

The Star,

AND CONCEPTION BAY SEMI-WEEKLY ADVERTISER.

Volume I.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Tuesday, July 16, 1872.

Number 18.

JULY.

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MOON'S PHASES.

NEW MOON.....5th, 2.54 P. M.
FIRST QUARTER...13th, 4.17 P. M.
FULL MOON.....20th, 10.23 A. M.
LAST QUARTER...27th, 3.48 P. M.

NOTICES.

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PLATED WARE, and
JEWELRY of every description & style.
May 14.

BLANK FORMS

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

USEFUL INFORMATION.

A Mother's Love, or, Safe in the Cleft of the Rock.

In the Highlands of Scotland, a poor widow found herself unable to pay the rent of her small cottage, and the agent of the landlord threatened to dispossess her. A kinsman who lived at some distance had promised to assist her, and she set out for his residence, carrying on her back her only child, a boy about two years old.

The morning when she left her home gave promise of a lovely day. But before noon the heavens were darkened by a gathering storm. It was in the month of May, and the fall of snow on that day so unusual both for its season and its severity, is yet remembered in the region as "the great May storm." The severity of the storm overtook the lone traveller in a wild mountain pass, ten miles from her home. She knew that a mile beyond it there was a house where she could find shelter; but whenever she attempted to face the blast which was rushing through the gorge, all hope failed of proceeding in that direction.

After wandering some time among the huge fragments of granite which skirted the base of the overhanging precipices, she found a sheltered nook under a ledge of rock, where she crouched, pressing her child to her trembling bosom. The storm continued to rage, and it became bitterly cold. All she thought of was the protection of her child. She wrapped him in her shawl, which was thin and worn. As night came on, she stripped off almost all her clothing and wrapped it round the child whom at last, in despair, she put in a deep crevice of the rock among some dried heather and fern. Covering his face with tears and kisses she left him in a soft sleep, and rushed into the snow drift, resolved to find assistance for him or perish in the attempt.

The night of storm was succeeded by a peaceful morning. The people of the village, fearing that she could not have reached her destination, set out in a body to search for her. They reached the pass, and at its entrance they found the widow dead, her arms stretched forth as if imploring assistance. Before noon, the cries of the child guided them to its safe hiding place, where all the story of the mother's love was revealed.

Fifty years later, an aged minister was preaching in a distant city on the love of Christ, and in illustrating the nature of the love which seeketh not her own, he told the story of the Highland widow, whom he had known in his boyhood. Some time afterwards a message was brought from a dying man, who greatly desired to see him. The request was speedily complied with. The sick man seized him by the hand, and gazing intently in his face, said, "You do not know me, but I know you and knew your father before you. I have been a wanderer in many lands, and have fought and bled for my country. I came to this town a few weeks ago in bad health, and was providentially led to the place where you were preaching. I heard you tell the story of the widow and her son."—Here the voice of the old soldier faltered, but recovering himself a little he cried, "I am that son!" and burst into a flood of tears.

"Yes," he continued when he had recovered his composure, "I am that son! Well might you ask what a heart would have been if such a mother's love had been forgotten by me. I never forgot her, and my last desire is to lay my bones beside hers in the old churchyard among the hills. But what covers me with shame is, that until now I never saw the love of the Saviour in giving himself for poor sinners." With deep reverence he added, "It was God made you tell that story. Praise to His holy name! my mother has not died in vain, and the prayer offered for me has been answered." The story of her love has been used by the Holy Spirit in leading me to see the love of Christ. I see it; I believe it; I have found refuge in my old age as in my childhood in the cleft of the rock; but it is the Rock of Ages!" And clasping his hands, he repeated with intense fervor, "Can a mother forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? They may forget, yet will not I forget thee!" He lived for some years a devoted disciple of the Lord Jesus.

Sir A. T. Galt has retired from political life. He was for many years one of the leading statesmen of Canada.

The Newspaper.

In a recent article on "Newspapers," the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*—an excellent paper, with a name which we begin to like, notwithstanding unfavorable first impressions—makes the following suggestions:

Notwithstanding the fact of the great degree of prosperity generally attending newspaper enterprises in this country, it is not probable that neither the success of the journals of the past nor of the present furnish a fair test upon which it will be safe, in the future, to base enterprises in journalism. Newspapers are now so plenty and so cheap, and the facilities of the telegraph are so great, that news, which to many conductors of daily journals seems to be the first and about the only consideration, has ceased to maintain its relative overshadowing importance, as compared with the opinions and comments of the press. The journals that will exert the greatest degree of influence will be those which most correctly apprehend the best sentiment and most pronounced will of the masses of the people. The journal that depends upon and strives to represent the mass of general intelligence will achieve independence alike honorable to itself and gratifying to its readers. Such a journal will have not only the largest but most respectable following and accomplish the most good in the world of newspapers. In the future people will pay a penny for the associated press despatches, and another for the most industrious and enterprising gatherer of "specials" but the other three pennies will be paid for the journal that best represents and reflects, in its editorial columns, the sentiments most widely entertained by the people.

If these views are correct, journalism in this country is in its infancy. High as its attainments and aims now are, there is a vast field for improvement, and the next ten years will doubtless witness developments in journalism equally astonishing with those of the last decade. It is only in countries where the people lead, but never follow, individuals, that free governments can long continue to exist. Journals that comprehend this fact will be able to aid in the perpetuation of our form of government, and hence assist in a higher development of civilization. Journals that fail to appreciate this difference between the past and the present will fail to interest or benefit the masses of the people, and hence deservedly fail of success.

Summer Drinks.

Ice water should be drunk but sparingly. A most excellent substitute for it is pounded ice taken in small lumps into the mouth and allowed to dissolve upon the tongue. This will prove very refreshing and much more enduring in its effects.

Lemonade is a simple and grateful beverage. To make it: Roll the lemons on something hard till they become soft; grate off the rinds, cut the lemons in slices and squeeze them in a pitcher, (a new clothes pin will answer for a squeezer in lieu of something better;) pour on the required quantity of water, and sweeten according to taste. The grated rinds, for the sake of their aroma, should be added too. After mixing thoroughly, set the pitcher aside for half an hour; then strain the liquor through a jelly strainer and put in the ice.

Travellers who find it inconvenient to use lemons can carry a box of lemon sugar prepared from citric acid and sugar, a little of which in a glass of ice-water will furnish quite a refreshing drink, and one that will help oftentimes to avert sick headache and biliousness. Citric acid is obtained from the juice of lemons and limes.

Perry is a delicious beverage made from cherries and will keep a year or more. Take six pounds of cherries and bruise them; pour on a pint and a half of hot water, and boil for fifteen minutes; strain through a flannel bag, and add three pounds of sugar. Boil for half an hour, or until the liquid will sink to the bottom of a cup of water (try it with a teaspoonful of the liquid;) then turn into jelly cups and cover with paper dipped in the white of an egg.—*Scribner's for July.*

The Royal Visit to Ireland.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh landed at Kingstown shortly after ten o'clock on Tuesday. He was received with the highest honors, and met with the heartiest wel-

come. Greater numbers have awaited, but truer greeting was never accorded, a royal visitor to Ireland. The Lord Lieutenant, with a large and distinguished party, met the Prince on landing. The Chairman and Town Commissioners of Kingstown presented him with an address congratulating him that his first Irish official visit was to give expression to her Majesty's continued interest in the development of those industries in friendly rivalry with the sister countries which tended to promote Ireland's wealth and prosperity. The Duke having briefly replied, left for Dublin, where he was received by the Lord Mayor in state and amid great popular applause. He then proceeded to the Viceregal Lodge. After some hours' sojourn at the Viceregal Lodge, his Royal Highness visited the Zoological Gardens. The visit was the occasion of a scene of enraptured beauty in the park, as trains of equipages passed along each avenue and gaily-attired pedestrians hastened to welcome the illustrious visitor. At four o'clock his Royal Highness, accompanied by the Lord Lieutenant, Countess Spencer, and a select party, arrived at the Gardens, where the Duke was received by the President and Council of the Royal Dublin Society. He almost immediately sought out the elephant, one of the chief attractions of the gardens. The noble animal was the gift of his Royal Highness, who brought him from India. The elephant was mounted in full Indian trappings, and looked splendidly. In the gardens there was an immense gathering of the aristocracy, and the promenade was rendered more agreeable by the alternate music of the military and Royal Irish constabulary bands. His Royal Highness remained about an hour, visiting the various specimens in the collection, and then returned to the Viceregal Lodge, where there was a private dinner party, and subsequently a concert took place. *Manchester Times, June 8.*

Thunder Storm at Nova Scotia.

This city was visited by a thunderstorm of extraordinary violence on the afternoon Tuesday last. For several hours big clouds rolled up on all sides, and distant thunder was audible. At half past three a heavy cloud passed over the city discharging foods of rain and large masses of hail. At half past four a second cloud narrower but lower than the former rolled over us. There were two explosions of lightning in the heart of the city. One discharge struck the steeple of Chalmers Church and injured it seriously. The whole building was severely shaken. Splinters were flying considerable distances. A cloud of dust that rose after the stroke and the crash created the impression that the church was on fire. The alarm was sounded and firemen rushed to the scene. Happily there was no fire. The second terrible crash followed close on the first and the electric fluid struck the cupola of the New Provincial Building causing some damage. It also struck lightly in a part of the Old Building.—*Haltfax paper, June 22.*

Lobster Factory.

The Lobster Factory at Chester, carried on by the Portland Packing Co., is driving a large business this season. They have boiled as high as 12,000 lobsters in a day, and canned 150,000 tins in twenty six days. Employment is thus given to scores of persons, male and female, and money made out of this hitherto almost neglected shell-fish. A lobster weighing 21 pounds was recently sent to this city by them for the Museum. The only objection hitherto to the working of this Company, has been their profaning the sanctity of our Sabbaths by continuing their labor on that as on other days; but we are glad to notice this season that this has been abandoned. They also have opened establishments of the same kind at Cape Sable Island, Indian Harbor and Cape Canso.—*Ibid.*

Froude.

It is announced that Froude, the brilliant Essayist and Historian, will spend the winter in the United States, delivering a course of lectures on the following subjects:—

1. The Norman Conquest of Ireland.
2. Ireland under the Tudors and Stuarts.
3. The Penal Laws and their Consequences.
4. Grattan.
5. The Rebellion of 1798, the Union, and the Ireland of to-day.

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he, he said; do not fear.
ou, you shall have it.

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OUR NEXT.]

STAR

ON BAY SEMI-
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THE STAR.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—We beg to state we will publish no communication unaccompanied by the full and true name of the writer.

THE STAR.

HARBOR GRACE, JULY 16, 1872.

The mail steamer "Tiger" has arrived at St. John's from the northward, reporting the fishery bad except at Twillingate, Fogo and Tilton Harbor.

The "Chronicle" feels sore at any reference to the inefficiency of the "Osprey" for the Labrador mail service. We have only to quote the "Chronicle" to prove how readily its editor lends himself to bolster any cause that pays—the editor. Here is what the editor says in the article in which he ventures to take us to task:—"The misfortune of the vessel is that her boilers are too small and do not make steam sufficient to give her speed!!" And yet this is the vessel contracted for, not as a "sailing vessel" but as a "steamer," and for the purposes of a steamer; and knowing all these matters, the "Chronicle" defends the contract and asks time! At the close of the season something eventful may come to the rescue and help him through the mud.

We gladly publish, in to-day's issue, a letter from the Rev. Mr. Botwood, referring to the object (or rather objects) of the exhibition to be held in September next. The Rev. Gentleman, we are happy to learn, has already met with considerable encouragement, and we feel confident that still greater success awaits him. His efforts are directed towards the consummation of an enterprise, the fruits of which will not only tend to perpetuate the memory of one whose philanthropy and Christian zeal "were never still," but will also stimulate our people to cultivate a taste for the fine arts, and develop the latent resources of the colony. We again tender to the Rev. Projector our hearty appreciation of the noble work he has in hand, and wish him unbounded success.

CRICKET AND BOATING have become the popular pastimes, and from the exhilarating effects accruing from such exercises, they must be very beneficial to all pursuing them. Already we have had a great deal of cricket; just yesterday juvenile elevens of Carbonear and of this town played a "match" in Alexandra Park, and to-day we have another: the Carbonear Eleven having challenged "Harbor Grace," and an acceptance given in return. While we go to press, the game is proceeding, and we feel confident that it will be well contested. Our mercantile firms, who are ever liberal in granting holidays, have kindly closed their premises, thus unabling the public generally to be present.

POLICE INTELLIGENCE.—Mr. Inspector Foley—accompanied by Mr. Warren, C. E.—has recently visited Hearts Content with the view of making preliminary arrangements for the erection of a Jail at that important place, where an additional policeman or two will be stationed. There are many reasons which go to show that Hearts Content must eventually become the capital of Trinity Bay, so that the erection of a Jail is a step in the right direction. The ancient and loyal town of Brigus, we learn, is also to have an augmentation of its Police Force. Mr. Inspector Foley does not let grass grow nearth his feet. He has already worked up the Force to wonderful efficiency, and seems to us to be the sort of man who can not only imitate but originate improvements in connection with this service.

We understand a deputation of Brethren of the "mystic tie," connected with the Grand Lodge, on an official visit, may be looked for on Thursday; the S. S. "Tiger" being hired for the occasion.

GREAT SCULLING RACE.—By telegram we notice that Brown, the Halifax champion, gained the victory over Fulton, chief of the celebrated Paris crew—winning by twenty seconds.

We learn that the Volunteer Fire Company here anticipate a regatta in short, and trust no difficulty will arise to mar the "lovers of the oar" from having a gala day.

A SAD WANT.—The St. John Telegraph says:—"There is great distress in the city, owing to the want of marriage licenses! They have been anxiously awaited for several days by couples anxious to enter connubial bliss.

Several couples who intended to have left the city after being married, have been delayed. Marriage banquets have been got ready, but the expected guests could not be found. Ministers have been deprived of fees, and other evils have followed."

If the parties in such trouble would just step on board the Bay steamer and come to Harbor Grace, they'll find every convenience.

CRICKET.

The return match between the Alexandra and Victoria Cricket Clubs, was played at Carbonear, on Wednesday last, and the latter was again victorious. The appended score gives all the details, showing the result to be an easy victory for the Victoria by ten wickets.

The following is the score of Wednesday last:—

Alexandra.		Victoria.	
1ST INNINGS.		1ST INNINGS.	
Carson, b Nelson, c	5	Nicholl, b Paterson	0
Sprague	5	Nelson, b Youdall	0
Emerson, b Sprague	5	D. Taylor, b Paterson	0
Murphy, b Sprague	5	c Jarvis	0
Paterson, b Nelson	5	S. Taylor, b Paterson	0
Reed, b Nelson	5	Morrison, b Paterson	0
Jarvis, b Sprague, c	5	c Paterson	0
Gould	5	G. Peach, b Paterson	0
Allan, not out	5	c Youdall	0
Youdall, b Nelson, c	5	Duguid, s Paterson	0
D. Taylor	5	Sprague, run out	0
Quinton, b Sprague	5	Gould, b Youdall	0
Munn, b Nelson, c	5	A. Peach, b Youdall	0
Gould	5	Simpson, not out	0
Alexander, b Nelson	5		0
Nelson	5		0
Total	40		0
2ND INNINGS.		2ND INNINGS.	
Allan, b Nelson, c D.	3	Gould, not out	5
Taylor	3	G. Peach, not out	6
Murphy, b Nelson	2		0
Carson, b Nelson	2		0
Emerson, b Sprague	2		0
Reed, b Sprague	0		0
Paterson, b Nelson	19		0
Jarvis, b Nelson, c	0		0
Sprague	0		0
Youdall, b Nelson	16		0
Quinton, b Nelson	0		0
Alexander, b Nelson	1		0
c D. Taylor	1		0
Munn, not out	1		0
Total	48		0
Byes, 5, leg byes 5,			0
wides 6	16		0
Total	64		0
Victoria.		2ND INNINGS.	
Nicholl, b Paterson	0	Gould, not out	5
Nelson, b Youdall	0	G. Peach, not out	6
D. Taylor, b Paterson	0		0
c Jarvis	0		0
S. Taylor, b Paterson	0		0
Morrison, b Paterson	0		0
c Paterson	0		0
G. Peach, b Paterson	0		0
c Youdall	0		0
Duguid, s Paterson	0		0
Sprague, run out	0		0
Gould, b Youdall	0		0
A. Peach, b Youdall	0		0
Simpson, not out	0		0
Total	80		0
Byes 6, leg balls 3,			0
no balls 3	12		0
Total	92		0

CORRESPONDENCE.

[TO THE EDITORS OF THE STAR.]

DEAR SIRS,—I beg to return you and my other friends of the Press my most cordial thanks for the warm manner in which you have embraced the project of the Exhibition to be held here in September next, for your excellent leader on the subject, and for your generosity in inserting the advertisement free of charge. I am gratified to find that the scheme has received a hearty welcome from all classes of the community; and I cannot but think the Exhibition will be both successful and beneficial to the Colony. As yet I have not been in a position to state in print the objects of the Exhibition, owing to the absence of my Bishop whose return I was expecting, and whom I wished to consult on a certain point connected with one of them, namely, whether the Tower and bells should be dedicated to the perpetuation of the memory of one whose charity was never still, or not; but feeling that it would not be well to await any longer, the settling of this question, I beg permission to state to you and your readers the objects which I have in view. They are these: To cultivate a more general affection for the arts and sciences; to stimulate trade, and to improve workmanship by exciting emulation, and to augment a fund now being raised for paying off an old debt on St. Mary's Church; for completing the Tower, and for placing six bells in it. I shall hope to receive permission to make the Tower and bells memorial.

The sympathy of the Press with the Exhibition has cheered me exceedingly, and again I beg to thank you and my other kind friends for it, feeling assured that it promises success.

I am, Sirs,
Your obliged and grateful servant,
EDWARD BOTWOOD.

St. Mary's Parsonage,
St. John's, 8th July, 1872.

[FOR THE HARBOR GRACE STAR.]

The Music of a Kiss.

The Grand Jubilee lately celebrated at Boston will be held in remembrance as an era in this age of musical proficiency. The absence of masters like Mozart, Hayden and Handel is not felt, because of the extensive know-

ledge of music in all classes, and the great proficiency of so large a number of world-wide celebrities. One can fancy something of the effects produced at the Jubilee by the overwhelming majesty of such a volume of sound falling on the ear harmoniously. It is questionable, however, whether the impressions then produced would be of a lasting character. The plaintive strain of the shepherd boy meandering his flock through green valleys probably would strike the senses more impressively; as would also the blythesome filling notes of yon fair maid who hies the sky-lark in its imperial ascent, and touches a new lyre as she pensively dries the moisture from the lilies she has gathered, warbling in tones soft and clear a song of lament that her "birdie had left her all alone." Under such circumstances the mind would be impressed otherwise than when listening to the full blast of many hundreds of voices, however true might be the harmony. The same songs sung by the same individual under different circumstances possibly enough might fail to arrest attraction. If we saw a buxom lass—bright of eye and ruddy cheek'd—with sleeves tucked up and dress arranged, as girls manage to arrange for a hard day's washing, and that such an one were hard at work in a dirty corner of a dirty street in a crowded, dirty city, could her song impress the mind, either in force or sentiment, as would the maiden's melody lamenting "her birdie?" We think not, even tho' the latter should sing less sweetly than the former. What is it that tunes the ear to a different appreciation in such cases? It is the principle at work that imparts melody to the rippling, surging, bounding brook; that inhales—so to speak—the beauties of nature, and accepts the wise law that pronounces all very good. In the case of the maid lamenting her birdie, we have a combination of nature and principle, charmingly influencing the senses, whereas in the other instance of the washing girl, we have the same forces at work, but differently moved. Surely after all this our readers will be prepared to appreciate the music of a kiss. We might listen to Handel's "Messiah" by the great author and not experience the sensation awake to the impressions that result from the music of a kiss. Here is but the echo to the great voice of nature, harmonious in all its reverberations. The effects of the melody of which we write have not changed in character since they first operated in the garden, and altho' we can only take what others say on this point, yet we can confidently believe it to have been—apart from higher things—the sweetest music of Paradise. There is no Paradise without it. Let any person try if he or she can forget the first kiss recorded by Cupid as their number one: it would be found impossible to do so; and yet probably thousands may have resounded since that time—the impression, therefore, is of a lasting character. We have been referring to this music in its perfection; it is pleasing under almost any circumstance. We could listen to its melody interestedly in the case of the washing girl to whom we alluded, tho' perhaps with somewhat less admiration if we previously heard the part performed by the lassie who sang of her lost birdie; but in either or both cases, we do say, it would be unmanly and ungentlemanly to refuse taking the part of second in such a Consort, and whatever "Kate and the children" might say to it, we would undertake the duties to the best of our ability, having no doubt but that we would improve rapidly. People are to be met with who have no ear for music of any kind; of course such persons know nothing of the music of a kiss—it is a pity they should—but we address ourselves to sympathising hearts in hopes to awaken a little more enterprise in this direction.

A. A. E.

July 15.

LOCAL ITEMS.

The annual Conference of the Ministers of the Wesleyan Methodist Church of Eastern British America, terminated its sittings at Halifax on Friday last. We are indebted to the Revd. Mr. Pickles, who is located in St. John's during the absence of the delegates from this district, for the following list of appointments telegraphed to him on Saturday last, and which we believe may be regarded as correct and final:—
Revd. Mr. Milligan, M. A.,—St. John's, Super.
" Cranford—St. John's.
" Atkinson—St. John's.
" Harris—Brigus.
" Peach—Blackhead.
" Dove—Twillingate.
" Comben—Carbonear.
" Hale—Carbonear.
" Pascoe—Island Cove.
" Duke—Grand Bank.
" Goodison—Bonavista.
" Ladner—Harbor Grace.
" Forsey—Burin.
" Willie—Exploits.
" Pickles—Channel.
" Matthews—Greenspond.
" Dunn—Hants Harbor.
" Myers—Little Bay Islands.
" Currie—Fortune.
" Swan—Shoal Harbor, Random.
" Reay—Catalina.—*Courier*, July 10.

Arrangements have been made for a Regatta, to take place, on Quidi Vidi Lake, on Tuesday 30th instant.—*Times*, July 13.



Latest Despatches.

BERLIN, July 9.
The statue of Stein, the eminent German statesman, was unveiled to-day at Nassau, in presence of the court and Emperor. George Bancroft, American Minister, delivered an address in which he gave a biographical sketch of Stein.

LONDON, 10.
In the House of Commons to-day, Mr. Morrison moved the proportional representation Bill, which adopts the measure of representation proportioned to the population, and readjusted according to each successive census. Mr. Morrison explained the operation of the Bill at great length. He demonstrated that under this system Birmingham would be entitled to seven and Liverpool eleven representatives in Parliament, instead of three each, as at present, and London would be represented by 62 members instead of 20 as now. Mr. Hughes seconded the motion of Mr. Morrison. Mr. Dilke opposed the motion on the ground that Ireland and Scotland were not included. Sir Alexander Cockburn, arbitrator on the part of England in the Geneva Tribunal is to be created an Earl.

NEW YORK, 9.
An exciting feature in Stokes' trial yesterday, was the appearance of the prisoner's aged father on the witness stand.
The Democratic convention at Baltimore completed its organization, by the election of ex-senator Doolittle as permanent chairman, who made a lengthy speech, after which it adjourned till noon to-day.

NEW YORK, 11.
The first ballot for the presidential candidate at Baltimore resulted as follows: Greeley 617, Bayard, of Delaware, 15, Jerry Black of Pennsylvania, 21, Grossbeck 3. Greeley's nomination was subsequently made unanimous; the vote for Vice-President, stood for B. G. Brown of Missouri 713, J. W. Stevenson of Kentucky 6, Black 13, the Cincinnati platform was fully endorsed and the convention dissolved with cheers for the nominees.
The Democratic press of the country generally accept the Baltimore nomination.
Gold not quoted.

LONDON, 11.
The motion of Mr. Morrison for second reading of the proportional representation Bill, was continued till a late hour last night. In the House of Commons the amendment offered by Sir Charles Dilke, extending the provisions of the Bill to Ireland and Scotland was rejected, 154 to 26; the House then divided on the motion of Mr. Morrison, when there was a decided negative vote.

President Thiers won a substantial victory over the French Assembly yesterday. The amendments introduced by the opponents of the Bill for the proposed tax on raw material were rejected on division.
The Berlin *Official Gazette* to-day promulgates a law, providing for the banishment of Jesuites from Germany, and all establishments now under their control are to be broken up in six months.

LONDON, 12.
John Bright, after receiving a Staffordshire testimonial, made a speech, in which he censured the conduct of the House of Lords in regard to the Ballot Bill and said that House seems to be almost the last refuge of political ignorance and fashion. He also expressed disapproval of the policy pursued by Gladstone's government as regards Russia, and in conclusion said he hoped and believed the difficulties with America have terminated.
The suit of O'Brien against the Chief Secretary of Ireland for injuries received from the police during the Phoenix Park riot in Dublin, resulted in favor of the plaintiff. The jury awarded him twenty-five pounds.

NEW YORK, 12.
More sunstrokes yesterday.
Weather hot and foggy.
Tremain continued his argument on behalf of Stokes' trial.
To-day only about 200 Orangemen paraded, accompanied by 1200 police, they bore two American flags and their Orange banners. All quiet on the route.
A Committee of the Baltimore convention waited on Mr. Greeley to-day, and informed him of his nomination by the Democrats. Mr. Greeley accepted it in a brief speech.
Gold 113 7/8.

PORT HASTINGS, 13.
The great sculling race between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, came off yesterday in Digby basin, resulting in a victory for Brown, the Halifax champion, over Fulton, chief of the celebrated Paris crew. In a four mile pull Brown won by twenty seconds. Immense enthusiasm this side of the Bay.

CRICKET.—Here is a note of the scores between the Metropolitan and Terra Nova Clubs, on the Parade ground, on Monday last:—
Metropolitan,—first innings, 100; second 76.
Terra Nova,—first innings, 62; second, 82.
—The former gaining the day; but it is likely the young bloods will have another contest soon.—*Times*, July 13.

At St. John's, the Rev. Father Branscombe, to Mr. John Bogg.

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June 29.

Folly's Fandango.

In youth's bright days—'twas long before
My dancing days were over—
I voted work a horrid bore,
And idly lived in clover.
I danced as I shall never dance
Again now wisdom's ripper,
And opened on in ignorance
Of who should pay the piper.

I danced until the money flew
Out wildly from my pockets;
I danced till dull and sunken grew
My eyes within their sockets.
I danced until rheumatic gout
Was of each toe a griper—
And then it was I first found out
Who had to pay the piper.

I danced till I'd worn out my soles,
My stockings needed mending,
My coat and trousers were in holes,
My very hat was rending.
I went to Friendship for a loan,
But Friendship proved a viper,
And I'd no money of my own
Wherewith to pay the piper.

I set my shoulder to the wheel;
I worked just like a nigger;
My heap through constant toil and zeal
By slow degrees grew bigger.
From off the slate of each old score
At last I was the wiper;
And now, you see, I dance no more—
Let others pay the piper.

ROSE FANE'S TRIAL.

[CONTINUED.]

I have come to you, Paul, she said simply; I knew you would help me; another man in your place might triumph over me and tell me to abide by the lot I chose, but you will not. You will help me, if you can.

Her simple faith and reliance touched him beyond all words. He waited until the deep emotion had passed, and then said quietly, You did right to trust me, Rose; I will not fail you.

There was no triumph in his look, no triumph in his tone,—nothing that could remind her that she had preferred his brilliant, careless rival to himself. There was deep reverence for the simple, brave, noble woman, who came to him in this dark hour of shame and sorrow.

Rose Fane sat white and trembling in the easy chair where Paul Ashton had placed her.

You will let me lend you this money, Rose, said Paul; that is the only way in which I can help you. You shall repay me when better times come.

She tried to thank him, but the words died away on her lips.

Paul Ashton took down his cheque-book, and without a word he placed the cheque in her hands.

You will get that cashed at the bank, he said. Yet—no; people might wonder; wait only ten minutes, Rose, and you shall have notes.

When he had quitted the room Rose tried to pray; she tried to utter some of the thanks that filled her heart to overflowing. In less than ten minutes she held in her hands the money that was to save her husband from ruin and death. Then, for the first time her courage gave way, and uncontrollable weeping told how fearful had been the suspense.

I cannot thank you, Paul, she said. I have no words. You have saved a life dearer than my own.

I would do more than that for you, he said, quietly. I told you, Rose, I should come and ask for your friendship when I could look upon your face with calm indifference. That time will never come for me; yet I thank heaven that once in my life I have been of use to the woman I love and esteem above all other women. I sorrow in your sorrow; grieve in your grief; yet this is one of the happiest hours of my life.

She rose to take leave of him. I will repay you, Paul, she said. I will repay the money—the debt of gratitude I can never pay.

Rose still trembled so violently that she could hardly stand.

Have you taken anything to-day? asked Paul Ashton, suddenly.

No, she said. I forgot all about everything, save Charley and his sorrow.

He fetched some wine and made her drink it; he forced her to eat some dry biscuit; he stood over her tenderly, gently, and lovingly, as a mother would have done over a child.

Now you look better, he said, as a faint colour stole over her face.

He looked wistfully at her as she held out her little hands to bid him farewell. He would have given anything to speak one lov-

ing word to her; his heart yearned with a deep and mighty love towards her. She did not know why those firm lips quivered and grew pale.

Good-bye, Paul, she said, simply. I thank you, and bless you.

Good-bye, Rose, he said. God bless you! for you are a brave, noble woman. Remember in the hour of need, you have but to come to me.

She passed out of his sight, and the sunshine of Paul Ashton's life went out with her.

It was evening when Rose reached home again—evening, yet Charley had never moved. He lay just as she had left him; the burning flush had died away, and the face was white as marble. The eyes that sought her face were wild and haggard. She went up to him, and knelt by his side.

Charley, she said, you are saved. I have got the money.

She never forgot his cry,—it was that of a drowning man suddenly saved. For some minutes he was too much moved to speak; then Rose told him of the true and noble friend who had saved him.

That lesson went to Charley Fane's heart. He hated himself when he contrasted his own character with that of his noble rival.

How small, how mean, how selfish I am, Rose! he cried. But no one will ever know my secret, he continued. No one will know I gambled away my employer's money, and made myself a felon; but I know it myself; I can never respect myself again.

Then Rose spoke to her husband as good and true women speak to the sorrowful and repentant. She told him of the love that pardons all sins; she showed him that one error must not blight his life. He must expiate it, and live it down.

So I will, Rose, said the repentant man; this has been a fearful lesson, but it has cured me; my future shall atone for the past. I will win back my own self-esteem; yours will follow.

Charley Fane kept his word nobly. His whole nature seemed changed. Temptations, hours of weariness came, but he conquered them. He learned self-reliance. He learned to resist when duty bade him resist. He no longer yielded to persuasive words. He became thoughtful, earnest, and stong. The dreadful peril he had been placed in by his own folly was never absent from his mind.

By dint of hard self-denial he saved the borrowed money, and took it himself to Paul Ashton. How he thanked him no weak words can tell. Paul greeted him cordially; his whole heart rejoiced in the change; but in this life Paul Ashton never gazed upon Rose Fane's face again.

There is now no happier family in England than that of Charley Fane. The secret of his wife's trial remains a secret still.

Myra's Test.

Myra Winfield was an heiress, and, besides that, she was young and pretty, so you may be sure she had many admirers. They were all anxious to gain her favor, and thus a hard battle was fought between them on her account; but it was a difficult matter to tell who would come out victor. She was excessively fond of admiration, was, withal, rather coquettish, but seemingly unconscious of those charms of manner and person which she possessed, and which rendered her so attractive.

At the time our story commences she had left the seclusion of her home, and had come to the city to visit her cousin, Bell Travers. Here she met Charlton Rivers and Clarence Arlington, and both became very devoted to their attention to her. She preferred them to her many other suitors, but how to decide between them she did not know. Charlton Rivers was reputed to be very wealthy, while Clarence Arlington was poor. Had Myra followed the dictates of her heart, she would have chosen the latter person; but she naturally suspected both of being fortune hunters, and of that class of beings Myra Winfield had a peculiar dread; so, when they came, and, figuratively speaking, laid their hearts at her feet, she could give neither of them a definite answer, and sent them away with the promise that their fates should be decided the next evening.

It is so hard to choose between them, you know, she said, archly, to her cousin, when they were alone, and really I must have time to decide before I can give them an answer. I like both of them, but how am I to know whether they really love me?

Why do you not test them? inquired Bell Travers, smiling at Myra's puzzled expression of countenance.

But what can I do, Bell? said Myra. Can you not form some plan—tell them you've lost your property, or something like that? Bell suggested.

Myra clapped her hands.

Oh! that would be splendid! I shall tell them that I am poor now, and then it will be a very easy matter to see if they want me for myself alone.

Bell Travers smiled this time at her pretty little cousin's eagerness. She was well acquainted with the gentlemen in question, and did not doubt that Clarence Arlington, the rising young lawyer, would prove equal to the test; she had a high appreciation of his many good qualities, and knew that he loved Myra devotedly! Of Charlton Rivers Bell could say but little; she did not entertain for him the same regard she did for his rival, and doubted much whether he would marry Myra were she a poor girl. Bell did not, however, make her cousin acquainted with her thoughts and waited with great eagerness for the result of Myra's test.

When Charlton Rivers came the next evening, expecting to receive a favorable answer, Myra met him in the cosy and cheerful little parlor, with as sorrowful a countenance as she could assume.

Mr. Rivers, she said, in a faltering voice, I feel that it is my duty to tell you all: I am poor now. Soon after you left me last night I learned that I had lost all my property.

Myra paused.

Charlton Rivers stared at her in surprise; he scarcely knew what to say, for this little piece of information had not been expected by him; after thoughtfully twirling his watch-chain, he at length stammered forth,—

Myra—Miss Winfield—I—I am very sorry for you, but I must beg leave to withdraw my—my—

I understand you thoroughly, sir; no explanation whatever is needed; you have changed your mind simply because you believe me to be a poor girl. I perceive now that it was my wealth alone had attractions for you. I am glad, sir, and thankful, besides, to have learned your true feelings toward me before it was too late.

Myra said this coldly, and with a flush of indignation on her cheeks. Charlton Rivers did not wait to hear any more, but, with a haughty bow and a scowling face, left the room, and Myra drew a sigh of relief when she heard the hall-door close behind him.

A few moments after Charlton Rivers' hasty departure, Clarence Arlington entered the room, and advanced eagerly toward her.

O Myra! he said, impetuously catching one of her hands and holding it firmly. May I hope? You do not know how much I love you—how very dear you are to me!

Myra was about to tell him all, but he would not listen.

Do not attempt to offer any explanation, Myra, he said. Your cousin has told me all. O Myra, he went on, in a grave tone, do you think that I care for your wealth—that I ever cared for it? No! that was but a barrier to all my hopes, and I am willing to take you as you are. Myra, tell me if you will be my own—my dear little wife? I am poor it is true, but I love you, darling, and will strive to make you happy.

Myra looked up tremblingly into his honest, handsome face, and, placing both hands into those held out to her, she gave him her answer, with a rosy blush that lit up her face, and made her look far prettier to Clarence Arlington than ever before.

O Clarence! Myra managed to utter, after a little pause. I have deceived you—I am not poor at all and merely did this to test you. Can you forgive me for the deception?

There was no need of asking that question. Myra, with her head pillowed upon his breast, looked up into the clear, honest eyes bent so lovingly upon her, and felt then that she would have been poor indeed had she lost Clarence Arlington's love. They were married soon after, but Charlton Rivers, though invited, did not attend the wedding; he had learned the whole truth, and never forgave our pretty heroine for the deception she had practised upon him. As for Myra, she did not regret the result of her little test.

Augustus says young men get tight by solacing themselves with the "ardent," but that young ladies get tight by so lacing in a different manner. Of corsets so.

There is a sacredness in tears. They are not the mark of weakness, but of power. They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are the messengers of grief, contrition, and love.

VARIETIES.

A BEAR STORY.—A good story is told about an old hunter, who used to trap about Moosehead Lake, by the name of Ellis. His reputation as a great bear hunter extended far and wide. Several years ago, when bear skins were very fashionable for sleigh robes, sportsmen about the lake in the fall would engage one of Ellis; and, as the old man was poor, would pay for them in advance. He had bargained for one this way one year, and when the first snow came, he started off with his gun and soon came on Bruin's track. He ran all day not overtaking him, but camped upon his track that night, and early the next morning took up the scent and followed it all that day, with no better success than the previous day. The third day found his aged limbs quite sore; however he made another start, and ran till well nigh exhausted, when he came in sight Bruin, who had stopped for a few moments refreshments, but upon seeing his pursuer, started off again at full speed. The old man took aim and fired; but Bruin didn't stop. Feeling too far gone to run another step, he shouted with all the energy of despair,— "You may run, and run, but there ain't a hair on ye that belongs to ye, for I've sold your hide and got my pay for it."

PRACTICAL HINTS FOR GIRLS.—Somebody gives the following advice to girls. It is worth volumes of fiction and sentimentalism:—

Men who are worth having want women for wives. A bundle of gewgaws, bound with a string of flats and quavers, sprinkled with Cologne, and set in a carmine saucer—this is no help for a man who expects to raise a family of boys on bread and meat. The piano and lace frames are well in their places, and so are the ribbons and tassels; but you cannot make a dinner of the former, nor a bed-blanket of the latter—and awful as such an idea may seem to you, both dinner and bed blankets are necessary to domestic happiness. Life has its relations as well as its fancies; but you make all its decorations remembering the tassels and curtains, but forgetting the bedstead. Suppose a man of good sense, and of course good prospects, to be looking for a wife, what chance have you to be chosen? You may trap him, or you may trap him, but how much better to make it an object for him to catch you! If you should trap and marry an industrious young man, and deceive him he would be unhappy as long as he lives. So render yourself worth catching, and you need no shrewd mother or brother to recommend you, and help you to find a market.

HAPPINESS IN THE FAMILY CIRCLE.—If a man is so situated that he cannot be happy in his family relations, he will not enjoy happiness at all. Man must cultivate, therefore, and look for this great end of his labors at home, in the bosom of his wife and in the affection of his children. Around his own hearth, in the presence of a loving family, the husband and father, himself the affectionate head of the household, cannot be otherwise than happy. He is there perfectly at ease, may be himself without reserve, and be sure that no unpleasant occurrence or consequence can result therefrom. It is his kingdom, and he is beloved by every subject. His wife is the honored queen of home; none dispute her benign sway; she rules by smiles, and the whole family lives in her love, and can be happy only where they possess it.

MOTTO FOR GROCERS.—Honest tea is the best policy.

THE STAR.

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