

The Star,

And Conception Bay Semi-Weekly Advertiser.

Vol. II.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Wednesday, August 20, 1873.

Number 18.

USEFUL INFORMATION

AUGUST.

S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31

Moon's Phases.

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

First Quarter.....	1st, 10.58 a.m.
Full Moon.....	8th, 10.21 p.m.
Last Quarter.....	15th, 1.13 a.m.
New Moon.....	22nd, 10.0 p.m.
First Quarter.....	31st, 0.19 a.m.

Mail Steamers to Depart from St. John's.

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, 28s.; 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 MEAT—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 ls. to ls. 2d. Nova Scotia, good 11d. to ls. 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.
BEER—Prime, per brl. 35s.
RUM—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—Is. 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 Scotian, 1s. 5d. to 1s. 6d.
CORSADE—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 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 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.

JOBGING

Done at the Cheapest possible Terms.
Dec. 13. tft

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.

PRESERVES & 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, C. 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. tft

GEORGE BOWDEN,

Repairer of Umbrellas and Parasols,
No. 1, LION SQUARE, ST. JOHN'S, N. F.

THE SUBSCRIBER, in tendering thanks to his friends for the liberal patronage hitherto extended to him, begs to state that he may still be found at his residence, No. 1, Lion Square, where he is prepared to execute all work in the above line at the shortest notice, and at moderate rates. All work positively finished by the time promised. Outport orders punctually attended to. St. John's, Jan. 4.

HARBOR GRACE

MEDICAL HALL,

W. H. THOMPSON,

Proprietor,

Has always on hand a carefully selected Stock of

DRUGS, MEDICINES,

DRY PAINTS,

Oils, &c., &c.,

And nearly every article in his line that is recommendable:

Gallup's Florine for the Teeth and Breath Keating's Worm Tablets Cough Lozenges Rowland's Odonto Oxley's Essence of Ginger Lamplough's Pyretic Saline Powell's Balsam Aniseed Medicamentum (stamped) British Oil, Balsam of Life, Chlorodyne Mexican Mustang Liniment Steer's Apodillo Radway's Ready Relief, Arnold's Balsam Murray's Fluid Magnesia S. A. Allen's Hair Restorer Rossier's " Ayer's Hair Vigor Sarsaparilla Cherry Pectoral Pickles, French Capets, Sauces Soothing Syrup, Kaye's Coaguline India Rubber Sponge, Teething Sponge, Tooth Cloths Nail, Shoe and Stove Brushes Widow Walsh's Pills Morrison's Pills Cockle'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 Mother's Feeding Bottles Roth's Marking Ink, Corn Flour Fresh Hops, Arrowroot, Sago, Gold Leaf Nelson's Gelatine and Isinglass Bonnet Glue, Best German Glycerine Lime Juice, Honey, Best Ground Coffee Nixy's Black Lead Roth & Co.'s Rat Paste Roth's Bronchial Troches Woodill's Worm Lozenges " Baking Powder McLean's Vermifuge Lear's India Rubber Varnish Copal Varnish Kerosene Oil, Lamps, Chimnies, Wicks, Burners, &c., &c. Cod Liver Oil, Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites Extract of Logwood, in 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, Scitish Powders Furniture Polish, Plate Polish Flavouring Essences, Spices, &c., &c. Robinson's Patent Barley " Groats

All the above proprietary articles bear the Government Stamp, without which none are genuine. Outport Orders will receive careful and prompt attention. May 14. tft

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. tft

BLANK FORMS

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

POETRY.

The Bride.

She left her vine-clad cottage home,
With all its hopes and dreams;
The brilliant sunshine of the skies,
The music of the streams.
She went out from the household hearth,
Where she was wont to glide;
A beautiful, pure hearted one,
A happy, joyous bride.

The memory of a father's tone,
Was breathing in her ear;
A mother's blessing kissed her brow,
In many a parting tear.
Her fair, pale sister's gleaming eyes
Burned in her spirit now;
She seemed to hear her mother's prayer,
"Sweet sister, do not go."

She went from all the sunny paths,
Within the wildwood shade;
From all the haunts that childhood knew,
That love and care had made,
The strange and fitful power of love
Had swept across her heart;
And she could bear for his dear sake,
With childhood's home to part.

It was pure love and holy trust,
And earnest faith in him,
That kept hope's light, in that sad hour,
From growing faint and dim;
That led her to the busy world,
With all its fearful strife;
So fearless in her love for him,
That sweet, devoted wife.

I Reign a Queen.

I wear no crown of sparkling gold,
Nor robes of dazzling sheen;
I own no wealth by land or sea,
And yet I reign a queen.

All vain pretenders to my throne
I warn ye hence—depart!
I'll guard the empire I have won—
A brave and loyal heart.

I frown, and all my kingdom shades,
And dreads my sovereign will;
But soon my golden sceptre shows
With smiles alone I kill.

I speak and all my words are law;
I wish, and lo! 'tis done!
Rebellion has not marr'd my reign,
Since I the conquest won.

A noble captive wears my chains,
And light those chains shall be;
The vain coquette may boast her chains,
But I will rule the free.

No tyrant act shall mar my sway,
No proud, moostant mien;
In peace and love I mean to rule,
And reign a gracious queen.

EXTRACTS.

The Baltimore Fire.

The destructive fire in Baltimore on Friday was confined to the limits mentioned in the despatches. Shortly after one o'clock engines arrived from Washington and rendered valuable assistance. The fire raged until 3 p.m., but by four o'clock was completely under control. The loss is estimated by several parties at half a million dollars, principally on dwellings. About a dozen business places were destroyed. Among them are sash and blind factories, dress and cloak establishments, fancy goods, sewing machine stores, cigar, paint, and tailor shops, and one saloon and restaurant. Many of the houses on Clay Street were frame and two-story brick buildings. The Academy of Arts, the Presbyterian Church and the Maryland University buildings were totally destroyed. St. Alphonso's School was almost entirely destroyed. The Cathedral escaped, but the valuable residences near it were destroyed, with the exception of those on Clay Street. All the dwellings destroyed belonged to wealthy persons. The scene while the fire was at its height baffles description, and the greatest consternation prevailed. In all directions women and children were fleeing from their burning houses, and for blocks around every article of furniture were thrown pell mell from the window. The streets were impassable from the blocking of vehicles that could be brought into requisition. While the fire was raging the entire fire department was nobly at work battling against its progress, assisted by an army of citizens who crowded the roofs of buildings on every side, and many blocks off, quenching the falling blazing brands with buckets of water, and preventing ignition by spreading wet blankets. The dome of the Cathedral was covered with blankets and thus saved, as was also St. Alphonso's Church. The

firemen were driven from Park Street, between Lexington and Saratoga Streets, by the intense heat, abandoning this section to its fate, and directed their main efforts to preventing the spreading of the fire beyond the four blocks named.

Printer's Copy.

A great many good articles go into the editor's waste basket because of the incorrectness and slovenliness of the manuscript. Some one lays down these rules for those contributors who would steer clear of such a disaster:

Manuscript prepared for the press should never be written on both sides of the paper.

Write in so plain a hand that every word will be legible to the printer. Compositors prefer black ink.

Take particular care to make distinct every figure in numbers, and every letter in proper names.

Begin every paragraph one inch from the margin, or half an inch further from the margin than the lines that follow in the same paragraph.

Punctuate your manuscript as it ought to be printed, and leave half an inch space after every period.

If you want a word or sentence printed in *italics*, underscore it with one line; if in SMALL CAPITALS, with two lines; if in CAPITALS, with three lines.

Never depend upon the editor or printer to correct your manuscript.

If your article covers more than one sheet be sure and number the pages in their proper order.

Never roll your manuscript; either fold it over, or what is better, use envelopes as large as the sheet itself.

Any private communication to the editor should be written on a sheet by itself.

Serious Railway Accident.

Bangor papers publish particulars of a serious disaster which occurred on the E. & N. A. Railway on the night of the 9th inst., caused by the destruction of the bridges near Milford, Me., by a terrible tornado. George A. McLellan was the name of the engineer who was killed, and the men who had a narrow escape of their lives, were James Elder, Eugene Elder, Stafford, the fireman; and a Frenchman named Michaud. A short train, on which these men were employed, makes two trips a day between Oldtown and Bangor, and the engine and tender are sent from Oldtown to Milford every evening to get wood for the next day's work. From Bangor to Oldtown is about 12 miles, and Milford is about half a mile from Oldtown, on the opposite side of the Penobscot river, which is spanned by a railway bridge, with a toll bridge a few yards further down. The short train had completed its trip for that day, and McLellan, with his engine and tender, and having with him the persons mentioned, started to cross the bridge to Milford for their supply of wood for the next day. This was shortly after 7 o'clock. An engine had passed over the bridge ten minutes previously and then it was all right. But just before McLellan came along with his engine, a fearful tornado swept over the district, tearing up the bridge, blowing down the car shed and doing other damage.

As the engine approached the bridge, the air was full of dust and smoke, and the driver could only see a few yards ahead of him. He slackened speed somewhat, as there was a crossing for fear he would run over some passing train perhaps. Then the engine and tender proceeded on the way to destruction—the five men on board not having the slightest idea of the danger before them. Not till the forward trucks of the locomotive fell over the edge of the broken bridge did they become aware of their perilous position. McLellan immediately comprehended the situation and reversed his engine; but it was too late. The fireman and the other three men had now gathered at the rear of the tender, where McLellan also might have got, but he held on the lever; and in this position, the engine, tender, and five human beings tumbled into the river—a fall of twenty-five feet. McLellan lost his life, the others, after a sharp battle for life got ashore, although badly bruised, McLellan's body was recovered.

The Claimant's Case.

One of the most important links in the Tichborne Claimant's chain of circumstances is his assertion that he was rescued from the wreck of the ship *Bella*, by the three-masted American schooner *Osprey*, and taken to Melbourne. The *New York Journal of Commerce*, which originally published an account of the finding of the wreck of the *Bella* by the Baltimore schooner *Kent*, April 20, 1854, in latitude 21.35 south, whose captain inferred from the proximity of floating spars, &c., that the disaster must have occurred not earlier than the previous night, has been applied to frequently during

the course of the Tichbourne trial for information in reference to the wreck of the Bella and the possibility of the wreck having been visited by the Osprey previous to its discovery by the Kent.

The Bella, whose remains were thus discovered, was a British clipper ship which left Rio Janeiro on the 20th April, 1854, for New York. She had 4,300 bags of coffee and 900 logs of rosewood—her cargo being valued at about \$80,000.

There never was, as far as we can discover, a three masted schooner or any vessel of large size of this name which ever bore the American flag.

The British ship Osprey, Captain Tomlinson, was in the port of New York in the spring of 1854. She was cleared hence by Messrs Cook & Smith on June 1, 1854, (we take this from our files) for St. Stephen, New Brunswick, whence, it was reported, she was to sail for Melbourne.

It was undoubtedly the appearance of this ship at Melbourne which suggested the cunning story, but its falsehood is easily shown. She was here the month of May, clearing only the first of June, and could not therefore have been on her way to Melbourne, in latitude 21 South, on the night before the 26th of April.

If this be the Osprey that is held to have rescued the heir of the Tichbornes, and, as no other Osprey can be heard of this must be the vessel referred to, the falsity of the claim to have been rescued by her is apparent, as it must have been fully two months after the loss of the Bella when the Osprey sailed from St. Stephen for Melbourne.

CUBA.

HAVANA, July 25, 1873.—The Republica Espanola (newspaper) publishes an appeal from the Republicans, addressed to Citizen General Pieltain denouncing the meetings which have been lately held for the ostensible object of ameliorating financial and commercial affairs in the island.

The conservatives are termed the enemies of the Republic, and the services of the republicans, whose numbers are not to be dispised are offered to the Captain General.

The address concludes thus:—Command us and you will find us full of courage, ready to combat for liberty, order, the integrity of the soul, justice and right. Think well over this, Citizen Pieltain. Think of the words of our Saviour, 'Those who are not with me are against me.'

A despatch from Puerto Principe says a division of Spanish troops were recently surprised by the insurgents. A sharp skirmish followed, when, reinforcements arriving the enemy was finally compelled to retire.

A fire in Hyde Park, Boston, on the night of the 26th ult., burned the large store of J. W. Dowes. The loss is \$2,000.



HARBOR GRACE, AUG. 20, 1873.

A FRIENDLY match of Cricket was played at Alexandra Park yesterday, between a Scotch eleven and the same number of natives, resulting in a victory for the former. In justice to the latter we would here remark that they were badly represented on the occasion, several of the team being almost entirely without practice; and notwithstanding the defeat sustained by our young friends in the game to which we allude, we are confident that we have in Conception Bay an eleven native cricketers capable of "whipping" the best team of Scotchmen in the country.

We understand that the children of the Wesleyan Sabbath Schools in this town will enjoy their annual picnic at Alexandra Park to-day.

THE New York "Herald," of the 2nd inst., in alluding to the Cable celebrations recently given at Hearts Content, observes:

"The Cable celebrations at Hearts Content, given on Monday in honor of the seventh anniversary of the opening of telegraphic communication with Europe, may have been very enjoyable to those present; but in order that it might have been shared in enthusiastically by the public at large, one pleasurable item should have been added to the programme. This might have been in the shape of a placard, worded about as follows:—'Hereafter the company's charges will be reasonable, in order that the cable may prove a blessing to the public on both sides of the Atlantic. Paltry advantage of a busy season will not hereafter be taken by the company in order to double the tariff.' We observed nothing of this, however, in the complacent festivities at Hearts Content, and we regret that the monopoly denied itself for once the luxury of doing good."

On Monday the 11th inst., an inquest was held before Dr. Renouf, Coroner for the central district, at the house of Mr. Maurice Goff, in Casey's Lane, in view of the body of Patrick Lawlor, aged 49 years, fish cutter, a passenger, in the schooner Memento belonging to Edwin Duder, Esq., which left here on the 19th June last, bound to Rose Blanche for a cargo of fish; it is supposed she must have struck Renews rock that night and sank in deep water with all hands on board—seven in number—the body was observed floating in the vicinity of the rock by some fishermen on Friday last and immediately conveyed here; it was very much decomposed, particularly the face and hands—The clothes and contents of pockets were recognized by his wife and his brother as belonging to her late husband. The Jury returned a verdict of "found drowned." He was a very good, trustworthy servant, and a faithful teetotaler of thirty-one year's standing, leaving a wife and five small children to deplore his loss.—Courier.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[TO THE EDITORS OF THE STAR.]

DEAR SIRS,—

"Such shameless bards we have; and yet 'tis true, There are as mad, abandoned critics too."

In the Standard of Saturday last, I notice an effusion from the pen of a literary mandrake, who vegetates over the non-de plume of "An Old Quill." And what an effusion!

"Heavens! how the vulgar stare! how crowds applaud! How ladies' read, and literati laud!"

Commencing in a strain of glaring pseudology, the puerile writer, after exhausting the limited store of biographical knowledge forced into his obtuse cranium by the powerful influence of the pedagogic ruler, quotes a passage from "Gray's elegy," which he has, doubtless, often applied to himself, and then, very presumptuously, offers what he considers a "few suggestions" to your correspondent, by way of advice. Now, in contempt of this presumption, I should be almost inclined to smile at his pretensions, if there was not a kind of moral melancholy intermingled that turned satire into pity and ridicule into contempt. Indeed, Sirs, I had no idea that our country could produce an individual so possessed with utopian ideas as to be led away by the delusive hope that such an article as the one to which I refer could be looked upon in any other light than that of the production of some unfortunate mooncalf, whose only gift is that of unlimited ignorance. Oh, thou sublimely ridiculous "Old Quill," what an estimate has thou formed of the intelligence of the public! For my part, I behold him in the happiness of his ignorance, as I would some miserable maniac in the contentment of his captivity.

Perhaps this Johannes factotum has been induced to launch forth on a literary career, by an incentive like the following:—

"How often have I thought, within that circle of neglected triflers, who seem to have been born in caprice and bred in indolence, there may exist some mind formed of the finest mould, and wrought for immortality; a soul swelling with the energies and stamped with the patent of the Deity, which, under proper culture, might perhaps bless, adorn, immortalize, or ennoble empires; some Cincinnatus, in whose breast the destinies of a nation may lie dormant; some Milton 'pregnant with celestial fire;' some Curran, who, when thrones were crumbled and dynasties forgotten, might stand the landmark of his country's genius, rearing himself amid regal ruins and national desolation, a mental pyramid in the solitude of time, beneath whose shades things might moulder, and round whose summit eternity must play!"

And fancying himself a "mental pyramid," ventures before the public in the hope of acquiring literary fame, with just "enough of learning to misquote," and without sufficient experience to enable him to give his remarks the appearance of common sense.

This miserable manikin and despoiled, owl-like visitor of deserted ruins, whose ghostly figure—at unseasonable hours—has scared many a peaceful citizen and caused the dogs to make "night hideous with their dismal howls," advises your

"Antiquated misses, THE shipping business and coal trade is unusually brisk at the ports of Cape Breton this season,

correspondent to "choose some simpler subject in future." Does he imagine that I am at a loss for a subject? Poor simpleton! would he not be a very simple subject for an effusion, entitled, "A Burlesque on Man"—to introduce by way of illustration! Well, then, if an interview can be obtained with the "Old Quill," alias "Young Hermit," and a few additional particulars secured regarding the effect of the Canadian climate on this rara avis in terris, I will endeavor to prepare a short treatise on the above named subject.

"Alas! 'tis true he has gone here and there, And made himself a motley to the view."

Perhaps, I may succeed in ascertaining the real name of the "Old Quill," and by announcing the same to your readers, satisfy the curiosity of the public.

In conclusion, I would advise the ladies, when they again require a champion, to state their grievance to some gentleman worthy of their esteem and confidence, and not trust the vindication of their cause to a creature whose mental organization strongly recommends him to a prominent position in the Lunatic Asylum.

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, And waste his sweetness on the desert air."

Yours, &c., AN AMATEUR QUILL DRIVER.

CRICKET.

A friendly match was played at Alexandra Park yesterday, between a Scotch eleven and the same number of natives, resulting in the defeat of the latter by the overwhelming majority of one innings and five runs. The day was all that could be desired—the cool easterly breeze making it just pleasant for the players.

The Scotch eleven, having won the toss, went to the bat, and on the whole played well. Youdall made a good stand for 11, and Paterson, by some beautiful play, ran up the handsome score of 27. Jarvis also made 27, and Bannerman, by steady play, added 17 to the score—making a total of 109 in one innings.

The Natives then went to the bat, when A. Rutherford succeeded in making 17; after which the wickets fell fast, as the batters did not seem to relish the bowling of Cathrae and Nelson, and were all disposed of for 46.

The players then adjourned to the tent, where they refreshed the inner man with a few of the good things of this life. This pleasing part of the programme was soon got through with, when the Scotch eleven—being 63 ahead—again sent their opponents to the bat. They proved a little more troublesome than in the first innings, Wood playing well for 11. A. Rutherford again making a nice score of 15, and Squarey following with 11. All, however, went out for 58 runs, which, with the 46 in the first innings, made 104, thus leaving the Scotch eleven victorious by one innings and 5 runs. It appears quite evident that the Natives require a good deal more practice. And here I might just remark that it would be well to hide that evident self-confidence displayed by some of the youths before again facing eleven tough Scotchmen.

The fielding on the whole was very good, that of Taylor especially so; and the bowling of both Cathrae and Nelson deserves special mention.

Annexed are the scores:—

Table with 2 columns: Player Name and Score. Includes sections for 'SCOTCH ELEVEN—1st Innings' and 'NATIVE ELEVEN—1st Innings'.

Table with 2 columns: Player Name and Score. Includes sections for 'SCOTCH ELEVEN—2nd Innings' and 'NATIVE ELEVEN—2nd Innings'.

Table with 2 columns: Player Name and Score. Includes section for 'ONE OF THE SCOTCH ELEVEN'.

THE shipping business and coal trade is unusually brisk at the ports of Cape Breton this season,

Latest Despatches.

TRIESTE, Aug. 8.—An attempt was made to-day to assassinate Prince Nicholas, 1st Hospodar of Montenegro; he was severely wounded in the face.

Valencia has surrendered and Carthage's submission expected immediately.

LONDON, 9.—Cholera has disappeared from Vienna.

PORTLAND, Me., 19.—A great fire occurred here. Loss one million dollars.

GOLD 115. LONDON, 10.—A rumor was current last night that the "Great Eastern" had recovered the 1865 cable.

The report that Ayrton, late Commissioner of Public Works, is to succeed Monsell, Post Master General, is incorrect.

The statement that an attempt was made to assassinate Prince Nicholas is contradicted.

German Commanders of naval force have received fresh instructions from Berlin to prevent the surrender of Spanish Men-of-War captured by them.

The Junta has embarked for Carthage. Foreign Consuls at Carthage had taken refuge on board frigates.

NEW YORK, 11.—Total loss by Portland fire, is estimated at \$650,000. Insured \$20,000.

GOLD 115. LONDON, 12.—The celebration at Londonderry passed off without serious disturbance.

Daniel O'Donoghue, M. P., for Tralee has been appointed governor of Croylon. Bilbas, is besieged by Carlists.

Mrs. Don Carlos has taken the field with her husband. Immense enthusiasm.

NEW YORK, 13.—The court martial in the Modoc case, sentenced all the Modocs to be hanged.

GOLD 115. OTTAWA, 13.—Parliament met this afternoon. The speaker did not enter the Commons till near 4 o'clock.

The Governor-General arrived at the Senate Chamber, and dispatched the Usher of the Black Rod to summon the Commons. As soon as the speaker took the chair, Mr. McKenzie rose to question of privilege, and moved in effect, that to prorogue the House was a violation of the Constitution and subversive of the liberties of the people. The Usher of the Black Rod then entered, and the Speaker rose and followed him out. A perfect storm of yells and hisses from the opposition benches greeted him, and amidst indescribable confusion he left the Chamber with the ministers and a few followers. The rest of the Commons kept their seats and did not attend the summons from the Senate Chamber to prorogue. In the speech from the throne, the Governor-General said:—"I have thought it expedient in the interest of good government to order that a commission should be issued to inquire into certain matters connected with the Canadian Pacific Railway, to which the public attention has been directed, and that the evidence adduced before such Commission should be taken on oath. The Commission shall be instructed to proceed with the inquiry with all diligence and to transmit their report to the speakers of the Senate and of the House of Commons and to myself. Immediately on receipt of the report, I shall cause Parliament to be summoned for the despatch of business, to give you an early opportunity of taking such report into consideration; meanwhile I bid you farewell."

NEW YORK, 14.—The Jamaica cable has been repaired, and there is now direct telegraph communication as far as Trinidad. It is rumored that Metz will be restored to France through the influence of Russia. The Carlists captured Vergara, and claim this success the most important of the campaign.

OTTAWA, 14.—The feeling is that the opposition are going too far. The Governor-General was justified in prorogation, and made an able reply to the opposition memorial.

NEW YORK, 14.—The missing German steamer "Amdt" has arrived. A violent storm is raging along the coast of the middle States. Much damage in Washington. Rail communication with the north entirely suspended.

GOLD 115. LONDON, 15.—It is stated that De Chambord resolved to accept a constitution for France prepared by himself and members of the Right, and will rule by the will of God and the good will of the people. Proclamation of Monarchy will be made in six weeks.

The Carlists captured Berga. It is reported that the crew of the British steamer "Deerhound" seized

by a Spanish man-of-war, for landing arms for the Carlists, will be tried for piracy.

OTTAWA, 15.—The Royal Commission to try the Government Pacific matter consists of Judges Day, Draper, and Houlett.

Lord Dufferin left for Halifax. NEW YORK, 16.—Grant is pleasuring in Maine. Gold 114.

NEWS ITEMS.

OCEAN TRANCIT.—A problem, wholly international in character, has been submitted by the Dominion government to those best qualified to furnish a practical solution of it—namely, the steamship owners, captains and builders.

In March last, Mr. Sanford Fleming submitted to the House of Commons of Canada a report upon the practicability of materially shortening the lines of communication between America and Europe. The matter was duly referred to a committee of inquiry, and there is hardly a doubt but that the result of their investigation will prove the correctness of Mr. Fleming's theory, if not the full advantage of his proposed route for reducing the time for the transit of mails and passengers between London and New York to seven days. It is undeniable that Canada the grand highway to Europe. Her Atlantic coast is but a four days run from the Irish coast, and the largest class of steamers can penetrate inland, nearly nine hundred miles to this port (Montreal,) while ships of 1,000 tons burden will soon be enabled to navigate the whole length of the St. Lawrence, by means of its auxiliary canals, and passing through Lake Ontario and Welland Canal to Lake Erie, proceed to the limits of lake navigation at Chicago or Duluth. The purpose of Mr. Fleming's plan is to push the railway system of the Continent to the very furthest jumping off place on the Atlantic coast, which he considers to be St. John's, N.F., from which point to Valencia Bay, Ireland, is only 1,640 miles.—Comparatively trifling ferry over which tiptop ocean races would travel in 100 hours. From thence to London (by rail to Kingstown steambot to Holyhead and rail thence to the metropolis) is a jaunt of sixteen hours. On one side of the water there is a gap to be filled between the present terminus of railway travel and the proposed ferry gates at St. John's. A branch from the main lines from New York to Montreal and Quebec must be built, say Sherbrook to a point on the Gulf of St. Lawrence known as Shippegan. Her passengers, and mails would take a steamer to St. George's harbor, directly opposite, on the Gulf coast of Newfoundland and by the time they get there they will find a first class road, equipped with Pullman's progressive palaces, to flash them across the 250 miles width of the island to St. John's. It is 906 miles from New York to Shippegan and 500 from Shippegan to St. John's, and the time allowance for the ocean express from the Vande-built depot to the steamer for Ireland is 55 hours. Add this to the 116 hours required to perform the trip from St. John's to London and we have a total of 171 hours for the whole journey, or seven days and three hours actual time.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF ST. JOHN'S,

ENTERED.

Aug. 13.—Alfred Viltrey, Trickey, Cadiz —J. & W. Stewart. Vanguard, Bailey, Montreal.—P. Rogers and Son. Asher, Roberts, New York—Bowring Bros. Wait, Pile, Cadiz.—W. Griev & Co. Sampero, Mathiam, New York—Bowring Bros. 14.—Mercade, LeBuff, Sydney.—S. March & Son. Eugenie, Couch, Cadiz.—Job Brothers & Co.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BUSINESS NOTICE.

AUCTION MART!

75 WATER STREET, 75 HARBOR GRACE.

We offer For Sale, PROVISIONS,

Groceries, &c.,

At fair remunerating prices for CASH, FISH or OIL!

Auction Sales and Commissions promptly attended to. GEORGE HARRIS & Co. Aug. 16.

Just rec

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Aug. 2.

COMM

A DIV this per Cent, ending 30 at the Street, on instant, de

St. John's

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July 15.

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Rate, Misc Cockroach Blight an Furs, Tick also on Ca

Sold in Pack \$1.25

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Who will su may be a presentat ed can be May 23.

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July 30.

FOR SALE.

Just received from Sydney, C. B.
10 Rolls Grained and Spilt
LEATHER.

A. T. DRYSDALE.
Aug. 2. 1m.

COMMERCIAL BANK OF NEW
FOUNDLAND.

A 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, 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, 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. 1y.

LUMBER!

—BY—

H. W. TRAPNELL.

—O—

Now landing, ex "Atalanta," from Port Medway, N. S.:

20 M. Seasoned Prime Pine

BOARD

20 do. Hemlock do.
30 do. No. 2 Pine do.
July 30.

NOTICES.

METROPOLITAN
LIFE
Insurance Company,
OF NEW YORK.

JOSEPH F. KNAPP, President.
J. R. HEGEMAN, Vice-President.
R. A. GRANNISS, Secretary.
W. M. 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 New 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. ttf.

SAILMAKING!

The Subscriber

BEGS respectfully to acquaint the Shipowners 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. ttf.

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. ttf.

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
SEWIN 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 Molton 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.

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.

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 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,
231 Water Street 231
BREAD

Flour, Pork, Beef
Butter, Molasses, Sugar
Tea, Coffee, Cheese,
Ham, Bacon, Pease, Rice

TOBACCO

KEROSENE OIL, &c., &c.
CHEAP FOR CASH, FISH
OR OIL.

DANIEL FITZGERALD.

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.
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 beg 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. ttf

BLACKSMITH & FARRIER,

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.

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 ttf.

W. H. THOMPSON,

AGENT FOR

Fellows' Compound Syrup

OF

HYPOPHOSPHITES.

HARBOR GRACE

MEDICAL HALL,

W. H. THOMPSON,

Proprietor,

Has always on hand a carefully selected Stock of

DRUGS, MEDICINES,

DRY PAINTS,

Oils, &c., &c.,

And nearly every article in his line that is recommendable:

- Gallup's Floriline for the Teeth and Breath
- Keating's Worm Tablets
- " Cough Lozenges
- Rowland's Odonto
- Oxley's Essence of Ginger
- Lampough's Pyretic Saline
- Powell'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
- Rossiter's "
- Ayer's Hair Vigor
- " Sarsaparilla
- " Cherry Pectoral
- Pickles, French Capers, Sauces
- Soothing Syrup, Kaye's Conguline
- India Rubber Spouge, Teething Sponge, Tooth Cloths
- Nail, Shoe and Stove Brushes
- Widow Walch's Pills
- Morrison's Pills
- Cockle's " "
- Holloway's " "
- Norton's " "
- Hunt's " "
- Holloway's Ointment
- Adams' Indian Salve, Russia Salve
- Morehead's Plaster, Corn Plaster
- Mather's Feeding Bottles
- Bond's Marking Ink, Corn Flour
- Fresh Hops, Arrowroot, Sago, Gold Leaf
- Nelson's Gelatine and Isinglass
- Bonnet Glue, Best German Glycerine
- Lime Juice, Honey, Best Ground Coffee
- 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, Chimnies, Wicks, Burners, &c., &c.
- Cod Liver Oil,
- Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites
- 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 Pastiles, Seidlitz Powders
- Furniture Polish, Plate Polish
- Flavouring Essences, Spices, &c., &c.
- Robinson's Patent Barley
- " Groats

All the above proprietary articles bear the Government Stamp, without which none are genuine.

Outport Orders will receive careful and prompt attention.

May 14 ttf

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. ttf

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. HUGHES, Esq.

N.B.—FRAMES, any size material, made to order.

St. John's, May 10.

Poor and Rich.

In a shattered old garret scarce roofed from the sky, Near a window that shakes as the wind hurries by, Without curtain to hinder the golden sunshine, Which reminds me of riches that never were mine— I recline on a chair that is broken and old, And enwrap my chill'd limbs—now so aged and cold, 'Neath the shabby old coat; with the buttons all torn, While I think of my youth that time's footprint have worn, And the dreams and the hopes that are dead with the dead.

But the cracked plastered walls are emblazoned and bright With the dear, blessed beams of the day's welcome light, My old coat's a king's robe, my old chair a throne, And my thoughts are my courtiers that no king could own; For the truths that they tell as they whisper to me, Are the echoes of pleasures that once used to be, The glad throbbing of hearts that have now ceased to feel, And the treasures of passions that time cannot steal; So, although I know well that my life is near spent, Though I'll die without sorrow, I live with content.

Though my children's soft voices no music now lend, Without wife's sweet embraces, or glance of a friend; Yet my soul sees them still as it peoples the air With the spirits that crowd round my old broken chair. If no wealth I have hoarded to trouble mine ease, I admit that I doated on gems rich as these; And when death snatched the casket that held each fair prize, It flew to my heart where it happily lies; So, 'tis there that the utterings of love now are said By those dear ones whom all but myself fancy dead.

So, though fetid the air of my poor room may be, It has still all the odors of Eden for me, For my Eve wanders here, and my cherubs here sing, As though tempting my spirit like theirs to take wing, Though my pillow be hard, where so well could I rest, As on that on which Amy's fair head has been pressed? So let riches and honor's feed mammon's vain heat; From my shattered old lodging I'll not wish to part, And no coat shall I need save the one I've long worn, Till the last thread be snapped, and the last rent be torn,

SELECT STORY.

The Tragedy at the Old Mill.

A LAWYER'S STORY.

THE saddest case that ever occurred in my practice, said the lawyer, was the one that became so wildly known as 'The Tragedy at the Old Mill.' Let us hear it, by all means, shouted one of our convivialists, who had gathered in the Lawyer's mess-room at the hotel for the purpose of idly passing away the long hours of a winter's night. Out with it, Wright! Out with it! urged another. Thus solicited, the lawyer related the following:— In one of the beautiful little valleys which are so numerous in the rich agricultural counties of Western Maryland on the banks of a quiet, lazy little stream, stood a country mill. You could see many just like it in a day's ride. The old high-peaked, moss-covered roof; the brick-dust coloured weather boarding, and small, meal-stained windows; the quietness and peace suggested by its appearance and surroundings, and the low musical swish-swash of the water as it rushed over the continually revolving wheel, were reproduced in every instance. A few yards away on the other side of the road, on a little knoll whose grassy sides sloped gently down, stood a neat little cottage, in which, a few years ago, lived Abraham Flynn, the miller, and Laura Flynn, the miller's wife. Mary, their only child, was well known to all the young men in the neighborhood as the best dancer, the best company, the most beautiful and captivating little witch, and the most audacious and inveterate little coquette, in all the country round. Though busy all the live-long day, now dusting the scanty, well-worn furniture, churning the butter, baking bread and pies for the morrow, or spreading the miller's well-provided table, when night came she was never too tired to go out flirting with the boys, and vain had been all efforts to conquer

her merry, wilful heart. Jacob Wise, the tailor's apprentice in the nearest town, had sworn on his bended knees that his heart would certainly break if she longer refused him her love; yet, in spite of his oaths and tears, she called him 'an awful goose,' and bade him get up and go away, with a merry laugh. Men are such dreadful tyrants, she said one day, when the miller had been expostulating with her for having refused a rich young farmer; such tyrants, all but you, dear pa; and so dreadful jealous! O dear me! I sha'n't get married for many a long day yet, so where's the use of being engaged, pa? I am getting old, my darling, the miller replied. See my gray hair! I sha'n't live many years, and before I die—

Oh, don't say that, she cried, flinging her arms around his neck, while a sober, serious look came into her face. Don't say that, pa dear; you will live many a long year yet; and then, too, when—when—after awhile, you know, pa dear, when Jack—dear Jack—comes back with his fortune made, I'll try to be a good and loving wife to him, pa, indeed I will. My God! don't tell me that, groaned the miller, half-angrily, half-sorrowfully, unclasping his hands from around his neck. Don't tell me that you still love dissipated, worthless Jack Legore. I would rather see you in the grave than his wife!

Don't call names, pa dear, she answered. He is trying to reform, and will be a good, true man, one day, I know. The miller replied not a word, but holding her from him, looked long and sadly into her blushing face. Don't fear for me, she continued. I told Jack that I never would be a drunkard's wife, and I never will. But I promised him that I would wait, and if he went away and worked hard, and made of himself a respected, God-fearing man I would then be his wife. That promise I will keep; yes, and as long as he is true to himself and me, I will be true and faithful to him, even as I expect God to remember me at the judgement day.

Her bright eyes sparkled with a loving light as she spoke, and her breast heaved with emotion. Still the miller was silent, but the lines in his face were deeper and broader as he slowly walked down to his work at the mill. So, at last, the truth was known to one; but to all the world beside, the miller's daughter was as heart-whole as on the day she was born. A few years before this conversation occurred, Jack Legore and Mary had been betrothed to each other with the full and glad consent of both her parents. On his side there was no one to consult for both of his parents were dead, and his only uncle was rejoiced to have nothing to do with him. Those had been happy days for Jack—days in which there had been no signs of coming clouds and storms, but only sunshine and happiness and peace. He was a young lawyer, with a small but growing practice, in the town of Linwood, a few miles from the mill. Night after night, for months, he had been the only escort Mary had ever cared to accept to the numerous balls, parties and picnics for which this neighborhood was famous, until at last far and wide over the country, she came to be considered by all as Jack's exclusive property; and all the young people began to look forward with impatience to the joyous festivities which they knew would attend the wedding.

What was the surprise then, of everybody, when, Jack's visits suddenly ceased, and soon it became known that he had taken to drinking both hard and deep. Conjecture was rife as to the cause, and many reasons were assigned; but at last only one conclusion was reached: Mary had refused him as she had done so many others before him. Jacob Wise, the tailor's apprentice, had once endeavoured to set the matter at rest by questioning Jack himself. With a condescending and pitying air he had said, Oh, never mind her, Jack! I know her; she's nothing but a heartless, brainless flirt. Jack stared at him a moment, as though not comprehending, and then administered a blow on the ear that laid the sympathizing apprentice sprawling in the dust. After that no one dared to approach the subject in his presence; and, in a little while, no one ever thought about the matter at all, except sometimes when Jack was seen reeling along the street, one of his old friends might say,— Poor Jack! It's a great shame; he has been driven to the dogs by that miserable coquette at the mill.

It is necessary to state here what produced this change, so we will go back to the sunny days, before any suspicion, pain or suffering had come upon these young hearts. One evening then, in the early spring-time, Jack and Mary were sitting on the little vine-covered porch of the cottage, earnestly talking of the picnic that was

to be held on the fast approaching first of May.

So Tom Peters had asked you to go with him, has he? said Jack, in reply to something Mary had been telling him. Of course you won't do it; but I say, Mary, I don't like his coming here so often. What the deuce does he do it for?

On business with pa, I suppose, Jack. And does he talk to you on your pa's business?

Oh, fie, Jack! you're getting jealous again, aren't you?

And if I am, replied Jack, beginning to get excited, as he thought Mary was concealing something from him, if I am I am beginning to think I have good cause to be. Now Mary did not care a straw for Tom Peters. On the contrary, she rather disliked him; but here was an opportunity for worrying Jack, which her fun-loving nature could not neglect. And beside, Jack's tone was a little too dictatorial for her high spirit. She would not permit such conduct on a mere engagement. After she was married it might do; but she had her doubts whether she would permit it even then.

Jack, she said, after a little pause, don't you know that I think Tom Peters is just a splendid fellow?

Oh, of course you do; confound him! grunted Jack.

Then, too, he's rich. He has a diamond ring that would just look splendid on my—on some one's finger; and he owns a pair of horses, and this very mill that pa rents from him. Jack, by this time was in a furious passion. He had called in a fault-finding mood, and was disposed to grumble at the most loving words; but here was something he had not calculated upon. There, right before his very eyes, sat the girl whom he loved and to whom he was engaged, telling him, Jack Legore, and a poor man at that, of all the advantages, which a richer man, and one whom he at least, knew to be a suitor for Mary's hand, possessed by reason of his wealth.

So that's it, is it? he fairly hissed out. You have been counting up the silks and diamonds he could buy you, and comparing them with the miserable calicoes you would have to wear as my wife, have you? Mary his gold if you wish; I won't object! Don't get so angry about it, please! Mary very coolly replied. And, since you mention it, I believe I do think diamonds and silks are nicer than calicoes.

Jack could bear no more. Seizing his hat, he hastened away with a face white with anger; and after he had gone, Mary slipped up stairs to her room where she indulged in a good hearty cry. Now this quarrel was entirely unnecessary, for Jack had no cause to be jealous. Tom Peters was a rich man, as Mary had said, but he had gained his riches in a manner that was not morally, if it was legally honest; and then, too, his fiercely passionate disposition had, on several occasions, placed him in the clutches of the law, from which only his money had extricated him. All this Mary knew, and she thoroughly despised the man; but, as he was the owner of the mill, she, for her father's sake, treated him kindly whenever he visited them.

Attracted by her good looks and pleasant manners, he soon grew to love her; and his visits, at first few and on business, rapidly grew more numerous. Until Jack himself had mentioned it, however, she had never looked upon him as a possible lover.

Peters was too acute not to see that he had no chance as long as Jack stood so high in her esteem. A good reader of character, he had long observed what Jack had not—that with Mary money would never weigh in the balance with love. He was always scrupulously polite and kind, but nothing more; he had patience, and could wait for Jack to make a blunder. In the meantime he watched them both with a vigilance that was untiring.

From the day of the quarrel, Jack Legore was the most miserable of men. But he was a proud one, too; and he firmly made up his mind that he would never, no, never—and he stamped his foot fiercely and swore an oath as he said it—so long as he lived, go to that mill again until Mary had apologized to him for the cruel words she had used. The long days grew into months, and no word came from her. Then Jack, as many a better man has done before him, thought to drown his sorrow in the wine-cup; and night after night, as he and his companions sang merry songs over their liquor, he may have thought that again he was happy. But when the mornings came, oh! the dreadful awakening! The sickness of body was nothing compared with his sickness of soul, as he thought would come to him that he had forever lost not only his heart's treasure but himself as well.

Friend after friend deserted him, until, at last, he was alone in the world.

His few clients went from him to others and then he was without means of obtaining money. This, however, only made him drink the more. It is one of the most wonderful things in this world, that no matter how poor a man may be, no matter how unable to obtain even a loaf of bread, he yet can manage to get strong drink enough to keep him continually intoxicated. So it was with Jack; and now he had come to be known as Jack Legore—the drunken attorney.

You may be sure that Mary was kept well informed of all his doings. Tom Peters took good care of that; not roughly or openly, as a newsbearer, nor as though an intention lurked behind it; but covertly and cunningly, as though he were sorry, and sometimes through others he conveyed the news.

Once, Mary wrote to Jack a kind, pitying letter, in which she asked him to reform for her sake. But the note was handed to him unfortunately when he was in a bar-room, and drinking. Already excited with liquor, he grew angry at the thought of being pitied by her, and in a spirit of bravado he read the note aloud to his boon companions, and then tore it into pieces and stamped upon it.

Information of this deed was also speedily conveyed to Mary, and when she heard it all hopes of Jack's reformation, all her fond hopes of a union with him, died out of her heart. She now felt that she must break off her engagement with him, and for this purpose she again wrote to him, requesting him to call to see her on business of importance.

On the morning after receiving Mary's first note, when Jack awoke, the words "reform for my sake" were floating confusedly through his mind, as though they had been part of a dream; and he kept repeating them to himself, wondering where he had heard them. Presently, the night before with all its dreamful recollections came back to his memory, and he trembled like a leaf in a storm as he thought of the desecration of Mary's letter. Then the scales seemed to fall from his eyes, and for the first time he saw himself as others for so long had seen him. Oh, horror of that dreadful moment! He fell on his knees by the bedside, and burying his face in his hands prayed as he had never done before.

The hours passed away, and noon came, bringing with it a messenger with Mary's second note. Jack's landlady took it to his room, and tapped at the door. No answers came. Then she looked in, and there was Jack still upon his knees and sobbing pitifully. Guessing the cause, she slipped the paper into his hand and quietly went away.

A little before dark he came down stairs and started in the direction of the mill. Mary was sitting in the parlor of the little cottage waiting for him. She was prepared to be firm. He had disgraced himself and insulted her; surely, he was deserving of no pity. She pictured to herself the coming interview. Jack would prepare himself for it by drinking deeply, she thought. He would be maudlin and incoherent; she would be calm and cool and firm. She would give him good advice, and bid him farewell forever. As to his personal appearance, it was not difficult to imagine that; Peters had often enough described it. His eyes would be watery, his face swollen, and his clothes worn and dirty.

Without came the sound of approaching footsteps, a knock at the door, and Jack entered in his old familiar way. Walking to the middle of the room, and folding his arms over his breast, he stood before her, looking her full in the face. She looked at him in astonishment. The clothes were poor and threadbare, to be sure, but they were brushed until they were scrupulously clean and neat; the boots were blacked the shirt was as white as snow. The swelling had all left his face, which now was white and thin, and instead of the watery look, there blazed from his eyes a light born of a high and holy purpose, and in his attitude and appearance shone the spirit of a man.

You wrote to me to come, said he, simply, and I am here. It was all so different from what she had expected, that she could no more have answered him than she could have flown out of the room. Here was no maudlin, ragged drunkard, whom she could pity and advise; but a sober, earnest-looking fellow, whose proud eyes seemed to read her very soul, and whose poor, pale face touched every chord of love and sympathy in her heart. The old love all came back with a rush that sent the warm color to neck and cheek; and although she knew that they still must part, she felt that the parting would be a sad and bitter one.

After a moment Jack spoke again. Have you sent for me, said he, to reproach me with the past? The inexpressibly sad tone with which this was uttered was too much for her, and she burst into tears. Oh, no, not that, Jack! God knows, not that! she replied,

Then he knew that, in spite of all she still loved him, and the knowledge made him as humble and gentle as a child. In an instant he had her in his arms, and was pouring into her ear a wild torrent of loving words.

Hours passed away before all the past had been explained, and then he rose to go. When he took her by the hand for the last time, the promises were made of which she had spoken to her father.

Away out there, Mary, where the sun sets, there is an almost unknown land. There, thank God! no one will know of the sins done here; and I may begin my life anew. The old life died last night; the sun will shine to-morrow upon the new. With your love to cheer me, and by God's help, I'll be a man yet.

When the morning sun shone upon Linwood, Jack was already on his road towards the West.

Three long years had passed away since the parting on that morning when the miller discovered that his child still loved and waited for Jack Legore. In all this time Jack had written no word to tell where he was or what he was doing; but Mary trusted him implicitly, and had faith that one day he would come back to her a true and noble man. So full of life and merriment had she been in these years, so eager was she always for any kind of fun, that no one ever dreamed of the longing that was continually in her heart. She had rejected many good offers of marriage, and some bad ones; among the latter Tom Peters.

After Jack went away he had rapidly grown more and more demonstrative of his affection, and finally made Mary the offer of his hand. She refused it instantly and almost indignantly. He in no wise resented the affront, but the fire in his eyes showed the fierce passion that raged in his heart.

Miss Flynn, he had said on leaving her, I shall make you this offer again some time, and when I do, mark my words, you will not then refuse it! After that he was a little more distant in his manner toward her, but still as polite and respectful as ever before.

Mary told her father of the occurrence that evening, and he expressed his approval of her reply. But treat him kindly as you can when he comes again, Mary, he said, for I much fear I am in his power. In his power! Why, how can that be, pa?

A pained and weary look came over the old miller's face as he replied,— I should have told you before, my dear, he said; but I acted for the best. I wished you to have every advantage, thinking you might marry some of the wealthy young men who came to see you, and then all would have been well.

I could never marry for mere money, she replied. But come, cheer up, dear pa. I can work—surely it will not be difficult to teach a school; and both of us together will soon pay off the debt. The miller smiled, although his heart was sore at the enthusiasm of his child; but nevertheless her brave words inspired him with new courage, and he determined that come what would, he would never attempt to force her affections.

The next day Peters came to the mill. Look here, Flynn! said he. I'd like to know what's the matter with that precious daughter of yours. Have you been sticking any infernal nonsense into her head about me? Mary is old enough, replied the miller, to judge of men for herself; and I have made it a rule never to interfere with her judgment when once it is formed.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

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