

The Star,

AND CONCEPTION BAY SEMI-WEEKLY ADVERTISER.

Volume I.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Friday, June 21, 1872.

Number 11.

JUNE.

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MOON'S PHASES.

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FIRST QUARTER.....	14th,	3.48 A. M.
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NOTICES.

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ALEXR. BANNERMAN,
E. WILKS LYON.
Harbor Grace, May 14, 1872. tff

WORN AND TORN.

Two words we count but commonplace,
The while they mean so much:
"Worn," aimless as an ended chase;
"Torn," with the lightning's lurid trace,
And hot unwelcome touch.

"Worn," with its grave along Life's street
Never a blossom left
To brooder it, or make it sweet:
Earth's brown wrap worn by idle feet,
Bare of its grassy weft.

"Torn" where new sundered daisies lay
O'er cleft in sodded green;
Yet on the verge they nod as gay
As though a dying yesterday
Laid not below unseen.

"Worn" hath a wailing, weary cry,
Echo of ill-spent breath,
That wanders yet beneath the sky;
Sad monotone, its key a sigh,
Nor finds relief in death.

"Torn" hath a fiercer cry of pain;
Its jangled lute unstrung,
Never to quiver a trill again,
Or fall in music's silver rain
Where happy songs are sung.

"Worn" shows a wan and weary face,
Its eyes tear-stained and dim—
No roses in the roses' place,
Dim lines of care o'er lines of grace,
The hopeless mouth grown grim.

"Torn" brings the madman's gleaming
eye
Ablaze with sullen light;
The ebbing blood shows purple streak
Adown the swiftly faded cheek,
And parted lips are white.

"Weary and worn," "tempted and torn!"
Listen how echoes wait
On each, to chime its own refrain,
Its burden born of sin or pain,
Sequence inviolate.

Supreme Court.

Trial of Patrick Geehan and
Johanna Hamilton for the
Murder of Garrett Sears.

(From the St. John's Morning Chronicle.)
SATURDAY, June 1.

[CONTINUED.]

Mr. Emerson, on behalf of the prisoner,
Joanna Hamilton, addressed the Jury as
follows:—

May it please Your Lordships,—
Gentlemen of the Jury,—

It now becomes my duty to address you
on behalf of the prisoner Joanna Hamilton,
and I crave your particular attention
to such observations as may make to you
assuring you that I shall say nothing but
that which the circumstances of this case
render necessary, and my duty to my
client warrants and approves. The prisoner
Joanna Hamilton has been placed in
that dock charged with the murder of
Garrett Sears, and it is her complicity
with the prisoner Geehan in the death of
Sears that you are now called upon to
consider. I, myself, feel painfully the
great difficulty which you will experience
in those portions of the evidence which
apply distinctly to each of the prisoners,
and upon which the Crown relies to bring
home to them the commission of the crime
with which they are charged. The evi-
dence as it has been given, contains mat-
ter which, affecting as it does each prisoner
individually, must not be regarded by
you as applying indiscriminately to both.
You must carefully separate those por-
tions of it which apply directly to my
client, and upon them and them alone
judge of her guilt or innocence; carefully
putting aside in such consideration that
evidence which the Court will direct you
affects the prisoner Geehan alone. It is
hardly necessary for me, gentlemen, to
point out to you that, in the consideration
of this case you must entirely divest your
minds of all preconceived opinions or im-
pressions. Your oaths as Jurors oblige
you to do this. By these solemn obligations
you are called upon to render your ver-
dict in accordance with the evidence,
and with the evidence alone. It is there-
fore the duty of the Crown to satisfy you
by testimony of the guilt of the prisoner
Hamilton; and if in the consideration of
the testimony you find that it is not suffi-
cient to satisfy you, and that it leaves
upon your minds a single doubt of her
guilt, if that doubt be a substantial and
honest one, you are bound to give her
the benefit of it by a verdict of acquittal;
outside of that evidence you cannot and
ought not to go, and by it alone are you
to be guided in the discharge of that
duty which you owe not alone to the
prisoner but to the country also. The
learned Attorney General relied upon
some two or three points in order to

establish against the prisoner Hamilton
a complicity with Geehan, and a premed-
itation and a conspiracy upon the part of
both of them to commit the crime of
which they are charged. The motive for
this murder has been alleged to be a
criminal intimacy which it is insinuated
existed between the prisoners, and that
for the more easy indulgence in this evil
passion, the removal of the deceased was
necessary. The Crown has distinctly
averred that the death of Sears was the
result of this premeditation—a premed-
itation that existed for a considerable
time, and extended as far back as the
month of August last, when the prisoners
were living at the Labrador. And I must
now ask you, gentlemen, to go back with
me to that period, to trace the evidence
that has been given up to the death of
Sears, to analyse it fairly and honestly,
and then see whether or not it bears out
that premeditation of murder upon
which the Crown relies. You have been
told that the prisoners while residing at
the Labrador, slept in the same room—
though in different beds, and you were
asked to consider this as evidence, if not
of positive criminal intercourse, at least
sufficient for you to reasonably infer that
such intercourse existed. Now does that
circumstance carry with it the presump-
tion and inference that an illicit inter-
course existed between them? Is the
evidence of such a character as to leave
no doubt upon your minds. I think not.
By that evidence you find that it is no-
thing unusual for woman and men to
sleep in the same room at the Labrador
without any thought of evil; that among
our fishing population, such a proceeding
is neither regarded as indelicate or im-
proper. Hence it follows, gentlemen,
that from the mere fact of their occupy-
ing the same room, no presumption of
guilty intercourse can be raised sufficient
to satisfy a jury. Again, Garrett Sears
slept in the same house. And remem-
ber, that this was the usual course of
their lives at the Labrador for the past
three years. If, then, there was anything
wrong in the prisoners occupying the
same room, would not Garrett Sears have
spoken of it? Would he not have men-
tioned it to his sister Mrs. Geehan? And
must we not reasonably conclude that if
such had been mentioned no such kindly
relations could have existed between
Geehan and his wife, or between Hamil-
ton and her, as the witnesses for the
Crown lead us to believe. If this theory
of criminal intimacy be correct, would it
not have been generally known? Would
there not have been plenty of people to
speak of it? And in the face of testi-
mony which proves to you that the oc-
cupancy of sleeping apartments at the
Labrador by men and women is quite
consistent with innocence and virtue, can
you upon your oaths say that any such
illicit intercourse existed? But the
Crown does not stop here. It adduces
one more fact in support of this theory
of criminal intimacy—a circumstance
which, when fairly considered, will be
found as wanting in all the elements of
guilt as the preceding one. The witness
Mansfield says that on a Sunday morning
after their return from the Labrador,
Johanna was sick in bed; that Mrs. Gee-
han desired her to make some toast for
Johanna and take it and a cup of tea up
to her. Mrs. Geehan then went out to
milk the cows, and while she was absent
the witness says that Geehan went up
into Johanna's bedroom, and remained
there for some time—nearly a half-hour.
Now, does that circumstance prove any-
thing? Can it be reasonably explained?
I think so. Is it not reasonable to be-
lieve, that if such a criminal intercourse
as that alleged existed, such a time and
such a place would not be selected for its
indulgence? Would Geehan, a married
man, deliberately, in the presence of the
witness Mansfield, visit Hamilton for the
purpose of having improper intimacy
with her? At a time, too, when discovery
was almost certain, when a witness to
the fact was present, when his wife was
on the premises, and likely at any mo-
ment to come in and discover them her-
self in the indulgence of their guilty
passions? Why the very publicity of his
visit to Hamilton's room would rebut such
a presumption. No man in his senses
would so openly run the risk of detec-
tion and exposure, and the only conclu-
sion, gentlemen, which you can possibly
draw from the circumstance, is the fair
and reasonable one, which must instantly
occur to every man, that his visit was
one merely of enquiry as to her health
—and not one involving disreputable
conduct or guilty intercourse. Now these
are the only two points upon which the
Crown relies to prove the existence of a
criminal intimacy; and upon which the
learned Attorney General bases his theory
that this was the motive for the murder
of Sears—that he was an obstacle in the
way, and his removal would enable them
to indulge with greater freedom and
greater security their debasing passions.
Gentlemen, it is manifest, I think, that
with such paltry and flimsy evidence the
Crown cannot hope to succeed in carrying

conviction to your minds that any such
motive existed for taking Sears's life.
But although the Crown may fail in estab-
lishing by proof the motive which they
allege, it would by no means follow that
my client could be acquitted if the evi-
dence against her upon the main charge
of murder was sufficient to justify a con-
viction. My duty is very clear. It is not
only to shew, as I apprehend I have
shown, that no such motive as that relied
on existed; but that the full evidence on
the part of the Crown against the prisoner
Hamilton is insufficient to justify you in
finding her guilty. Having then thus
disposed of the motive, let me now direct
your attention to the evidence upon
which the Crown relies to prove that the
death of Sears was the result of premed-
itation, of a conspiracy long entertained,
carefully thought over and planned, and
which was carried into effect on the day
that he was killed. Two witnesses,
Catherine Hearn and John Hearn, detail-
ed a conversation which they say they
had with Hamilton at the Labrador,
sometime last August. Catherine Hearn
says, "Hamilton came to my house, and I
asked her had she any news from home."
She said she had a letter, everything was
well, only her mistress was sick all the
summer, and it was a pity such a smart
man should be tied up to such a b—y
old hake. My husband said, her mistress
was a smart young woman, and would
live to bury her and Geehan. She said,
Mrs. Geehan would not live to see Christ-
mas day. She turned to me and said, "It
is Uncle Pat and Aunt Jane now, it will
be Uncle Pat and Aunt Joanna then."
Let us now consider what is the effect of
this conversation, and, if it have any
meaning, what is the real one which is to
be attributed to it. Here are idle words
said to have been uttered at the Labra-
dor, and if they shewed any malignant
intention at all, any express malice, it
was against the late Mrs. Geehan and not
against Garrett Sears. Hence in the very
inception of this question they have no
application? But do they show a malig-
nant intention. Now express malice may
be gathered from threats. Enmity, ill-
will, revenge may prompt the utterance
of such threats. This conversation does
not contain anything like a threat. Now
if the theory of the Crown be a correct
one, that the killing of Sears was the re-
sult of a long cherished conspiracy and
premeditation, is it at all likely that
Hamilton would have so deliberately ex-
pressed that intention, and created her-
self the evidence to convict her by speak-
ing of Mrs. Geehan in the way alleged?
Would she too, above all others, have
told the Hearn, who were near relations
of Mrs. Geehan, and who, it would be sup-
posed, would be ready to convey to her
any language that Hamilton had made
use of against her? But it must not be
forgotten that the Hearn themselves pay
no attention to this conversation. If it
be so important evidence of the dark
crime of murder, if it be so black with
guilt, how is it that the Hearn who now
speak of it paid so little attention to it at
the time, never mention it to any one,
or even think of it until after Mrs. Gee-
han's death? Gentlemen, what must you
conclude from this? Can you honestly re-
gard these words as evidence of premed-
itated crime? I cannot think so. I think
you will look upon these as idle and
trivial words—words which, if uttered at all
had at the time they were spoken no
meaning or significance. Again recollect
you are entirely dependent upon the
memory of the two witnesses for this con-
versation. It is true they are quite posi-
tive that what they say occurred, really
took place. But are they not likely to
mistake or to colour the truth? Upon
all other matters they are wonderfully de-
ficient—they can't remember and they
don't know—these are their answers to
every ordinary question; nay, they can-
not even recollect the exact time at which
these words were spoken. Gentlemen,
these statements ought to be received
and considered by you with great cau-
tion. If we were all to be held responsi-
ble for every idle and thoughtless word
we utter, if they were "set in a note book
—learned and conned by rote to cast
into our teeth," what an apparently black
and damning record might be exhibited
against us. But if these words are to be
strained into the expression of premed-
itated crime they would certainly point to
the murder of Mrs. Geehan and not of
Sears. Hence, gentlemen, before you
can arrive at the conclusion that they did
express a malignant and wicked intention
to take human life, you must be satisfied
that the death of Mrs. Geehan did not re-
sult from any natural causes or disease,
but that she had been murdered by the
prisoners acting in concert with, and aid-
ing and assisting each other. What then
is the evidence that is to carry conviction
to your minds that Mrs. Geehan was mur-
dered? The learned Attorney General
told you that upon her body there were
marks of violence, that there were the
marks or prints of finger-nails on her
throat. Now, instead of this being pro-

ven, it has been positively and affirma-
tively denied. Dr. Allan who examined
the body distinctly, tells you that there
were no marks of violence upon her per-
son, sufficient to cause death. That there
was a small flesk-cut on the forehead,
which might have been produced by a
slight fall—that the marks on the throat
were not produced by the pressure of
any hand, but were caused by the
manner in which her bonnet strings
were tied, and the neck of her
dress was fastened. That he examined
her heart, that it was very much diseased
—a disease, too, of long standing, and
likely to cause death at any moment.
That any sudden shock or excitement,
either of joy or terror, would cause death.
And he sums up the whole of his evi-
dence by the positive statement, based
upon scientific knowledge and examina-
tion, that she died from heart disease—
but whether there was any accelerating
cause or not he could not say. If, then,
a gentleman of such a large experience
as Doctor Allan, gives it as his opinion
that heart disease was the cause of her
death, how can you, as Jurors, say upon
your oaths that she was murdered. The
evidence has completely broken down
the theory of the learned Attorney Gen-
eral. It not merely not supports it, but
clearly and positively contradicts it.
What meaning or what significance can
now be attributed to the evidence of the
Hearn? It stands, gentlemen, in exact-
ly the same position in which I placed it.
Hamilton's alleged language at the Labra-
dor—whether she used it or not—
becomes now, in reality, idle words,
meaningless and purposeless, indicating
no guilty intention, and cannot and ought
not now be regarded by you as any evi-
dence against her of the crime in the
indictment laid to her charge. One more
point remains for consideration upon
which the Crown relies to show that the
death of Sears was the result of premed-
itation. It is in evidence that both Gee-
han and Hamilton told several persons,
some days before the death of Sears, that
he was going to St. John's to the Hospi-
tal, to get his toes cured, and that Mrs.
Geehan was going to accompany him to
Brigus. The fact that Sears had sore
toes, that they were frost-bitten, is admit-
ted, and I am instructed by my client to
say that these persons really intended
going to St. John's; but that the fatal
proceedings of Monday prevented it.
You must also bear in mind that this
story about Sears going to St. John's was
not a new and sudden thought. The wit-
ness, Shougharou, tells you that it was a
matter that he had heard frequently
spoken of by the family as far back as
twelve months before that time. If then
you should believe such was the case,
that an intention to go to St. John's really
existed, and that it was prevented by
the death of Sears, you will at once con-
clude that the story of their intention to
go is not to be regarded as any evidence
of premeditation. That Garrett Sears
was shot on that fatal Monday no one
denies. It has been admitted by the
learned Counsel for Geehan, and the
statement of Geehan himself, which has
been put in evidence, sufficiently estab-
lishes that fact. From the facts of this
case can any reasonable inference be
drawn of the absence of any premedita-
tion to shoot Sears. In order then to as-
certain how far Hamilton participated in
the killing of Sears, it is necessary to a
certain extent and up to a certain time
to analyse Geehan's motives or malice.
Did Geehan really contemplate the mur-
der of Sears? Was the death of Sears
the result of such premeditation? If so,
why was it done so openly? Why have
selected such a time as the middle of the
day, in such a thickly populated neigh-
borhood, for the commission of such a
crime. Again, why was the weapon that
was used the one most likely of all others
to create suspicion, and lead to almost
certain detection? Is it not reasonable
to suppose that if the killing of Sears
was the result of such long premeditation,
of such a deep and settled plan, that it
would have been done at a different time
and in a different manner. A murderer
would naturally select the dark hours of
the night for the carrying out of his un-
holy and brutal purpose. Even then he
would not select a weapon, the use of
which would necessarily awake alarm
and direct attention to his deed. No!
the weapon he would surely use would be
a silent one, but probably no less dead-
ly. Geehan himself states that he shot
Sears, but that he did so accidentally
in firing at a hawk. Do not the reason-
able inferences which can be drawn from
all the surrounding circumstances of the
case sustain the statement of Geehan
that the shooting was accidental? If
that be so, up to the shooting no crim-
inality can possibly attach to Hamilton.
With the act of Geehan accidentally shoot-
ing Sears, Hamilton could have no con-
nection. Hence the conversations of
Hamilton, which are relied on to shew
premeditation, to sustain the theory of
a powerful existing motive for the mur-
der, become useless, and cease to have

any significance. Beyond that shooting as far as Gehan is concerned I cannot go. What amount of guilt attaches to him after the shooting, is not for me to enquire into, or to justify or defend. Whatever was afterwards done was the independent act of Gehan alone, for which he alone must be held responsible, and bear the full consequences himself. What you have then to consider is how far the prisoner Hamilton is connected with the taking of Sears's life after the shooting, if you should find that it was taken. It would not of course be necessary, to render her guilty, that she should be actually present taking part in the killing. If she was in any way aiding and assisting him she would be equally guilty with him. But was she so aiding and assisting? Her mere presence in the house at the time could not be construed into an aiding or abetting, or assisting at the murder. Frightened at seeing the man on the ground, she rushes back into the house, and whatever was done by Gehan she was not present, and from her statement it appears that she was in no way connected with it. What evidence is there before you to show any participation by Hamilton in the act of Gehan? What to show any aiding, assisting, abetting, or counselling him? There is a total absence of any evidence to satisfy you upon these points. It is true that Gehan in his confession says that Hamilton rushed out and urged him to finish Sears with a pitchfork, and handed the pitchfork to him—with which he says he finished him. That statement is not evidence against Hamilton, and in considering her guilt or innocence you are bound to put that statement out of your minds, and judge her as if you had never heard it. But you must recollect that Gehan has also said that that statement as far as Hamilton is concerned is untrue. He told Mr Lilly that he could neither sleep nor rest quietly until he had corrected this statement. His conscience was awakened. He felt that what he had said might implicate her in his acts and place her life in jeopardy. He seems, however, to have endeavoured to atone for his falsehood by withdrawing it. If then Gentlemen, you find that Hamilton's complicity with the criminal act of Gehan has not been made out—that there is not sufficient evidence to satisfy you that she was guiltyly connected with it, that she aided or abetted him in the killing of Sears, you are bound to acquit her; nay, further, although the circumstances may be strongly suspicious, if you have an honest and substantial doubt of her complicity—it is not only within your power but you are bound to give the prisoner the benefit of the doubt by a verdict of acquittal. Mere suspicion, nay, strong circumstances of suspicion, are not sufficient to justify you in finding the prisoner guilty. It is the duty of the Crown to prove by legal evidence the charge preferred, and if it fail to do so—if it fail to carry conviction to your minds of the prisoner's guilt—if without straining the evidence either in favor of the prisoner or against her, a single honest doubt of her guilt remains upon your minds, you are bound to find her not guilty. With Hamilton's acts in concealing the death of Sears and Mrs. Gehan, you have nothing whatever to do, if you find that the charge of murder against her is not proven. That may be an offence against the law, but it is a very far different offence from the crime of murder, and it is an offence which upon the present indictment you could not consider. Wrong, nay, highly criminal may have been the conduct of Hamilton in assisting if she did, to conceal the deaths of Sears and Mrs. Gehan, but you must also recollect, Gentlemen, her position in the prisoner Gehan's house. She was his servant, under his control and influence, and being so who can tell what may have been the effect of fear and terror upon her mind? She would then easily become the instrument in his hands for good or evil. His power over her would be great. Burdened and borne down by the knowledge of crime committed, she might very easily come to regard herself as implicated with her Master; and arising out of these considerations comes the evidence that she is unfortunately in the family way, and the presumption of the Crown is that it is the result of an illicit intercourse with Gehan. But even if it were the case, of which you have no proof, that fact would not be evidence of her guilt. If after those fatal occurrences she was led into sin, she would be more the object of compassion and pity than reproach. From the witnesses you heard evidence of her uniform good character; let us trust then that a single act of sin would not hopelessly debase her.

"The sin that practice burns into the blood, And not the one dark hour that brings remorse, Will brand us, after, of whose fold we be: Or else were he, the Holy King, whose hymns Are chanted in the Minster, worse than all."

Gentlemen—The life of the unfortunate prisoner Hamilton is now in your hands. The responsibility which the law casts upon you is indeed a weighty and a trying one. But you must not forget that while you are bound to mete out justice you are at the same time impowered to temper that justice with mercy. Again I implore you to weigh and consider cautiously all the circumstance of this case as far as they effect the prisoner Hamilton. I implore you to cast out of your minds all preconceived opinions or impressions. And if in doing so you find that the evidence for the crown so conclusively and positively establishes the guilt of the prisoner that you can find no other verdict than that of guilty, as honest and conscientious jurors you must only do your duty. But if on the contrary you find, as I firmly believe and hope you will find, that the evidence is not of that conclusive and positive character, but is presumptive and doubtful—leaving upon

your minds reasonable and substantial and honest doubts of Hamilton's complicity—then I implore you, gentlemen, to give her the benefits of these doubts, as in law you are bound to do—to hesitate before you take away from her, upon such testimony, that life which the Almighty gave her, and to render a verdict, which in after years you can justify to your conscience and to your God.

At the conclusion of Mr. Emerson's address, eight o'clock having arrived the Chief Justice informed the jury that they had yet to listen to an address from the Counsel for Gehan, as well as the summing up for the Crown and the charge from the Bench; and as these could not be concluded so as to place the case in their hands before twelve o'clock; and as, moreover, they could not under any circumstances be released to-morrow, (Sunday,) inasmuch as the Court could not receive their verdict on that day, the most desirable course seemed to be to adjourn proceedings until Monday. At the request of the Attorney General permission was given to the jury to drive out to-morrow in Charge of the Sheriff. The Court then adjourned to Monday.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE STAR.

HARBOR GRACE, JUNE 21, 1872.

ON the evening of the 19th, the steamer "Mastiff," to Messrs. Ridley & Sons, arrived here from Venison Island, Labrador, from which place she brought advices up to the 16th inst. No sailing vessels were down on the coast. No field or jam of ice to speak of; but icebergs innumerable. Fish had not struck in and the season was more backward than last year.

LOCAL VARIETIES.

(From the Chronicle of To-day.)

LOSS OF THE MAIL STEAMER "GASPE."

The following note and telegram will apprise the public of the loss of the steamer *Gaspe* at Langlois yesterday morning. While the event is an unfortunate one, it is pleasant to know that the passengers and mails have been saved, and will be brought on to St. John's without delay.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE. Sir—We enclose copy of a message received this evening from St. Peters, which we regret to say, contains news of the loss of the *Gaspe*.

We hope to-morrow to be able to announce the arrangements for bringing on passengers and mails.

We are, Yours, &c., HARVEY & Co.

Telegram.

By Telegraph from St. Pierre.

JUNE 20th, 1872. "S. S. *Gaspe* lost at Langlois five o'clock this morning. All passengers and mails saved and in St. Pierre."

Mr. George E. Wilson, late of Wilson & Clarke, arrived here yesterday in the *Schr. Osceola*, from Yarmouth, with a dramatic company of seventeen performers, a panorama of "the streets of Boston," and some very attractive scenery. We are sure Mr. Wilson's old friends will give him a cordial welcome on his opening night, which will be decided upon as soon as he has secured a Hall, and notice of which will be announced in our next issue.—*Ibid*, June 18th.

BY AUTHORITY.

His Excellency the Governor has been pleased to appoint Charles Dawe, Esq., (Bay Robert's,) to be a Justice of the Peace for the Northern District, in the room of the late Robert Dawe, Esq., J. P., deceased; and James Alexander, Esq., M. D., to be a Justice of the Peace for the Northern District.

His Excellency in Council has also been pleased to appoint Hon. Major Renouf, Surveyor General, and Richard Howley, Esq., to be Arbitrators under the St. John's Rebuilding Act. The Rev. William Born to be a member of the Roman Catholic Board of Education, and Member of the Road Board, at Burin, in the room of the Rev. Richard O'Donnell, left the District; the Rev. William Doughty, to be a Member of the Roman Catholic Board of Education, and Member of the Road Board, at St. Lawrence, in the room of the late Rev. John Kinsella, deceased.

His Excellency in Council has also been pleased to appoint James Alexander, Esq., to be Health Officer for Tilt Cove; and, Charles Dawe, Esq., J. P., to be a Member of the Protestant Commercial School Board and Board of Education, and Road Board, at Bay Roberts, in the room of the late Robert Dawe, Esq. Secretary's Office, St. John's, 17th June, 1872.—*Gazette*.

A fire took place yesterday morning in Gower Street, adjoining Browning's Tannery, but fortunately did no damage, further than destroying the building in which it originated.—*Courier*, June 19.



Latest Despatches.

LONDON, June 14.

In the House of Commons this p. m., in reply to a question by Mr. Corrae, Mr. Gladstone said a postponement of the meeting of the Board of Arbitrators would not affect twenty, but that the defeat of one of its provisions might; as when one wheel of a carriage failed all failed.

In reply to Bury's enquiry of last night, Mr. Gladstone promised that all papers would be laid before the house to-night.

GENEVA, 14.

Nearly all connected with the Board of Arbitrators have arrived. It is believed the Board will adjourn immediately after meeting, but if an agreement to adjourn cannot be reached and the meeting prolonged, the session will undoubtedly be a secret one.

Thiers was attacked by the Right in the Assembly to-day who demanded that he should dismiss certain Ministers and carry on his administration more in accordance with the views of the majority.

The Spanish Cabinet is entirely formed. The Malitia of the Kingdom will be re-organized. Cortes dissolved. Zorilla has refused to accept the Premiership.

NEW YORK, 15.

The steamship "Ryim," with Herr Strauss, the German Imperial Bands, and other foreign artists on their way to the Boston Jubilee, arrived last night.

It is believed in Washington that at a meeting of the Geneva Arbitrators to-day the agent of our Government will accede to the British request of a postponement, with a protest against England's right to withdraw from the treaty under any consideration whatever.

Gold 113 7-8.

The Boston Jubilee opened to-day with great success. The Band of the British Grenadier Guards started from Warwick House at 8 o'clock and, accompanied by a large escort of English residents, passed through several of the principal streets, enthusiastically cheered along the whole line of march.

A magnificent dinner was given to the representatives of the press, at Faneuil Hall, this morning. Several hundred journalists were present. The Mayor of Boston and several other gentlemen of eminence in the world of journalism addressed the assembly.

The first Concert commenced shortly after three p. m. to-day. Addresses were delivered by the Mayor and General Banks. The opening piece ("Old Hundred") was magnificently performed. Few of those present will ever hear such music again in this world! Gillmore, Secorah and Strauss were rapturously received. Everything passed off in the most satisfactory manner possible. Notwithstanding the vast size of the building, the solo singers made themselves heard distinctly at its furthest extremity.

LONDON, 16.

The Board of Arbitrators met at Geneva on Saturday, when summaries of proposals and arguments on each side were presented. The proceedings were conducted privately. Nothing further is definitely. Other reports give details, but how trustworthy we cannot say. One account represents the English agreement as not submitted, and that the British Government's agent has sent for further instructions.

NEW YORK, 17.

A special despatch to the "Herald," from Geneva, says a proposition for an adjournment is now before the tribunal, and will occupy the arbitrators on Monday, perhaps longer, as the purpose of the session on Monday is to hear the argument on this point. Many delicate issues will be raised for the judges, who will not determine hastily. Possibly this single subject may occupy several days. It is certain that the English argument was not printed on Saturday.

Gold 113 7-8.

We have received the following note from "Auld Reekie" relative to his non-appearance in this issue:—

"Owing to the wet state of the weather, which blows dust in my eyes every time I try to reach the Star Office, I have had to give up bringing down my communication, which, by the way, is thicker than carpet, and measures somewhere about nine times the size of the Boston Jubilee Store. Don't you tell how you got my note."

QUICK VOYAGE.—The Brig *Netherton*, Capt. Thomas Brien, belonging to Messrs. Job Brothers & Co., arrived on Monday last, from Oporto, in 18 days passage. The *Netherton* made the passage hence to Oporto in 14 days, and has performed the whole voyage, taking full cargo each way in the short space of 33 days. "Go it again!"—*Times*, June 19.

GENERAL NEWS.

NOBLE CHARITY.

Massachusetts, as a state Government, had on her hands some 3,000 boys and girls, children of dead, or imprisoned, or profligate, or incompetent parents, for whose training she was responsible. Thereupon, instead of abandoning them to shift for themselves after leaving her prisons and almshouses and infant-schools, Massachusetts, through the Board of Charities, devised a new notion, 'yelept' a "Visiting Agency," by which these children are gathered up, and placed in families all over the state, and there visited, provided for, and looked after as no commonwealth before ever undertook to do for its waifs and strays. The seventy five pages devoted to the Visiting Agent's report, though too thickly spiced with figures to be the most agreeable reading, are a remarkable testimony to the combination of charity and common sense which marks the public administration of Massachusetts. It appears that this bureau of the state charities last year investigated the cases of 1,563 children arrested for misdemeanors, of whom 1,167 were judged guilty by the courts, and wisely disposed of under humane laws; that its officers also visited 1,450 other children previously placed in families, attended to their wants and redressed their grievances; and also lent a helping hand to about 500 more, who went out from the state establishments during the year, mostly into families. Here, then, were something like 8,000 children kindly and watchfully provided for by this single bureau.

GREAT INCREASE IN WEALTH.

The total wealth of the people of the United States in 1850 was seven billion one hundred and thirty-five million seven hundred and sixty thousand two hundred and twenty-eight dollars, (\$7,135,760,228.) In 1860, it was sixteen billion one hundred and fifty-nine million six hundred and sixteen thousand and sixty-eight dollars, (\$16,159,616,068.) And in 1870, notwithstanding our destructive war, it had risen to the vast sum of twenty-nine billion nine hundred and seventy-five million seven hundred and eighty-one thousand three hundred and ten dollars, (\$29,975,781,310.)

Never in the history of the world, has there been any other case of such rapid increase in the wealth of a people. *American paper.*

HERRING AND MACKAREL.

Mr. Witcher, Commissioner of the Dominion Fisheries writes a long letter in refutation of the American theory of the migrations of mackarel. Mr. Witcher, who is a well known and good authority on such subjects, contends that mackarel and herring are not migratory in their habits. They frequent the shallow waters during the spawning season, and during the remainder of the year are to be found in the neighboring deep waters, never migrating from the locality of which they are natives. He supports his argument by quotations from the ablest writers on the subject of sea-fishing.

FROM MAGDALEN ISLANDS.

A letter from the Magdalen Islands, published by the *Pictou "Standard"* gives a harrowing account of suffering endured by a number of seamen who were wrecked on the coast last winter. On the night of November 29th three wrecks occurred on the shore of the Island. The first was a lumber laden barque, which was driven on the beach and the mate and three men lost. A few hours later a brig, loaded with wheat, was wrecked, and of the twelve men on board only one, the mate of the vessel, was saved. He was on the wreck eighteen hours after the ship struck. Finding her breaking up, he got hold of a piece of timber and hove himself overboard when the sea washed him on shore. He landed near a fisherman's hut where he remained for three days without food or fire. The *schr. "Peri"* loaded with fish from Gaspé, went on shore the same night and one of the crew was lost.

A REVERIE.

Not long since I met a gentleman who is possessed of more than a million. Silver was in his hair, care upon his brow, and he stooped beneath his burden of wealth. We were speaking of that period of life when we had realized the most perfect enjoyment, or, rather, when we had found the happiness nearest to unalloyed. "I'll tell you," said the millionaire, "when was the happiest hour of my life. At the age of one-and-twenty I had saved about £100. I was earning £150 a year. At the age of twenty four I had secured a pretty cottage just outside of the City. I was able to pay two-thirds of the value down, and also to furnish it respectably. I was married on a bright June day. My wife had come to me poor in purse, but rich in the wealth of her womanhood. On the first Monday morning after my mar-

riage I went to my work, and when the labours of the day were done, I went not to the paternal shelter, as in the past, but to my own house—my own home. The holy atmosphere of that hour seems to surround me even now in the memory. I opened the door of my cottage and entered. I laid my hat upon the little stand in the hall, and passed on to the kitchen—our kitchen and dining-room were all one then. The table was set against the wall—the evening meal was ready—prepared by the hands of her who had come to be my helpmeet in deed as well as in name—and by the table, with a throbbing expectant look upon her loving face, stood my wife. I tried to speak, and could not. I could only clasp the waiting angel to my bosom, thus showing to her the ecstatic burden of my heart. The years have passed—long years—and worldly wealth has flowed in upon me, and I am honoured and envied but I would give it all—every pound—for the joy of the hour of that June evening in the long, long ago!"

A FABLE.

A certain rabbi had two sons, whom he and his wife tenderly loved. Duty obliged the rabbi to take a journey to a distant country; during his absence his two promising boys sickened and died. The grief-stricken mother laid them out on their bed, drew the curtain, and waited anxiously for her husband. He came—it was night. "How are my boys?" was the first question. "Let me see them." "Stay awhile," said his wife; "I am in great trouble, and I want your advice. Some years ago a friend lent me some jewels. I took great care of them, and at last began to prize them as my own. Since your departure my friend has called for them, but I did not like to part with them. Shall I give them up?" "Wife! what a strange request is this? Give them up and that instantly, this very night. Show me the jewels." She took the rabbi to the bed, drew aside the curtain, and said "Husband, there are the jewels!" The rabbi bowed his head and wept.

TELEGRAPHIC.

The Nova Scotia Telegraph is to pass into the hands of the Montreal Company who are to buy out the N. S. Co. The fares will then be reduced to the uniform rate of 25 cents per message of 10 words to any part of the Dominion. The change will be advantageous to the country.—The price of messages to Europe has been reduced to \$1 per word.—A company has been formed, entitled "The Great Western Telegraph Company," with a capital of six millions seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It is stated positively that a contract for making and laying the cables—one from England to the United States, and another from the United States to the West Indies—with Hooper's Telegraph Works, and that the contractors have stipulated to take one-third of the capital stock. Combinations are spoken of with other cable and telegraph companies, and especially with the Great Northern Telegraph Company, for a connection with Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Russia, and with Northern Asia. The intention is to bring the line direct from England to New York or to as near a point as practicable to New York. We are promised a reduction of charges for messages to one half the present rate.—*Hatifax Witness.*

MUTINY.

A mutiny occurred on board the barque "C. A. Littlefield" on her passage from Liverpool to this port—six days after leaving the channel. One of the men, a Texan, stabbed the chief mate in the side and was shot in the wrist by that officer. Some of the crew rushed to the assistance of the man, when the captain shot another of them in the head. This quelled the mutiny, and the men returned to their duty, while the two wounded ring-leaders were put in irons. No further trouble was experienced during the voyage.—*Ibid.*

NOVA SCOTIA SHIP BUILDING.

The shipping interest appear to be prospering greatly. The Yarmouth "Tribune" says:—"We are gratified to perceive that, stimulated by the fostering and judicious liberality of the General Government, the ship-building business of Yarmouth is being prosecuted the present season with all its wanted activity. At almost every practicable point of the coast, from Yarmouth to Digby, we hear of the building of some large vessels on Yarmouth account." It then enumerates a large number of vessels that are to be ready in the course of a few months.

IGNORANCE AND CRIME.

In the Preston House of Correction, England, out of 2,636 prisoners 674 could not read, 646 were ignorant of the Saviour's name, 997 did not know the name of the Queen, above 1,000 could not name the months of the year, and 497 could not count one hundred.

The simple them stand when man and man The heolous of de in th fore ton, the vicis mate ed by Pen for Whil was a take of St the e clear ward days afre seem who burie a na of Ch on the same of St that light confi the d deck Mrs. d. Ark of sp gene that lives equal On a assist Me, who's mable They and n Cape heavy the se ition, his lat deck, only s The Island Quara As soe Mrs. C Stocko cliff gr and p D Wh the A branch glad to have emblem Dov import war man ra this mo into an structio The sent are "Tele show," s pigeons war; a used no frances, a six time the Pru supplied kind; a have be couriers A SON A ma at his so struck h to the g cried th some mo up. He dead. The e er struck large hot been giv that the child and henc On distu ally de agony w in his ar ing the d om, he himself of child, and was finally little corp his neigh course ter herself to and mitig What account state; but

A FEMALE NAVIGATOR.

There is a time when woman are known simply as the helpmate of man, and when their duties are confined to those of a domestic nature, but now and then instances are brought before the public when woman has usurped the place of man and by herself earned knowledge and natural tact, takes a position wherein man has become the dependent creature. There have been a good many female heroes, whose names have become famous in the chronicles of the sea, for deeds of daring which they have accomplished in the hour of trouble.

The latest heroine who has come before the public is Mrs. Clifford, of Stockton, Maine, who has just brought to port the brig Abbi Clifford, after enduring the vicissitudes of weather, health and climate. The Abbi Clifford, is a brig owned by Clifford, Smith and others, that left Pernambuco on the 27th of March, bound for New York, with a cargo of sugar. While at Pernambuco the yellow fever was at its height, and the crew were all taken sick, and the steward, T. T. Fay, of Stockton, Maine, died. The rest of the crew recovered, and after getting a clean bill of health, they started homeward bound. Before they had been many days out to sea the pestilence broke out afresh, and the first victim seized was a seaman of the name of Gustave Johnson, who eventually succumbed, and was buried on the 1st of April. The captain, a native of Stockton, Me., of the name of Clifford, was then taken sick and died on the 5th of April, and on the 9th of the same month, the first officer, Allan Smith, of Steep Falls, Me., also fell a victim to the same disease. It was at this time that the energy of woman was brought to light, for Mrs. Clifford, who had also been confined to her bed by yellow fever, on the death of her husband came out on deck and undertook to navigate the ship. Mrs. Clifford is a woman of small stature, dark hair, pleasing face lit up with a pair of sparkling eyes, radiating with intelligence and fire. When the time came that she was called upon to preserve the lives of those on board she was found equal to the task and nobly did her duty. On the voyage home Mrs. Clifford was assisted by Mr. Hitchborn, of Stockton, Me., the second mate, an intelligent boy, who quickly learnt from her the rudiments of navigation and proved of invaluable assistance during the voyage home. They crossed the line on the 6th of April and met with favorable weather up to Cape Hatteras, where they fell in with heavy weather. Here the seamanship of the second mate was brought into requisition, and, encouraged by the presence of his late captain's wife, who was always on deck, they passed through the storm with only some trifling damages.

The Abbi Clifford arrived off Staten Island on Sunday evening, and is still on Quarantine owing to the yellow fever. As soon as the vessel comes up to a dock Mrs. Clifford will return to her friends at Stockton, Me., carrying with her the heartfelt gratitude of the seamen of the Abbi Clifford, who owe their lives to her energy and presence of mind.

DOVES AS MESSENGERS.

When Noah sent a dove forth from the Ark and it returned with an olive-branch, it was the welcome bearer of glad tidings, and the olive-branch seems to have been regarded, ever since, as the emblem of peace.

Doves of late years have become more important as the bearers of tidings of war. Does this indicate that the human race is degenerating? We see this most peaceful little bird converted into an instrumentality of death and destruction.

The favorite carrier-pigeons at present are the Belgians. The London "Telegraph," in an account of a prize show, says:

"The utility of homing or messenger pigeons was established during the last war; and now the Belgian birds, that used not to cost more than four or five francs, are scarcely to be purchased for six times the sum. The fact is that all the Prussian fortresses have been duly supplied with pigeons of this serviceable kind; and France and Germany together have bought up nearly all the winged couriers of the air in Belgium."

A SON KILLED BY HIS FATHER.

A man in Alabama, while in a rage at his son, a lad thirteen years old, struck him a violent blow. The boy fell to the ground. "Get up, you rascal," cried the father, "and I'll give you some more." But the boy did not get up. He never got up again. He was dead.

The child's offence for which his father struck him was the failure to hold a large hound for a few minutes, that had been given him in charge. It seems that the hound, being two powerful for the child to hold, broke away from him, and hence the father's rage.

On discovering that his son was actually dead, the father's horror and agony were terrible. He took the corpse in his arms, sat down on a log, and pressing the dead body of his boy to his bosom, he sobbed and moaned, accused himself of being the murderer of his child, and would not be comforted. He was finally led home—still pressing the little corpse to his bosom—by some of his neighbors, and his wife, though of course terribly stricken herself, devoted herself to the task of assuaging his grief and mitigating his remorse.

What the ultimate result was, the account of the catastrophe does not state; but the lesson as it stands, is a

terrible one, and teaches every parent to beware how he strikes a child in wrath.

IS THERE TO BE ANOTHER CONFLICT.

The German government has been rather rudely stirred up by the announcement that France has an army of no less than eight hundred and seventy-one thousand men, all ready for service. Investigation, it seems, has shown that this startling statement is actually true. It is also shown that the French are now more madly determined on revenge than ever, and are ready to make any sacrifice of money and blood for that purpose. The Germans, of course, will do all in their power to meet the coming onset as trenchantly as they met that of 1870. They are strengthening their victorious army in every department; and when the contest comes, if France shall be equal to a great war, we shall probably have one of the most gigantic, brilliant and destructive military struggles ever seen on earth.

Sheep in Prince Edward's Island are reported as dying by hundreds on account of the backwardness of the season.

On Sunday last the Coadjutor Bishop of the Diocese held an ordination in the Cathedral Church, when Mr. Cecil Penington Wilson, of the Theological College, was ordained Deacon, and the Rev. Frederic George Hall, S. P. G. Missionary at St. George's Bay, and formerly of St. Augustines College, Canterbury, was advanced to the Priesthood.

The candidates were presented and the sermon preached by the Rev. T. M. Wood, Rural Dean; and the Bishop was assisted in the laying on of hands by the Rural Dean, the Assistant Minister of the Cathedral the Rev. G. M. Johnson, the Rev. J. F. Phelps, Precentor, who also carried the Pastoral Staff, and the Rev. W. Pilot, Vice-Principal of the Theological College.

We understand that the Rev. C. P. Wilson will proceed to Bermuda by the next Mail Steamer via Halifax.—Times.

[FOR THE HARBOR GRACE STAR.]

SUMMER.

'Tis Summer! how serene the sky,
The lark is in the air full high;
And warblers sing on tree and ground,
While the woods their echo do resound.

'Tis Summer! nature's in full bloom,
The grass is green around the tomb,
And lilies white, and roses red
Adorn the graves of lov'd ones dead.

The corn waves in the balmy air,
And "Harvest Time" will soon be here,
When reapers gay, with hearts as light,
Will cut it with their sickles bright.

Let praise resound from those on earth,
To Him who gave the seasons birth,
Who with many good things hath us fed,
And gives us still our "Daily Bread."

R. BROWN.

June 18.

ACCIDENTLY DROWNED.—At Trespassey, on the 9th instant, Mr. Michael Keough, aged 32 years, a native of Brigus, Conception Bay.—May he rest in peace.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF ST. JOHN'S.

ENTERED.

June 13.—Union, Orr, P. E. Island—Cliff, Wood & Co.
John Atwood, Fisher, Province Town, N.S.,—T. N. Molloy.

14.—Comalo, Caldwell, New Richmond—Cliff, Wood & Co.
Eliza Reed, Stephens, Figueira—W. H. Mare.

Cora, Taylor, Figueira—Baine, Johnston & Co.
Dante, Jenzon, Oporto—Baine, Johnston & Co.

Henrietta, Campbell, Lisbon—Baine, Johnston & Co.
A. P. L., Landry, New London—Harvey & Co.

15.—Peerle, Thorns, Hamburg—Goodfellow & Co.
Come On, Matthew, Sydney—Goodfellow & Co.

Wind's Eye, Drew, Sydney—A. Shea.
Queen of Beauty, Dunn, Sydney—J. & R. Kent.

CLEARED.

June 13.—Alexina, Desjardines, Montreal—P. Hutchins.
Three Sisters, Cole, LaHave—P. & L. Tessier.

Louisa, Spracklin, Sydney—Goodfellow & Co.
14.—Kitty Clyde, Noel, Sydney—P. Rogerson & Son.

15.—Fawcett, Duff, Quebec—the Master
LOADING.

June 14.—Amateur, Boston—T. N. Molloy & Co.
Gilbert, Wheaton, Europe—Bowring Bros.

PASSENGERS.—In the Moravian from Halifax—Mr. and Mrs. Bruce, Infant and nurse, Capt. J. Spicer, Capt. H. C. Palmer, Messrs. J. B. Bond, W. C. Bates, W. Bryden, H. L. Crandall, Ruben Lamb, C. Durfee, E. Smith, W. Hayward, C. F. Ance and son, Hugh Cliff, Masters Cliff (2), Joseph Jacobs, J. E. Burgess, A. Wendall, Smith McKay and E. Wilson.

In the Moravian for Liverpool—His Excellency the Governor and Mrs. Hill, and servant, Capt. Shea, Rt. Revd. Dr. Carfagnini, Revd. F. Walsh, Hon. C. F. Bennett, Hon. James Cliff, Mrs. Robinson, five children and servant, Dr. and Mrs. Shea, and Miss Shea, Dr. and Mrs. Monnet, Mr. and Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Mitchell, four children and servant, Mrs. Finlay and son, Miss Sprague, Mrs. Balie, Mrs. Auchmachie, Miss Green, and Messrs. Munn, Travers, J. Murray, W. Firth, Ayre (2), John Steer, James & Master Baird, John Adams, John Frazer, Stephen March, J. H. Martin, Cairns, J. Southcott, Pippy, Ed. Power, Michael Power, Simpson, Angel, S. Wills, Hippisley, David Buzz, James Pike. Steerage—H. Rogers and wife, and Master Ainsworth.

FOR SALE!

COME AND SEE

THE

FANCY BISCUITS

—AND—

CRACKERS

AT

SQUIRES & NOBLE!!

—:o:—

The Cheapest and Best ever Offered to the Public!!!

—:o:—

Fancy Biscuits

Crackers

Fancy Biscuits

Crackers

Fancy Biscuits

Crackers

Fancy Biscuits

Crackers

Fancy Biscuits

Crackers

Fancy Biscuits

Crackers

Fancy Biscuits

Crackers

Superior French Kid

GLOVES,

At remarkably Low PRICES, to be had at the Shop of

E. W. LYON.

May 24.

W. H. THOMPSON,

AGENT FOR

Parsons' Purgative Pills.

HARBOR GRACE

Book & Stationery Depot,

E. W. LYON, Proprietor,

Importer of British and American

NEWSPAPERS

—AND—

PERIODICALS.

Constantly on hand, a varied selection of School and Account Books

Prayer and Hymn Books for different denominations

Music, Charts, Log Books, Playing Cards French Writing Paper, Violins

Concertinas, French Musical Boxes Albums, Initial Note Paper & Envelopes Tissue and Drawing Paper

A large selection of Dime & Half Dime

MUSIC, &c., &c.,

Lately appointed Agent for the OTTAWA PRINTING & LITHOGRAPH COMPANY

Also, Agent for J. LINDBERG, Manufacturing Jeweler

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

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

Powel's Balsam Aniseed

Medicamentum (stamped)

British Oil

Balsam of Life

Chlorodyne

Mexican Mustang Liniment

Steer's Opodiodoc

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 Clothes

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 Isin-

glass

Bonnet Glue

Best German Glycerine

Lime Juice, Honey

Best Ground Coffee

Nixey's Black Lead

Roth & Co.'s Rat Paste

Brown's Bronchial 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 1/4 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 Pastiles

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.

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.

W. H. THOMPSON,

AGENT FOR

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

SAIL-MAKING.

THE SUBSCRIBERS beg to

acquaint their friends and

the Public that they have

taken the Rooms formerly oc-

cupied by the late Mr. James

Meech, where they hope to ob-

tain a share of patronage.

ORDERS SOLICITED.

MORRIS & PARSONS.

May 14.

W. H. THOMPSON,

AGENT FOR

Fellows' Compound Syrup

OF

HYPOPHOSPHITES.

Servants and Sharemen's

SHIPPING PAPERS,

FOR SALE at the Office of this

Paper.

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 seventeen lines, for first insertion, \$1; each continuation, 25 cents.

Book and Job Printing executed in a manner calculated to give the utmost satisfaction.

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AGENTS.

CARBONAR.....Mr. J. Foot.

BRIQUET....." W. Horwood,

HIGHWAY ROBBERY.

Robbed on the highway boldly,
Robbed in a ruthless way;
Robbed without cry or parley,
Robbed in the open day!

This I remember only:
A strange and subtle spell;
A glance like summer lightning,
And voice like silver bell.

I gave not cry nor struggle,
Called not for aid aloud;
Sought not the laws protection,
Nor pity from the crowd;

But gave, quite unresisting,
The treasure I have lost;
Nay more, forgave the robber
Whose path my own had crossed.

"Six feet," strong and stalwart,
Captured by "five feet one;"
Bound by a tether finer
Than ever spider spun!

My captor wore a bonnet
Misty and blue and small;
Outside it, rose or feather
I cannot tell at all.

But pearls, and stars, and roses,
And curling rings of gold,
Were somewhere 'twixt the bonnet
And throat tie's silken fold.

And words with silver echoes
Rang as she passed me by,
And then my heart, unguarded,
She bore off bodily.

'Twas thus the robber met me,
One sunny Saturday—
Robbed me in open daylight,
Upon the broad highway.

The Hamilton Brothers.
A LOVE STORY.

We sat and talked in the firelight, my brother Frank and I, just as we had set and talked a hundred times before in the busy, backward years which we two brothers had spent together.

Suddenly looking up, Frank met my eyes fixed upon his moody face, and running his fingers lazily through his curly hair, he laughed; but his laugh had not its old warm, careless ring.

How well Bent seems to be getting on at Melbourne, Max, said he. His letters to you are filled with his own prosperity.

Of course you do not know of any assistants to send out to Bent, Frank said. The poorest young surgeons of your acquaintance are ourselves the Hamilton Brothers, and thank Heaven, we have not fallen so low as to exile ourselves voluntarily as druggists to Bent. I would not change quarters with him for any consideration, but I fear I envy his success. You must own, that it is hard fighting here.

So it is everywhere, in any profession just at first, I answered quietly. There is but one thing we can do. However small our income, we can live it down, and work hard to increase it. That, I take it, is the secret of success, Frank. We canvassed our prospects, and then Frank, told me how anxious he was to succeed, that he might win Lettice for his wife. It was Lettice's birthday and we were going to pay our respects to her on this eventful occasion. Frank told me how great a trial it was to him, waiting and struggling for success that he might marry, and I asked:

Frank, do you feel that the waiting is a trial, too, for—her?

I know what you mean, he answered, slightly pausing. Yes, Max, I think so. Do you know it? I questioned in a low voice, whose sadness touched my heart. And he answered, with no pause at all:

Yes, Max, I know it.

We had just finished dressing, when I startled Frank by saying very quietly: I have made up my mind to go to Bent.

To—what?

Simply what I said—to go out to Bent. I want a change, and a change holding out some prospect of success. Why should I not seize this opportunity?

But—you take me so tearfully by surprise, stammered Frank. Why are you a cleverer surgeon than Bent; you go and be his servant.

We stood under the bare old lime-tree, which in summer shaded the doorway, and my hand was on the bell when Frank stayed it and spoke a few words in unusual earnestness.

Tell me one thing, Max, before we go in. You do not decide to leave here for my sake—because I have so often complained that our practice is not sufficient for two; and because you know I want to marry, and cannot do so as we are? You would not leave your home and your friends, and me and go out to drudgery for that reason, Max, I shall not be comfortable unless you tell me that you do it for your own sake.

Knowing that my going would spare me one great pain which in my cowardice I shrank from, I answered him with a quick yes.

We had a very pleasant evening with Lettice. I did not feel very happy, and my dejected appearance was referred to

more than once in the evening. Frank made some remark when I in reply said:

The fact is, Lettice, Frank cannot understand my last new whim, which is to go out to Melbourne to join an old friend of ours.

And this was how I told her; on her birthday night. I, who had worked, and hoped, and waited, for the fulfillment of one bright dream which now lay shattered into fragments in that pretty cheerful room.

What do you think, Lettice, of this new project of Max's? asked Frank, laughingly, as she moved by the tea-table.

She simply said, I do not like it; but if Max thinks it best, I suppose he does well to carry out his project.

Max, said Lettice's father as he came in, looking curiously at me, what's this the little one tells me? You are surely not thinking in any seriousness of going abroad.

I have decided to do so, indeed, as soon as Frank and I can arrange matters here?

I cannot believe it. Why, if my own daughter had suddenly told me she was going I could not have been more astonished. What can have decided you?

I have learned by experience, I said trying to force a laugh, that Redbury is unfortunately too healthy a place to support so many doctors.

Frank and I walked home that night very silently. I think we had never before passed along the narrow, quaint old streets after an evening spent with Lettice, without talking of her, and of the home she made so bright and happy. But when we entered our own silent room we both hesitated, as if unwilling to separate so.

Max, began Frank, at last, stooping down to push a spill into the smouldering fire, this house seems dreary enough to return to even with you. What will it seem, I wonder, when you are gone?

It depends upon who shall live here then, my dear fellow, I answered. No house where you and Lettice live could be dreary in any way.

I could see the scarlet rush into his face even before he lighted the gas. Then he turned to me with joyous eyes, and leaning on the chimney piece, asked me laughingly when I would come back and prove that for myself.

I will come, I said, quite cheerfully, in—let me see—in twenty years perhaps.

O nonsense, Max, he cried, in his quick earnestness laying one hand upon my arm; you will come for my wedding.

For your wedding? I echoed, as if the words spoken so simply had bewildered me. Frank does she really love you?

Why, Max, old fellow, I never saw you nervous before. Are you afraid that I am deceiving myself—or that she is deceiving me?

No—never afraid of that. You know she loves you, Frank.

Yes, Max, I know it.

Then I will come—unless you marry within ten years' time.

Frank's whistle of astonishment broke into a hearty laugh. A nice little waiting time you allow us, Max. We shall certainly have leisure to think it well over.

If you don't marry until then, I went on, laughing, too, I will come. If you do, you must have your big brother represented, and I will come to you for a holiday in ten years' time.

Ten years! mused Frank; what a weary time to look on to, unless one is anticipating a very happy future.

Day after day, until the last hour came, had I shrunk from bidding farewell to Lettice. Then I just went to her, as I had done many a time before, standing and chatting idly in the pretty room where we had often been so gay together.

If Frank is to drive here for you in time to catch the express you allow us a very short time indeed, said Mr. Oldfield.

And yet it is a long good-bye added Lettice, jestingly; you are not coming home for a long time, are you, Max?

Frank and I have made an important arrangement about that, I answered trying to jest, too, because I fancied she would understand what he had asked me to do. I am going to stay ten years unless he wants me.

If he does not want you, you prefer staying out there?

Yes. What prospect is there of any one else wanting me.

I suppose none, the answered quietly, as you say so; but we shall be glad to see you when you return. Not that you will care for that either, for you care for nothing you know, except fortuitizing your life.

Her words in their quiet simple scorn stabbed me to the heart.

That is a wide word, Lettice, I said, and a word which even yet I have not fathomed.

But you expect to do so in Melbourne?

I hope so.

With an odd little laugh she changed the subject; and very soon Frank drove

up to the gate. Mr. Oldfield and Amy went out and stood beside the dog-cart, talking to him, while I followed more slowly. Lettice came with me, and stood a minute under the bare old lime tree, with the winter sunshine on her bright young face. And I—looking down upon her—knew that this picture would dwell in my heart through all my lonely life.

Her jesting scorn was all gone now; only her eyes were a little puzzled, and a little sad.

You will be quite happy, Max, she said, with that happiness which makes others happy too.

Tell me how, Lettice, I cried, the strong and passionate love of my heart trembling in my voice. Tell me how to win this happiness.

I cannot, she answered softly. I cannot teach you what you know so well.

Lettice, I said, my own dearest friend, this is the last moment. Give me some few words of help to take with me—as a sister would have given them to me.

Very softly, while her clear, sweet eyes looked bravely into mine, she whispered the little verse, which has been ever with me since, and has helped me often, as her voice could help me in those far-off days.

There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need of prayer;
But a lowly heart that leans on God,
Is happy everywhere.

From the gate I looked back wistfully to where she still stood under the winter branches, and she smiled one bright, quick smile and ran in.

Then I sat down beside Frank, and Amy sprang up, and gave me, with tear-filled eyes, the only kiss among all my sad good-byes.

Later on, in the frosty winter morning, we two brothers, who had been together all our lives, parted on the deck of the great waiting vessel, with only a few broken words, and one long, close, lingering hand-grasp.

* * * * *

The ten years are passing, and you must keep your promise, Max, and come.

I read the words over and over again. It was not yet ten, but over seven years since I had set foot in Melbourne, and in every letter Frank had sent me through those long years I had expected him to tell me what he had told me at last. Yet now that it was told, the lines seemed to swim before my eyes, and my fingers would not write the glad and congratulatory words I wished to send him.

Now that my reward is come, he wrote, I claim your promise. We only delay our marriage for your arrival. Max, old fellow, you would have felt happy for me indeed, if you had seen how willingly Mr. Oldfield gave my darling to me. I had been a son to him for years, he said; I could hardly be nearer when I was his daughter's husband. And now my cup of happiness will be full when you come. How soon can you be home?

So, upon a bright Spring morning, Frank and I met once more in England; and tired with a tiredness which I had never felt before, I rested that evening in my own chair beside the cheery home fire; striving to look back joyfully into my brother's beaming face.

You are very tired, Max, said Frank, in his quick glad tones.

A little; but I was not thinking of that. I was thinking how utterly content you look, Frank.

So I ought to, ought I not? because I am so utterly content. Do I look changed in any other way?

No, none.

So I look utterly content, do I? yet I have had trouble too. You ought to say you see the traces, Max.

What trouble has it been? I asked.

A trouble of five years ago, Max, he answered quietly; a trouble I never felt that I could tell you in a letter. When I first asked Lettice to be my wife she—refused me, Max.

I feared so, Frank, I said, so low that he stepped forward to catch the words. I feared so from your silence at that time. But never mind, dear fellow, as it has ended so brightly.

No, I don't mind now one atom. It has ended so brightly as you say.

It seemed like a dream to be walking once more at Frank's side, on the shadowy street; and still more like a dream to be entering unannounced the pretty familiar room, where Lettice sat alone at the window sewing in the twilight.

Lettice, cried Frank, in gay eagerness, here's Max.

I was standing opposite her, looking down upon her with still, calm eyes; the grave elder brother of her affianced husband. She dropped her work, and put her two hands into mine in quick, glad greeting; and I spoke to her just as I knew Frank would wish me to speak to her; watching all the while his face as well as hers. She was changed more than he was. The face that had been almost childlike in its sunny beauty was a woman's face now; deeper and graver, but infinitely more beautiful, I thought, as I saw its old bright, sunny smile still

there. She looked up at Frank, a wonderful light shining in her eyes.

Now you have all you wish, Frank, she said. And I felt that she was as happy in his love as he was in hers. I stood beside them, talking in laughing, genial tones; hoping that she could never guess how hardly I had schooled myself to this.

Presently Frank passed out through the open window, and Lettice, looking after him, raised her eyes questioningly to me.

You think us all changed, I suppose, Max. Even Frank?

Yes, I answered, absently.

But you have not seen sister Amy yet, she went on, smiling. She of course is most changed of all. Frank is gone to fetch her I fancy. He says she is like what I was at her age, but that is only his pleasing flattery, for she is very, very pretty.

I followed her words dreamily, wondering whether it could really be seven years since Lettice and I stood talking to each other last, while I felt how impossible it was that the little one whom we had all combined to pet and spoil could be at all what Lettice was in those sweet old days.

Frank seemed to know exactly where she would be, Lettice went on, a little nervously, I fancied in my silence. You remember the low old seat under the lilacs, Max? Amy is as fond of sitting there as—I used to be when I was her age. You used to say, too, that you loved to rest there on a summer evening; but you have been away so long, doing so much, that those old memories, will be all buried now?

Yes. They are all buried, I answered, feeling the scarlet mount into my face to contradict the coolness of my words.

She smiled a little wistful smile, which had a strange, brave tenderness in it.

I too have lived seven years since then, she said, but the old memories are dear to me, Max, and I would not bury them for all the world.

Because it is so different with you and me, I faltered. I—I think I have no courage left. How long, Frank stays?

I see them in the lower garden now, she answered gently, looking away from me as I struggled with my pain.

How quickly Amy would have run in to greet me in the old times, I said, speaking once more as I had schooled myself to do; only that a little bitterness would creep into the tone.

Yes, laughed Lettice, softly, but she will not come this evening without Frank. She has been quite timid about your return. She asked me to-day if you would think Frank had chosen unwisely because she is so much younger than he is; so ignorant and untried, she said.

In the bewildered breathless silence which followed Lettice's words, she looked up at me; deep shadows gathering in her eyes, as if she too felt the agony of the doubt and hope which had stirred me.

Do you think Frank has chosen wisely, Max, in taking my little sister? she asked, speaking plainly the truth, which she knew now that I had never heard.

Lettice—Lettice, is it so? I stammered, my fingers tight upon the chair below me, and my heart beating wildly.

Yes, Max, she answered, it is so. And I knew she could read the whole story of my deep and lasting love written in my quivering face.

And you, Lettice?

I, she answered, in a bright, low tone—I have waited.

Then I covered my face hurriedly; for boyish tears had overflowed my eyes in the untold joy of this surprise.

Max, she whispered, her gentle touch upon my arm, I thought you knew this, and had come home for their sakes.

No, not for their sakes, Lettice; for Frank's and yours.

Why for my sake? she asked, tears shining in her own eyes as she looked brightly into mine.

Then, low and brokenly, I told her of my love; the long hopeless love which would not die. And at last she answered, with her gentle hands on mine, and a deep, true gladness shining behind the tears:

Max, dear Max, I am very glad I waited.

* * * * *

Max, said Frank, that night after we got home, may I have the old plate put back upon the door?

We both laughed at the idea, for Frank was Dr. Hamilton now, and I had half a dozen letters after my name; but we took a candle and went off at once to find it. Frank—sitting down and taking it upon his knee—brushed the thick dust from it quite tenderly; while I, leaning over his shoulder, read the letters as he cleaned.

'Hamilton Brothers!' It does not do, Frank; and yet thank God for the truth it tells. We are brothers still; we will be brothers to the end.

—:—:—

Which runs fastest, heat or cold? Heat, of course, because anybody can catch cold.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A CLERGYMAN in Scotland desired his hearers never to call one another liars, but when any one said the thing that was not, they ought to whistle. One Sunday he preached a sermon on the loaves and fishes, and being at a loss how to explain it, he said the loaves were not like the loaves of now-a-days—they were as big as some of the hills of Scotland. He had scarcely pronounced these words, when he heard a loud whistle.

Who's that ca's me a liar?

It is I, Willy Macdonald the baker.

Well, Willy, what objection have ye to what I ha' told you?

None, Mess John; only I want to know what sort of ovens they had to bake those loaves in.

MARK TWAIN has been troubled with a lightning-rod man, and to get rid of him addressed him as follows:

Let us have peace! I shrieked. Put up a hundred and fifty! Put some on the kitchen! Put a dozen on the barn! put a couple on the cow; scatter them all over the persecuted place till it looks like a zinc-plated, spiral-twisted, silver-mounted, cane-brake! Move! Use up all the material you can get your hands on, and when you run out of lightning-rods put up ram-rods, cam-rods, stair-rods, piston-rods—anything that will pander to your dismal appetite for artificial scenery, and bring respite to my raging brain, and healing to my lacerated soul!

A CONNECTICUT paper has the cruelty to say, "A married lady recently fell into the river, and would have been drowned, except that her cries attracted the attention of her husband, who mistaking her in the dark for another woman, worked like a beaver to get her out."

PLEASE illustrate difference between a blunder and a mistake. Certainly: when a man on leaving a social party takes a poor hat instead of his good one he makes a blunder; but when he takes a good hat instead of his own poor one he makes a mistake.

A TEXAS editor, in discussing the right of a member of congress from that State to his seat says, The seat is his by one of the highest titles known to the law of civilized lands—the right of purchase, "for he bought his seat and paid for it!"

A YOUNG lady, in the kitchen, making a pie, said to her cousin, who was hanging around, Frank, the kitchen is no place for boys. Has dough such an attraction for you? It isn't the dough (doe.) cousin, but it is a dear that attracts me.

"A WOMEN'S greatest enemy is the looking-glass," said a husband to his wife, who was admiring herself in a mirror while he was sipping his wine. "That may be," she retorted, "but it does not cause her and her children half so much woe as her husband's wine glass does."

A REMOTE Indiana editor makes a pathetic appeal to his readers, saying, if there is anything you know, that is worth knowing, that we ought to know, and you know we don't know, please let us know of it.

It is rumored that young ladies who object to the word "obey" in the marriage ceremony, now hoodwink the glibless youths who lead them to the altar by glibly promising to "love, honor and be gay."

It is said that when a young man of Dubuque, where the small pox has had a run of seven weeks, asks a young lady to take his arm, she gazes on him with a "vaccinating smile."

A WESTERN editor, in acknowledging the gift of a peck of onions from a subscriber, says, "It is such kindnesses as these that bring tears to our eyes."

WHEN is a tea-pot like a cat? When your tea's in it (when you're teasin' it).

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