

# The Star,

## And Conception Bay Semi-Weekly Advertiser.

VOLUME II.

HARBOR GRACE, NEWFOUNDLAND, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1873.

NUMBER 25.

### USEFUL INFORMATION

SEPTEMBER.

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

### Moon's Phases.

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

Full Moon.....	6th, 5.38 p. m.
Last Quarter.....	13th, 0.10 p. m.
New Moon.....	21st, 2.20 p. m.
First Quarter.....	29th, 11.25 a. m.

### Mail Steamers to Depart from St. John's.

For Liverpool.....	Thursday, June 19
For Halifax.....	Wednesday, " 25
For Liverpool.....	Thursday, July 3
For Halifax.....	Wednesday, " 9
For Liverpool.....	Thursday, " 17
For Halifax.....	Wednesday, " 23
For Liverpool.....	Thursday, " 31
For Halifax.....	Wednesday, Aug. 6
For Liverpool.....	Thursday, " 14
For Halifax.....	Wednesday, " 20
For Liverpool.....	Thursday, " 28
For Halifax.....	Wednesday, Sept. 3
For Liverpool.....	Thursday, " 11
For Halifax.....	Wednesday, " 17
For Liverpool.....	Thursday, " 25
For Halifax.....	Wednesday, Oct. 1
For Liverpool.....	Thursday, " 9
For Halifax.....	Wednesday, " 15
For Liverpool.....	Thursday, " 23
For Halifax.....	Wednesday, " 29

### Wholesale Prices Current, St. John's.

BREAD—Hambro' No 1, 32s. 6d.; No. 2, 28s. 6d.; No. 3, 24s. 6d.; Local No. 1, 26s.; No. 2, 23s. 6d.; F. C., 22s. 6d.
FLOUR—Canada Fancy 42s. 6d.; Canada Superfine, 38s.; New York Extra, 35s.; New York No. 2, 30s.; New York No. 1, 28s.
CORN MEAL—White and Yellow, per brl. 18s. to 20s.
OATMEAL—Canada, per brl. 30s.; P. E. Island, 27s. 6d.
RICE—East India, per cwt. 20s.
PEAS—Round, per brl. 20s. to 21s.
BUTTER—Canada, good 1s. to 1s. 2d. Nova Scotia, good 11d. to 1s. 1d.; American 8d. to 10d.; Hambro' 8d.
CHEESE—9d. to 10d.
HAM—9d. to 10d.
PORK—American mess 95s. to 100s.; prime mess 90s.; extra prime 77s.
BEEF—Prime, per brl. 35s.
LARD—per Imp. gallon 7s. 10d.
MOLASSES—Muscovado 2s. a 2s. 1d.; Clay-ed 1s. 9d.
SUGAR—Muscovado, 45s. to 47s. 6d.; American Crushed 72s. 6d.
COFFEE—1s. 1d. to 1s. 3d.
TEA—Congou and Souchong, ordinary broken leaf, 1s. 7d. to 1s. 9d.; fair to good, 2s. to 2s. 6d.
LARD—American and Canadian 7d. to 8d.
LEATHER—American and Canadian 1s. 5d.
TOBACCO—Canadian, 1s. 7d. to 1s. 8d.; American 1s. 5d. to 1s. 6d.; Nova Scotia, 1s. 5d. to 1s. 6d.
CORDEGE—per cwt. 65s.
SALT—per hhd. Foreign, Liverpool, 7s. 6d.
KEROSENE OIL—New York manufacture 1s. 9d.; Boston 1s. 9d.
COAL—per ton, North Sydney 30s.

### 172 WATER STREET, 172

**JAMES FALLON,**  
Tin, Copyer and Sheet-Iron Worker.

**B**EGS respectfully to inform the inhabitants of Harbor Grace and outports that he has commenced business in the Shop No. 172 Water Street, Harbor Grace, opposite the premises of Messrs. John Munn & Co., and is prepared to fill all orders in the above line, 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, 1873

### 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. HUTCHINS, Esq.  
**N.B.**—FRAMES, any size material, made to order.  
St. John's, May 10.

### FOR SALE.

#### RESERVEES & GROCERIES!

Just Received and For Sale by the Subscriber—  
**Fresh Cove OYSTERS**  
Spiced do.

### APPLES

### PEACHES

Strawberries—preserved in Syrup  
Bramberries 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.

Large selection of CLOCKS, WATCHES, MEISSERSCHAUM PIPES, PLATED WARE, and JEWELRY of every description & style.  
May 14.

### GEORGE BOWDEN,

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

THE SUBSCRIBER, in tendering thanks to his friends for the liberal patronage hitherto extended to him, begs to state that he may still be found at his residence, No. 1, Lion Square, where he is prepared to execute all work in the above line at the shortest notice, and at moderate rates.

All work positively finished by the time promised.  
Outport orders punctually attended to.  
St. John's, Jan. 4.

### HARBOR GRACE

#### MEDICAL HALL,

W. H. THOMPSON,

### Proprietor,

Has always on hand a carefully selected Stock of

### DRUGS, MEDICINES,

### DRY PAINTS,

### Oils, &c., &c.,

And nearly every article in his line that is recommendable:

Gallup's Floriline for the Teeth and Breath  
Keating's Worm Tablets  
" Cough Lozenges  
Rowland's Odonto  
Oxley's Essence of Ginger  
Lamplough's Pyretic Saline  
Powell's Balsam Aniseed  
Medicamentum (stamped)  
British Oil, Balsam of Life, Chlorodyne  
Mexican Mustang Liniment  
Steer's Apodiloo  
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 Coaguiline  
India Rubber Sponge, Teething  
Sponge, Tooth Cloths  
Nail, Shoe and Stove Brushes  
Wool, Wall, and Window Paper  
Cockle's " Radway's " "  
Holloway's " Ayer's " "  
Norton's " Parsons' " "  
Hunt's " Jaynes' " "  
Holloway's Ointment  
Adams' Indian Salve, Russia Salve  
Morehead's Plaster, Corn Plaster  
Mather's Feeding Bottles  
Borden's Marking Ink, Corn Flour  
Fresh Hops, Arrowroot, Sago, Gold Leaf  
Nelson's Gelatine and Isinglass  
Bonnet Glue, Best German Glycerine  
Lime Juice, Honey, Best Ground Coffee  
Nixy's Black Lead  
Roth & Co.'s Rat Paste  
Brown's Bronchial Troches  
Woodill's Worm Lozenges  
" Baking Powder  
McLean's Vermifuge  
Leah's India Rubber Varnish  
Copal Varnish,  
Kerosene Oil, Lamps, Chimnies, Wicks,  
Burners, &c., &c.  
Cod Liver Oil,  
Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophos-  
phites  
Extract of Logwood, in 1 lb. boxes  
Cudbear, Worm Tea, Toilet Soaps  
Best Perfumeries, Pomades and Hair  
Oils  
Pain Killer  
Henry's Calmed Magnesia  
Enema Instruments, Gold Beater's Skin  
Fumigating Pastilles, Seidlitz Powders  
Furniture Polish, Plate Polish  
Flavouring Essences, Spices, &c., &c.  
Robinson's Patent Barley  
" Groats

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

#### LeMessurier & Knight,

COMMISSION AGENTS.  
Particular attention given to the Sale and Purchase of

### DRY & PICKLED FISH

### FLOUR, PROVISIONS, WEST INDIA PRODUCE

### —AND— DRY GOODS.

Consignments solicited.  
St. John's, May 7, 1873.

### BLANK FORMS

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

### POETRY.

#### The Poor not with Them.

I read it over, thus and so:  
" Hundreds to build the chapel wall,  
Wherein the poor may come to pray,  
Nor mingle with the rich at all."

Until at last "I dreamed a dream,"  
Wherein, defying "sense and law,"  
A strange and ancient company  
Of common fishermen I saw.

From whence they came I could not tell;  
Weary and sad they seemed to be;  
And still by graven porch and spire  
They watched and waited wistfully.

They listened to the Sabbath bells,  
Or lingered where some organ tone  
Recalled the surge of Galilee,  
Making its low, unceasing moan.

They looked within the arched door,  
Where ruddy lights and shadows gay  
Shone over dainty garments worn  
By mighty ones who seemed to pray.

And then the fisher folk looked down  
On dingy raiment, weather-worn,  
And crept away; save one more bold,  
By overmastering zeal upborne,

Who asked the sexton at the door,  
"We seek our Master. Is he near?"  
And heard his answer: "No; oh, no:  
There's none but carriage Christians here."

And still they waited for a while,  
Until the doors were opened wide,  
Though while the silken stream went by  
They drew their shabby robes aside.

But never found the friendly face  
That Galilean sunshine knew,  
Nor heard the footfall of the Jew,  
That walked through Galilee dew.

Perplexed, they looked again to see  
Wherein they had not read aright  
The letter he had left for them,  
Then drew their loosened sandals tight.

Like men who fain would journey far,  
Who had no longer business here,  
Save to press on. Silent and slow  
They passed the lowly chapel near.

Pausing to hear the echo sweet  
Of Christian hymn and humble prayer,  
They whispered softly, as they stood,  
"Perchance the Master waiteth there."

Hark! floating on the summer air  
A strange sweet whisper, words they knew:  
"Lo! I am with thee, little flock."  
Their willing footsteps nearer drew.

Down by the scarred and blessed feet  
The pilgrims knelt, with sob and cry,  
While from His lips assurance came:  
"Be not afraid. Lo! it is I."

### EXTRACTS.

#### A Stumbling Block Removed.

The historical character of the Book of the Prophet Daniel has been severely questioned, and on no ground more strongly than because the last king of Babylon has a false name given him by Daniel, and that "Belshazzar" nowhere occurs in profane historians. Three ancient historians—Berosus, Herodotus, and Ptolemy—who all lived centuries after the event, give Nabonadius, also called Labynetus, as the last native king of Babylon. Berosus tells us that Nabonadius after the capture of Babylon, was taken prisoner in Borsippa, a town which he was defending against the Persians, and that he was not put to death. The differences seemed irreconcilable, until nineteen years ago, when several clay cylinders were discovered among the ruins on the Euphrates, and both Sir H. Rawlinson and Oppert deciphered on different cylinders the name of Bel-shar-ezer, the son of Nabonadius, and associated with him in the government. Bel-shar-ezer was governing as deputy in Babylon, and was slain, while his father outside escaped. Here the whole difficulty is suddenly solved in the simplest possible manner. But Nabonadius was not of the Royal stock of Nebuchadnezzar. How then could Belshazzar claim to be a son of the great king of Babylon? This is easily explained by the eastern custom, which we may be sure the usurper Nabonadius would follow, of marrying into the blood royal, and so giving his children a double claim

to his succession—a custom often followed since, as by the English Normans, and the Lancastrians. Belshazzar is spoken of as "the son of Nebuchadnezzar" by the Hebrew idiom, which has no word for grandfather and grandson, but speaks of all in the direct line as father and sons. Jacob speaks of Abraham as his father, Levi is called the father of Aaron, Saul is the father of Mephibosheth, David is the father of Asa and Josiah. In fact the examples of the idiom are not soon to be reckoned up. A curious incidental illustration of the fact first revealed by the cylinders, is the promise made by Belshazzar, that whoever interpreted the handwriting on the wall should be made the third in the kingdom. Why should he not have said second, as is proposed in other similar cases, as by Pharaoh, Ahasuerus, and Nebuchadnezzar? Simply because he was only second himself, reigning as the colleague and deputy of his father.—Canon Tristram, F. R. S., in *Sunday Magazine* for August.

#### A New Prophet.

A letter in the *Charleston, S. C., "News and Courier"* thus describes a strange delusion:—

"For the last two years a negro preacher by the name of Bobo has been the spiritual head and adviser of one of the largest negro congregations in this country. His church is situated about twenty miles south of this place, in a dense negro settlement, and so great was his fame as a minister of the Gospel that his members were found on all the neighboring and some distant plantations. Bobo is described as a negro of gross ignorance, but blessed with that profusion of speech so often found in his race. He is said to be a good workman, but of very loose morals in everything but the strict keeping of the Lord's Day, and an almost austere observance of the forms of religion. He thus possessed all those qualities necessary for a leader of his people. We will see how he used his peculiar talent.

has been in progress in Bobo's church, and a few days ago it culminated in one of the greatest religious demonstrations ever seen in this country. Bobo, from preaching Christ, went to preaching himself as "the new prophet, high in favour." His doctrine was that the Lord had commanded him to call together the children of Zion, and lead them to the promised land, distant but one hundred and sixty miles, and where they would have wings and could fly. After much exhortation and many midnight orgies, he said that the command to march had been received, that his disciples must sell all they had and without scrip or sword follow him. He thus persuaded some fifty or sixty to obey him. The poor deluded creatures sold crops, stock, and everything they had at a great sacrifice. Nothing could dissuade them from their purpose. They said it was the command of the Lord and they must obey. Just before they started the prophet said there was one more thing to be done. It was necessary to the success of the journey the oldest person among the faithful must be sacrificed, because he being the oldest can tell the Lord most about any of us.

On examination the oldest person was found to be a woman. She was taken and confined in an old outhouse until a stick of peculiar growth could be found, with which she must be killed. She did not seem to mind her danger, but rather to rejoice. She certainly would have been a martyr had it not been for the neighboring whites, who had to use some show of violence to release her. This was a damper on the old prophet and his followers, but did not divert them from their purpose. Placing the smallest children and a few provisions in a two horse wagon they set out on their march. On the march several attempts were made to dissuade them from their folly, but without turning to the right or left, with eyes upturned they went on without making any answers. The last heard of them they were crossing the mountains in the direction of Tennessee. This may seem like fiction, but it is true; the witnesses are here, and I have written no more than what to-day can be heard in any crowd or in any family circle of this country. The exodus is the grand theme of conversation and the wonder of the people.

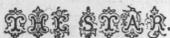
#### A Hermit in Maine.

A paper published in Penobscot County, Maine, prints the following:—"About ten years ago a travelling tinker named Kenniston, well known throughout this and Piscataquis Counties, mysteriously disappeared, and fears were entertained that he had been murdered. But in a short time he was discovered to be living the life of a hermit on a lonely island in Moosehead Lake. His dwelling-house was in summer a large dry-goods box. In winter, Diogenes-like, he encased himself in a hoghead. He lived on the frugal fare which Dame Nature provides in that region and appeared happy. His

clothing bill during the ten years of his voluntary exile did not amount to \$5. His original garments were entirely gone, and replaced by patches innumerable and of all colors. His social visits were limited to occasional journeys across the lake to another island, on which also lived a hermit of like habits of life. This summer Kenniston's friends sought him out, and yielding to their persuasions he has abandoned his summer and winter residences and returned to civilized life.

A Drunkard Stabs His Two Sons.

Arising from a drunken sleep, at New York on the morning of the 23rd of Aug., Michael C. Broderick, a dissipated carman, killed one of his sons and dangerously wounded another while they were trying to persuade him to cease from a brutal and almost ceaseless attack upon their young sister and his wife's aged mother. Broderick who is 55 years old, occupied rooms on the top floor of the fore-story tenement house No 81 Carmine Street. He and his elder son worked together as carmen, while the younger son was employed in a distillery and rectifying establishment at No. 165 Pearl St. The father and his sons all contributed to the support of the family. The father, however, squandered much of his earnings in dissipation, and when under the influence of liquor, he was very quarrelsome. Frequently, when intoxicated, he would return home and attack his children for the most trivial offences, and often without any provocation on their part. His venerable mother-in-law was also often the victim of his drunken rage, but through the prompt intervention of his wife, for whom he seemed to have great respect, and whose influence alone could control his furious temper, his quarrels had previously ended without serious results.



HARBOR GRACE, SEPT. 13, 1873.

The Mail Steamer "Hibernian" arrived at St. John's on Thursday.

THE LABRADOR FISHERY.

By the arrival of the Labrador mail we are in receipt of fishery news to the 5th inst. The official report has not yet been received by us; but through the kindness of a friend, we are enabled to furnish our readers with the subjoined report. We hope to be in a position to furnish additional particulars on Tuesday next:—

- Emily Harbor, Aug. 31—Boats, 130 gals.; seines, 250 gals.
Brig Harbor, Aug. 31—Boats, 140;
Bolton, Aug. 31—Boats, 170; seines, 40.
Pack's Harbor, Sept. 1—Boats, 30.
Long Island, Sept. 1—Boats, 45; seines, 150.
Grady, Sept. 1—Boats, 30.
Indian Tickle, Sept. 1—Boats, 40; seines, 300.
Bateau, Sept. 2—Boats, 100; seines, 300.
Punch Bowl, Sept. 2—Boats, 60; seines, 150.
American Tickle, Sept. 2—Boats, 50; seines, 150.
Bolsters Rock, Sept. 2—Boats, 35.
Ventson Tickle, Sept. 2—Boats, 45; seines, 110.
Smug Harbor, Sept. 2—Boats, 45.
Dead Island, Sept. 3—Boats, 25; seines, 80.
Fishingships Harbor, Sept. 3—Boats, 40; seines, 50.
Francis Harbor Bight, Sept. 3—Boats, 35.
Little Harbor, Sept. 4—Boats, 40; seines, 100.
Battle Harbor, Sept. 4—Boats, 30; seines, 25.
Cape Charles, Sept. 4—Boats, 25; seines, 50.
Chimney Tickle, Sept. 4—Boats, 70; seines, 250.
Henly Harbor, Sept. 4—Boats, 50; seines, 70.
Lance a Loup, Sept. 5—Boats, 200; seines, 900.

ABOUT half-past 11 o'clock on Wednesday night, this town was thrown into a state of excitement; and considerable confusion—to the great annoyance of mater familias—was occasioned by the search for "strayed away" boots, socks, &c. The cause of the unusual "uproar" was an alarm of fire sounded by all the bells from Bears Cove to Ships Head. The lieges rushed about in wild excitement, some half asleep, others half clad, and for a short time we were inclined to fear that a dreadful conflagration was about to burst forth, to the destruction of our peaceful little town. Notwithstanding our alarm, we could scarcely keep our equilibrium on beholding the laughable appearance of the firemen. In their haste to reach the threatened locality, they donned whatever in the shape of clothing came first to hand, and when they mustered at the scene of danger they presented a spectacle sufficiently humorous to make a judge smile while uttering the solemn words, "may God have mercy on your soul!" And then the cause of the alarm also tended to amuse—a few sparks from a chimney west of Victoria street! The firemen, however, were, if possible, more active than ever, and if their services had been required, no doubt they would have done their duty.

Mr. CARROLL, of potato disease notoriety, is now in town. He has just returned from a "business tour" to the New Dominion. Mr. C. will, we are informed—after spending a few more days with his friends here, recounting to them all he saw and heard, and all he DIDN'T see and hear, while away-take his departure for Bonavista, for the purpose of "stumping" that district prior to the General Election. Well, Mr. C. has been to some extent an "adventurer" in his time, and for tune, "the fickle jade," has snubbed him often. Nevertheless, he is resolved to try again, and this time in the political game. We fear, however, another disappointment is in store for him, as the people of Bonavista do not appreciate his principles. "A prophet is never without honor, save in his own country."

LOCAL ITEMS.

SUPPOSED INCENDIARISM.—On Tuesday morning the barn of Mr. John Neville, situate near St. John's on the Topsail Road, and containing about ten tons of hay, harness, cart, sleigh and other property, was totally destroyed by fire, which is believed to have been the work of an incendiary. Investigations are being made by the police.—Chronicle of Thursday.

BURGLARY.—Yesterday morning about 2 o'clock, the house of Mr. John Cantwell, Publican, Water street, was entered by some person or persons at present unknown and about £40 in money, two gold watches, a gold guard, locket, chain, and a brooch taken therefrom. The entry was effected through the kitchen window to the shop, on the counter of which lay a small desk containing the above. This desk they took and broke open, leaving it with some papers behind them. Inspector Carly immediately visited the premises, and on inquiry caused a man named Cahill, who is well known to the police, to be arrested, pending further investigation.—Ibid.

The U. S. steamer Juniata, Commander Braine, arrived yesterday from Disco, on her way to New York. She brings news from the Tigress, which vessel has been in search of the remaining members of the crew of the Polaris. The Tigress found that the Polaris had been wrecked near an island 150 miles north of Northumberland Island, and that her crew had wintered on the former island. They were fallen in with by some natives who were out fishing, and who remained with them. In June last the Polaris party left the island in two boats which they had constructed from the wreck of the Polaris and proceeded on their way, leaving the natives in possession of the hut they had constructed and part of their stock of provisions. The Tigress searched for the party but was unable to find them. She then put in at Disco, where she took thirty-five days' coal from on board the Juniata and proceeded, August 25, on a second and more thorough search. The galley of the Polaris and some logbooks, records, &c., were found in the winter hut by the Tigress. The season has been open, and there is reason to believe the Polaris people will be fallen in with by some American or Scotch whaler, if they should not be picked up by the Tigress.

The subjoined document has been handed to us for publication. We readily give place to it, conveying as it does a very proper recognition of the long and faithful services of Mr. McGill, who, for the last sixty-nine years, has held various important commissions under the Government, and is one of the oldest officers in the colony:—

Secretary's Office, 26th Aug., 1873.

Sir,—The Government, taking into consideration your advanced age and past good services, have directed me to acquaint you that it is their intention to retire you from the arduous duties of your office on a suitable allowance for the remainder of your days; and feeling assured of a ready compliance with their desire, request that you will please hand over the keys of the cells and other apartments not occupied by you to Mr. Sheriff Talbot, who will arrange matters for the present;—and as a person is likely to be appointed in a very short time as Governor of the Penitentiary, the Government would feel obliged by your making arrangements at your earliest convenience for vacating your present and occupying your intended new quarters.

I have the honor to be, Sir, Your most obedient Servant, JAS. L. NOONAN, Col. Secy.

Mr. W. MCGILL, &c. We have already been asked, who is to be Mr. McGill's successor? Most decidedly we are not yet in the secrets of the Cabinet, but have heard one or two persons named for the office. One thing, however, is certain—and that is, be he whom he may, he should be a man of nerve, of unimpeachable integrity,—free from everything like party bias, so that the public at large may safely repose the utmost confidence in him. The office is, unquestionably, an exceedingly responsible one.—Times.

More wealth has, it is said, been accumulated in England, since the commencement of the present century—than in all the preceding ages; and, again, at least as much of wealth within the past twenty years as within the preceding fifty.

Latest Despatches.

LONDON, Sept. 7.—The French Government have received notification from Berlin, that all engagements being fulfilled, occupation of her territory is legally ended. Evacuation of Verdun begun.

Castellar elected President of the Cortes to-day.

Five men sent from Madrid to assassinate Don Carlos have been executed at Estellar.

New York, 8.—Coulter won professional seuler's race at Toronto on Saturday.

Terrible fire at Havana; loss 8 millions and 20 lives, Gold 112.

LONDON, 8.—Owing to dissatisfaction at the proceedings of the British-American Mixed Commission, at Washington, the claimants contemplate holding a public meeting to give expression to their grievances.

NEW YORK, 9.—Foreign papers contain rumours of a threatened massacre of all foreigners by Chinese.

LONDON, 11.—Victoria goes to a watering-place near Frankfort.

MADRID, 10.—The government troops at Berga mutinied yesterday, and compelled their officers to leave the city.

NEW YORK, 10.—Judge Crawford and District Attorney General Harris of Louisiana were assassinated by unknown persons in Franklin parish on Monday.

Graphic Baloon burst while absorbing gas. Ascention indefinitely postponed. Gold 111.

NEWS ITEMS.

A half-penny morning journal is about to appear in Liverpool.

Poor President Grant! The respected Chief Magistrate of the Great Republic is now warned that if he consents to a third term of office he will run the risk of being murdered! A portion of the American press has been loudly crying down the bare idea of a third term, which they say would inaugurate Clearism, and now a correspondent of the New York "Herald" gravely argues that "there are also those not-needed lovers of the American Republic who, forgetting the law, will think it no sin to become 'honorable murderers' and meet him, as Cæsar was met in the Roman Senate—in other words, Grant in all probability would be assassinated as a result of his wild ambition."

There is a town in Kennebec County Maine, where one man holds the office of Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Masons, Noble Grand Master of a O. I. d. Fellows' Lodge, President of a Young Men's Christian Association, Superintendent of three Sunday-schools, justice of the peace, and foreman of a jury, besides holding official positions in three distinct Temperance organizations, and attending to his regular business as an insurance agent. That now is the sort of man to play a hurdy-gurdy with one hand and a fiddle with the other, a bagpipe with his elbow; and a base drum with one foot, while he whistles an accompaniment and used his spare foot to kick a dog, and held a contribution box on his knee. And yet they say business is dull in Maine and no ships abuilding.

A MORAVIAN SETTLEMENT.—A letter from Salem, N. C., to the Richmond "Enquirer" gives the following:—

In the Moravian cemetery, in Salem, they separate and classify their dead male infants from the female; the old from the young; the married from the unmarried. They won't bury the husband by his wife. The dead are all placed on an equality. The tombstones are all alike, being small blocks of marble a foot square, that they place at the head of the graves. No different tombstone is allowed. Neither can you find a single epitaph. Some of the graves are over one hundred years old. One, a negroe's, reads: "Abraham Niger, Guinea, died April 12, 1770." On Easter mornings, soon after midnight, the Moravians get up and march to this cemetery with a band of music in front, and the procession tapers off from the youngest to the eldest person, who brings up the rear. They remain in the cemetery playing music and conducting services until the morning. It is said they go there to see the dead rise. When a Moravian dies in Salem, instead of tolling the bells they announce the death with a band of music in the church belfry. They have three different tunes; one for the old, one for the young, and one for the married. An old inhabitant's death is blown out soft and solemn with lengthened notes,

Edwin Dood.

The Springfield (Massachusetts) Union devotes column after column to the story of a young man residing in Brattleborough, Vermont, who is described as finishing Edwin Dood, writing as the original author dictates at sittings held almost daily "unless the weather is stormy." Seated at a table with paper and pencils before him, the "medium" becomes unconscious, and in that condition writes for an hour or more; when he comes to himself he collects his slips of paper from the floor, where he finds they have been thrown and have no numbers on them, so that he has to sort them by observing how the sense determines their connexion. At the conclusion of a sitting he suffers for a little time from a sharp pain in the chest. At one of the sittings it has been communicated to him that "he has no idea how much interest this matter is exciting among the hosts by whom the author is surrounded;" that when this work is finished, he shall write more; and that the next work will be "The Life and Adventures of Bockley Nickleheep." The "medium" or amanuensis was instructed at one of the sittings to offer to negotiate with "Sampson Lew, Son and Marston, Milton-house, Ludgate-hill, London. The Springfield Union gives some extracts from the continuation of Edwin Dood and asks the reader to observe that it is written in English and not American style; and we suppose we are to consider that representation supported by such expressions as these:—"Coals were not plenty in that neighbourhood;" "Mr. Peckcraft arose the year round at 5 o'clock;" "he breakfasts at 8, and spends the intervening time at his store in Chancery-lane." The "medium" has been interviewed and gives the foregoing account. He that can receive it, let him receive it. The extracts show that there will be a large demand upon his faith.

The Star Shower of August 10.

We hope that our readers will not forget to look for this well known star shower, which appears to radiate from the constellation Perseus. On the 10th of August, the earth annually passes for about 6 hours through the belt of meteors which originally formed a part of comet III, 1862, returning once in a hundred and twenty years.

It is estimated that four hundred million shooting stars daily traverse the atmosphere, aiding perhaps a thousand pounds to the earth's mass. These bodies move in space as dust clouds or nebulae, when they come within the sun's attraction, the nebula assumes the form of a comet, under the influence of gravitation, and the comet is gradually drawn out by the same force into a ring revolving round the sun in the same orbit, and periodic time as the original comet.

The star showers bring us specimens from the remotest realms of space; sometimes meteoric irons, containing occluded hydrogen from the atmosphere in which the fragments was last heated; at other times, meteoric stones containing hydrocarbons and phosphorus.

Aerolites contain oxygen, nitrogen phosphorus, sulphur, carbon, silicon hydrogen, copper, iron, cobalt, nickel manganese, magnesium, &c., probably most if not all of the terrestrial elements. Their weight is generally inconsiderable, but varies up to fifteen tons. The loud report which attends the fall of the larger masses is caused by the air rushing into the vacuum in rear of the projectile when it reaches our atmosphere.

GREAT STORMS IN FRANCE.—On the 9th of August a violent storm burst over Paris, which caused much injury to property and some loss of life. The lightning struck a house in the Rue St. Maur, entered a room where a child was sleeping, destroyed an engraving hanging over the bedstead, and found an exit by breaking through the wall. In the Rue des Batignolles a coachman was killed by lightning while sitting on his box. In the Vezelay a woman was killed at the moment when she was opening a window, and at Neuilly a man was killed in the streets. Torrents of rain fell, which filled the sewers to such an extent that thousands of rats were drowned, and the waters of the Seine were so disturbed that several corpses which had been for some time in the river were brought to the surface. Accounts from Nice report a fearful storm in that neighbourhood, when immense damage was done to the fruit crops by the hailstones, which were so large that a mule is said to have been killed by them.

THE Kadranland, discussing the visit of the German Crown Prince, says the invitation given by the Danish Crown Prince to the German Crown Prince, whose guest he has been, is a proof of his political tact. Although Denmark does not relinquish her claims to North Schleswig, yet there is no reason why any unfriendliness should be exhibited towards the guest of the Royal Family, who shows the interest he takes in the country by visiting it.

A Tragic Affair.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Aug. 25.—As the express train due here at 10 o'clock this evening was approaching Batavia it ran into a carriage, killing both of the occupants; the engine struck the haunches of the horse attached to the carriage, killing it.

The names of the occupants were James Anderson and Dennis Delaney; one was thrown into a field, and the other was dragged along until the train was stopped. His body was horribly mutilated.

The engineer, John Day, stopped the train as soon as possible, and got off the engine to see what was done, and in passing in front of the engine he saw it covered with blood and brains, and was overcome by the sight that he walked but a few steps when he fell; he was carried into the smoking car, and died in a few minutes.

On 23rd ult., a house on West Eleventh Street, New York, undergoing repairs, collapsed, burying twenty-five workmen, eight of whom here killed, and nine seriously injured.

MARRIED.

At New Richmond, Co, Bonaventure, Canada, on the 20th ult., at the residence of John Campbell, Esq., merchant, by the Rev. John Wells, Mr. John C. Budd, to Isabella M. Doddridge, ninth daughter of John Doddridge, Esq., J. P.

At New Richmond, Co, Bonaventure, Canada, on the 20th ult., at the residence of John Campbell, Esq., merchant, by the Rev. John Wells, Mr. William Henry Cochrane, to Margaret Elizabeth M'Courtney, only daughter of Mr. R. M'Courtney.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF ST. JOHN'S.

ENTERED.

- Sept 6—Humber, Purdy, Sydney—P Rogerson & Son.
8—Bessie Black, Ludlow, New York—Stabb, Row & Co.
Josephine, Ganion, New York—Harvey & Co.
Ismene, Morefield, Figueira—W Grieve & Co.
Hannah Stone, Foster, Grand Bank—T N Molloy, (put in for repairs.)
Commodore, Hanrahan, Montreal—P Rogerson & Son.
9—Caldwellbank, Taylor, London—W Grieve & Co.
Racer, Reynolds, San Lucas—do.
Melldgan, Nickles, Figueira—Baine Johnston & Co.
James Stewart, Scott, Greenock—J & W Stewart.
Hudson, Mann, New Richmond—Cliff Wood & Co.

CLEARED.

- Sept 5—Mariano, Oliver, Mallorca—C F Bennett & Co.
8 R & H, Hore, Sydney—Stabb, Row & Co.
8—Aurora, Parker, Greenock—J & W Stewart.
Annie Jane, McDonald, Raddeck—J & W Pitts.
Kate, Bussell, Barcelona—P & L Tessier.
Alina, Pearce, Liverpool—Job Brothers & Co.
Jane Louisa, McNeil, Queenstown—J & W Pitts.
9—Swell, Lamzed, Palermo—Job Bros. & Co.
Ocean Bride, Dolton, Rio de Janeiro—C F Bennett & Co.
Mulatta, Rattaler, Barcelona—C F Bennett & Co.

LOADING.

- Sept 3—Eagle, Europe—Bowring Bros.
4—Anciola, Vigo—C F Ancell.
Racer, Brazil—W Grieve & Co.
Allegro, Europe—W Grieve & Co.
8—Devon, Europe—Baine, Johnston & Co.
Cora, Europe—Baine, Johnston & Co.
Willie, Europe—W Grieve & Co.
Myrtle, Europe—W Grieve & Co.
10—Glaucus, Britain—J & W Stewart.
Restaurador, Europe—J & W Stewart.
Maria, Europe—P & L Tessier.

Passenger.—Per Commodore from Montreal—Miss Peary, Miss Walsh and Michael Carroll, Esq.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SPANISH VICE-CONSULATE, Harbor Grace, Sept. 6, 1873.

THE undersigned is instructed by the Consul General of Spain for the British North American Provinces to notify, that certain Customs Regulations in respect of the admission of Merchandize into Spain and her Colonies have recently been issued, particulars whereof can be obtained at the Vice-Consulate.

The Vice-Consul of Spain for the District of Harbor Grace,

T. HARRISON RIDLEY.

Advertisement for E. W. LYON, Photographer, WATER ST., HARBOR GRACE, NEWFOUNDLAND. Includes an illustration of a camera and a portrait.

Vertical text on the right edge of the page, including "Citizen", "St. Jo", "The C", "paris", "popula", "rope or", "YEARS", "tion me", "perien", "in its", "all use", "adopte", "Life in", "with t", "contin", "e-ente", "of many", "itself.", "THOU", "\$6,750", "ed, as r", "United", "York, o", "investe", "cases", "manage", "fidenci", "ies in t", "the am", "By th", "Life in", "to do", "ness, th", "be ove", "protect", "and wh", "put in", "By th", "ance P", "lies of", "Credito", "The C", "Policies", "Joint, &", "All lo", "at the", "claiman", "going to", "All P", "gible to", "L. W", "HON", "HEN", "M. B", "JOSE", "S", "RICH", "A", "CHAS", "R. C.", "WILL", "L.", "J.", "JAS", "A", "Aug. 23", "B", "A", "75", "HA", "PH", "At", "CAS", "prompt", "Aug."

IMPORTANT TO THE  
Citizens of Newfoundland.



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

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

St. John's and Harbor Grace, Newfoundland.

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

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

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

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

All losses in Newfoundland will be paid at the Agency here without subjecting claimants to the trouble and expense of going to New York.

All Policy holders can vote and are eligible to office.

**Directors.**

- L. W. FROST, President.
- HON. GEO. HILTON SCRIBNER, Secretary of State.
- HENRY C. FISH, D. D., Newark, N. J.
- M. B. WYNKOOP, of Wynkoop and Hallenbeck.
- JOSEPH T. SAWYER, Mer., Liberty Street.
- RICHARD W. BOGART, O. M. Bogart & Co., Bankers.
- CHANCY M. DEPEIN, New York.
- R. C. FROST, do do
- WILLIAM C. WHITNEY, Barrister-at-Law, New York.
- L. W. FROST, President.
- J. P. ROGERS, Secretary.
- JAS. McDONNELL, Gen'l. Agent.

**A. T. DRYSDALE,**  
Agent for Northern District,  
Newfoundland.  
Aug. 23, 1873. 1y.

**BUSINESS NOTICE.**

**AUCTION MART!**  
75 WATER STREET, 75  
**HARBOR GRACE!**  
We offer For Sale,

**PROVISIONS,**  
Groceries, &c.,  
At fair remunerating prices for  
CASH, FISH or OIL!

Auction Sales and Commissions promptly attended to.  
**GEORGE HARRIS & Co.**  
Aug. 16. 4y.

**FOR SALE.**

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

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

**COMMERCIAL BANK OF NEW  
FOUNDLAND.**

A DIVIDEND on the Capital Stock of this Company, at the rate of Ten per Cent, per Annum, for the half year ending 30th June, 1873, will be payable at the Banking House, in Duckworth Street, on and after TUESDAY the 15th instant, during the usual hours of business. (By order of the Board.)  
R. BROWN, Manager.  
St. John's July 14 1873.

**LUMBER!**

**THE SUBSCRIBERS**

ARE now Landing and offer For Sale the Cargo of Schooner *Kate*, from Bridgewater, N. S., consisting of—

- 40 M. Hemlock BOARD
- 20 " Spruce do.
- 20 " Pine do.

GEO. C. RUTHERFORD & Co.  
July 15.

**Very Important Notice!**

*The Wonder of the World!*

**GOOD NEWS FOR ALL!!**

**Prof. HERMAN'S**

WORLD RENOWNED

**VERMIN DESTROYER!**

WHICH IS KNOWN TO BE  
Far Superior to Anything Ever  
Yet Discovered

FOR KILLING

Rats, Mice, Insects on Poultry, Ants, Bugs, Cockroaches, Black Beetles, Fleas on Dogs, Flights and Insects on Plants, Moths in Furs, Tick or Scab on Sheep or Goats also on Cattle, &c. &c.

Sold in Packets at 25 cents per Packet; or Six Packets for \$1.25.

The Powder is warranted free from all bad smell, and will keep in any Climate. It may be spread anywhere without risk, as it is quite harmless to Cats or Dogs, as they will not eat it.

**DIRECTIONS FOR USE ON EACH PACKET.**

**MANUFACTORY:**

Gravel Lane, Houndsditch,  
CITY OF LONDON, ENGLAND.

The above discovery has gained for Professor Herman a Silver Prize Medal at the Inter-Colonial Exhibition of Victoria, Australia, of 1866, besides numerous testimonials.

**OUTPORT AGENTS:**

- Messrs. Squires & Noble, Harbor Grace.
- " Jillard Brothers, "
- Mr. W. H. Thompson, "
- " Michael Jones, "
- Messrs. Duff & Balmer, Carbonear.
- " G. & J. Smith, Brigus.
- Mr. P. Nowlan, "
- " G. C. Jerritt, "
- " Robert Simpson, Bay Roberts.
- " Moses Gosse, Spaniards Bay.
- " Wholesale Agents for the Island of Newfoundland
- Messrs. W. & G. RENDELL, St. John's

Who will supply all Outport Agents who may be appointed by the English Representative, as only Agents so appointed can be supplied.  
May 23. 1y.

**LUMBER!**

—BY—  
**H. W. TRAPNELL.**

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

20 M. Seasoned Prime Pine BOARD

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

**NOTICES.**

**METROPOLITAN  
LIFE  
Insurance Company,  
OF NEW YORK.**

JOSEPH F. KNAPP, President.  
J. R. HEGEMAN, Vice-President.  
R. A. GRANISS, Secretary.  
Wm. P. STEWART, Actuary.  
R. R. CORWIN, Manager.  
THOS. A. TEMPLE, Attorney.

**DEPOSIT AT OTTAWA**

For Canadian Policy Holders only.

HON. L. A. WILMOT, D. C. L.,  
Lieut.-Governor of New Brunswick,  
Director at the Board for Canada

**The Reserve Dividend System**

Is one more step in the march of progress. Presented only after mature thought, it invites the test of the severest scrutiny. Its chief merit is its PERFECT ADAPTABILITY to the wants of insurable lives. THE RESERVE DIVIDEND and RESERVE ENDOWMENT POLICIES originated and published by the Company's Actuary, under copyright in 1869. The principle involved renders every form of insurance a provision in life. It converts an ordinary life Policy, otherwise payable only in the event of death, into a CASH ENDOWMENT, MATURING EVERY TEN YEARS.

W. H. THOMPSON,  
Harbor Grace,  
General Agent for  
**NEWFOUNDLAND.**  
April 1. 4y.

**SAILMAKING!**

*The Subscriber*

BEGS respectfully to acquaint the Ship-owners and public of Harbor Grace and the outports that he has taken the Workshop lately occupied by Mr. Robert Morris, No. 10 Victoria Street, where he is prepared to perform all work in the above line in a satisfactory manner, and hopes by strict attention to merit a fair share of public patronage.

GEORGE CARSON.  
May 23. 4y.

**C. BREAKER,  
Sailmaker,**

WOULD respectfully intimate to the Shipowners and public of Harbor Grace and vicinity that he has taken the Loft lately occupied by Morris & Parsons, (opposite the premises of Messrs. John Munn & Co.) where he is prepared to make and repair SAILS of all shapes and sizes in a manner calculated to afford general satisfaction, and with the utmost dispatch.  
April 25. 4y.

**Bazaar!**

THE co-operation of CHRISTIAN FRIENDS is respectfully solicited in aid of a

**BAZAAR**

To be held in NOVEMBER next, for the purpose of raising funds for the liquidation of the debt on

**St. PAUL'S CHURCH**

**IN THIS TOWN.**

The sum of £2,300 has been expended in completing the enlargement of the original Building. The balance remaining unpaid at this date is about £300. Our friends in St. John's kindly contributed £100, and the rest, amounting to £200, has been raised by the unaided efforts of the Congregation. Contributions in Money, in Useful and Fancy Articles, or in Materials for making up, will be thankfully received by

- Mrs. S. ANDREWS,
- " W. O. WOOD,
- " EVILL,
- " TAPP,
- " C. ROSS,
- " A. RUTHERFORD,
- " BADCOCK,
- " FORD,
- " A. CLIFT,
- " HIGGINS,
- " BERTRAM JONES.

March 28, 1873.

**BLANK FORMS**

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

**FOR SALE.**

Just Received  
A SUPPLY OF THE  
**'Favorite'**  
SHUTTLE  
SEWING MACHINES,



Manufactured by the Kendall Manufacturing Co., Montreal.

**CHEAPEST AND BEST.**

**THE  
'FAVORITE'**  
SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINES

Are a wonderful achievement of inventive Genius and Mechanical Skill.

For Simplicity, Durability and Beauty they stand Unrivalled.

Stitch Alike on Both Sides.

They will do all kinds of FAMILY SEWING With perfect ease, and are equally good for light Manufacturing purposes.

They have a large Shuttle and Bobbin and make the regular **LOCK STITCH**, the same as made by the Singer, Wheeler & Wilson, Weed, and all other First Class Machines.

They use a short, straight Needle, and the **Four Molton Drop Feed**, which is considered the best in the World. The Feed being made of one piece, it is impossible for it to get out of order.

**THE SHUTTLE CARRIER** is also made of one piece, and is so constructed that the Shuttle face is always kept close to the race, which prevents the Machine from missing stitches.

**Each Machine is furnished with a**

- Hemmer,
- Gatherer,
- Braider,
- Self-Sewer,
- Quilter,
- 6 Needles,
- 4 Bobbins,
- Oiler,
- Screw Driver,
- Gauge and Screw,
- Directions and Spools ready for use.

**Makers' Price List.**

By Hand, on Marble Slab.....\$22.00  
With Plain Walnut Table..... 27.00  
With Quarter Case Walnut Table.. 30.00  
Orders executed by return post, and Machines sent free of expense, ready to commence sewing immediately—with explicit instructions.

**THE ADVANTAGES OF THE**

**'FAVORITE'**  
Shuttle Sewing Machines

OVER ALL OTHERS.

- 1st.—They are simple, perfect, and easily operated.
- 2nd.—They make the celebrated Lock Stitch alike on both sides, that will not rip or ravel.
- 3rd.—They are sold at a price within the reach of every family in the land.
- 4th.—They can be operated by a child.
- 5th.—They are particularly adapted for all Family Sewing and Dress Making.

**No. 2 SINGER**

MANUFACTURING MACHINES,  
New Improved Pattern,  
F. W. BOWDEN, St. John's,  
Agent for Newfoundland.  
ALEX. A. PARSONS,  
Sub-Agent Harbor Grace.

**FOR SALE**

—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.

**J. Mellis.**

**TAILOR & CLOTHIER,**

208, Water Street, St. John's,

BEGS respectfully to inform the public of Conception Bay generally that he has always on hand a complete assortment of

**CLOTHING**

For all seasons of the year, which can be obtained at the LOWEST remunerative PRICES. All Clothing to order, out in the most fashionable styles, and forwarded with despatch. Terms moderate. Orders from the outports promptly attended to.

J. M. visits Conception Bay twice a year, of which notice is duly given.  
Dec. 10. 1y†

**W. H. THOMPSON,**

AGENT FOR

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment

**JUST RECEIVED**

A FRESH SUPPLY OF

**ADAMS' INDIAN**

**SALVE.**

W. H. THOMPSON.

**PIANO TUNING!**

**Mr. J. CURRIE,**

TUNER AND REPAIRER OF



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. 4y†

**Blacksmith & Farrier,**

**BEGS respectfully to acquaint his numerous patrons and the public generally, that he is EVER READY to give entire satisfaction in his line of business.**

All work executed in substantial manner and with despatch.  
Off LeMarchant St., North of Gas House.  
Sept. 17.

**CAUTION!**

HEREBY GIVE NOTICE that, after this date, I will not be responsible for any Debts contracted in my name, without a Written Order from myself.  
LUCINDA BARTLETT.  
Bay Roberts, }  
Nov. 13, 1872. }

**E. W. LYON**

Has just received a large assortment of

**Coloured French Kid**

**GLOVES,**

Which he offers to the public at VERY LOW PRICES.

July 9 4y.

**W. H. THOMPSON,**

AGENT FOR

**Fellows' Compound Syrup**

OF

**PHOSPHITE**

Mr. —As the ex-  
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of the occu-  
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carriage, kill-  
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Bonaventure,  
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C. Budd, to  
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Bonaventure,  
the residence  
chant, by the  
William Henry  
beth M'Cou-  
R. M'Courtney.  
S.  
HN'S.  
ney—P Rog-  
New York—  
ck—Harvey &  
—W Grieve &  
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Montreal—P  
n—W Grieve  
—do.  
guerra—Baino  
ock—J & W  
mond—Clift  
allorca—C F  
abb, Row &  
sk—J & W  
deck—J & W  
& L Tessier  
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of Spain for  
Harbor Grace,  
IDLEY.

WATER ST., HARBOR GRACE,  
NEWFOUNDLAND.

The Drunkard Sat in his Rustic Chair.

The drunkard sat in his rustic chair, Beside his lonely hearth, Where once was mingled the proud and fair.

The drunkard rocked in his time-worn chair, And he thought of days gone by, While the goddess sleep wove a silken lair.

The tumult and strife, and wild waves' roar, And the foaming abyss below, The deathless groans, near the dismal shore.

And the groans and curses were deep and long, With each victim's gasping breath, And they fiercely sang the drunkard's song.

Then the storms increased, and the lightning flashed, And the tempest grew fierce on the main, The drunken wretches were fearfully dashed.

And vined a most solemn vow, That if such was truly the drunkard's fate He'd be a cold water man now!

SELECT STORY.

A Beautiful Woman.

OBSERVATION is not experience, I finally said. Miss Randolph, I love your cousin. I shall ask her to be my wife.

She looked as if she had expected this though she might have hoped differently. Whatever happens, she said, you will know that I have spoken in all kindness and sincerity of purpose.

She walked hurriedly away, leaving me terribly depressed and unhappy. Shaw's conversation, earnest though it had been, had not affected me as this had done. I was chilled and desponding; but every thought of Mrs. Legare, every memory of her flamed through my frame with all the power of the despotic passion she had inspired.

I wandered beneath the kindly moonbeams till almost midnight. The night was more soothing and friendly than anything else.

On my way to my room I went by the hotel where Mrs. Legare was stopping. Music stole through the open windows, and I saw the figures of the guests floating through the measures of a waltz.

I walked up the approach without thinking whether I should enter or not. As I reached the terrace I saw at the end of it, where it ran along the side of the house, in the deep shadow of trees and shrubbery, a figure leaning over the railing. Without seeing her distinctly enough to know, still I was sure that it was Mrs. Legare, and I walked directly to her side.

She greeted me without any surprise. There was an air of languor, of regret about her that hastened the words I said. I held her hand in mine, I pressed it to the wild pulsations of my heart; with vehement utterance I poured forth all the intense feeling of my life.

I do not know what I said—my words feel like fire from my lips. I looked at her with entreating eyes.

Was it a flash of exultation that passed across her face? Whatever it was I thought it was mingled with some sincere feeling.

Blinded as I was, I could not be mistaken in the expression of her eyes as

she raised them to my face. They were tender, melting; they gave me liberty to stoop and touch her lips with mine with all the fervor that prompted me to do it. Her forehead drooped until for one blissful instant it touched my shoulder.

I heard, without noticing, a faint clicking sound in the shrubbery near Mrs. Legare lifted her head quickly, and the next instant I felt a stinging pain.

I grew faint and blind, but not so faint but that I felt the warm touch of Mrs. Legare's arms around my neck, her breath upon my face.

I lay motionless upon the floor of the piazza, my head in Mrs. Legare's lap. I heard, as in a dream, the exclamations of the people who rushed out of the hotel. Then, like the voice of doom, I heard, in Castello's tones:

Curse him! She is my wife! Then I swooned in truth, I thought I fell into an unfathomable well, where there was no light and no hope. I did not know anything, but throughout that long insensibility, and the raging fever that followed it, I seemed always to hear those words:

She is my wife. And often I seemed to feel again the touch of her arms and lips, and thought that all but that had been a horrible dream.

When finally I began to grow convalescent my friends hastened to call on me; but I was so morbidly sensitive that I would receive no one. In those lonely days when I walked feebly to and fro in my room there commenced a slow death of the passion that had grown upon me so suddenly and intensely.

When once I had hopelessly lost my respect for her I could not long be moved at the thought of the wonderful charms of face, and voice, and manner. I knew and felt she was false, and, mercifully, all else that she had inspired me with vanished slowly from me.

It was January. I had been out to walk for the first time. All the fashionables had fled, and I was glad that I encountered no one I knew. I was sitting in my lounging-chair, out of breath, but already invigorated, when I heard a voice at the door, saying to the servant:

Pshaw! I know he'll see me, I'm going in! And Shaw pushed by the man and came up to me, took my hand with unusual gentleness, and looked with moistened eyes at me.

He sat down, saying, you are rather pale, but there's a promise of health in your face.

I'm getting on bravely, I said, already wishing he'd break the long silence concerning past affairs.

I think he saw the wish expressed in my face, for after a conversation about indifferent matters, he asked: Do you want to hear any news I can tell you?

I bowed affirmatively. Have you really recovered from your past folly?

Whatever I feel, I said, nothing you can say will alarm me, for I despise that woman, I have had time for reflection, and a shock sufficient to set me thinking. I thought her unmarried, when suddenly I was shot by her husband. You can imagine what a different sensation I should have felt had it been a rival lover.

I think you are safe from a broken heart. For all that you will be shocked, responded Shaw. Castello and his wife sailed for Havana a fortnight ago.

Why did he keep pausing? Go on, I said, impatiently. Did the captain fall in love with her?

I don't know. The steamer was burned, and all but six were lost! My heart gave so violent a bound that for an instant I was almost suffocated. I leaned back helplessly in my chair.

Shaw rose in alarm, handed me a glass of wine saying, I was imprudent. You are weaker than I thought.

No, no—it is over. I might as well know it now. She was not saved? She died—she and her husband, he replied.

After a long pause, I said, we can forgive the dead, can we not? For answer he pressed my hand warmly in both his own.

It seems to have been only a whim—her old desire for the unobstructed admiration to which she was accustomed made her impose secrecy upon her husband for the first few weeks of their marriage. She had been married to Castello but a fortnight when they came here, I believe. He is immensely rich, I heard. You may be sure there was a nice scandal here while you were unconscious of it all.

It is ten years since then, and I look back with a smile of wonderment at myself; but it was all terribly real to me then.

I again met Miss Randolph. It is she, and she alone whom I have loved. I am happy—I vainly regret nothing; for in the inexhaustible mutual love we

bear to each other my wife and I journey on in unmistakable peace and content.

Hetty's Disappointment.

ETTY Leeds looked with regretful eyes at her bonnet of home-made straw—not that its generous proportions did not suit her, though they would scarcely delight a modern belle—not that it was not snowily bleached, or deftly sewn—but that a yard or so of ribbon was wanting to its completeness.

The spot she lived in was a sleepy little town in the heart of the hills, where sound of steam whistle had never penetrated, and whose inhabitants lived as primitive a life as our forefathers of Revolutionary memory. Their garments were woven dyed and made in each individual household; the journeyman shoemaker paid them a visit once a year, leaving a stock behind sufficient to last until his return; even the hats and bonnets were made of the native straw, woven, sewed and pressed by the hands of the women folk.

What wonder Hetty was in despair; if she had had a fortune at her command, there were no stores within a stone's throw, but miles of weary stage ride between her and the nearest one. And the coveted ribbon she had once possessed; that was the bitterest reflection of all.

It was Hetty Leeds' unhappy fate to live on sufferance, for the people with whom her life was spent were only so nearly related that they would not see her starve, not nearly enough to give her ever so little of the sweet home love that makes life precious.

But the good old farmer who was her adopted father was very kind to her in his way, and when his girls had their summer bonnets made and bleached, he brought from town the ribbon wherewith to trim them, and Hetty had her parcel as well as the rest.

A bright, pure blue, just like the sky of a clear, cloudless day. She drew the silken loveliness through her fingers, rejoicing in the luxurious, delicate softness of the strip of cerulean lustering.

But when Maria, who had a taste in millinery, had drawn her ribbon across the straw and fastened it with a stitch, she must needs have a bow at the side before she could be quite suited.

Maria could coax very prettily when she would, and before Hetty was quite aware what she had done, she had been beguiled of her newly acquired treasure, and received instead a promise of another just as fine when "pa" went to town.

So, when the returning stage brought the good farmer home, the girl stood waiting with sparkling eyes, indulging in pleasing fancies that the ribbon might turn out to be a pink this time, which color she rather preferred to blue; or that possibly there might be enough to admit of a bow at the side, like Maria's.

Whatever thoughts were in Hetty's mind, she held her peace while the farmer had his supper and related the news of the day; waited patiently while he smoked his evening pipe on the porch; but when he arose with a yawn, so announcing his intention of retiring for the night, she pulled Maria's sleeve gently, and reminded her that her father had not yet unpocketed her purchase.

Maria's blank countenance betrayed her before she had opened her lips. Satisfied with her own millinery achievements, she had totally forgotten her promise. There was nothing to be done. The disappointed girl went to her own room and wept out her bitterness.

The grand picnic to the Elm Woods was to take place in two days. Her pretty blue and white calico was folded away for the occasion. There it lay, looking fresh and bright as need be, but all to no purpose. She could not go without a bonnet; a bonnet could not be worn without trimming; and, in tearful despair, Hetty laid her head on the window sill, and so sat till the moon had risen, and the thought of to-morrow's duties warned her to rest.

She rose in a happier mood. A faint hope had dawned within her breast that last year's trimming might be made to look almost as good as new. There were no idle hands in the household. For mere subsistence, clothing, food and shelter, all must toil day in and day out. A Saturday afternoon ramble was a rare treat, and a whole day given over to pleasure, a thing to be looked forward to for weeks. Among these busy ones, Hetty was the happiest; yet, late in the forenoon, she stole a few moments to try her experiment.

Knowledge of chemistry was not one of Hetty's strong points, and, when the faded pink ribbon acquired faint streaks of green from its contact with the soapy water, she was more surprised than pleased. But she patted and rubbed it and got ready her fat-iron, hoping, poor child! that the ugly marks would not show so plainly when they were dry.

Then came a step outside on the porch, and Walter Weir's curly head intruded at the kitchen window. The adventurous laundress gave a nervous

start. Down came the hot iron, crisp- ing the pink ribbon into little wrinkles and searing it with a great brown mark. Truly absurd it looked now, and Hetty, thrust it into her pocket in a little crumpled heap, and went forward with the best grace she could master to hear what her visitor might have to say.

Oh, bitter, bitter mysteries of human life! Hear was the very thing that had seemed the acme of delight, the thing that she had only dared to dream of afar off, laid at her feet, and she could not stoop to take it. Walter Weir had singled her out for his companion on the festive day that was coming.

Was it only that he was the lion of the occasion, an honored guest, a young man who had made his way in the great world beyond the hills? Was it that there were strifes and envyings already in the girl world of Monticello, in prospect of this very honor?

Was it only this that made her heart throb, first with pleasure that he had asked her, then with a pain that she must answer 'No,' and then with shame that she could say no word to make him understand her reason?

The mingled joy and grief and trouble made the little waiting minute seem an age to Hetty Leeds.

I think you had better ask some one else, she stammered out. She had not meant to say it, but somehow the words slipped from her. She only meant that he was a visitor, and worthy of all courtesy; that though she refused him, she did not intend to be rude; that any other girl would accept his escort with pleasure; and she was aware that she had made a sad blunder of her polite speech.

She remembered, in her confusion, that she must stay at home. But what did it matter? she asked herself. She could not tell him why. It would be like saying that these people she lived with were unkind to her. She wished in her inmost heart that he had asked her, but that she could not tell him either so went back to her work with flushed cheeks, and swallowed her tears, while Walter Weir strode off in a sulky fashion.

In the course of the day, Hetty learned that he had invited Maria, who, nothing loth, accepted the invitation though she had already given her promise to a certain George Hildreth; but the hero of the day was not to be refused, and George Hildreth could be put off with Hetty's company, if necessary, or something it must be managed. Such were Maria's secret reflections.

When the all-important day arrived, and the discovery was made that Hetty could not accompany the party, affairs assumed a more complicated complexion but still the little schemer trusted to her native tact and readiness to extricate herself from the dilemma.

The busiest days were over—the harvest well-nigh gathered in. It was a holiday for old and young; and there was a pang in poor little Hetty's heart when she saw the gay party moving away, the faithless Maria already whispering and laughing with Walter Weir, while George Hildreth strove in vain to conceal his hurt vanity under a lively exterior.

Such a wretched feeling came across her as she watched them! No one had cared that she was left behind. The farmer had asked her in an off-hand way why it was, but she was too well-trained to make accusations against a daughter of the house. If any one gave her a passing thought, they fancied that she was not well, or unsociable perhaps. And some one had whispered—it was not meant for her ears, but she had heard it—that no one had asked her company, and that she was sulky.

They were gone. Hetty had worn her blue calico, but she went into the house and changed it for a work-a-day jacket and skirt of less delicate hue; then, with a sudden under current of elation, she recalled the fact that she was free for the day, and slipped down a little by-path to a pretty pond filled with green rushes.

She flung herself down in the long grass on its banks, threw her arms above her head with a sigh of relief, and burst into a passion of weeping, then sobered into thought, while the sky-depths smiled their ineffable love into her sorrowful little heart.

Always to be set apart and despised always the one that was not missed—that was the burden of her thoughts. But through her cloud of trouble one little joy shone like a star. He had asked her. Could it have been because he was sorry for her? Out of pity? Yes, she was sure of it. Surely any one would rather have taken Maria.

But if ever, in time to come, anyone should love me, I could be a better wife than Maria, I could make him glad with my love.

She had almost uttered the words aloud. A wind startled the rushes, and she rose with a flutter in her breast, half ashamed of her own thoughts, half fearful of some unseen presence. It almost seemed to her as if the sky and the water and the rushes might read

her secret only half known to her own timid heart.

Some one had stolen through the grass and lifted her chestnut braids with a gentle hand, and she turned and looked into Walter Weir's eyes. Afterwards she thought of the untidy dress and the blown hair, with its little wilful ringlets, but then only that he was there, that he had taken her hand in his, and was looking deep, deep down into her eyes. Her lashes fell. The crimson crept up to the silken fringes, and oh! the glory of heaven was in that timid trembling breast.

Then his question. As though he had come to judgment, he asked her why she was there alone, and out came the bare, honest truth; but not a word about Maria.—She told herself she was not mean enough for that.

And I thought you were going with some one else, he said. She looked up in new surprise at his tone, and somehow in that moment the secret was told—the secret of two fresh young hearts that had given to each other the wealth of their first youth and freshness.

Will you be my little wife, my little Hetty? Will you let me take you far away from here? It seemed to her that was all she could ask of earthly bliss, and she laid her head on his shoulder and pested close, close in his arms, those arms that seemed strong enough to shield her from trouble for evermore, against the great heart that could give her all the love and tenderness her hungry one had waited for so long.

In the hush of the lonely meadows they talked of many things. First of how George Hildreth had asserted his prior claims, and Walter Weir glad to be free, had yielded with a good grace, making it his apology and Maria's as well, that he was a stranger, and then had stolen back to find his little love. Somehow the blown hair did not trouble her so much when he had taken the tiny spirals lovingly, tenderly in his fingers, nor the untidy dress when he had kissed its folds.

The setting sun found them still hand in hand beside the reed-filled pond; and ere the bright summer days were over, they had started on their life-long journey side by side. So ended Hetty's disappointment.

YANKEE PASSENGER—Why on earth do you put blinkers on the horses in this benighted old country? We've long given 'em up in America. British 'Bus Driver—Well, I'll tell yer 'ot it is, if them 'ere 'osses was only just to catch a sight of you a sittin' be'ind 'em, they'd be that frightened they'd just smash the 'ole blessed 'bus all to pieces!

A STINGY man who pretended to be very fond of his horse, but kept him nearly starved, said to a friend, you don't know how much we all think of that horse. I shall have him stuffed so as to preserve him, when he dies. You'd better stuff him now, retorted the friend, so as to preserve him living.

You should live within your income, sir, said a harsh old capitalist to a clerk who asked for an advance of wages. It's easy enough to live within an income, modestly replied the clerk, but what I should like to know is, how a fellow is to live without one.

You are the dullest boy I ever saw, crossly exclaimed a bald-headed old uncle to his nephew. Well, uncle, replied the youth, with a glance at the old gentleman's bald head, you can't expect me to understand things as quickly as you do, because you don't have the trouble of getting 'em through your hair.

IN conversation a wise man may be at a loss where to begin, but a fool never knows where to stop.

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