

The Star,

And Conception Bay Semi-Weekly Advertiser.

Vol. II.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Tuesday, July 22, 1873.

Number 9.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

JULY.						
S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31
..

Moon's Phases.
Calculated for Mean Time at St. John's, Newfoundland.

First Quarter... 1st, 2h. 49m., a. m.
Full Moon..... 5th, 6h. 31m., p. m.
Last Quarter... 15th, Noon.
New Moon..... 22nd, 5h. 41m., p. m.

Mall Steamers to Depart from St. John's.

Destination	Day	Time
For Liverpool	Thursday	June 19
For Halifax	Wednesday	" 25
For Liverpool	Thursday	July 3
For Halifax	Wednesday	" 9
For Liverpool	Thursday	" 17
For Halifax	Wednesday	" 23
For Liverpool	Thursday	" 31
For Halifax	Wednesday	Aug. 6
For Liverpool	Thursday	" 14
For Halifax	Wednesday	" 20
For Liverpool	Thursday	" 28
For Halifax	Wednesday	Sept 3
For Liverpool	Thursday	" 11
For Halifax	Wednesday	" 17
For Liverpool	Thursday	" 25
For Halifax	Wednesday	Oct. 1
For Liverpool	Thursday	" 9
For Halifax	Wednesday	" 15
For Liverpool	Thursday	" 23
For Halifax	Wednesday	" 29

Wholesale Prices Current, St. John's.

BREAD—Hambro' No 1, 32s. 6d.; No. 2, 28s. 6d.; No. 3, 24s. 6d. Local No. 1, 26s.; No. 2, 23s. 6d.; F. C., 22s. 6d.
FLOUR—Canada Fancy 42s. 6d.; Canada Superfine, 38s.; New York Extra, 38s. to 39s.; New York Superfine, 35s. New York No. 2 30s. to 32s.
CORN MEAL—White and Yellow, per brl. 18s. to 20s.
OATMEAL—Canada, per brl. 30s.; P E Island, 27s. 6d.
RICE—East India, per cwt. 20s.
PEAS—Round, per brl. 20s. to 21s.
BUTTER—Canada, good 1s. to 1s. 2d. Nova Scotia, good 11d. to 1s. 1d.; American 8d. to 10d.; Hambro' 8d.
CHEESE—9d. to 10d.
HAM—9d. to 10d.
PORK—American mess 95s. to 100s.; prime mess 90s.; extra prime 77s.
BEEF—Prime, per brl. 35s.
LARD—per imp. gallon 7s. 10d.
MOLASSES—Muscovado 2s. a 2s. 1d.; Clay-ed 1s. 9d.
SUGAR—Muscovado, 45s. to 47s. 6d.; American Crushed 72s. 6d.
COFFEE—1s. 1d. to 1s. 3d.
TEA—Congou and Souchong, ordinary broken leaf, 1s. 7d. to 1s. 9d.; fair to good, 2s. to 2s. 6d.
LARD—American and Canadian 7d. to 8d.
LEATHER—American and Canadian 1s. 5d.
TOBACCO—Canadian, 1s. 7d. to 1s. 8d.; American 1s. 5d. to 1s. 6d.; Nova Scotia, 1s. 5d. to 1s. 6d.
CORDAGE—per cwt. 65s.
SALT—per hhd. Foreign, Liverpool, 7s. 6d.
KEROSENE OIL—New York manufacture 1s. 9d.; Boston 1s. 9d.
COAL—per ton, North Sydney 30s.

172 WATER STREET, 172

JAMES FALLON,
TIN, COPPER & SHEET
IRON WORKER,

BEGS respectfully to inform the inhabitants of Harbor Grace and outports that he has commenced business in the Shop No. 172 Water Street, Harbor Grace, opposite the premises of Messrs. John Munn & Co., and is prepared to fill all orders in the above lines, with neatness and despatch, hoping by strict attention to business to merit a share of public patronage.

JOBING
Done at the Cheapest possible Terms.
Dec 18.

NOTICES.

JAMES HOWARD COLLIS

Dealer and Importer of

ENGLISH & AMERICAN

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

TROUTING GEAR,
In great variety and best quality, WHOLE SALE and RETAIL.

221 WATER STREET,
St. John's,
Newfoundland.

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

FOR SALE.

RESERVES & GROCERIES!

Just Received and For Sale by the Subscriber—

Fresh Cove OYSTERS

Spiced do.

APPLES

PEACHES

Strawberries—preserved in Syrup

Brambleberries do.

—ALWAYS ON HAND—

A Choice Selection of GROCERIES.

T. M. CAIRNS.

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

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.

large selection of

CLOCKS, WATCHES

MEERSCHAUM PIPES,

PLATED WARE, and

JEWELRY of every description & style

May 14.

May 14.

May 14.

May 14.

May 14.

May 14.

May 14.

May 14.

May 14.

May 14.

May 14.

May 14.

May 14.

May 14.

May 14.

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 recommend-

able:

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 Apodidoc

Radway's Ready Relief, Arnold's Balsam

Murray's Fluid Magnesia

Acidulated Syrup

S. A. Allen's Hair Restorer

Rosier's "

Ayer's Hair Vigor

" Sarsaparilla

" Cherry Pectoral

Pickles, French Capers, Sauces

Soothing Syrup, Kaye's Coaguline

India Rubber Sponge, Teething

Sponge, Tooth Cloths

Nail, Shoe and Stove Brushes

Widow Walch's Pills Morrison's Pills

Cookle's " Radway's "

Holloway's " Ayer's "

Norton's " Parsons' "

Hunt's " Jaynes' "

Holloway's Ointment

Adams' Indian Salve, Russia Salve

Morehead's Plaster, Corn Plaster

Mather's Feeding Bottles

Bond's Making Ink, Corn Flour

Fresh Hops, Arrowroot, Sago, Gold Leaf

Nelson's Gelatine and Isinglass

Bonnet Glue, Best German Glycerine

Lime Juice, Honey, Best Ground Coffee

Nixy's Black Lead

Roth & Co.'s Rat Paste

Brown's Bronchial Troches

Woodill's Worm Lozenges

" Baking Powder

McLean's Vermifuge

Lea's India Rubber Varnish

Copal Varnish

Kerosene Oil, Lamps, Chinnies, Wicks,

Burners, &c., &c.

Cod Liver Oil,

Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophos

phites

Extract of Logwood, in 1/2 lb. boxes

Cudbear, Worm Tea, Toilet Soaps

Best Perfumeries, Pomades and Hair

Oils

Pain Killer

Henry's Calcined Magnesia

Enema Instruments, Gold Beater's Skin

Fumigating Pastilles, Seidlitz Powders

Furniture Polish, Plate Polish

Flavouring Essences, Spices, &c., &c.

Robinson's Patent Bait

" 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

May 14

May 14

May 14

May 14

May 14

May 14

POETRY.

Jamie.

"Father, where is our Jamie, to-night?
Jamie, so bold and gay?
The twilight shadows are falling now,
Why does he stay away?
Jamie is handsome and manly too,
And he will be good and great;
But, father, why is our darling boy
A-staying away so late."

"Our noble boy is a child no more,
He has grown to a man's estate?
He has gone a-courting Minnie Gray,
The reason he stays so late;
For her golden hair and her eyes of blue
Have stolen his heart away,
And he goes in the holy twilight hour
A wooing sweet Minnie Gray."

"Why does the maiden lure him away,
Now we are growing old?
And we have shielded him all his life,
Our love has never grown cold;
The maid can never love him as we
Have loved him all his years,
Who have led him along the path of life,
Sharing his smiles and tears."

"But, Millie, remember long years ago,
When I was handsome and gay,
And you a maiden so fair and sweet,
That you stole my heart away,
I had a father old and gray,
And a mother kind and true,
Who loved me kindly all my life—
But my heart went out to you."

A blush crept over her withered cheek,
Her eyes shone clear and mild;
No longer she chided the lovely maid
For winning away her child;
She thought of the long ago, when she
Stood close by her lover's side,
In the little church, and the man of God
Made her a happy bride."

My Love.

My love is like the red, red rose
That breathes the sweet perfume,
It charms alike my thoughts and dreams,
And I its charms consume.

My love is no expensive wife,
Tho' very dear is she,
Two cents a day upon my life
Is all she costeth me.

Of bonnets, paniers, bustles, lace,
She never feels the need;
No flowers at her command I place
Save only one poor weed.

And yet not e'en the fairest girl
Can with my love compare,
Although she boasts no glossy curl,
Not e'en one scrap of hair.

Thrice daily after every meal,
I press her to my lips,
And then as sweet a kiss I steal
As bee from lily sips.

May I all other loves from
My remembrance wipe,
Whilst loving one poor bit of clay,
My beautiful, my pipe.

EXTRACTS.

"Don't Live Beyond Your Means."

This is pleasant! exclaimed a young husband, taking his seat in the rocking-chair as the supper things were removed. The fire, glowing in the grate, revealed a pretty and neatly furnished sitting-room, with all the appliances of comfort. The fatiguing business of the day was over, and he sat enjoying what he had all day been anticipating, the delights of his own fireside. His pretty wife Esther took her work and set down by the table.

It is pleasant to have a home of one's own, he again said, taking a satisfactory survey of his little quarters. The cold rain beat against the windows, and he thought he felt really grateful for all his present comforts.

"Now, if we only had a piano," exclaimed the wife.

Give me the music of your own sweet voice before all the piano's in creation, he observed complacently; but he felt a certain secret disappointment that his wife's thankfulness did not happily chime in with his own.

Well, but we want one for our friends, said Esther.

Let friends come to see us, and not to hear a piano, exclaimed the husband.

But, George, everybody has a piano, now-a-days—we don't go anywhere without seeing a piano, persisted the wife.

And yet I don't know what we want one for—you will have no time to play on one, and I don't want to hear it.

Why, they are so fashionable—I think

our room looks nearly naked without one.

I think it looks just right. I think it looks very naked—we want a piano shockingly," protested Esther emphatically.

The husband rocked violently. Your lamp smokes, my dear, said he, after a long pause.

When are you going to get a camphene lamp? I have told you a dozen times how much we needed one, said Esther pettishly.

These are very pretty lamps—I never can see by a camphene lamp, said her husband. These lamps are the prettiest of the kind I ever saw.

But, George, I do not think our room is complete without a camphene lamp, said Esther sharply. They are fashionable! Why, the Morgans and Millers, and many others I might mention, all have them; I am sure we ought to.

We ought too if we take pattern by other people's expenses, and I don't see any reason in that.

The husband moved uneasily in his chair. We want to live as well as others, said Esther.

We want to live within our means, Esther, exclaimed George.

I am sure we can afford it as well as the Morgans and Millers and Thorns; we do not wish to appear mean.

George's cheek crimsoned. Mean! I am not mean! he cried angrily.

Then we do not wish to appear so, said the wife. To complete this room, and make it look like other people's, we want a piano and a camphene lamp.

We want—we want! muttered the husband, there's no satisfying woman's wants, do what you may, and he abruptly left the room.

How many husbands are in a similar dilemma. How many houses and husbands are rendered uncomfortable by the constant dissatisfaction of a wife, with present comforts and present provisions? How many bright prospects for business have ended in bankruptcy and ruin in order to satisfy this secret hankering after fashionable necessities! Could the real cause of many failures be known, it would be found to result from useless expenditure at home—expenses to answer the demands of fashion and "what will people think?"

My wife has made my fortune, said a gentleman of great possessions, by her thrift and prudence, and cheerfulness, when I was just beginning.

And mine has lost my fortune, answered his companion, by useless extravagance and repining, when I was doing well.

What a world does this open to the influence which a wife possesses over the future prosperity of her family! Let the wife know her influence and try to use it wisely and well.

Be satisfied to commence on a small scale. It is too common for young housekeepers to begin where their mothers ended. Buy all that is necessary to work skilfully with; adorn your house with all that will render it comfortable. Do not look at richer homes, and covet their costly furniture. If secret dissatisfaction is ready to spring up, go a step further and visit the homes of the suffering poor; behold dark, cheerless apartments, insufficient clothing, and absence of all the comforts and refinements of social life, and then return to your own with a joyful spirit. You will then be prepared to meet your husband with a grateful heart, and be ready to appreciate the toil and self-denial which he has endured in the business world to surround you with the delights of home; and you will be ready to cooperate cheerfully with him in so arranging your expenses, that his mind will not be constantly harassed with fears lest his family expenditure may encroach upon public payments. Be independent; a young housekeeper never needed greater moral courage than she does now to resist the arrogance of fashion. Do not let the A's and B's decide what you must have, neither let them hold the strings of your purse. You know best what you can and ought to afford. It matters but little what people think, provided you are true to yourself and family.

Garments Made Waterproof.

A writer in an English paper says:—by the way, speaking of waterproofs, I think I can give travellers a valuable hint or two. For many years I have worn india rubber waterproofs, but will buy no more, for I have learned that good Scotch tweed can be made entirely impervious to rain, and moreover, I have learned how to make it so, and for the benefit of your readers I will give the recipe:—

In a bucket of soft water put half a pound of sugar of lead, and a half pound of powdered alum; stir this at intervals until it becomes clear, pour it off into another bucket, and put the garment therein, and let it be in for twenty-four hours, and then hang it up to dry without

wringing it. Two of my party a lady and gentleman—have worn garments thus treated in the wildest storms of wind and rain, without getting wet. The rain hangs upon the cloth in globules. In short they were really waterproof. The gentleman, a fortnight ago, walked nine miles in a storm of rain and wind, such as you rarely see in the South; and when he slipped off his overcoat, his underwear was as dry as when he put them on. This is, I think, a secret worth knowing; for cloth, if it can be made to keep out wet, is in every way, better than what we know as most waterproofs.

The Review of Troops at Windsor.

Although it may be very true that we are a Naval rather than a Military Power, the review of troops in Windsor Park on Tuesday presented a scene as thoroughly and peculiarly English as the review of ships at Spithead the day before. The scenery of Windsor Park excites all that is most beautiful in English landscape, and though the Shah may have seen bigger battalions defile before him at Berlin and St. Petersburg, such a noble and beautiful parade ground is not to be found in all Europe. Thousands upon thousands of the general public poured into Windsor from early morning by the two lines of railway. About three o'clock the line was formed, along which, the Queen, the Shah, and a very brilliant and royal following were presently to pass. Beginning from the right, there was the Royal Horse Artillery, which always claims that proud position, then the solid and brilliant masses of the Household Cavalry, then the battalions of Guards, then the other infantry regiments, the Dragoons, and Hussars, and on the left flank the batteries of Royal Artillery. Lord Strathnairn was in command of the whole line, Colonel Newton of the Artillery, Sir Thomas MacMahon of the Cavalry, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar of the Infantry. The array was about three-quarters of a mile long, and was completely lapped by a deep fringe of spectators stretching away right and left in a wide sweep, which left the troops ample space for their manoeuvres. The advance of the Guards to take their place in line was most picturesque, the red wall of their formation marching suddenly out of the green screens formed by the Long Walk elms.

The Shah's train was delayed on its road from London, and the Royal procession did not arrive on the ground till 5 o'clock, an hour late. The troops stood in their formation looking across the green sward of the parade at the gay banks and rows of spectators, and the spectators sat in their seats and carriages scrutinising the troops with untiring enthusiasm. The weather was excellent, though at one time it clouded over and even rained a little.

At five minutes past 5 the Scots Greys, which formed the van of the Royal procession, debouched from the trees, the Staff, and then the gray horses of the Queen's carriages, could be seen, and as the procession made its way across the green to the right of the line the Artillery on the left flank fired a Royal salute. The smoke drew away among the trees, and making a wide sweep over the turf, the procession came at a walk towards the saluting point, the cheering of the crowd travelling towards the stands. Her Majesty was dressed in black, the bonnet having some white in it; the Czarina, who sat by her side, and the Princess of Wales who sat opposite, wearing blue bonnets and dresses of some nearly white material. After one good look and one good cheer for the Queen, all eyes of course concentrated on the Shah, who rode his white arab, and took up his position on the side of the Queen's carriage nearest the troops. The Queen's carriage was just between the flag-staffs, and a fine oak grew at the back of the Royal enclosure. The Shah's arab wore a ring of gold braid half-way down its tail, and the lower part of which was dyed pink. A large gold saddle cloth and large silver stirrups were conspicuous in the saddle. The Czaritch wore a Russian cavalry uniform the Prince of Wales his uniform of Colonel-in-Chief of the Rifle Brigade.

The Shah sat alone on his horse on the offside of the Queen's carriage, leaning his hands on his high holsters. While the troops were passing he had a tired and rather deserted air, and one would think that he should have had some one at his elbow to give him information. But the etiquette of Majesty demanded that he should be alone in his supreme position, nearest the troops and on the Queen's right hand, and adjusting his gold spectacles carefully, and sometimes saluting the colours by raising his hand to his lamb-skin cap, he watched the regiments pass. Now and then the Duke of Cambridge came forward and spoke to his Majesty, but the other princes sat on their horses close to the further or inner side of the Queen's carriage.

The Royal Horse Artillery went by as they always do, the fine bays which drew the guns stepping out with spirit and the wheels of the carriages rolling in one circle along their line. Colonel Baillie's Household Cavalry looked their best. The glossy and powerful horses, the splendidly dressed and stalwart horsemen, are familiar to us. The mounted bands were maced in the usual place, and gave time to the pacing horses with the usual sweet and monotonous music. On either side of the band, the staff, a brilliant array of head-quarter officers, was drawn up, abandoning their usual post in the Royal enclosure in order to leave it clearer for the Royal carriages, the Princes, and high English and Persian Court officials. That fine regiment, the Carabineers, in their blue tunics crossed by white belts, and the 7th and 13th Hussars brought the passage of Cavalry to an end, and, changing with a tap and a roll, the tune invited onwards the two batteries of Field Artillery, a gallant show of strong horses and guns on gray carriages. The sun has come out and the scene was gay and beautiful.

first of all with the natural charm of the landscape, and also with the cavalry of various uniforms moving on against the trees on the far right of the saluting point, and on the far left with the solid advance of the Infantry. Followed by the Guards came Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, on a strong and handsome roan charger. These magnificent battalions, which the English people have some reason to think are the finest Infantry in the world, marched past the sovereigns with their wanted steadiness. We may be sure the Duke of Cambridge's heart was glad as he watched regiment after regiment of the flower of his troops bear themselves so bravely under the eyes of the Monarchs and the Princes. The Shah turned more than once to the Duke, the Queen bowed to the colours, and the Princess Dagmar spoke to the Princess of Wales, straightening her hands in illustration of the level ranks. The 7th Royal Fusiliers kept perfect line and step, and when the 93rd Highlanders came along in their white gaiters, kilts, and plumes, the Shah turned to the Duke and Queen with an animated gesture of admiration. After the March past came the trot by. This was kept round the left flank of the Infantry and back again at their rear and the brilliant masses of Artillery and Cavalry moving rapidly over the sunny grass in different directions against the background of full foliaged timber produced a most picturesque effect. When Colonel Oaks and his smart Hussars had passed again, the infantry came on in brigades in line of quarter columns. The magnificent front of General Parke's brigade drew a loud clapping of hands, bestowed also on the Guards and the 7th fusiliers in their first passage. The solid formation was more impressive than the columns of double companies, though it soon consumed the little army of foot soldiers, though not before the Artillery and Cavalry had moved round at the back, and were ready to replace them. Resting his hands on his gilt holsters, the Shah watched with evident interest the rapid passage of the batteries and squadrons. When the last had gone by, his Majesty called to his side his Grand Vizier, and commanded him to give the Queen, as he did forthwith, a message which was no doubt one of satisfaction, with admiration of the beautiful sight he had just witnessed.

As a gallant show of small force of picked soldiers of various arms, the parade was perfect. Every man and horse upon the ground was a thoroughly taught and drilled military unit, turned out in perfect order. The scene was not wanting in any accessory which could give it dignity and beauty.

HARBOUR GRACE, JULY 22, 1873.

The fishery in this neighborhood during the past few days has somewhat improved, although we regret that the prospects are not sufficiently favourable to lead us to anticipate a good summer's catch. Along the North Shore of Conception Bay very little is doing, and by recent advices from Trinity we learn that the catch of codfish at the latter place has been very poor since the first July. No reliable information has yet been received from Labrador.

We learn that arrangements are being made by the Firemen of St. John's for the purpose of holding a Regatta there on the 6th August. Would it not be well for the Firemen of Harbour Grace to attempt something of the kind here? They are in possession of fine boats, tough muscles, and all the ability necessary to the "getting up" of a first class regatta. Firemen, "eyes right!"

The Labrador mail steamer may be expected to call here, on her way North, on or about Friday next. We are glad to learn that a boat has been selected for the service, possessing all the qualifications necessary to a satisfactory performance of this important work. The "Osprey" must be "defunct," if so, "peace to her ashes," and sympathy to the "bereaved!"

The entertainment given by Mr. and Mrs. Hayward at the British Hall last evening was a complete success, the large audience being highly pleased with the delightful manner in which the different pieces were rendered. The programme was a perfect bouquet of the most charming comic, sentimental and pathetic melodies. Mr. and Mrs. H. will give a "Grand Presentation Entertainment" this evening, when all who desire the enjoyment of a rare musical treat may have that desire gratified.

MR. W. C. F. ROBINSON, who has filled the office of Lieut.-Governor of P. E. Island, for some years, under the Imperial regime, has been continued in that office under Confederation.

THE SEARCH FOR THE POLARIS.—New York, July 9.—Thirty of the best and most experienced men on board the receiving ship have been selected for the crew of the "Tigress," which is announced to sail positively on Saturday. The "Tigress" will carry two hundred and fifty tons of coal, and if necessary will get a new supply at St. John's. The total amount of provisions to be shipped will be rations for forty men for two years.

Latest Despatches.

LONDON, July 12.—Everything passed off quietly in Dublin, Belfast, and Londonderry to-day.

In the French Assembly on Saturday a strong debate took place; session suspended.

It is rumored that the Internationalists in Carthage are masters of the town forts, telegraphs and railways; the marines are faithful and hold the navy yards; five thousand peasants joined the Carlists from the excess Republicans.

It is expected that the Pope will make Archbishop Manning and two American Bishops Cardinals.

After the capture of Khiva the Khan was restored to power, on his submission, and in token of gratitude, issued a decree forever abolishing slavery in his dominions.

LONDON, 14.—The Spanish government issued decrees annulling the Edicts of Sequestration on property.

The Cuban rebels and sympathisers of the Carlists are rapidly gaining ground. There is a universal cry for reinforcements from the Republican leaders.

NEW YORK, 14.—The Orange celebration in Toronto passed off quietly.

Gold 115 1/2.

LONDON, 14.—After an interesting debate in the Peers, the motion for a committee to consider the checking of Romanism in the Established Church was negatived.

Cholera on the Continent is abating.

NEW YORK, 15.—A great fire at the Navy Department, Washington, destroyed many valuable documents and \$10,000.

Kate Stoddard, the murderess of Goodrich proves to be his wife. They were married privately, in May 1872.

Hottest weather of the season. Gold 115 1/2.

NEWS ITEMS.

WHY MEN DON'T MARRY.—The reasons why men don't marry were fully explained in a lecture given the other day by the Rev. Henry Morgan to the Young Men's Christian Association in New York on this question, interesting alike to Christian young women as to Christian young men. The reasons according to Mr. Morgan, are eight in number, and are as follows: 1st. Because they cannot get the woman they want—they look too high for beauty, talent, and perfection, which are beyond their reach; 2nd, because they are cowards—they dare not face the music, and quake at the lightning flashes of a fair maiden's eye; 3rd, because they are sceptical—they have no faith in a woman's constancy, and believe her weak, frail; 4th, because they are selfish and stingy, and do not think they can support wives; 5th, because women of genius are not good housekeepers (the reverend gentleman advised his audience not to marry geniuses); 6th, because of man's own extravagance—many young men spend their incomes foolishly, and cannot afford to marry; 7th, because they are afraid of divorce, which is made by the laws too easy—free love, Mr. Morgan thinks, is poisoning the system of marriage; and 8th, because of woman's extravagance. It costs as much, the lecturer said, to launch a woman on the sea of life in these times as it would to fit out a small schooner. As to sails, cordage, pennants, and streamers, the difference he thinks is in favour of the schooner. As to her outfit, she has to be freighted with bonnets, veils, necklaces, earrings, pins, chains, bracelets, rings, rings, bows, bands, buttons, loops, folds, pipings, plaits, silks, muslins, lace fans, boots, slippers, parasols, collars, cuffs, nets, chignons, water falls, "rats," "mice" braids, frizzles, puffs, curls, panier, tournure, and Grecian bend. What a cargo, ejaculated Mr. Morgan. This cargo, ejaculated Mr. Morgan. This cargo, ejaculated Mr. Morgan. Few are the underwriters who take the risk in such a craft, and few were the men who would marry this "Dolly Varden walking advertisement." The lecture was heard with deep emotion by a vast concourse of Christian young men, and those parts of it which referred to women's failings were greeted with wild applause (?)

ONE of the most atrocious murders ever committed in Canada has recently been perpetrated in Montreal. It appears that on Monday afternoon, 30th ult., a number of boys were playing at Lacrosse on a piece of ground near the house of a Mr. Miller, his son being one of them. Five ruffians from the lowest purlieus of Montreal, went on the ground and began to steal the children's imple-

ments of play, and Mr. Miller, who went on shortly afterwards to see what was the matter, was assaulted by them, struck in the face with a stone, and also in the back of the head, and beaten so badly that he died on Wednesday evening. A "post mortem" examination revealed the fact that his skull was fractured. Miller was a remarkably strong and healthy man, and entirely free from any organic disease which could have hastened or contributed to his death. As soon as it became apparent that Miller was likely to die, the police were informed of the fact, and detectives proceeded to search for the murderers. In less than twelve hours all had been captured, and on Thursday an inquest was held, resulting in the Coroner's jury finding a verdict of wilful murder against four of the prisoners, Gagnon, Goodmaire, Frigou, and Coto. So far no time has been lost and no pains spared to bring the murderers to justice.

By private letters we hear of the arrival of the Challenger, Captain E. Nares, at Halifax, on the 9th of May, having run a section line between Bermuda and New York. After filling up with coals and provisions, she left again for Bermuda on the 19th. The letter contains some interesting accounts of the surveying in which the Challenger is engaged. The bottom between Bermuda and the American coast was found to be fairly level, at a maximum depth of 2,850 fathoms, to within 150 miles of the land, where it rises with a rather abrupt inclination to the shallow water. Immediately outside the Gulf Stream a depth of 2,425 fathoms was found, and inside only 1,700 fathoms. In the Gulf Stream itself the line ran out 2,625 fathoms without reaching the bottom, but it was a doubtful sounding as probably the rapid surface current, pressing against the upper part of the line, was dragging it out of the perpendicular. The Gulf Stream was found to be about sixty miles broad, the pressure being manifested in the most unmistakable manner, as the stream rushed past the vessel at the rate of over three miles an hour while she was anchored to a current drag, lowered into the stationary water below it, and forced to steam ahead at that rate to keep the suspending line straight up and down. The serial temperatures taken during the passage are extremely instructive and important, showing, as they do, that a band of warm water, of about 64 deg. Fahrenheit, 400 fathoms in thickness, extends from the eastern margin of the Gulf Stream to within a short distance of the West Indies, enclosing the island of Bermuda, and actually raising the average temperature of its superficial layer above that of the corresponding layer, 600 or 700 miles farther south. If this band is connected with the similar one, only 8 degrees colder, which is known to exist on the opposite side of the Atlantic, off the coasts of Europe—as it in all probability does—the old calculations concerning the influence of the Gulf Stream on the European climate, which merely takes into account the actual volume of the stream itself as it issues from the Straits of Florida, will have to be reconsidered; for, whatever credit is given to its warming properties, this vast body of apparently sluggishly moving water, 1,000 feet in depth, and occupying the whole of the northern part of the Atlantic, must also claim a considerable share in the combined general modification of the climate. There are various surmises as to this stored up heat, which it is hoped observations between this and the Azores will settle. The Challenger may not, however, be able to remain long enough in the Atlantic for the completion of the work, as she must leave for the Cape of Good Hope to prepare for the southern cruise into the Antarctic seas during the fine season. Many on board regret leaving questions like this uncompleted; but her mission is to open up as many new fields for enquiry as possible, and not to spend her valuable time at one place, completing observations that can be accomplished with local means at far less expense. It appears that the cold surface currents running to the southward along the American coasts merely cool the upper waters; the bottom water is not affected by it; in fact, the temperature observations hitherto made, all indicate that the cold water at the bottom of the Atlantic is from an Antarctic source. —London Times.

PERSONS who have seen from time to time the well known Siamese twins, or the two young colored girls joined from the shoulders to the hip, that have been exhibited in this country and Europe since our late civil war, have found it difficult to refrain from disagreeable speculations as to what may be the circumstances of the one or the other of either of the pairs when the final dissolution of death shall come. There is an instance on record in the "Every Book of Home" which shows the fate of what were known as the Biddenden maids, born at Biddenden, England, in the year 1100, and who were joined at the hips and shoulders. They thus lived thirty-four years, when one of them died. The other was advised to be separated from her at once, but answered, "As we came together, we will also go together," and was taken ill and died in six hours after. Their names were Elizabeth and Mary Chalkhurst.

THE most frightful murder that ever took place in Hamilton, Ontario, occurred on the 12th June, resulting in the death of two children and very nearly that of the mother. The facts of the case are as follows:—Thomas Fields, an Englishman, employed as a laborer on the G. W. Railway, and residing with his wife and two children in a small house in rear of 161 James street north, entered the house this morning at half-past six, and went up to his wife and struck her on the head with an axe. She made her escape but not before she had received a cut which may prove fatal, and went to Dr. Mullen's to get her head dressed. During her absence the brutal husband went up stairs where the children were in bed asleep and cut their throat with a large knife from ear to ear, mutilating them in a horrible manner. One of the victims is a little boy 14 months old, and the other a girl 4 years and a half old, daughter of the mother by her first husband. After committing the deed he immediately went to the police station and gave himself up, saying to the officer in charge that he had murdered his wife—not knowing that she had escaped. The poor woman is quite delirious with grief, crying most piteously for her children. She was removed to the hospital this morning. Field was perfectly sober at the time of the murder but had been drinking heavily since pay day. The quarrel arose between the pair about six dollars, which the wife had been keeping for him, and it appears that when he asked for it she refused to give it up, which resulted in the murder.

A MAJOR COLBORNE backs himself for a £100 to walk fifteen miles in three hours on the Maidstone road, in England. He is to carry a brick weighing six and a half pounds in each hand, so as not to touch his sides. The bricks are likely to defeat the Major.

HOLLAND is equipping a second expedition against Acheen. No negotiations for peace had taken place, but such were expected to be brought about through the good offices of a friendly Rajah.

In response to many inquiries relative to the balloon voyage to Europe by Professor Wise and party, under the auspices of the Daily Graphic, we have to say:—

First—It is not our intention to give any exhibition of the balloon previous to its departure. It is now in process of construction by the Domestic Sewing Machine Company, and as soon as it is ready the party will sail without unnecessary publicity.

Second—As the Graphic Company furnishes the means requisite for carrying out this remarkable enterprise, those who may wish to contribute for that purpose may make donations to Professor Wise and his companions, so as to reimburse them to some extent for their time and the risks they encounter.

Third—The balloon will carry a limited number of letters and small packages. Those who wish to avail themselves of the opportunity to send letters or packages to friends in Europe should make early application.

Fourth—The balloon will have a carrying capacity of several tons, so that so many as eight or ten persons can take passage in the car without inconvenience or over weighting. Such leading journals as would like to send representatives on the voyage will do well to apply immediately. As the list will soon be filled up, this proposition will remain open for ten days, in order that journals at a distance may be heard from.

In conclusion we may state that, although the balloon will be the largest ever made, we expect to have everything ready for the start before the 20th of August.

The following, which is known as "Mother Shipton's Prophecy," was first published in 1488, and republished in 1641. All the events predicted in it, except that mentioned in the last two lines—which is still in the future—have already come to pass:—

Carrriages without horses shall go
And accidents fill the world with woe,
Around the world thoughts shall fly.
In the twinkling of an eye.
Water shall yet more wonders do
Now strange yet shall be true.
The world upside down shall be,
And gold be found at root of tree,
Through hills man shall ride,
And no horse or ass be at his side.
Under water man shall walk
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk,
In the air men shall be seen,
In white, in black, in green.
Iron in the water shall float,
As easy as a wooden boat.
Gold shall be found, and found
In a land that's not now known.
Fire and water shall wonders do,
England shall at last admit a Jew.
The world to an end shall come,
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one.

ARRIVAL OF THE FLYING SQUADRON.—Halifax, July 7.—The Narcissus, Topaz, Immortalite, Eudymion and Aureola, the ships of the British detached flying squadron, arrived here to-day from Bermuda, having left that port on the 26th June. They made a handsome marine picture as they steamed up the harbor in line, and crowds of people on the wharves witnessed it. The fleet is under command of Admiral T. A. Campbell. Salutes were exchanged between the Narcissus, the flagship of the squadron, and the Royal Alfred and Citadel. After remaining here a week or ten days the squadron will proceed to St. John's N. F. The cruise of the squadron, which is composed of crack vessels, has been a most satisfactory one; they have had very little sickness, and only four deaths by casualty or disease have taken place. An officer, Richard Evans, engineer of the Immortalite, died off St. Domingo, of inflammation of the lungs, and was buried on shore with military honours.

MARRIED.

At St. John's, on the 15th inst., by the Rev. Dr. Doyle, at the residence of the bride's brother, Mr. William Donnelly, to Bridget M., daughter of the late Mr. Patrick Jordan.

DIED.

At Bloomfield, Bonavista Bay, June 11, of whooping cough, Helen, youngest child of Mr. Robert Strathie, aged 6 years and 6 months.
At the same place, June 19, of consumption, Ellen, eldest daughter of Mr. John Perry, aged 24 years.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF HARBOR GRACE.
ENTERED.
July 12—Kate, McCarthy, La Have lumber—T. Lynch.
18—Rescue, Dawe, Sydney, coals—G. Makinson.
21—Release, Clunn, St. Vincent, molasses—John Munn & Co.
CLEARED.
July 18—Escort, Walsh, Montreal, seal oil—John Munn & Co.
PORT OF ST. JOHN'S.
ENTERED.
July 12—James Stewart, Scott, Greenock—J & W Stewart
Delta, Keay, Antigonish—J & W Pitts
Brunette, Windsor, Hamburg—W Grievie & Co
Providence, LeBlanc, New Richmond—Clift, Wood & Co
Gazelle, Swain, Halifax—Harvey & Co
Era, Facey, Figueira—H J Stabb
Paco, Estareilles, St. Jago—J & W Stewart
Brothers, Callahan, LaHave—Clift, Wood & Co.
Walrus, Delaney, Cow Bay—J & W Stewart
Come On, Munn, Greenock—P Hutchins
Corinne, Koinig, Montreal—Harvey & Co
15—Georgina, Griffiths, Cadiz—P & L Tessier
Sanspariel, Matthews, Cadiz—R Prowse & Sons
Panther, Bartlett, Cow Bay—Baine, Johnston & Co
CLEARED.
July 11—Leandre, Carron, Cow Bay—Baine, Johnston & Co
Lion, Ash, Montreal—W Grievie & Co
Rival, Norris, Sydney—Bowring Brothers
Hawk, Jackman, Sydney—Bowring Brothers
15—Leander, Davis, Pernambuco—W Grievie & Co

Passengers.

In the Lion for Montreal—Mrs. Buckler and 3 children, Messrs. A. W. Walker, Oliver, Taylor and Williams.
In the Nestorian from Halifax—Revs. Messrs. Milligan, Dove, Peach, Harris, Comben, Pascoe, Mrs. March, Miss Gill, Mrs. MacKay, 2 children and nurse, Mrs. Branscombe, Mrs. Gaetz and child, Messrs. S. March, Rex, Bowring, Chancey, Branscombe, Hon. J. J. Rogerson, C. W. Field, and son, Eggleston, Barker, Paul, Hearn, Shipley, Lowe and 12 in steerage.
In the Nestorian for Liverpool—Mrs. John Tessier, Miss LeGallais, Messrs. Jordan, Head, Finlay, and 1 in steerage.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TO BE LET
Til the end of the year, or for twelve months, the
WHARF
AND
STORE
At the rear of the Street Shop Premises lately occupied by Messrs. Ridley & Sons. Apply to
E. W. QUINTIN.
July 22.

COMMERCIAL BANK OF NEW FOUNDLAND.
DIVIDEND on the Capital Stock of this Company, at the rate of Ten per Cent, per Annum, for the half year ending 30th June, 1873, will be payable at the Banking House, in Duckworth Street, on and after TUESDAY the 15th instant, during the usual hours of business. (By order of the Board.)
R. BROWN, Manager.
St. John's July 14 1873.

LUMBER!
THE SUBSCRIBERS
ARE now Landing and offer For Sale the Cargo of Schooner Kate, from Bridgewater, N.S., consisting of—
40 M. Hemlock BOARD
20 " Spruce do.
20 " Pine do.
GEO. C. RUTHERFORD & Co.
July 15.

Very Important Notice!
The Wonder of the World!
GOOD NEWS FOR ALL!!
Prof. HERMAN'S
WORLD RENOWNED
VERMIN DESTROYER!
WHICH IS KNOWN TO BE
Far Superior to Anything Ever
Yet Discovered
FOR KILLING
Rats, Mice, Insects on Poultry, Ants, Bugs, Cockroaches, Black Beetles, Fleas on Dogs, Blight and Insects on Plants, Moths in Furs, Tiek or Scab on Sheep or Goats also on Cattle, &c. &c.

Sold in Packets at 25 cents per Packet; or Six Packets for \$1.25.
The Powder is warranted free from all bad smell, and will keep in any Climate. It may be spread anywhere without risk, as it is quite harmless to Cats or Dogs, as they will not eat it.
DIRECTIONS FOR USE ON EACH PACKET.
MANUFACTORY:
Gravel Lane, Houndsditch,
CITY OF LONDON, ENGLAND.
The above discovery has gained for Professor Herman a Silver Prize Medal at the Inter-Colonial Exhibition of Victoria, Australia, of 1866, besides numerous testimonials.
OUTPORT AGENTS:
Messrs. Squires & Noble, Harbor Grace.
" Jillard Brothers, " "
Mr. W. H. Thompson, " "
" Michael Jones, " "
Messrs. Duft & Balmer, Carbonear.
" G. & J. Smith, Brigus.
Mr. P. Nowlan, " "
" G. C. Jerritt, " "
" Robert Simpson, Bay Roberts.
" Moses Gosse, Spaniards Bay.
Wholesale Agents for the Island of Newfoundland
Messrs. W. & G. RENDELL,
St. John's
Who will supply all Outport Agents who may be appointed by the English Representative, as only Agents so appointed can be supplied.
May 23.

LUMBER!
—BY—
H. W. TRAPNELL.
Now landing, ex "Atalanta," from Port Medway, N. S.:
20 M. Seasoned Pine Board
20 do. Hemlock do.
30 do. No. 2 Pine do.
July 30.

NOTICES.
METROPOLITAN
LIFE
Insurance Company,
OF NEW YORK.
JOSEPH F. KNAPP, President.
J. R. HEGEMAN, Vice-President.
R. A. GRANNISS, Secretary.
Wm. P. STEWART, Actuary.
B. R. CORWIN, Manager.
THOS. A. TEMPLE, Attorney.

DEPOSIT AT OTTAWA
For Canadian Policy Holders only.
HON. L. A. WILMOT, D. C. L.,
Lieut.-Governor of ew Brunswick,
Director at the Board for Canada
The Reserve Dividend system
Is one more step in the march of progress. Presented only after mature thought, it invites the test of the severest scrutiny. Its chief merit is its PERFECT ADAPTABILITY to the wants of insurable lives. The RESERVE DIVIDEND and RESERVE ENDOWMENT POLICIES originated and published by the Company's Actuary, under copyright in 1869. The principle involved renders every form of insurance a provision in life. It converts an ordinary life Policy, otherwise payable only in the event of death, into a CASH ENDOWMENT, MATURING EVERY TEN YEARS.

W. H. THOMPSON,
Harbor Grace,
General Agent for
NEWFOUNDLAND.
April 1. tft.

SAILMAKING!
The Subscriber
RESPECTFULLY to acquaint the Ship-owners and public of Harbor Grace and the outports that he has taken the Workshop lately occupied by Mr. Robert Morris, No. 10 Victoria Street, where he is prepared to perform all work in the above line in a satisfactory manner, and hopes by strict attention to merit a fair share of public patronage.
GEORGE CARSON.
May 23. tft.

C. BREAKER,
Sailmaker,
WOULD respectfully intimate to the Shipowners and public of Harbor Grace and vicinity that he has taken the Loft lately occupied by Morris & Parsons, (opposite the premises of Messrs. John Munn & Co.) where he is prepared to make and repair SAILS of all shapes and sizes in a manner calculated to afford general satisfaction, and with the utmost dispatch.
April 25. tft.

Bazaar!
THE co-operation of CHRISTIAN FRIENDS is respectfully solicited in aid of a
BAZAAR
To be held in NOVEMBER next, for the purpose of raising funds for the liquidation of the debt on
St. PAUL'S CHURCH
IN THIS TOWN.
The sum of £2,300 has been expended in completing the enlargement of the original Building. The balance remaining unpaid at this date is about £300. Our friends in St. John's kindly contributed £100, and the rest, amounting to £1,900, has been raised by the unaided efforts of the Congregation.
Contributions in Money, in Useful and Fancy Articles, or in Materials for making up, will be thankfully received by
Mrs. S. ANDREWS,
" W. O. WOOD,
" EVILL,
" TAPP,
" C. ROSS,
" A. RUTHERFORD,
" BADCOCK,
" FORD,
" A. CLIFT,
" HIGGINS,
" BERTRAM JONES.
March 28, 1873.

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

FOR SALE.
Just Received
A SUPPLY OF THE
"Favorite"
SHUTTLE
SEWING MACHINES,
Manufactured by the Kendall Manufacturing Co., Montreal.



CHEAPEST AND BEST.
THE
"FAVORITE"
SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINES
Are a wonderful achievement of inventive Genius and Mechanical Skill.
For Simplicity, Durability and Beauty they stand Unrivalled.
Stitch Alike on Both Sides.
They will do all kinds of FAMILY SEWING
With perfect ease, and are equally good for light Manufacturing purposes.
They have a large Shuttle and Bobbin and make the regular
LOCK STITCH,
the same as made by the Singer, Wheeler & Wilson, Weed, and all other First Class Machines.
They use a short, straight Needle, and the
Four Moiton Drop Feed,
Which is considered the best in the World. The Feed being made of one piece, it is impossible for it to get out of order.
Each Machine is furnished with a Hemmer, Gatherer, Braider, Self-Sewer, Quilter, 6 Needles, 4 Bobbins, Oiler, Screw Driver, Gauge and Screw, Directions and Spools ready for use.
Makers' Price List.
Retail Price.
By Hand, on Marble Slab.....\$22.00
With Plain Walnut Table..... 27.00
With Quarter Case Walnut Table. 30.00
Orders executed by return post, and Machines sent free of expense, ready to commence sewing immediately—with explicit instructions.

THE SHUTTLE CARRIER
Is also made of one piece, and is so constructed that the Shuttle face is always kept close to the race, which prevents the Machine from missing stitches.
Makers' Price List.
Retail Price.
By Hand, on Marble Slab.....\$22.00
With Plain Walnut Table..... 27.00
With Quarter Case Walnut Table. 30.00
Orders executed by return post, and Machines sent free of expense, ready to commence sewing immediately—with explicit instructions.

THE ADVANTAGES OF THE
FAVORITE
Shuttle Sewing Machines
OVER ALL OTHERS.
1st.—They are simple, perfect, and easily operated.
2nd.—They make the celebrated Lock Stitch alike on both sides, that will not rip or ravel.
3rd.—They are sold at a price within the reach of every family in the land.
4th.—They can be operated by a child.
5th.—They are particularly adapted for all Family Sewing and Dress Making.
—ALSO—
No. 2 SINGER
MANUFACTURING MACHINES,
New improved Pattern,
F. W. BOWDEN, St. John's,
Agent for Newfoundland,
ALEX. A. PARSONS,
Sub-Agent Harbor Grace.

FOR SALE.
THE SUBSCRIBER,
—BY—
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.

J. Mellis.
TAILOR & CLOTHIER,
208, Water Street, St. John's,
RESPECTFULLY to inform the public of Conception Bay generally that he has always on hand a complete assortment of
CLOTHING
For all seasons of the year, which can be obtained at the LOWEST remunerative PRICES. All Clothing to order, cut in the most fashionable styles, and forwarded with despatch. Terms moderate. Orders from the outports promptly attended to.
J. M. visits Conception Bay twice a year, of which notice is duly given.
Dec. 10. 1y†

W. H. THOMPSON,
AGENT FOR
Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.
JUST RECEIVED.
A FRESH SUPPLY OF
ADAMS' INDIAN SALVE.
W. H. THOMPSON.
PIANO TUNING!
Mr. J. CURRIE,
TUNER AND REPAIRER OF
Pianos.
IN returning thanks for past favours I begs respectfully to solicit a continuance of the same. All work executed punctually, and satisfaction guaranteed. CONCERTINAS also repaired. Satisfactory references as to ability will be given on enquiry.
Orders left at No. 170 Water Street will receive immediate attention.
Dec. 17. tft.

Blacksmith & Farrier,
RESPECTFULLY to acquaint his numerous patrons and the public generally, that he is EVER READY to give entire satisfaction in his line of business. All work executed in substantial manner and with despatch.
Off LeMarchant St., North of Gas House.
Sept. 17.
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. }

E. W. LYON
Has just received a large assortment of
Coloured French Kid GLOVES,
Which he offers to the public at VERY LOW PRICES.
July 9 tft.
W. H. THOMPSON,
AGENT FOR
Fellows' Compound Syrup
OF
HYPOPHOSPHITES!

Unexpressed.

Like pearls that lie hid 'neath the ocean's broad breast,

Oh! weak is the power of language or pen To e'er utter the mind's purest thought.

Each voice of the soul, and each thrill of the heart Are but drops from the fountain within:

When love would the power of passion reveal, And would all her sweet treasures declare,

When fancy would spread her soft wings to the air And our moments would fill with delight,

When a landscape we'd sketch—some dearly loved spot, Where the fondest of memories dwell,

When music invites the soft flow of the soul, And her song would inspiringly sing,

As jewels incased in a casket of gold, Where the richest of treasures we hide,

There is something the heart cannot tell, Like the gems that are under the tide.

SELECT STORY.

"Those Golden Words."

Chapter I.

FROM a friendship of four long years, ever deepening, ever strengthening with the laps of time, grew Alfred Hathaway's love for the beautiful Anna Slade.

June, the student's eagerly hailed season of rest, had come. The last day of Alfred Hathaway's college course had sped.

No gentle Zephyrs seemed stirring, and the temperature of New York was like that of a red hot furnace; yet the Academy of Music was thronged by the elite of the metropolis.

Beaux and belles innumerable were flirting in the boxes and promenading in the corridors.

In one of the smaller boxes, upstairs, Alfred Hathaway was leaning his face on his hand, in earnest conversation with Anna Slade.

Anna, you do not know how much my future will be influenced by the events of to-night. I wish it were bravely over and yet what I most do dread, I most do long for.

Why should you fear? responded Anna. You have carefully studied your valedictory, and your voice certainly cannot fail you.

My valedictory! That does not agitate me in the least. So you think my voice cannot fail me Anna? True; it will not fail me to-night, for I am too earnest, but something else can fail me. Won't you tell me what?

Anna, do you think I care whether this heartless multitude may commend or censure? 'tis you alone for whom I have to speak.

He leaned nearer, and with emphasis, added,— I scarcely can realize that this night has come—this night for which I have so feverishly yearned.

Yes, such a night must be of great consideration to a graduate. Can't you conjecture better than that the drift of my utterances?

I really think you are growing nervous, Alfred; don't look so rueful; only be sanguine, and success will be your crown.

He looked long into her deep, tender eyes. Really, you give me renewed hope. Why, yes; when the hour comes, how eloquent you will be, Alfred.

Eloquent? Haven't I told you I do not care for my address before this miniature world? My eloquence will be of another nature than a college boy's farewell.

A burst of applause from the vast audience, and a bouquet-showered, bowing senior retired from the stage.

One speech over, exclaimed Alfred; George Randolph is our next orator, and there he comes poor fellow! I will leave you now, Anna, but not alone, for Mr. Baker desires to be presented to you,

Was it in enigmas Alfred had spoken in so low a tone to Anna?

Did not dim suspicions haunt her, as, indifferently and abstractedly she endeavoured to converse with Mr. Baker. She was no coquette; she was not even capricious; but what is more disadvantageous, she was too circumspect.

Four years of friendship with Alfred Hathaway had not tended to leave her regardless of his attentions, yet by not even the most trifling demonstration had she even betrayed her emotions.

There was but one thing which might make Alfred hopeful—she had always been consentient to his requests; in fact, she had always studied his wishes.

The wearied belles were seen no more restlessly flitting their fans in the brilliantly illuminated academy.

Out in the beautiful starlight night the blithe ones had hastened.

Out into the clear, mellow moonlight Alfred Hathaway eagerly led his loved one, and, arm-in-arm they were slowly wending their footsteps towards Anna's home.

for the distance of several streets they proceeded in ineffable silence.

Anna knew not what to say, as Alfred had frustrated her every attempt to congratulate him.

Do not provoke me so, Anna; I'm in no elated mood to-night. My honours have naturally given me immense satisfaction, but we will reserve them for future discussions. I want to talk of something of more importance; I want to tell you a secret.

I can guess what it is. Oh! would that you could! But I'll wager all I possess that you've no idea what weighs heaviest on my mind.

Well, I think you have decided to go into partnership with your father; am I wrong? she sweetly interrogated, looking slyly around into his face.

Yes, that is one fact of which I meant to apprise you, but not the most important; I'm going to ask a question which you must candidly answer.

I'm afraid you won't like business life any too well, interrupted Anna. No matter whether I like it or not, I shall be unwavering in my efforts. A year from to-night I hope to attend commencement with my wife.

There was a silence, then Alfred demanded,—

Anna, are you going to leave me desolate all the long summer months, without now and then sending me a few lines of remembrance? Are you going far away among strangers, where no one will care for you as I do? Have I known you four years in vain? What I disclose to you now is a love that can never change—a love so keen that it has let me nourish the hope of making you my precious wife.

Then, looking down, at her half-averted face, he urged,—

Anna, don't you love me? Oh! say that one little word that shall make our lives replete with happiness!

There is a resistless spirit that seems to retain us in its grasp just at unsuitable moments, a spirit of perversity such as actuated Anna Slade to answer the idol of her heart in this wise,—

You have greatly surprised and grieved me, Alfred. Never speak thus again.

Oh, Anna, Anna! do you then, doom me to despair? Will you turn from your old friend, Alfred, who has sought your presence ever so joyfully?

No, Alfred we can still be friends. Friends! Never! No, darling sister as you have always been to me, I now desire more than a sister's love. Tell me that I may be happy.

No, Alfred, I cannot. By this time they had reached Anna's home.

On the steps Alfred lingered but a few moments—only long enough to press her hand while he bade her good-bye for the long summer months.

Chapter II.

HE summer had hobbled on crutches, as it were, to Alfred Hathaway, and he was still thinking of Anna.

An event for which he had been longing had come.

It was a large reception at which both Anna and himself were guests.

How he had counted the hours, the minutes, until he could again behold her, and speak to her as in by-gone days.

On entering the drawing-rooms, Alfred perambulated the gay throng, seeking only for that form so dear to him, when he espied her, absorbed in conversation with two gentlemen.

She did not turn her head, so Alfred unnoticed, sighed as he mingled with the promenaders.

Ah! how repellent, oftentimes, are the conformities of this seething, heartless world, and how discordant all around us seems when we are perplexed with doubt and sadness!

The vivacious melodies of the dancing music were only harsh and distracting to poor Alfred Hathaway.

In vain the butterflies of fashion nodded and smiled at him; nothing could assuage his depression but a word from her.

How is this? he murmured. Am I so faint-hearted? No, let me try again. Soon he was by her side.

Good evening Anna. May I have the pleasure of the next quadrille? I have promised another.

My misfortune, of course. Are you engaged for the next?

Yes, and the next, and the next, and all the rest, she answered, seeming confused.

Then, undaunted, Alfred urged,— You cannot but accord me a promise—just one—I will not ask more.

A moment of hesitation, and then Anna took the proffered arm.

Well, did you have a pleasant summer? he asked.

Very pleasant indeed. I am glad to know that. I, too, have enjoyed the summer, seen many lovely girls, and—

Lost your heart? I don't admit that exactly.

Are you engaged? Not yet; but I intend to be married in less than a year.

May my congratulations be among the first? Thanks. Perhaps I can return the compliment. You've not survived the summer unconquered, I know.

You know totally the reverse. You ought to remember that I'm not like most girls—enraptured with the first I meet.

Capital good sense! Whoever does secure you will have a treasure.

Don't talk so. How odd you seem! Going to Saratoga hasn't altered you for the better.

You think, eh? We differ. Seeing more of the world greatly influences one's path in life. We are all growing wiser, if not better, every hour. Time and tide work wonders.

Poor Anna could not comprehend the import of her lover's words.

His indifference irritated her. She was grieved, and Alfred perceived it.

I must relinquish you now, as you are engaged for the remainder of the evening. I defer telling you about Saratoga until another time, said Alfred, as he resigned his loving one to her partner for the next quadrille.

I think I'm playing my cards to the best advantage, Alfred said to himself. That girl does care for me after all. I'm sure of it.

Then he turned and addressed himself to the first young lady whom he knew in the crowd.

Happy to meet you this evening, Miss McCrea. If you are not engaged for the next dance, may I have the pleasure?

His extreme attention to Miss McCrea annoyed Anna. She saw them together during the whole evening, and overheard more than one wondering comment from those near her as to what attractions Mr. Hathaway could find in that frivolous Miss McCrea.

Anna wondered too, and, when she saw Alfred escort her rival to her carriage, it was not without a pang of envy.

Poor Anna's heart ached keenly as she awakened to the realization of a worthy lover lost.

Lost! lost! she thought. He cares no more for Anna Slade, and she—how absurd! I do not love him.

But the tears that would come thwarted each inward persuasion, till Anna at length admitted, I do love him. O Alfred, Alfred!

Chapter III.

BITTER, bleak night in February.

How could anyone brave the wintry winds that night?

Yet sleigh after sleigh glided fleetly over the creaking snow, past Alfred Hathaway, whose course we will follow. I don't envy the sleigh-riders this shivering, chill night, soliloquized Alfred.

Just then a nice little cutter and spirited span drove by.

He heard merry voices, and saw two happy lovers.

What! thought Alfred, sleigh-riding this cold night? Well, I would not mind it myself if Anna were with me.

And he pictured to himself the drive with Anna by his side, muffled in furs, and her bright eyes veiling with the sparkling gems of the deep blue heavens.

Why did I come out to-night? Only to see those glad faces, that still haunt me, as if in derision of my hopelessness. What will Mrs. Gordon say on seeing me again? But resistance is impossible. Her genial spirits alone can comfort me.

And speedily Alfred was seated before the ruddy coals of the open grate fire in Mrs. Gordon's parlour.

I am delighted you have interrupted my solitude this evening, cordially exclaimed Mrs. Gordon. We will have a good game of chess.

So we will, responded Alfred, contentedly gazing into the fire as he added, it makes me shudder to think how many destitute beings may perish on this freezing night.

Dear Alfred, said Mrs. Gordon, gently laying her hand on his shoulders, no one shall even accuse you in my presence of hard-heartedness. I always knew there were tender chords in your nature that, if rightly played, would sweetly harmonize with all the rest.

Hard-heartedness? Has any one ever insinuated that of me?

You have given cause to those who draw their conclusions from appearances. What cause? Your late course of actions has aroused much comment.

Pray explain, madam. You mystify me.

Every one has wondered why you forsake Anna Slade, and give such constant devotion to Miss McCrea.

So that's why I'm deemed minus a heart, is it? I've no right to interrogate you, Alfred; but, I may at least let you know my surmises, even if you do not verify them.

I'm listening eagerly, dear Mrs. Gordon. You do not care an iota for Miss McCrea?

I never did, and never shall. I know it, Alfred, and I know something else. You love—

There was a rustling of silk in hall, the parlour doors swung open, and on the threshold, looking regally beautiful stood Anna Slade.

My niece? You are welcome, darling. Here is Mr. Hathaway.

But Anna had already extended to him her hand, and spoken to him in her sweetest accents.

Well, exclaimed Mrs. Gordon, this is a pleasant surprise. My dread or solitude is now quite dissipated. I had established myself for the evening in the arm chair, with a stupid French novel when Alfred gladdened me with his entrance, and now you—how delightful!

We can make a happy trio, and our chess, Alfred, we will reserve till next time.

Chess? Oh, yes; auntie says you are becoming a great player, exclaimed Anna as she regarded smilingly her old lover.

I'm much indebted to Mrs. Gordon for her compliment, but believe me, I'm the easiest of adversaries.

Then I should like to challenge you some time, if you think your skill is but mediocre.

My niece plays admirably, interrupted Mrs. Gordon. We've had many struggles together.

You'll find me a willing contestant, Anna, Alfred replied.

Another ring at Mrs. Gordon's bell. There! More callers—it never rains but it pours. I wonder who this may be. Ah! it is Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth.

Mrs. Wentworth was one of the worldly devotees whose introduction into society was effected by the extreme length of her purse-strings, and her never-failing gift of loquacity.

Said little lady sank into a soft velvet cushion, gave vent to an audible sigh, and then demanded,—

Well, Mrs. Gordon, have you heard the latest news—the last announced engagement? If in ignorance, guess.

I've no idea; anyone I know? You know the young lady; so do I but the gentleman I have never seen.

Well who are the happy ones? Miss McCrea and Hathaway.

False! ejaculated Mrs. Gordon. I refer you to the gentleman himself.

False! echoed Alfred. Oh, I beg your pardon! Is this Mr. Hathaway? Really, sir, I did not catch your name. Do excuse me! But I obtained my information from the best authority this morning.

Undoubtedly, madam; but will you please lend your speediest contradiction to the groundless rumour? I never had a thought of becoming engaged to Miss McCrea.

It was not the blazing firelight that sent the damask glow to Anna's cheeks. Alfred knew what it was, and silently rejoiced.

In an aside he queried,— Why not have our game of chess now? Mrs. Gordon will not miss us while she is entertaining these friends; besides, we are "de trop."

Perfectly at home in her aunt's house Anna went in quest of the chessmen, and soon both were deeply absorbed in the game.

Why had Anna Slade happened to come and cheer auntie that evening? Had she an inkling Alfred would be there?

It was with such expectations that she had compassionated auntie's loneliness.

Mrs. Gordon had spoken of Alfred, and his frequent calls, until Anna could not resist endeavouring to win back her old lover, and when she heard him boldly deny any preference for Miss McCrea her hopes were kindled anew.

It was a long game of chess. A glance at the fingers of Mrs. Gordon's bronze clock told them of the approach of midnight.

bending over the table, intently studying the difficult problem.

A long silence, then Alfred looked up at Anna.

Do you cede me the palm? Yes, Alfred, you have conquered.

I never worked harder in my life! I was bound to win. And you have, said Anna, looking up with a double meaning in her eyes.

Very naturally, Alfred desired to escort Anna to her home, and very naturally Anna desired to have him do so.

The old turbid gloom in Alfred's heart was no more, for Anna Slade had waived all the promptings of that ugly monster, false pride, as sweetly and honestly she repeated those golden words, "Forgive and forget."

WIT AND HUMOR.

A PARISIAN recounts that he met recently, in a railway carriage, "en route" to Toulouse, a very agreeable and well-instructed person, who said he was a professional man. He parted with this "compagnon de voyage" with some regret, and with an exchange of cards; the agreeable person adding, as he gave his, it would afford him great pleasure at any time to be useful to him professionally. Politeness forbade him looking at the card till he had got out of sight, when he found it was that of the public executioner of Paris. There was no mistake. Underneath the name was the statement of the professional pursuit.

AN officer of the—th was quartered, a few years ago, in the height of the Fenian disturbance, at Killarney, where the troops were accommodated, as is by no means unusual in Ireland, in the workhouse. Being in search of a new sensation, he bethought himself of paying a tailor's bill, addressing of course, from "Workhouse, Killarney." Back came the answer by return of post. The tailor was pained to see so good a customer reduced so low; he could not think of accepting the amount due to him, which he begged to return; and if a ten-pound note would be of any service he should be happy to send it.

BRIGHAM YOUNG's one hundred and seventeen children have been learning to sing 'Father, dear father, come home' one singing the solo while the other one hundred and sixteen join in the chorus until each has given a tug at their father's domestic affections. The chorus tears Brigham's tender vitals to flinders.

THE maddest man in Camden Town is Smith. He wound up his clock regularly every night for fifteen years, and then discovered that it was an eight-day clock. He muses on the work he might have done in these wasted minutes, and his anger is dread-ful.

At a recent festival, a boy who did not get a fair change at the edibles said that some of the voracious visitors had been starving themselves so long, in anticipation of the feast, that they were hollow all the way down, for he could hear the first mouthful they swallowed strike on the bottom of their boots.

A TEACHER said to a little girl at school: If a naughty girl should hurt you, like a good girl, you would forgive her wouldn't you?

Yes, ma'am, she replied, if I couldn't catch her!

A YOUNG lady recently presented her lover with an elaborately-constructed pen-wiper, and was astonished, the following Sunday to see him come into church wearing it as a cravat.

A DOMESTIC, having been sent to purchase a bottle of capers, forgot her errand, and asked for a bottle of frolics.

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.

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

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

Advertisements inserted on the most liberal terms, viz.—Per square of seven-teen lines, for first insertion, \$1; each continuation 25 cents.

AGENTS.

- CARBONAR.....Mr. J. Foots. BRIGUS....." W. Woodward. BAY ROBERTS....." R. Simpson. HEART'S CONTENT....." C. Rendell. TRINITY HARBOR....." B. Miller. NEW HARBOR....." J. Edgcombe. CATALINA....." J. Edgcombe. BONAVISTA....." A. Vincent. St. PIERRE....." H. J. Watts.