

The Star,

And Conception Bay Semi-Weekly Advertiser.

Volume I.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Tuesday, November 19, 1872.

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NOVEMBER.

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FOR SALE.

RESERVES & GROCERIES!

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

PINE APPLES
PEACHES
Strawberries—preserved in Syrup
Brambleberries do.

—ALWAYS ON HAND—

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

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

NOTICES.

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

HARDWARE,

Picture Moulding, Glass
Looking Glass, Pictures

Glassware, &c., &c.

TROUTING GEAR,

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

221 WATER STREET,
St. John's,

Newfoundland.

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

BLANK

FORMS

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

NOTICES.

PAINLESS! PAINLESS!!

TEETH

Positively Extracted without Pain

BY THE USE OF

NITROUS OXIDE GAS.

A NEW AND PERFECTLY SAFE METHOD.

Dr. LOVEJOY & SON,

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

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

Scientific and Approved Method.

Dr. L. & Son would state that they were among the first to introduce the Anæsthetic (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 receive the highest Premiums at the world's Fair in London and Paris.

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

W. H. THOMPSON,

AGENT FOR

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

BANNERMAN & LYON'S

Photographic Rooms,

Corner of Bannerman and Water Streets.

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

PICTURE,

Would respectfully invite the attention of the Public to a

CALL AT THEIR ROOMS. Which they have gone to a considerable expense in fitting up.

Their Prices are the LOWEST ever afforded to the Public;

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

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

W. H. THOMPSON,

AGENT FOR

Parsons' Purgative Pills.

G. F. BARNES.

Blacksmith & Farrier,

BEGS respectfully to acquaint his numerous patrons and the public generally, that he is EVER READY to give entire satisfaction in his line of business. All work executed in substantial manner and with despatch.

Off LeMarchant St., North of Gas House.
Sept. 17.

W. H. THOMPSON,

AGENT FOR

Fellows' Compound Syrup

OF
HYPOPHOSPHITES.

POETRY.

I do not Fear to Die.

Since now I know I'll live again
In a better world than this,
And my spirit soars above each pain
To seek the spheres of bliss:
Since I have seen those realms of light
Above the bending sky,
Beyond the veil of death's dark night—
I do not fear to die.

Since I have talked with the loved of yore,
The dear ones passed away;
Since I have seen the shining shore,
Those realms of endless day—
I know no doubt nor care nor fear,
For the loved ones they are nigh:
They wipe away each briny tear—
I do not fear to die.

Since they our guardian angels are,
To watch and lead the way;
Since they direct our steps up there
To that flowery land so gay—
I'm certain, so contented, sure,
I never leave one sigh:
For His eternal laws are pure—
I do not fear to die.

Since mother, father, sister, child,
The loved one in truth so true,
Have every lonely hour beguiled
With "a message all for you,"
I'm happy, glad, so joyous, free,
No tear-drops fill my eye:
With humble thankfulness to Thee,
I do not fear to die.

EXTRACTS.

One of Mr. Lincoln's Merciful Acts.

Col. Forney tells the following in the Washington Sunday Chronicle, among his interesting "Anecdotes of Public Men": "While I was Sec. of the Senate there was scarcely an hour during any day that I was not called upon to help some body who had friends or kindred in the army, or had business in the departments, or was anxious to get some poor fellow out of the old Capitol Prison. These constant appeals were incessant demands upon the time of a very busy man, but a labor of love, and I am glad to remember that I never undertook it reluctantly. One day an energetic lady called on me to take her to the President and aid her to get a private soldier pardoned, who had been sentenced to death for deserting, and was to be shot the very next morning. We were much pressed in the Senate, and she had to wait a long time before I could accompany her to the White House. It was in the afternoon when we got there, and the Cabinet was still in session. I sent in my name for Mr. Lincoln, and he came out evidently in profound thought and full of some great object. I stated the object of her call, and leaving the lady in one of the anti-chambers, returned to the Senate, which had not adjourned. The case had made a deep impression on me, but I forgot it in the excitement of the debate and the work of my office, until perhaps near ten o'clock that night, when my female friend came rushing into my room, radiant with delight with the pardon in her hand. "I have been up there ever since," she said. "The Cabinet adjourned, and I sat waiting for the President to come out and tell me the fate of my poor soldier, whose case I had placed in his hands after you left; but I waited in vain—there was no Mr. Lincoln. So I thought I would go to the chamber of his Cabinet and knock. I did so; and as there was no answer, I opened it and passed in, and there was the worn President asleep, with his head on the table resting on his arms, and my boy's pardon at his side. I quietly waked him, blessed him for his good deed, and came to tell you the glorious news. You have helped me to save a human life."

Horrible Adventure.

The writer of the following letter, having been out shooting at Kirdee, near Poonah, lay down to rest under a tree, when suddenly he was aroused by the furious baying of his dogs. "On turning round I beheld a snake of the cobra di capella species, directing its course to a point that would approximate very closely on my position; in an instant I was on my feet. The moment the reptile became aware of my presence, in nautical phraseology it boldly brought to, with expanded hood, eyes sparkling, and neck beautifully arched, and the head raised about two feet from the ground and oscillating from side to side, in a manner plainly indicative of a relentless foe. I seized the nearest weapon, a short bamboo left by the beaters, and hurled it at my opponent's head; I was fortunate enough to hit beneath the eye. The reptile immediately fell, and lay apparently life-

less. Without a moment's reflection I seized it a little below the head, hauled it beneath the shelter of a tree, and very coolly began to examine the mouth for the poison fangs, of which naturalists speak so much. While in the act of forcing open the mouth with a stalk, I felt the head sliding through my hand, and to my astonishment became aware that I had now to contend with the most deadly of reptiles in its full strength and vigor. Indeed I was in a moment convinced of this; for as I tightened my hold of the throat its body became wreathed round my neck and arms. If the reader is aware of the universal dread in which the cobra di capella is held throughout India and the almost instant death which invariably follows its bite, he will in some degree be able to imagine what my feelings were at that moment; a faint kind of disgusting sickness pervaded my whole frame, as I felt the clammy fold of the reptile tightening round my neck. I still held the throat, but to hold it much longer would be impossible. Immediately under my grasp there was an inward working and creeping of the skin, which seemed to be assisted by the tightness with which I held it—my hand was gloved. Finding in defiance of my efforts that my hand each moment was forced closer to my face, an idea struck me, that were it in my power to transfix the mouth with some sharp instrument, it would prevent the reptile from using its fangs should it escape my hold. My gun lay at my feet, the ramrod appeared to be the very thing I required, which, with some difficulty, I succeeded in drawing out, having only one hand disengaged. My right hand was trembling with over exertion, and my hold became less firm, when I happily succeeded in passing the rod through its upper jaw to its centre. It was not without considerable hesitation that I let go my hold of the throat, and the same time brought them over my head with a sudden jerk, and disengaged the fold from my neck, which had been almost tight enough to produce strangulation. There was but little difficulty in freeing my right arm, and ultimately throwing the reptile from me to the earth where it continued to twist itself into a thousand contortions of rage and agony. To run to a neighbouring stream, to bathe my neck, hands, and face in its cooling waters, was my first act after despatching my formidable enemy."

A Showman's Suggestions.

The following is from the New York Clipper:—There was a showman whose pocket book was seriously trode upon by an elephant, rendering it null and void; so how to replenish his debilitated exchequer and give him the means to procure the necessaries of life troubled his soul like anything; but showmen are shrewd—they do not stand all the day idle, and shed bitter tears and things like that, so while this man we are telling you about was quietly enjoying his "pot pie—country style," and sipping away at a quart bottle of cheap wine, suddenly he ceased to eat, and laid back in his old arm-chair like a person who had drawn a gig in a policy scheme. A thought had struck him, and he tossed it around in his mind and when next we heard of this remarkable man he was in London, when he sent for Stanley, who invented Livingstone's This Stanley person obeyed the summons like he was used to such things and being ushered into a bed room of the inde fatigable showman, the following conversation ensued, and was taken down verbatim serialim by our one handed (short-hand) reporter, who was opportunely, like a good cricket bowler, "right on the spot every time."—Showman: Mr. Stanley, I presume.—Stanley: You sent for me; I am here.—Showman: Mr. Stanley it may not have escaped your vivid recollection that some years ago a disturbance occurred in the city of New York, during which a gentleman named Patterson was struck.—Stanley: Billy Patterson—I knew him well, a fellow of infinite jest.—Showman: The man who struck Billy Patterson has never been discovered; can you find him?—Stanley: Do he live, this ignoble grade?—Showman: He do and revels in the proceeds of his ill-gotten villany. I would make a side show of this monster. Will you go for him?—Stanley: Have you counted the cost of such an undertaking. Showman: I have not. What is the amount of filthy lucre required to see you out—there?—Stanley: It will take stacks of ducats probably three dollars and a half.—Showman: I care not what the cost may be—civilisation and science demand the sacrifice. Go, find the inhuman author of the Patterson strike. Take this dollar, when that is gone draw on me for another.—Stanley: But in my pursuit of this artful fiend in the marshes and wilds of Jersey this little pair should be exhausted?—Showman: Draw on me for another still another, if necessary. Away; let not your energy slacken until you have placed this infamous man within

my grasp.—Stanley: I go, and will return with the man who struck Billy Patterson, or leave my bones to bleach upon the snow-clad hills of Nazario-barbo's.—This enterprising showman is now advertising for a partner with a few hundred dollars to take an interest in this gigantic speculation, and act as treasurer. Already he has secured ten monied associates, and he is just living on the fat of the land until Billy's long lost assailant is found.

A Burning Cave in Morocco.

It is well known that there exists no volcanoes on the continent of Africa, although many are found in the adjacent islands of Ascension, Tenerife, Lanzarote, &c. That fact gives additional interest to a discovery just made of a burning cave in Morocco, not far from the town of Fez. The pit in question is designated under the name of Beniguzeva. Its orifice is about ten feet above the ground and twelve feet wide; the sheets of flame issue intermittently, but what is remarkable always in a horizontal direction, as if driven by a bellows through a retort. There is no eruption of stones or lava, but the fire is driven with such force to the orifice that it is accompanied with a loud hissing noise, while the current is sufficiently strong to blow away anything placed near the opening. The researches made to discover the origin of this phenomenon have led to no result; but the hypothesis generally admitted is that there exists beds of coal in the mountain on the side of which this cavern is situated, and that the fuel having become ignited, the combustion is maintained by the draught of air, and will continue so long as the flames have anything to feed on.

A WAITER'S STORY.

(From "Dowles the Waiter," in "All the Year Round.")

Those who, in spite of respectful warning, will have in the favourite greengrocer, are almost invariably put to shame and disgrace before the right is over. I think I should be doing a service by putting on record here one remarkable instance of a party being thus hoisted by their own petard, the latter instrument of war being in this case represented by the greengrocer. Waddy being one evening hastily summoned to a nobleman's, sent for me, and begged me to undertake a "light dinner," with a ball and supper, at another house, in his place. The light dinner was in the Camberwell direction, at Number Five, Matilda Villas. The owners of Number Five were Mr and Mrs. E. Piper Johnson, parties who were, as I discovered, particular about the E being never left out on their cards or the direction. This looked third class rather; but I knew that Waddy refused to recognise distinctions of the kind, and where there had been a suitable introduction, I can assure you went through his duties as conscientiously as though he were performing at the best house in London. The Matilda Villas were just what you might have expected: a row of boxes, with a bit of a garden, and walk, and railing. I was met in the hall by E. Piper Johnson himself, in a sort of dressing gown, with an excited face, and bearing a cloth in his hand! That spoke volumes. I heard Mrs. E. Piper Johnson screaming over the stairs for some one "to bring down the sperm candles," and some of the children were carrying up and down bits of furniture. All this spoke more volumes. I know this sort of a thing at the first glance: it means cheapness, nastiness, pretence, make believe, and forfeiture of self respect. I was not in the least surprised when E. Piper Johnson said to me, loftily, "You will, of course, have assistance, as Cowmeadow will be here in a few minutes." Cowmeadow was the greengrocer. "Might I ask," I said, "of how many parties will the party consist?" "Of ten," he replied consequentially. "Well, then," I said, "we could do far better without Mr. Cowmeadow; it will be a great extra exertion for me, still I should prefer doing it all myself." "Out of the question," he said, with a lofty smile; "I could not disgrace the thing by having a single waiter." "It will be better done," I said, "believe me, by having only a single attendant." "Nonsense," he said, "we always have Cowmeadow. He goes to the best houses." In fact, he is next to being my butler—you understand?" I took this to mean that at Number Two, Matilda Villas, and at Number Nine, this greengrocer was patronised by the doctor and clergyman, and that I was expected to assist him, not he me. Here was more speaking of volumes but I spoke not a word myself. In a few minutes Cowmeadow arrived, a tall, red-faced fellow, with greengrocer written on every part of his person. His manner to me was inexpressibly free and familiar. He said this was a disappointment about Mr. Waddy, but he supposed he and I would "hack" very well together. E. Piper Johnson came, and in a solemn way said

he hoped we would be most particular to make things go off well, that there would be no mistakes or delays. "Oh, we'll take care of that, Mr. Johnson. You leave all to us." I said not a word. "Oh yes, Cowmeadow, that's all very well, you know, but there is a great deal depending on this, and you must be most particular; Mr. and Mrs. Byles, of the Bank, are coming, and I wouldn't for fifty pounds anything was wrong. Mr. Byles goes out into the best society, and I request everything will be attended to, and I am sure there can be no excuse with two waiters. I could have corrected him—one and a greengrocer—but I still said nothing. I knew Mr. Byles of the Bank very well, having handed him entries many a time at the great state dinners; and during the day I made out readily enough, not by pumping the maids as greengrocers would do, but simply by listening to what was said openly before me, that E. Piper Johnson had got a sort of half promise of a place in the Bank. As for Cowmeadow, I never met such a combination of ignorance and self-sufficiency. That he knew nothing, absolutely nothing, save perhaps how to carry in a leg of mutton, may be conceived; but his vulgarity of style was almost incredible. When after a short absence, I found he had twisted the napkins into some ridiculous shapes that would have only done for a pantomime, and that he was making idiotic arrangements with the knives and forks, and doing it all with great pride, as if it were something artistic, I went straight to the owner of the house. I told him all the facts. I hinted that I would speak to him as one man of the world to another, though, as I need scarcely tell you, I knew well enough he was nothing of the kind. As he was having Mr. Byles and lady, and as the object was to give satisfaction to those parties, I conveyed that things were not being done in a way that would exactly give satisfaction. The person who was appointed as my coadjutor would, in every detail jar upon Mr. Byles, and the end in view would inevitably be defeated. He grew red and angry, as I knew he would, and asked did I dare dictate as to his arrangements. Did I know who he was? I went on—that I noticed from the labels of recently-arrived bottles that the wines were from a well known house, more distinguished than for the quality of its liquor. I knew enough of Mr. Byles to say if such were set before him, the offence would never be forgiven. This, of course, I suggested merely in a general way, and it was entirely a matter for his private consideration; but as for co-operating with the person who was at that moment twisting the napkins into shapes fit only to be exhibited at the Chamber of Horrors, and in places of the kind, that concerned my own self-respect. Firmly and distinctly I required that our relations should be changed, or I would ask leave to resign, engaging to send within half an hour a substitute who had no scruples, and who was accustomed to work of the kind. He spluttered, grew red again; but, after a consultation with Mrs. E. Piper Johnson, had to agree. Cowmeadow was called up, and after some time came down, puffing his cheeks, and saying, "Very well. This must come to an end. To be told at that time of day that he didn't know his business! But we should see." But now being officially recognized, I at once took another tone, and assuming a firm and haughty air of command, proceeded to level the ridiculous Chinese puzzles he had been constructing and relaid the table according to true principles. Of course he and they thought everything was spoiled, having uneducated eyes, but I remained firm. The wine was of course their concern; but I had discharged my duty, and my conscience was free. All the while the greengrocer was not of the slightest use; everything he had done I was forced to undo. He stood there, gaping and puffing, occasionally rendering assistance by putting every thing in the wrong place. I saw at once, too, that he was what we call in the profession "a blower"—a sure sign of a low-class workman; I mean one of those creatures who, as they offer a dish, "blow" on the guest's cheek, and who are especially disagreeable to ladies. Bunter and the great cooks and confectioners always look to this department of breath, and never employ any afflicted with this complaint. By the hour of dinner the rude and tasteless hosts, could see, had to admit the presence of taste, and seemed astonished at the quiet, unobtrusive elegance I had thrown over the poor materials I had to work with. At seven o'clock the guests began to arrive, and I and the greengrocer were at our posts. I put him to the door, but even for that department he was hardly qualified. But his costume! A high-collared, short-waisted coat, a shrunk white waistcoat, a cravat of enormous size and cloudy hue, and white thread gloves that reminded me of the bandits at Richardson's show. It almost made me shudder. My own costume was of course, simply that of a private gentleman. It puzzled them, and I fancy they preferred the coarse theatrical display of the other; but they understood nothing of these things. Cowmeadow, I could see, was subdued and nervous, for I did not speak much, but fixed a cold eye on him I announced Mr. and Mrs. Byles in my best, quiet, grave style; Dr. Trumper, the vicar; Captain and Mrs. Blucher, and Miss ditto; and Lady M. Culloch, whom I very soon ascertained to be only the widow of a Scotch major. I wish I could describe the solemn grandeur and importance of E. Piper Johnson and lady, as they received these great people—their trembling pride and delight, the excited way in which he said, "Now dinner, Bowles!" as if I were the old family butler. All below I saw depended upon me; nothing coherent was to be expected from the "had n't a cook, the loomed session from next door to wash up," and the hired greengrocer—the latter, literally incapable under my cold eye. At the last minute I said to him quietly, "You'll make a mess of this,

I can see, and your only chance is to take your time and orders from me—mind!" He was pushing and bustling about, taking up dishes and putting them down. "Leave these," I said firmly; "you will smash something before the night is over." "Yes; do, Mr. Cowmeadow," said the regular cook of the house, he had sunk even in there eyes! They were now coming down. Mr. E. Piper Johnson and Mrs. Byles in front; Mrs. E. Piper Johnson and Mr. Byles bringing up the rear. We stood to arms below, the greengrocer looking like an old parish beadle. I looked, I know, like a gentleman who had just stopped to see a procession pass, with an air of quiet self-possession that contrasted with the vulgar importance of my inferior subordinate. Yet not one of the party but saw who was the guiding spirit of the night. Then began the business. The work I had to do was inconceivable. I had to see to everything—kitchen, hall, and dining-room. The wretched greengrocer was "off his head" from the first in ment; now dragging away plates before their time; oiling things here, there, and everywhere, and blowing all the time like a walrus. From that day, I registered a vow never more to serve with a greengrocer, and this on principle. I felt a few more such trials would corrupt me, and perhaps spoil my style for ever. As I had anticipated—for I took pains to find out the fact—Mr. Byles was furious at the cheap wine, and exerted all his influence to prevent E. Piper Johnson from getting the place. And this fact alone supports me through the recollection of that trying scene.

Wealth in Friends.

Rich and proud men there are who boast of their wealth; but they live and die poor in what one should most prize. They go through the world, work hard, and scrape up a great heap of gold; but their lives and their hearts are poor and lean. They have been just all their days, but they have won no love from their own kind, nor of beast or bird, by kind thoughts and acts. Such a man may die with a house full of gold, but with no one to love him he is not so rich as a dog at his death.

Now, a kind heart, hand, eye and voice will make a man who is poor in gold rich in a wealth that will do him more good than gold. These he may have and use day by day, and they will make him rich in friends; and the love of true friends is the best wealth in the world. There is no boy nor girl so poor, who may not be rich in this wealth, which mere gold does not buy. A rich man with a lean, cold heart has all sorts of coin in his purse or strong box. Some are of great, some of small worth. But he holds fast to both kinds, and thinks much of them, for they make up his wealth. Now there are all sorts of coins in the wealth that love brings to him who lives it out in his life. The friends he makes in his own kind we may call the gold coins that keep their worth at all times. These he may well count up day by day, and night by night. Yes, all his life long, if he keeps his heart, eye and voice kind to them. He may have his heart and life full of them, and feel rich in them, as a wealth full of light and joy.

But there are coins in the bank of the heart's wealth, which, though not so large, make up the small change of life, and are worth much thought and act to gain. There is the love and trust that a kind boy or girl may win from a man that work and live for man, and from birds that would sing for him. This love and trust may be made a joy to him all his life long, if his heart takes to it. It will not cost him more than a few kind words looks and acts to make a host of such friends, and they will make to him more than his own kind more dear to him: more than this, they will help him make his friends among men, just as he may buy dimes or large coins of gold with cents; for a kind heart grows on all sides at once. If it grows soft and warm to the dog, horse or ox, and to all the birds that sing, it will do the same to men whom he meets and deals with. So it is true that the wealth in friends is not full, if it count not in its bank the love and trust of beasts and birds.

Girls Using Money.

We remember hearing a man of high business reputation once say that he had found a great advantage in giving his daughters an allowance. It was gratifying to them. It taught them the use of money, and it taught them economy. For many things which they would not have hesitated to ask of him, they found they could do without when the money came out of their own pockets.

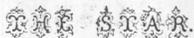
We have opened to us here a subject of great importance. The young man, upon marriage, finds out unfrequently that his wife has no knowledge whatever of the subject of money. It is purchasing power she is quite ignorant of. One dollar and five dollars are much the same to her. And whether she is living upon the scale of one thousand or five thousand a year, she has no idea. She knows, it may be, that she has been restricted in the past. But she has probably looked forward to marriage as the time when this restriction was to be removed. Then she would be independent, and have what she wanted; thus the husband is in a strait between two. He loves his wife, and is anxious to gratify her every desire. But he finds it will take all he can earn, more too, to accomplish this. What the result is, many a history shows. Often failure itself, and no end of unhappiness. Or if success be finally obtained, it is only a bitter bitter experience, and some of the best years of life wasted.

We insist upon one thing. The wife in this instance is but very partially to blame. Why should she have been kept away from the matter of money? Why has she been forced to grow up without judgment, and no intelligent self-control on a subject so important? The parents are chiefly to blame for many

such an unhappy history. And until they begin to apply the principles of reason, and be willing to take some pains in the matter of educating their children, such cases must be expected often to occur.

The young girl should have her allowance at an early age as the boy. By the time she is ten or twelve years old, she should be put under the superintendence of her parents, in part charge of her own expenses. Some portion of needed things she should be entrusted to buy. She should be taught how little money will do in these days; and how important it is to save, in order to accomplish any desired object. Especially in the case of both boys and girls, the use of their allowance should be made a means of training in the true principle and spirit of saving. The child will have greater need of this grace in the future than ever. The early years are those in which it should be taught. But it can not be taught effectually so long as children give away the money of others. They must have their own allowance, and give at their own expense.

It is too much the fashion in the education of girls, to sacrifice the womanly to the feminine. A female is the counterpart of a male. But the woman is the partner of man. Which is the nobler? Let us train up women, if it be possible, having their full share of all that is best in our common humanity. Let them be educated to breadth of mind, to good sound sense, to practical judgment. And as the most delicately brought up girl may have one day to earn her living, and possibly her husband's living, let her be taught what money is, what it will do, and how to use it.



HARBOR GRACE, NOVEMBER 14, 1872.

It is true, we believe, that His Excellency the Governor has terminated the Gulf Ports Steamship Company's Contract for the conveyance of mails between St. John's and Pictou. This is a step in the right direction, tho' a retrograde one. The continuance of the service doubtless will be immediately arranged, with due regard to efficiency for the winter months.

ON Sabbath last Anniversary Missionary Sermons, in connection with the Wesleyan Missions Fund, were preached in the Wesleyan Church here. In the forenoon the Rev. Mr. Hale occupied the pulpit, and chose for his text Titus ch. ii. vs. 11, 12, which he discussed in an able and practical manner. In the evening the Rev. G. S. Milligan, M. A., with great eloquence, dwelt upon that beautiful verse (the 7th) in Isaiah, ch. lii. The attendances, owing to the wet and boisterous state of the weather, were small, which is much to be regretted, the different discourses being at once edifying and instructive.

WILSON'S THEATRE.

This evening the popular tragedian, Mr. E. W. Beattie, takes his benefit, and it is to be hoped that the admirers of the drama will give the "Old Man" a gratifying proof of their appreciation of his talents.

A court martial has been held on William Peery, a private in the Royal Marine Light Infantry, for services in H. M. S. Lapwing charged, among other offences, with assaulting P.C. Patton and Sergeant George Winlow, of the Newfoundland Constabulary, has been found guilty and sentenced to be imprisoned for the space of two years with hard labour in Exeter gaol, and at the expiration of that term to be dismissed the service.

A court martial has also been held on Edward Sampson, a gunner of the Royal Artillery, on board said ship, charged, among other offences, with having struck Sergeant Winslow, of the Newfoundland Constabulary, was found guilty and sentenced to six months imprisonment with hard labour in Lewes gaol.

FOR THE HARBOR GRACE STAR.

Spruce Beer.

BY "AULD REEKIE."

What on earth has spruce beer to do with agriculture? I give it up. Yet strange it is that last week an article in a local paper, headed "agriculture," was nothing more or less than a few words on the merits of the beverage sold under that name. The following puts spruce beer in a new role:—

A friend of mine being anxious to test that highly fashionable liquid, recently prevailed on me to give him a bottle of it to carry home, and accordingly delightfully stowed one away in a side pocket of his great coat. The night was very dark, and the hour late when he sallied homeward. He had not proceeded far, however, when he became aware of pursuit. Trampling of feet and vociferous shouting filled him with fear, so Dobbs (my friend) took to his heels and ran for it; but oh! what was it to avail, he heard a report and simultaneously felt a blow on one side and putting his hands there to find his clothing saturated; and being unwilling to do just then, kept

on running, 'til observing a light in a cottage, made for, reached it, opened the cottage door widely, and fell on the threshold in a faint.

When poor Dobbs recovered a little, he told the excited old people—into whose domicile he had so unceremoniously rushed—that he had been shot, and that loss of blood must have weakened him. But when Dobbs got thoroughly to his senses, he found it was all the "workings" of the bottle of spruce beer.

In running the cork had left the bottle's neck with a bang, and being then in a state of extreme terror, 'tis no wonder he fancied 'twas the report of firearms, that the cork striking his side was a bullet and that the exit of the beer was his heart's blood. So much for spruce beer, suitable theme indeed for an essay on agriculture.

NEWS & ITEMS.

THE Halifax "Presbyterian Witness," of a recent date, says:—We have received \$2 for the Widows and Orphans in Newfoundland whose case has been brought before the public by Mr. Jerilly, from Mrs. Keiver and daughter, Amherst.

CAPT. A. M. PETERS, of Green Cove, N. S., a short time since caught in the "Lurcher," a codfish which when completely dressed and cleaned, weighed 50 pounds. The liver weighed 5 lbs. 9 oz. Before being dressed the fish weighed about 80 lbs.

THERE is a law firm in New York of Goodman & Trueman. Certainly clients who fall into the hands of a good man and a true man ought to fare well!

At one time, in a single store in New York, there were two men named "Spring," two named "Rivers," and two named "Waters"—quite a moist concern, one would suppose!

Many years ago, there was a firm of auctioneers here—well known as politicians too—of "Slam, Bang & Company;" and in political affairs at least the name seemed quite appropriate, for it was a very noisy firm.

An old Boston firm lived and flourished under the pious title of "Neal & Pray."

A GOOD "STORY."—A very good and characteristic story is told of a Boston lady who obtained an introduction to the Pope. Etiquette requires that the party thus honoured should bow low upon bonded knees when his holiness appears. Evidently our New England friend was ignorant of or ignored the custom, for she walked bravely up to Pious IX., grasped him by the hand and said, "My dear sir, I'm delighted to see you; how do you do?" "American!" muttered his Holiness, as he slightly inclined his venerable head and moved towards a group of Italian ladies assembled in the centre of the "salon."

A NOVAL BOUQUET.—At the closing performance of M. Laurenti, at the Gymnase of Marseilles, just as the artist concluded the air for the third act of "Barbe Bleue," a bouquet of vegetables and hay was thrown on to the stage. The singer stopped short, greatly excited, and the whole audience protested against the insult, first by loud cries, and then by cheers, addressed to the performer. Some persons bought up all the flowers near at hand, and strewed the stage with them. The person who had committed the act was taken into custody, and when questioned at the police-station, declared that he had been paid for acting as he had done.

MARRIAGE VERSUS MURDER.—The "Woman's Journal" of June 29th tells us that "if any refutation of the theory of free-love were needed, social statistics would suffice. Not only were most murders, which are not committed under the influence of liquor, the result of jealousy but in every civilized community marriage and murder are in inverse ratio. For instance, statistics prove that in Rome there are 237 times as many chances of being murdered as in England and 133.14 times more than in Protestant Prussia. In England it is shown that one murder occurs for every 178,000 inhabitants; in Holland one for every 163,000; in Prussia one for every 100,000; in Austria one for 57,000; in Spain one for 4,113; and in Naples one for 2,750; but in Rome there is one homicide for every 750 of the inhabitants. Rome also scores the highest proportion of illegitimate children—the ratio of births of this class being nearly 61 times greater in Rome than in London. It appears that in London there are, for every 200 legitimate births, 4 illegitimate; in Leipzig, 21; in Paris, 48; in Munich, 91; in Vienna 118; and in Rome, 243." These, and other statistics teaching the same lessons, deserve universal attention. They embody more than one important truth. With an emphasis not to be misunderstood they support marriage against free love. They also illustrate the inseparable association of the baser crimes—of adultery, for example, with murder.



Latest Despatches.

LONDON, Nov. 12. The French Assembly re-elects Grevy President. General Chanzy resigned the chairmanship of the Left centre in the Assembly on account of military duties.

New political combinations in the Assembly are rumored. The Left centre are meditating a rupture with the extreme Left, and a fusion with the Right centre.

The foreign governments, requested by Great Britain to co-operate for the suppression of the East African slave trade, express sympathy with the cause, but decline to unite in active measures, contemplated by England.

The Telegraph Cable between Hong Kong and Shanghai has ceased to work. Official papers of Russia declare that the present relations between Russia and the Khedive cannot be maintained. The Prussian Diet re-opened to-day. The government will avail itself of all constitutional means to carry out the proposed reforms.

New York, 13. Gold 112 1/2; Exchange 10 1/2. Sympathy for Boston is manifested all over the country by public meetings, and liberal contributions are coming forward for the sufferers.

BOSTON, 13. At a meeting of the citizens in Tremont Temple to-day, presided over by the Mayor, and attended by leading business men, the situation was discussed and a determination evinced to at once commence rebuilding over the burnt district, and requesting a special session of the State Legislature to issue bonds for that purpose. Boston merchants are in no degree despondent. A military patrol will be kept until the buried safes are recovered. Over \$30,000 worth of stolen goods have been recovered from thieves.

The heavy rain last night did much to extinguish the smouldering ruins. Morning clear.

The Government calls a special meeting of the Legislature on the 19th, to devise relief for Boston.

LONDON, 13. The Government of Portugal signed a commission to Palmouth and Malta Telegraph Maintenance and Construction Company, empowering them to lay a cable from Portugal to Brazil.

The Message of Thiers occupied the Assembly to-day. He speaks hopefully of financial condition and prospects, though the deficit the present year is 132,000,000 francs, and shows surplus will be restored during 1873. He appeals to the Republicans not to spare even excessive sacrifices for order in their own interest. An attempt at any different formation of the government would lead to a most terrible revolution. The President deprecates a formal proclamation of the Republic by the Assembly, and considers a better policy would be to impress on the institutions of the country, features Conservative of Republicanism, as the Republic must be Conservative, otherwise it cannot exist. The absolute need of France is repose. The message was well received by the Left to whom it gave great satisfaction. M. Dickerdree, Conservative, moved the appointment of a committee to draw up a reply, the motion was agreed to by a small majority. It is thought that the President's message will lead to an early dissolution of the Assembly.

NEW YORK, 14. Two hundred and fifty thousand sides of leather were destroyed in Boston by fire, and prices in New York have advanced considerably. Unfinished leather has advanced 10 per cent; sole leathers 3 to 6 per cent, and further advances are anticipated.

LONDON, 14. The heavy gales on the British coast are very destructive to life and shipping. Fifty lives are known to be lost, and it is feared that this number will be increased by additional losses.

A gale was also severe on the Prussian coast. At Straisauld seven vessels were sunk. The town was inundated and in the height of the storm a fire broke out among the warehouses, which spread rapidly and was burning at last accounts. Several lives were lost and many persons injured.

A coal mine in Staffordshire, England, in which 133 men were at work, was inundated yesterday, and eleven only were saved.

BOSTON, 15. Thousands of labourers are clearing the debris and opening the streets on the burnt district. The poor who lost their homes are all cared for.

NEW YORK, 15. Gold 116 5/8. It is proposed to lay out wider streets and avenues on the burnt district, in Boston.

A MYSTERY.—We copy the following from a late Montreal paper:—"Some months ago a young man, evidently far gone in consumption, arrived here from the East, took rooms in a retired boarding house, was very reticent about his affairs, but said he came here for his health. He died a few days since. Funeral expenses absorbed all the ready money left by him; but among his effects was found a diamond-mounted sword bearing the inscription: "To our well beloved and faithful subject, Col. Allan McDonald, in recognition of distinguished services to William IV." With the sword were two letters, one directed to Peter McDonald, son of Captain G. McDonald, formerly of Mira River, Nova Scotia, evidently supposed by the writer to be in California, requesting him to take charge of the heirloom and never part with it. The sword is in charge of the Chief of Police. The value is at least \$1,000."

DEATH OF A MILLIONAIRE.—Sir David Baxter, Bart., head of the great firm of Baxter Brothers & Co., flax and jute spinners, Dundee, died at his residence, Kilmarnock, Fifeshire, on Saturday evening, the 11th ult. Sir David besides conducting a most extensive business, took a deep interest in all philanthropic movements, and few men have devoted their personal means for a public purpose with so bountiful a hand. In 1861 he provided a park for Dundee at a cost of some £40,000, and about the same period he received a baronetcy. He subsequently gave large money gifts to Edinburgh and St. Andrew's Universities, and during his life local charities were liberally supported. His last act was to endow a convalescent hospital at about £35,000. He is reported to have left fully a million sterling. Sir David was in the seventy-ninth year of his age. He leaves a widow, but no family; and it is understood his landed estate and title will descend to his nephew, Mr. W. E. Baxter, M.P., Secretary to the Treasury.

IN MEMORIAM OF THE LATE MARGARET KEOUGH, Aged 17 Years. Like a moonlight night o'er a watery stream, When all nature's about to repose, Came an angel from Heaven at the hour of seven, For one the Almighty hath chose. She is gone to reign in the choirs above, To sing praises to Him whom she cleave, Who from His pure heart, His precious blood part, The souls of all mankind to save. She is gone from this world of all sadness, No more to fear sorrow and pain; But to send forth her prayers, in joy and not tears, For the friends she hath left here to claim. Awake ye her father and mother so dear And look up at yon Paradise, its clearer to me; You'll perceive one more star, it shines brighter by far— It gazes more fondly on ye. Then sisters and brothers, her presence ye miss, As its ye that dear Maggie would call With her low, feeble voice; still her heart would rejoice As around hery'd flock one and all. We have buried her under the mossy sod, Where the due from the Heavens shall lay— In the night's darkest hours falls down in slow showers, To nurture those garlands of May. THE MOURNERS. As they laid her down, we gazed in her grave— We left her to sleep till that day When the trumpet shall sound and the angel come down To take our dear sister away. J. J. G. Harbor Grace, Nov. 18th, 1872.

FOR THE HARBOR GRACE STAR. IN MEMORIAM OF THE LATE MARGARET KEOUGH, Aged 17 Years.

Like a moonlight night o'er a watery stream, When all nature's about to repose, Came an angel from Heaven at the hour of seven, For one the Almighty hath chose. She is gone to reign in the choirs above, To sing praises to Him whom she cleave, Who from His pure heart, His precious blood part, The souls of all mankind to save. She is gone from this world of all sadness, No more to fear sorrow and pain; But to send forth her prayers, in joy and not tears, For the friends she hath left here to claim. Awake ye her father and mother so dear And look up at yon Paradise, its clearer to me; You'll perceive one more star, it shines brighter by far— It gazes more fondly on ye. Then sisters and brothers, her presence ye miss, As its ye that dear Maggie would call With her low, feeble voice; still her heart would rejoice As around hery'd flock one and all. We have buried her under the mossy sod, Where the due from the Heavens shall lay— In the night's darkest hours falls down in slow showers, To nurture those garlands of May. THE MOURNERS. As they laid her down, we gazed in her grave— We left her to sleep till that day When the trumpet shall sound and the angel come down To take our dear sister away. J. J. G. Harbor Grace, Nov. 18th, 1872.

SHIP NEWS. PORT OF HARBOR GRACE.

ENTERED. Nov. 18—Release, Clunn, Exeter, empty casks—Punton & Munn. CLEARED. Nov. 16—Union, Newhook, Boston, herring—Ridley & Sons. Commodore, Whalen, New York, herring & oil—Punton & Munn.

PORT OF ST. JOHN'S.

ENTERED. Nov. 13—Albert Edward, McDonald, Cape Breton, J. & W. Pitts. Iceland, Jenkins, Glasgow, N. Stabb & F. Sons. Pictou, Jack, Pictou, Harvey & Co. Kitty Clyde, Buffett, Sydney, LeMessurier & Knight. 14—Clara Maria, Hally, Sydney, W. Grieve & Co. Pearl, Day, Glace Bay, A. Shea. Marance, Fillmore, Sydney, W. & G. Rendell. Messenger, Morris, Sydney, Baine, Johnston & Co. Kitty Clyde, Noel, Montreal, P. Rogerson & Son. Austrian, Richardson, Liverpool, A. Shea.

Maria, Dexter, Pernambuco, P. & I. Tessier. Tigress, Bartlett, New York, Harvey & Co. 16—Three Sisters, Cole Pugwash, P. & L. Tessier. Olinda, Frowse, Liverpool, E. Duder. CLEARED.

Nov. 13—Annie Laurie, Blackler, St. Jago, Harvey & Co. 14—Austrian, Richardson, Halifax, A. Shea, Emeline, Pike, Sydney, P. & L. Tessier. Charlotte, Palfrey, Sydney, S. March & Son. Delta, Keay, Antigonish, J. & W. Pitts. Merlin, Walsh, Sydney, A. McKay. Edward Vittery, Brown, Queenstown, Bowring Brothers. 25—Iceland, Jenkins, Pictou, N. Stabb & Sons.

PASSENGERS.—Per Pictou from Pictou—Miss Archibald, Miss Coyford; 1 in Second cabin; 2 in Steerage. Per Austrian from Liverpool—Rev. J. Hanley, Hon. Dr. Winter and Mrs. Winter, Hon. C. F. Bennett, Miss Mary Booth, Miss Emma Booth, Miss Mary Ann Booth, Messrs. Stacey, Booth, Horwood, and Spracklin. Per Austrian for Halifax—Mrs. Tobin, Mrs. Cordon, Messrs. Nugent, Tobin, Cordon, Webster, Russell, Fletcher, and Cooke; Intermediate—12; Steerage—34.

CAUTION!

HEREBY GIVE NOTICE that, after this date, I will not be responsible for any Debts contracted in my name, without a Written Order from myself. LUCINDA BARTLETT. Bay Roberts, Nov. 13, 1872.

FOR SALE!

A Dwelling House AND LAND

Attached, (known under the name of Suow Hill) situated on the Carbonear Road, one mile from Harbor Grace. This is an eligible place for farming operations, and is alike suitable for rich or poor. For particulars apply to JAMES POWER. Oct. 29.

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

Fellows' Compound Syrup OF HYPOPHOSPHITES.



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.

BRITISH HALL,

Harbor Grace. LAST NIGHT BUT ONE.

Benefit OF MR. E. W. BEATTIE.

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

Colleen Bawn.

MR. E. W. BEATTIE AS MILES-NA-COPPALEEN, Supported by the Entire Company.

MISS LOUISA ABBOTT as Eily O'Connor, THE COLLEEN BAWN.

Myles-na-Coppaleen... E. W. BEATTIE Hardress Cregan... G. E. Wilson Kyrie Daly... J. B. Howard Father Tom... C. E. Churchill Danny Mann... T. R. Hogan Corrigan... G. Evans Magistrate... G. Evans Eily O'Connor... Miss Louisa Abbott Annie Chute... Miss Jessie Howard Mrs. Cregan... Miss Emma Hall

SCENERY AND INCIDENTS

Act I.—The Lakes of Killybeggy by Moonlight. Tom Cregan. The Irish Leader. Annie Chute the Colleen Bawn, or the Golden Haired Bride of Garryowen. The desperate alternative. Michael Corrigan, Esq., the Middle man and Half Sir. The proposal. Annie discovers the infidelity of her lover. The light on Muckross Head. Thrice it goes in and thrice it goes out. The Signal. The assignation of the Colleen Bawn. Scene 2.—The Cap of Dunloe. The Squireen is puzzled to know the mystery of the Cottage of Muckross. Miles of the Ponies. The bolster of his mother's Feather Bed. The Bride. Miles engaged as a spy. A lawyer's money good for the evil eye. Scene 3.—The Cottage of Colleen Bawn. Eily O'Connor and Father Tom. Shelah. The family party. The Jug of Punch. The ingredients after Father Tom's Philosophy. Miles' love for the Colleen Bawn. The Rejected Suitor but Faithful Heart. The Irish Cottage Fireside. The Cruel-keen Lawn. Double Irish Jig. Miles and Eily. Hardress disturbs the Feast. Hurry down. The Colleen in Danger. The Lover and her Husband. The Lesson in English. The pronouncement of Eily at fault. The Honor of Eily protected. The Marriage Lines. The Oath.

Act II.—The Cap. The proposal of Danny Mann. "Give your glove and I will clean the Colleen from your path." The token. Scene 2.—Fore Cregan's house Annie Chute at fault. Hardress and his Mother. The Resolve. The Glove. The Death Warrant. Scene 3.—The Lakes and the McGillicuddy rocks. EILY LEFT ALONE. Eily's song to her lover. Annie Chute. The Brides face to face. The Colleen Bawn and the Colleen Bawn. Annie discovers more than she expects. The Irish lady and the Irish peasant girl. Danny arrives with a warrant. The ruins of the Chapel. The Thunderstorm. All but an explanation. Eily's letter of adieu. Scene 4.—Miles' watch bridge. A puzzle for the Guaguers. Miles at home. Danny seeks a shelter in the Cave. The demand and the murder. Shooting otters at night. Miles makes a discovery.

Act III. Shelah's hut. The dying boy. The confession. Corrigan in a turf hole. The spy obtains evidence. Scene 2.—The parlor. In Castle Chute. The two friends. The mistake. Kyrie Daley behaves like an Irish gentleman. Scene 3.—Miles' Cottage. The mysterious inhabitant. Father Tom puts Miles in a corner. The Soldiers—Corrigan in his glory. The sentinals surrounding the house. Scene 4.—The hall room in Castle Chute, on the banks of the Shannon. First mutterings of the Storm. The two Women in defence of the criminal. The attack and the tumult. Annie Chute's Irish blood gets up. "There was a time in Ireland when neither England's King nor his Faction could call at Castle Chute without a bloody welcome." Resistance. The arrest. The investigation. The Dying Man's Confession. The Assassin. The two Witnesses. Miles accuses the true Murderer. The only witness of Eily O'Connor's Death. The meeting of the Brides of Garryowen.

NOTICES. HARBOR GRACE MEDICAL HALL, W. H. THOMPSON, PROPRIETOR,

HAS ALWAYS ON HAND A CAREFULLY SELECTED STOCK OF Dr gs, 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 Opodilloc Radway's Ready Relief Arnold's Balsam Murray's Fluid Magnesia " Acidulated Syrup S. A. Allen's Hair Restorer Rossiter's " Ayer's Hair Vigor " Sarsaparilla " Cherry Pectoral Pickles, French Capers, Sauces Soothing Syrup Kaye's 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 Isin-glass 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 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.

FOR SALE. THE SUBSCRIBER,

231 -water street- 231 BREAD Flour, Pork, Beef Butter, Molasses, Sugar Tea, Coffee, Cheese, Ham, Bacon, Pease, Rice

TOBACCO KEROSENE OIL, &c., &c.

CHEAP FOR CASH, CASH OR OIL. DANIEL FITZGERALD, Sept. 13.

JUST RECEIVED A FRESH SUPPLY OF ADAMS' INDIAN SALVE. W. H. THOMPSON. Aug. 23.

FOR SALE. LUMBER!

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.

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

What Don't Pay.

I find it don't pay to be selfish, Though the world's palm is sordid and mean; There is many a hand washed with gratitude's tears, Would turn out quite open and clean. I find that deception don't pay one: Stop you cannot if once you begin, You will sure be found out—if not by the world, By the conscience that pricks you within. I find it don't pay to be envious, To covet the lot of a friend; For the good things of life come by brain work and toil: These will pay best, You'll find in the end. I find it don't pay to be fretting: Worry never makes things smoothly move. Some troubles must come; and though giants at first, If you laugh they will good fares prove. Don't be jealous: ten times you will find it Was but your own nature you saw; And an innocent heart may be cut to the quick While you were the one had the flaw. I find it don't pay to be sinful, Unkind, uncivil or bold, For the kind one is loved, and the good one is praised, While you are left out in the cold. You may pride yourself first on your money, You may trust then to influence and name; But wherever you go, take the run of folks through, You always will find it the same. Though people may false be as aloe, They honor the one who is true; And pleasure and love, if you'll heed the above, Shall come, my dear reader, to you.

SELECT STORY.

The Judge's Daughter; OR A STRUGGLE WITH DESTINY.

Chapter I.—The Young Student.

No, no, William! I cannot do it. It is useless to ask me more. Do be reasonable, Harry. If you will write to your father, as I have advised, and tell him everything, I am sure he will send you the money. But I tell you again that I cannot. He has already given me more than could well be spared by him. It is scarcely three months since he sent me nearly half his year's salary, and do you suppose I could ask him for more? He has already been much too kind and indulgent. Well, then, why not apply to your uncle, the president? Mr. Grainger has been very kind to me, and has allowed me the privilege of attending the last term free; but that is no reason why I should expect him to advance me money to pay debts. They were so disgracefully incurred, too. No, William, there is no alternative; I must leave college. Much as I desire to remain another year, I cannot do it at my father's expense, or that of Mr. Grainger. But what will you do, Harry? You cannot expect to settle down to your profession. No, I am going into the world to earn a living for myself. Why should my father do so much more for me than for the rest of his children? I have proved myself unworthy of his generosity, and I will not tax it further. You are too proud. No one but you would think of committing such an act of folly. Folly or not, I have fully determined to do as I have told you, and we will not have any more words about it. The last speaker turned away, as he concluded, so decisively that his companion forebore saying anything more. They were room-mates at Yale College, where they had been inseparable companions for three years; and now the younger, Harry Winchester, had announced to his friend his intention of leaving at the close of the present term. Harry's father was a Congregationalist minister in a small town in Connecticut. He had done all in his power to give his eldest son a liberal education, and as his family was large, and his salary small, it was only by the strictest economy that he could manage to save enough to defray Harry's expenses at college. For the first two years Harry had conducted himself with the utmost propriety, if we except the few tricks which his mirthful, fun-loving nature led him into, and he had become a general favorite with the students. But, at the end of that time, he had become intimate with a circle of young men, who, possessing more money than brains, preferred spending their time in idleness and dissipation rather than in study; and, as he was easily influenced, it was no wonder that he soon became addicted

to the habits that possessed so much fascination for his companions. The race-course was a frequent place of resort for these young men, and it was not long before Harry found himself not only nearly out of funds, but also considerably in debt to his unscrupulous companions. There was nothing really evil about him, but on the contrary, much that was good. He possessed a warm heart, with a cheerful disposition somewhat inclined to levity; but this was owing to his buoyant spirits, and a natural love of gaiety which time and experience would correct. His manners were peculiarly easy and graceful, even at that age when young men in general are so awkward and uncertain in their demeanor—the period of transition from boyhood to manhood. In person he was rather above medium height, yet his figure was perfectly symmetrical and graceful. His waving hair was of a dark brown color, and he wore it brushed high from a broad, intellectual looking forehead. His eyes were of a deep hazel, neither too piercing nor yet expressionless. In his merry moods, they sparkled like diamonds, and in his sober, care-worn moments assumed a softened look, thus plainly foreshadowing the state of mind within. His whole bearing was commanding and pleasing. Being so genial and kind-hearted, so mirthful and easy in disposition, and a general favorite with the whole college, what wonder is it that he was led into some excesses, in company with his less impulsive companions? It was wrong; we admit it; and we do not uphold wrong-doing, even where the temptation is so strong as that brought to bear upon Harry. But we do say that he who goes deliberately to work to lead his fellow-being into evil is far more reprehensible than he who stumbles over the obstacles placed in his path. So Harry found himself, at the end of his third year at college, almost penniless, with not a cent to defray his expenses through the coming term—not enough even to settle his bills, and take him to his father's home in T—, there to spend the vacation. He knew his parents had denied themselves many things that he might not be stinted in means; and now to return home, confess his embarrassed position, and prevail upon his father to settle his bills and pay his expenses for another year, was more than his pride—nay, his conscience—would allow. He had spent enough, during the past year, to carry him honorably through the remaining year of his course and that, too, without any of that pinching economy which he knew must be practised by every other member of his father's family. They had done it cheerfully, for they believed that Harry gave promise of uncommon intellect and ability, and it was with no little pride that they looked forward to his graduation. All these things he mused upon gloomily, after his friend had left him. As in his lively, happy moments his spirits were exalted to the utmost, so in the more desponding hours they sank to the lowest point of dejection. His sense of honor was too great to allow him to think for a moment of leaving a single debt unpaid while he had a dollar; and he resolved to liquidate them as far as possible, and take his chance in life empty-handed. It was with feelings of deep, heartfelt regret and sorrow that Harry bade his college friends farewell at the close of the term. To none of them except William Shirley had he confided his intentions, and it was a source of remark among them all how serious Harry had suddenly grown. But he evaded their questions, and, as soon as possible, quietly sought his own room to make preparations for his final departure. As he thought of the happy family circle, so anxiously awaiting his return, he half repented of his resolution, and almost made up his mind to go home, confess his follies, and persuade his father to allow him to enter into some active occupation, where he might at least earn his own support, and thus relieve him of a burden which he could ill-afford to bear. But as he thought of his father's sternness, and his just anger when he should learn of his almost idolized son's misconduct, his courage failed him, and he determined to go forth into the world and carve out a future for himself. He seated himself at the table and wrote his mother a few lines, informing her of the course he had decided upon, and closed the letter without so much as hinting at his future abode. In a few hours more, he was on board a schooner bound for New York. Under other circumstances he would have enjoyed the voyage, for he was fond of travelling; and, as it was, he could not help feeling deeply impressed by the beautiful scenery through which they passed. They had passed through Long Island Sound, and were making the passage through Hell Gate—the narrow channel, filled with rocks and ledges, connecting the sound with East River. Many an accident has occurred here, said Captain Maberry. And although I have passed through it safely many times, I must confess I never feel quite easy until I get into smooth water again.

Chapter II.—The Rescue.

The schooner made the passage in safety, and they were slowly sailing through East River. To the left lay Blackwell's Island, the abode of the convicts and inebriates of all classes from New York, while to the right lay New York itself. At the present day, streets are laid out, and residences line the thoroughfares; but, at the time of which we write, there were no thickly populated streets opposite the island. Suburban residences, charming villas and secluded cottages, were here and there in view, and the scenery from the schooner was surpassingly lovely. Harry was standing leaning over the railing, his eyes wandering up and down the banks of the river, charmed with the prospect before him. Soon he observed a tiny boat shoot out from the shore nearly opposite the island, containing a young lady and a small boy. The lady sat at the rudder, and she appeared to understand handling the small craft, for it glided smoothly over the water, like a bird. But her companion was mischievous and uneasy, and in a luckless moment he leaned far over the boat's side; losing his balance, he clutched eagerly hold of the boat. The sudden jerk was more than the tiny craft could bear, and it turned bottom up and both its occupants were plunged into the river. The boy, like most boys who live in close proximity to the water, was an excellent swimmer, and soon reached the shore in safety. But with the young lady it was different. She gave one piercing scream as the cold waters swept over her, and disappeared beneath its placid surface. A boat was lowered from the schooner as soon as possible; but Harry knew that ere it reached her she would be lost forever, and, giving a bold leap, he plunged into the stream, and swam swiftly in the direction where she had gone down. He was a bold swimmer, and reached her just as she was going down for the last time. He caught her firmly around the waist with one arm, and pushed vigorously with the other for the shore, where, by this time, a crowd had gathered, watching with anxious solicitude the efforts of our hero to save the drowning girl. A shout of joy greeted him as he reached the river bank, and laid his senseless burden down upon the grassward. A middle-aged gentleman approached, and in an excited manner commenced to thank him for his heroism; but the boat had by this time reached the shore; and Harry, without waiting to hear the words of gratitude which were being poured into his ears from all sides, jumped in, and in a few moments was once more on board the schooner. In a short time Harry found himself in New York City. It was the first time he had ever been to the metropolis, and everything seemed strange and new. There was no soul that he knew in all this great city, and yet he was here, almost penniless. He knew that everything depended upon himself, for he did not even have a letter of recommendation. His first step was to procure a boarding-place; and as he possessed a considerable amount of clothing, books, a watch, and some other articles of value, he found no difficulty in obtaining one. There were a number of young men besides himself who boarded at Mrs. Thompson's, and they were very polite and affable to the new-comer. Two of them, in particular, named respectively Harper and West, bestowed considerable attention upon him, and in a few days he had become pretty well acquainted with them. He had been in his new abode for a week, and as yet his search for employment had been ineffectual; but he consoled himself with the thought that in a week or two more, at the very most, he should succeed in obtaining a situation well adapted to his wishes. His two new friends had taken him around the city, showing him everything worthy of note, and, as a further proof of their kindness, offered to aid him in seeking employment. Harry felt deeply grateful for their kindness, and accepted their proffers of assistance. How fortunate, he thought, that he had fallen in with such friends at the very outset. Come, Mr. Winchester, said Mr. Harper, one evening, go with us to the theatre, to-night, and see 'The Lady of Lyons.' Harry hesitated; the state of his finances would not allow it. Mr. West, rightly judging the cause of his hesitation, warmly seconded Mr. Harper's proposal. Yes, do, he urged. As you are a stranger here, it is but right that we should take you around; your turn will come by and bye, you know. The request was urged so pleasantly and decidedly that Harry hesitated no longer, but accompanied the two young men to the 'Bowery.' It was not until he had been seated some time that the thought entered his mind that his father might not exactly approve of his visiting such places; but he quickly put it aside, and watched the play with intense interest. After leaving the theatre, Mr. West proposed going into saloons for a luncheon. As soon as they entered, he ordered refreshments and a bottle of wine. Pouring out three glasses, he offered one to each of his companions. Thank you, said Harry, I do not drink and hope you will excuse me. Oh! But take just one glass, urged West. It can do you no harm, and I shall be really offended if you refuse. Thus importuned, Harry placed the glass to his lips and drank. How did you like the play, Mr. Winchester? asked West, when they were once more in the street. Oh, very much, answered Harry, enthusiastically. I am glad you enjoyed it, returned West. And now, if you would like to engage in some profitable business, I will tell you of a good chance to make money. Is it safe, d'ye think? Can he be trusted? inquired Harper, in a low voice, inaudible to Harry. I think so, replied West, in the same tone. At least, he cannot harm us—he cannot prove anything. What say you? he asked, turning to Harry; would you like to enter into a light and profitable business? By all means, replied Harry eagerly. What is it? I cannot enter into particulars to-night, West replied. But if you will go down to the Battery, to-morrow, I will explain it to you. There is an emigrant ship coming in, and perhaps you would like to witness its arrival. With this, Harry had to be content; and, after arriving at Mrs. Thompson's, and he had retired to his own room, he congratulated himself upon the good fortune which the future had in store for him. Too much excited to sleep, he indulged in glowing visions of the future, weaving bright fancies of coming wealth and distinction. And, first of all, in his coming good fortune, he would remember his loving parents, who had done so much for him; he would repay them tenfold for every sacrifice they had ever made for his sake. No want should they ever know while it lay in his power to supply them. And William Shirley, his faithful, devoted friend, he, too, should be remembered. And here, wearied at last by his musings, he forgot all his fairy visions in the land of dreams. Chapter III.—A Revelation. True to his appointment, Harry went the next day to the Battery, where he was soon joined by West and Harper. Ah! and so you are here before us, said Mr. West. I have but just arrived, answered Harry, but, as you can readily believe, I am very anxious to hear what you have to say on the subject we were talking of last evening. Oh, yes, yes, replied Mr. West. Well it is natural enough that you should be. But do you see that stout, elderly gentleman yonder, wearing a heavy gold chain, and carrying a walking-stick? he asked, abruptly changing the subject. Harry replied in the affirmative. Well, I have some business with him just now; but I will return soon, and give you the desired information. But you promise upon your honor as a gentleman, if you do not accept my proposition, to keep the whole matter a secret? he interrogated. Certainly, Harry replied, without any hesitancy. On receiving this assurance, both Mr. West and Mr. Harper disappeared in the crowd which had gathered to witness the disembarkation of the emigrants. Harry idly lingered near the spot where they had left him, too much engrossed with the subject uppermost in his mind to take any interest in the busy scene around. Half an hour or more elapsed before Mr. West returned, and Harry was almost getting out of patience. In a few moments, however, he observed him swiftly making his way through the crowd. Let us walk along a few streets, in order that we may converse uninterruptedly, he said, as soon as he had reached Harry's side. They walked along quite a distance, until they were joined by Harper. Do you know that? asked West, suddenly taking a watch and chain from his pocket, and which Harry recognized at once, by its massive seals, as the identical one which the corpulent gentleman had worn. Why, yes; the gentleman you pointed out to me wore it upon his vest, answered Harry, in astonishment. Exactly so, returned West. I had considerable difficulty, I assure you, to gain possession of it unobserved. It was that which delayed me so long; but it is well worth the trouble, he concluded, examining it more closely. And I have done equally as well, Harper spoke up, eagerly, displaying, at the same time, a well-filled pocket-book. You wouldn't object to being the possessor of that yourself, would you, Mr. Winchester? he concluded, turning to Harry. But what—what has this to do with the situation you said you had for me? asked Harry, with mingled feelings of surprise and indignation. Harper and West looked at one another and laughed. Why, just this, said West. We are willing to take you into company on

shares, although, as you are a green hand, you can't expect, of course, to share equally at first. But you'll soon learn, if you are as clever as I think you are; and we will advance you something to begin with, or until you become an expert; then we'll go equal partners. Harry was speechless for a moment from amazement. And these were the friends he had trusted so implicitly! But the truth forced itself upon him now. They were gentlemanly pickpockets. No wonder his applications for employment had been so decidedly refused, while he kept such company. What do you say to my proposals? asked Harper impatiently. Why do you keep silent? It's fair, isn't it? Say? replied Harry, looking the speaker sternly in the face, I say that I have been deceived as to the nature of the business you wished me to engage in, and I will have nothing to do with it. He looked so noble, and spoke so firmly, that his companions saw at once that arguments then would be useless; some other time they hoped to be able to induce him to join them. You will, at least, remember your promise of secrecy, said Harper. Certainly; when I give my word, I intend to keep it; but I can never descend to the calling of a common thief, he replied, proudly. Remember your friendless situation, began Harper. I remember it; I remember, also, my honor, Harry replied. And he turned away, and left them chagrined and disappointed at the failure of their plans. Thus, in one short hour, were his bright visions scattered, and he realized for the first time how utterly friendless and alone he was. But his honor was left, untarnished, and he would yet rise, not depending upon the promises of others, but on his own perseverance. Days and even weeks glided by, and he had not yet succeeded in obtaining employment. Mr. West and his confederate had approached him, in regard to entering into company with them in their dishonorable practices, at various times, but with no better success than at first. It was not to lead a life like theirs that he had exiled himself from home; away from all that earth held dear, but that he might atone for those follies of the past which he now looked upon with loathing. As they found they could not prevail upon him to join them in their career of crime, they changed their manner towards him, and, instead of the familiarity with which they had, at first, treated him, they became insolent and overbearing; but neither their persuasions nor their insults could swerve him from his purpose. One lovely June day, on returning to his boarding-place after a discouraging day of weary, fruitless searching for employment, Harry was met in the hall by the stout boarding-mistress, and informed that unless he could pay her the money for his board for the coming week in advance, he could remain there no longer. Sadly he turned and left the house. Friendless and homeless, he knew not what to do. He wandered along the gay streets in bitterness of spirit, upbraiding himself for the course which he had taken; yet never for a moment did he contemplate applying to his friends for aid. He walked moodily on, too-biased in his own sad thoughts to heed anything around him, when he was suddenly addressed by Mr. West. I say, Winchester, how do you like this manner of life? was the salutation in a sneering tone. It has the merit of being honorable, if it isn't profitable, hasn't it? But if you can make a living at it you'll do better than most people. It doesn't pay to be honest in New York. Harry turned away haughtily, but West placed his hand upon his shoulder and detained him. Do not be offended at my pleasantry, he said, affably. I know that you were turned away from Mrs. Thompson's today, and, although you will not believe me, I am willing to help you to a good situation. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

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