Grace, Newfound-

... THREE DOLLARS per  
half-yearly.  
... erted on the most  
-per square of seven-  
insertion, \$1; each  
nts.

... ing executed in a  
to afford the utmost

Y T S.

... Mr. J. Foots.  
" W. Horwood.  
" R. Simpson.  
" C. Rendell.  
" B. Miller.  
" J. Miller.  
" H. J. Watts.  
" Jno. Edgcombe.

THE STAR.

experience that "Not what I have, but what I do, is my kingdom." The man who wrote those excellent words—Thomas Carlyle—was a poor boy, and now, though he has not acquired money, has won for himself universal respect and an enviable fame.

Quotations.

It is pretty nearly time now for the "melancholy days" to make their appearance in the newspapers. The staid and unrelenting regularity which the "melancholy days" paragraph goes upon its annual round is edifying. There would appear to be certain quotations and certain paragraphs that are the inalienable right of journalism, and they are used with unflagging industry. Just now the story of a man who swallowed a hazzard in a glass of water, and ejected it in an animated condition years after, is going the round of the country papers, and this, of course, will be followed by that of the young lady who swallowed a paper of needles, and was somewhat surprised to find these useful articles of domestic economy coming out of various portions of her body. The scientific paragraph, in regard to the manufacture of tobacco from potato leaves, has been, at rest for some time now, and will probably soon be resuscitated.

"Thought lost to sight, to memory dear," remains a standing contradiction by being forever in sight, and (the "happiest moment of my life" is still a source of unhappiness to others. "The pen is mightier than the sword" still intimidates the reader of the country journal by the omission of the context, "Beneath the sway of men entirely great"—and quotations and paragraphs are going on thus, without stint, to their own contradiction and the contradiction of mankind generally. Still the quotations do a certain amount of good, in their way, by, in some instances, sending the reader to their source—and the Munchausen love for fiction and a childlike faith in journalistic veracity.

Death of Horace Greeley.

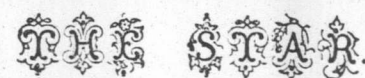
The Tribune furnishes the following account of his illness and death:—

"So far as any of his associates knew, Mr. Greeley was in almost as good health as usual, when on the day after the election he wrote the card announcing his resumption of the editorial charge of the Tribune. His sleeplessness was known to have become greatly worse, but for years he had suffered more or less from the same difficulty, and as is now clear, sufficient allowance had not been made for the intense strain on him throughout the summer, especially during the last month of his wife's illness; but it soon became evident that his strength was unequal to the hard task to which he set himself. He wrote only three or four careful articles, no one of them being half column in length. The most notable, perhaps, was that entitled "Conclusions," wherein he summed up his views of the canvass. In all he wrote less than three and a half columns after his return, contributing to only four issues of the paper. Two or three times he handed his assistant short articles saying: "There is an idea worth using, but I haven't felt able to work it out properly. You had better put it in shape." At last on Tuesday, the 12 inst., he abandoned the effort to visit the office regularly and sent for the family physician of Mr. A. J. Johnson, the friend with whom he was a guest, and in whose house his wife had died. Every effort was made to induce sleep, but he grew steadily worse, until it became evident that his case was critical. Dr. George C. S. Choate and others were called in consultation, and finally it was decided to take him to Dr. Choate's residence, two or three miles distant from Mr. Greeley's own country home at Chappaqua. Here he received the unintermitting attention of Dr. Choate, and here Drs. Brown, Squard and others were called in consultation. The insomnia had developed into inflammation of the brain, and under this the venerated patient rapidly sank. At times he was delirious and at other times as clear headed as ever. He lost flesh and strength with surprising rapidity, and in a few days the possibility of his speedy death forced itself into unwilling recognition. It was not, however, until Thursday last that his associates and family brought themselves to admit it, and even then they clung to their faith in the vigor of his constitution. On Wednesday night he failed very rapidly. On Thursday afternoon and evening he seemed somewhat easier. During the night he slept very uneasily, muttering occasionally and frequently raising his right hand. Towards morning he was more quiet, and between eight and nine o'clock fell into nearly an unconscious condition, which continued, with some intervals, through the day. He made occasional exclamations, but many of them, in consequence of his extreme weakness and apparent inability to finish what he began, were unintelligible. About noon, however, he said quite distinctly and with some force, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." During the day he recognized various people, his daughters many times, the members of his household at Chappaqua, Mr. John R. Stuart and Mr. Reed. On the whole he suffered little—seemed to have no more than the ordinary restlessness which accompanies the last stage of disease. During the day his extremities were cold and there was no pulse at wrist. The action of the heart was very intermittent and was constantly diminishing in force.

He had not asked for water or been willing to drink it since his stay at Dr. Choate's, but during Friday he asked for it frequently. Up to within half an hour of the end he manifested in various ways his consciousness of what was going on around him and even answered in monosyllables and intelligently questions addressed to him. About half-past three he said very distinctly, "It is done," and beyond the briefest answer to questions this was his last utterance. His youngest daughter, Miss Gabrielle, was with him throughout Thursday evening, and all Friday the elder daughter, Miss Ida, was in constant attendance as she had been during the whole of his illness and of Mrs. Greeley's before him. Other members of his Chappaqua household were present with Mr. and Mrs. John R. Stewart and a few other friends. Nothing that science or affection could suggest was wanting to ease the last hours.

The wintry night had fairly set in when the inevitable hour came. Without sleighs were running to and fro bearing to Chappaqua, the nearest telegraph station, the latest bulletins which thousands of anxious hearts in the great city near by kept demanding. Within, the daughter and a few others stood near the dying man, who remained conscious and seemingly free from pain, though now too weak to speak. In the adjoining room sat one or two more friends and the physician. At ten minutes before seven o'clock the watchers drew back in reverent stillness from the bedside. The great editor was gone, in peace, after so many struggles; in honor, after so much obloquy.

The Emperor of China was married on the 16th of October.



HARBOR GRACE, DECEMBER 10, 1872

THE "Temperance Journal" of Friday at great length evades very cunningly, and in a grossly insulting manner our justly condemnatory remarks in a late number, regarding its pointing in a scandalous manner to the death of a late citizen. While denouncing as frequently as our space permits, the evils of intemperance, and the necessity of abolishing alcohol from our midst, we will never have it said of us, that we published for public gaze that so and so, stupid fellow, died of excessive drinking. No, if we have nothing good to say of a deceased friend, we will at all events be reticent of his faults. We do not wish it to be understood that these faults or failings should altogether be suppressed, but that we will, as we are ever doing, revert to the sad results of drinking habits in a general way, without personifying in particular any citizen, and are confident that more real good will be done in this way, than in the egregious manner adopted by the "Temperance Journal."

The following questions are put to us, which we reply to briefly, our space being as valuable as that of our contemporary:—

T. J. Is the "Star" waiting to bury in approved style the poor drunkard, and the many in Harbor Grace who are passing away, or why don't it speak now?

Ans. We are ever exhorting all to shun intoxicating drink and holding up total abstinence as the only chance of escape from its baneful grasp.

T. J. Rum interest too strong, "Star?" No, definitely, no. The question is impertinent and deserves no answer.

T. J. Harbor Grace quite a model town, "Star?"

Ans. Yes, indeed, in comparison with the Metropolis, it is emphatically a "model town."

T. J. No extensive night drinking, "Star?"

Ans. There is more of that in your own neighborhood; see to it; publish the names of such and otherwise scandalize society in general.

T. J. No young men getting ruined, "Star?"

Ans. Possibly; where are there not? T. J. You know we mustn't speak of a man after he is dead. What about the dying, "Star?"

Ans. We hold our own views on that matter; there are various ways of reasoning with a dying man, and by God's help saving him if not for this life, for that which is to come.

T. J. When will the "Star" speak about these things, we wonder, and what will it say?

Ans. We have spoken, and will ever speak out against the seductive and soul-destroying influence of strong drink, bearing in mind that it is a duty incumbent on us as well-wishers of our fellow men. But now adieu, "Journal!" when next you refer to any such matters as this, do it civilly, not mere mouthing, but show your sympathy for the bereaved in a true and generous light, which no one will mistake.

Messrs. Pulton & Munn's barque, the "Fleetwing" arrived here yesterday evening from New York. This fine vessel, now under the command of Captain James Pike, made the passage in 6 days, and 4 hours; the quickest run we believe on record made by any sailing vessel from thence to this port. Captain Pike has of late made some very fast voyages, and trust fortune may long favour him in his nautical career.

It is satisfactory to notice that the dangerous descent of Cooperage Hill is to-day being made safe, by surrounding the large hole recently complained of by pickets. Other inconveniences are also having attention. This is creditable to those in authority, and we trust no further complaints will at least for a time be made against them.

From New York papers we notice the all-absorbing topic is a great scandal case. It appears that Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull and Miss Tennie C. Clafin, of Women's Rights notoriety, have been arrested on a charge of circulating obscene literature through the United States mails. The immoral literature referred to, is a publication of their own, entitled, "Woodhull & Clafin's Weekly," in which the characters of several gentlemen—the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher amongst them—involving the reputation of several young ladies of good connection, are scandalously attacked. They are now in prison awaiting trial, having refused the bail money, \$8000 in each case, kindly offered by George Francis Train, in the following words:

"I will go bail. I am satisfied the cowardly Christian community will destroy you, if possible, to cover up the rotten state of society."

To which they replied that it was what might be expected from a man not afraid of nations and thrones, but conscious of right, signified their intention to remain in prison, not forgetting that he was the first to come to their aid. It is anticipated many strange disclosures will be elicited at the trial.

THE following beautiful tribute to the memory of Mr. Robert B. Comer, a native of this town, we take from the Dedham (Massachusetts) "Transcript." The deceased will be remembered by many as a young man of promise, who was respected and esteemed alike at home and abroad by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. While regretting his decease, it is with no little feeling of pride that we recognize the fact of strangers in a foreign land appreciated so highly, and bearing testimony to the estimable qualities of our late friend. We beg to tender to his sorrowing relatives our heartfelt sympathy:—

Robert B. Comer.—We cannot seem to realize the fact that he whose name heads this paragraph has passed a way, for his light step, his cheerful face, and friendly voice seem to be still with us, and we cannot make him dead. Mr. Comer was a native of Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, but learned the routine of a printer's life in Cambridge. He enlisted at the breaking out of the war in the Navy, and was aboard the ill-fated Congress in Hampton Roads at the time of the celebrated attack by the Merrimack. From the time of his leaving the service up to his death, which occurred at the residence of Mr. H. H. McQuillen, in this village, on Friday of last week, we knew him, and his many sterling points won our heart's regard. As a friend we watched his star in hopes and anticipations, and in sorrow did we note its setting. His disease was pulmonary consumption, and his age was 34. Mr. Comer was a member of Bethesda Lodge of Odd Fellows in South Boston, and a delegation of the order attended his funeral, which took place on Sunday. The services were performed by their Chaplain. He was buried in Dedham, at his own request. The floral offerings at the funeral were most chaste and elaborate, evincing fine taste on the part of those who contributed and arranged them.

The "Chronicle" of Thursday last publishes the following memorial to the Government on the subject of a new arrangement for steam service:—

To HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR IN COUNCIL,

The Memorial of the undersigned Merchants and others of St. John's.

HUMBLY SHERETH,

That we are fully sensible of the advantages to the community of the Monthly Mail service established by act of the Government during the present summer.

That understanding that the Picotou service has been abolished, the way is now open to put the whole Mail arrangements on a most satisfactory footing.

That we are of opinion that an extension of the present Ocean Service into a fortnightly Service, with a suitable safety

wooden boat to do the winter service between this and Halifax, would best meet the wants and requirements of the trade and travelling public.

That this arrangement would fully meet all our needs as regards the supplies from Halifax, which chiefly come in the winter season.

Praying a favorable consideration of the premises, as in duty bound your Memorialists will ever pray.

Signed,

Edwin Duder, J & W Stewart, Phillip Hutchins, W Grieve & Co., N Stabb & Sons, Bowring Bros., Bishop of Newfoundland, Job, Bros & Co., E Smith & Co., David Slater, David Baird, G. Elmsly, Ayre & Marshal, James Baird, P. & L. Tessier, Goodfellow & Co., Baine, Johnston and Co., R Prowse & Sons, J T J Power, L O'Brien & Co., R Brown, H W Hoyle, C J B Robinson, J S C, J Hayward, J S C, G T Rendell, A J W McNelly, J Seaton, J N Finlay, T McConnan, J F Chisholm, P Hogan, J O'Donnell, Wm. Kitchen, A & R Blackwood, W P Walsh, M W Walbank, H J B Wood, R J Kent, G Gear, Ed Maher, J Murray, G Browning & Son, M D Morrison, C Rankin, P McCourt, J Hogan, R Neyle, R Peace & Co., J & T Hearn, James Fox, Wm D Hally, James Gleeson, S March & Sons, John Tarrain W V Whiteway, R J Pinsent, Jr., J S Winter, J J Dearin, James Bryden, Berney & Fitzgibbon, J O Dwyer, Sillers & Cairns, McDougall & Templeton, Jeffrey Lash, J Rowe, W Wheatly, Shirran, Pippy & Co., Jas. & Wm. Boyd, William & Laurence Parker, Michael Tobin, Boyd & McDougal, W White, J Steer, C Duder, C McPherson, G J Bond, J McMillan, A Goodridge & Sons, J A Whiteford, T McMurdo & Co, P Jordan & Sons, M Fenelon, T Farrell, J Collis, W M Barnes, C Crowdy, M Harvey, A Graham, P Cleary P Brennan, C F Ansel, N Thomas.

Reply.

GENTLEMEN—

I am, with you, fully sensible of the advantages to the Colony of the Monthly Mail service recently established by the Government with Great Britain, and believe that its extension to a fortnightly Ocean Service, with a suitable boat to perform the winter voyages between St. John's and Halifax, would be fraught with incalculable benefits to our entire Community.

As no Mail contract now exists here except that with the Montreal Ocean Steam Ship Company, and those for the Coastal Services, I shall have great gratification in referring to the Executive Council the Memorial which you have been pleased to hand me addressed to the Governor in Council.

I feel assured that my advisers will accord to your address that careful consideration which is due to the number and status of the names attached to it, and the reasonable nature of its request.

On my part, I have much pleasure in stating that your views shall have my warmest support.

(Signed),

STEPHEN J. HILL.

Government House, Newfoundland, 2nd December, 1872.

By Authority.—His Excellency the Governor in Council has been pleased to appoint Israel L. McNeil, J. P., Esq., Dr. Nelson, and Michael Dwyer, J. P., Esq., to be additional Members of the Board of Health at Carbonear.

Secretary's Office, 3rd December, 1872.—Gazette.

We have been requested to publish the following list of Members of the Harbor Grace Board of Health:—

Israel L. McNeil, J. P., Esq., Wm. Allan, Esq., M. D., John Munn, Esq., M. H. A., Thomas H. Ridley, Esq., Hon. W. J. S. Donnelly, James L. Prendergast, Esq., George Rutherford, Esq., Lewis W. Emerson, Esq.—Ibid

NEWS ITEMS.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF LONGEVITY.—There died recently at Kenyon, county of Glengarry, Ont., a woman named Ann Campbell, at the extraordinary advanced age of 130 years. From particulars furnished to us by a correspondent, we learn that Ann was born in the parish of Bracadale, in Skye, Scotland, in 1742, exactly three years before the hopes of Prince Charlie were extinguished on Calloden Moor. While living in Skye she was engaged as dairy-maid in the families of some of the most well known gentlemen on that Island. In 1830 she emigrated to Canada and took up her abode in Kenyon, where she remained till her death. The deceased retained all her faculties to the last moment, and only a few days before her death was engaged in attending to dairy duties. Deceased always enjoyed good health, and had reluctance to see any medical gentleman except when any friendly business demanded it. Her death is mourned by a large circle of friends in Kenyon and elsewhere.—[N. Y. Witness.]



Latest Despatches.

MONTREAL, Dec. 31.

German society of Montreal are taking steps to induce immigration of their countrymen to the Dominion. The government affording assistance and grants of land in Manitoba.

TORONTO, 3.

S. H. Blake, Q. C., brother of the late premier succeeds to the Vice-Chancellorship of Ontario.

Mr. Morris, late Chief Justice of Manitoba has been appointed Lieutenant Governor of that Province.

LONDON, 2.

All the stokers employed by four or five of the largest gas companies in the city have struck work ostensibly because two of their numbers were unjustly dismissed.

The directors of the companies warn the public to use as little gas as possible until the trouble is ended.

NEW YORK, 3.

Justice Nelson of the United States Supreme Court has resigned.

General Banks yesterday tendered his resignation as Member of the Committee of Foreign Affairs, but the house refused to accept it.

The will of Mr. and Mrs. Greeley is in possession of the surrogate of West Chester leaving all his property, real and personal, to the two daughters.

The trial of Tweed is expected to begin to-day.

The British, French, Spanish, and Austrian ministers, all express satisfaction with the President's message, as do the other Foreign diplomats in Washington.

If the weather be pleasant to-morrow the funeral of Mr. Greeley will be the largest ever attended in New York, except that of President Lincoln.

Mr. Chapin's church is being heavily draped over the pulpit, being an arch of flowers with the words, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and the pew of the deceased is covered with black.

A harp with a broken string occupies the place of Mr. Greeley. Addresses will be delivered by Mr. Beecher, and Mr. Chapin, and Miss Kellogg will sing "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

President Grant is expected to be present. The citizens of Brooklyn will erect a \$23,000 monument to Mr. Greeley, in Prospect Park.

Gold 112 3/4.

LONDON, 3.

The Press generally comment on the message of President Grant.

A fire at Auckland, New Zealand, destroyed £250,000 worth of buildings and other property.

The French Assembly will divide into two great parties, Left and Right, for the election on Thursday of a committee of thirty, proposed by Minister Dufue.

The ministry of the Interior was tendered to Dufue, but he has declined to accept it.

Demonstrations were made at the tombs of Paul de Cavignac and Baudin in Paris on Monday. There was no interference of the authorities.

LONDON, 4.

The steamship "Cresswell" from Plymouth for Cork, was lost during her voyage, and 21 of her passengers and crew perished.

The stokers are on strike, and meanwhile the absence of gas is very severely felt throughout London. Last night the city was in partial darkness, and several theatres were compelled to omit performance.

There are no lights whatever in the underground railway.

Two thousand striking stokers assembled to-day in Trafalgar Square, and after hearing addresses from several of their leaders, formed in marching order, and paraded through several streets.

The weather throughout England is fair.

Bank rate 6 per cent.

NEW YORK, 4.

The remains of Horace Greeley laid in state at the City Hall yesterday, and tens of thousands of all classes paid the last tribute of respect to them. The funeral to-day will be one of the most impressive ever held in America. The President will attend, and a number of distinguished persons from all parts of the Union.

The authorities have requested a general suspension of business in the city during the day.

The creeks, canals, and lakes at Buffalo are still open about the harbor practically at an... The sudden navigation at Detroit to trade... in and several... Ward Hunt, appointed to the Supreme Court, son.

Gold 112 3/4

The funeral of President Grant and Vice-President members of the... ed people from... try. Henry W. Chapin, delivery mains were taken try.

The Brig Newfoundland, wrecked at Ing... The captain was... were saved, and... Investigation still continues... that there is... those used as... dated. There is litt... Legislature... Evidence as... C. Ancher, so... cumulating.

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Large portio... ness. The ga... ed, owing to... inhabitants ar... and dread, an... strikers is ve... Palace is to be... factured from... The numb... Liverpool dur... previous month... The Right... rejects the pro... removal of the... to the people... A meeting o... was held to-d... by Gambetta i... tion of the Ass... end were abso... The loss of o... "tan" is untru... pool safely.

NEW YORK

STARBUCK I... PAPER.—We... ing letter from... paying patrons... my paper for... to. I do not... I do not want... "old bore tha... house, regardl... stances, to sit... or four times... and who is a th... to take a doz... take one. If... shall send for

WITHOUT I... remarkable cas... number of the... In 1869, Dr. H... ed the whole r... men named R... a gangrenous e... tion the girl w... Heather Bigg... of automatic ha... at the will of... mitted her to g... jects as a croc... been enabled t... ably by makin... ficial legs allow... of crutches. S... lent hand, besi... dressing. On... presented to... her £5.

THE Newfo... the St. John... ports that atte... the coal fields... Numerous licen... of late, and it... exploring parti... coal in the loc... gulator from M... land lately, ar... right of search... near Crabb's B... geologist, a... thirty years ag... which he was t... "cannel," of... his opinion pro... covery will be... paper.]

THE STAR.

falo are still open and vessels are moving about the harbor, yet navigation is practically at an end.

The sudden and early closing of navigation at Detroit, will prove disastrous to trade. Many vessels are frozen in and several lost.

Ward Hunt, of New York, has been appointed to the bench of United States Supreme Court, vacated by Justice Nelson.

Gold 112 3-4; slight exchange 10. The funeral of Mr. Greeley attracted an immense assemblage, including President Grant, Vice-President Colfax, and Vice-President, elect Wilson, and members of the Cabinet, and distinguished people from all sections of the country. Henry Ward Beecher and Dr. Chapin, delivered addresses. The remains were taken to Greenwood Cemetery.

SYDNEY, C. B., 5. The Brig "Bertha" of St. John's Newfoundland, Captain Pippy, was wrecked at Ingonish on the 30th ult. The captain was drowned. The crew were saved, and brought here destitute.

MONTREAL, 5. Investigation into the fire brigade still continues. It has been established that there is want of discipline, and the hose used at the late fires was delapidated.

There is little doing in the Quebec Legislature.

Evidence as to disqualification of Mr. C. Anchon, setting in the house, is accumulating.

LONDON, 4. Large portions of the city are in darkness. The gas having been extinguished, owing to the stokers' strike. The inhabitants are filled with consternation and dread, and the irritation against the strikers is very great. The Crystal Palace is to be lighted by gas, manufactured from petroleum.

The number of emigrants that left Liverpool during November exceed the previous month by 2,000.

The Right in the French Assembly rejects the proposition for even partial removal of the Assembly by an appeal to the people.

A meeting of the party of the Left was held to-day, at which after a speech by Gambetta in advocacy of a dissolution of the Assembly, measures to that end were absolutely insisted upon.

The loss of the steamship "Dalman-tan" is untrue, she has reached Liverpool safely.

NEW YORK, 5.—Gold 112 7-8.

STRANGE REASON FOR STOPPING A PAPER.—We have received the following letter from one of our old and prompt-paying patrons:—"Please discontinue my paper for the time I have paid up to. I do not stop THE STAR because I do not want it, but to get rid of an old bore that intrudes himself in my house, regardless of time and circumstances, to sit for an hour or two, three or four times a week; to read my papers, and who is a thousand times more able to take a dozen papers than I am to take one. If the nuisance is stopped, I shall send for the paper again."

WITHOUT LEGS OR ARMS.—Rather a remarkable case is mentioned in a late number of the "British Medical Journal." In 1869, Dr. Bigg, of Dundee, amputated the whole extremities of a young woman named Robertson, as they were in a gangrenous condition. After the operation the girl went to London, where Mr. Heather Bigg constructed for her a pair of automatic hands, opening and shutting at the will of the patient. This permitted her to grasp even so small an object as a crochet-needle, so that she has been enabled to support herself comfortably by making shawls &c. The artificial legs allow her to walk with the aid of crutches. She now writes an excellent hand, besides knitting, feeding and dressing. One of her shawls has been presented to the Queen, who sent her £5.

THE Newfoundland correspondent of the St. John, N. B. "Telegraph" reports that attention is being turned to the coal fields about St. George's Bay. Numerous licenses have been taken out of late, and it is expected that next year exploring parties will be out boring for coal in the locality designated.

A speculator from Montreal visited Newfoundland lately, and took out licenses for right of search over fifteen square miles, near Crabb's River. Jukes, the eminent geologist, who visited this region thirty years ago, pronounced the coal, which he was the first to discover, to be "annel," of excellent quality. Should his opinion prove to be correct, this discovery will be of great value.—[Halifax paper.]

[FOR THE HARBOR GRACE STAR.]

The Cognac Brandy, Oh!

Oh, the Cognac Brandy, oh! Waiting our presence wherever we go, Kept in the bar rooms on every street, Seen on the noses of many you meet; Dancing, moping, falling along, See the gay sports who 'go for it' strong. Sometimes they run 'gainst a fair lady's cheek, Then cling to the lamp post in frolicsome freak; Beautiful Brandy, how you I love, Tho' from your clutches unable to move.

Oh, the Cognac Brandy, oh! How the boys stagger and fall as they go; Running around in their maddening fun, They speak to and laugh with every one, Rushing, pushing, staggering by, They occasionally fall and injure their eye; And the dogs with sharp teeth and a vigorous bound, Snap at the rummies who tumble around. The town is alive, but I really don't know How many detectives the city can show.

How fast the sober men hurry along, Thankful they do not indulge quite so strong.

How the gay boys the street corners pass by, Visible only ere humbly they lie Down in the gutter, and then they must go.

Either in mud or the "Beautiful Snow," Liquor so pure from the grape or the rye, To make a man sick with a pain in his eye, And merit a kicking from merciless feet, Till he falls in the filth on the horrible street.

One night I slept on the wharf, but I fell; The effects of that fall I remember quite well.

Fell in the water for fishes to eat, But I fooled them, I guess, for I beat a retreat.

Dripping, ripping, fearing to lie "Out in the cold," for I'd freeze and I'd die.

Thinking I'd purchase a morsel of bread, I made a mistake and got Brandy instead. Shades of O'Shanter, how good it did do, But it made me as drunk as poor Toodles, I know.

Once I was drunk as at present, I trow, With a nose red as fire, most painful to blow.

How many blossoms I had on my face Can only be known by men in my place. Thomas, Billy, Patsy, all, Jamie and myself did most earnestly bawl;

But a city policeman I spied with my eye, And I staggered aside lest he'd wander too nigh;

For if we remained there I certain did know, We would down to the Station House all have to go.

How strange it would be, for I'm drunk now I know, If I hurried straight home and my wife saw her Joe! How strange it would be if when night comes again, I found myself shaking a handful of chain, Swiping, gripping, lying alone, For my friends long ago had left me for home. I'm going to sleep on the street very sound, (No I hairet) so here goes for a desperate bound; Though I hardly consider it prudent to go, Because I can't walk on the "Beautiful Snow."

J. B. HOWARD.

MARRIED.

At Catalina, on the 27th ult., by the Rev. William Veitch, Mr. Joseph Guy of that place, to Juliana, youngest daughter of Mr. Michael Gould of Carbonear.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF HARBOR GRACE.

ENTERED.

Dec. 10.—Fleetwing, Pike, New York, provisions.—Punton & Munn. Kate, McCarthy, Sydney, coal.—Thomas Lynch.

J. Mellis,

TAILOR & CLOTHIER, 208, Water Street, St. John's. 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. 1yt

CAUTION!

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

ROBERT MORRIS.

Dec. 10.

NOTICE.

Bazaar!

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

Dec. 6.

REV. C. LADNER.

Union Bank of Newfoundland.

THE Directors hereby give notice that a Dividend on the Capital Stock of the Company, at the rate of twelve per cent. per annum, for the half year ending 30th Nov., 1872, will be payable at the Banking House, in Duckworth Street, on and after THURSDAY next, the 5th inst. (By order of the Board.)

Dec. 3.

JOHN W. SMITH, Manager.

CAUTION!

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

Nov. 13, 1872.

Nov. 13, 1872.

FOR SALE!

BY THE SUBSCRIBER— 1 Good Horse 1 Set Harness 1 Cart 1 Dray, and 1 Catamaran.

Dec. 3.

JAMES POWER.

A Dwelling House

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

Oct. 29.

JAMES POWER.



General Post Office Notice.

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

Dec. 3.

JOHN DELANEY, P. M. G.

Dec. 3.

JOHN DELANEY, P. M. G.

W. H. THOMPSON,

AGENT FOR Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

NOTICES.

HARBOR GRACE MEDICAL HALL.

W. H. THOMPSON,

PROPRIETOR,

HAS ALWAYS ON HAND A CAREFULLY SELECTED STOCK OF

Drugs, Medicines, Dry Paints, Oils, &c., &c.,

And nearly every article in his line that is recommendable:

- Gallup's Floriline for the Teeth and Breath
Keating's Worm Tablets
" Cough Lozenges
Rowland's Odonto
Oxley's Essence of Ginger
Lamplough's yretic Saline
Pawell's Balsam Anised
Medicamentum (stamped)
British Oil
Balsam of Life
Chlorodyne
Mexican Mustang Liniment
Steer's Opodilloc
Radway's Ready Relief
Arnold's Balsam
Murray's Fluid Magnesia
" Acidulated Syrup
S. A. Allen's Hair Restorer
Rossiter's "
Ayer's Hair Vigor
" Sarsaparilla
" Cherry Pectoral
Pickles, French Capers, Sauces
Soothing Syrup
Kaye's Coaguiline
India Rubber Sponge
Teething Rings
Sponge, Tooth Cloths
Nail, Shoe and Stove Brushes
Widow Welch's Pills
Cockle's "
Holloway's "
Norton's "
Hunt's "
Morrison's "
Radway's "
Ayer's "
Parsons' "
Jaynes' "
Holloway's Ointment
Adams' Indian Salve
Russia Salve

All the above proprietary articles bear the Government Stamp, without which none are genuine.
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. tft

FOR SALE.

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

DANIEL FITZGERALD.
Sept. 13. tft

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

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

Give Him a Lift.

Oh, the blessings the world might have, If the stewards the germs would save; Every gift, every good attain...

Yonder lad with the beaming eye, Pressing on with a stifled sigh, Seeking the good from the ill to sift...

That young girl who is peering round! Softly treading the dangerous ground, Looking ahead for the beacon-light...

See that wreck on the sea of life, Nearly swamped by the waves of strife! Stay not to count every spot you see...

There is one who has done his best, And he toils with no hope of rest! Ye who can ride all your life at ease...

A few steps may suffice, at most; Just an effort—that is not lost! Saving the wasting of years through care...

Not to pamper a wild desire— Just the aid that they each require; Some in the shade, and others in sun...

Oh! the blessing—the heavenly dower! Oh, the glorious gift of power! Which shall the true in the truth retain...

SELECT STORY.

A Sister's Love.

[CONCLUDED.]

Ethel, bless you, darling, for these words. If I could regard you less because your first affections were misplaced...

Hush, Earnest, Amy is an angel now. 'Tis wrong to wish her back on earth. Perhaps from some bright world afar she smiles upon us now.

Long did Earnest linger in the little parlor at the side of his idol, but rising to go when the lateness of the hour warned him, he pressed the white hand which Ethel extended to his lips, and was gone.

Earnest Raymond and his beautiful bride were among the first arrivals at a delightful mountain house near the Hudson. Young ladies had frowned on the beauty of Ethel, fearing a new belle...

The first evening of her arrival, Ethel stood on the porch of her hotel, when in the parlor near she heard a gentleman say—

So, George, she is the girl you made such a fuss about in that little out-of-the-way village, about five years ago.

Yes, Hal, Mrs. Raymond is the beautiful Ethel I loved, and never ceased to love. You may well start with surprise. Because she did her duty, I gave her up. I have frolicked about for five years, without dreaming she could marry anyone...

Both gentlemen arose. Ethel had heard every word, but as her husband then approached, she placed her hand lovingly in his, and thought—

Had I married him instead of you, Oh, I shudder to think what I might be now.

ed George Hambleton's many friends that a despatch, received the night before, had called him to New York.

On the seat where George Hambleton had told his friend of his great disappointment, Mrs. Raymond saw a little book, on the fly-leaf of which was written Ethel's name, and the following couplet:

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen, The saddest are these, 'I might have been.'"—

ENTERPRISE;

OR THE TWO VAGABONDS.

I'll punch your head, you little imp, if you don't give me that ball you've got there. What business has a chap of your size got with such a hard one, any way?

I'll act just as I please; and you'll have to work harder for my ball than you've yet done before you get it. If you think you can lick me, all that's got to be done is to try it on.

I'm coming! If you don't get about as badly beaten as ever any living chap did, I don't know my name.

The above conversation took place one afternoon, just as the pupils were congregating upon the playground attached to Dr. Marchmont's school.

In spite of his great popularity with the boys, Con was also liked by the teachers for his attention, obedience, and desire to learn. By dint of hard study, and their assistance, he rose, before the year was over, into the highest class, accompanied by Bill, who no longer slunk into the class-room and spent the time in stupid silence, but, on the contrary, moved and studied with animation.

On the contrary, the boy who so pluckily resisted his attempt at browbeating was a short, well-made, black-haired, active little fellow, known as Con Fredericks. Where he came from, no one could tell, though many tried to find out. He had but two days before been brought into the school-room by Dr. Marchmont, and introduced to the boys as Constant Fredericks.

Among the crowd who gathered around the two players, was Sam Blow. Dull as he was, he saw that unless he took some measures to put down this "young upstart," as he termed him, the little codgers, under his leadership, might rebel, and topple him down from his pedestal of cruelty.

When he saw how undaunted Con was Sam began to feel uneasy; thoughts of private boxing-lessons, and training, flashed through his brain, and he would have retreated, if possible. He tried to shirk coming to the scratch, but in vain; he had asserted claims of superiority, and now he must make them good, or be branded as a coward throughout the school.

As the contestants started for that scene of many a hard fought battle, behind the barn, the boys, seeing that this was going to be no mere war of words, called to their companions, a fight! a fight! Con Fredericks is going to lick Blower! and like announcements of the impending contest, many of which were anything but complimentary, owing to the peculiar adaptability for ridicule of Sam Blow's name.

All the boys, excepting the base ball players, followed the juvenile fighters to the place appointed for the battle to come off. It was hard work for those who remained to go on with the game. Many muffs were made by crack players, whose thoughts were all centered on the exciting drama being acted just out of their sight.

Had I married him instead of you, Oh, I shudder to think what I might be now. In the morning Hal Weston informed

see the fun! Fredericks has knocked Blower into the middle of next week! Time was called, and, with a loud huzza, the released club rushed off, pell mell, to view the sanguinary combat.

What a sight met their eyes! Outstretched upon the ground, and bellowing like a mad bull, lay the redoubtable Sam Blow; while Con was busily engaged in thrashing a rash boy who had hazarded the remark that he could lick that ere little peacock in two minutes. Poor fellow! he bitterly repented when, after his sixth knock-down, blinded by dirt and blood, he struck out from his right shoulder at the stone fence, thinking that it was Con's face, and had to be borne off the field, bewailing, in inharmonious howls, a broken hand; while his victorious competitor was carried off upon the shoulders of the admiring school-boys, who sent up cheer after cheer in admiration of his "pluck."

Before the day was over, Con had been elected catcher of the "picked nine" of the school, nominated as a member of all the secret societies, and, in fact, received all the honors which his school-mates could bestow upon him.

Unlike many greater personages, he did not mount to the pinnacle of Fame only to plunge headlong down into the abyss of ruin, but retained his suddenly acquired glory, and, from that time until he left, was the Bayard of Dr. Marchmont's establishment. Many a weakling was saved from oppression by his generous interference; but the most marked example of the influence he extended upon the boys, was Bill Crowley. From being the most despised creature in the school, he rose to be one of the most esteemed, and it was all owing to the fact that Con took a fancy to him, espoused his cause, defended and helped him, and, at last, made him his only friend.

In spite of his great popularity with the boys, Con was also liked by the teachers for his attention, obedience, and desire to learn. By dint of hard study, and their assistance, he rose, before the year was over, into the highest class, accompanied by Bill, who no longer slunk into the class-room and spent the time in stupid silence, but, on the contrary, moved and studied with animation.

They were complete contrast in appearance, Con being short, finely developed, with a dark, handsome face, and Bill tall, fair-haired, slender, with a slight inclination to stoop, and a look of almost girlish beauty on his refined countenance.

They were peculiar companions, sometimes for hours wandering around the grounds, or through the woods, with scarcely the interchange of a word. In tastes they agreed very well, although Bill was fonder of books than Con, while Con enjoyed a good game of ball in a greater degree than Bill. Their dispositions were totally dissimilar; Con was generally quiet and reserved from haughtiness, Bill from a naturally retiring temperament. In this companionship the year glided away, bringing fresh laurels for Con and Bill. One morning, however, about two months before vacation, Dr. Marchmont called Con into his study. It was with a very grave face that he closed the door and motioned him to a seat.

My boy, began the doctor, I'm very sorry to be the bearer of bad news. You have acted like a gentleman, and striven, in every way, to lighten your teacher's labor; therefore it gives me pain to communicate disagreeable intelligence to one who deserves a better fate.

What is it, sir? You have lost all your property. What?

Read this letter, and you will understand, in a clearer manner, what I mean. Con took the open letter which the doctor handed him, and began to read. He finished it in a slow, deliberate manner, and one would not have been aware that anything unusual was occurring, had it not been for the settled look of despair that covered his features as he became acquainted with its contents. After he had finished, he crumpled the letter in his hand, and bending forward, hid his face in his hands, while his frame shook and quivered with bent-up emotion.

The doctor watched him with a pitying gaze, but said nothing until the storm of grief had spent its fury. The struggle lasted for about five minutes, and then Con raised his face, which had blanched to a deadly pallor, and, in a trembling voice, said— "Couldn't help it, sir; the news was so sudden. I—I—O Lord! it's

too much. I can't stand it. And down went the head again, while the fight for mastery of his feelings was repeated.

Constant, my son, said the doctor, you should not feel so badly. You are young, and the world offers you many opportunities for retrieving your losses. Try and bear your affliction with a Christian spirit. It is very hard— Hard? I should say so. Worse than you imagine, doctor. I tell you what, it comes together because it knocks all my hopes of getting an education to the winds, and sends me out into the world as poor as I was four years ago.

No, I won't! I say good-by to-morrow. You don't catch me fooling around here when I ought to be at work.

I'm going, I say. I'll pay up the two hundred dollars due for my schooling, board, etc., as soon as I can.

Yes, I will. That shall be an object in my life. I'll get square on your books, and then old Maxwell's. I'll pay the old scamp a heavy interest of vengeance.

You cannot, my boy. He is beyond your reach. Overcome by a sense of guilt, he shot himself yesterday morning, so a telegram said, and the papers this morning had an account of his death in their columns.

Mr. Maxwell has committed suicide. Very well, I can't pay him back. He would have had to suffer at my hands had he lived.

You must not cherish such revengeful feelings— But I will. Now I'll fix my duds; and look here doctor, don't let the school know why I left, will you?

No, Constant. Thanks. The door slammed, and Con started for his room to pack up his things, while the worthy doctor sat in his study, plunged in melancholy reflection, sorrowing, from the bottom of his kindly heart, for the unfortunate boy whose hopes had been so rudely blasted.

Con's baggage was soon packed, and he started out to find Bill. He came across the object of his search, perched upon the limb of an old cherry tree deeply absorbed in an exciting specimen of dime literature. Say, Bill, come down, will you? I've got something important on hand. Yes, in a minute. Oh, hurry up!

And he did, for before Con had got well settled, with his hands in his pockets, for a stay of twenty minutes or half an hour, Bill came sliding down on his devoted head. Lucky your noddle's hard, or it would have cracked, he observed, as he touched "terra firma."

Better hard than soft. But come along; I've got a lot to tell you. Without another word the two boys started on a brisk walk, Con leading the way, towards a forest about half a mile distant. They soon reached it. Penetrating a short distance into its depths, they threw themselves upon the grass at the foot of a huge oak.

Now sail in, said Bill. Better get stilled, because it is a long story, replied Con. I am.

Very well, then; to begin with, I'll just tell you I'm going to leave to-morrow.

What—why—thunder! You don't mean it? I do, and I shall have to tell you a long story in order to give you my reason for so doing. Now listen: I first saw light in New York city; my father was a gambler, and my mother, a mighty handsome woman, used to be a decoy to draw men into his saloon. They didn't treat me well, for they sometimes drank more wine than was good for them, and then they used to whip me unmercifully. Well, you see, my father didn't play fair, but used to cheat in different ways, and to cheat unsuspecting men out of their money. One day, however, he got hold of a fellow smarter than the rest, who watched him sharply; at last he caught him, and told him he was a swindler. This didn't suit my father, who was awful quick-tempered, so he slapped the man in the face. The chap was drunk, and almost crazy, because he had lost every cent he had in the world, so he drew out a pistol, and shot my father dead on the spot.

A terrible scene ensued, which ended in the arrest of all concerned, including my mother and self; and, after our trial, I was sent to the Reform School, not before I learned, however, that my mother had committed suicide.

I did not stay at the school long, however, but escaped from it, and started out in life for myself as a pedlar of candy. I succeeded pretty well, and finally met with an incident which entirely altered my fortunes. This is the way it came about:—

I was then plying my trade on one of the Mississippi steamboats. At a stopping-place about a hundred miles from St. Louis, one day, as we were on our downward trip, an old cattle drover—you could tell his trade by his looks and actions—with a little girl, got on. The little girl no more than spied me before she set the old gent to buying candy for her, and cigars and tobacco for himself. Before she got through he had spent three dollars, and, of course, after that my attention was attracted towards them a good deal. Pretty soon she climbed upon a seat, and leaned away over the railing to look at the water. I saw the danger, and started to tell the old man, but I was too late, for, before I could get near enough to him, the boat struck a snag, and over she went. I thought for a second, and then, with the hope that he would pay me well for my trouble, followed after her. She was a little trump, and kept still, so that in a few minutes we were both safe and sound on deck—though pretty thoroughly ducked.

The old man took the little girl down to one of the state-rooms, and pretty soon I was sent for, and they questioned me about my life. I told them some of it, taking care to leave out the worst part, and nothing else would satisfy the little girl, who was the old man's grandchild, but that I should come and live with them in St. Louis, where they were going to stay until she got her education. I, of course, accepted the old gentleman's offer, and went to live with him.

Three years passed, and then Mr. Sutton—that was the old drover's name—died, and little Louie—her name was Louise Howson—went to live with the guardian appointed by her dead parents, who had allowed her to live with her grandfather during his life. As Louie had been left a large fortune by her parents, Mr. Sutton would me all his wealth, which was considerable, and placed me under the charge of a man whom he deemed trustworthy. My guardian at once packed me off here, and, except occasional short notes containing remittances, I have heard nothing from him until this morning, when Dr. Marchmont called me into his study, and told me that he had lost all his own and my fortune by an unlucky speculation, and then killed himself.

The duce! Yes; so you see, I'll have to clear. But I could not go without having a good long talk with you—the only friend I've ever had.

I—I—I hardly—it's so sudden, almost knocked me off my pins. Get on them again. Wait a minute. You say you mean to go. Tomorrow? I do.

I'm going too. No, you're not. I am.

I say no. Can't help it; I'm going with you, too. I won't have you. You will!

[TO BE CONTINUED]

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