

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 say 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 light of a match will frighten a
wolf away, it is said. But love matches
don't always keep the wolf from the door.



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.]

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 schooner 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 our 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.

Hen... to come... mother... nize hi... comple... The... by the... the dep... proceed... A vi... visited... the bui... and the... falling... homele... The... the ci... Vitry... posts... ment... The... quietly... by an... ector... 278;... from... Grant... Iowa... 40,000... gave... meyer... The... Dix... eight... ther... show... Greele... celled... Gol... The... onto... sent... time... the op... proba... BU... MEN... site... chases... who... hund... struct... house... tached... Assoc... worki... the in... chases... dwell... are to... land... for les... and o... plot... park... be bui... shops... A S... tract... graph... Mitch... on-Ty... steam... of sub... will be... built... sidera... cost o... by its... of tak... in one... the su... Teleg... gross... graph... miles... liam... ing Je... pany... End... of her... consid... and so... It is f... ple ai... Still i... public... rons a... govern... from t... lishme... Public... reveng... electio... TH... "Gree... to be... The n... End... bard... 250 m... 3,600... manuf... 200,00... in the... CL... Bretou... "W... size at... Sydney... mates... also ra... TH... cards... printed

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, Keefe, 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.
Comelford, 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 Glidton, U. Kingdom—E. Duder.
Edward Vettey, 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.

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.

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-Ful.

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; With Ma'mseila Orfulfriski, 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 Cumanbrusemyczoff.

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 Nockmychnoff; It was accepted by his friend, Lieutenant Sawmyshnoff.

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 Nockislegzoff, 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 doorstep 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 restless waves that were forever receding from it. Back of us lay the little seaport 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 the line of heavy mist lying low on the ocean when the sunset bloom had faded, and a reverey, deep, delicious and resistless, came upon me, holding each delighted 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 window for a breath of cool air, as she tied the black silk apron over her neat afternoon dress.

I seem to see her just as she looked that night, with her beautiful brown eyes, so tender, so true, with a vague unspoken yearning in them, lending an added 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 surprise.

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 laughing.

Mr. Heathfield laughed too.

I suppose I shall have to believe you. But really I did think that every woman 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 myself 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 going 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 consciousness steadied nerve and voice as I sang a ballad or two, his rich tenor striking 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 toying with an English pansy he had broken from a cluster of blossoms growing in a fanciful green flower vase on the window beside him.

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

She answered in her quiet way, keeping 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 searching 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? recognizing the pitiful morsels of refinement with which I was striving to wall myself 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 delight 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 indeed, you are needing a dress fitted?

He looked a trifle confused, but answered, 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 Lamere will be terribly disappointed if you refuse her.

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

I really am not competent to undertake a "trousseau;" least of all for Miss Lamere. I certainly would not refuse if I had confidence in my ability. Barbara should have been the dress-maker; 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 Lamere; 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 Lamere herself, sweet as the honey in the comb. Could Miss Lowell possibly oblige her? Every dressmaker in the city was engaged three months ahead, and the marriage 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. Heathfield went away like a man suddenly relieved of a burden.

The intended marriage was no surprise 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 admiration, what could dead Agnes ever have been?

The strangest thing of all is her sending for you to do her dress, I said, thinking 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 Lamere 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 laughed 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, always open to city guests, one thing troubled me sorely. I had not a single fresh looking summer dress. Having gone to the unusual expense that spring of allowing 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 Lamere!

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, indeed it isn't, I said gloomily.

It was not the way, generally, of that dearest of women to make sport of anybody'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 dragging after her a little blue chest that had always been an untraveled mystery to me. She unlocked the little rusty padlock 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 crying 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 away 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 your own.

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, irregular, 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 ripeness, whitening the ground all through the blossom season with banks of perfumed snow and making the soft June air like ambrosia.

But the greatest treat, the dearest delight 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 volume of poems or a Waverley novel open before me, Miss Lamere and Aunt Esther might stich and trim and pursue their murmurous talk in the sunny guest-chamber undisturbed.

I do not expect to describe Miss Lamere 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 magnolia 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 attention. 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 holding 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 vivid, 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 picture 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 Lamere asked me to accompany her to town on a shopping 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 curiosity 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 muslin, and the little cloud-like lace shawl Aunt Esther had given me. She viewed 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, calling 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 possessing. Toward sunset she drew me into a picture store, and thro' the splendid 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 examination 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 already at the wharf. She drew me hastily after her. The boat moved off in a moment; but glancing backward I saw the dark-faced man standing just outside the saloon.

I grew suddenly bold, and said,— Miss Lamere, 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 stranger 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 sometimes 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 between us and Cliff Cottage after the boat? I questioned, uneasily.

Nonsense. Mr. Heathfield has a carriage and is—

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

That was the real commencement of my distrust in her. Her affected coolness, the plausible excuses, did not deceive 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 perhaps all the plainer to me thus seen for the first time. Thinking it over the next morning I sat absorbed in reverey 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 Proprietors, ALEXANDER A. PARSONS and WILLIAM R. SQUAREY, at their Office, (opposite 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 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.