

# The Star,

## And Conception Bay Semi-Weekly Advertiser.

Volume I.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Tuesday, November 12, 1872.

Number 52.

NOVEMBER.						
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

FOR SALE.

RESERVES & GROCERIES!

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

PINE APPLES  
PEACHES  
Strawberries—preserved in Syrup  
Brambleberries do.

—ALWAYS ON HAND—  
A Choice Selection of  
GROCERIES.

T. M. CAIRNS,  
Opposite the Premises of Messrs. C. W. Ross & Co.  
Sept. 17.

NOTICES.

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

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

TROUTING GEAR,  
(In great variety and best quality) WHOLE-  
SALE AND RETAIL.

221 WATER STREET,  
St. John's,  
Newfoundland.  
One door East of P. HUTCHINS, Esq.  
N. B.—FRAMES, any size  
and material, made to order.  
St. John's, May 10. tff.

HARBOR GRACE  
BOOK & STATIONERY DEPOT,  
E. W. LYON, Proprietor,  
Importer of British and American

NEWSPAPERS  
—AND—  
PERIODICALS.

Constantly on hand, a varied selection of  
School and Account Books  
Prayer and Hymn Books for different de-  
nominations  
Music, Charts, Log Books, Playing Cards  
French Writing Paper, Violins  
Concertinas, French Musical Boxes  
Albums, Initial Note Paper & Envelopes  
Tissue and Drawing Paper  
A large selection of Dime & Half Dime

MUSIC, &c., &c.,  
Lately appointed Agent for the OTTAWA  
PRINTING & LITHOGRAPH COMPANY  
Also, Agent for J. LINDBERG, Manufac-  
turing Jeweler.

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

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

NOTICES.

PAINLESS!  
PAINLESS!!  
TEETH

Positively Extracted without  
Pain

BY THE USE OF  
NITROUS OXIDE GAS.

A NEW AND PERFECTLY SAFE  
METHOD.

Dr. LOVEJOY & SON,

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

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

Dr. L. & Son would state that they  
were among the first to introduce the  
Anaesthetic (Nitrous Oxide Gas), and  
have extracted many 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 a  
received the highest Prem-  
iums at the works 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. H. THOMPSON,  
AGENT FOR

Parsons' Purgative Pills.

W. H. THOMPSON,  
AGENT FOR  
Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

BANNERMAN & LYON'S  
Photographic Rooms,

Corner of Bannerman and Wa-  
ter Streets.

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

PICTURE,

Would respectfully invite the attention  
of the Public to a  
CALL AT THEIR ROOMS,  
Which they have gone to a considerable  
expense in fitting up.

Their Prices are the LOWEST  
ever afforded to the Public;

And with the addition of a NEW STOCK  
of INSTRUMENTS, CHEMICALS and  
other Material in connection with the  
art, they hope to give entire satisfaction.

ALEX. BANNERMAN,  
E. WILKS LYON.  
Nov. 5. tff

Blacksmith & Farrier,

BEGS respectfully to acquaint his num-  
erous patrons and the public gener-  
ally, that he is EVER READY to give  
entire satisfaction in his line of business.  
All work executed in substantial manner  
and with despatch.  
Off LeMarchant St., North of Gas  
House.  
Sept. 17.

BLANK  
FORMS

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

POETRY.

Deacon Brown and Dr. Down.

Old Deacon Brown  
Of Dunberry town  
Was a man of high degree:  
In church and state,  
At the highest rate  
Of wisdom and power ranked he.

One winter's day,  
Poor Mrs. Ray  
Came to his door for alms,  
With reverent air,  
He was mumbling a prayer,  
And chanting King David's psalms.

"Dear Deacon Brown"—  
And the widow bowed down.  
With a meek and suppliant air;  
For the burden of life,  
The toil and the strife,  
Are hard, ay, hard to bear—

"There's cold and death  
In the north's wind's breath  
That blows by my cottage door;  
And I sit alone  
By a cold hearthstone;  
Oh! pity the suffering poor."

"My dear Mrs. Ray,  
Do not I pray,  
Bewail your seeming ill:  
Afflictions are sent  
With the wise intent  
Of softening your stubborn will.

"Then heavenward turn,  
And patience learn  
Of him who was lowly and meek;  
And look above  
For comfort and love,  
Nor creature comforts seek."

So old Deacon Brown,  
With an ominous frown,  
Sent the widow empty away,  
And continued his prayers,  
And reverent airs,  
And conning of texts all day.

Of wealth and renown  
Was Dr. Down,  
Who lived in Dunberry glen:  
Like Ben Adhem, he loved—  
Which his sympathy proved—  
His suffering fellow-men.

He lightened the load  
Of many low-bowed  
By his loving, noble deeds;  
He stood with might  
In defence of the right,  
Though he worshipped no dogmas or  
creeds.

To him, Mrs. Ray  
On that winter's day  
Carried her burden and prayer,  
With many tears,  
And unnumbered fears,  
And a heart of dire despair.

"Oh! nevermore  
Through your cottage door  
Shall want or suffering pass;  
The good man said,  
While his great heart bled  
With pitying tenderness.

"I come from above  
On a mission of love  
To the lonely, sick, the poor;  
No sorrowing one  
Of earth, needy and lone,  
Goes empty from my door."

No more distressed!  
No more unrest!  
How light had her burden grown!  
After the rain  
Was the sunlight again;  
After the cross, the crown.

Old Deacon Brown  
And old Dr. Down!  
Which will the higher stand—  
The stickler for creeds  
Or doer of deeds—  
In the immortal land?

EXTRACTS.

On Babies.

"Babies are bundles of clothes with  
yellow heads." Some months ago I  
received a letter from the Royal Geographi-  
cal Society, informing me that this de-  
finition was inaccurate, as in tropical cli-  
mates babies had black faces and were  
frequently found without any clothes  
worth speaking of. This I don't believe.  
I have often seen black men at St. James'  
Hall and elsewhere, but who ever saw a  
black baby? I wrote back saying that if  
Dr. Livingstone, when he came home,  
brought among his specimens of other in-  
sects any black babies, I should have  
great pleasure in inspecting them and  
giving him a certificate, that is, provided

they don't prove stuffed seals or large  
cockroaches. There are a great number  
of babies in the world. Most of them are  
however, kept out of sight in cradles, hen-  
coops, attics and old clothes baskets. A  
man once told me that the reason of this  
was because if they were allowed to crawl  
about the streets or the parks, no one  
would stir out for fear of walking on them  
or tripping over them, in either of which  
cases the people so doing would be prose-  
cuted by our friend Lathbury. It was once  
proposed by a very clever Irishman to try  
all the babies found at large, by the Treas-  
ury Felony Act; but as all British sub-  
jects are entitled to be tried by a jury of  
their peers, and as babies can never be  
dependent on to keep their oaths, the idea  
had to be abandoned. Babies are nearly  
all the same size. When they are small  
they are called infants, and fed on butter  
and brown sugar and turpentine. Some-  
times the turpentine rises to their heads,  
and they behave in the most outrageous  
manner. I once saw an infant who had  
drank two much turpentine sitting on a  
pillow on the ground and yelling with all  
its might at a respectable looking old  
lady, who was the infant's grandaunt, and  
had a lot of money in the funds. When-  
ever the grandaunt pointed her finger at  
the infant, it yelled louder than ever and  
tried to bite the finger. The grandaunt  
left the house and settled all her money  
on an institution for elderly married wo-  
men. The education of babies is generally  
in a very backward state; indeed they do  
not appear to know much of the English  
language beyond the words "papa,"  
"mamma," "me," "go," "by." Their  
attempts at French are even worse; they  
are continually using such low French as  
"ajour" "baby," and "by by." A man  
once told me there can be no doubt that  
babies are descended from niggers, for they  
always say "me," for "I."

Babies do not differ much in temper,  
size and disposition. They are violent,  
about the use of a pillow, and covetous.  
I once saw a baby with a corkscrew,  
a pair of tongs, a hand-bell, and a broken  
hearth brush, and nothing could in-  
duce it to part from any of them, although  
it had got the corkscrew half way into its  
ear and the handle of the hearth-brush  
altogether down its throat. When you  
come near a baby it stretches out its hand  
and clutches hold of your necktie. This  
is, the mother tells you, a mark of high  
favor, and a sign that the baby desires to  
kiss you. When you stoop forward to  
kiss the creature it seizes you by the hair  
and every one but you laugh and say what  
a precious baby it is. When you sit down  
you are asked to hold the baby. You  
take it in your arms and place it on your  
knee. Immediately it catches hold of  
your collar, and tries to stand upon your  
best trousers with its dirty boots. If you  
don't allow it, the mother says, "Oh do,  
Mr. So-and-So, let him stand up; he is  
quite delighted at having discovered he  
can stand, and it won't hurt him." It  
then lays hold of your shirt studs, and  
shoots out its finger at your eye, and drives  
a hand sticky with wet sugar into the  
bosom of your shirt. Not unfrequently  
it behaves in a manner so inconsiderate  
that description is impossible. This makes  
you wish to put it down and stamp on it  
with your right foot. Babies, like dogs,  
are not found wild in any country. They  
are always to be met within the vicinity of  
mankind. They are usually the compan-  
ions of woman. In savage countries,  
when the men are out hunting tigers with  
their horses and dogs the women amuse  
themselves with feeding babies, and wash-  
ing scalps, and drying beef in the sun; in  
civilized countries, when the men are out  
shooting pigeons or hunting hares with  
their dogs, the women look at babies, and  
sit down until their hair grows down to  
their feet, put on tight dresses, and learn  
the names of their children, if they have  
time after coming in from seeing their  
friends. The most singular thing about  
babies is that each one is larger and finer  
than any one which has ever been seen  
before. The first thing a woman does  
when she takes a baby in her hands is to  
hold it at arms' length and say, "Oh  
dear!" "Oh, my goodness!" or some other  
powerful words. "What a fine little fel-  
low and only seven months old, too! Why  
Mrs. So-and-So's baby is ten months, and  
this little fellow is twice his weight. Up-  
on my word, Mrs. So-and-So, I have seen  
many babies, but this is the finest." Mrs.  
So-and-So smiles, and takes the baby, and  
shows how it can very nearly stand when  
it is held up under the arms and has its  
back against the leg of a sofa. A man  
once told me that men were descended  
from babies. What Mr. Darwin said about  
monkeys was bad enough, but this is  
really carrying matters too far.

Plowing by Steam in Europe.  
At an agricultural meeting recently  
held in Scotland, some interesting state-  
ments were made respecting the origin,  
progress, and results of cultivation by  
steam in Europe. In 1855, a Mr. John  
Fowler, of Essex county, England, started  
his first steam plow. He subsequently  
expended about \$550,000 in experiments  
in cultivating by steam, and at the end  
of this great expenditure had to show for  
it only a lot of old machinery. But as  
early as 1858 the question whether, under  
certain conditions, such as a surface suf-  
ficiently level, free from obstructions,  
&c., plowing could be done more profit-  
ably by steam than by horse power was  
satisfactorily settled. Now, in Great Bri-  
tain, there are single establishments for  
manufacturing steam-plows so extensive  
that they furnish constant employment  
for not less than 1,200 men. In England  
between 400 and 500 sets of steam-plows,  
held, some by companies and others by  
individual owners, are worked for hire, and  
are found to be a profitable investment.  
A tract of nearly 500 acres, near London,  
so unproductive that it could be rented  
for \$3 per acre, was bought by an enter-  
prising farmer who removed the fences,  
under-drained, and with a steam-plow,  
put the whole under grain crops. Last  
year, after allowing 10 per cent, on the  
money invested in the land, his clear pro-  
fits were \$18,000. The soil he thus improv-  
ed by steam plowing is a stiff clay, that  
could not have been profitably worked  
by horse power. Another tract of 5,000  
acres, that had been regarded as worth-  
less, was bought by a farmer who plowed  
it with a steam power to the depth of three  
feet, and was rewarded by crops of as-  
tonishing thrift. In Scotland, cultivating  
by steam is becoming general, and pro-  
ducing results equally marvelous. Joint  
stock companies are investing in land  
and steam machinery, and securing  
large dividends, while individual farmers  
have invested from \$6,000 to \$10,000 in  
steam machinery with very profitable re-  
sults. In Germany, also, steam power is  
working a revolution in agriculture.

The Effects of Liquor.  
The manner in which liquor runs through  
succeeding generations, and blasts or  
clouds many lives, is forcibly told by M.  
Morel, a distinguished French writer. He  
says that in one family, with whose his-  
tory he was familiar, in the first genera-  
tion the father was a habitual drunkard,  
and was killed in a public house brawl; in  
the second generation, the son inherited  
his father's habits, which gave rise to at-  
tacks of mania, terminating in paralysis  
and death; in the third generation the  
grandson was strictly sober, but was full  
of hypochondriacal and imaginary fears  
of persecution, etc., and had homicidal  
tendencies; and in the fourth generation,  
the children had very limited intelligence,  
and one of them had an attack of mad-  
ness when sixteen years old, terminating  
in stupidity, nearly amounting to idio-  
cy. With him the family will probably become  
extinct. And thus we perceive the per-  
sistence of taint, in the fact that a genera-  
tion of absolute temperance will but avert  
the fatal issue.

The Serenity of the Dying.  
It has so happened that I have seen  
many men and women die. Without de-  
sign or disposition on my part, I have  
very many times been present when sick  
persons were ebbing to eternity. I have  
seen men and women, young and old, cul-  
tivated and ignorant, orthodox and hetero-

dox, in their last moments; and, as a rule  
all of them passed away, if not without  
regret, at least with entire resignation.  
None of them showed dread of the future.  
Their thoughts were fixed on what they  
were quitting, not on what they were go-  
ing to. I observed that some of them  
were troubled, perhaps distressed when  
they first thought they could not recover,  
but that the nearer their end came the  
less apprehensive and the calmer they  
grew. Having once banished hope, tran-  
quility seemed to descend upon them as  
a substitute and afterward, if free from  
physical pain, there was unruffled peace.  
If encouraged to believe they might get  
well, or if they had a favorable turn, the  
old anxiety, with something of the former  
apprehension, reappeared; proving that  
their mental disquietude was born of their  
expectation of life, not of their fear  
of death. This has established a clear an-  
alogy between material and spiritual an-  
guish under the same circumstances. As  
we have seen, they who are badly hurt, or  
seriously ill, experience suffering in going  
back to life, while the downward path to  
death, both for the body and the soul, is  
paved with smoothness and serenity.—  
Galaxy.

Plowing by Steam in Europe.  
At an agricultural meeting recently  
held in Scotland, some interesting state-  
ments were made respecting the origin,  
progress, and results of cultivation by  
steam in Europe. In 1855, a Mr. John  
Fowler, of Essex county, England, started  
his first steam plow. He subsequently  
expended about \$550,000 in experiments  
in cultivating by steam, and at the end  
of this great expenditure had to show for  
it only a lot of old machinery. But as  
early as 1858 the question whether, under  
certain conditions, such as a surface suf-  
ficiently level, free from obstructions,  
&c., plowing could be done more profit-  
ably by steam than by horse power was  
satisfactorily settled. Now, in Great Bri-  
tain, there are single establishments for  
manufacturing steam-plows so extensive  
that they furnish constant employment  
for not less than 1,200 men. In England  
between 400 and 500 sets of steam-plows,  
held, some by companies and others by  
individual owners, are worked for hire, and  
are found to be a profitable investment.  
A tract of nearly 500 acres, near London,  
so unproductive that it could be rented  
for \$3 per acre, was bought by an enter-  
prising farmer who removed the fences,  
under-drained, and with a steam-plow,  
put the whole under grain crops. Last  
year, after allowing 10 per cent, on the  
money invested in the land, his clear pro-  
fits were \$18,000. The soil he thus improv-  
ed by steam plowing is a stiff clay, that  
could not have been profitably worked  
by horse power. Another tract of 5,000  
acres, that had been regarded as worth-  
less, was bought by a farmer who plowed  
it with a steam power to the depth of three  
feet, and was rewarded by crops of as-  
tonishing thrift. In Scotland, cultivating  
by steam is becoming general, and pro-  
ducing results equally marvelous. Joint  
stock companies are investing in land  
and steam machinery, and securing  
large dividends, while individual farmers  
have invested from \$6,000 to \$10,000 in  
steam machinery with very profitable re-  
sults. In Germany, also, steam power is  
working a revolution in agriculture.

The Effects of Liquor.  
The manner in which liquor runs through  
succeeding generations, and blasts or  
clouds many lives, is forcibly told by M.  
Morel, a distinguished French writer. He  
says that in one family, with whose his-  
tory he was familiar, in the first genera-  
tion the father was a habitual drunkard,  
and was killed in a public house brawl; in  
the second generation, the son inherited  
his father's habits, which gave rise to at-  
tacks of mania, terminating in paralysis  
and death; in the third generation the  
grandson was strictly sober, but was full  
of hypochondriacal and imaginary fears  
of persecution, etc., and had homicidal  
tendencies; and in the fourth generation,  
the children had very limited intelligence,  
and one of them had an attack of mad-  
ness when sixteen years old, terminating  
in stupidity, nearly amounting to idio-  
cy. With him the family will probably become  
extinct. And thus we perceive the per-  
sistence of taint, in the fact that a genera-  
tion of absolute temperance will but avert  
the fatal issue.

The Serenity of the Dying.  
It has so happened that I have seen  
many men and women die. Without de-  
sign or disposition on my part, I have  
very many times been present when sick  
persons were ebbing to eternity. I have  
seen men and women, young and old, cul-  
tivated and ignorant, orthodox and hetero-

The Serenity of the Dying.  
It has so happened that I have seen  
many men and women die. Without de-  
sign or disposition on my part, I have  
very many times been present when sick  
persons were ebbing to eternity. I have  
seen men and women, young and old, cul-  
tivated and ignorant, orthodox and hetero-

The Serenity of the Dying.  
It has so happened that I have seen  
many men and women die. Without de-  
sign or disposition on my part, I have  
very many times been present when sick  
persons were ebbing to eternity. I have  
seen men and women, young and old, cul-  
tivated and ignorant, orthodox and hetero-

The Serenity of the Dying.  
It has so happened that I have seen  
many men and women die. Without de-  
sign or disposition on my part, I have  
very many times been present when sick  
persons were ebbing to eternity. I have  
seen men and women, young and old, cul-  
tivated and ignorant, orthodox and hetero-

The Serenity of the Dying.  
It has so happened that I have seen  
many men and women die. Without de-  
sign or disposition on my part, I have  
very many times been present when sick  
persons were ebbing to eternity. I have  
seen men and women, young and old, cul-  
tivated and ignorant, orthodox and hetero-



HARBOR GRACE, NOVEMBER 12, 1872.

THE "Star," having now been in circulation six months, it is necessary for us to return to our already numerous subscribers and patrons heartfelt thanks for the very liberal encouragement extended us. As heretofore, we will ever endeavour to merit the patronage of our many friends, and trust, by assiduous attention to business, strict observation, and truthful representation of passing events, to increase the circle of our acquaintances. Now that many have just returned from a summer's absence on the fishing grounds, we feel confident that our lengthy list of subscribers will be considerably increased. That is exactly our wish. Metropolitan contemporaries have, without deprecation, pronounced the "Star" as "a well got up paper," and their best wishes for its success have been kindly tendered us.

The "Star" is everybody's paper; at once interesting and amusing, it is a fit fireside companion for old and young. No family should be without it! Therefore it is we beg our friends to assist us in obtaining for it an increased circulation. Being semi-weekly, local and telegraphic news are, as it were, published immediately on transpiring, while for cheapness, it is unsurpassed in the Island—thus placing it within the reach of all.

For our lady readers, excellent stories of love and romance appear in every issue; these in themselves being worth the price of subscription.

As an advertising medium, it is the best in the district, and offers great inducements. Low rates of charges, a bi-weekly circulation, and a wide-spread distribution, fail not to advance the interests of the advertiser. We will be happy to receive a host of new subscribers. Parties desirous of advancing social progress will not hesitate in at once handing in their names. At all times we will be thankful to our friends in the outports for communications respecting any occurrence of importance.

THE "Temperance Journal" tenders the shilling in hopes to enlist us in the war waged by that paper against the drinking custom of the age. We wish the "Journal" all success and in our own way will always be glad to aid every effort to suppress intemperance; but it will be remembered that, whereas the "Journal" is exclusively dedicated to this service, our field is a different one. The inference is plain that the "Journal" considers the drinking habits of our people as specially calling for discountenance. We doubt if drinking is more general than in the capital, where the extent of the city permits of a great deal being done in this way without attracting observation, while in Harbor Grace all the drinking is public. Let the "Journal" give us the society promised by a correspondent some time since, and we will do our part in support of the same; but we cannot admit that our citizens are more addicted to strong drink than those of the metropolis.

At this time of the year our town-folks are laying aside old garments and donning new ones. Would it not be well for such to remember the poor? Every winter are to be found poor people but sparingly clad, who have to buffet the storm, and endure the piercing cold in order to procure the necessaries of life. If something like a relief society were formed, no doubt contributions of good, warm clothing would pour in, for which many a "God bless the donor" would issue from the recipients. Some people, when casting aside old clothing, have the idea that they will wear it again. How much of it is worn again? Very, very little, if any, ever is. To dispose of spare clothing, that will not only cheer, but warm the poor and alleviate their sufferings, would be a far more christian-like act than hoarding it up to feed moths upon. We would be happy to see the idea taken up and put into execution.

THERE is a tradition—believed in North and South—that wet weather follows our courts. It is a curious coincidence that the diaries of many go to strengthen the belief. What influence lawyers can have more than other people over the weather is difficult to say, altho' we suppose, they may be said to be greater on blowing than any other class. But even if good at raising the wind, it does not follow that they can deluge the earth with rain. We are not and never can become weather-wise, much less can we explain the connection between unusual dampness and the visits of the gentlemen of the Bar. This season must be held as an exception to the rule, for altho' there has been considerable moisture, yet nothing at all equal to former occasions; and, further, we have heard it confidently asserted that the distinguished young gentlemen

of the long robe now among us are—to a degree—dry subjects. They are a band of fine, healthy-looking gentlemen of whom his Honor the Presiding Judge may well be proud, and his Honor must be a good Judge on this point, as he is known to be on the Bench. Their labours are nearly over for the Term; we wish them God-speed and merry wives, each one believing as we do that no lawyer is a man until he masters the pleading that gives him the degree of matrimony.

WE would direct the attention of owners and parties in charge of horses to the subjoined communication from Dr. Stabb, of St. John's, in reference to the horse disease, at present so prevalent in the United States and some of the neighboring Provinces. The public are certainly indebted to Dr. S. for the interest which he has taken in the subject, and will, we have no doubt, immediately attend to the advice thus furnished:—

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRONICLE.] NOVEMBER 7, 1872.

DEAR SIR,—I received a letter lately from a friend in Montreal, giving a short description of the horse epidemic in that city; and as the disease has since made its appearance, altho' simultaneously, in several cities situate at great distances from each other, it is possible that St. John's may in its turn suffer from the invasion of this serious malady. I therefore beg to publish this description with a word of warning—viz: let those who care well for their horses, care the more, and those take care, who never cared before; or, in other words, let all horses at this, one of the trying seasons for their health and condition, be unusually well taken care of by plenty of nourishing food, by warm, well-ventilated stabling, and by moderate work. And the street-car man should always have a rug of some kind over his horses' loins, when standing in the cold streets. Extract from the letter: "The horses have a bad cough, running at the nose, general debility and coldness of the extremities; but it (the disease) is not fatal except in cases of overwork."

Yours truly, HENRY H. STABB.

SMALL-POX AT SYDNEY, C. B.

THE following from a late Halifax paper is distressing, and taking into consideration the large amount of traffic between Sydney and this Island, it would be well to be on guard against the introduction of that death-dealing malady. We have no desire to intimidate or to dictate, but it is self-evident that unless immediate steps are taken by the authorities with a view to obstruct its entry amongst us, serious may be the result of negligence. "Prevention is better than cure."

William Boudrot, master of the schr. Belle of Rome, died at the quarantine station, Sydney, C. B., on the 24th, of small pox. Simon Longnoise and Levi Bushey, seamen of the same vessel, died on the 18th and 20th respectively. They all belonged to Arichat. The rest of the crew have been transferred to a temporary hospital on the west side of the harbor. Two of them are still down with the disease and two are convalescent. The crew of the American three-masted schooner J. S. & J. C. Adams, have also been transferred to the Hospital. The Local Board of Health are taking all possible steps to prevent the spread of the disease.

RELIGIOUS.

ANNIVERSARY Missionary Sermons will be preached at the Wesleyan Church in this town on Sabbath next—in the morning at 11 o'clock, by the Rev. Mr. Hale, and at 6.30 p.m. by the Rev. G. S. Milligan, M. A. The latter gentleman—having spent much of his time traveling—has acquired a vast amount of knowledge in connection with missionary labor and requirements; therefore, much valuable information (spiritually and temporally) will probably be derived from the rev. gentleman's remarks. On the following Wednesday evening, the Annual Public Missionary Meeting will be held in the same place—chair to be taken at 7 o'clock. A large number of clerical and lay gentlemen will no doubt officiate, and it is expected that the occasion will be one of great interest. Collections in aid of the Society's funds will be taken up.

WE have much pleasure in noticing the progress being made towards the completion of the Episcopal Church at South Side. The energy and religious zeal of the Rev. J. Godden—who has been appointed thereto—deserves the greatest encouragement. The appointment of a pastor to the South Side Church must indeed be a great blessing to residents there, as in rough and stormy weather there will be no necessity for crossing the harbor or going round the River Head. We sincerely trust the rev. gentleman's future efforts may be as successful as the past, in imparting spiritual comfort to those committed to his charge and otherwise adding to the glory of his Divine Master.

IN to-day's issue will be seen the commencement of a beautiful story—just the thing for our fair readers—entitled, "Cliff Cottage, or the Romance of a Life Time."

NEWS ITEMS.

THE efforts made to cultivate the tea plant at Calistoga, California, have entirely failed. Nearly all of the plants, it is stated, are dead.

EDITING a newspaper is very much like raking a fire—every one thinks he can perform the job better than the man who has hold of the poker.

AN exchange paper says:—"They say that old newspapers make the best kind of lady's bustles, and the refuse of printing offices is in general demand. If this is so won't we editors have a right to complain that our fair subscribers are getting more in 'arears' than ever."

THE publisher of the Bradley County (Ark.) "Eagle" thus excuses himself for the delay in the issue of his paper: "A printer, who is pressman, compositor, maker-up of forms, 'ad. setter,' does all the job work, clipping copy and writing for a twenty-four column newspaper, may have the 'dead wood' on 'strikes,' but we'll be hanged if he hasn't got his 'hands full' when it comes to doing all his work and having six chills a week."

A BELLE.—Just now, to be a belle, the only thing esteemed to be necessary are to be dressed always in the latest style, to wear one's hair on the top of one's head, to walk on tilted heels, to carry a vinaigrette, to know when to faint, when to blush, when to snub admirers with no prospects, when to look tender and languishing to dance and flirt to one's heart's content, to follow the ceaseless round of pleasure and never grow weary. The aim of her industry is to work cats and dogs upon canvas; of her literature to read novels.

HERE is a graphic description of a fishing excursion. Says the Danbury News: "A North street man went off Saturday noon for a half day of fishing. When he returned he had walked thirteen miles, lost a \$45 watch, sprained his thumb, spoiled an \$11 pair of pants by sitting down on his luncheon, and caught a four-pound Mud-turtle. He got back in time to help the doctor cut from his oldest boy's foot one of the fish hooks he had left at home. He took a cursory view of the situation and went to bed."

VANQUISHED SOVEREIGNS OF FRANCE.—Napoleon III. is the eighth French sovereign deprived of his liberty by the fate of battles. Louis le Debonnaire, in 829, was confined by his sons, with his second wife, in a monastery. In 846, Charles the Bald was made prisoner by the revolted nobles. John I. was made captive at the battle of Poitiers. He delivered up his sword to a Belgian knight, Denis de Morbecque. Louis XI. was forcibly conducted by Charles the bold in the suite of the Burgundian army which was going to besiege the Liegeois, the king's own allies. Francis I. was made prisoner at the battle of Pavia. Like King John, he gave up his sword to a Belgian, Count de Lannoy, Viceroy of Naples. Napoleon I. surrendered twice, in 1814 and 1815. And, last of the list Napoleon III. sent his sword to his Prussian conqueror, and followed it himself, on the 1st of September, 1870. Another curious incident is that Wilhelmshohe, where Napoleon III. is confined, was formerly the residence of his uncle, Jerome Bonaparte, King of Westphalia. A report has gone abroad that the French emperor is poor. Great mistake. Only a month before leaving Paris he invested four hundred thousand pounds in Dutch railway bonds. He certainly ought to have saved, and doubtless did save, largely from his salary of five million dollars. Eugene, at all events, and the boy, will be comfortable, she having large estates in Spain.

JOHN FISKE, the Comtean philosopher, who must needs find a "positivism" in the simplest of things simple, applies his analysis to the "Primeval Ghost World" in the Atlantic Monthly for November, and in illustrating the principle of interpreting myths by analogy quotes this amusing paragraph from Tylers "Primitive Culture":

"Should the myth commentator, he observes, demand as his property, the nursery 'Song of Sixpence,' his claim would be easily established. Obviously the four-and-twenty blackbirds are the four-and-twenty hours, and the pie that holds them is the underlying earth covered with the overarching sky. How true a touch of nature it is that when the pie is opened—that is, when day breaks—the birds begin to sing? The King is the Sun, and his counting out his money is pouring out the sunshine, the golden shower of Danee; the Queen is the Moon, and her transparent honey the moonlight; the Maid is the 'rosy-fingered Dawn, who rises before the Sun, her master, and hangs out the clouds, his clothes, across the sky; the particular blackbird who so tragically ends the tale by snipping off her nose is the hour of sunrise."

IMPURE MILK.—Professor Law, of Cornell University, publishes in the Lens some interesting observations on living organisms in milk. Two specimens were placed under the microscope after twelve hours' exposure. The appearance exhibited is described as "an abnormal ad hesiveness of the oil globules, which had accumulated in dense masses instead of remaining apart, as in healthy milk. Intermixed with the globules were dark-colored spherical bodies of a much larger size, spores, and filaments. On examination of the water drunk by the cows, it was found to contain numerous spores of low forms of vegetable life. The cows yielding the morbid milk appeared in health so far as appetite, rumination, pulse, breathing, and state of skin were concerned, but the temperature was higher than usual, and, on microscopic examination

of the blood, it was found to contain certain ovic bodies of at least double the size of the ordinary blood-globules. Upon withholding the water, the impurity of the milk at once disappeared. The chain of evidence now appeared complete. The water contained vegetable spores which developed into a luxuriant growth of mycelium when the milk was allowed to stand." The plain inference from all this is the great importance of furnishing cattle pure water to drink, if we expect healthy milk from them.

MR SEWARD AT HOME.—As a man Mr. Seward had his peculiarities. One of these was his faith in his physician, Grosvenor Swan, M. D., who had been recommended to him by Thurlow Weed as one having power in treating diseases "by the laying on of hands." Mr. Seward not only believed in the skill of the doctor, but fancied he had received great benefit from the physician's manipulations. But aside from little matters of this kind his home always was a delightful one, and was not wanting in the little luxuries which many great men enjoy. An English writer, speaking of his home life, said of him: "You are at your ease with him at once. There is a frankness and bonhomie about his manner which render it to my mind, a very pleasant one. In our English phrase, Mr. Seward is good company. A good cigar, a good glass of wine, a good story, even if it is tant soit peu risque, are pleasures which he obviously enjoys keenly. Still, a glance at that spare, hard-knit frame, and that clear, bright eye, shows you that no pleasure, however keenly appreciated, has been indulged in to excess, throughout his long, laborious career. And, more than that, no one who has had the pleasure of seeing him among his own family can doubt about the kindness of his disposition. It is equally impossible to talk much with him without perceiving that he is a man of remarkable ability. He has read much—especially of modern literature—traveled much, and seen much of the world as a man as well as that of books."

RUSSIA.—The Statesman's Year Book for 1872 gives the estimated population of Russia in Europe, including Finland and Poland at the date of the latest returns, as sixty-eight millions and a quarter. It may be interesting to learn (upon the authority of the Bourse Gazette of St. Petersburg) the rate of progress of the population of that empire. In 1772 it stood at fourteen millions, in 1803 at thirty-six millions, in 1827 at about fifty millions, and in 1863 at sixty-five millions. With respect to area we read, on the same authority, that in the time of John III., that is to say in the second half of the fifteenth century, it occupied a surface of only eighteen million square miles. In the reign of Alexis, in 1650, its extent had already reached two hundred and thirty-seven millions; under Peter the Great, two hundred and eighty millions; under Catherine II, three hundred and thirty-five millions of square miles. Under the present reign, according to the Statesman's Year Book, the area of the Russian Empire, including Finland, Poland, Russia, and Siberia, and the Caucasus and nearly nine millions to the population of the entire empire, which thus stands, as nearly as possible, at seventy-seven millions. The density of the population to the geographical square mile ranges from a maximum of 2,204 in Poland to a minimum of 17 in Siberia.

FLOWERS AS DISINFECTANTS.—A distinguished chemist has discovered that ozone is developed by certain odorous flowers, and that most of the strong smelling vegetable essences, such as mint, cloves, lavender, lemon, and cherry laurel, develop a very large quantity of ozone when in contact with atmospheric oxygen in light. Flowers destitute of perfume do not develop it, and generally the amount of ozone seems to be in proportion to the strength of the perfume emanated. It is recommended that in marshy districts and in places infested with noxious exhalations, strong smelling flowers should be planted around the house, in order that the ozone emitted from them may exert its powerful oxidizing influence. So pleasant a plan for making a malarious district salubrious only requires to be known to be put in practice.

A GOOD story is told of a young lady and gentleman at a fashionable party in Nash-ville. The young man was handsome and happy, the young lady arrayed in all the fine taste of lavender, rose, &c., with gold-colored hair floating over her swan-like neck. Finding the heat of the room too much for them, they sought the cool shade of an arbor where they might listen to the fountain's fall. The music rose and fell, time flew on silver pinions, and after an absence of at least an hour our young friends reentered the brilliantly lighted parlors. The lady passed on in the dance, but the young man was slightly taken aback by his next neighbor informing him that round his neck was the unmistakable print of two arms in chalk and diamond dust, on one shoulder a large pile of yellow powder, and on his upper lip and cheek diamond dust, bloom of youth, and yellow powder mixed up generally. The lady's hair was observed to be several shades paler.

A WOMAN was walking, and a man looked at her and followed her. The woman said: "Why do you look at me?" He answered, "Because I have fallen in love with you." The woman said, "Why are you in love with me? My sister is much handsomer. She is coming after me: go and make love to her." The man turned back and saw a woman with an ugly face. Being greatly displeased, he went again to the other woman, and said, "Why did you tell me a falsehood?" The woman answered, "Neither did you speak the truth; for if you are in love with me, why did you go after another woman?"



Late Despatches.

LONDON, Nov. 4.

The Carlists have reappeared in Spain.

In the Cortes to-day, Deputy Maizonary complained of the manner in which the Spanish coast guards were treated at Gibraltar, when in pursuit of smugglers. They crossed into British territory and demanded the insolence of the occupiers of Spanish soil.

The inundation of the River Po, continues, but Mantua which was threatened, has thus far escaped.

The Golden Wedding of the King and Queen of Saxony was celebrated in Dresden yesterday with magnificent ceremonies. The Emperor of Prussia and the members of his family were present.

France this week pays to Germany two hundred millions of francs, and will make similar instalments until the end of the year. Only two milliards will remain unpaid on January 1st.

On the assembling of the new Prussian Diet, the country Reform Bill will again be introduced.

LONDON, 5.

It is said that J. A. Roebuck will again stand as a candidate for Sheffield, in the event of a vacancy occurring in the representation.

The election at Tiverton resulted in the success of Massey, the liberal candidate. The election was sharply contested, and Massey had only 30 majority.

NEW YORK, 5.

Intense interest is excited here by the closeness of the struggle for the majority between Havemeyer and Lawrence, and O'Brien.

The Republicans carried Louisiana elections yesterday by 25,000 majority. Stock market closed to-day on account of the Presidential election.

The vote of New York city is not yet fully announced, but indications are that Grant has at least 10,000 majority, which will be largely increased in the State. For New Hampshire—one of the doubtful states—the Republicans now gain and claim the state by 1,200 majority. In Mass., General Banks is defeated for Congress and the full Republican Congressional ticket elected. Scattering returns from all parts indicate the re-election of President Grant, by a heavy majority.

MONTREAL, 5.

The St. Patrick Society are petitioning the corporation to investigate the circumstances of the destruction of St. Patrick's Hall.

Burglaries are becoming common in this city.

LONDON, 6.

The anti-Licence men in Exeter, Devonshire, created a riot. Many persons were severely injured.

A large carpet factory at Kidderminster was burned, throwing many persons out of employment.

The ship "Mongolis" from Quebec for Grantown, put into Greenock, disabled in a storm. The crew experienced dreadful sufferings; they were ten days without provisions and exposed to the sea. All survived.

The Belgian steamer "Mocoo" sunk. Seven persons missing.

Sir John Duke Coleridge declines a seat on the bench of Probate and Divorce Court.

France has reduced the rate of postage to America to 8 cents for 10 grammes, with reciprocity for free transit.

The German government seems inclined to modify its country Reform Bill.

Twenty-one miners were killed by falling down the shaft of a mine near Carlerie, Belgium, on Tuesday.

The Procurer-General of France has decided that Prince Napoleon can not bring his suit against the Minister of the Interior.

PARIS, 7.

Great enthusiasm at Rheims over the evacuation of that city by the German troops. The buildings were decorated with French colors and flowers. At night there was a general illumination. The theatre was opened last evening for the first time since the occupation of the city, and the Marsaillaise was performed by the orchestra.

NEW YORK, 7.

Greeley publishes a card in the "Tribune," announcing his resumption of its editorship, and that he shall never again be a candidate for any office.

General Meade died last night of pneumonia.

Fish, Secretary of State, will retire from the Cabinet on the 4th of March next.

The majority for Grant and Dix in New York State, amounts to 50,000. Gold 112 1-2.

LONDON, 5.

The new Commercial Treaty between England and France was signed yesterday.

Henri Rochfort has been permitted to come to Versailles to marry the dying mother of his children in order to legitimize his offspring, when the ceremony is completed he will return to the prison. The evacuation of the Upper Marne by the Germans is concluded. That of the department of the Marne is slowly proceeding.

LONDON, 6.

A village near Brescia, in Italy, was visited yesterday by a hurricane. Half the buildings in the town were destroyed and thirty two persons killed, by the falling walls. Thousands of families are homeless.

The German troops have evacuated the city of Rheims and the town of Vitry la Francais. They were the last posts retained by them in the department of Marne.

NEW YORK, 6.

The Presidential election passed off quietly yesterday. Grant was re-elected by an estimated majority 600,000. The electoral vote was as follows:—Grant, 278; Greeley, 54; doubtful or not heard from, 34; Pennsylvania's majority for Grant, was 100,000; Mass., 74,000; Iowa, 50,000; New York, 35,000; Ohio 40,000; and most of the other states gave large majorities for Grant. Havemeyer is elected Mayor of New York. The Republicans have elected General Dix, Governor of New York, and gained eight Republican Congressmen. Further returns from the Western States show heavy majorities for Grant. The Greeley party take their defeat with excellent temper.

Gold 112; Exchange 9 3-4.

TORONTO, 6.

The great Reform Banquets at Toronto, for which invitations have been sent to the leading liberals in the maritime provinces, has been postponed till the opening of the Ontario Legislature, probably the 10th or 11th.

**BUILDING A TOWN FOR WORKINGMEN.**—A few miles out of London the site for a proposed town has been purchased by an association of gentlemen, who will proceed to build on it twelve hundred houses, which will be well constructed and thoroughly drained. Each house will have a little plot of land attached to it, and it is the design of the Association to lease these houses to workingmen at a rent which will cover the interest and a portion of the purchase money, so that in a short term of years the tenants will have paid for the dwellings which they occupy, when they are to receive deeds of the houses and land. The company is to build a hall for lectures, a library, a school house, and other public buildings, while a large plot of ground will be reserved for a park. A co-operative store is also to be built, but public houses and drinking shops will be absolutely prohibited.

**A SECOND GREAT EASTERN.**—A contract has been made by Hooper's Telegraph Works, Limited, with Messrs. C. Mitchell, & Co., shipbuilders, Newcastle-on-Tyne, for the construction of a steamer specially designed for the laying of submarine telegraph cables. This will be the first cable steamer specially built, and it is contemplated that considerable saving will be effected in the cost of laying future submarine cables by its use. The vessel will be capable of taking 3,000 to 4,000 miles of cable in one length, and will be employed in the submergence of the Great Western Telegraph Company's cable now in progress of manufacture by Hooper's Telegraph Works, and of which about 1,000 miles have passed the tests of Sir William Thompson and Professor Fleeming Jenkin, the engineers of the company.

ENGLAND is having some experience of her new License Law. It restricts considerably the operations of publicans and so far tends to promote Temperance. It is far short of what temperance people aim at, and is merely a first step. Still it has given great umbrage to the publicans and their more devoted patrons all over the Kingdom. Gladstone's government is said to have suffered more from this cause than from the disestablishment of the Irish Church. The Publicans v w that they will have their revenge at the approaching General election.

**THE NEW ATLANTIC CABLE.**—The "Great Eastern" has found her vocation to be laying submarine telegraph cables. The new Cable to reach from Land's End to Halifax, is now being put on board the big steamship in lengths of 250 miles. Its whole length will be 3,600 miles, and will cost in its manufacture and laying upwards of £1,200,000 sterling. It will be laid early in the coming spring.

**CLIMATE OF SYDNEY.**—The "Capo Breton Times" of the 19th ult. says:—"We were shown to-day a fig of good size and flavour, raised and ripened in Sydney. Also a lot of very fine ripe tomatoes weighing over fourteen ounces, also raised here in the open air."

The fashion now is to issue wedding cards, with the words "no plated ware" printed in one corner.

**A NEWSPAPER PUFF.**—"It was a grand scene: the orator standing on the platform talking; many of the audience sleeping tranquilly in their seats, others crying like a child at some of his jokes—and when he announced that he could never lecture in that town again, the applause was absolutely deafening."

The affectation of being short-sighted is again coming in fashion. Twenty years ago every stylish young lady considered it necessary to gaze intently and affectedly at her intimate acquaintances through a piece of thin glass in a frame.

**SHIP NEWS.**

**PORT OF HARBOR GRACE.**

ENTERED.

Nov. 11—Tres Sobrinos, Mendizena, Porto Rico, ballast—Ridley & Sons.  
12—Isabella Ridley, Noble, Plymouth, ballast—Ridley & Sons.  
Commodore, (s.s.) Whelan, New York, provisions—Punton & Munn.

CLEARED.

Nov. 8—Vesta, Keeffe, Sydney, ballast—Punton & Munn.  
9—Friends, Murphy, Sydney, ballast—Punton & Munn.

**PORT OF ST. JOHN'S.**

ENTERED.

Nov. 6—Ranger, Jones, New York—J. & W. Stewart.  
7—Royal Arch, Downey, Charlottetown—J. & W. Pitts.  
Hibernian, Watts, Halifax—A. Shea.  
Cornellford, James, Bermuda—W. Grievie & Co.

CLEARED.

Nov. 6—Hector, Knight, Cow Bay—Job, Bros & Co.  
7—Azalea, Harvey, Oporto—R. & L. Tessier.  
Glenlivet, Stewart, Oporto—P. & L. Tessier.  
Hibernian, Watts, Liverpool—A. Shea.

LOADING.

Oct. 22—Amparo, Spain—C. F. Ansell.  
Gilbert Wheaton, Britain—Bowling Bros.  
Imogene, Britain—Bowling Bros.  
31—Angola, West Indies—N. Stabb & Sons.  
Nov. 6—Minnie Bruce, Europe—P. & L. Tessier.  
Ynes, Spain—C. F. Ansell.  
Annie Louise, West Indies—Harvey & Co.  
Kitty Glendon, U. Kingdom—E. Duder.  
Edward Vetterly, Oporto—Bowling Bros.  
Jes-y, Europe—Job, Bros. & Co.

**FOR SALE!**

**A Dwelling House**

—AND—

**LAND**

Attached, (known under the name of Snow Hill) situated on the Carbonear Road, one mile from Harbor Grace. This is an eligible place for farming operations, and is alike suitable for rich or poor. For particulars apply to

JAMES POWER.

Oct. 29.  
**W. H. THOMPSON,**  
AGENT FOR  
**Parsons' Purgative Pills.**



**General Post Office Notice.**

FROM and after the 1st day of November the Postage Rates on Letters, Books, Parcels, Circulars and Newspapers, addressed to the Dominion of Canada and Prince Edward Island will be as follows, viz:—

Letters, per half-ounce..... 6 cents.  
Books and Parcels, per lb..... 16 "  
Circulars, each..... 2 "  
Newspapers, each..... 2 "

Prepayment compulsory. A similar reduction will take place on the correspondence to and from the United States, when the Postal Convention has been signed, which will be about the first of December.

Correspondence transmitted by Contract Steamers leaving St. John's for Liverpool, will be, for Letters at the reduced rate of six cents per half-ounce. That per steamer via Pictou and Halifax to Liverpool, at the same charge as now made, of twelve cents the half-ounce.

JOHN DELANEY, P. M. G.

General Post Office, St. John's, 19th October, 1872.

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

**BRITISH HALL,**  
Harbor Grace.

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

**Lonely MAN OF THE OCEAN!**

OR,  
**THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BRIDAL!!**

On TO-MORROW Evening the performance will commence with Shakspeare's Grand FIVE ACT

**TRAGEDY,**  
ENTITLED,

**Othello**

OR, THE

**Moor**

OF

**Vencie,**

In course of preparation Shakspeare's Grand

**Tragedy**

—Entitled—

**Macbeth.**

**FOR SALE!**

THE SUBSCRIBERS will Sell their UNEXPIRED INTEREST in those

**DWELLING HOUSES,**

Situated in LeMarchant Street, Presently occupied by Mrs. MCCARTHY and Mr. JOHN STRATHAIR.

**Also—in those DWELLING HOUSES,**

Situated in Harvey Street, Presently occupied by Mr. JAMES QUIRK and Mr. PATRICK McGRATH.

Further particulars made known on application to  
**RUTHERFORD BROTHERS.**  
Oct. 11. tfm.

**FOR SALE!**

**75 Brls. Choice Extra FLOUR**

**20 do. CORN MEAL**

**20 BOXES No. 1 Family SOAP**

**9 Doz. CHAIRS.**

—BY—  
**R. ANDERSON.**

**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 Pyretic Saline  
Powell's Balsam Aniseed  
Medicamentum (stamped)  
British Oil  
Balsam of Life  
Chlorodyne  
Mexican Mustang Liniment  
Steer's Opodildoc  
Radway's Ready Relief  
Arnold's Balsam  
Murray's Fluid Magnesia  
" Acidulated Syrup  
S. A. Allen's Hair Restorer  
Rossiter's "  
Ayer's Hair Vigor  
" Sarsaparilla  
" Cherry Pectoral  
Pickles, French Capers, Sauces  
Soothing Syrup  
Kaye's Coaguline  
India Rubber Sponge  
Teething Rings  
Sponge, Tooth Cloths  
Nail, Shoe and Stove Brushes  
Widow Welch's Pills  
Cockle's "  
Holloway's "  
Norton's "  
Hunt's "  
Morrison's "  
Radway's "  
Ayer's "  
Parsons' "  
Jaynes' "  
Holloway's Ointment  
Adams' Indian Salve  
Russia Salve

Morehead's Plaster  
Corn Plasters  
Mather's Feeding Bottles  
Bond's Marking Ink  
Corn Flour, Fresh Hops  
Arrowroot, Sago, Gold Leaf  
Nelson's Gelatine and Isinglass  
Bonnet Glue  
Best German Glycerine  
Lime Juice, Honey  
Best Ground Coffee  
Nixey's Black Lead  
Roth & Co.'s Rat Paste  
Brown's Bronchael Troches  
Woodill's Worm Lozenges  
" Baking Powder  
McLean's Vermifuge  
Lear's India Rubber Varnish  
Copal Varnish  
Kerosene Oil, Lamps, Chimnies  
Wicks, Burners, &c., &c.  
Cod Liver Oil  
Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites  
Extract of Logwood, in 4 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. tf

**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. tf

**FOR SALE.**

—BY—  
**THE SUBSCRIBER,**  
**231 -water Street- 231**

**BREAD**

**Flour, Pork, Beef**

Butter, Molasses, Sugar  
Tea, Coffee, Cheese,  
Ham, Bacon, Pease, Rice

**TOBACCO**

KEROSENE OIL, &c., &c.  
CHEAP FOR CASH, FISH OR OIL.

DANIEL FITZGERALD.  
Sept. 13. tf.

**JUST RECEIVED**  
A FRESH SUPPLY OF

**ADAMS' INDIAN SALVE.**

W. H. THOMPSON.  
Aug. 23. tf

**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. tf.

**BLANK FORMS**

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

Off-Full.

Once a young Russian nobleman,  
M. Outsocks, the son of  
An officer of the frontier clan,  
Old Bustinosanrunoff,  
Was weak enough to fall in love  
With Ma'mseila Orfulfriski,  
Who was the only daughter of  
The tanner, Jugowhiski.

But she already was engaged  
To Monsieur Nockislegzoff,  
Who was the nephew of the aged  
Assessor Omiwigzoff.  
The day already had been set;  
The priest, old Chawmyearzoff,  
Was spoken to, to tie the knot,  
Along with Neverswearzoff.

The guests had even got their bids—  
Among them, Smelomuski,  
The keeper of the royal kids;  
And Lawyer Dryankuski;  
And all the big boys of the town,  
From Mayor Alominzoff,  
Who was to give the bride, on down  
To Cumanbrusemyclozoff.

Seeing all was up, the groom refused  
His gruel of cod-liver,  
And, since she had her vows abused,  
Swore he would not forgive her,  
And challenged this young Outsocks,  
Through Colonel Nockmychinnoff;  
It was accepted by his friend,  
Lieutenant Sawmyshinnoff.

That morn, each made a hasty meal  
Of soap grease, oil of castor,  
And with their swords thought to reveal  
Which one of them was master.  
Young Outsocks was killed and Nock-  
islegzoff, dreading scandal,  
Then blew his brains out on the spot  
With a two-cent tallow-candle.

When Orfulfriski heard their fate,  
Of Dr. Solemkoli  
She brought of arsenic two ounce weight,  
On suicide bent solely.  
Confessed her sins which were some  
scores,  
To Father Slumberezy,  
Then poured the poison out—of doors,  
And married Kofianszoy.

CLIFF COTTAGE.

OR  
THE ROMANCE OF A SUMMER.

I dare say it was very idle and selfish  
of me to sit so contentedly upon the door-  
step that night after tea, leaving Aunt  
Esther to do up the dishes alone;  
but then she liked going about the house  
a little after sitting at her work the whole  
day, while to me, the teacher of all the  
little noisy children in the village, the  
cool twilight stillness was heaven, for the  
day had been long and sultry, and my  
scholars stupid, and I not over-patient.

We lived there together in a little gray  
house, its low door and windows looking  
seaward, and right and left of us the  
beach stretching like two long white arms  
yearning to embrace and encircle the  
sestless waves that were forever receding  
from it. Back of us lay the little sea-  
port town, pretty enough in summer,  
with its dots of houses, with fishes hung  
to dry in everybody's yard but ours, and  
of course an all-pervading fishy odor that  
even the healthful sea-breeze could not  
quite overpower.

Sitting there, that night, watching the  
last red flush of daylight fade and die, I  
fell to dreaming, as girls have dreamed  
in summer twilights ever since the world  
began. Now and then a sail glided soft,  
white and phantom-like in and out of the  
line of heavy mist lying low on the  
ocean when the sunset bloom had faded,  
and a reverry, deep, delicious and resist-  
less, came upon me, holding each de-  
lighted sense in a thrall. Odors redolent  
of the breath of Indian spice groves  
seemed wafting to me from across the  
darkening sea; the barren beach seemed  
glowing with color like some rose-garden  
of the tropics, and I had neither eyes  
nor ears for Aunt Esther as she came to  
the tiny parlor and leaned out the win-  
dow for a breath of cool air, as she tied  
the black silk apron over her neat after-  
noon dress.

I seem to see her just as she looked  
that night, with her beautiful brown  
eyes, so tender, so true, with a vague un-  
spoken yearning in them, lending an ad-  
ded beauty to the calm, graceful face  
that no unlovely emotion ever marred or  
darkened.

A step crunching the sandy walk, a  
tall form nearing me, brought me to my  
feet with a spring.

Mr. Heathfield! I exclaimed in sur-  
prise.

Did I frighten you, then? Don't take  
your revenge by neglecting to ask me in.  
Your beach here is harder for a fellow's  
feet than ten miles of Boston pavement.

I can't say, I said, leading the way to  
our little parlor; cities are all myths to  
me.

He seated himself comfortably in the  
easy-chair Aunt Esther set out for him,  
thanking her graciously.

Were you really never in Boston, Miss  
Thorne? he asked, lifting his pleasant  
eyes full of surprise to my face.

Never. I am fain to content myself  
with glimpses of its spires and turrets  
from our attic window, I answered laugh-  
ing.

Mr. Heathfield laughed too.

I suppose I shall have to believe you.  
But really I did think that every wo-  
man in the universe was fashion hunting  
on Washington Street this morning, he  
said eyeing me still.

Barbara and myself are guiltless I  
believe, said my aunt, smiling; and I  
wondered if she was as curious as my-  
self to know what had brought John  
Heathfield there on foot that night, with  
our rent day still a month ahead, and  
then, he generally sent his man with  
a receipted bill. This was the first time  
he had ever crossed our threshold since  
we had become his tenants; was he go-  
ing to tell us to move?

Resting his eyes at last on the cottage  
piano, he asked me to play. My natural  
love of music and a faultless ear enabled  
me to play well; and perhaps that con-  
sciousness steadied nerve and voice as I  
sang a ballad or two, his rich tenor strik-  
ing to make the old love songs sweeter  
than they ever were before.

After the singing, Mr. Heathfield  
went back to the easy-chair and sat toy-  
ing with an English pansy he had broken  
from a cluster of blossoms growing in  
a fanciful green flower vase on the win-  
dow beside him.

Isn't it lonesome here of stormy  
nights? he asked, suddenly, of Aunt Es-  
ther, and brushing the velvety blossom  
against his black mustache.

She answered in her quiet way, keep-  
ing herself forever in the background:  
I am used to the loneliness, and do  
not dislike it; but my little girl, here,  
longs for a glimpse of the great world  
she has never seen. Sometimes I wish  
it were possible to give her a wider  
range.

She smiled lovingly at me as she  
spoke. For myself, I was sorely ashamed  
and self-conscious for a moment, with  
John Heathfield's keen gray eyes search-  
ing my face out in the dusky corner.

Somehow, all my vain longings, all my  
foolish yet daring ambitions, seemed  
laid bare to his scrutiny. Would he,  
looking down from the high place he  
held in life, pity or despise me? recog-  
nizing the pitiful morsels of refinement  
with which I was striving to wall my-  
self in from the sons and daughters of  
the honest stupid fishermen?

I am very glad your niece is tired of  
the sea, and sand, and the—fish, he said  
hesitating comically at the last word,  
and laughing mischievously. The fact  
is, we want you both for awhile at Cliff  
Cottage.

Aunt Esther looked up curiously. I to  
save my life, could not keep the swift de-  
light from beaming up to my eye and  
cheek, as she asked,—

Of what use can we possibly be to  
you, sir—Barbara and I—unless in-  
deed, you are needing a dress fitted?

He looked a trifle confused, but an-  
swered, hurriedly,—

You have hit my want precisely, Miss  
Lowell, I never was any sort of a fellow  
for doing errands gracefully. You see  
there's a pile of dry goods at our house  
as high as your head; and you really  
must come to the rescue. We have a  
splendid sewing-machine, and Miss Lam-  
erse will be terribly disappointed if you  
refuse her.

He twisted his watch-guard a little  
nervously, feeling, no doubt, his some-  
what awkward position. He was always  
a bashful man.

I really am not competent to under-  
take a "trousseau;" least of all for  
Miss Lamerse. I certainly would not  
refuse if I had confidence in my ability.  
Barbara should have been the dress-mak-  
er; she has any amount of taste.

Pray do come, both of you. I'll try  
my best to make your stay a pleasant one.  
Stay—here is a note from Miss Lamerse;  
she can coax splendidly. I never was  
anything at doing errands, I tell you. I  
know Miss Barbara is laughing at me  
there in the dark.

The note was like Miss Lamerse her-  
self, sweet as the honey in the comb.  
Could Miss Lowell possibly oblige her?  
Every dressmaker in the city was en-  
gaged three months ahead, and the mar-  
riage was set for the middle of August;  
surely Miss Esther would not wish to  
have her married in one of her old  
dresses?

So it was settled we should be at her  
service early next week, and Mr. Heath-  
field went away like a man suddenly re-  
lieved of a burden.

The intended marriage was no sur-  
prise to us. Gossip-laden rumors had  
been wafted to us all the spring; for the  
few visitors we entertained were mostly  
from Weirville, a charming little village  
far enough from the seashore to be rich  
in fields of growing grain, meadows of  
clover, and orchards white and pink in  
their early summer bloom, while the  
deep undertone of the ocean in the dim  
distance made it a favorite resting place  
of tired pleasure seekers.

People wondered at John Heathfield  
pretty much as they always wonder when  
a man is going to marry; and those who  
remembered his first wife, a little blue-  
eyed woman who had died at the birth  
of her first baby, wondered most of all.

If he had really loved meek-faced Agnes  
as he seemed to love her, what in the  
world did he want with that splendid  
woman, whose beauty was enough to

make any man hold his breath; and if  
that style of woman was really his admi-  
ration, what could dead Agnes ever have  
been?

The strangest thing of all is her send-  
ing for you to do her dress, I said, think-  
ing it over. Mr. Heathfield is rich and  
widely known, and has the means to buy  
any service. I am inclined to believe  
they have reason for wishing affairs to  
progress as quietly as may be. You,  
at least, are no gossip, dear aunty.

But gossiping commences by thinking  
and surmising, my dear, she answered  
gently. Mr. Heathfield is as good and  
honorable as he is distinguished. His  
boy needs a mother, and one can believe  
him blessed, indeed if Miss Lamerse is  
one tithé as good as she is beautiful.

I hated to hear Aunt Esther call any  
woman beautiful, when I didn't believe  
there was a woman living half as lovely  
as she was herself; but she always laugh-  
ed at me and said she was glad to have  
one sincere admirer.

In laying my simple plans for a stay  
in Mr. Heathfield's summer-house, al-  
ways open to city guests, one thing trou-  
bled me sorely. I had not a single fresh  
looking summer dress. Having gone to  
the unusual expense that spring of allow-  
ing ourselves a new parlor carpet, we  
had purchased absolutely nothing by  
way of summer outfit, having prudently  
resolved as we lived so far out of the  
world of fashion to make the old things do.

The next afternoon found me, soon as  
school was over, in my dove-cote of a  
chamber, with every dress I owned  
spread on the bed before me, only to  
prove more hopelessly that each had its  
own peculiar defect. The purple muslin,  
my stronghold of the previous summer,  
was tagged and torn at the hem, the buff  
cambric spotted and faded, the black  
silk short and scant in the skirt. Those  
dresses at Cliff cottage sitting at dinner  
beside Miss Lamerse!

A little low ripple of laughter fell on  
my ear, and I lifted my eyes to Aunt  
Esther, who had come in unobserved.

It's no laughing matter, aunty, in-  
deed it isn't, I said gloomily.

It was not the way, generally, of that  
dearest of women to make sport of any-  
body's annoyances, unless she was pretty  
sure in her own mind of a way of helping  
them out. She just went into her own  
room and came back in a moment drag-  
ging after her a little blue chest that had  
always been an untraveled mystery to  
me. She unlocked the little rusty pad-  
lock and threw up the lid, and as she  
lifted and unfolded the long hidden  
treasures one by one, I held my breath in  
girlish wonder and delight.

There were dress patterns of a dozen  
different shades and fabrics, Canton  
crapes, rich and marrowy as country  
cream; laces fine and filmy, collars like  
the frost tracery on glass, and such silks  
as I had never seen before in my life.

Whose are they, aunty, and where  
did they ever come from? You never  
bought them—never; I cried, as soon  
as I could find speech for my wonder and  
curiosity.

No; I did not buy them. They were  
sent me from across the ocean long years  
ago, she said sadly.

Sitting there, as one sits by a long-  
closed grave, with tears in her tender  
brown eyes, how could I question her  
whose dear affectionate heart I would  
not have pained for all the world.

Shut them away out of sight—only  
don't cry, Aunt Esther, I said, half cry-  
ing myself.  
No; they have lain long enough—too  
long, she said, pressing a Chinese fan,  
gay as a humming-bird's wing, softly  
against her cheek, and speaking like one  
in a dream.

But there is nothing here fit for me to  
wear; they are all too rich—too costly.

Yes, there are things just fit for you;  
and no other on earth shall wear them,  
she said firmly, I have been saving them  
for you all these years.

She drew out two pieces of muslin as  
she spoke, both exquisitely fine and  
pretty, and then a lavender cambric  
with rosebuds scattered over it.

There, she said, with a woman's eye  
to the fitness of things; those are pretty  
and suitable for evening wear; now you  
must have a silk for an extra dress.  
Choose now; here are two; shall it be  
the blue or this silver-gray?

The blue; that matchless blue like  
my pansies, I cried delightedly. I shall  
live to see you married to your sea-king  
yet, in that bride-like gray lustre, I  
know now, why you always lie awake  
when the winds and waves are having a  
regular battle royal.

My random shot called roses to her  
cheeks, but she only said,—

Silly girl, take your finery and scamp-  
er with it before I repent and lock it up  
again. Here, you had better take this  
little lace shawl; we must go to church  
at Weirville.

But you—you blessed aunty; I don't  
see that you have selected anything for  
yourself.

Run away, I tell you. I will see that  
you have no reason to be ashamed of  
your old maid aunt.

The tender brown eyes, smiling after  
me so kindly, were not all devoid of hope.

Aunt Esther was my dear mother's  
youngest sister and not yet thirty-two.  
Thinking it over that night in bed as I  
lay listening to the waves lapping the  
shore, I fell to dreaming that the blue  
sea-chest flew open mysteriously and  
there jumped out a tall sunburnt man  
with John Heathfield's eyes and hair;  
and I thought he was married to my  
Aunt Esther in the octagon parlor at  
Cliff Cottage, she standing bride in the  
gray silk I had that afternoon rejected  
for the violet blue.

Chapter II.

Mr. Heathfield's summer-house, like  
most of the Weirville houses, was within  
view of the ocean; but the coast here was  
not low, flat and monotonous, nor the  
sea beyond a still steel-blue plain. There  
were visible from the windows rocky  
headlands, and further out, tall, irregu-  
lar, Alp-like cliffs, over whose snowy  
peaks no green wave had ever yet flung  
its crown of snowy surf; while behind  
the house orchards lay content with ripe-  
ness, whitening the ground all through  
the blossom season with banks of per-  
fumed snow and making the soft June  
air like ambrosia.

But the greatest treat, the dearest de-  
light of all to me, was the richly-stored  
library, John Heathfield's especial  
pride, and of all the delightful rooms,  
the one he sought most. With a vol-  
ume of poems or a Waverley novel open  
before me, Miss Lamerse and Aunt Es-  
ther might stich and trim and pursue  
their murmurous talk in the sunny guest-  
chamber undisturbed.

I do not expect to describe Miss  
Lamerse with anything like justice to  
her wonderful beauty; yet she was the  
most perfectly beautiful creature I ever  
saw. The clearest sky that ever bent  
over a summer sea could not make it  
bluer than her eyes, but they lacked the  
calm, clear depths that make such eyes  
enchanting. Give me the wide open  
brown, or honest searching gray, for  
truth in all days and years. Those of  
John Heathfield's promised bride gave  
you an uneasy sensation, watching you  
from under their broad white lids, but  
seldom opening wide to look you in the  
face. And spite of the velvety blue  
eyes, her hair was a shining ripple of  
purplish black.

No mortal could have been more  
sweetly gracious than she was to us, from  
the day we commenced our cutting and  
stitching braid on her elegant bridal  
dresses. She was really useful, too, and  
had the rare gift of knowing exactly how  
she wanted a thing done. She made the  
daintiest picture imaginable, fitting  
among the sheeny silks, trying the effect  
of the lace trimming against her magno-  
lia complexion, and standing behind my  
chair in unfeigned admiration of my  
dexterity with the sewing-machine.

I never should learn—never, she said  
one day, after watching seam after seam  
travelling along the perfectly adjusted  
feed. John says the one disadvantage  
of this sort of a machine is, that not one  
in a hundred ever learns to operate them  
properly.

She had her fair hand with its soft,  
pink-tinged fingers on the ornamented  
table where I sat at work. A scar—  
just a clear-cut line, nearly two inches  
long, which must originally have been  
something of a wound, attracted my at-  
tention. It was between the thumb and  
fore finger of her hand, the right hand  
too. I had noticed at table that she had  
at times a loose, uncertain way of hold-  
ing things, which all her studied grace  
could not quite conceal.

It might have been but a passing  
thought with me, but noticing my riveted  
gaze, and maybe reading my thought,  
she drew it quickly away, her face a vi-  
vid, angry hue.

Then my mind went back, year on  
year, to a scene far back in memory, yet  
distinctly photographed on its childish  
pages. And there came to me the pic-  
ture of a September afternoon under the  
apple trees in the orchard, that moment  
in view from the window where I sat at  
work. And I recalled a quarrel between  
a hot, high-spirited boy and a jealous,  
imperious young girl, and in the wrangle  
she received from a fruit-knife he held,  
a cut clean through the cords of the  
thumb.

You will carry that scar to your grave,  
I should say. It was quite a wound at  
the time, was it not? I asked, coolly,  
clipping my thread.

There was no shadow of confusion or  
fear visible as she answered,—

Something of a cut. Yes; though it  
is only a year old and the scar may fade  
out. I had a fall, and putting out my  
hand to save myself, cut it on a piece of  
sharp ice. A skating incident.

She held it up as she spoke, laughing  
pleasantly. I scanned her face critically.  
Virginia Hall's hair had been golden  
brown; could it have changed by any  
possibility to this raven hue? It was  
hardly probable—and so my suspicion  
died.

One afternoon Miss Lamerse asked  
me to accompany her to town on a shop-  
ping expedition, and as Aunt Esther  
declared she could accomplish quite as  
much work without me, I was not at all  
unwilling to gratify my long-stifed curi-  
osity to tread a city pavement. My

pride would not let me confess to that  
elegant, thorough-bred woman, that I  
had never been twenty miles from the  
house where I was born; and I watched  
her as she went down in an exquisite  
summer silk, and elony lace mantilla.  
So, content to shine with more subdued  
radiance, I appeared in a delicate mus-  
lin, and the little cloud-like lace shawl  
Aunt Esther had given me. She view-  
ed me as I appeared below stairs, with  
surprised eyes.

How pretty you look, she said. I  
had no idea German asters trimmed a  
bonnet so sweetly. They would never  
do for me, though, I want more color,  
arranging the red fuchsias against her  
hair.

She was very gracious that day, call-  
ing my attention to various nice points  
in the shopping line, and explaining its  
deep mysteries with more patience than  
one would have given her credit for pos-  
sessing. Toward sunset she drew me  
into a picture store, and thro' the splen-  
did sale room to a smaller apartment,  
where white statues gleamed out among  
landscapes rich with color, making the  
scene like a fairyland.

She stopped in her critical examina-  
tion of a fruit piece that might have  
been the envy of a sybarite, so rich were  
the clustering grapes, so luscious the  
rareripe peaches, and clutched my arm  
with a gripe that nearly forced from me  
a cry of pain. I hardly noticed her.  
A baby face, done in crayons, but soft  
as an engraving, and the pure freshness  
of childhood in every line of the dimpled  
mouth, made my eyes moist with delight.  
I turned to my companion for sympathy  
in my delighted emotion. She stood  
still, her cheeks burning, her blue eyes  
full of smouldering fire, and strained in  
the direction of a man's figure standing  
looking through the glass door swinging  
between the two apartments. As he set  
his eyes on me and recognized for the  
first time that she was not alone, he  
turned slowly away, and if ever I saw  
malignant triumph in a human face, that  
man held it in his.

She hurried me out and away through  
the gaslit streets till I was weary in  
every joint.

This isn't the way we came from the  
boat, I said, testily, at last, fairly jaded;  
why take such a tortuous route, or  
rather, why walk at all?

I choose to walk, she answered curtly;  
my head aches, and I want to go home.

There was a ferry-boat waiting al-  
ready at the wharf. She drew me hasti-  
ly after her. The boat moved off in a  
moment; but glancing backward I saw  
the dark-faced man standing just out-  
side the saloon.

I grew suddenly bold, and said,—  
Miss Lamerse, why did that man  
stare at you in the picture store? Why  
is he following us now? I never went to  
Boston before in my life; he is a stran-  
ger to me and evidently no friend of  
yours. Can you explain?

Don't be frightened or excited she  
said calmly. My friends go so far some-  
times as to call me handsome. You are  
not ugly, and we are out past sunset  
without an escort. Impudent men have  
followed pretty women before to-night.

But the half mile of country road be-  
tween us and Cliff Cottage after the  
boat? I questioned, uneasily.

Nonsense. Mr. Heathfield has a car-  
riage and is—

A lover, I interrupted, laughing. I  
had forgotten that. But I never ceased  
trembling till we found him there wait-  
ing to drive us home.

That was the real commencement of  
my distrust in her. Her affected cool-  
ness, the plausible excuses, did not de-  
ceive me in the least. I was quite as  
well satisfied that she had reason to fear  
and dread that man, as I was convinced  
that he was determined to discover her  
abode. Lies and subterfuges were per-  
haps all the plainer to me thus seen for  
the first time. Thinking it over the next  
morning I sat absorbed in reverry in the  
library with a book upside down on my  
lap.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE STAR

AND CONCEPTION BAY SEMI-  
WEEKLY ADVERTISER.

Is printed and published by the Proprie-  
tors, ALEXANDER A. PARSONS and WIL-  
LIAM R. SQUAREY, at their Office, (op-  
posite the premises of Capt. D. Green)  
Water Street, Harbor Grace, Newfoundland.

Price of Subscription—THREE DOLLARS per  
annum, payable half-yearly.

Advertisements inserted on the most  
liberal terms, viz.:—Per square of seven-  
teen lines, for first insertion, \$1; each  
continuation 25 cents.  
Book and Job Printing executed in a  
manner calculated to afford the utmost  
satisfaction.

AGENTS.

CARBONAR.....Mr. J. Foote.  
BRIGUS....." W. Horwood.  
BAY ROBERTS....." R. Simpson.  
HEARNS CONTENT....." C. Rendell.  
TRINITY HARBOR....." B. Miller.  
NEW HARBOR....." J. Miller.  
ST. PIERRE, Miqleton....." H. J. Watts.

A  
S.  
3  
10  
17  
24  
Just  
Fresh  
Sp  
Straw  
Sy  
Brau  
C  
W. D.  
Sept. 1  
J.  
ENC  
H  
Pictur  
Glass  
TR  
(In grea  
221 W  
One do  
and ma  
St. John  
H  
BOOK  
E. V  
Import  
NE  
Constan  
School  
Prayer  
nom  
Mu. ic.  
French  
Conce  
Album  
Tissue  
A larg  
Lately at  
PRIN  
Also, Ag  
turing  
A large  
CLO  
JEWEL  
May 14  
BL  
Execu  
and D  
of this