

The Star,

And Conception Bay Semi-Weekly Advertiser.

Volume I.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Friday, February 7, 1873.

Number 73.

FEBRUARY.

S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.
2	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	..
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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, Wholesale and Retail.
**221 WATER STREET,
St. John's,
Newfoundland.**
One door East of P. Hucins, Esq.
N.B.—FRAMES, any size material, made to order.
St. John's, May 10.

FOR SALE.

RESERVES & GROCERIES!

Just Received and For Sale by the Subscriber—

Fresh Cove OYSTERS
Spiced do.

**PINE APPLES
PEACHES**
Strawberries—preserved in Syrup
Brambleberries do.

—ALWAYS ON HAND—

**A Choice Selection of
GROCERIES.**

T. M. CAIRNS.

Opposite the Premises of Messrs. C. W. 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.

A large selection of CLOCKS, WATCHES, MEERCHAUM PIPES, PLATED WARE, and JEWELRY of every description & style
May 14.

W. H. THOMPSON,

AGENT FOR Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

NOTICES.

**PAINLESS! PAINLESS!!
TEETH**

Positively Extracted without Pain
BY THE USE OF
NITROUS OXIDE GAS.

A NEW AND PERFECTLY SAFE METHOD.

Dr. LOVEJOY & SON,

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

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

Scientific and Approved Method.

Dr. L. & Son would state that they were among the first to introduce the Anæsthetic (Nitrous Oxide Gas), and have extracted many thousand Teeth by its use

Without producing pain,

with perfect satisfaction. They are still prepared to repeat the same process, which is perfectly safe even to Children. They are also prepared to insert the best Artificial Teeth from one to a whole Set in the latest and most approved style, using none but the best, such as received the highest Premiums at the world's Fair in London and Paris.

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

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.

172 WATER STREET, 172

JAMES FALLON,

**TIN, COPPER & SHEET-
IRON WORKER,**

BEGS respectfully to inform the inhabitants of Harbor Grace and outports that he has commenced business in the Shop No. 172 Water Street, Harbor Grace, opposite the premises of Messrs. Puntin & Munn, 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. tff

BLANK

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

POETRY.

The Dying Clerk.

I've had charge of the books, Maria, for forty-nine years and more; I remember I made the first entry when we moved from the Pearl-street store. In fact I grew up in the business: I swept out the place when a boy, and climbed from one post to another, and never yet left their employ.

And how will they get on without me? They've no one to follow my plan: That Morton'll muddle the journal; and Harris, indeed! why, I've known him since he was a slip of a lad!

And now he's a wild boy of thirty—he'll soon bring our books to the lad.

I've never been found in an error—I know that my books will compare With any in South street this minute—in fact, with their books anywhere; But the doctor says, errors excepted—and I have no doubt but he's right— That my time's come to make trial balance, and close my account up to-night.

Not talk at this moment of money! And why won't I talk of it, pray? 'Tis a very good thing, I can tell you, laid by for a cold, rainy day. If you and that Robert must marry, you won't be a beggarly bride; Young love is a good thing for young folk, but then you want money beside.

I'd rather you took up with Peter, for Peter's a much better man; But when we can't get what we want to do the next best that we can. And Robert is earnest and honest, and steady enough in his ways; But Peter's the man to make money, and that is the thing now-a-days.

And Robert is not a neat penman—he somehow don't look far ahead; He thinks of to-day when he ought to give thought of to-morrow instead. He'll always have blot in his ledger— But grandfather's talk is in vain; To Profit and Loss we must charge it—as they say—"Debit Loss, credit Gain."

I'm not such an old man, Maria—but a little way past seventy-five; There's Timothy Morris's brother, he's ninety, and he is alive; And there is old Anthony Norton—he's somewhere about eighty-two, And lively, they say, as a cricket; but then he's as rich as a Jew.

And so you will marry that Robert? Well, well, if you must have your way. I hope that you'll never repent it—I know you'll be sure to, one day. What! Robert! He's pen always splutters: his books that I've seen are a show— If Harris gets hold of the ledger, he'll tangle accounts there, I know.

Come, lift me up higher, Maria—it seems I slide down in the bed; Then shake up the pillow a little—there's a lump there just under my head. You'd better leave Robert for Peter—my eyes seem to flutter and swim— That ugly ink take in the column—What makes the light—burn—there—so dim?

EXTRACTS.

To Boys and Girls.

Study while you are young, boys and girls. Now is the golden opportunity. Other people keep house for you, and earn the bread and butter, but some day that will be your task. Whether you are boy or girl, the time must come when you will be "troubled about many things," and then you will look back upon this easy, idle period of your life, and wonder that you wasted it so.

Of course you must play. And it is that you may have some playtime all your life, that I advise you to study now. Nothing gives the whole life ease and comfort so much as a good early education.

Play and be happy, but there are hours you do not know what to do with—hours when you gape and yawn, and "wish it would stop raining," and wish this and that and the other, and do nothing. And some pleasant study would make all that stupid time pass happily. Perhaps you think that to read and write and cipher is sufficient. You are mistaken. Just as you would feel now if you could not read the names upon the street sign boards, or the numbers of the houses, or a letter written you by a friend, so will you feel, some day of your life, for the want of some knowledge which you might easily acquire were it not too much trouble to study in these early years of yours.

Men, and women too, often come to some point of their lives in which a certain

knowledge is necessary to them. Then, in the midst of toil and anxiety, they often set themselves to acquire it; and after hard days of labor, lose rest and sleep, and often health, to gain that which they might have had ready for their use, but for youthful idleness.

No knowledge ever comes amiss; and when there are so many things to be learnt, it does seem singular that more people are not eager to learn all they can. How delightful to arrive at years of discretion so well prepared for the battle of life that circumstances can scarcely take you at a disadvantage.

Thoroughly well educated people who keep sober seldom starve. A man of information must be needed somewhere. If you cannot do something for somebody with brain or limb, the world has no use for you. It is a selfish world, and the only lazy people it can endure are the rich ones. And if you are rich one day in your life, you may be poor the next.

Study then—things in books and out of books. Know all you can. Be ashamed of ignorance, and shake it off.

Bad Temper.

There are few things more productive of evil in domestic life than a thoroughly bad temper. It does not matter what form that temper may assume, whether it is of a sulky kind that maintains perfect silence for many days, or the madly passionate, which vents itself in absolute violence.

Ill-temper at any age is a bad thing; it never does anybody any good, and those who indulge in it feel no better for it.

After the passion has passed away, one sees that he has been very foolish, and knows that others see it too. Bad temper in the aged is perhaps the most trying of all; it is indeed a pitiable sight to see the wrinkled cheek of an old person aflame with the fires of anger and passion. Since anger is useless, and an unspeakable misery to its victims, why should it be indulged in at all?

Cold Days and Warm Hearts -- Winter Evening Courships.

We have clear, frosty, snapping cold weather now. But this is the very season when hearts seem to grow warmer. As birds mate in early spring-time, so the mating of a majority of young human couples takes place in the winter.

And all this is very natural. It is cold without, but warm within. Most young people have more leisure in the winter than in the summer. The long winter evenings seem made on purpose for courtship. Parties and other amusements are the order of the day. New acquaintances are made, and old ones fostered and cultivated.

Many a young man and maiden who read these lines in utter unconsciousness as to who will be their companions for life, before the spring flowers blossom will have solved that most interesting problem, and have become engaged, and may be, married.

As some of the sweetest wild flowers grow and bud under the snow, so some of the happiest unions spring from winter associations. May all such as begin at this desolate season continue and end only as in the warmth and sunshine of summer.

Second Sight.

When I was a child and read fairy tales I used to wish that I had the "invisible cap," that I might go where I chose without the knowledge of any other mortal. I can't say I wish it now, for if people use me as they do other folk—and what more likely?—I should hear criticisms on my dress, and my "tricks and manners," and hear old bachelors speak of me as a designing widow, on whom it was dangerous to call in Leap-year.

No, I've given up my desire for the invisible cap, but I really should like to have second sight. It must be convenient. If I had an old Scotch uncle or aunt possessed of the accomplishment, I should sit down and write to him or her, and say:

"Make your abode with me for life. Live in my heart and pay no rent. You will be more useful than the washerwoman, and more necessary than the cook." And I should not set that aunt, if it was an aunt, to washing dishes. I should provide her with a big arm-chair and a bottle of whatever is necessary, and set her to "speering" forthwith.

There she would sit in her chair, all handy, and when I said, "I'll have codfish for dinner, she would say:

"Don't do it, Mary."
And I would say, "Why not?"
And she would say:
"All the Toplices are coming to dinner. I see 'em."

And then I should make a preparation of roast and boiled, and of dessert and of after dinner coffee, to say nothing of before dinner soup, and not writhing with anguish when the smell of codfish and the Toplices burst into the hall together.

When I put on that light silk dress and that new bonnet, and took that new parasol in the fingers of my new gloves, with a blue sky over-head, perhaps Auntie would begin to groan and would say:

"Beware; bide at home!"
But wouldn't that be better than to be caught in the rain? I should think so.

She would have visions of Biddy giving away the cold mutton to her cousin at the area gate, and would know why we always had so little butter and so much soap fat.

In fact, she would be better than any private detective, and no end of a comfort to everybody.

"You See He and His Wife Didn't Agree."

We saw a beautiful vineyard; a growing young orchard; a new, neat looking house; and everything about the place betokened thrift and increasing prosperity. All wore an air of repose and happiness.

A few years later we passed this place again. How changed! The supports of the grape-vines had been suffered to decay and fall. The fences were down. The gates were broken and off the hinges. What had happened? No rude whirlwind had swept over the estate and laid it waste; fire had not consumed the buildings, nor had Death entered the house.

What then had happened, to replace the serenity and beauty and life which formerly prevailed, with such a picture of desolation?

The industrious owner had gone, and a neighbor told the whole story in a few brief words: "You see," said he, "that he and his wife didn't agree very well together, and now they have separated, and that is the cause of it all!"

Alas, how many a similar history, with an equally unhappy ending, may be epitomized in the same words: "He and his wife didn't agree very well together!"

To All Whom It May Concern.

Reckless and unprincipled trading does nearly as much mischief as open and avowed gambling. Wilful carelessness and neglect of duty may injure an employer as much as positive embezzlement; and a general ill condition of mind may render a man as useless, and even as mischievous to his fellows, as a criminal, though he never falls into the hands of the police. The foregoing sentences are not copied from Dr. Samuel Johnson, nor from any one else, though few men are better worth reading than the old oracle; but they are meant to be a ponderous and grave introduction to a most serious subject.

There are persons "as honest as the day," "as true as steel," and so on, through all the cardinal virtues, who spoil the good moral effect of all their excellencies by peculiarities of temper. And the curious thing regarding them is that they are so frequently in blissful unconsciousness of their ways, sometimes taking airs upon themselves for the possession of the very qualities the lack of which is their most striking feature to their friends.

The readers of this paper, for example, will not recognize these ves in our hasty watercolor sketch. Mrs. Smith will not see herself; but she will notice Mr. Smith's little weakness. Let her mildly call his attention to it. He, in turn, will have observed how Mrs. Smith's "way" is hit off. Let the sentence be brought under her eye. Friend Brown will light on Friend Jones' weak side; let him frankly indicate it; and depend upon it, Friend Jones will return the favor by showing where Friend Brown is portrayed. Each will thus become to some one else an outward conscience, and some application of our lay sermon will be made, though not in the most proper way.

We can exemplify five distinct varieties of bad temper; not all equally bad; but all to be worked out of ourselves, and eradicated in others.

There is the *explosive*; its thunder rolls out of a clear sky. A word, a gesture is the spark to a mine of which you did not know, and the flash, and report, and alarm are dreadful! The eye is on fire; the voice is a shout; the face is crimson; and the effect is to awaken contempt or ridicule, or inspire with terror inferiors; though it is difficult to say who can be real inferiors to such a human powder-flask. Husbands and fathers, foremen, overseers, and some public officers, are liable to these attacks. The weaker sort have a lurking feeling of greatness connected with them. They think the disease, like the gout, aristocratic, and are not ashamed of it. But their wiser friends are.

There is the *sullen*. The brows are knitted; the eye is downward and contracted; the lips compressed. Loss of speech is a common symptom. Explanations are not given. What is the trouble is left to conjecture. Duties are done with a scrupulous, but unsatisfactory exactness, that says, "There shall be no excuse for talking to me—even to find fault." These poor creatures bring black frost into their circles. Very honest, confidential employees often suffer in the

way. They are not the volcano active, but the volcano menacing, and with the same disagreeable tendency to muttering, and hollow under-ground rumblings.

There is the corrosive. This temper operates like an acid, silently, steadily, and uninterruptedly. It finds out the raw places and it sticks to them. It is the continued dropping that wears the stone. It harasses dependents with suggestions of their condition; it reminds wrong-doers, even so penitent, of their sins; it preaches a perpetual sermon on poverty to the poor; and it never lets the unfortunate forget his miseries for one waking moment. In the church-member it reminds the outside sinner of his condition; if not with the silence and force, yet with the uniformity of gravitation. It is the evil odor that rises from dead and putrefying Pharisaism. It is to faithful kindly warning what the Episcopate variety is to table salt. Quinine is needful in certain cases and quantities; but think of all one's meals flavoured with quinine! Mothers-in-law, maiden aunts, injudicious good wives, and many violently good people, are sufferers from the corrosive variety.

Ah! here comes the pseudo martyr! ("Pseudo," we beg to explain, is Greek for every variety of the false, from the honest self-deception to the sheer humbug.) The eye is down cast; the body limp; the head bent; the hand slightly like a fish's fin in its cold and flaccid looseness; the general expression pathetic. He says, with mock meekness, "See how much I suffer, and how patiently I bear it." And underneath that he is commonly as proud as Lucifer. Wives who think they receive insufficient attention, daughters who at a certain age think they are persecuted by being kept at home, and boys Byronically affected, often present aggravated cases of this distemper. It sometimes allies itself with a spurious religion, and "for a pretence makes long prayers," formally directed upward, but really meant to glance horizontally, and say to observers, "Ah! poor me! that have no other comfort!" When the other comfort does come, we have observed that this kind of religion vanishes.

Drop a glass on the stones. You may calculate how a ball will rebound, how a blow will fall; but who can tell how, or into how many fragments, the glass will break? It is the representation of our last, perhaps worst, variety, the fractious. Loose talkers call them "cross," or peevish, or irritable. Good women call them "provoking." Men who are not afraid of them, at a safe distance, call them "snappish," "peevish," "waspy," "pettish," and the like. When anything soft is broken, like a blood vessel, it is a rupture; when anything hard, like a bone, it is a fracture. And the fractious are usually hard very. Self-made men, strong men, opinionative men, "men of genius," self-recognized, in music, and other departments, are liable to attacks of this malady. Women are not exempt. You stay by them. They do not want to be watched. You leave them. They can't bear to be neglected. You speak kindly. They hate flattery. You are severely truthful. They wonder where you learnt your manners. You are playful. They never liked levity. You are grave. They can't put up with moroseness. Pity the poor, weep over the sick, mourn for the "loved and lost;" but oh! kindly reader, reserve your deepest sighs, and liveliest sympathies, for those who must live—no, we retract the word—who must exist in constant, inevitable, contact with the fractious.—Rev. JOHN HALL, D. D.

Probable Annexation of Hawaii to the United States.

The fact that a United States vessel of war has been sent off Honolulu in consequence of the death of the King of the Sandwich Islands, ostensibly for the purpose of protecting American interests in case any trouble should occur in regard to the succession, has given rise to some speculation as to whether the President has any annexation design in that quarter. Kamehameha V., the late King, died childless, but under the Hawaiian Constitution had the privilege of naming his successor. This, however, he failed to do, according to the reports which have reached us by the way of San Francisco, and the consequence is that affairs are in a very uncertain condition. Previous to the death of Kamehameha it was generally supposed that Prince Lunaliu would be his successor. This Prince was considered the rightful heir previous to the accession of Kamehameha, but was set aside by the old King. His claim is derived through the female side of the Hawaiian royal family; his mother was the sister of Kamehameha II. He is thirty-four years of age, well educated, popular with the people of his own race, and has a fine personal address. The condition of the Sandwich Islands at present is not very promising. The population of the seven inhabited islands has decreased from 130,000 in 1836 to about 60,000, and is still falling off; while the expenses of the Government are out of all proportion to the number of inhabitants. The kingdom is over-run with swarms of office-holders, there being no less than twenty-six supreme and district judges, receiving salaries ranging from \$500 up to \$10,000, while police judges, clerks, interpreters and other paid officials also absorb a vast amount of money. The Attorney-General's Department of foreign Affairs and War are said to cost annually nearly \$100,000 each, the Interior Department \$461,000, and the Finance Department \$234,000, all of which extravagant expenditure falls upon the people of a little kingdom containing fewer inhabitants than several Canadian cities.

Marysville.

Marysville is a thriving little village of some 500 inhabitants, pleasantly situated on both sides of the Nashwaak, about 3 miles from its mouth, and an equal distance from the city of Fredericton. As the Nashwaak is one of the finest streams in the Province, the "Mills" as this

place was formally called, was, for many years, a centre for lumbering operations. Some seven years ago, A. Gibson, Esq., who had done a large lumbering business at Lepreau, bought out the former proprietors, made this his home, and commenced operations on a very large scale. Providence has greatly prospered him, and to-day he finds himself in a position to which few can hope to attain.

But if he has made money he has loved to spend it, and his contributions to benevolent and religious purposes, have been numerous and munificent. The improvement that he has made in Marysville are very great, and their cost can only be guessed at. Of these we mention a fine bridge across the Nashwaak, a school-house which has few superiors in the Province, neat and comfortable houses for some sixty families, besides many others that need not be named. We pass over the teacher's neat little cottage, his son's fine residence, and his own princely mansion, we shall confine ourselves to the parsonage and church.

THE PARSONAGE

is a neat and comfortable building, every way adapted for the purpose for which it was built. It is finished and furnished throughout in first class style, and no pains have been spared to render it a gem of neatness and comfort, for whatever taste could suggest, or money purchase, has been provided. While Mr. Gibson was quite willing to have borne the whole expense, he was nevertheless gratified at the willingness of the ladies of the congregation to share it with him, who contributed \$200 of the whole amount, which could not be less than \$1300 or \$1400. Everything having been completed, the pastor of the church, Rev. R. Wilson and family were invited thither to tea, who, after spending a pleasant evening with Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Libbey, Mr. and Mrs. Rowley, were left in possession of their new and comfortable home.

THE CHURCH.

has to be seen to be appreciated, and an artist alone can correctly describe it. It is Gothic in style, octagonal in form, with a spacious vestibule in front and Lecture room in the rear, and surmounted with a steeple and dome. The stucco work is very fine and the fre-coiling is elaborate. The groundwork of the ceiling is sky blue, with this studded with golden stars gives a very fine effect. The windows are of the best English stained glass, and are inscribed with some of the grandest and most suggestive passages in the Book of God. The duties we owe to God and man are taught in—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart." Christ's interest in the young is shown in—"Suffer little children to come unto me." The grave is robbed of its gloom by the soul-cheering utterance—"I am the Resurrection and the life." Heaven is rendered very attractive while we read—"In my Father's house are many mansions," &c. &c. The pulpit is under a triple arch, the centre one bearing the beautiful prayer—"Lead me to the rock that is higher than I." Pulpit indeed there is none, but what is vastly better, a slightly elevated platform, upon which there is a neat reading desk, and three fine chairs corresponding in form with the arches overhead. The gallery is reserved for the choir who sit before the organ, which is pronounced by competent judges a very superior instrument. The lighting apparatus consists of six lamps in the pulpit, ten in the gallery, and a chandelier in the centre with twenty-four branches. The pews were carpeted and cushioned throughout, and each one furnished with three copies of the Bible and Wesley's Hymns bound together.

The pulpit Bible is a very fine one, and was presented to the church by Isaac Burpee, Esq., M.P. of St. John. The church will seat about 400 persons, but the pews can be so arranged that 200 more can be provided for. It is warmed by hot air, and no pains have been spared to render it not only a beautiful, but a comfortable building. What the whole cost of Church and Parsonage amounts to, we cannot say, but \$50,000 has not paid the bills, a splendid offering surely for one man to lay on the altar of the Lord.



HARBOR GRACE, FEBRUARY 7, 1873.

We beg to apologize for recent non-issue of the "Star," occasioned by the exhaustion of our stock of paper, and also to thank our numerous subscribers for the great leniency extended us, not one murmur having reached us on the matter.

We are now, however, in a position to resume duty, having received a supply; we, therefore, promise to work harder than ever—appreciating the great kindness shown us by our readers—and to make it our special endeavors to have the "Star" appear regularly for the future.

At present nothing of local interest is transpiring, except we may say that the shipping is undergoing the necessary repairs and alterations preparatory to the seal fishery. The weather of late has been intensely cold, the thermometer indicating as low as 12° below zero, unusually cold for us.

SOIREE.

A TEMPERANCE SOIREE, under the auspices of the Harbor Grace Division of the Order of the Sons of Temperance, will take place in the British Hall on the evening of Wednesday next. We believe the affair will be something

grand, and augur for it great success. Addresses, dialogues, recitations, &c., will be given to wit away the time in a pleasant manner. Our warmest sympathies are with the noble cause of temperance, and we trust that the valuable lessons delivered at the coming entertainment may be the means of doing much good, and of adding numbers to the ranks of the "Sons."

MOSQUITO GOOD TEMPLARS.

On Monday evening last, the members of Terra Nova Lodge (Good Templars) No. 10, met for the purpose of installing officers for the ensuing quarter. The attendance was good, and the Rev. Charles Ladner, D. G. W. T., in a graceful manner, installed the following to their respective duties:

- Francis P. Simmons, W. C. T.
George G. W. Gutter, W. V. T.
Bernard Parsons, W. C.
Harriet Taylor, W. F. S.
Francis Taylor, W. T.
Augustus Taylor, W. S.
John Taylor, W. A. S.
Johna Taylor, W. L. S.
Ellis Pike, W. R. S.
Samuel H. W. Peet, W. M.
Elfrida L. Taylor, W. D. M.
Mark Taylor, W. I. G.
Joseph Wells, W. S.

A New Name for the "Devil."

MR. KNOTT, one of the owners of the English Schooner "Devil," is about to apply to the Board of Trade for permission to change her name to "Newbury," on account of objections to her name by shippers.

We believe no one will regret the circumstance, as it is not at all pleasant to have youngsters shouting about town when that vessel is here, that his Satanic majesty the Devil is in the harbor. It scares us.

A CONTEMPORARY publishes the following very melancholy communication from the Rev. Mr. Goode, of Channel relative to the loss of the schooner "Elizabeth":—

"Elizabeth" of Prince Edward Island.

It is my duty to announce through your kindness that this vessel was found a complete wreck at a place called "Feath or Bed Lane," about five miles West of Cape Ray on December 29th, 1872. She was a small schooner, not quite forty feet long, of a flat build, with a new top, painted green originally and afterwards tarred over. All hands on board must have perished, as three—two men and one woman have been picked up. These three received Christian burial according to the rights and ceremonies of the English Church. The woman was tall and stout, height about five feet seven inches, aged about twenty-seven years, apparently a mother. One of the two men was about six feet in height, being broad and stout in proportion; features not known, as his head was beaten off. The other was short and slender and some resemblance to an Indian—but this is uncertain owing to the dreadful tossing the poor fellow got against the cliff during the wild rage of the storm at the time. All were naked when found, and a poor man threw off his shirt that could hardly be covered the woman's body. They were brought five miles through a rough and wild part of the country, and buried in consecrated ground, with all proper and becoming decency. There was nothing left to tell who the owner was, or where she was bound for, or what her cargo was, as the whole of the inside was washed away. A fourth person was seen in the water but could not be rescued owing to the roughness of the weather. A few remnants of child ens clothing was found on the shore, which make us think there must have been a child on board. Some people conjecture the vessel and those on board belonged to Bonne Bay, or Bay of Islands; and others to Carriacou or round that part of the Island. I shall be anxious to know if this notice reaches the friends of the lost and also the owner of the vessel.

T. A. GOODE,
S. P. G. Missionary at Channel.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[FOR THE HARBOR GRACE STAR.]

It is interesting to trace the rise and progress of the great questions that, from time to time, agitate the different nations of the earth. First, there is the obscure hunting at the subject; then its advocacy by a few—often uneducated men regarded with contemptuous indifference; then, the more general enlistment of public sympathy and support; and finally, its culmination in a mighty torrent of a awakened conviction that sweeps before it all opposition. Viewed in this way, the great Temperance Reformation presents an attractive field for study. Not many years ago—with in the memory of the present generation—only the faint intimations of the coming struggle were visible. Today, the leaders of the Temperance legions are everywhere mustering and marshalling their forces, preparatory to the fierce, perhaps final, conflict with their veteran enemy. Unlike many other movements, which are of necessity confined to one nation or race, this is calculated to reach and secure the good will of the "entire brotherhood of man;" and no matter how frequently repulsed—how often defeated—the temperance armies may be, victory will eventually rest with them, as surely as truths will overcome error. Although fitted to meet

the requirements of well nigh every nation under Heaven—for we find in all the same paving for the fiery alcohol—as yet, it is principally amongst the mighty Anglo-Saxon race that the great temperance reform has found its standard advocates, and rallied round its standard the largest number of adherents; and in nearly all English speaking communities will be found individuals who have embraced temperance principles and enlisted in the temperance host. Newfoundland, though comparatively out of the track of, and uninfluenced by, other of the "great questions of the day," has felt and acknowledged the claims of the temperance movement; for has she not to mourn over the loss of many, and the worse than loss, the degradation and misery of others of her stalwart sons, through this one sad, monster-evil, intemperance? And yet, the past history of the temperance cause in this Island has not been altogether satisfactory. True, in the first flush and vigor of youth, it "took root, blossomed, and shot forth its branches vigorously," and extended over, and influenced a considerable number of the settlements that dot our coast; but if we now seek for some evidence of its existence, we too often find that either the cause has died out, or lingers in a comatose condition, "neither hot nor cold," and wholly unaccountable. What may be said of Newfoundland in general, is true, of Harbor Grace in particular. On entering into conversation with some of the veterans in the cause, one is astonished to hear of flourishing societies, with fabulously elastic revenues—when meetings for the propagation of the principles of temperance, sobriety, and brotherly love, etc., were crowded; when the great and powerful of the earth, i. e., of Harbor Grace, presided over enthusiastic temperance gatherings; when energetic individuals threw their whole heart and soul into the cause, and when everybody did everything possible to further the cherished movement. "But a change came over the spirit of the dream!" Ask, "What is the state of matters now?" and one is answered by a dubious shake of the head, and a look, such as a veteran of the first Empire might assume when comparing the past of this country with the present. One can imagine an advocate of twenty years standing answering an imaginary "interviewer," thus:—"I cannot account for it! Our big men dropped off one by one; the little ones followed (metaphorical). I'm sure they shouldn't have done so; and now we are left to struggle on as best we may, while many who are personally true to some at least, of their old pledges, and have even attained high honors in the ranks, and stood foremost in other places and former years, now stand aloof, watch with indifference our efforts, and even jest at our endeavors—charging us with being guzzlers of tea, Pharisaees and other uncomplimentary epithets "of that ilk!" "Yes, friend, this may be true, but is it the whole truth? Can we not trace the present discouraging state of affairs rather to the element of hypocrisy, which relentlessly truth affirms, entered largely into the composition of the old societies, and have left an indelible stain upon their memory? But why dwell on the past, when the present has claims upon you? Fight the old battles over again; raise the old war cry. But if you would succeed, you must free yourselves from traitors—sly drinkers—who haunt the back doors and side-entrances of taverns; who often enter the bar, but never on any account exceed a glass of syrup (?); who, for the sake of obtaining a good name, make temperance societies a stalking horse, leading outsiders, by a process of infernal reasoning to conclude that "all them temperance fellows takes a drop on the sly." These are the "little foxes that spoil the grapes," that cause honest men to suspect you, and turn away with lofty scorn when you ask their aid. It is these sneaks, who (covering moral defects with a clean collar, tuck its sharp corners into the eyes of "fond parents" and anxious employers—these virtuous individuals (?), who, to fit them selves out of the mire of a false public opinion, mount the temperance steed—unmuzzled hypocrites, who seek to cement themselves from the dirt contracted when wandering in the devious paths of intemperance, by a magic touch of the temperance whitewash who do more to hinder the advance of Temperance principles than the opposing interest of a legion of grog-sellers, and throw more discredit upon the cause than all the sneers of those who now seek to "show the cold shoulder." Let your ranks (even though they be decimated) be made pure, and as far as possible free from these parasites, who, while sheltering under a godly tree, stop its growth, and, if not removed, ultimately destroy it, and the temperance cause will again lift its head, stronger, purer, better for its adversity, and become a power in our midst.

Harbor Grace, }
Feb. 6, 1873. }
[TO THE EDITORS OF THE STAR.]
DEAR SIR:—
Please to inform me (as you are old Volunteers) how a general Officer should be received when about to inspect a detachment? for the other day I saw the General Inspector of Police received with "shouldered arms", while in my opinion he should have been received under the order of "present arms."

BRASS RAG.

[You are quite correct. The General Inspector should have been received with open ranks and at "present arms," and having received his report, "shouldered arms." He would then proceed to inspect the detachment, accompanied by a junior. The junior having then got instructions from his superior, would put the men through manual and platoon exercise, the General Officer looking on with an eye to detect any defect. In all instances the above manner is

correct. No General Officer at inspections puts the men through manual and platoon exercises, but rather notes the capability of the junior to instruct them therein.—Eds. STAR.]

Where are the Police?

[TO THE EDITORS OF THE STAR.]

SIRS,—
It is a fact, an all apparent fact, that we have at present only two Police Constables on street duty, at least only two at a time, these being relieved every few hours. What the meaning of this is I would much like to know. Perhaps it is some new way of "flattering" the Bobby to render him unfit for duty, or maybe it is to offer rowdies a fair chance for a "glorious shine."

This is not as it ought to be; we have a force, a good force, and I say it should be kept on duty.

ALABASTER.

A private letter from Rose Blanche, dated Jan. 16, informs us that the weather there has been very rough since the 1st December; no fish caught since that date; large quantities of snow on the ground; no drift ice on the shore yet.

On the 23rd December two men, Jonathan Harris and David Hawkins, were returning home with supplies from Rose Blanche in a skiff, when they got on the Rocks and sank, both were drowned. Harris leaves a widow and child, Hawkins a widow.—Chronicle.

By Authority.

His Excellency the Governor in Council has been pleased to appoint the Hon. Major Renouf to be Acting Chairman of the Board of Works.

His Excellency the Governor has also been pleased to appoint William Barnes, Esquire, to be Her Majesty's Acting Surveyor-General of this Colony, in place of the Hon. Major Renouf, appointed Acting Chairman of the Board of Works.

It is the intention of His Excellency the Governor to open the Fourth Session of the Tenth General Assembly on Thursday next, the 6th instant, at two o'clock P. M.

Secretary's Office, 4th February, 1873.
—Gazette.

NEWS & ITEMS.

If you have an enemy, act kindly to him—make him your friend. You may not win him over at once; but try him again. Let one kindness be followed by another, till you have compassed your end. A little and little great things are completed.

THE false shame which shrinks from exposing to the world a necessary and honorable economy; which blushes more deeply for a shabby attire than for a mean action; and which dreads the sneer of the world more than the upbraiding of conscience—this false shame will prove the ruin of every one who suffers it to influence his thoughts and life.

At a recent examination of one of the schools in Washington, the question was put to a class of small boys, "Why is the Connecticut River so called?" when a bright little fellow put up his hand. "Do you know, James?" "Yes ma'am, because it connects Vermont and New Hampshire, and cuts through Massachusetts!" was the triumphant reply.

SMALL POX IN BRIDGETOWN.—We are sorry to learn that the small pox has appeared in Bridgetown it having been brought there from Boston by Captain Farnsworth and a man belonging to Clarence. Five cases were reported on the 4th inst. A special Session of the Peace is called to meet at Bridgetown, to adopt measures for a general vaccination. The steamers bringing to Annapolis are constantly bringing passengers (via St. John) from the cities of the United States, where small-pox and other epidemics prevail. "Can no measures be adopted for our better protection?" asks our correspondent.
—Halifax Chronicle.

THE Marquis of Ripon told an amusing story the other day in an after-dinner speech at Ripon. He said he well remembered when he went out to America one of the first persons who came on board the steamer when he got to New York was a gentleman connected with the press, and having tried various persons of the English Commission, and not having extracted very much from any of them, he at last went in despair to a friend of his, (the speaker) who was also attached to the Commission, and said, "Sir, have you nothing to reveal?" Well, his friend had nothing to reveal. We may say *ex nihilo nihil fit*.

Don't spit on the floor; don't spit at all, if you can help it. Don't drum with your fingers or feet; don't sit with your feet higher than your head; don't go with dirty nails; don't trim or clean your nails in company; don't clean your nose, ears or teeth in the presence of others; don't eat with your knife; don't blow your nose at table; don't make sipping tea or eating soup a vocal exercise; don't eat fast; don't drop orange peel or peach skin on the sidewalk; don't interrupt others in conversation; don't use profane language; don't whisper in church or at concerts; don't pull out your watch in church; don't sleep in church—unless the minister is asleep; don't run in debt, but if you do, don't forget to pay; don't borrow your neighbours newspaper.

Latest Despatches.

LONDON, Jan. 27. It is reported that England has laid down a certain line as the boundary of Afghanistan, not to be crossed in army operations against Khiva. Russia declines to accept and reports come from India of the capture, not by Russian troops but through Russian influence, of an Afghanistan City and fort.

Mr. Mitchell, Assistant Secretary of British Legation at St. Petersburg, has just left London with important despatches to Lord Loftus, British Ambassador to Russia.

Later reports with reference to the Anglo-Russian difficulties state that Russia made a proposal, establishing a neutral zone and guaranteeing the independence and neutrality of Afghanistan. The Russian Grand Duke Nicholas will participate in the Khivan expedition.

Vesuvius manifests symptoms of another eruption and the inhabitants of the villages in the vicinity are greatly alarmed.

LONDON, 28. A despatch from Bordeaux says that a vessel supposed to be British, went ashore near that city on Saturday night, and on the following morning appeared to have been broken in three pieces. All on board are probably lost.

M. Thiers will sign the treaty of commerce with England to-day.

New York, 28. A passenger car on the June railway, was thrown from the track by a broken rail on Monday near Indiana. A number of passengers were injured, but none fatally. Six inches of snow now down—clear and cold.

The argument for a new trial in the case of Stokes will probably not be heard before Saturday next.

In the contested will case of the late Horace Greely, testimony was introduced to-day showing that Mr. Greely was out of his mind for several days before his death.

The reputation of Vice-President Colfax, for truth and veracity is being seriously damaged by the credit mobiler investigation.

A decree of King Victor Emanuel is issued, whereby the state formally takes possession of sixteen convents in Rome.

LONDON, 29. Gonzales defeated a large body of Carlists on Saturday, who were led by the Cur of Santa Cruz; 35 were killed and many wounded and twenty taken prisoners.

It is rumored that the differences between Great Britain and Russia, on the Khivan question, instead of being in a fair way of adjustment are increasing and that France, Austria, Italy, Turkey, Denmark and Sweden have determined to support the British Government.

New York, 29 p.m. Weather clear with Thermometer at Zero this morning. Extreme cold is reported in nearly all parts of the Country.

OTTAWA, Feb. 1. Provisional directors of the Pacific Railroad have been named, (thirteen in number) five for Ontario, four for Quebec, and one for each of the other Provinces.

Mr. Archibald is director for both the Government and Nova Scotia, Sir Hugh Allen is President, and Mayor Walker of London, Ontario, Vice-President. It is stated Sir Hugh Allan, Mayor Walker, Mr. Archibald, and Mr. Abbott will leave for England towards the close of February, to further the interests of the road. Ten millions of stock have been taken up.

LONDON, 1. Depositions of the officers of the steamer "Marville" was to have been taken yesterday at Cardiff after the vessel had passed quarantine.

Railway engineers and stokers are on strike and the running of freight trains has been suspended.

A fire in the military Academy, at Woolwich, last night burned the library and clock tower.

Great rejoicing at Madrid over the birth of a Spanish prince, which event took place on Thursday.

The British Isles were visited on Saturday by the most violent storm ever experienced at this season of the year. Snow fell at extraordinary depth in the city and country, on Sunday morning. Six feet deep in London. Travel almost wholly suspended, omnibuses and cabs ceased running, and scarcely a vehicle of any description seen all day. The gale raged with great fury around the English and Irish coast. Many wrecks are reported, great loss of life, especially off Torquay and the Scilly Islands. The steamer "Clan Alpine" went ashore on Saturday night at Blackhead and became a total wreck, and it is feared all hands are lost. The ship "Sarah" was wrecked on the Irish coast, and 14 of the crew drowned.

An accident occurred on the London and North Western railway, Stafford. Several persons killed.

Thirteen lives were lost by the wreck of the steamer "Clan Alpine."

A hurricane at Aspinwall on the 18th January, destroyed much property. Three lives lost.

Professor Maury died at Lexington, Va., on Saturday, aged 87 years.

The Court-House at Quebec was destroyed by fire yesterday, entailing the loss of all the records of the Province since its formation, together with the title deeds, and important legal documents. The fire at one time threatened the Anglican Cathedral, but it was confined to the Court-House.

New York, 3rd.—Gold 113 3/4.

MARRIED.

On Thursday 30th ult., at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. C. L. Lerner, Mr. Albert Parsons, to Emily Pitts, eldest daughter of Mack Parsons, Esq., both of this town.

At All Saint's Church, Salmon Cove, Brigs, on the 4th inst., by the Rev. Robert H. Taylor, assisted by the Rural Dean, Rev. J. C. Harvey, Mr. J. C. Jerritt, of Exeter, England, to Miss Miam, youngest daughter of J. C. Nuttall, Esq., of H. M. Customs, Brigs.

DIED.

At St. John's, on Saturday, 1st current, aged 67 years, Mary, wife of Mr. George Bowden.

At Turo, N. S., on Wednesday, the 5th inst., of brain fever, Miss Esther E. Gillard, in the 20th year of her age.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF HARBOR GRACE.

ENTERED.

Jan. 28—Mastiff, Pike, Cow Bay, coal—Riley & Sons.

Jan. 31—Release, Clunn, St. Vincent, ballast—Punton & Munn.

Feb. 5—William, Buller, New York, provisions—Punton & Munn.

CLEARED.

Feb. 5—Release, Clunn, Barbadoes, fish—Punton & Munn.

6—William, Jenkins, Pernambuco, fish—Punton & Munn.

PORT OF ST. JOHN'S.

ENTERED.

Feb. 1—Pride of the West, Downie, Tramp, W. Grieve & Co.

3—Swell, Lamed, Liston, W. & G. Rendell.

Eagle, Jackman, Halifax, Bowring Brothers.

Jessy, Kid, Oporto, Job Brothers & Co.

4—Tiger, Hagan, Halifax, W. Grieve & Co.

CLEARED.

1—Britannia, Taylor, Barcelona, P. & L. Tessier.

Oriental, Ryan, Barcelona, P. & L. Tessier.

Georgina, Griffiths, Queenstown, P. & L. Tessier.

4—Aurora, Penney, Barcelona, P. & L. Tessier.

Passengers.

Per Tiber from Halifax—Rev. M. Callahan, Mr. A. W. Walker, and one in steerage.

FOR SALE.

BY THE SUBSCRIBERS

A quantity of

CAST STEEL CANADIAN HATCHETS,

(Useful for Joining Cabinet Making, and other purposes.)

At Cost and Charges.

HENRY TRAPNELL & Co.

Feb. 7.

NOTICE.

WANTED!

FOR AN OUTPORT,

A YOUNG LAD

To assist in a Dry Goods Store, and attend to other duties connected with the general trade of the country. For further particulars, apply at the STAR Office.

Feb. 7.

MONEY!

PARTIES having MONEY TO LOAN on security of FREEHOLD PROPERTY, situated in Water Street, Harbor Grace, can obtain particulars by application at the Office of this paper.

Harbor Grace, Jan. 14, 1873. } 61.

W. H. THOMPSON,

AGENT FOR.

Parsons' Purgative Pills.

NOTICE.

J. Mellis,

TAILOR & CLOTHIER,

208, Water Street, St. John's,

DEGS 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

PIANO TUNING!

Mr. J. CURRIE,

TUNER AND REPAIRER OF

PIANOS.

IN returning thanks for past favours, begs respectfully to solicit a continuance of the same. All work executed punctually, and satisfaction guaranteed.

CONCERTINAS also repaired. Satisfactory references as to ability will be given on enquiry.

Orders left at No. 170 Water Street will receive immediate attention.

Dec. 17. ttf

BLACKSMITH & TANNER,

DEGS 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. }

FOR SALE!

BY

THE SUBSCRIBER—

1 Good Horse

1 Set Harness

1 Cart

1 Dray, and

1 Catamaran.

Dec. 3.

JAMES POWER.

A Dwelling House

—AND—

LAND

Attached, (known under the name of Snow Hill) situated on the Carbonear Road, one mile from Harbor Grace.

This is an eligible place for farming operations, and is alike suitable for rich or poor. For particulars apply to

JAMES POWER.

Oct. 29.

SEALER'S

AGREEMENTS

FOR SALE at the Office of this paper.

W. H. THOMPSON,

AGENT FOR

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

HARBOR GRACE

BOOK & STATIONERY DEPOT,

E. W. LYON, Proprietor.

NOTICES.

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

Lamplough's Pyretic Saline

Powel's Balsam Aniseed

Medicamentum (stamped)

British Oil

Balsam of Life

Chlorodyne

Mexican Mustang Liniment

Steer's Opodilloc

Radway's Ready Relief

Arnold's Balsam

Murray's Fluid Magnesia

" Acidulated Syrup

S. A. Allen's Hair Restorer

Rossiter's "

Ayer's Hair Vigor

" Sarsaparilla

" Cherry Pectoral

Pickles, French Capers, Sauces

Soothing Syrup

Kaye's Coaguline

India Rubber Sponge

Teething Rings

Sponge, Tooth Cloths

Nail, Shoe and Stove Brushes

Widow Welch's Pills

Cockle's "

Holloway's "

Norton's "

Hunt's "

Morrison's "

Radway's "

Ayer's "

Parsons' "

Jaynes' "

Holloway's Ointment

Adams' Indian Salve

Russia Salve

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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,

[LATE EVANS, LEMESSURIER & KNIGHT.]

COMMISSION AGENTS.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION GIVEN TO THE SALE AND PURCHASE OF

DRY & PICKLED FISH.

FLOUR, PROVISIONS, WEST INDIA PRODUCE

AND DRY GOODS.

Consignments solicited.

St. John's, May 7. ttf

FOR SALE.

—BY—

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, FRESH

OR OIL.

DANIEL FITZGERALD.

Sept. 13. ttf

JUST RECEIVED

A FRESH SUPPLY OF

ADAMS'

INDIAN

SALVE.

W. H. THOMPSON.

" "

" "

" "

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" "

FOR SALE.

LUMBER!

—BY—

H. W. TRAPNELL.

Now landing, ex "Atalanta," from

Port Medway, N. S.:

20 M. Seasoned Prime Pine

BOARD

20 do. Hemlock do.

30 do. No. 2 Pine do.

July 30.

E. W. LYON

Has just received a large assortment of

Coloured French Kid

GLOVES,

Which he offers to the public at VERY

LOW PRICES,

July 9

tf.

W. H. THOMPSON,

AGENT FOR

Fellows' Compound Syrup

OF

HYPOPHOSPHITES.

" "

" "

" "

" "

Whip Behind.

I leant from out my two pair hack,
The afternoon was mild—
A cab passed by, and on its track
A dirty little child,

Cabby drives calmly through the slush,
With all-unconscious mind,
The dirty child came with a rush,
And clambered up behind.

His mates had looked with careless eye
On all his efforts vain,
But now he's landed high and dry,
They burn with envious pain.

And as he sits between the wheels,
As happy as a lord,
Hi, whip behind! with hoots and squeals
They yell with one accord.

The driver turns and plies the lash,
The Child falls in the dirt,
And in a puddle rolls her splash!—
I think he must be hurt.

He turns away—that ragged boy,
He's anything but gay;
His little friends they jump for joy,
And go on with their play.

I shook my head despondingly—
Ah, such is life, I guess!
A man meets little sympathy
While struggling for success.

And when the back of fortune's Car
He's clutching—you'll always find
How ready all his best friends are
To bellow, 'Whip behind!'

SELECT STORY.

THE EMERALD NECKLACE.

The evening was bitter cold. Mother had been busy since early morn, stitching, stitching, but now the weary work was done at last! Now, Charlie, said she, you must run and take these frocks home. 'Tis a bad evening, I know, but you won't mind, my boy? We must have some coals to-night, and you may get a little tea, dear, and a loaf of bread, and some ham for Janet.

She had known better days, my poor mother.

Three years before we were a happy family, living in a snug cottage in the suburbs, with more than the common comforts of life at our command.

My father was a sea-captain, and spent the greater portion of his time from home.

He made two voyages a year generally, remaining at home about a month between each voyage, and these two months seemed to hold all the hopes and happiness of our lives.

Janet was a rosy, healthy child then, and she and I used to go down to the beach and play in the shining sand, and wonder when father's ship would come back.

Mother never crossed the cottage threshold without casting a wistful glance towards the sea. And when the time of father's return did really draw near, what a joyous bustle we had!

And at last the vessel would come, and the big guns would thunder, and father would return to us, looking so brave and handsome in his sailor's dress, bringing us treasures of foreign fruits and shells, and curious things from far-off shores.

Ah, me! the happy day came to an end.

Father left us to make his last yearly voyage. The months and weeks and days went by slowly. Janet and I went to school, and at nights we sat round the fire, talking of one event of our lives, the Blue Heron's return.

Mother had sat her house in order and filled her cupboard with good things, and we waited, waited and watched for the ship that never came in.

In her stead we received the terrible tidings—The Blue Heron, Brandon master, took fire under the quarter, and every soul perished.

So father never came home again, and the little cottage slipped from us, and our few dollars melted away, and the end of three years found us in a tenement house, dependent for our board on poor mother's needle. Then, too, little Janet was an invalid.

But mother was a brave woman. Though her cheeks grew wan, and her tears fell incessantly, she kept a stout heart and a steady, tireless hand.

Here, Charlie, she said, let me tie your scarf; the wind is bitter, and don't let the bundle fall. Tell Mrs. Trevanion I must have the money to-night.

And don't stay, Charlie; I am so hungry, entreated the weak voice of little Janet.

I shouldered the bundle, and, descending the long stairways, plunged out into the wintry storm.

The wind almost took me from my feet at first, and the whirling snow blinded me, but I soon got used to it, and ran on bravely enough.

Mrs. Trevanion's handsome residence was aglow with gaslight when I reached it.

I rang the bell, and, while waiting for an answer, I amused myself by standing on tiptoe, and peeping through the window into the parlor.

What a gorgeous place it was! Velvet carpets, warm and bright as tropic beams, silken couches, gleaming mirrors, and gleaming marbles, and, in the midst of all, a mammoth Christmas tree, hung with every imaginable beauty.

My heart swelled in my throat. If poor little Janet could only see!

Just then, a small, rosy face, with its amber curls and sea-blue eyes, appeared at the window, and a tiny hand essayed to catch the waves of snow that beat against the glass.

I drew back, but the blue eyes had spied me, and opened wide with wonder. Who are you? she questioned, pressing her rosebud mouth close to the glass.

Charlie Brandon. Who are you? Pansy Trevanion. What do you want?

I've brought home your dresses. I rang again, and this time the footman came.

Mrs. Trevanion's work, I said, and my mother wants the money to-night.

The man reached the bundle, and disappeared. In the meantime, little Pansy, with an almost super-human effort, had succeeded in raising the heavy window at least ten inches, and now, peeping through the aperture, she eyed me wistfully.

I wish I could come out there, she said. Ain't it nice in the snow? It's too cold. The wind would blow you away.

Give me a snowball, please. I rolled up a small ball, and pushed it under the window. Her blue eyes danced with delight.

I wanted some so bad, she said, and mamma wouldn't let me have it. She's cross, mamma is. She didn't make my Christmas tree.

Who did, then?

My papa, of course, and he gave me that necklace. Ain't it lovely?

It was an emerald necklace, hanging from a bough of the tree, and emitting a thousand dazzling reflections in the gaslight.

Did you have a Christmas dinner?

No.

Why didn't you?

My mother's too poor.

Where's your papa?

He's dead.

Her eyes swam with tears.

Poor little boy, she said, I'm sorry for you.

And my little sister's sick, I continued, feeling a desire to pour out the full tide of my trouble. And we've nothing to eat and no fire. Do you think your mamma will send the money?

Her little face grew intensely sober.

No, she said, reflectively, I don't think she will. She's bad and cross, and I hate her. She's not my own mamma!

Just at this moment the footman reappeared.

Mrs. Trevanion says you can call next week; she has no change to-night.

But my little sister is starving; I must have the money to-night; I will go and see her myself, I cried, making an effort to pass him.

But he pushed me back and shut the door.

The biting winds swept round the corner, driving the snow in great blinding sheets before me.

Janet's little hungry face seemed to rise up before me, and overcome with grief and cold, I dropped upon the marble steps, and burst into tears.

Little Pansy was watching me from the window, her blue eyes wide and pitiful.

All at once she disappeared, returning the moment after with a radiant face.

Little boy, she cried excitedly, don't you cry. Come here, I'll give you something. Take this necklace. Papa gave lots and lots of money for it. Here take it quick, and run somewhere and sell it, and buy your little sister something to eat.

She pushed it through the crevice, and it came flashing and tinkling through the snow like a shower of stars. I caught it up breathlessly, never pausing to think that I had no right to take it from the child.

My thoughts were too full of my mother and poor little Janet. I hurried away through the driving snow, my heart throbbing with delight. Only once I looked back, and I saw the little star-like face still pressed against the gleaming window.

When I reached the jeweller's, towards which place I had directed my steps, I was completely out of breath and compelled to pause on the steps.

While I stood there, I looked down at the necklace, which I held in my hand.

What a beautiful thing it was, gleaming and glittering in the gaslight.

For the first time, as I turned it over, the thought flashed like lightning through my mind that I was doing wrong.

I should not have received so costly a thing from so small a child; she had no right to give it to me.

My first impulse was to carry it back, but I thought of little Janet.

How could I go home, and see the look of disappointment on her wan face, when she found that I had brought her nothing?

I could not do it. Mrs. Trevanion had refused to pay my mother, and I would sell the necklace.

I set my teeth hard, and entered the jeweller's; but my face must have betrayed me, for the gentleman behind the counter regarded me with a suspicious eye.

I laid the costly bauble before him, asking, in a voice that I vainly endeavored to steady, what he would pay for it.

He examined it carefully for an instant, and then his eyes pierced me through and through.

Boy, he questioned, sternly, how did you come by this? I sold it to Mr. Trevanion not two weeks ago and here is his little daughter's name on the clasp.

I told my story, but, of course, it was not believed.

I cannot credit any such stuff as that, he replied; even if the child did give it to you, you had no right to take it. I must keep you here until I send for Mr. Trevanion. Step in there!

He pushed me into an adjoining apartment, and closed and locked the door.

I sank down, utterly overwhelmed with despair, my very finger-tips tinkling with shame and humiliation. I was suspected of stealing, and would, no doubt, be imprisoned.

And poor mother and little Janet, what would become of them? I sat down by the window, watching the drifting snow, dimly visible in the increasing darkness, with a bitter feeling at my heart—a feeling as if God had deserted me.

An hour went by, perhaps, and then Mr. Trevanion's carriage drove up.

He alighted, and lifted out his little daughter, and in five minutes they were in my presence.

Mr. Trevanion inspected me closely for a moment, with a pair of kind, human eyes, then he turned to the little girl at his side.

Pansy, he said, look at that boy, and tell me if you gave him your necklace.

The instant the blue eyes espied me they began to dance with delight.

Yes, she cried, I did so; I gave it to him to buy something for his little sister. She's sick and starving, and mamma would not pay him for the work.

Mr. Trevanion smiled.

That will do, he said; pansy never tells a story. We must let the little fellow out, sir, addressing the jeweller, though I'm much obliged to you for your trouble. You should not have taken the necklace, my lad, he continued, turning to me; but I don't blame you under the circumstances. Here, Pansy, he added, putting a ten-dollar bill into the child's hand, give that to your little friend; 'twill do better than the necklace.

The little thing came and put it in my hand.

That will buy you lots o' things, she said exultingly.

I struggled to keep back my tears, but they would come.

I'm not a rogue, sir, I sobbed. I didn't think when I took the necklace, and it was so hard to go home with no thing.

He put his hand on my head his eyes filling with tears.

I understand it all he said, and I don't doubt your honesty. Run home to your mother, now, and when you are in need of help again, come to little Pansy.

He turned away, taking his little girl's hand. She looked back, shaking the tangled gold from her eyes.

Good-bye, Charlie, she said. Papa won't let me give you the necklace now; by-and-by, when I get a big woman you shall have it.

I ran home to tell the whole story to my mother. I would not spend a cent of the ten dollars without her consent. She heard me with dropping tears and when I had finished she said.

We will accept it, Charlie, for Janet's sake. Run out, now, and get something nice; the poor little thing is famished for her supper. I'll find some way to pay it back to Mr. Trevanion.

Never mind, mother, I said. I shall soon be big enough to work, and then I'll pay it back.

Fifteen years have gone by, and yet I can recall with peculiar vividness the warmth and happiness of that night. What a fire! what a supper we had! what fragrant tea and delicious ham; and how poor little Janet enjoyed it!

Better days followed those hours of darkness and trial, but I cannot remember that our changed fortunes ever brought us as happy a night as that.

One dreary afternoon, late in January I sat behind the counter of a jewellery establishment in New York. I was a lapidary by trade, and getting a pretty fair start in the world, my uncle, senior

partner in the firm, having given me one-third of his interest.

At last, after ups and downs innumerable, I had reached the even highway that led to prosperity. But my success brought me little joy, for I was utterly alone.

Mother and Janet had gone to their long home; they slept side by side in the little graveyard near the quiet town where we lived together.

The entrance of a customer broke in upon my reverie. It was a lady closely veiled.

She approached the counter with a small jewel case in her hand.

I desire to dispose of these, she said. Will you please examine them?

I took the case. It contained a jewelled watch, some rings, and an emerald necklace.

The simple sight of this last named article made my heart thrill and bound, and carried me back to that snowy afternoon in my boyhood. I examined it with trembling fingers.

It was the same; there was the name Pansy engraved on it.

I glanced towards the lady, but her heavy veil was down, and her face was not discernible.

The articles are very good, I replied. How much do you want for them?

The most you can give.

You will have to call again to-morrow I said. I must consult the proprietor before taking them, but I promise you a fair price.

Thank you, sir. Good evening.

She took up the case and left the store, and in five minutes I left it also. Step by step I followed her, till she reached the squalid tenement in the upper part of which she abode. I found the landlady, and soon bribed her into being communicative.

Trevanion; that's the name, she replied, in answer to my question. Her father's helpless, and the poor young thing works from sun to sun to support him. It makes my heart ache to look at her.

That was enough. I went back to my post, and, on the following morning, she came down.

Have you decided to buy my jewels? she asked.

Yes, madam.

And what will you pay for them?

I had not valued the jewels, but I had calculated just how much I could spare from my own funds.

We can give you a thousand dollars, I replied.

She uttered a quick exclamation of surprise.

Oh! she cried, delightedly. I did not expect to get half so much as that.

It is the most we can give, I said. Shall I count you out the money?

Yes, sir. I dislike to part with them, but—give me the money, please.

I did so, and she went her way rejoicing.

Next day I purchased a bunch of pansies. To these I attached my card, and sent them by a safe hand to Miss Trevanion's lodgings.

Early in the afternoon she came down, her veil thrown back, her face radiant. Little Pansy's face.

Oh, Charlie, she cried, extending both her hands. I thought I knew your face and it puzzled me so; but I remembered your moment I saw your name. Oh, I am so glad to meet you again.

That night I called on her father, and we went over all the past years in detail.

Mr. Trevanion had failed in business, his second wife had deserted him, and he and little Pansy came to New York to seek their fortunes. Then a severe stroke of sickness had stricken him down and she was left to fight the battle of life alone.

But for a time only; for when the spring came, and the pansies bloomed along the country hedges, my Pansy, fairer and sweeter than them all, became my bride; and for a bridal gift I gave her THE EMERALD NECKLACE.

ROGER MINOT SHERMAN.

When Roger Minot Sherman was a young man, and before he had gained the legal reputation which afterward distinguished him, he was a resident in Norwalk, Connecticut. He had been, even at the age of three-and-twenty, once elected to the State Senate, and was highly respected by all who knew him; but party politics was on a rampage, and the political party adverse to him having unexpectedly gained the ascendancy, his opponents watched for an opportunity to take him down a peg or two.

A town-meeting was to be held, and town officers elected. The meeting convened, and proceeded with business. The chief officers of the town had been elected, and finally came an election of a 'Hog-reeve.' The duties of the person elected to this office were to be particularly watchful of stray porkers—to capture them when manifestly at large—to put rings into their snouts—and to imprison them in the village pound. To this responsible office his political enemies proposed to elect Mr. Sherman, it having been decided that the minor

officers might be elected by nomination, the Moderator called,—

Gentlemen, you will please to nominate for Hog-reeve.

Roger Minot Sherman instantly exclaimed a dozen voices from the crowd.

The Moderator, a staid and worthy citizen, was somewhat perplexed at this, and would have avoided the issue; but the repeated calls of the name obliged him to put the question, and he bade those in favor of electing Mr. Sherman to the office of Hog-reeve to raise their hands.

The majority of elevated hands could not be questioned, but the Moderator, hoping thus to give the matter the go-by, declared that it was, not a vote. The voters doubted the decision, and called for a division of the house, which means simply that all those in favor shall gather upon one side of the house, while those opposed gathered upon the other.

The Moderator was still at a stand when Mr. Sherman, who had remained quietly seated in a far corner, now arose, and with great frankness, but with a reserved twinkle of his bright eye, said—

Mr. Moderator, this seems to be decidedly a vote, but nevertheless, I would thank you to allow the house to divide, as it might assist me in the onerous and delicate duties of the office "to know how many hogs I shall have to look after!"

None dared to tempt the keen satire of Roger Minot Sherman further, and when the division of the house was ordered not a man showed his head on the side of the yeas.

EDITORS VERSUS GENTLEMEN.

John E. Coles, in the other year, editor of the 'N. E. Washingtonian,' never allows the expense of a bit at his individuality to stand in the way of a good story. (John is at present at the head, as its Patriarchal Chief of the Grand Division, of the S. of T., of Massachusetts. And he gives honor to the place, God keep and bless him! A truer man never lived.)

One of John's stories was substantially as follows:—(Remember, this was seven-and-twenty years ago; but we haven't forgotten—nobody can ever forget who has heard John Coles tell a story.)

We have travelled, said John, editorially, in giving an account of a Western trip, a good many hundred miles, by land and by sea. The hotel-keepers, steam-boat captains, and conductors generally, chalked our hat, and indignantly refused to permit us to pay our way. In short, whether upon the raging canawl, upon the broad lake—in cabin or in hotel—we had a great free blow, being universally ticketed as a dead-head. It was certainly very agreeable, but it had its drawbacks. There was one free blow in particular which came near demolishing us.

While on board one of the splendid steamers that ply between Buffalo and Chicago the yellow fuz upon our chin had grown to an uncomfortable length, and we repaired to the barber's shop, in the fore-peak, to have it taken off. The tonsorial darkey was all smiles and bows. He shaved us in the most artistic manner, oiled and combed our head, brushed and smoothed our clothes, and, in short, slicked us up so nicely that we felt like a new man; and in the fullness of our gratitude we pulled out a dime and offered it to him as a reward for his services. He drew himself up with pompous dignity.

I understands, said he, dat you is an editor.

Well,—what of that? said we.

We nebber charge 'editors' noffs, said he.

But, my wolly friend, said we, still presenting the dime, there must be a good many editors travelling now-a-days, and such unbounded liberality on your part will work your financial ruin.

Nebber you fear ob dat, said he, with a patronising nod; we lets you editors go free, 'and makes it up off de gen'l's men'!

With a knowledge of this new distinction John put his dime into his pocket, and sloped.

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