

The Star,

AND CONCEPTION BAY SEMI-WEEKLY ADVERTISER.

Volume I.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Friday, October 4, 1872.

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OCTOBER.

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NOTICES.

J. HOWARD COLLIS,
Dealer and Importer of
**ENGLISH & AMERICAN
HARDWARE,**

Picture Moulding, Glass

Looking Glass, Pictures

Glassware, &c., &c.

TROUTING GEAR,

(In great variety and best quality) WHOLE-
SALE AND RETAIL.

221 WATER STREET,
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Newfoundland.

One door East of P. HUTCHINS, Esq.

N.B.--FRAMES, any size
and material, made to order.
St. John's, May 10. tff.

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 de-
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Music, Charts, Log Books, Playing Cards
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Lately appointed Agent for the OTTAWA
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Also, Agent for J. LINDBERG, Manufactur-
ing Jeweler.

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

BLANK FORMS

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

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 Anaesthetic
(Nitrous Oxide Gas), and have extracted
many thousand Teeth by its use

Without Producing pain,

with perfect satisfaction. They are still pre-
pared to repeat the same process, which is per-
fectly 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 Prem-
iums 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.

W. H. THOMPSON,

AGENT FOR

Parsons' Purgative Pills.

W. H. THOMPSON,

AGENT FOR

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

BANNERMAN & LYON'S

Photographic Rooms,

Corner of Bannerman and Water
Streets.

THE SUBSCRIBERS, having made suit-
able arrangements for taking a FIRST-
CLASS

PICTURE,

Would respectfully invite the attention of
the Public to a

CALL AT THEIR ROOMS,

Which they have gone to a considerable ex-
pense in fitting up.

Their Prices are the LOWEST
ever afforded to the Public;

And with the addition of a NEW STOCK of
INSTRUMENTS, CHEMICALS and other
Material in connection with the art, they
hope to give entire satisfaction.

ALEXR. BANNERMAN,
E. WILKS LYON.

May 14. tff.

W. H. THOMPSON,

AGENT FOR

Fellows' Compound Syrup

OF

HYPOPHOSPHITES.

News-Boy Tim.

Ragged little News-boy Tim
Loitering on the gusty corner—
Shocking hat without a rim,
Boots a mile too big for him;
Surely hero clad forlorn
Never yet did poet limn!

Up and down the noisy street
He cries his daily wares unwearied;
And by blasts of summer heat,
Biting frost or bitter sleet,
Are his scullid tatters harried,
As he tramps his weary beat.

All the graces he may boast
A broad humorous smile discloses;
Teeth like pearls—two brown eyes, lost
Under a thatch of bright hair tossed
Round his plump cheeks, red as roses,
Kissed alike by sun and frost.

May be, long and long ago,
His dead mother's fragile fingers
Once caressed his soft curls so;
And—though Tim may never know—
That is why the sunshine lingers
On them with so fair a glow!

Be that as it may, no cares
From the shadowy past he borrows
Only the gaunt present wears
Hunger, toil, and brief despair—
And the grim impending morrows
He with sturdy courage dares.

So my tattered hero, Tim,
Through the noisy Babel daily
Shouts his wares with boyish vim.
Till the sodden midnight dim,
With her gas-lights flaring palely,
Blinks a dull good night to him.

To some wretched hidden slum,
Where the by-ways reek and swelter
With the city's foulest scum,
Soon his jaded footsteps come,
Seeking furtive rest and shelter,
While some instinct, chained and dumb,

From his darkened soul appeals
To the stars, whose veiled glory
Like a far-herd echo steals
Through the muffled roar of wheels;
And the moonlight, dim and hoary,
Some vague hint of Heaven reveals.

EXTRACTS.

DARING ENTERPRISE.

Attempt to Swim from Dover to Calais.

A letter from Dover in the London Ob-
server says:—
"The astonishment of the inhabitants of
Dover when on Wednesday morning they saw
the town placarded with immense posters an-
nouncing that 'J. B. Johnson, the hero of
London Bridge, and the champion of the world
will swim from England to France on Friday
morning next, the 23rd of August,' may be
more easily imagined than described. Many
thought that it was a hoax, and old salts, even
allowing it was not so, considered it madness
to attempt it, because it was impossible to
get across, owing to the swiftness of the cur-
rents that run mid channel, and the distance
they reckoned he would have to swim before
he could hope to accomplish his object. His-
tory tells us of some startling feats in swim-
ming. Leander often crossed the Hellespont,
and later on Byron accomplished the same
feat. The distance in this instance, however,
was only about four or five miles, and this was
thought the most wonderful feat of the age.
When a man, however, publicly announced
that he would cross the silver streak separat-
ing England from France by swimming, not-
withstanding the distance he would have to
go, people naturally believed the announce-
ment absurd. Perhaps in no part of the Chan-
nel does the tide run so strong as between
Dover and Calais, and oftentimes the sea is so
rough that it is a wonder the mail boats live
out the storm. The distance between Dover
and the other side of the water at the nearest
point, supposing the swimmer could swim

straight across, is computed to be at least 19
miles, but with the tides running crossways all
nautical men here agree that Johnson, to ac-
complish his object would have to go a dis-
tance of from 30 to 40 miles. To come to the
facts of the case, however, it appears that a
wager was laid in Leeds of £1,000 to £30, and
was immediately doubled that Johnson would
not swim across the Channel, and in London
the bets were 100 to 1 against him. The ar-
rangements having been completed, and the
proposed feat duly announced, the coming
event was the theme of every conversation.
Mr. B. J. Johnson, accompanied by his brother
Mr. Peter Johnson (the champion diver), and
several other gentlemen, arrived at Dover on
Thursday evening. Mr. Johnson is about 25,
and is certainly one of the best built men we
have ever seen. He measures 45in. round the
chest, and can inflate himself a great deal
more. This enables him to stay under the
water for a considerable time, and obtain any
information about the current. Mr. R. Iron,
the harbour master, with great courtesy ex-
plained, by means of a chart, the various tides
he would have to contend against. No doubt
was expressed as to his ability to swim the
distance, but as the terms of the bet were that
he was not to come out of the water, the great
question arose how the circulation of the blood
was to be kept up, it being estimated that the
swimmer would at least take twelve hours to
perform his feat.

On Friday morning, the water, though not
very rough, was 'lumpy,' and a message hav-
ing been received that it was blowing hard at
Calais, the event was postponed till Saturday
morning. Mr. Johnson, however, to prevent
the immense crowd that awaited his arrival on
the Admiralty Pier from being disappointed
and saying it was a hoax, walked on to
the pier about half past nine, and was
enthusiastically cheered. He wore the badge
of the captaincy of the *Serpentine*. Shortly
after the mark boat had started he left the
shore in a steamer, and with his brother and
Mr. Collard dived off the bow into the water.
For upwards of an hour he amused the spec-
tators with some clever aquatic feats, and to
all appearances he seemed as much at home
in the water as on land. In the afternoon he
again entered the water, and performed more
clever tricks. Early on Saturday morning
there was intense excitement in town, and sev-
eral thousands of persons flocked to the Ad-
miralty Pier to witness the start, which was an-
nounced for 9.30 a.m., as it was reckoned that
the tide would serve to take him to the west-
ward for about two hours, and then he would
have the advantage of the tide in the opposite
direction to reach across to the other side.
The band of the Royal Surrey Gardens arrived
in Dover by the boat-train, and having formed
up in front of the Harp Hotel, a procession
was formed, and headed by the band, playing
a lively air, Johnson, with his breast adorned
with some twenty to thirty decorations, walk-
ed to the pier. On their arrival here a la-
mentable delay occurred, which was estimated
to seriously injure the prospects of the swim-
mer, as the tides had been calculated to a
nicety, through the pier officials refusing to
allow the party to embark. It was then ar-
ranged to go afloat in boats, but after a while
the gentlemen in charge of the pier gave the
required permission, and the embarkation
took place. The *Palmerston*, with Mr. Strange,
Mr. Wieland, and the members of the press,
then left, and steamed a few feet away. At
10.40 Mr. Johnson appeared on deck, attired
in bathing costume, and having ascended the
paddle-box he, amidst the ringing cheers of
the crowd, dived into the water in splendid
style. At the stern of the steamer a small
boat, containing Mr. Johnson's brother and
Mr. Collard, was towed along, so that in case
of necessity help was immediately at hand.
Striking out to sea the swimmer soon made
headway, taking some powerful strokes, which
appeared to send him at least a distance of 6
feet, each time. Johnson kept on swimming
in splendid form, and accomplished two miles
in 20 minutes. He kept his pace, and at 11.
20 took his first refreshment, and the tide had
again partook of stimulants. The tide had
now taken him nearly off Folkestone, and he
then put on such a spurt that he overhauled
the steamer, which was some distance ahead
of him. On reaching her he remarked he
should like something to eat; and though he
was neither exhausted nor tired, the surgeon
saw that circulation was failing, and advised
him to come out. This was at 11.45 a.m., and

NEWS ITEMS.

The Sultan of Zanzibar.—The Sultan of Zanzibar, the sovereign of that seaport town in West Africa now so well known as a rendezvous for African explorers, having written a letter to Sir Henry Rowlinson, announcing his good-will toward the Livingstone relief expedition, and his intention to afford it material aid, has been elected an honorary member of the Royal Geographical Society.

New Use for Kerosene Oil.—We hear from New Zealand of a new use for kerosene oil. Internally administered, it is said to be a cure for chronic rheumatism. Dr. Kemp of Wellington has administered it in his practice with gratifying results. The dose was a tea-spoonful in a wine glass of water, every other night, and it produced no unpleasant symptoms whatever. His success may induce other physicians to make a trial of it, but no one should take it unless by medical advice.

Napoleon and Eugenie.—Napoleon and Eugenie are terribly annoyed by bores, who run after and stare at them with brazen effrontery. Even at the British Association meeting at Brighton the other day, they were not exempt from intrusive impudence. They had no sooner taken their seats than the Mayor appeared, and first introduced himself, and then planted his wife down beside the distinguished party. In consequence of these annoyances, the imperial party contemplate another removal.

Ozone.—Ozone is oxygen gas in an active or peculiar electric condition, the presence of which in the atmosphere is believed to be advantageous to health. Considerable interest, therefore, attaches to the following account of observations recorded in the Journal of the Scottish Meteorological Society: "When the air had a pleasant sharpness to the feelings, exercising, as it were, a stimulating influence on the spirits, the largest quantities of ozone were obtained. On the other hand, when the air was close, and seemed to exercise a slightly depressing influence, little, if any, ozone was detected."

The German Band.—The German Band, who played at the Jubilee, are having a row in Berlin upon the division of the money made in the United States. Herr Saro, the leader, claims so large a portion as his share that the matter and the money is now in the hands of the authorities, with some prospect that the latter may appropriate the whole amount for the benefit of the public service. Later accounts state that the difficulty between Herr Saro and the members of his band, regarding the distribution of the money, has been amicably settled. Each member has received about a thousand dollars as his share of the proceeds.

Prussian Commissioners Investigating American Fisheries.—The Prussian Government have recently sent to this country a Commission consisting of Dr. Otto Finsch, curator of the Bremen Museum, and Dr. Phil M. Linde, co-editor of the Bremen Wisser Zeitung, with instructions to make a thorough investigation of the inland fisheries of the United States and the means employed in the artificial propagation of salmon, trout and other fresh water fish, it being the intention of the Prussian Government to inaugurate a general system by which all the depopulated streams of Germany shall be restocked. The Commissioners arrived in this city last week, and immediately put themselves in communication with Mr. E. A. Brackett of the Massachusetts Board of Commissioners on Fisheries, who has furnished to them drawings and descriptions of the hatching apparatus employed in this State, and of his patent fish-way, which they pronounced superior to any which they have seen in Europe. On Friday last they visited Bedford in company with Mr. Brackett, and examined the operation of the fish-way, with which they were greatly pleased. They go hence to California to examine the salmon fisheries of the Pacific coast.—Boston Journal, Sept. 11.

Terrible Prediction.—The author of La Prusse et la Russie, dedicated to Prince Bismarck, "Geneva," prophesies that the terrible experiences of the year 1870-71 were but the prelude to a struggle far more momentous, which will deluge Central Europe with blood, and that within the present decade. It is not difficult to divine from the title of the pamphlet between what races and for what objects such a contest will commence. Prussia and Russia must eventually (according to the author) grapple together in mortal combat for the supremacy in Central Europe, and both are silently preparing for the ordeal. Inasmuch as the anti-German tendencies of the Czar are well-known, the author of this work affirms that the death of the Czar would be the signal for an immediate outbreak of war, if indeed circumstances do not bring it about during the lifetime of the present Emperor, who is supposed to wish for the continuance of peace, so long as his subjects refrain from forcing him into an opposite policy. The part which Poland will take in the conflict between her partitioners and oppressors is anxiously reviewed and considered in the pages under notice; the establishment of a

new kingdom of the now divided sections of that unhappy land is deemed to be a certain result of such a struggle, as equally in the interest of either combatant, the want of immediate power being felt by both the giant nations of the North.

Sounds of the Sea.—When a shell is held up to the ear there is a peculiar vibratory noise, which children assure each other is the roar of the sea, however distant they may be from it.

Philosophically investigated the peculiar sound thus recognized is a phenomenon that very much perplexed learned gentlemen for a long while. The experiment is easily made by simply pressing a spiral shell, common in collections, over the cerebra of either ear. If a large shell the sound is very much like that of a far off cataract. Now what causes it?

Every muscle in the body is always in a state of tension. Some are more on the stretch than others, and particularly those of the fingers. It is conceded that the vibration of the fibres of those in the fingers being communicated to the shell—it propagates and intensifies them, as the hollow body of the violin does the vibration of its strings, and thus the acoustic nerve receives the sonorous impressions. Muscles of the leg below the knee are said to vibrate in the same way, and if conducted to the ear produce the same result.

Vulgarity.—We commend the following extract to the thoughtful study of the young. Nothing is so disgusting and repugnant to the feelings of the noble and good as to hear the young, or even the old, use profane, low or vulgar language.—The young of our towns are particularly guilty of profanity. In our day it seems the "boy" does not feel himself a "man" unless he can exult in this great sin. We would guard the young against the use of every word that is not strictly proper.—Use no profane expression—allude to no sentence that will put to blush the most sensitive. You know not the tendency of habitually using indecent and profane language. It may never be obliterated from your heart. When you grow up you will find at your tongue's end some expression which you would not use for any money. It was used when quite young. By using care you will save yourself a great deal of mortification and sorrow. Good men have been taken sick and become delirious. In these moments they used the most vile and indecent language imaginable. When informed of it after restoration to health they had no idea of the pain they caused; they had learned and repeated the expressions in childhood, and though years had passed since, they had been indelibly stamped upon the heart. Think of this, you who are tempted to use improper language, and never disgrace yourselves.

Steamer "Linda."—We are happy to state that the indomitable energy and perseverance of the owner, N. K. Clements, Esq., have at length been successful in getting the Linda off the shore at Cranberry Head. Her bottom having been temporarily patched up, and aided by a large number of empty casks and pumps, she was got afloat on Thursday evening last, and at once taken in tow by steam-tug G. W. Johnson to this harbor, where she now lies at Clements' wharf. She is not so badly damaged as was generally supposed, and in a few days she will be put on the Marine railway for repairs. The engine will be put in thorough order by Messrs. Burrell, Johnson & Co., and improvements will be made in it which are expected materially to increase its power and the speed of the vessel. The work both on the hull and machinery will be vigorously put through, and it is confidently expected that the Linda will be on the route between Yarmouth, Boston and St. John before the close of the present season. We are assured that no pains or expense will be spared to put her in thorough sea-going condition, to improve her passenger accommodations, and to render her in every way as efficient as possible for her intended service.

Lynch Law in Kansas.—On Thursday night last, in Hays City, Kan., there was done a deed of fearful note, and this was the deed in the manner of its doing:—

A few days before one Jack Wright went to Hays City from Dodge City, the prospective terminus of the Atlantic, Texas, and Santa Fe Railroad, to buy some lumber for building purposes. In one of the low doggeries with which Hays City abounds he met one McClelland, a resident of Ellsworth, and familiarly known as the wickedest man in the State. Both parties had been drinking and both were stimulated to jealousy by the presence of a frail if not fair one, in the person of Nettie O'Baldwin. Words ensued, and then McClelland loudly asserted that the only object which he had in going to Hays City was to kill Jack Wright, and that now was the appointed time. In a moment, amid a frightful din of profanity and remonstrance, pistols were drawn, and their short, sharp crack announced that murder was being done. McClelland's first shot pierced Wright's stomach, and he fell to the ground mortally wounded.

His death wound, however, did not prevent him from firing on and wounding McClelland. One ball took effect in the desperado's head, another in his left hand and a third in his abdomen, all three wounds being severe, but not necessarily fatal. In a moment the fight was



Latest Despatches.

LONDON, Sept. 27.—It is reported that Lord John Russell is preparing a review of the proceedings and award of the Geneva Arbitration.

The Chambers of Commerce in several leading cities of England have adopted resolutions, congratulating Her Majesty's Government, on the happy termination of the Alabama arbitration, and copies of the resolutions will be forwarded to the government of the United States.

Mr. Foster, in an address at Bradford, and Mr. Lowe at Glasgow last night, rejoiced in the final settlement of these claims.

The Prussian government has stopped the pay of the Bishop of Ermeland.

Gambetta's tour in France continues to excite great enthusiasm.

The Austrian Arch Duke Albrcht, reported dead, is recovering.

The population of Metz has decreased 23 since the German army occupied it. Migration is all to France.

LONDON, 28.—The heavy gales experienced for days on the British coast continues. Some damage done to shipping.

The health of ex-Empress Charlotta is improving.

Carlitz Sebello, with 830 men is besieging Puigcerda, in the province of Gerona.

The Portuguese colony on the African coast, is very unsuccessful, and the colonists threaten to return.

The international peace Congress in session at Lugnan this week, adjourned yesterday.

Garibaldi, in a letter to the Congress, denounces Thiers, and his policy towards Italy in terms of great severity. He also alludes to the settlement of the Alabama controversy, heartily approving the Arbitration.

The authorities at London detained a steamship which was to have sailed to day, with a number of emigrants for Canada, because it is now too late for their departure.

New York, 28.—Gold 113 3/4. Exchange 7 1/2.

MONTREAL, 30.—The Daily News and Northern Journal, both of Montreal, are defunct.

It is reported that Sir John Rose will be the next president of the Montreal Bank.

LONDON, 30.—Espartaco has resigned his position as President of the Spanish Senate.

The French government condemns Gambetta's course in addressing the people in the provinces. His speeches are considered indiscreet, and ill-timed, and calculated to agitate the country which needs repose.

The Pope to day, went beyond the Vatican for the first time since the occupation of Rome by the Italian government. He proceeded to the Porta del Lecca, and by that gate walked into the gardens.

LONDON, Oct. 1.—Lord Rederdale, has written a letter, condemning the conduct of the government representatives in the Geneva Board of Arbitration, where he says, the interests of the country were sacrificed to those of the Cabinet. He demands a full explanation of the reasons which prompted the representatives to act as they did.

NEW YORK, 1.—It is rumoured that Boss Tweed has fled, and escaped suits pending against him, which were to have commenced yesterday.

A furious gale has been prevailing on Lake Ontario, and some wrecks are already reported. On Lake Erie, several disasters are reported, some of which were attended with loss of life.

Great excitement exists in the oil regions of Pennsylvania. The suspension of work is general, and the price is already advancing. Violence has been used against those who refuse to stop work.

The Secretary of the Treasury has ordered the redemption of 1,000,000 of three per cents.

The journeymen tailors of Philadelphia are on a strike.

The National debt was reduced in September to nearly ten and half million dollars.

Gold not quoted.

"Standard" do Thine Own Work.

The gentle editor of an exchange makes the amende honorable in the following elaborate style:—"There is a fly in our office—one particular, aggressive fly—distinguished from his brethren by a pertinacity and untiring energy that, if properly directed, are enough to make him Premier. Other flies we can dispose of by whisking a paper at them, or put them out of the window. But this fly we can't manage. We don't like to kill flies; there is something so confiding about them, that it seems like a breach of hospitality to kill them. That fly tumbles into our inkstand, crawls out, and dries his little feet by walking over our paper as we write. The compositor has hard work to decipher our manuscript sometimes. And in this connection, we would make a slight correction. In the present number of our paper "A.R." calls the Hon Mr. H. C. "an unprincipled demagogue," he should have said "a high-toned patriot." 'Twas the fault of that fly. The brother of the Hon. Mr. H. C. came up town this morning with a new and substantial looking cane and reminded us of the misprint."

taking his advice he got into the steamer, having swam over seven miles in an hour and five minutes. He did not appear in the least tired, but his legs were numbed. When he got all right he actually had the pluck and desire to continue his feat, but the water being very rough it was considered a physical impossibility for him to continue his task. He then went below, and the Palmerston steamer direct to Calais, arriving at three p.m. Just before going into harbor Johnson appeared on deck again, and with his brother jumped into the water, and performed various aquatic tricks. Having got into town, the party went to the hotel, and Johnson appeared upon the scene without showing the least signs of fatigue."



HARBOR GRACE, OCTOBER 4, 1872.

We are now enjoying our "Indian summer," which, if not injurious to the potato crop we could wish prolonged. The fear is, however, that the heavy sultry atmosphere of the last week is injuring the crop. The suggestion to get potatoes out of ground as soon as possible is a wise one.

We learn that the S. S. "Eagle," on her voyage from New York to St. John's, went ashore at Chance Cove, Cape Race, but was got off after throwing over part cargo. Several ocean steamers have been wrecked at this locality where a FOG WHISTLE is much wanted. The Dominion coasts are being well supplied with these necessary safeguards; it is time that some measures were taken to extend a like protection to the commerce of this country.

We are glad to notice that the rate of postages between Newfoundland and the Dominion is to be reduced one-half. The tax on newspapers is excessive, and should be wholly removed. Papers can be sent to England free, but are taxed 4 cents to the Dominion—that is 2 cents each to sender and receiver. This matter should be agitated until redressed.

"YOU'RE ANOTHER!"

We will furnish the "STAR" for 12 months gratis to the person who explains to our satisfaction the meaning of the words, "a very pretty looking vessel."

OUR ILLUSTRIOUS (?) contemporary, the "Standard," informs us in an advertisement under the head of "Millinery and Dressmaking," that "Having had many years experience in the best establishments in this country, Mr. R. is prepared to execute all orders with neatness and despatch." Probably Mr. R. is able to prepare all tiny ware for "daily news."

JUDGING from the LEADER in Wednesday's "Standard" we should say the editorial chair—like the "Standard's" "Judge and Bar"—is in a "disabled condition."

CROW PICKERS.

BY "AULD REEKIE."

In winter, when the snow doth fall, Alike on ignorance and all; In summer, when all leaves are seen, The Standard's heat is ever green.

H. C. (For the benefit of your readers "Auld Reekie" must explain that H. C. is HAPHAZARD CHRONICLER.)

"Auld Reekie" has a word for the chiel who daffly thinks all wisdom lies in a nut-shell, i. e., his cranium. This mentor of the Standard has for years been mooning it over "banks and braes," or fixing off rotten potatoes in the valleys; cramming a patient suffering people with his stale see-saws. The funny chiel is now talking another long job in hand: he is going to stay the tide with his old broomstick and enforce silence to listen to his twaddle. Such a rattle of ugly adjectives as he gives way to in last Standard gives this chick the jaundice, the sound of which he has not heard since he turned his father's fanners winnowing wheat "lang syne." The chiel gloats over a "paur body's misfortunes" as if failure in effort were a crime. He should be cannie in touching family misfortunes and "let sleeping dogs lie," or I'll ken a thing and read a chapter he has forgotten. "Failed in several trades." What has his—the chiel's—history been but one long continued failure? In sheer pity "Auld Reekie" leaves him to his morbid sensitiveness and potato tops. "Auld Reekie" kens yon chiel kens a' about his Rise and Progress as he does about the new News that lashed him yesterday and was humbly complimented for doing the thing so well. I pity him. No matter. I know he is "a threat of a demon." "Auld Reekie's" advice to the chiel is in two words—hook it.

over, and in less currence, Wright prisoner and the having departed Clelland's wound placed in jail, the building used as fastened to his was fastened to the building. T in a similar man "Pony" Donov warning to leav under penalty of had treated with had been territ affray and the cious knots of r ners, muttering fians would not alive, or, indee er day.

The night, h ed, and the pa sun shone in o delay in the ex ance was only was only acco messenger who bring to Hays man. The nea midnight hour square: all we proached the j crossing light crouching again chained, the tw inal, McClellan, mob had no pit here like catt e. A curse of lips. McClellan as the light flas was to him as m moment the gl were thrust thro followed, and w ed away out cr guilty soul of McClelland, dering and ne death soon rel out word or wa and repentance St. Louis Demo

We are info taken at Bonn one of them r width of tail, skin, 3 inches traordinary fis bition, but i in time. We h —St. John's T

At Mosquito wife of the lat years. At same plac beloved wife of years. At Halifax, long and paint native of this t

PORT C

Oct. 2.—Devil skins—Punt

75 Brls. C

20 do. C

20 BOXES

9 Doz.

Opposite Oct. 1.

Blacks

BEGS respect patrons as is EVER REA in his line of b a substantial m OF LEM Sept. 17.

over, and in less than half an hour after its occurrence, Wright was a corpse, McClelland a prisoner and the woman O'Baldwin an exile, having departed no one knew whither. McClelland's wounds were dressed, and he was placed in jail, the basement of a one-storied building used as a court house. A chain was fastened to his ankle, and the other end of it was fastened to one of the posts supporting the building. To the same post was fastened in a similar manner a well-known horse thief, "Pony" Donovan, who had received frequent warning to leave that section of the country under penalty of death—warnings which he had treated with contempt. The community had been terribly excited by the shooting affray and the arrest of Donovan, and suspicious knots of men met at all the street corners, muttering ominously that two such ruffians would not be allowed to leave the city alive, or, indeed, to see the dawning of another day.

The night, however, passed away undisturbed, and the pale beams of another morning's sun shone in on the fettered wretches. The delay in the execution of the popular vengeance was only a respite and not a pardon; it was only accorded to await the return of a messenger who had been sent to Dodge City to bring to Hays City a brother of the murdered man. The next night came. At the dead midnight hour a band of men met in the square: all were armed, all silent. They approached the jail and surrounded it. By the tossing light of their torches could be seen, crouching against the post to which they were chained, the two desperadoes, the graver criminal, McClelland, swathed in bandages. The mob had no pity for those who were fastened there like cattle awaiting the axe of the butch-er. A curse of hatred broke from Donovan's lips. McClelland was asleep, but started up as the light flashed upon him. Its lurid glare was to him as the blaze of opening hell. In a moment the glistening barrels of a dozen guns were thrust through the windows, a detonation followed, and when the thin blue smoke cleared away out on its curling wreaths floated the guilty soul of "Pony" Donovan.

McClelland, a man of iron frame, was shuddering and moaning in an agony from which death soon relieved him. Thus perished, without word or warning or a moment for reflection and repentance, these two miserable men.—*St. Louis Democrat, Aug. 28.*

We are informed that two Squids were taken at Bonavista last week,—the size of one of them ran: length of body, 17 feet; width of tail, 4 and 1-2 feet; thickness of skin, 3 inches; horn 32 feet long.—This extraordinary fish was intended for the Exhibition, but could not be conveyed here in time. We hope it may keep for the next.—*St. John's Times.*

DIED.

At Mosquito, on Monday last, Ann, beloved wife of the late Mr. William Penny, aged 65 years.

At same place, yesterday morning, Patience, beloved wife of Mr. William Penny, aged 87 years.

At Halifax, on Sunday, 15th Sept., after a long and painful illness, Mr. William Noel, a native of this town.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF HARBOR GRACE.

ENTERED.
Oct. 2.—Devil, Tulloch, Liverpool, oil and skins—Punton & Munn.

FOR SALE!

75 Brls. Choice Extra FLOUR

20 do. CORN MEAL

20 BOXES No. 1 Family SOAP

9 Doz. CHAIRS.

R. ANDERSON,

Opposite Messrs. Punton & Munn's.
Oct. 1.

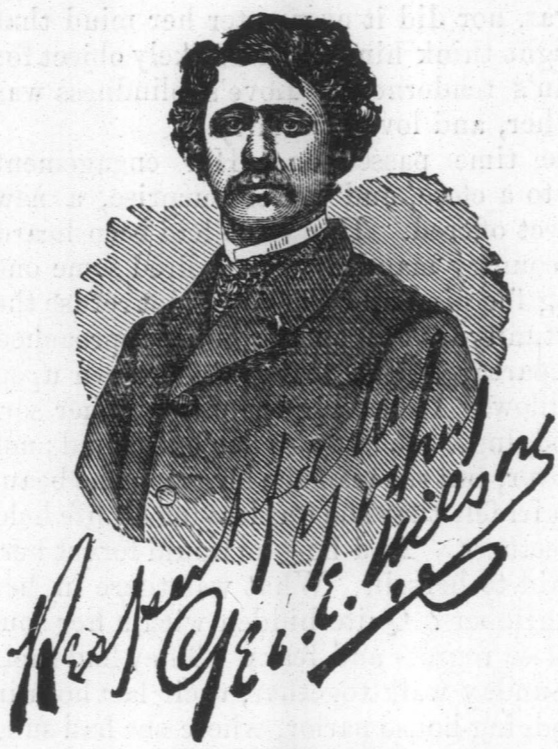
NOTICE.



Blacksmith & Farrier,

BEGS respectfully to acquaint his numerous patrons and the public generally, that he is EVER READY to give entire satisfaction in his line of business. All work executed in a substantial manner, and with despatch.

Off LeMarchant St., North of Gas House.
Sept. 17.



WILSON'S Theatre!

THIS (FRIDAY) EVENING,
Complimentary Testimonial

MR. G. E. WILSON,

Who will have the pleasure of presenting James Pilgrim's celebrated Drama, entitled



WITH HIS ORIGINAL DYING SPEECH!

After which the New Farce of the
SPECTRE BRIDEGROOM!

FOR SALE!

PRESERVES & GROCERIES!

Just Received and For Sale by the Subscriber—

Fresh Cove OYSTERS

Spiced do.

PINE APPLES

PEACHES

Strawberries—preserved in Syrup
Brambleberries do. do.

—ALWAYS ON HAND—

A Choice Selection of
GROCERIES.

T. M. CAIRNS.

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

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, FISH OR OIL.

DANIEL FITZGERALD.

Sept. 13.

FOR SALE!

THE Right, Title and Interest of the Subscriber in that DESIRABLE PROPERTY, situated on the West Side of Victoria Street, consisting of

Three Dwelling Houses

WITH

LAND ATTACHED.

Immediate application requested, when all Particulars will be furnished.

R. MORRIS,

Sept. 11. No 10, Victoria St.

BLANK FORMS

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

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

Lampough's Pyretic Saline

Powel's Balsam Aniseed

Medicamentum (stamped)

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Balsam of Life

Chlorodyne

Mexican Mustang Liniment

Steer's Opodiloc

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

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Soothing Syrup

Kaye's Coaguline

India Rubber Sponge

Teething Rings

Sponge, Tooth Cloths

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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

Morehead's Plaster

Corn Plasters

Mather's Feeding Bottles

Bond's Marking Ink

Corn Flour, Fresh Hops

Arrowroot, Sago, Gold Leaf

Nelson's Gelatine and Isin-

glass

Bonnet Glue

Best German Glycerine

Lime Juice, Honey

Best Ground Coffee

Nixey's Black Lead

Roth & Co.'s Rat Paste

Brown's Bronchael Troches

Woodill's Worm Lozenges

" Baking Powder

McLean's Vermifuge

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Copal Varnish

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May 14.

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.

LUMBER!

—BY—

H. W. TRAPNELL, INDIAN SALVE.

—:O:—

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

20 M. Seasoned Prime Pine

30 do. Hemlock

30 do. No. 2 Pine

July 30.

JUST RECEIVED

A FRESH SUPPLY OF

ADAMS'

INDIAN SALVE.

W. H. THOMPSON.

E. W. LYON

Has just received a large assortment of

Coloured French Kid

GLOVES,

Which he offers to the public at VERY LOW PRICES.

VIOLET'S STORY.

Violets lie hidden in mossy nooks, waiting for fond eyes to discover their sweetness. Perhaps Violet Marten's parents hoped for such a fate for their darling when they named her.

Her eyes are not blue, but violet, said the young father.

And Violet is such a pretty name, said the young mother; let us name her so.

And violet was christened in the little village church, and grew up from a pretty baby and a beautiful child to be a sweet, pure, fair, young girl, and sang in the choir so sweetly that strangers wondered to hear her there, and men nearly twisted their necks off as they sat in the front pews, to see the face of the singer.

Hither, to the quiet Yankee village, came one summer Otto Balche, who had trained I know not how many professional singers—a wonderful teacher and a rare musician; and going, for a rarity, to church, he heard the voice to some purpose: sought out the girl; and taught her, in true artist generosity and enthusiasm, all that could be taught in one summer.

Little the good Yankee mother guessed what the nice old German gentleman, who liked to sing with Violet, was doing for her child; but Violet, artist at heart herself, quite understood.

That was a happy summer. Violet looked back upon it now with many tears. That fall a pestilence had swept through the village, and the good mother and father, almost young people yet, were smitten by it, and lay under some willow in the church-yard. And the old home was in stranger hands. And Otto Balche had gone home to the Fatherland and there died. And the fair, pure, lily-like girl was earning her bread as a chorus singer in an opera troupe, and boarding in a by-street with an old laundress.

She knew no one. The girls and women shocked her by their Bohemian ways. Of the men she was shy. They were not a bit like the members of the village church, or any other men she had ever met. The manager she knew, for he gave her her orders and fixed her salary. And a mild-looking lame gentleman who sat in the ticket office gave her a kindly good-day, or good-night, when she passed him, which seemed to comfort her. He was not like the others; he was a gentleman, though evidently not a rich one. And there was something in that crutch with its worn velvet handle which awakened her womanly commiseration, and made her voice and smile, and she answered, more gentle than she knew.

The opera was over one night, in the frosty mid-winter. The important personages had gone home in carriages. The chorus girls and women had been gaily whisked away by escorts, or surlily dragged away by husbands or had gone home strong in numbers, linked arm in arm. The fair-faced Yankee girl, in her black silk alpaca, and quiet shawl and hood, peeped out into the night with her violet eyes, and waited for a band of jolly singers to pass by ere she encountered the ordeal of her run home—that dreadful quarter of an hour, through which her heart beat with terror and ached with loneliness.

Her little feet, venturing forth at last, pattered over the pavement at a swift rate; but she was more nervous than usual, and this time surely some one was following her. At the corner of the dusky street in which her lodging lay, she could not avoid glancing around, to convince herself that her fears were without foundation, and as she did so, her eyes met those of a man, flashy, half tipsy, and indescribably insolent, who caught her by the arm.

Stop a minute, he said. What's the matter? I've been waiting for you an hour. You mistake: I don't know you. Let me go, said Violet.

The man laughed. Look here; be quiet. Don't take airs, he began. You're a mighty pretty girl. Who are you.

Let go my arm, said Violet, terrified by hearing another step approaching.

But the man rather in malicious fun than anything else, held her faster.

Give me a kiss, and may be I will, he said. He advanced his face to hers, his breath reeking with the fumes of liquor. Violet grew faint.

Suddenly another hand touched her arm. She was gently taken under protection.

This lady is under my care, said a voice that she knew.

And she looked up into the face of the gentleman whose good-night had been the

kindest word yet spoken to her in that dismal opera-house.

The tipsy man drew back. He was a big fellow, and for a moment he doubled his big fists quite savagely. Then he muttered: I don't want to interfere. If women will walk the street, what can they expect? and sauntered off sullenly.

Let me see you safe the rest of the way, Miss Marten, said her new friend to Violet, who was now sobbing despite her efforts to be calm. You were very much frightened? Yes, sir.

You are always nervous during this late walk home?

I'm afraid so. I have been used to being taken care of. Before papa died, I never lived in a city, or alone.

You shall not be so terrified again, said the gentleman. If you will allow me, I will see you safe every night.

Oh, how kind; but it will be so much trouble, said Violet naively.

He laughed.

A trouble! no, a very great pleasure. Besides, it is nothing new either. I have taken the liberty of walking behind you to see no harm befall you every night for weeks. You are not used to it like those others, and you looked so frightened when you peered out into the street. You'll excuse me I know.

It was so very good of you, said Violet. To think that any one cared whether I was frightened or not. I don't know how to thank you.

He gave her a smile that made his face beautiful in an instant, and coming to the door, bade her good-night.

So it began. As long as she made one of the company, Arthur Hurst saw Violet Marten to her home after the opera was over, and a very pleasant intimacy was the first result. Long walks out of town on Sunday afternoons—holiday hours, in which Violet sang her repertoire of songs through for her friend, and when they talked to each other as only those who like each other will ever do.

His was a blighted life in some sort. A motherless boy, whose intemperate father had, in a wild moment, brought upon the child the accident which had marred proportions originally cast in nature's fairest mould. His ventures in after-life had proved fruitless. His little hoard had melted away under ill-considered speculations, and with failing health and courage, he had settled down to the monotonous life he now led.

There is nothing to look forward to he said. I earn my pittance. I read my books. I rest, when I can, under green trees. So my life goes. At last I shall rest for ever in some quiet spot. It would be no different were I as ambitious as I used to be. The grave ends all, for all of us.

And Violet told him of her home, of her parents, and of old Otto Balche.

The rehearsals and the chorus singing were brighter tasks, now that this friendship had dawned. Violet began to feel almost happy again.

After they had parted at the door, and the old woman with whom she boarded had appeared in slippers and a night-cap and shawl, to give her her poor little supper, she used to go up to her garret and lie awake, thinking of Arthur Hurst. She was so sorry for him, and so thankful to him. She longed to be rich, that she might secretly bestow upon him great gifts. The pain-lined face was beautiful to her; indeed it was an exquisite face, but for those lines: Great Spanish eyes, a soft, full-lipped mouth, and hair that curled close about white temples. His infirmity was only pitiful to her not repulsive.

My friend she had called him for a long while, when one day, coming down the long, dark passage that led to the regions which lay behind the stage, she espied him, herself unseen. He sat in his little den, counting or sorting tickets, his mind hardly on them. The sadness of his face was intense. All the disappointments and losses of his life seemed written there. Violet stood still, and looked.

My darling! she said to herself, under her breath, my own poor darling!

And then she knew that she loved him, and sped away, fearing nothing so much as that he should see her, dreading nothing so much as a meeting with him then. But from that moment, whatever the rest of the world saw in Arthur Hurst, she saw only her idol. Man loves the woman who is beautiful to him; to woman, the man she loves becomes beautiful.

She was a little colder to him after this, I think, fearing lest she should seem too warm, for there had been no lovers' talk between them, nor had he ever so much as held her hand in his longer than for a courteous greeting. She did not know how very beautiful

she was, nor did it ever enter her mind that he might think himself an unlikely object for woman's tenderness. Love's blindness was upon her, and love's timidity.

The time passed on. Her engagement drew to a close, and to her surprise, a new prospect offered. Her voice had been heard by a country manager who desired some one to sing for him, and she could not refuse the opportunity. Yet, as the time approached for departure, bitter tears rained down upon her pillow. In leaving the city and her so-called lodgings, she left also her one friend; not her lover, but the man she loved. The beautiful girl felt that she was leaving all life held of sweetness. And he—he would forget her, she said to herself. What was there in her to remember? Quite hidden within her soul lay these regrets and fears. They had their last Sunday walk together, their last hour in the lodging-house parlor, where she had sung to him so often. And she said as much quietly, and he drew closer to her, and for the first time took her hand.

I may write, and hear from you? he asked. O yes! I shall be glad. I shall be lonely, He put the hand to his lips.

Let me prophesy, he said. There are days before you in which you will win gold and fame. You will have so many friends, so many flatterers, that you will quite forget the little man who told you from the first what you would one day do. You will forget to write at last, and then I shall hear—he paused—all sorts of pleasant things of you, he added lightly, having begun very gravely. Good-bye.

He kissed her on her forehead, and was gone. She felt the pressure of those lips upon her brow for many days. She had longed to fling her arms about his neck and give him a woman's passionate farewell kiss, but she dared not. And she went upon her new path next day sore of heart, despite the little triumph of advancement. And those letters, not very frequent, were the brightest spots of all her life.

The prophecy was in a fair way of fulfillment, as far as her success went. It grew fashionable to praise Violet's singing. She travelled over the country, and won new laurels everywhere. Admirers flocked around her. Serenades were given her. *Diamonds were buried in flowers and flung at her feet. And a lover, handsome, young and wealthy, pursued her from place to place, refusing to believe himself rejected, and vain and courageous enough to believe that success was at last to be his meed.

Surely this was enough to intoxicate any girl's heart, but Violet was one who remembered well. She never forgot the friend who had been so kind to her in her saddest and loneliest hour, any more than she forgot the mother and father who slept in the old church-yard, or good Otto Balche, who had taught her that which won this great success for her. And at night, when all the applause had faded into silence, when the lights that had shone upon her beauty were quenched, and the flowers that had been cast at her feet were slowly withering, Violet sat alone in her beautiful room, only the moonlight falling over her, and looking toward that quarter of the heavens under which lay the distant city where Arthur Hurst still dwelt, thought of her love for him and wept, and would have flung away all the meed of gold and fame that she had now, gladly and joyously, if in exchange had been given her the consciousness that that great love had been returned—the love that was growing a bitter load within her heart, as love long masked by pride must ever be to any woman.

Charles Moreland was very much in love with Violet. He had fluttered like a butterfly among many flowers, but this was, in very truth, the sweetest one to him. He longed to take it from the garden where all could see and praise, and transplant it in the shelter of home. The great empty rooms of Moreland House were waiting for a mistress. His heart had found one long ago, and there were no living relatives who had the right or the will to sneer at his espousal with a public singer. And Violet was a lady, every inch, and spotlessly pure as when, a slim, fair girl, she sang in the old church choir. She had no favored lover—that he saw. She did not hate him. He could please her and make her gay. She would never take costly gifts from him, but she did not refuse his flowers, his books, his attentions. She had told him a dozen times that she never intended to marry. What of that? She did not wish to abandon her profession as yet, perhaps. They were both young. He would wait. So he had followed her from town to town, for a year and more. She met no accepted lover in any of them. Now and then a little lame gentleman, grave of face and of manner, was in her

company, and she seemed very kind to him—very friendly. Of course Charles was not jealous of him, especially as he was rather shabby, and evidently poor. Besides, he had been mean enough to listen to their conversation once, and it was very commonplace. He paid compliments in every sentence—any lover would.

A little trying Charles Moreland began to find it, but he was all the more determined to succeed—all the more in love. Besides, there would be a triumph in winning love from a heart that seemed a stranger to it—passion from a girl as calm as any piece of carved marble, as far as he could guess.

Little he knew of hours when she had paced the floor, wounding her soft palms with her taper nails, whispering to herself wild words of love and agony, and asked Heaven, in her bitterness, why the power was given her to win all hearts save the only one which seemed to her worth the winning? Her lover thought her cold. Red heat is all that some people wot of. They know it by its glow. But there is also white heat, and it is most potent.

In real life there is often little to write down from day to day. To Violet came her pleasant triumphs to which she had grown used. Her frequent flatteries and her constant suitor's wooing, all indifferent common-places enough, though she would once scarcely have believed an angel who should have told her that this should be her life.

The "points" in her life were the evenings when, from the stage, she saw Arthur Hurst sitting in the seats below, and sang so gloriously that the critics grew wild in her praise next day. And the mornings which followed them, when a slow step came to her parlor door, and opening it, the dear eyes smiled upon her. And this for three long years—three years which were the heyday of her life, in which renown was given her, and wealth grew to be hers, and love was cast at her feet; yet which were bittered in every hour, because the man she loved from her heart's core was nothing but a friend.

Do you know Bethelport, where, on the very sea verge a white town lies, the streets all planted with great trees, from the midst of which two taper spires arise? Beyond lie hills that grow purple in the sunset, and rosy white at dawn. They think no little of themselves at Bethelport. They have a Library and a Lyceum, and a hall where High Art is encouraged by the aristocracy of the place. Managers who produce Shakespeares are welcome, though the fairest burlesque troupe in the world would play to empty benches.

Here, one bright day, Violet Marten came to sing—her beauty at its height, her voice at its best, her poor heart at its sorest. She had of late made her letters tell a little of her tenderness to Arthur Hurst; at least, had not been cold or distant. She had not veiled her eyes when they last met, nor striven to disguise the love in them; and there was no change in him. As one suffering much pain gives way to irritation at last, so her long-enduring heart took refuge in a certain sad anger. She walked on the beach in the early morning light, and thought bitterly. Suddenly a voice was at her ear.

Miss Marten—Violet, I must speak to you.

She turned. Charles Moreland stood there. His face was flushed and troubled—half sad, half angry. He put his hand upon her arm.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

"WOMEN," exclaimed an enthusiastic advocate of the "rights" of the sex to commissions in the navy, "have always occupied positions of responsibility in the navy. Yes, from the earliest times, for wasn't Lot's wife an old salt?"

THE STAR

AND CONCEPTION-BAY SEMI-WEEKLY ADVERTISER.

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

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Vertical text on the right edge of the page, including 'An', 'Volu', 'S. M.', '6 7', '13 14', '20 21', '27 28', 'Just Re', 'Fresh C', 'Spice', 'Strawb', 'Syrup', 'Bramb', 'A C', 'G R', 'Opp', 'W. Ros', 'Sept. 17', 'J. F', 'ENC', 'H A', 'Pictur', 'Glass', 'TR', '(In grea', '221 W', 'One do', 'and ma', 'St. Joh', 'H', 'BOO', 'E.', 'Impo', 'NI', 'Consta', 'Scho', 'Pray', 'no', 'Mus', 'Fren', 'Conc', 'Albu', 'Tissu', 'A la', 'Lately', 'PRI', 'Also', 'turi', 'A larg', 'C', 'JEW', 'May', 'BI', 'Exe', 'and', 'of th'