

The Star,

And Conception Bay Weekly Reporter.

VOL. II.

HARBOR GRACE, NEWFOUNDLAND, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 8, 1874

NUMBER XI

USEFUL INFORMATION.

Commercial, MARKET QUOTATIONS.
From the "North Star."

BACON, per lb.
Canadian, rolled.....10d.
American.....none

BEEF, per lb.
American prime.....35s. to 37s. 6

BREAD, per cwt.
Hambro' No 1.....34s.
do No. 2.....30s.
do No. 3.....25s.

BUTTER, per lb. Canada. 1s 6 1/2
do Nova Scotia.....none
do American..... 1s. 2d.

CHEESE per lb. Canadian.....10 1/2d.

COAL, per ton, North Sydney

COFFEE, per lb.
West India and Rio.....1s. 3d. to 1s. 5d.

CORDAGE, per cwt.,
English hemp.....63s.

CORN MEAL,
White and Yellow.....24s. to 25s

CURRENTS, per cwt.
Zante.....55s. to 57s 6d

FLOUR per bbl. Canada Fancy.....42s 6d.
do Superfine.....38s 6.
New York Extra.....38s.
do Superfine.....34s.
do No. 2.....30s. up.

HAMS, Canadian.....none
do American.....6d. to 9d.
do P E Island.....9d.

KEROSENE OIL, per gallon
do New York.....1s. 3d
do Boston.....1s 6d

LARD American & Canadian.....7d & 8d

LEATHER, per lb. American
and Canadian.....1s 5d to 1s 6d

MOLASSES per gallon, Mus.
cavado.....2s 3d.
Clayed

OATMEAL per lb Canadian.....30s to 32s.
do P E I.....

OATS, per bush. P E Island.....3s cash

PEASE per lb. Canadian split.....32s 6d
do round.....21s 6d 22s 6d

POAK per lb. American
mess.....85s to 95s
do Am prime mess.....85s
do do extra prime.....75s

POTATOES per bbl. P E Island.....6s

RAISINS, boxes.....15s to 16s

RICE per cwt. East India 20s to 21s

SALT, per hhd. Foreign }
Liverpool }

SOAP per lb. Local manuf. 4d to 4 1/2d
do American do 4d to 4 1/2d
do Scotch do 4 1/2d
do Nova Sa. do 3 1/2d to 5d
do Liverpool do 2d to 2 1/2d

SUGAR, p cwt, P. R Musco.
vado.....53s 9d to 45s
do Am. crushed.....65s to 67s 6d

TEA per lb. Common.....1s. 5d. to 1s. 10d.
do Fair to good.....2s to 2s 4d
do Extra do.....2s 7d up

TOMACCO, per lb. Canadian 10s 1s 7 1/2d
do American do.....1s 5 1/2d
do Nova Scotia.....none

Union Bank Shares.....£121

EXCHANGE.
London, bank drawing rate.....30 per cent
do Purching.....19 do
United States, Gold.....Par
Canada, do.....do
Nova Scotia, do.....do

FOR SALE.

LUMBER!
BY
H. W. TRAPNELL

Now landing, ex "Atalanta," from
Port Medway, N. S.:
**50 M. seasoned Prime Pine
Board**
30 do. Hemlock do.
20 do. No. 2 Pine do.

NOTICES

WANTED!

A Good Room and Board.
(a private table) with a genteel family, for two months from the middle of April. Address, with terms,
PROF. DANIELLE, St. John's.
March 18.

SAILMAKING.

The Subscriber

BEGS 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

**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.

PIANO TUNING!

J. M. CURRIE

TUNER AND REPAIRER OF



IN returning thanks for past favours 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.

**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.



**E. W. LYON,
PHOTOGRAPHER,**
Harbor Grace.

NOTICE.

J. Mellis,

TAILOR & CLOTHIER
208, Water Street, St. John's,

BEGS 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.

BLANK FORMS

Executed with **NEATNESS** and **DESPATCH** at the Office of this paper

NOTICE.

IMPORTANT TO THE

Citizens of Newfoundland.



**THE CONTINENTAL
LIFE
INSURANCE
COMPANY
OF NEW YORK,**

IN order to complete their line of Agencies from London to San Francisco California and to extend universally the benefits and advantages offered by their Company and to place within reach of all the means of making provision for the Widow and the Orphan have decided on establishing Agencies in

St. John's and Harbor Grace, Newfoundland.

The **CONTINENTAL** beyond all comparison the most successful and most popular Company ever established in Europe or America. It has only been **SEVEN YEARS** in existence but at its organization men of enlarged views and great experience in Life Insurance, were placed in its management, who, having discarded all useless and annoying restrictions, and adopted all the improvements known in Life Insurance—many of them original with themselves, it at once received, and continues to receive a support unprecedented; and it now stands far ahead of many companies **TEN YEARS** older than itself. It has issued over **FIFTY-NINE THOUSAND POLICIES**, and has over **\$6,750,000,000** assets, all securely invested, as required by law, in **Bonds of the United States, Bonds of the State of New York, or in Real Estate.** For that portion invested in Real Estate, it holds in all cases **Double Security.** So popular is its management and so great the public confidence that there are only **TWO Companies** in the World that now approach it in the amount of business done.

By the Laws of the State of New York Life Insurance Companies are not allowed to do Fire Insurance or any other business, the importance of which law cannot be over-estimated by all who desire to protect their families by Life Insurance, and who do not wish to have their funds put in jeopardy by Fire Insurance.

By the Laws of New York Life Insurance Policies are held sacred to the families of the insured, free from the claim of Creditors.

The **CONTINENTAL** issues all kinds of Policies, viz: Ordinary Life, Endowment, Joint, &c.

All losses in Newfoundland will be paid at the Agency here without subjecting claimants to the trouble and expense of going to New York.
All Policy holders can vote and are eligible to office.

Directors.

- L. W. FROST, President.
- HON. GEO. HILTON SCRIBNER, Secretary of State.
- HENRY C. FISH, D. D., Newark, N. J.
- M. B. WYNKOOP, of Wynkoop and Hallenbeck.
- JOSEPH T. SAWYER, Mer., Liberty Street.
- RICHARD W. BOGART, O. M. Bogart & Co., Bankers.
- CHANCY M. DEPEIN, New York.
- R. C. FROST, do do
- WILLIAM C. WHITNEY, Barrister at Law, New York.

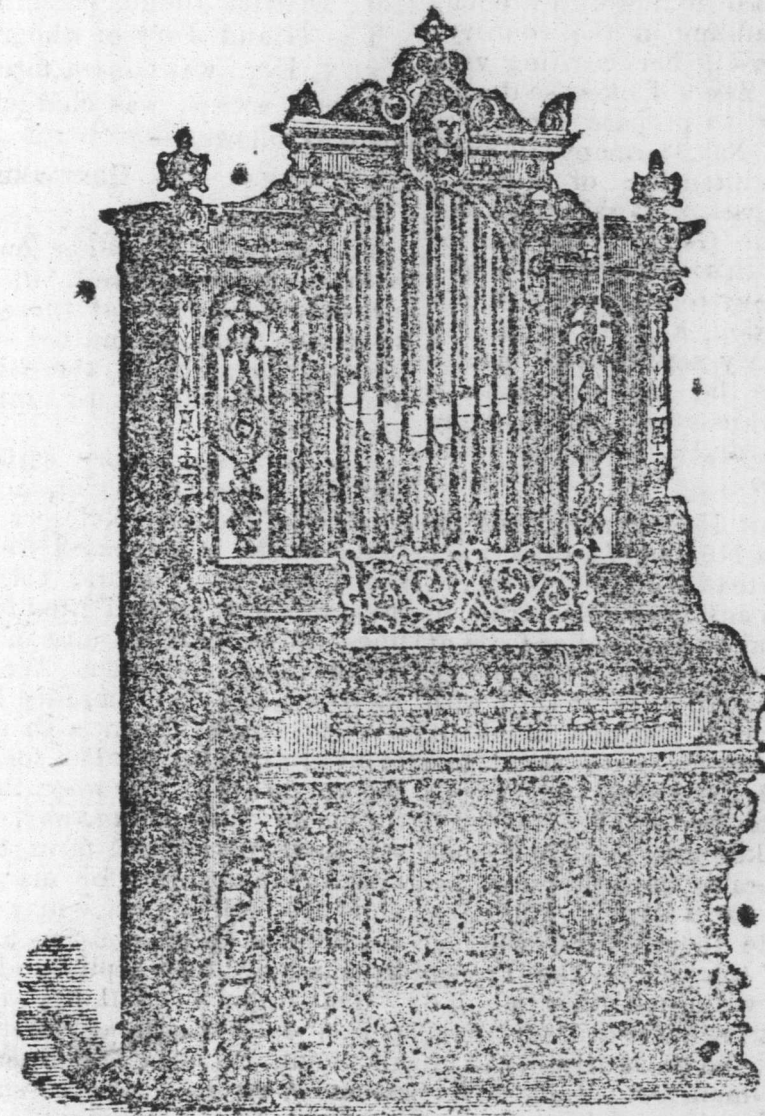
L. W. FROST, President.
J. P. ROGERS, Secretary.
JAS. McDONNELL, Gen'l. Agent.
A. T. DRYSDALE,
Agent for Northern District,
Newfoundland

Augt 23 1873. 17.

NOTICES.

**SIMMONS & CLOUGH ORGAN Co's
IMPROVED
CABINET ORGANS,
AND**

PRE-EMINENT FOR PURITY OF TONE.



EVERY INSTRUMENT FULLY WARRANTED

GRAND COMBINATION ORGANS,

FITTED WITH THE NEWLY INVENTED

SCRIBNER'S PATENT QUALIFYING TUBES

An Invention having a most important bearing on the future reputation of Re-Instruments, by means of which the quantity or Volume of tone is very largely increased, and the quality of tone rendered

Equal to that of the Best Pipe Organs of the same Capacity.

Our celebrated "Vox Celeste," "Louis Patent," "Vox Humana," "Wilcox Patent," "Octave Coupler," the charming "Cello" or "Claronet," Stops,

AND ALL THE LATEST IMPROVEMENTS

Can be obtained only in these Organs.

Thirty-five Different Styles, for the Parlor and the Church. The Best Material and Workmanship. Quality and Volume of Tone unequalled.

PRICE.....\$50 to \$500

Factory & Warehouse, Cor 6th Congress Street Detroit Michigan.

[Established, 1850.]

Address **Simmons & Clough Organ Co., Detroit, Michigan,**

Price list furnished, and orders received at makers' prices, on application to

**F. W. BOWDEN, "Public Ledger" Office,
Agent for Newfoundland.**

St. Johns, Jan. 1, 1874.

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, B-light and Insects on Plants, Moths in Furs, Tick 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. Duff & Balmer, Carbonear.
- " G. & J. Smith, Brigas.
- Mr. P. Nowlan, "
- " G. C. Jerritt, "
- " Robert Simpson, Bay Roberts.
- " Moses Gase Spaniards Bay.

May 22.

THE STAR.

COUNT MOLTKE'S GREAT SPEECH

New York, March 8, 1874. English papers per the Baltic bring the recent remarkable speech of Count Moltke to the German Parliament. It was a circular not addressed to foreign powers, rather than a statement for domestic purposes. Count Moltke said:—

The present generation could not hope to escape the onerous duties connected with the maintenance of large armaments. It was but too probable that Germany would be obliged to protect for fifty years to come that which she had gained in five months. Germany, by the last war, had won the respect, but certainly not the love, of her neighbors. In whatever direction honorable members turned their eyes, would find nations haunted with the idea that Germany was likely to become a disagreeable neighbor before long. There was a strong French party in Belgium, notwithstanding that Germany had repeatedly saved the independence of that kingdom. Holland was unaccountably afraid of a German attack. There was not a man in Germany who advocated the annexation of Holland, yet it was but too well known with whom the Dutch sympathized in the war of 1870. Even England had witnessed the publication of pamphlets contemplating the chances, not of a French, but a German landing in the country. Denmark is increasing her coasting vessels, and fortifies Zealand, likewise deeming it necessary to prepare against a German descent. Nay, Germany was even charged with an intention of invading the Baltic provinces of Russia, and occupying with the German subjects of Austria, and all this when France had copied the whole system of the German militia organization, and by extending the duty of military service over twenty years, and giving the law retrogressive force, already possessed an active army of 1,200,000 men, and a territorial force of 1,000,000 more.

France has now 152 regiments of infantry, instead of 116, as before the war; 328 batteries, instead of 159, as formerly, and 471,000 men actually under arms in time of peace, against the smaller force at the disposal of the Emperor Napoleon. France, who began the war of 1870 with eight corps d'armee, had now nineteen, and while Germany hitherto spent less than 200,000,000 thalers on her troops does not hesitate to spend 171,000,000 thalers for the like purpose. The French Legislative Assembly the other day, actually forced an extra sum of 17,000,000 thalers, to enable them to drill the second portion of this year. The French towns have vied with each other in building barracks, setting apart drill grounds, &c. To be sure, the great majority of intelligent Frenchmen bore their defeat with more dignity than would appear to be the case from the outpourings of popular speakers; yet if the French Government are convinced of the necessity of preserving peace for some time to come, this, above all, was owing to the fact that a judicious general was at the head of the nation. Still, Germany remembered but too well the sad experience of some years ago, when the French Government was carried away by extreme parties, and hurried into an imprudent war. He was sorry to say that however many people in France may be opposed to the repetition of such a course, no one who listened to the vociferous cries for revenge which penetrated across the Vosges could abandon the idea that what happened once might happen again. The German army was smaller than the French, but it had the advantage of not including any elements of the militia type. Wars carried on by real soldiers were always the shortest, and therefore the cheapest. As Mr. Bancroft had told them in his excellent history of the United States, even Washington realized the comparative uselessness of militia, and again insisted on the formation of a standing army. It was a fact that the Americans ultimately conquered from possessing a small but well drilled force of 6,000 men. Again, the French volunteers of 1791, now that their history has been written from the papers in the French War Office, appeared anything but the efficient force they had been hitherto represented.

In 1870, also, though so many brave and patriotic men were called to arms by the French Government, a whole French army had been made prisoners, being unable to resist the onslaught of real troops. As to the Franco-Tireurs, they never stayed the progress of the German army for a single day, though they necessarily gave the German measures a harshness which might be lamented, but could not have been avoided. This, and the danger there was in arming the people promiscuously, when socialistic tenets were being openly preached, although excluded the militia project that had been started in another quarter. A standing army, therefore, was a necessity of the times, and he could not but ask the House to vote the figure of 401,000 rank and file, as a peacetime footing once for all. If they were to ridicule the military budget every year, military matters would be kept in a constant state of uncertainty; for any alteration that might be introduced affected the number and organization of the troops for a period of twelve years, the time of service exacted from the individual soldier. Germany needed no war to acquire glory; nor did she want war to make conquests. In her geographical position it was true she must have an army strong enough to confront two parties at the same time, but what could she do with the pieces of Russia and France, if she were to conquer them. Germany not only wished to keep the peace, but wished to be able to force others to do the like. It was to be hoped that the world, in the course of time, would abandon its distrust of Germany's intentions. For the present, if the House thought the country wanted a strong and powerful army, they could not, in his

opinion, do less than endorse the Government bill.

The speech concludes as follows: I hope that for a long series of years we shall be able not only to maintain but to command peace; then, perhaps, the world will allow it itself to be reassured that a powerful Germany, in the centre of Europe, is the best security for the peace of Europe; but to insure peace, you must be ready for war, and in my opinion we are now called upon to decide whether we shall say to Europe that we do not possess a powerful army, always prepared for war, or whether we adopt the measures necessary to insure such an army.

ERRATUM—In report of Catholic Indignation Meeting, published in our last number, the name of Mr. Joseph Innot was accidentally omitted from the Committee appointed to prepare and present address.

THE STAR.

Harbor Grace, April 8, 1874.

THE Court of General Quarter Sessions of the Peace was held at the Court House in this town on Monday last, the 6th inst., T. R. BENNETT, Esq., District Judge, presiding.

The Grand Jury of whom P. DEVEREUX, Esq., was chosen foreman, having been sworn, was charged by his honor as follows:—

MR. FOREMAN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE GRAND JURY. You are called together on this occasion as by law required, and with pleasure we inform you that there has been no serious crime committed during the past quarter, and that there is no business of a criminal nature to be brought before you.

This is a satisfactory state of affairs, and the peaceable, sober, and orderly conduct of the people, deserves approbation. There is a general freedom from sickness and disease, and this may, in a great measure, be attributed to the cleanliness of the town, for filth and fever are usually found together. We wish that we could say that there is no extreme poverty, but we learn with regret that many are badly provided for; however, the season of the year when the poor suffer most is fast passing away. Those vessels that have arrived from the ice are making employments for many, and we hope the sailing voyage may prove successful, giving ample returns to those who have invested their capital and labor in it. Gentlemen, you will, if you think proper, visit the Gaol and other public institutions, and any Presentation you may deem it your duty to make shall be forwarded to the Government.

Should any business arise during the ensuing quarter, requiring your attention you shall be duly notified thereof.

T. R. BENNETT, Chairman, Quarter Sessions.

The Grand Jury visited and inspected the Gaol, and having found it in a very satisfactory condition, retired to their room, and after a short deliberation entered the Court with the following PRESENTMENT:

GRAND JURY ROOM, April 6th, 1874.

The Grand Jury with much pleasure in meeting your Honor on your appointment to the Judicial Bench, and trust that you will enjoy every happiness and good health, and be enabled to carry out the onerous and important duties in a satisfactory manner, honorable to yourself and satisfactory to this extensive district, over which you are called on to preside, and beg to tender you our cordial and sincere congratulations.

The Grand Jury feel desirous that you would convey to our late Acting Judge Israel L. McNeil, Esq., our sincere acknowledgements for his paiseworthy and impartial conduct in the discharge of his duties, during his residence amongst us, and wishing he may enjoy every happiness throughout life.

The Grand Jury regret to state that there is a great deal of poverty and distress existing in this community at present for the want of employment, and beg leave to call the attention of the government thereto.

The Grand Jury having visited the Gaol find it in its usual clean and healthy condition.

For Self and Fellow Jurors, P. DEVEREUX, Foreman.

We are pleased to note in this day's issue, that the Harbor Grace Total Abstinence and Benefit Society, has resumed the building of their new Hall. The Society experienced great difficulty in procuring the necessary material for the frame till too late to commence work last fall, but now all being at hand they expect to be able to accommodate their St. John's Brethren, who, we understand, purpose paying them a visit about the middle of May next. The work will be pushed ahead with all possible despatch for that occasion.

We learn that the mails per S. S. "Alabama," for New York, will close here on tomorrow (Thursday), at 9:30 a.m. No letters will be forwarded unless fully prepaid.

ABOUT 6 p.m., yesterday, the steamer "Cabot," arrived here from the Capital with freight and passengers, and after a short delay left again.

We have much pleasure in announcing the arrival of Professor Danielle, per "Cabot" from St. John's on yesterday evening. We understand the Prof. will open on Monday, 13th inst.

A VERY imposing and interesting religious ceremony took place on Easter Monday, in St. Patrick's Church, Carbonear. Two young ladies, Misses Anne Walsh and Norah Brown, (both natives of Carbonear) received the White Veil of the Presentation order of Nuns at the hands of His Lordship, the Most Revd. Dr. Carfagnini, assisted by the Revs. F. Walsh, (brother of Miss Walsh) W. Veitch, J. Cummins, J. V. Donnelly, and D. Falconio. A very large number of young girls, neatly attired in white walked in procession, and the church was filled by a large and devout congregation. Communicated.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[FOR THE H. G. STAR.]

A LADY'S CONVENTION.

SUBJECT OF DISCUSSION—"EQUALITY TO MEN."

Ocotopus Creek, Conception Bay, was, a few evenings ago enlivened by a fashionable and brilliant assemblage of ladies to consider their present status touching the many privileges now denied them by their old and implacable enemy—man. There was a very large attendance of the advocates of reform. Mrs. Fanny Rosebud, a robust, masculine looking veteran was chosen to be the subsidier of discord. Her election to the Wool-sack was hailed with bursts of delight and laughter. Several lady speakers occupied seats on the platform, decked out in all their extravagant and gaudy plumage. Their woe, grandeur and assumed dignity presented an air of queenly greatness. Mrs. Rosebud opened the proceedings; her clear shrill voice filled the building. She said, "My heart is pulsing with joy in being encompassed by so many noble and soul stirring sisters and trust our united efforts shall be put into play towards achieving the object of our ambition; woman has from the earliest period borne her part well; her works have been really wonderful; her actions, and services, truly noble; her gentle influence most beneficent. All through the mists of ages woman has been the great illuminating agent which has waked man, brutal man, into the harbor of refuge and safety. Without woman's influence what would man be? What would this world be to-day—a bleak wilderness—chaos reign supreme. But for us, man would have degenerated to nothing, and with all the blessings and favors which we have so plentifully showered upon him. Yet how isolated how alien we stand to-day in this world; our rights as beings are caliginously repudiated, our aspirations and desires to participate me equally in the world's affairs are being scouted, our attempts to meddle in politics are most maliciously and uncharitably stamped upon. Where then, my dear sisters can we find a remedy to counteract this slavish lousing domineering spirit which ages of monopoly have engendered in man? Our only hope of obtaining the surface looms up before us. It is "unity" without which slavery can never sever her chains. "Unity of action" is our watchword, what a beautiful sentiment! I love to hark on it. It is our only certain passport into the domain now so arrogantly and proudly roamed over by wily man. Cheer up my dear girls, the rights for which we seek cannot long be denied us. The future refulgent with hopeful symptoms of success. Our united struggles in pleading for our rights, will secure a glorious triumph. Man has had his long repose in luxury, and I think it high time for him to drift into oblivion, and we, the suffering vasals of supposed nobler creatures will occupy the position and shine forth in all our power and majestic grandeur. Our long withheld-for day is coming, there is fast fading in the distance. We shall rule wisely and gently; our actions shall produce good fruit, discord shall vanish before our mild sway, and under our reign peace and prosperity shall deck the land, now so lamentably sapped of all its goodness, and sweetness. Look at all things around you controlled by man, and what a sad picture they present. The caprice of man has blighted all animated nature. Can we not conduct the affairs of this Colony? Can we not sow the seed of peace and plenty, instead of useless cackling and poverty? What is to impede us in our noble work? To achieve such a grand result "unity of action" must be our banner. It is the only weapon by which we can fight our way to glory. Let us go before the country. Let our cry be honesty and purity, and victory must crown our efforts as man's willful indifference to man's welfare is but too well known, his wily selfish grasping conduct will hold them up before him and hurl him from the confidence of the people. Their pernicious legislation has already doomed them to utter destruction. They no longer find sympathy in the affections of the people. And then my loving sisters from your just inactive state don the word of justice, stand courageously to the front and battle for the rights and privileges so long denied us. We shall storm the House of Assembly, drive corrupt man out of it, send them to the fishery, assume the reins of government and carry on the business of the country with moderation and satisfaction to all. Man, worthless man, has entirely failed in his mission. The country will support us, then I say let us on to victory. (Cheers.) I beg to call upon my learned and valued friend Mrs. Squid, who will fill up all the blanks forgotten by me."—(Cheers.)

The Steamer "Eagle," Captain W. Jackson, belonging to Messrs. Bowring, Brothers, left port on Thursday last on her second cruise to the Seal fishery. We wish her every success.—[Ibid.]

It is pleasing to announce the arrival of two more vessels from the Seal fishery,—the Brigantine "Gem," Captain Freeman, to Messrs. W. Grieve & Co., hailing for 5,200; and the Steamer "Isleland," Capt. Parsons, to Messrs N. Stabb & Sons, 2,000.—[Ibid.]

We have been requested to announce the arrival of Skiff & Gaylord's far-famed "Mistrels," whose performances, we are advised, will appear in future numbers of the Times.—[Ibid.]

By Authority.

His Excellency the Governor has been pleased to appoint (under Address of the House of Assembly) the following Gentlemen to be a Commission to examine, investigate and report upon the Public Expenditure and Accounts of this Colony from the 1st day of January, 1871, to the 21st of January, 1874; and that the enquiry be extended to the four previous to 1870:—

The Hon. Judge Robinson, Chairman; and James Goodfellow and James Fox, Esquires. Secretary's Office, 31st March, 1874—Gazette.

SAD CASUALTY.—The schooner "Victor," Capt. Israel Roberts, arrived to W. Grieve & Co. yesterday morning in 25 days from Demerara. Capt. Roberts reports that on the 25th March, while in the Gulf Stream, two of the crew, named George Noseworthy and Ambrose Sparks, were lost overboard, the sea running so high at the time that all efforts to save them proved unavailing. Both were young men, the former 21 years, and belonging to Cupids, the latter aged 19, a native of Brigus.—[Chronicle, April 2.]

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

MEMORANDA.—Loading at London G. B., for St. John's N. F. March 6.—Western Belle, Patey; Kate, Bartlett; Alfred Vitry, Trickery. For Harbor Briton—Chanticleer, Morrison. Loading at Liverpool, G. B., for St. John's, N. F., March 6.—Olinda, Prowse; Maggie, Palfrey; Jessie, Kidd. For Harbor Grace—Fleetwing, Manley. Cadiz, Feb. 6.—The bright, Emeline, of St. John's Nfld., which arrived here yesterday from that port and Lisbon (codfish,) had shipped two heavy seas, Jan. 27, off Cape St. Maria, carrying away stanchions, mainsail, bulwarks, & damaging roundhouse, breaking sky-

Mrs. Squid made her debut and pealed forth as follows: "To arms, to arms," is our motto, the struggle is at hand. The abettors of corruption must melt before us; I am sick at heart to see my country ruined by that greedy lombastic hero called man. Not only in public affairs are we denied what should legally be ours, but even in the loneliness of private life worn by care and domestic drudgery, we are not blessed with a single solitary soothing word from his rumbling majesty. No; his sentiments are quickly borne to his fancy haunts there to mingle in the sports and pleasures of his companions. He has for ages ruled us with a rod of iron; no soft bewitching smile has he ever bestowed upon us to assuage our troubled minds. Pleasure and company are his only thought by which he estranges himself from our attractive society. Our lives are steeped in dull monotony, in slavery, and in neglect, no succor to be expected from man—no, none, his heart is as hardened as that of Nero. Nothing can we obtain from our obdurate enemy to lighten our dreary lives. Our cause is just, our appeal for redress will play to every honest man's (if any) and woman's heart. Our friends are already swelling into a mighty host, and as to rule is our ambition our appeal will meet its just reward. No rest with us till the House is stormed, the defenders captured, and banished from the land. Keep your powder dry, await the coming struggle and when called upon step not to the scene of action where victory shall crown our labors. (Cheers.) I beg to conclude and thank you for your patience in having listened to me." Thus ended the meeting: one of the most successful gatherings of the Strong Maids I have ever had the good fortune to witness.

LOCAL ITEMS.

A late Halifax date thus announces the death of a Clergyman of the Church of England who was well known in this community, where he resided a number of years:—

DEATH OF DEAN BULLOCK.—Halifax has lost one of its oldest and most prominent citizens and clergymen by the death of the Rev. William Bullock, Dean of St. Luke's cathedral, which occurred on Saturday. The Rev. gentleman had been in failing health for some time, and to his most intimate friends his death was not wholly unexpected, but to the community generally the announcement was sudden, and it created universal regret, for no man was better known, or more generally respected than Dean Bullock. He had just completed the 78th year of his life and the 51st of his ministry.—[Times.]

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We have been requested to announce the arrival of Skiff & Gaylord's far-famed "Mistrels," whose performances, we are advised, will appear in future numbers of the Times.—[Ibid.]

By Authority.

His Excellency the Governor has been pleased to appoint (under Address of the House of Assembly) the following Gentlemen to be a Commission to examine, investigate and report upon the Public Expenditure and Accounts of this Colony from the 1st day of January, 1871, to the 21st of January, 1874; and that the enquiry be extended to the four previous to 1870:—

The Hon. Judge Robinson, Chairman; and James Goodfellow and James Fox, Esquires. Secretary's Office, 31st March, 1874—Gazette.

SAD CASUALTY.—The schooner "Victor," Capt. Israel Roberts, arrived to W. Grieve & Co. yesterday morning in 25 days from Demerara. Capt. Roberts reports that on the 25th March, while in the Gulf Stream, two of the crew, named George Noseworthy and Ambrose Sparks, were lost overboard, the sea running so high at the time that all efforts to save them proved unavailing. Both were young men, the former 21 years, and belonging to Cupids, the latter aged 19, a native of Brigus.—[Chronicle, April 2.]

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

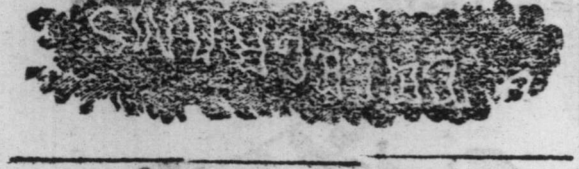
MEMORANDA.—Loading at London G. B., for St. John's N. F. March 6.—Western Belle, Patey; Kate, Bartlett; Alfred Vitry, Trickery. For Harbor Briton—Chanticleer, Morrison. Loading at Liverpool, G. B., for St. John's, N. F., March 6.—Olinda, Prowse; Maggie, Palfrey; Jessie, Kidd. For Harbor Grace—Fleetwing, Manley. Cadiz, Feb. 6.—The bright, Emeline, of St. John's Nfld., which arrived here yesterday from that port and Lisbon (codfish,) had shipped two heavy seas, Jan. 27, off Cape St. Maria, carrying away stanchions, mainsail, bulwarks, & damaging roundhouse, breaking sky-

lights, and starting two planks in the vessel's side; she cleared for Barcelona. Schr. America, Sprague, from St. John's, Nfld., for Boston, with oil and fish, arrived at Hamilton, Bermuda, 16th Feb., in want of provisions and with crew frost bitten. The America lost sails, rigging, &c.—[North Star.]

A TALE OF HORROR

a most important trial is about to come before one of the tribunals of the Seine. During the late war, under the government of September, there were committed two of the most shocking acts of inhumanity and barbarity that it is possible to imagine. A peaceable citizen of Brittany was taken out and stoned, after which he was burned alive, and a "sergent de ville" of Paris was drowned in the Seine. There was still another case worth a passing notice. There is an old saying that when one wants to get rid of his dog he begins by accusing him of having hydrophobia. There was a moment when a neighbor had gotten out of the way by calling him a Bonapartist. An ex-policeman was chased by the crowd for this crime, and took refuge in a house, but was again driven into the street. The rumor then ran about that he was mad, having been bitten by a mad dog, and a hundred persons pursued him with sticks and stones, killed him in the street exactly as if he were a mad dog. But the most curious case of all was that of the guard Vincenzini, which I gave at length. On Sunday, 26th February 1871, the Parisians were out in their Sunday costumes enjoying the warm air which gave promise of an early spring. An immense crowd had gathered in the Place de la Bastille to see a company of the National Guard salute a red flag raised upon the column of July. The entire city wore the air of a great fetid warmth of the sun. From time to time a band of ragamuffins passed bearing a red rag and marching to the cadence of the Marseillaise, pausing from time to time to cheer "la Republique democratique et sociale." Suddenly one of these groups raised the cry of "Mouchard" and it was soon shouted in chorus throughout the place. On the side of the rue St. Antoine one soon saw a man in citizen's dress, tall, finely formed, and with a handsome energetic face, running away, pursued by the mob. This was the unfortunate ex-Sergeant de Ville Vincenzini, who succeeded in making a passage through the crowd and in entering a shop, No. 285 rue St. Antoine, kept by the window Cauchos. The rascals who pursued him tore him from this place, beat him horribly when in the street, and only raised him from the ground when the crowd began to cry "a la lanterne! Hang him." An attempt was made to hang him from the balcony of Pierre Ouvrier, Boulevard Richard Lenoir, but the mob became impatient before the knot could be made in the rope which had been hastily brought, and it then occurred that it would be more amusing to drown him. He was hurried to the Canal Saint Martin, but a new difficulty here presented itself; and the crowd started for the river. Seeing that he was lost Vincenzini tore himself away and threw himself upon his knees. His appeal for mercy was met by fresh insults and blows. Being unable to endure this martyrdom any longer, he cried, Give me pistol, and I will kill myself before you here, since you will have my life. At this moment a girl named Lazeau, who has just died at Saint Lazare, where she was awaiting her trial, stepped forward and slapped the face of the wretched man, saying: I condemn you to be drowned. This summary judgement was applauded by the crowd, and once more the guard was pushed towards the river, followed by thousands of persons. Arriving at the banks of the Seine, a charitable man cried that the victim knew how to swim. This had not been thought of before, but the idea was acted upon and Vincenzini was strongly tied to a plank and then launched into the stream. So many persons crowded upon a canal boat to see the dying struggles of the victim, that it gave way and an number were precipitated into the river. When this confusion arose poor Vincenzini was seen floating down the river his great strength enabling him to keep his head above water. He turned his eyes imploringly from side to side in search of help, but at this moment the crowd began to stone him, and he was struck several times. At last he raised his head as far as possible, looked about upon this merciless crowd, and seeing far below him many men and boys with stones in their hands waiting for him, he gave up in despair. By an effort he made a plunge, turned over under the plank and in a few moments brought his terrible martyrdom to a close. His body was not found until three months afterwards. About 20,000 persons witnessed his murder, and M. Macé alone tried to save Vincenzini. He was badly maltreated, and came near sharing the same fate. But although there were so many spectators no direct proof could be obtained for a long time. One day the

woman Lacanel was discovered, and several men have been arrested who were seen throwing stones. Some of the participants have been already transported, many were killed in June, and only about a half a dozen have been brought to trial. The woman Lacanel and two of the men have died in prison, and the rest were to appear for trial on the 23rd of February.



Latest Despatches.

LONDON, March 31. Review of Ashantee army: Windsor great success. The Queen, assisted by Princess of Wales and Duchess of Edinburgh, made Wolsey Knight Commander of Order of the Bath. Conferred Victoria Cross on Lord Gifford. Disraeli moved vote of thanks to Wolsey, accompanied with laudatory speech which was unanimously adopted with cheers. Republicans made no impression on Carlisle line, and were repulsed at all points. Their loss was 400 killed and wounded.

NEWS & ITEMS.

ALLEGED CONFESSION OF THE REAL KATE WALLER.

The New York "Express" says: We have received the following important confession bearing the signature of Catherine Waller, owning up to what she has done and neither denying the statement as to her children nor as to John Waller:--

To the Editor of the New York Express: I, Catherine Waller, alias Kate Wallace, alias Carrie Waller, alias Catherine McKenzie, do here state that I am John Waller's wife; that I married him on the 29th day of May, 1863; that Carrie A Waller was born Feb. 24, 1863; that John G. J. Waller was born Sept. 2nd 1864; that I was born Oct. 31, 1847; that John Waller is 50 years old this March coming; that I left him four years ago last November; that I was obliged to leave him because he abused me.

I ask him to go and see if he can find on Mrs. Waite's left arm the scar where he cut me with an axe—it is about an inch and a half long—and also see if he can find a scar on her left temple where he struck me with a block of wood; and also go and see if her eyebrows meet on her forehead as he always said mine did.

I have done a great wrong to this woman, but I have tried to undo what I have done, and have written many times to all the people; but it has done no good, I am sick and I have no hope of ever getting well. I have consumption and my heart is broke, and it is my father's advice to send this to you. It is useless for me to go and give myself up now, as I am not to live long, so I will state the truth.

Mrs. Holden told a black lie when she said I talked to her about my marriage when I was in Picotou. She said that to try and condemn Mrs. Waite. They told so many lies What makes me feel so bad, is about the children; they make them swear to lies; but I will have them before long in my own keeping if I have to steal them.

I have two sisters and five brothers, and a father and no other, and have never denied them. I have known Mrs. Waite for nearly three years, and she is a young, unsuspecting woman unsuspecting woman. I don't know where she was born, but I knew she was an English girl by her tongue, and I have heard her say she had no parents, and I am sorry for what I have done to get her into this trouble.

My friends wanted me to send this to you so that we would have the truth known, for John Waller and his tribe are so bad they will never tell the truth, so please do what you can and do not be afraid. Tell this as you think best, but do your best to save me. I had an accomplice, and got the medicine and gave the pictures to her, and got her to get them copied. The sins of Carrie M Kent I will not bear, but all the others I will; so you know enough now. I will send you some money soon, so I have no more to say just now.

Mrs. Waite was never John Waller's wife. I have played the role that the Government said she did, all but taking the name of Carrie M. Kent and marrying E. F. Waite. So no more. Yours in sorrow, CATHERINE WALLER.

Five hundred pigeons are kept in the citadel of Strasbourg. They being trained for service in case of siege.

It is said that the bridal 'trousseau' of Queen Victoria's last daughter-in-law will not be admitted into England free of duty.

The following is an extract from an appeal issued by the promoters of the women's Crusade against the liquor traffic:--

In view of the fact, as friends of religion and humanity, come join with us; help us establish this reformation on a firm basis, and give permanency to this effort. Let us make it as criminal in the sight of man as it is in the sight of God, to steal a man's brains as to steal his purse; to murder his soul as to kill his body. In the name of God we have lifted up our banner, united victor will surely be ours. For if He be for us who can be against us? Let coming generations have a right to say to us look back on your labors of to-day: They have done what they could. While the women are pleading, praying, and singing with and for the liquor-seller let the men not be idle. Let them see to it that when the law is broken the offender shall be punished by the law. When a man is willing to give up his nefarious business, lend him a helping hand to do something better. In a word, use men, money, and means. This is not work for women alone. It is the people's work. Let them rise in their might, and, in the name of the God of Israel, march on to victory.

It is said that according to the basis of settlement between the Masonic Grand Lodges of Canada and Quebec, the Grand Lodge of Canada is to withdraw from the Province of Quebec, and at its next annual communication formally cede to Quebec all the Masonic Jurisdiction within the province. A financial settlement will be arranged by its Board of General Purposes, and the Committee from its subordinate Lodges of Canada at present in Quebec are to transfer their allegiance to the Grand Lodge of the Province, and will be numbered on the roll of Lodges, each Lodge taking priority according to date of warrant. The Grand Lodge of Quebec undertakes, upon its part, all the obligations of Canada referring to the Grand Lodges of England and Scotland until such times as a new treaty shall be entered into between Quebec and the European Grand Lodges.

Miss Nellie Grant's "fiance," Mr. A. Sartoris, of England, has been at the Arlington for about two weeks and is received by the President and his family and introduced as the future husband of Miss Grant. This is not his first visit to America. I am told he practised his profession of civil engineer in one of the Western States—Minnesota. I think—for two or three years. He looks to be about twenty-five years old and is a blonde, parts his hair in the middle, and wears a delicate moustache. Some persons think he resembles Miss Grant. His uncle is an admiral in the British Navy and a K. C. B.

A murder trial at Lewiston, Maine, has just terminated. James M. Lowell has been found guilty of murder in the first degree. This man, some three years ago, murdered his wife, and, hiding her body in the woods, deluded himself with the belief that no one would find him out. By a curious train of circumstances, long after the bones of the victim had become bleached by the action of the sun and storm, he has been brought to the bar of justice and pronounced to be guilty of murdering the woman he once swore to protect and cherish.

Commenting on the last telegram from Zanzibar, the "Academy" says:—We presume that on arrival of the remains at Zanzibar steps will be taken to identify the body as that of the deceased traveller. Dr. Livingstone's arm was broken by a lion some years ago, and never regained its original form. This fact will afford crucial test of identity even to any one who was not personally acquainted with him, and it is to be hoped that, in the absence of Dr. Kirk, there may be some one at Zanzibar who is aware of the fact.

There is a little poem, by some very able, though unknown author, going the rounds of the press just now, the tone of which we like very well, but would much prefer to realize what in the poem is but a dream. It goes thusly.

We had a dream the other night, When every thing was still, We dreamt we saw a lot of folks Pay up their printer's bill.

The first two lines we think must have been borrowed.

The question Does water intoxicate? now worries Brownstown, Indiana, the argument being based on the fact of less drunkenness among the residents when four saloons were in full blast than now with none.

It may be useful to paste in your hat the fact that a tornado moves at the rate of eighty miles an hour.

The Atchines are mustering all their forces for a general attack on the Dutch position.

The funeral obsequies of the very Rev Dean Bullock this afternoon. The mournful cortege started from his late residence at 2 30 o'clock. It was composed of relatives and friends of the deceased, clergymen of the English and other Protestant churches, St. George's Society, Choirs of St. Luke's Cathedral and the Garrison Chapel, civil, military, and naval dignitaries, etc., etc. It proceeded to St. Luke's cathedral where impressive services were performed by several clergymen. On leaving the cathedral the procession reformed and proceeded to Champ Hill Cemetery, on arriving at which His Lordship Bishop Sinney read the usual burial service, and the coffin containing the esteemed remains was deposited in the grave. The public schools were closed to-day out of respect to the memory of the deceased.—Halifax Recorder, March 10.

St. John's Sealing List.

Table with columns: VESSELS, MASTERS, TONS, METERS. Lists various ships like Bear, Wolf, Proteus, Ranger, Walrus, Neptune, Hector, Nimrod, Bandit, Hollyhock, Eagle, Hawk, Rusina, Bloodhound, Tigress, Osprey, Elizabeth, Fleetwing, New Mary, Sally Joe, Laurel, Prima Donna, Challenge, Western Packet, etc.

RAY ROBERTS.

Table listing names and amounts: Mary Earl 36, Jemimah Daw 63, Ecliptic Delaney 149, R. S. C. Delaney 131, Elizabeth Bowring 60, Anastasia Hennebury 177, Brighton Hennebury 143, Rolling Wave Mercer 152, Iceland, s.s. Parsons 287, Greenland, s.s. Dawe 259.

CATALINA.

Table listing names and amounts: Young Prince Murphy 70, First Trial Hiscock 55, Micmac Drake 66, Fleetwing Nowlan 55, Experience Duffett 55, Merlin, s.s. Walsh 248.

NOTICE!

WHEREAS, on the 17th inst., St. Patrick's Day, a document, purporting to be an address from the Benevolent Irish Society of Conception Bay, of Sixty years standing, was presented, in the Church, at Carbonear, to the Roman Catholic Bishop, of this Diocese, by P. Devereux, said address being received by his Lordship as a genuine and bona fide emanation from said Society,

I hereby declare that no such document or address was ever submitted to or passed by the said Society, of which I have the honor to be President. ROBERT WALSH. Harbor Grace, March 25.

FOR SALE!

BUILDING LAND

That eligibly situated piece of at Caplin Cove, bounded on the East by Davis's property, on the West by land attached to St. Patrick's School House, on the North by Water Street, and on the South by water of the harbor.

That Piece of Land

at Otterbury, bounded on the East and North by Crocker's property, on the West by Murphy's land, and on the South by water of the harbor. For particulars apply at the office of this paper. March 25.

The SUBSCRIBERS offer

Horse,

Suitable for general purposes GEO. C. RUTHERFORD & Co. March 18, 1874.

NOTICE.

Wanted, Immediately

A FEMALE SERVANT. One who can make herself generally useful. Apply to W. H. THOMPSON. March 25.

TO BE LET!

A Commodious Shop, In Water Street. Immediate possession given. For particulars apply at the "Star" Office. March 25, 1874

TO BE LET!

That shop now in the occupancy of Mr. James Hutchings, Possession given 12th May. For particulars apply at the Office of this Paper, March 11.

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, 1873.

172 WATER STREET 172

JAMES FALLON

Tin, Copper and 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 Mann & 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. 13.

BLANK FORMS

Executed with NEATNESS and DESPATCH at the Office of this paper

NOTICE.

Jillard Brothers'

STORE,

is now in full operation. Anything you require you will get there.

Provisions of the Best Quality.

Flour, Pork, Beef, Molasses, Butter Split and Round, Pease, Oatmeal Rice, Cheese, Beans.

GROCERIES

Tea—Black and Hyson Sugar—Loaf Crushed and Brown Raisins—Bloom Layer and Valencia Broad Figs Currants Spices of every description Mace Cinnamon Cassia Cloves Pamerilla Mixed Spice, Pepper C. Seed Nutmegs Gray, Dunn & Co.'s Fancy Biscuits of 16 kinds

Confectionery

Essence of Coffee, Homeopathic and Common Cocoa Chocolate Bacon and Hams, Lard, Pearl Barley Groats and Patent Barley, Mustard Pickles—Mixed, Chow Chow, Picadilly Red Cabbage, Onions, Walnuts Olive Oil, Crystal and Pure Malt Vinegar in bottles and casks Rasp berry Vinegar, Essence Lemon Root Ginger, Ground Ginger, Honey Table Salt—by the pound and in crocks and bottles

Glue, Candles, Baking Powders Carbonate of Soda, Sago, Tapioca Vermacella, Liqueur Saltpetre, Logwood, Brimstone, Sulphur Snuff, Starch, Blue, Hard Soap Castile Soap, Fancy and Scented Soap Bees Wax, Nixey's Black Lead, Wax Electric and Comb Matches Best Japan Blacking, Paste Blacking Brunswick Black, Furniture Polish Washing Soda, Snuff Beans Condensed Milk Bottled Fruits—Plums, Cherries, Damsons Green Gages, &c.

Corn Flour, Sardines, Smoked Herrings Jellies, Jams, and Marmalade The celebrated Victoria and other Sauces Citron, Lemon and Orange Candied Peel Gelatine, Cream of Tartar Shelled Almond Nuts, Kay's Coaguline Hunt's, Cockle's and Holloway's Pills Castor Oil, Senna, Salts, Hartshorn Medicamentum, Opodeldoc Oysters in Tins, Solid Oil Caplaire Syrup Deodorized Grease and Pomatum Infant's Food

We keep constantly on hand

HARDWARE

Of every description. Carpenters' Tools, Coopers' Tools Shoemakers' Tools, Masons' Tools Brushes, Combs, Earthenware, Glassware Locks, Hinges, Bolts, Latches Musical Instruments, Medicines, Drugs Perfumery, Nautical Instruments & Charts Locks, Screws, Brads Parlor and Kitchen Utensils Paints, Oil, Turpentine, Varnish Soldiers' Ware, Toys, Brooms, Buckets Saddles, Bath Brick Hatchets, Saws, Hammers, Planes Tomahawks, Shunging Hatchets Spokeshaves, Wrought Nails Rules and Squares Compasses and Spirit Levels, Chisels Touges, Gimblets, Augurs, Chalk Lines Braze and Bits, Sand and Glass Paper Hand, Pit and Cross-cut Files, Saw Sets Gluepots, Diamonds, Axes, Adzes Jointer and Plane Irons, Drawing Knives Centre Bits, Awls, Bristles, Hemp, Flax, Copperas, Pinchers, Rasps, Whips Leather, Kerosene Oil, Soap

Honey Dew Tobacco.

Electro, Albata, British Plate, Nickel and German Silverware Gold, Silver, Gilt, Plated and Glass

Jewelry,

WATCHES and CLOCKS, SEWING MACHINES, Gold Wedding Rings,

CRADLES.

If you want anything that you do not see in this list, you will be sure to get it by asking. Best assorted stock in town.

Every purchaser who desires to get the best possible value for his money, should visit this establishment.

JILLARD BROTHERS.

Sept. 25.

Nobody's Cat.

Houseless and friendless, a stranger to joys,
Worried by dogs, and tormented by boys,
Wandering nightly in search of a rat,
Poor old unfortunate, nobody's cat!

Lurking round outhouses, mewing at doors,
Begging a morsel from plentiful stores,
Nothing she gets but a blow or a "scat,"
Poor old unfortunate, nobody's cat!

Somebody's chickens were missing one night,
Animal craving discusses no right—
Did her fierce hunger compel her to that?
Excusable quite in a famishing cat.

Maternal condition at times would ensue,
Betrayed on the day by a faint little mew,
Murderous boys the whole brood would be at—
Poor old bereaved, unfortunate cat!

Famished young tabby, how little you care,
Purring or dozing on cushion or chair,
Sighing she saw you so glossy and fat—
Comfortless sight for a desolate cat!

Pussy had lives the conventional nine—
Live—are unlasting unless we can dine,
Toothless, disabled, she weakened for that
Poor old unfortunate, nobody's cat!

Guilty or innocent, lying she lies,
Vacantly staring with glittering eyes,
Doubtless, if sensible, thankful for that,
Poor old unfortunate, nobody's cat!

Unlike us, for pussy, tho' trespassing here,
Death had no terrors, the future no fear.
No fear that St. Peter would say to her
"scat,"
All is now over—write—requisite cat.

SELECT STORY.

Ross Charlton's Secret.

It was getting dusk. Behind the mountain range, over whose undulating sides the early sunset was smiling, and the sun had set half an hour before, his glories not all faded yet, but breaking through the gray bank of mountain mist in bars of dusky gold, as though loth to leave so fair a domain.

There was a brown stone cottage, long, low, and irregularly built, standing far back of the country road, and half hidden behind and beneath a row of stately horse-chestnut trees, aflame now, with their torch-like blossoms. A great flower-garden laid in front of the house, its beds of bloom traversed everywhere by rows of fragrant box. Rock Cottage everybody called the quaint old place.

The good-looking man who did not quite suit the chill hauteur with which Ross Charlton kept them at a distance, especially since his mother's death. The younger son—for there was once another—had not been so. A hale, free-hearted, neck-or-nothing sort of fellow they all remembered him, ready to stop for a friendly chat with anybody who chanced to come in his way, free of money, free of speech, free of morals: a constant trouble to his mother, a thorn in the side of his steady-going, elder brother. A short-lived trouble, though. Gossip had it that he came home from one of his erratic journeys, demanding a larger sum of money than it was convenient to supply at a moment's notice; and so, angry with his too indulgent mother, and furious at the interference of his brother Ross, he went again, swearing it was the last time he would ever set foot over the threshold. And it was. In his blind, unreasoning folly, goaded by the strong and immediate necessity for a large sum of money, he enlisted in the army—for large bounties were rife then—and fell on some hot battle-field, nobody ever could ascertain just how or where; and to mention his name to his brother was to get a look that was very like a blow in the face.

Mrs. Charlton did not live long after receiving the news of the death of her youngest son. She withered under it like one stricken with some scathing grief. Other mothers, losing sons more noble than hers in the dead affray, said it was no worse for her than for them; but they lived on, while she changed, suddenly, from a hale, handsome woman, in middle life to a piteous picture of decrepitude; and in the fall of that year she died.

Ross Charlton dismissed his servants shut up the house, and went away after his mother died. Rumor said he married during his absence, and was travelling over Europe with his wife. But be that as it might, he returned, suddenly, too—in the night; and none of the neighbors seemed to know anything about it till they saw the house open, and Mrs. Trafford, the housekeeper, in her accustomed place again, her calm face as calm as ever.

Ross Charlton's absence seemed, in no wise, to have softened his grief; for since his return, he showed himself haughtier and more reticent than before, keeping quite to himself, neither visit-

ing nor receiving company; and, judging by the frequent visits his one guest—the physician who had attended his mother in her last hours—made, one might conclude he had become a confirmed invalid.

He did not look very ill, or particularly miserable, with the yellow June twilight gleaming over his hair, as he lay at full length in the long grass back of the apple orchard, where he had idled away the last two hours watching the blue flies and honey bees diving, in blind wantonness, among the red-top and clover.

A step bending the grass—the flutter of a light dress among the brier bushes, made him raise his head slightly, peering through the thorny hedge, to see who was coming to catch him in so unconventional an attitude.

She could not have been over seventeen, and could have borne gracefully to have been a head taller than she was; though the childish spring and liveness of her form was met and matched sweetly by the girlish bloom of the face under the straw hat—a peculiar face—too brown, almost, till some pleased emotion sent a tide of rich scarlet blood waving into the soft oval cheeks and soft lips.

"Bonnie Gilminnie, she ga'ed up the glon," said Ross, watching her. Then aloud, as she stood the other side of the fence, peering over at him,—

Really, Miss Gracie, you must excuse me; I hadn't time to get up, and make myself into Squire Charlton. I saw you coming, but took you for a squirrel. She stood still, eyeing him shyly, her face agleam with mirth. She was wondering if he really was the grave, grim man she had known hitherto, sparse of word, curt of manner, with wrinkles seaming his great forehead, believing his youth and health.

You needn't rise or make any apologies, she said, laughing at him. I like you best when you play Moses in the bulrushes, and I do hate squire Charlton.

He rose to lean on his elbow, looking up into the bright, eager face bent above him, till there seemed to grow into his gray eyes something of the care-free mirthfulness of hers.

Now, if I were only Moses, and you the king's daughter, come to take pity on me, he said, looking at her with a grimace that set her laughing again.

I have royal commands for you from one who is more like a princess than I shall ever be, she said, gayly. There is a lady at the house asking for you, and mother sent me to hunt you up, see I knew just where to look, knowing your weakness.

Who is it? he blurted out, growing grim again, and deaf to her pleasantry.

Grace Trafford looked half inclined to cry.

It is that Miss Meredith who came here visiting once before, when Mrs. Charlton was living; and she is going to stay, I believe.

Something rather unscriptural came to Ross Charlton's lips as he rose suddenly to his feet, and set his hat on with a jerk. Then he stalked past her, the brief happiness gone out of his eyes, and set his boot-heel on the hem of her pink muslin dress, as he went, soiling and tearing it. Angry—but with whom?

Not with his lady guest, judging by the way he hung over her chair, as she sat under the grape-vine an hour later, her shawl, a frost-like lace, mingling with the silver moonbeams all around her; her black hair pushed back from her temples, and braided in with strings of white coral over the sheen-like ears.

Is there a face on earth moonlight cannot spiritualize? To Ross Charlton's admiring eyes she seemed an orient pearl, white, pure, and gleaming, forgetting, perhaps, how, a year before, he saw in her the likeness of a young panther, velvet-eyed, velvet-footed, but with claws dagger sharp behind all the softness.

She began humming a low-toned melody to the tinkling time of a fountain shedding its cool spray over a flower-bed a little distant. Was it strange the young man forgot himself? Her warm breath swept his face; the garden odors, redolent of lilac blossoms rose around them; waving branches cut the moonlight into gilded bars, and still her voice kept on that passionate waltz. Then, when the flute-like tones had drawn his eyes close to hers, she stopped, suddenly and said,—

I can't express to you how grieved I am to find your dear mother gone, dead and buried. I cannot realize it. It is so strange the news failed to reach me. I have counted on this visit; and now—how can I stay when all is so changed?

How like truth it sounded, then and there! Ross Charlton put on his queue, far away from him, as he answered her,—

Surely you will not turn away from us, now. You say you have no settled plan for the summer, and the season is young yet. Stay with us, and help us to be happy again.

Mrs. Trafford, passing through the hall, stood still with blank surprise,

Is it possible, she asked herself, that Mr Charlton is in his sober senses, asking her to stay here, with her great black eyes! He was half afraid for me to bring my Gracie here. But this woman! Well, it is his affair, thank goodness, not mine.

Ah! Mrs. Trafford was not a man, in the flood-tide of youth and passion, sitting in the summer moon light, with Miss Meredith singing German waltzes in his ear.

Of all Miss Meredith's elegant irregularities, none caused her hostess—for, in reality, Mrs. Trafford was her hostess—so much annoyance as that of lying late in the morning. Indeed, she seldom or never came down to breakfast with the rest. But when she did come, so beautiful, so charming, so perfectly dressed, the really kind, motherly woman could not find it in her heart to chide her, or even hint that she was a disturbing element in the domestic routine.

She came down, one morning, dainty, sweet and fresh as a pond-lily in her embroidered cambric wrapper and amber combs, declaring she did wish she could wake in decent season, like other people. Grace Trafford put aside her sewing, good-naturedly, and uncovered a delicate white china breakfast service set on a little round table in the bay window of the dining-room, where the morning sunbeams came shimmering through the vine leaves, dancing gayly over everything.

I don't believe I slept an hour all night. Miss Meredith said, leaning her head on her hand, as she sat sipping coffee by the teaspoonful. I heard the horrid noise, or fancied I did!

Noise! repeated Grace, looking up. My room is on the floor with yours, and I heard nothing but the wind and rain. It rained hard all night.

Yes, but the wind cannot scold and cry and stamp its feet, she said, looking straight at Grace with her great eyes.

Mrs. Trafford had entered the room in time to hear Miss Meredith's last sentence.

How ridiculous! she exclaimed, laughing. Well, there was a pretty racket for a while. Those two Maltese cats that Sarah, the kitchen girl, dotes on, were shut out in the rain last night, and set up such a howling towards morning, I got up and hunted the house over for them. It seems they had climbed on the lattice to the roof, and I had to get a stick and drive them down through the scuttle.

Ah! I am glad to know the truth. I really did think it was very noisy.

Mrs. Trafford left the room a moment after. Miss Meredith finished her breakfast silently, and went up-stairs.

Mother, said Grace, going to the kitchen-table where her mother stood, looking flushed and vexed, I am not Miss Meredith. What was it that kept me awake last night?

Her Mother's face cleared away.

Child, she said, remember what you solemnly promised when I took you from school to have your home here with me. You must, according to your promise, assist Mr. Charlton and myself in our dreadful task. There is a secret,—a mystery, to which the world must be blind and deaf and dumb. You have never tried to discover it. I pray you never will. I will tell you this: it is nothing that can ever harm you or anyone else. Years to come may prove to you that it is no unholy work. If Miss Meredith is disposed to lay awake of nights, she had better go away.

Grace turned away, satisfied. Miss Meredith, listening in the entry, did not.

Chapter II.

It was the usual scene in front of a summer hotel.

The cool, wide piazza with its settees, its lounges and rustic chairs and above, the open windows whose awnings flapped in and out to the ocean breeze, windows gay with elegant women, puppet like children and poodle dogs. Down the sandy slope leading to the water, blood horses tossed their tasselled ears, as if conscious of the precious burdens entrusted to them, and pranced off at a spanking pace, sniffing the delicious sea air as a lady smells perfume.

Ross Charlton's span of iron-grays pawed the hard gravel impatiently with their delicate fore-feet, as he stood smoothing their sides caressingly, waiting for Grace and Miss Meredith to finish their leave-taking in the wide hall of the C—House, where an old school friend of Miss Trafford was stopping for the season. The really cordial kindness of Mr. Charlton's voice that morning, as he offered to drive her there for a call, had given Grace sincere pleasure; a pleasant drive by the seashore was not to be had every day, and accepting the invitation as cordially as it was given, she quickly decided to invite Miss Meredith to make a third, for, though there was little affinity between the two, Grace Trafford never forgot to be amiable and kind.

As Miss Meredith seated herself in the light carriage, her elegant silk cascade rattling its bead-trimmed lace like

a young hail-storm, a man came sauntering slowly along the piazza and stretched himself out on a settee, watching them too curiously for a stranger, Grace thought. Mr. Charlton, busy with his horses, saw only a somewhat elaborately-dressed man, neither young nor handsome, lazily smoking a cigar. Grace saw him move. She noted the gleam of recognition—a malicious gleam in the man's disagreeable eyes, answered by a quick flush overspreading Miss Meredith's face from brow to chin. But she did not note the quick instantaneous signal he made by raising the little finger of his left hand so as to set a red-hearted ring he wore agleam in the sunrays like an evil eye.

The flush died quickly out of Miss Meredith's face, leaving it hard and cold as marble.

Let me be patient; let me be hopeful, she said to herself. Fate is fast placing me beyond his power.

She was silent on their homeward drive. Grace Trafford set her beaming face towards the sunlit ocean, with a sense of perfect enjoyment. As her soft curls, lifted by the sweet morning air, blew across Ross Charlton's face sending the blood in quick thrills to his finger tips delighting without bewildering, he could not help contrasting these two women; the one in her young fresh beauty, so keenly alive to all pure and healthful influences, the other like some crimson hearted flower of the tropics, her beauty rapture—her influence destruction.

Miss Meredith pleading a headache did not appear at dinner that afternoon. Towards evening, she came down to the dusky parlor dressed in gray silk and a little scarlet shawl of creamy crepe over her shoulders, shivering like a baby, and complaining bitterly of the chilly evening wind.

I ought to have stayed South; these east winds are killing me, she said, testily, banging down an open window.

Ross looked up quickly from a huge pile of bills he was counting, with more surprise in his face than such a casual remark seemed to justify.

Then you have lived south? he said, gazing at her still. I don't remember ever hearing you mention it before.

How angry her eyes grew away in her dim corner under his persistent gaze. She bit her tongue between her sharp white teeth till she could have cried out with pain—the unguarded tongue that for once had played her so false.

I was visiting in Memphis when the war broke out, and subsequently lived a few months in New Orleans, she said, shortly. Life there was not so delightful that I care to recall it.

Mr. Charlton did not pursue a subject so evidently distasteful, but counted his notes over again, and in a few minutes later left the room. Up-stairs in the library, Grace Trafford sat reading by the light of a shaded lamp. He stood at the door watching her a moment.

Little girl, he said softly, toying with a curl on her shoulder, I want some industrious little woman like you a moment—there is no hurry; but if you go down to the parlor again to-night take a needle and some fine silk with you. In sorting some notes I accidentally tore a fifty dollar greenback nearly in two. You will find it under my parian paper-weight on the mantel.

Two hours later Grace did go down singing as she went. She was pleased and happy always to have Ross Charlton come to her in such needs. She turned up the gas and searched under every vase and ornament for the torn bill. It was nowhere to be found.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE STAR

—AND—
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