

The Star,

And Conception Bay Weekly Reporter.

VOL III

HARBOR GRACE NEWFOUNDLAND, MAY 6, 1875

NUM. XLVIIII

AN INTERESTING TALE.

TWO KISSES.

A long stretch of hard road, the noonday sun streaming down on it with fervent heat. Slowly plodding his way along it was a boy—a boy who was dusty and tired.

But though the road was dry and hot and uncomfortable, to the right and left were fields red with clover-blossoms. They were such a contrast to the road that the boy felt as if he wanted to get over there and lie down and sleep with the fragrance about him. Presently he came to a place where a tree stood just within the field.

I will rest a little while under it, he said; and climbing the fence, he sat down in the leafy shade.

A cool breeze fanned his forehead as he removed his cap. Far off he could hear the low of cattle and the song of labourers. There was no cloud in the sky above. All nature seemed smiling beneath the blessing of heaven.

Presently the rustle of the leaves, above the boy's head grew almost inaudible to him; the hum of the bees in the clover seemed to recede further and further; finally, his head dropped over on his arm, and he was sound asleep.

The face of the sleeper was a handsome one; but it was pale, and it had lines in it too firm for his years. That he had both intellect and will was apparent at a glance. He was about 15 years old.

He had slept, perhaps for an hour, when the sound of carriage-wheels awoke him. He raised himself to a sitting posture, hardly realizing where he was. The carriage stopped. It contained, besides the driver only one occupant—a little girl about three years younger than the boy.

Are you ill? asked the sweetest voice in the world, as a lovely face peeped out between the curtains of the carriage. I thought you might be, when I saw you lying there, and so I told James to stop.

No, thank you, answered the lad, blushing; and, springing to his feet he advanced to the side of the carriage. I was only resting. I think I must have fallen asleep.

There was a short pause. The boy looked at the girl's face in undisguised admiration. Never had he seen anything so beautiful; never had he met any one so exquisitely dressed. It was like a vision out of Paradise. He glanced down on his travel-soiled garments, and then at her snowy muslin, so spotlessly clean.

Ah! he said to himself, she is some rich man's daughter! and I—I have only the bundle I carry over my shoulder, and a few dollars in my pocket.

The girl blushed under his fixed gaze but her eyes melted with pity.

You look tired, she said. If you are going our way, won't you get in? She moved as she spoke to make room for him. It is five miles yet before we reach home.

His face flushed, and he was on the point of declining but a smile from the young girl decided it—he got in and the carriage rolled along.

For awhile there was silence. At last the young girl with another sweet smile, turned to him and said, will you tell me your name?

She was, you see, three years younger than the boy, but she was already infinitely more self-possessed.

It is Bret Gray, he answered.

And mine is Claudie Wilberforce, she said. I hope we shall be good friends. Have you far to go?

I am going to Philadelphia, he replied.

Why, that's a hundred miles off, Claudie cried. You don't mean to walk all the way?

I have walked a hundred miles already, he said simply.

Claudie paused awhile.

You must have some great thing in view she said, to make you walk such a distance.

Her brown eyes were wide open with surprise. His gray ones met them without flinching. Somehow, in the presence of this girl the boy was not shy, as he usually was.

My object is not a very strange one, he said, bravely. I want to make a man of myself.

Haven't you a home? I have had a home, and a very pleasant one, but—

He stopped, embarrassed.

Why don't your father send you to college? My brothers go to college.

My father and mother are both dead, Bret answered with a quiver in his voice.

I am so sorry, said Claudie and put her hand in his. The tears rose to her eyes.

I never remember seeing them, continued the lad. I have lived all my life with my uncle. He is not rich, and has boys of his own.

I see, I see, said Claudie; and so you are setting out, like Whittington, to make your fortune.

I don't know that I shall ever make a fortune at least one like that which Whittington made, answered the boy with simple frankness. It is not money that I care for most. I want a chance for improvement. I tried to do my duty at uncle's, but, for all that, I did not like the plough and the hoe. It was books—books that I wanted. I felt that I must go to some place where knowledge could be obtained, where there were free libraries, and where there was a chance for one that was willing to work, and to study when not working. Franklin you know did that.

Bret's face glowed with enthusiasm as he spoke. His listener caught the infection; her eyes kindled and her little hand pressed his in sympathy.

Uncle at first didn't want me to go away; he was afraid I couldn't get on but when he saw I was in earnest he gave in to me. I shall never forget his kindness—never!

Claudie's cheeks kindled as she looked at Bret. Here was a real hero! She had read of such things. But to see one!

She was roused by the carriage stopping, and James asking, shall I drive in, miss?

You will stop and take dinner with us, said Claudie addressing Bret's father and mother, I know, will be glad to see you.

No thank you, said the lad preparing to get out. I dined two hours ago. I am very much obliged. Good-bye!

Good-bye! said Claudie. You will be a great man yet, she added enthusiastically.

Bret hesitated. He was now in the road, outside the carriage door, but he still held her hand. He looked down, hesitated, then raised his eyes to her face.

You think so? Will you help me to become one? Will you give me a kiss?

Claudie blushed scarlet. But she was no common child; in some things she was far ahead of her years.

Yes, if you wish it, she said frankly. If you think it will do you any good.

She stepped forward as she spoke and her lips met his. What made the heart of both thrill? What was it, in that kiss, which kept the memory of this day alive, in Claudie, for years?

A moment later they had parted. Bret had opened the gate, and the carriage was driving up the avenue. Would they meet again?

Good-bye! good-bye! called [the girl] gaily looking back, and waving her hand.

But there were tears in her eyes, and in Bret's also.

* * * * *

Ten years had passed, when, one afternoon in summer, a young man stopped at the Arcadian Springs, and entered his name in the book of the hotel, in a large fine hand—Bret Gray.

Ah! said the landlord, I am proud to have you as a guest, I have read your writings, sir. This way, please. Jim show this gentleman to No. 4. One of our best rooms; sir; but nothing is too good for you.

It was our old acquaintance, whom we had left a boy on the roadside, going up to the great city to seek his fortune.

At first, he found the battle a hard one

and if he had been less brave and persistent, he might have abandoned the fight. He began as an errand boy in a printing office; then he became compositor; then tried his hand at writing short articles for the newspapers on which he worked. His evenings he spent in study, availing himself of the advantages which Philadelphia offers, in its free schools, its Apprentices' Libraries, its Academy of Fine Arts, its Academy of Natural Sciences, and its scores of similar institutions, to those who desire to be self-educated. We will not however follow him in his long struggle.

At twenty-five he was the editor of an influential newspaper; a popular lecturer and the envied author of more than one book of mark.

In all these years had he never thought of Claudie? Often and often especially at first. But the battle of life, fought as he had to fight, is an exacting one, it engrosses every thought, exhausts every nerve; leaves the combatant little leisure for aught but the strain and stress of the fight. Gradually as the years went by, the image of Claudie grew less and less distinct, until finally he had come to think of her only as some beautiful vision, in a dream in a far, far off country.

Occasionally, however, her image would come back to him as vividly as ever. The scent of the clover or the hum of the bees, would call it up, and he would see again the hot, dusty road, hear the carriage-wheels and behold that lovely face looking out between the curtains.

Ah! he would say to himself, she is married—long ago, rich, beautiful, refined—she has forgotten me.

Your house seems quite full, landlord, said Bret Gray, when he had refreshed himself with a bath, and had descended to supper. The landlord was waiting obsequiously at the door of the dining room. A fine company I am told you have always.

Yes answered the host, rubbing his hands together. Some very handsome ladies are here. We generally have a dozen or two belles every summer. But to-morrow—to-morrow, sir, the most beautiful of all is coming. Let me see! I will give you a seat here, next to the place I have reserved for her: that is the highest compliment I can pay you, sir.

Who is this paragon? said Bret carelessly, as he took his seat.

Miss Wilberforce, daughter of Judge Wilberforce, of Northampton.

Wilberforce!—Wilberforce!—surely I have heard of that name before, said Bret to himself. Ah, I remember! The colour rose to his cheek, man as he was and his heart beat fast.

Do you know the lady's Christian name? he asked.

Claudie, I think. Yes it is Claudie, I am sure? Do you know her?

I knew her when I was a mere boy. But I have not seen her for ten years. She has probably forgotten me.

Bret ate his meal in silence hardly noticing anything, though a score of eyes were directed curiously towards him, for the landlord had taken care to let it be known who his new guest was. Bret could think of nothing but Claudie. All his old feelings revived, and with ten-fold vigor; for they were now the feelings of a man, not of a boy.

I wonder why she has not married he said to himself; and a wild, romantic explanation suggested itself. Pshaw! he cried, immediately, however. Am I a fool? She forgot me, probably before a month had passed.

Then he found himself wondering if Miss Wilberforce was at all like the little girl he had met and parted with ten years ago. He fell asleep that night dreaming of Claudie.

Bret Gray was not in the house when Miss Wilberforce arrived the next day. He had been out rambling and, returning, thought he would sit in the back verandah while he rested. That verandah was a very pleasant place. Vines clambering up the sides; it was deliciously cool and shady. The fragrance of flowers filled the air. Suddenly as he sat there a light step came round the corner. He glanced up, and saw a tall stylishly dressed young lady and a face that he recognised on the instant. The same sweet smile, was there as of

old, and the same expression only far more mature.

Bret rose and bowed.

Miss Wilberforce, he exclaimed extending his hand. I have not forgotten you.

Claudie at first did not recognize him.

I beg your pardon, she said but extending her hand nevertheless. I cannot recall your name.

I did not suppose you would, Bret returned. But ten years ago you asked a tired boy to ride in your carriage with you. Do you remember? He has never forgotten it.

What? she cried. Are you Bret—Bret Gray—Mr. Gray? she said, correcting herself, and blushing in some confusion. Then she added quickly, you see I have not forgotten you name even if I have your face. But no wonder I did not recognize you. Ten years have changed you wonderfully.

I told you, you know, you would be a great man. Indeed, and she shook hands again frankly. I am very glad to meet you.

Then she sat down by him. Beautiful Claudie! Bret thought she had more than fulfilled the promise of her childhood's loveliness.

This is a pleasure I little dreamed of Bret said. I hadn't hoped that you would be as good as to remember me.

She laughed frankly, just as she did when a child.

You interested me strangely, she said. You seemed so resolute and strong. I recognised your name the very first time I saw it in print. I believe I have read nearly everything you have written. You see I have a sort of pride in your success, I predicted it. You have always had my best wishes.

Still the same enthusiastic, outspoken Claudie as of old!

Bret gazed at her with increasing admiration. The conversation now ceased to be personal and ranged over a great variety of topics. Everything that was touched on, Miss Wilberforce understood; and her remarks were incisive, or sprightly, or witty, as the subject required. When she rose, in about half an hour, to go to her room, Bret was hopelessly in love.

The days passed, Bret's passion increased hourly. But though he resolved a score of times, to speak and tell his love, he always shrank from the task when the crisis arrived. Miss Wilberforce was so different from other girls, so frank and friendly, that he feared lest he might be deceiving himself, when he thought, as he sometimes did that she was not indifferent to him. Then she had such crowds of suitors and so high in social rank and so wealthy that even he, famous as he was in literature, did not dare to hope too much.

One day she said to him, as they rose together from the breakfast-table—I am going home to-morrow.

To-morrow! cried Bret, as if a bullet had struck him. To-morrow!

Yes. I never stay here longer than four weeks, and it will be four weeks to-morrow since I came.

I had not thought it had been so long answered Bret, half dazed.

At that instant one of her acquaintances came up and placing her arm within Claudie's, carried her off leaving Bret standing there, dumb with consternation, like one suddenly turned to stone.

He soon recovered himself and, putting on his hat plunged into the forest to walk off his emotion.

Going! And to-morrow! he repeated I will put everything at the hazard of the die, then, to-day, if I can but find her alone. But what hope is there? How calmly she spoke of going! If she loved me—

He could not go on. The thought was too painful. Life had come to be worthless to Bret Gray, you see, if Claudie was not to love him.

He had been out on the mountain for two hours, when, approaching the hotel on his return, fate granted him the interview he so desired.

There was a little pond stocked with water lilies, and surrounded with trees about half a mile from the house. This was a favorite resort of Claudie's though it was too far for most ladies to walk. The proprietor had imperted some

swans, in order to add to the attractions of the spot; and, as Bret descended the mountain, and approached the lake he saw Claudie sitting on the opposite bank, lost in a reverie, and not even now noticing a swan that she had coaxed at first, to come to her, by feeding it.

We will not deny that the hope of finding Miss Wilberforce in this secluded spot had led Bret's steps in that direction. His heart leaped to his throat now. He paused for a moment saying to himself that she was as stately and pure as the swan, admiring her graceful willowy figure, and wondering what she could be thinking of so intently.

Suddenly she gave a start and scream the latter cut short as soon as begun. Some object close by her had attracted her attention. It was something that filled her with horror for her eyes dilated, and she shuddered; but nevertheless, it seemed impossible for her to remove her gaze. Bret was not long before he discovered the cause of her terror.

On the bank near her in full sight coiled as if about to spring, with head erect and blazing orbs, and with open mouth and angry fangs was a huge rattlesnake!

To Bret Gray there came a single second of despair. She was so far off, and the peril was imminent? Long before he could reach her the fatal spring would be made, he said to himself. He would have to go round the head of pond which was a considerable distance and the noise of his approach would excite the reptile still more and accelerate the end. His knees gave way from pure physical weakness. Then he rallied his faculties, and sprang forward in a race for life or death, clutching nervously the stout walking stick he fortunately carried with him.

The minutes that it took to skirt the head of the pond seemed to him hours. At last he reached the other side, and with a sob of relief saw that the reptile was still watching his victim who sat fascinated and terror-struck unable to move.

Thank God! he cried involuntarily.

The words, or the noise of his approach, startled the rattlesnake, which sprang at once, with head extended at Claudie. But quiet as the serpent was Bret was quicker. One leap carried him to Claudie's side, and at the same instant his heavy walking stick descending on the reptile in the very act of springing. The rattlesnake fell to the earth writhing, where a few rapid blows soon despatched it.

It was all over in a very brief space. When Bret, having killed the serpent, turned to Claudie, he found she had sunk fainting on the bank.

Bret knelt by her, chafing her hands, and calling her by a dozen fond, endearing epithets. Directly the colour came back to her cheeks.

Oh! she said, faintly, opening her eyes. What a horrid dream! Then, seeing Bret, she remembered all. She covered her eyes with her hands. The horrible monster! she gasped. Is it indeed dead?

Yes darling, Thank God, I was near!

She put her hand in Bret's.

You have saved my life, she said. How can I ever repay you?

The blow that would have slain you, would have killed me also, said Bret. I nearly died, as it was, in that awful moment, on the other side of the pond, when I first saw your danger.

Her eyes met his. She read all his heart in them.

You are dearer to me than my own life, he cried.

Claudie, he said, directly, as she nestled closer to him in the sweet happy feeling of a first love that is acknowledged at last.

She raised her eyes softly to his.

You kissed me once, he whispered. I have felt that kiss on my lips a thousand times since. It was the star that led me on to success. It was what his lady's guerdon was to a knight of old. Kiss me again darling if you really love me.

She raised herself in his arms and their lips met for the second time. The first had been the kiss of an impulsive girl that hardly meant anything unless a little pity and sympathy; but this was the kiss of a matured woman, and it meant love perfect love for evermore.

I know now, she whispered, hiding her face on his broad chest, why I never could love any one of my many suitors. In my secret heart, unknown even to myself I have loved you all along.

This is our story of Two Kisses.

Parties [not subscribers] who may receive a copy of the Star and a e desirous of supporting it, will please notify us as soon as possible. It will be the aim of the proprietor to make the paper as interesting as possible by publishing all local matters that may be of benefit to the public.

THE STAR

Is printed and published by the Proprietor, WILLIAM R. SQUAREY, every Thursday, at his office, No. 116 Water Street, Harbor Grace (opposite the Premises of C. W. Ross & Co.)

LEGAL DECISIONS IN NEWSPAPER CASES.

1.—Any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office—whether directed to his name or another's, or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment. 2.—If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay up all arrearsages or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not. 3.—The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the Post office, or removing and leaving them uncollected, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

THE STAR.

THURSDAY, MAY 6th, 1875.

The Northern Circuit Court opened here yesterday. Chief Justice presiding.

From appearances, and reports which have reached us within the last fortnight we cannot but entertain very doubtful anticipations indeed of the general successful results of the seal fishery. We have all along been anxiously awaiting news more encouraging from some of the sailing fleet; but we fear that the news from that direction also will not bear out our hopes; and this is to be very much regretted, as the general interests of this town and neighborhood, would have been much better served, had the sailing vessels done something. This town is more dependent on the success of the sailing vessels than any other settlement in the Island, and as a consequence trade is very dull. Importers are placed in very awkward circumstances, having ordered goods before the results of the fishery were known, they have, therefore on hand large stocks, and the prospects of getting them disposed of are anything but pleasant looking. It is to be hoped that when the supplying time comes along every facility will be placed in the hands of the planter by the supplier to prosecute the coming cod fishery with spirit and energy. We have always been impressed with the idea, that the more efficient and complete the appliances at the disposal of the fisherman, the more fish will be secured, and this being the case it will be seen that the interest of both parties will be better served. A little additional expense laid out in the above way, would no doubt tell considerably on the success of the voyage.

Parties requiring good work in the Photograph line would do well to read the following complimentary notice to Mr. Wood, St. John's:

"I can confidently recommend any persons wishing to get old pictures of any kind enlarged and coloured in ink oil, or water, to Mr. Page Wood, Photographer, St. John's, who can execute them in a style and finish not to be surpassed. He has done some work for me, and I can therefore bear witness to the excellent manner in which it was performed.

G. MACKINSON

TO THE EDITOR MORNING CHRONICLE

Sir,— In looking over your paper of yesterday I was struck forcibly with the justice of your remarks relative to the communication to the Courier of 20th inst., and although I have always been a sympathizer (to a certain extent) with the present Government, yet I am sorry to admit that some of their proceedings have been anything but just to (at present) an overburdened but patient people. In looking over "proposed increase of Salaries," we may find some few perhaps that might fairly be entitled to a little consideration, but the transaction on the whole must certainly be pronounced a dire misappropriation of public funds, and a gross breach of that trust which is placed in the hands of the rulers of the country. If we add an immense overplus of revenue, and the country provided with public institutions, and such improvements as are not necessary, but actually indispensable for the every day wants of our community, so that we could bear some fair comparison with the neighbouring provinces in social requirements could, when heads of Government departments could look back with credit to themselves, and justice to our country then and then only would be time enough to increase the salaries of public servants, who even now are more than paid for services rendered. But see the difference; the present Government come into power professing to reform the country from the effects of short comings on the part of past Governments and redress the wrongs of an injured people, when to their shame be it said, one of their first acts is to involve the country further in debt to gratify the selfish greed of overpaid officials at the expense of our starving poor and forgotten country. Gentlemen of the Government look to the positions of trust you hold and ask yourselves the question, "Are we doing honestly with the trust confided to our care?" Go down on our wharves on such a morning as Monday and see the miserable poor creatures scarcely clad, seeking work that was never intended woman should do. Think of the mother who bore you, and ask yourselves is that a place you would like to see her. Gentleman of the Government there are women (through poverty) subject to this degradation, who have reared sons to be as good men as you are, but where are they now? They have sought in other lands what their native place refused them, "an opportunity of earning an honest livelihood;" hence the cause of so much poverty amongst us. It may be said, what has the government to do with all this? Why, everything. We don't want the Government to build any more Poor Asylums than are actually needed, for where there are Poor Houses you will always find folk to fill them; but we want you to lift the poor from the degradation of pauperism; we want you to be instrumental in encouraging the raising of factories, so that the opportunity will be offered the poor to earn their livelihood independently, and in a decent manner; and if after giving them this opportunity they do not avail themselves of it then it will be in your hands to deal with such as you think fit. We don't want you to tax unnecessarily any imported article, but merely encourage Home Manufacture, and thereby employ those who otherwise must become an encumbrance on the community and an eye-sore to decency. We send men to the Assembly to legislate for the improvement and welfare of the country and not for themselves; but looking back for many years we cannot see a great deal they have done. But the day will come, and that soon, too, when the people will be fairly represented. The Government will find that there are men in our capital, and in our outports too, who have the future of our country at heart, and will not much longer suffer themselves to be the dupes and playtoys of dishonest and designing party politicians.

I have to apologize, Mr. Editor for occupying so much of your valuable space but there are times when our native spirit will rise, and the thought of long borne injustice will seek redress, and I do most earnestly hope the redress of a patriotic people is near at hand. With your permission I may again return to this subject with thanks for the use of your columns.

I remain, dear Sir Yours truly NEWFOUNDLANDER.

To the Editor of the Courier

Sir,— The Chronicle, which is very unparliamentary in its comments, has been very hard upon Mr. Rogerson lately, and at other times upon Mr. Ayre, but these gentlemen are made to suffer for the acts of those with whom they are associated, and whom they are not allowed often to influence so much as they should.

Now these are comparatively honest politicians and on the whole good and well meaning men although they may sometimes carry their peculiar ideas too far, and even the Chronicle might be expected to do them justice when they deserve it, and when a sometimes happens they are bold and independent enough to give expression to their opinions, even against their political party.

Let it at all events be placed to their credit and recorded in letters of gold, that the other night in the House these two, Messrs Rogerson & Ayre and Mr. Steer, voted against the whole of their party then present, when it was proposed and carried by the Government (the opposition, shame to them, voting for it, too with the Government party!) that to the Speakers pay should be added about fifty pounds more than had been allowed to any previous Speaker.

Let it be remembered to his honor that Mr. Ayre denounced this imposition in very plain terms and told them that he had connected himself with politics for the purpose of establishing a reformed and improved Government, but that it appears to him (Ayre) had never been a Government that was a greater sword than at present, and that he for one would be glad to join in forming a better.

I remain, Yours truly HONOR TO WILSON HONOR, April 20, 1875.

Fortune Bay April 6, 1875.

TO THE EDITOR MORNING CHRONICLE.

Sir,— On the 23rd January last between the hours of three and four A. M., Joseph Denef, master of the American fishing schooner "C. H. Price" belonging to the firm of Whalen, Salem, Massachusetts, clandestinely and mysteriously conveyed away a girl named Mary Ann Skinner, aged 14 years, youngest daughter of William and Elizabeth Skinner, St. John's, Fortune Bay. What has since become of this unfortunate child is not known but the fact of her having no other friend or protector than the villain who, to gratify his brutish lust hesitated not to enslave and tear her away from her home and friends, would lead one to form no very good hope for her safety and is but a better consolation to her afflicted and almost heart-broken parents.

This Joseph Denef is a native of St. John's Newfoundland, whose blackguard propensities have in no way rendered his name less famous in Salem Massachusetts during his short career there than we may suppose they did in St. John's.

AMICUS.

THE WHISKEY WAR.

AN ANGEL IN A SALOON.

One afternoon in the month of June, a lady in deep mourning, followed by a little child, entered one of the most noted whiskey saloons in the city of N—. The writer happened to be passing at the time, and, prompted by curiosity, followed her in to see what would ensue. Stepping up to the bar, and addressing the proprietor, she said: "Sir, can you assist me? I have no home, no friends, and am not able to work."

He glanced at her and then at the child, with a mingled look of curiosity and pity. Evidently he was much surprised to see a woman in such a place, begging; but, without asking any questions, gave her some change, and turning to those present he said:

Gentlemen, here is a lady in distress. Can't some of you help her a little? They cheerfully acceded to the request, and soon a purse of two dollars was put into her hand.

Madam, said the gentleman who gave her the money, why do you come to a saloon? It isn't a proper place for a lady, and why are you driven to such a step?

Sir, said the lady, I know it isn't a proper place for a lady to be in, and you ask me why I am driven to such a step. I will tell you in one short word, pointing to a bottle behind the counter labelled "whiskey"—that is what brought me here—whiskey. I was once happy and surrounded by all the luxuries wealth could produce, with a fond, indulgent husband. But in an evil hour he was tempted, and not possessing the will to resist, fell, and in one short year my dream of happiness was over, my home was ever desolate, and the kind husband, and the wealth that some called mine, lost—lost never to return; and all by the accursed wine-cup. You see before you only the wreck of my former self—homeless and friendless, with nothing left me in this world but this little child; and weeping bitterly, she affectionately caressed the golden curls that shaded a face of exquisite loveliness. Regarding her composure, and turning to the proprietor of the saloon she continued:

Sir, the reason why I occasionally enter a place like this is to implore those who deal in this deadly poison to desist; to stop a business that spreads desolation, ruin, poverty, and starvation. Think one moment of your own loved ones, and then imagine them in the situation I am in. I appeal to your better nature. I appeal to your kind heart—for I know you possess a kind one—to retire from a business so ruinous to your patrons.

Do you know the money you take across the bar is the same as taking the bread out of the mouth of the famishing? That it strips the clothing from their backs, deprives them of all the comforts of this life, and thrown unhappiness misery, and desolation into their once happy homes? Oh! sir, I implore, beseech, and pray you to retire from a business you blush to own you are engaged in before your fellow men, and enter one that will not only be profitable to yourself but, to your fellow creatures also. You will excuse me if I have spoken too plainly but I could not help it when I thought of the misery, the unhappiness and the suffering it has caused me. Madam, I am not offended, he answered, in a voice husky with emotion, but I thank you from the bottom of my heart for what you have said. Mamma, said the little girl—who, meantime, had been spoken to by some of the gentlemen present—taking hold of her mother's hand, these gentlemen want me to sing "Little Bessie" for them. Shall I do so? They all joined in the request, and placing her in the chair she sang, in a sweet, childish voice, the following beautiful words:

"Out in the gloomy night, sadly I roam; I have no mother dear, no pleasant home; No one cares for me, no one would cry, Even if poor little Bessie would die, Weary and tired I've been wandering all day, Asking for work, but I'm too small they say; On the dump ground I must now lay my head."

Father's a drunkard, and mother is dead. We were so happy till father drank rum, Then all our sorrow and troubles began; Mother grew pale, and wept every day; Baby and I we too hungry to play; Slowly they faded, till one summer night Found their dead faces all sient and white; Then with big tears slowly dropping; I said, "Father's a drunkard and mother is dead!"

Oh! if the temperance men only could see that! Rob, wretched father, and take very good care; if they would stop him from drinking then I should be very happy again. Is it too late temperance men? Please try, Or poor little Bessie must soon starve and die. All the day long I've been begging for bread; Father's a drunkard and mother is dead.

The game of billiards was left unfinished the cards thrown aside, and the unemptied glasses remained on the counter; all pressed near, some with pity beaming eyes, entranced with the musical voice and beauty of the child who seemed better fitted to be with angels than in such a place.

The scene I shall never forget till my dying day, and the sweet cadence of her musical voice still rings in my ears, and from her lips sank deep into the hearts of those gathered around her. With her golden hair falling carelessly around her shoulders and looking so trustfully and confidently upon the gentlemen around her, the beautiful eyes illuminated with a light that seemed not of this earth, she formed a picture of purity and innocence worthy the genius of a poet or painter.

At the close of the song many were weeping, men who had not shed a tear for years wept like children. One young man who had resisted with scorn the pleadings of a loving mother and entreaties of friends to strive and lead a better life, to desist from a course that was wasting his fortune and ruining his health, now approached the child, and taking both hands in his while tears streamed down his cheeks, exclaimed in deep emotion:

God bless you, my little angel. You have saved me from ruin and disgrace, from poverty and a drunkard's grave, if there are angels on earth, you are one! God bless you! God bless you! Putting a note into the hands of the mother, the young man continued: Please accept this trifle as a token of my regard and esteem, for your little girl has done me a kindness I can never repay; and remember whenever you are in want you will find me a true friend, at the same time giving her his name and address.

Taking her child by the hand she turned to go, but, pausing at the door, said: "God bless you, Gentlemen! Accept the heartfelt thanks, of a friendless woman for the kindness and courtesy you have shown her." Before any one could reply she was gone.

A silence of several minutes ensued which was broken by the proprietor who exclaimed: Gentlemen that lady was right and I have sold my last glass of whiskey; if any one of you want anymore you will have to go elsewhere.

And I have drunk my last glass of whiskey said a young man who had long been given up as utterly beyond the reach of those who had a deep interest in his welfare—sunk too low ever to reform.

At East Boston on Monday night the body of a widow named Mary Bingham, aged 36, was found in the cellar of her mother's house. The lady presented a sickening appearance. The mouth was filled with gravel-packed in so solid that the use of a knife was required to remove it. In the wind pipe was found a large

stone, which was with difficulty dislodged. There were several cuts upon the back of the head, with one or two on the front and under the chin. There were also several bruises upon the head and face, and upon the neck were marks as if some person had attempted to strangle her during the scuffle which must have occurred if she was murdered. There were blood spots on the floor and walls, and her fair hair was found a short distance from her person. The last seen of her alive she went to answer the door bell, and it is supposed she then admitted her murderer. A lamp was found in the cellar and as a villainous looking man had called two doors above and gained access to that cellar on the plea of examining the water pipes, it is supposed the same man was guilty of her murder, and that Mrs. Bingham innocently accompanied him to the cellar to light his way.

She is known to have had money upon her person. As this was taken as well as four rings from her fingers, the murderer evidently intended robbery as well as a baser crime, in which he seemed to have been foiled.

OTTAWA, April 24. Governor General goes to Quebec next week 'en route' for England. LONDON, 27. Lord Mayor will attend Banquet to American rifle team given at Dublin. NEW YORK, 27. Troops ordered home from Pennsylvania coal regions. OTTAWA, 27. Changes in Cabinet expected. Scott will go on bench. Huntington will resign. Holton and Blake successors.

LOCALS.

Coal is still selling at £3 per ton. A stream of Lawyers poured into this community on Tuesday night. Mr. Drysdale sold a quantity of prime butter on Monday. A large number of fresh Herring was in the market yesterday. The Mail steamer "Newfoundland" left St. John's on Monday last. Navigation is now open on the Canadian lakes. The system of free postal delivery is now in operation in Quebec. We learn that some seals were taken in this bay during last week. They are all required to help on the voyage. Gutter snipes are roaming about our streets in large number. Something ought to be done to stop the nuisance. On Friday night last, the town was thrown into confusion in consequence of a dirty chimney. The steamer "Lizzie" arrived here on Friday last, from St. John's. She is now in first class order. Dr. Jos experienced great difficulty in extracting the knot-hole from the "peeper" of our esteemed fellow-townsmen, Skipper 'Nat'. A number of Northern vessels put in here on Saturday, owing to ice. Kane's barque and the "Ariel" were among the number. Butter is selling at from 13 to 15 cents per pound, at Brookville. Ont. 36 cents per pound is the price for butter in our market. Bill Williams informs us that his evidence in the cat affair is incorrectly reported. He thinks it is something after the style of the Royal Commission. Mr. Abraham Smith, of Round Pond captured a curious trout one day last week. Experienced anglers are of opinion that it is a Shad.

The here... Vestal Indies, Co. It is away... Billings... North... Sir... Sir... Four... played... James... discharged... with... The... before... Street... a success... for a pa... On... house... ed on... promptly... extinguish... of ord... [ro... Sir... The... from the... be from... May 3... The... alarms... nuisance... that our... that our... senses, n... this nu... there is... ng upon... to be pu... be? You... of your... The f... some of... "A c... in the... to advan... be of son... both our... her. A... to three... lows: "... sails from... undersig... person w... to Peter... provided... shall aid... port of... in the sh... to it wh... to return... apply res... served. money e... refused, ready for... in giving... clear an... given for... promise... owners o... cision in... ciple. W... similar ca... Advance... seamen, y... led the E... sel was w... returned, do not kn... advance n... the decis... case to be... in favor... notes.—[P... PUB... The Star... lic Auction... the follow... of building... material, w... purpose of... in this tow... highest voted to the... red in a l... ing within... which Lord... is the pro... list of the... Lot No... originally... and ready... Lot 2.—one of their... their ranks... Lot No... and shaving... signed for... since the co... into one lot... highest bid... Lot No. 4... which have... TERMS AN... The high... purchaser,

The Brig Bell, Pike, master, arrived here from Valentia, also the Brig "Vesta," Koefe, master, from the West Indies, both to Messrs. John Munn & Co.

It is pleasing to note that the cast-aways St. Mary's men were sent from Baltimore to this port, in the steamer "Newfoundland," free of charge, by Sir Hugh Allan. This speaks well for Sir Hugh.—[Times.]

Four hundred working people, employed in the Adams' Company, Tobacco Factory, at Montreal, have been discharged. The market is over-stocked with the noxious weed.

The experiment of putting the horse before the cart was exhibited in Water Street on Monday. It will likely be a success. The "janus" who is applying for a patent, is Matty French.

On Saturday morning the roof of a house on Holbrook Street was discovered on fire. The Fire Company were promptly on the spot, and succeeded in extinguishing the fire. Hydrants out of order again.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE STAR.]

Sir,—The prevailing tendency of the winds from this time until the 3rd June, will be from the east and north east.

OBSERVER, No. 2.

May 3.

The frequent occurrence of fire alarms is becoming a complete public nuisance. We are more than surprised that our firemen, who are the parties that ought to bring the offenders to their senses, remain entirely silent and allow this nuisance to go on unchecked. If there is a local act in existence, touching upon this matter, it certainly ought to be put in force by the "powers that be." Come Mr. Fallon don't lose any of your laurels—keep your eye on No. 1

The following may be of interest to some of our readers—

A case was tried in January last in the Liverpool County Court relative to advance notes to seamen, which will be of some interest and importance to both our mercantile and seafaring men here. Advance notes of £3 were given to three seamen, and expressed as follows: "Ten days after the ship Albion sails from the port of Liverpool the undersigned do hereby agree to pay any person who shall advance three pounds to Peter Thompson on this agreement provided the said Peter Thompson shall sail in the said ship from the said port of Liverpool." The men sailed in the ship, but an accident happened to it when eight miles out, and it had to return for repairs, and before it was again ready for sea the men left or deserted. The party who advanced the money claimed payment, which was refused, hence the trial. We have not room for the summing up of the judge in giving his decision but it is singularly clear and cogent. The verdict was given for the plaintiffs, that is that the promise to pay was binding on the owners of the vessel. This decision involves a very important principle. We understand that a somewhat similar case happened at this port lately. Advance notes were given to certain seamen, who sailed in a brigantine called the Ellen, from Halifax. The vessel was wrecked, the seamen of course returned, and the owners or agents, we do not know which, refused to pay the advance notes. It is very plain from the decision given above, that were this case to be tried in England it would go in favor of the holder or holders of the notes.—[Halifax Morning Herald.]

PUBLIC AUCTION!

The Starrigan worthies will sell by public Auction in the course of a few days, the following quantities and qualities of building timber, firewood and fence material, which was intended for the purpose of erecting a starrigan church in this town. The proceeds will be devoted to the liquidation of a debt incurred in a lawsuit which has been pending within the last fortnight, and in which Lord Joe alias the Weathercock is the prosecutor. The following is a list of the timber which will be offered: Lot No. 2.—2 Beams—which were originally intended for sills, all chopped and ready for use. Lot. 2.—3 starrigans,—the gift of one of their supporters, who has deserted their ranks. Lot No. 3.—A quantity of chips and shavings which were originally designed for the benefit of the poor, but since the collapse Stephen has gathered into one lot, and will be offered to the highest bidder. Lot No. 4.—All the remaining pieces which have not been stolen. TERMS AND CONDITIONS OF SALE The highest bidder will not be the purchaser, but he who bids highest,

will have to wait and see if any of the worthies want the lot which has fallen to his bid.

All disputes will be settled in the West End.

Barnes will show out the timber before the sale commences.

Lord Joe will paint his nose who disputes the prices; and our lovely learned Harry will act as Auctioneer.

After the sale the worthies and their friends will adjourn to the West End. After discussing a number of hot-cock tails, and various other combustibles, Skipper Has will exclaim, "Keep your picker up boys, keep your picker up."

COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

Chief Justice Sir Theodore Hook, presiding.

WEATHERCOCK vs. OBSERVER No. 2.

(Continued.)

Horatius Avalonous Clouthunter, B.A. Solicitor, counsel for the Plaintiff, and Georgius Hildebrand, Q. C., counsel for the Defendant.

Examination of Billy Williams continued—

Q. At first sight of this fracas what were your ideas of the nature of the commotion?

A. At first I thought it was an alarm of fire, afterwards I thought it was a horse had run away, afterwards I thought it was a mad dog; and only for the cry of stop cut! stop eat!! I should have concluded that it was neither the one nor the other.

Q. Where did the animal alight?

A. I think he must have alighted to the westward of Donnelly's, and to the southward of the main Street.

By a Jurymen—

Q. Did you see the animal alight?

A. No. I had passed the place which I have mentioned before the animal had disappeared.

By H. A. Clouthunter—

Q. What reasons do you give to corroborate your statement that the animal alighted on the spot which you have just already named?

A. As I have already stated I was proceeding up Water street and in passing Martin's Brook, my attention was directed to the eastward. The crowd were moving in the same direction, in which I was moving myself. The animal which I saw was about one hundred yards ahead and by the time I reached the spot which has already been mentioned the animal would be about sixty yards behind me; but following on my track, I looked forward and during the time I was occupied in this, the animal suddenly disappeared.

Q. Did the crowd rush forward to the spot?

A. Yes.

Q. Did you go to the place also?

A. No.

Q. From the best of your knowledge and from what you saw of the matter, do you think that the animal which is now before you could possibly have caused such a disturbance?

A. I do.

Cross-examined by Georgius Hildebrand, Q. C., defendant's counsel—

Q. Are you a car-driver or cab driver by occupation?

A. Sometimes my occupation is a cab-driver and sometimes my occupation is a car driver, and sometimes I can get no driving at all.

Q. Do you upon your oath declare that an animal of that size and shape, which is now before you could produce such a commotion?

A. I think it might.

Q. Will you swear that the animal which you observed in your rear while proceeding up Water street alighted on the spot which you mentioned?

A. I will not swear that it did.

Q. What caused you to look in the direction in which the crowd were moving?

A. Curiosity caused me.

This closed the examination of Billy Williams.

His Lordship remarked that this case was likely to be a protracted one; and that unless the counsel on either side would not take care and endeavour to proceed as expeditiously as possible, it would remain with the Court to step in and interfere.

Horatius A. Clouthunter, wished to inform His Lordship that every effort would be advanced on his part to adhere to the remarks of his Lordship.

The next witness called was Mr. Jonnie Robins, Chimney-dresser.

Examined by H. A. Clouthunter—

Q. Where were you on the day an alarm was raised that Mr. Weathercock's cat had escaped?

Sir!

The witness being a little deal the question had to be repeated.

A. I was sweeping Peter Mollowney's chimney, Sir.

Q. Did you see that animal which is now in charge of Mr. Boreas, at that time while you were engaged in sweeping Mr. Mollowney's chimney?

The witness asked permission to see the animal.

His Lordship desired Mr. Boreas to advance with the animal to enable Jonnie to see him; which was immediately done. Jonnie was lingering about the animal's tail, when the feline instantly wheeled round and caught the chimney sweep by the nose; everyone rushed forward; Mr. Boreas was vigorously pulling at the animal's tail; H. A. Clouthunter sprang upon the feline's back and very high destroying him altogether. At length they succeeded in separating the feline and the sweep, and after order had been restored, and Jonnie's nose

bound up, the examination was continued. Question asked was again repeated.

A. I heard a noise to the eastward of where I was situated, and on casting my eyes in that direction saw a crowd of people rushing up Water Street and an animal advancing in front about fifty feet high.

Q. Was the animal you saw at that time anything like the animal you have just seen?

A. I could not say that it was anything like the animal which I have just seen, and yet I cannot let the probability pass from my mind that it might have been the same animal, as an animal elevated to the height of fifty feet and moving forward at a great velocity and my eyes black and smudged with soot and smoke might appear under these circumstances to be an entirely different species than if viewed with natural eye, and in a natural position, and also in a state of solidity.

Q. Did the animal pass the place where you stood?

A. Yes.

Q. And where did he go afterwards?

A. He was moving westerly, and passed me at such a velocity that I could scarcely gather my senses when he was gone.

Q. Is that all you have to say about the animal?

A. Yes, that is all I have to say about seeing him at that time; but I will take good care that if ever I happen to lay my eyes upon him again outside of this court I will instantly break his back with the sweepers.

The witness was allowed to go, no cross examination being made.

His Lordship, however, enquired of Mr. Boreas, if the animal was in the habit of attacking citizens? Mr. Boreas replied that he had not seen the animal attack any one, but gave it as his opinion that it was not safe in allowing the animal to go about without being muzzled. His Lordship at once ordered a muzzle to be put upon the animal, and also his claws to be cut.

[To be continued.]

NOTICE!

A GRAND BAZAAR AND Grand Drawing of Prizes, in aid of the building of the CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL OF HARBOR GRACE, will be held November, 1875.

Contributions will be thankfully received by the EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Mrs. W. J. S. DONNELLY

" M. CONNELL,

" J. MITCHELL,

" W. HENNESSEY,

" A. T. DRYSDALE,

" T. GREEN,

" W. HOWLETT,

" R. HENNEBERRY,

" J. PUMPHREY,

" J. HOGAN.

Harbor Grace, April 29, 1875.

THE Public are respectfully informed that the object for which their assistance is solicited in an advertisement in the Standard of the 10th inst., in no way deserves their countenance or support. The proposed erection of an Episcopal Free Church in this town is intended by its projectors to be in opposition to their own Parish Church and Minister. The Church-of-England members of this community are a ready provided with sufficient accommodation in their own place of worship.

BERTRAM JONES, Rector of St. Paul's Church Harbor Grace, April 17th, 1875. 4

SEEDS! SEEDS!!

Just received and for sale by the Subscriber, a splendid assortment of Farm & Garden Seeds.

The above can be highly recommended. See Catalogue at the shop of W. H. THOMPSON. April 29.

JOHN CODY Private Boarding House 214 WATER STREET 214 HARBOR GRACE.

Opposite the Business Premises of Hon W. J. S. Donnelly.

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 recommended:

Keating's Worm Tablets Cough Lozenges Rowland's Odor to Oxley's Essence of Ginger Lamplough's Pyretic Saline Powell's Balsam Aniseed Medicamentum [stamped] British oil, Balsam of Life Chlorodyne Mexican Mustard Liniment, Steer's Opodeldoc Radway's Ready Relief Arnold's Balsam Murray Fluid Magnesia " Acidulated Syrup S. A. Allan's Hair Restorer Rossiter's do Ayer's Hair Vigor " Sarsaparilla " Cherry Pectoral Pickles, French Capers, Sauces, Soothing Syrup Kaye's Coaguline India Rubber sponge Teething Rings, Sponge Tooth Clothes, nail, Shoe stove brushes Widow Welch's Pills Cockle do Holloway's do Mortons do Nunts do Morrisor's do radways do Ayer's do Parsons do Jaynes do Wilson's do Uncle John's vegetable do Holloway's Ointment Adams' Indian Salve Russia Salve Morehead's Plaster Corn do Mather's Feeding bottles bond's Marking Ink Corn flour, Fresh Hops Arrowroot, Sago Gold Leaf Nelson's Gelatine and Isinglas Bonnet blue best German Glycerine Lime Juice, Honey Best Ground Coffee Nixy's black lead Roth & Co's. Rat Paste Brown's Brothal Troches Woodhills Worm Lozenges " Baking Powder McLeans Vermifuge Lear's Indianrubber Varnish Copal Varnish, Kerosene Oil Chimnies weks, Burners &c. Cod Liver Oil Fellow's compound Syrup of Hypophosphites Extract of logwood in 1/2 boxes Cudbear, worm tea, Toilet soaps Best Perfumeries, Pomades and hair oils Pain Killer Henry's calcined Magnesia Enema Instruments, Gold beater's Skins Fumigating Pastiles Seidlitz powders Furniture polish, plate do Fleavouring Essences, Spices, & Robinson's patent barley " Groats Breast relievers, Bronze Breast Glasses Extract Lemon Nipples and tubes for Feeding bottles Grey's Anodyne Liniment Wilson's Soothing Syrup " persian Salve " Sarsaparillian Elixir " Cramp & pain killer Dow's sturgeon Oil Liniment All the above proprietary articles bear the Government stamp, without which none are genuine. Outport orders will receive careful and prompt attention. July 11th.

THOMPSON'S CELEBRATED COUGH MIXTURE

One Bottle will convince you of its superiority over any cough preparation yet offered to the public. Prepared and sold at THOMPSON'S MEDICAL HALL Harbor Grace.

THOMPSON'S WORM SPECIFIC

A safe and certain cure for Worms. It is pleasant to take and sure to effect a cure. Prepared and sold at THOMPSON'S MEDICAL HALL Harbor Grace.

THOMPSON'S RHEUMATIC LINIMENT

A few applications will be sufficient to relieve the most severe attack. Prepared and sold at THOMPSON'S MEDICAL HALL Harbor Grace.

THOMPSON'S Compound Extract SARSAPARILLA,

One of the best preparations ever introduced for purifying the blood. Prepared and sold at THOMPSON'S MEDICAL HALL Harbor Grace.

Fellow's Compound Syrup of HYPOPHOSPHITES

For sale at Thompson's Medical Hall, Harbor Grace.

Dr. Walker's California Vinegar BITTERS

for purifying the blood, sold at Thompson's Medical Hall, Harbor Grace.

THE METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

The Reserve Endowment and Reserve Dividend plan is the most popular in existence as shown by the business of last year. W. H. THOMPSON, HARBOR GRACE, General Agent for Newfoundland

Anglo-Bavarian Brewery,

LINDBERG & BACKSTROMS

BAVARIAN BEER

AN ESSENTIALLY TEMPERANCE DRINK.

THE VAST QUANTITY OF BAVARIAN BEER

Which we now sell to be used in this Town as a drink, we respectfully offer to all the rest of mankind, and in earnest recommend it to all as a

STRONG ALLIANCE OF TEMPERANCE AND MORALITY

in every district wherever unthinking people have not made it an unworthy drink. The most intellectual people in Germany for ages have drunk

BAVARIAN BEER,
and drink it now. Seventy-five millions of people—moral, healthy, strong, sensible and cultivated men and women—

BAVARIAN BEER,
Today from Russia to the Rhine, and beyond it—yes! Rome itself

Linberg & Backstrom's
BAVARIAN BEER,

is as good as can be made in Germany so said our respected Spanish Consul Don Jose Froustier, at a festive board, who in the very height of enthusiasm invited **all to drink**

BAVARIAN BEER,
He did two good things; he showed what people of the finest taste and the highest cultivation think of

BAVARIAN BEER,
And he administered an honest slap in the face to hypocrisy and vulgarity since that memorable day the sale of

BAVARIAN BEER,
Have enormously increased in his town. Now we offer it in any shape or quantity to the inhabitants of this Island, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia and West Indies, &c., &c.,

Logsheds, Barrels, or Dozen of Bottles
BAVARIAN BEER,
ALL IN ORIGINAL PACKAGES,
Fit for any climate, age, sex or condition

J. Lindberg & Backstrom's
BAVARIAN BEER,
Will be found an invaluable

"**Temperance**" Drink.
We recommend it to every organized

TEMPERANCE ALLIANCE AS AN AID TO THE CAUSE OF
Temperance, Morality, and Innocent Enjoyment.

and points with pride to the good character and high standing as citizens of the German and German American people who

ALL DRINK IT CONSTANTLY
As part of their diet.
We urge

All Leading Men in the Cause of Temperance,
do not only allow, but to use and encourage such a pure and wholesome Beverage as **BAVARIAN BEER.**

BAVARIAN BEER,
Has killed a great deal of Whisky, and Rum—drinking since introduced.

BAVARIAN BEER,
Will civilize a Modock, from the error of his ways!

WHY NOT?
Since it has converted hundreds of Whisky-drinking Modocks, and changed RUM-SHOPS and GROGGERIES into quite orderly

BEER SALOONS,
Where every one can enjoy himself comfortably, learn good manners, and form correct social habits!

IT IS UNWISE
To be prejudiced against **BAVARIAN BEER,**

When it does so much good.
It is a shame to encourage **Drunkenness** by not using

BAVARIAN BEER,
AS THE BEVERAGE.

no good people are to hear talk against such a good thing, they ought to be willing to hear something in favor of it

BAVARIAN BEER,
ALWAYS CROWDS OUT WHISKY!
Why? Because, 1st—People like it better than Whisky when they once try it. It is more agreeable. It is vastly more wholesome. It cannot be anything but pure WATER, pure HOPS and pure MALT, put together by a good BREWER

as BACKSTROM claims that he himself really is. It is impossible to POISON it or DOCTOR IT. You can do nothing whatever to

Lindberg & Backstrom
BAVARIAN BEER,

After it leaves them, except to keep it to waste it, or to drink it!

J. Lindberg & Backstroms
BAVARIAN BEER
CANNOT BE DRUGGED

And 2nd—Independent of the many bad effects of Spirituous Liquors

Lindberg & Backstrom's
Pure, Wholesome Bavarian BEER,

Can be sold much cheaper in consequence of the late tax on the former.

This climate is, by its Providential arrangement the very climate for
BAVARIAN BEER.

The climate is natural and uncommonly DRY. It is so dry, in comparison with that of Europe, that it makes a serious difference in various trades and occupations. For instance, in most parts of Europe the climate is so moist that housewives cannot dry their washed clothes except in fine weather, and often in the open fields. It takes them nearly a week to dry their clothes. Here, the clothes washed and hung out in the morning, are dry before night. So, a plastered house in Europe is not fit to live in for six months, because even with the help of fires, it takes so long to dry. Here one room is dry while they are plastering the next one. This perpetual drinking up of every fluid by the air about us acts on the blood of the people and would dry them up in a little while if they did not prevent it in some way in the early days they tried West India rum and brandied wines and distilled liquors. But some years ago they found that that remedy was worse than the disease. It was the universal drunkenness upon rum which called for the TEMPERANCE and lastly for the PROHIBITION movement. The last is the remedy of impatient ignorance, if it includes this wholesome and nutritious drink a better, a surer or more complete remedy, founded on science and sense, is

BAVARIAN BEER.
It arrests at once the dryness of the climate and of the fluids. It gives tone to the nerves and digestion to the stomach and strength to the muscles! Some foolish people say that

BAVARIAN BEER
CONTAINS NO NUTRIMENT,

And thing that they make a great argument by saying it. Backstrom never said that

BAVARIAN BEER
Does not contain nourishment. He knows better. He drinks it himself, and sells it for others to drink, NOT TO EAT!

It is not only

Nourishing, but it is a Mild, Diffusible Stimulant and a medium of nutriment as well.

Even a prohibitionist might know that Man could not live without nutritious drink. For this and other reasons the Medical Faculty recommend and use

BAVARIAN BEER.
Doctors advise Dyspeptic people to drink

BAVARIAN BEER.
N. B.—It will keep in bottles well corked, and in a cool place

FOR A YEAR!
At the end of that time it is a fact that can be proved at the BREWERY, that

Lindberg & Backstrom's
BAVARIAN BEER

Is better than the best Bass, Alsop's or Scotch Ale, which cost so much more money. Convalescent patients take

BAVARIAN BEER
From the hands of the Doctor. Mothers of Families by the repeated directions of the Family Physician, make daily use of meals of

BOTTLED BAVARIAN BEER,
Sold by Dealers for family use. Lawyers, Judges, Clerks, Mechanics, Preachers, Lecturers, Editors, Printers, Writers of works, Literary men of every class in this literary and intellectual community, all use

BAVARIAN BEER.
Even the Legislators like it, and would undoubtedly have made it a beverage in their Retirement Chamber in the House of Assembly, had not the late Anti-Confederate Government come to an untimely end.

BAVARIAN BEER
Will be made as usual for sale, and any

Temperance Organization or anyone else may have a stock of

Lindberg & Backstrom's
Bavarian Beer

J. Lindberg & Backstrom, St. John's, Newfoundland.

AT THE FOLLOWING PRICES, VIZ:

In Bottles, quarts per dozen.....1/6
" " pints " do.....1/4
In Casks, per gallon.....2s
Observe! Tare charged extra!

We are sure that nine out of ten to whom **BAVARIAN BEER**

Is offered for sale know nothing about it, except from hearsay. Many of them think it is SMALL BEER, but

BAVARIAN BEER
Is not SMALL BEER, by any means, and this should be understood

We think it no more than right that the sincere but ignorant men who talk against

BAVARIAN BEER
Without knowing anything about it should be enlightened. And we think that those who promote Temperance could not do better to further the good work than to recommend the

BAVARIAN BEER
As they now do water—a clear and sparkling beverage.

And we think the Newfoundlanders deserve a better fate than to be the victims of Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Kidney Disease, Marasmus and Consumption for want of a pure, wholesome, innocent and cheap drink like

Lindberg & Backstroms
BAVARIAN BEER

Which now can be had "in any quantity from our Dealers, viz:
Mr. Moore, Mis Leo, Messrs Connolly Walsh Limergan, Tobin, Maher, Laughlan, Chambers, Fohan (Atlantic Hotel), Oldridge, Duggan, Sparrat, Shea, McCarthy, Lery, Whe lan, Cox, Den dy, F. rel, Emslay, Baird, Moores, Leamey, McCourt, Rankin, O'Donnell, Lash, Olson, Power, McKay, (Arcade Saloon), Cullen, Mrs. Farrell, Messrs Trelogan, P. Murphy, Devine, Mechan, & Murphy, McGrath Torphy, Topsail Road.—Farrel, Dunn and Fitzpatrick. Kings Bridge.—Egan, Mrs Dooley and Joeceyln, Topsail—Dealy and Mrs Squires. Local Steamers &c., &c.

The Proprietors only regret they did not introduce **BAVARIAN BEER** some years ago, as it would have saved the Colony the expense of adding a wing to the Lunatic Asylum, and the increased expense in the Pauper relief fund of the Royal Commission so grievously explain.

BAVARIAN BEER
NEXT IS EVERYBODY'S QUESTION,

What must we Drink?

"We advocate temperance to the reasonable extent it is advocated by the foremost temperance men in Europe, and without running the praiseworthy temperance movement in the ground by exaggerated requirements. This is also the case with many fanatics in this country, who make no distinction between fermented and distilled beverages. They condemn wine, a beverage made of grape juice, in which Christ himself indulged not alone, but even commanded its use at the Communion Table; they condemn also the use of

FERMENTED BEVERAGES,
while statistics prove it to be a blessing to those nations for which it has become a national beverage, by their perfection in the art of preparing it. Any one who has ever visited Belgium or Bavaria, and witnessed the result of the national beverage, the

BAVARIAN BEER and the LAGER,
on these two peoples, must be converted from any prejudice against

THOSE BEVERAGES,
if ever he had any. It is not necessary to go to Europe to be convinced; we may visit the BEER-drinking German quarters in this country, notice the general health and in austrious habits of that people, and compare it with those nationalities not blessed with the habit of being satisfied with BEER, but needing the unnatural stimulus of distilled spirits, whisky, brandy, or even alcohol.

It is indeed a common observation among physicians or medical students in our large charity hospitals that a Post Mortem reveals at once whether the subject under examination was a Beer-drinking German, by the better health of the interior organs and the presence of a liberal supply of adipose (fatty) tissue, or whether he was a whisky drinker, as proved by the diseased condition of kidneys and liver, a general emaciation and a tendency to atrophy of the muscular system

Persons are opposed to the **BAVARIAN BEER**

through prejudice; they will indulge in Ale and Porter at their dinners but cry the use of BEER. Now, the fact is that the

BAVARIAN and LAGER BEER

Contains less alcohol than either Ale or Porter, and that experience proves that an excess in its use carries less injurious consequences with it than excess in the use of any other kind of this class of beverages. It has even been proved that some constitutions can consume *Four Five, or Six gallons* in a single day—a feat perhaps impossible with any other beverage water perhaps excepted, and tending to prove that next to water

BAVARIAN BEER
Is the most harmless drink. Such a quantity of milk would surely produce severe indigestion, while the drinking of so much Ale, Porter, or wine would be out of the question.

We cannot of course find fault with those who simply dislike BEER from a natural aversion of the bitter principle of the hops, with which it is more abundantly provided than other BEERS.

This may be the reason that many people prefer Ale; but we ought to suggest that in order to have the full benefit of the moderately stimulating and nutritious qualities of any kind of BEER, it must not be drunk at improper hours, as then really good BEER may be quite unpalatable. The best time is at dinner during the use of Beef, Mutton, Pork, etc., to which it is a very desirable addition.

It is a common observation that the desires in regard to food and drink are, in many individuals, undergoing a change in the course of years. This is simply caused by the modified wants of the system. A young, vigorous person does not need the stimulus of BEER or WINE at the table, which appears to become a necessity for others when they become older. The wisest plan is to follow simply the natural desires as they best indicate the wants of the system, provided these desires are not protracted by the unnatural habits of smoking or chewing tobacco, using an excess of condiments, especially pepper or the habit of distilled drinks, which not only should use, except largely diluted, as is the case with wine, the strongest quantities of which contain alcohol in as high a proportion as it ever should be introduced in a human stomach.

The inconsistency of temperance people in general is, among other things shown in the fact that they allow the use of fermented Cider, which contain about as much alcohol as Raine wine. The latter is often dispensed in New York under the name of German Cider, many of whom we have heard certify that the German Cider is much better than the American article. A curious observation has also been made by dealers in Soda Water; they find that the ginger Syrup, which is the most pungent and stimulating of all, and also contains some alcohol, of which the other syrups are free, is generally preferred by temperance people, who invariably ask for the hot ginger Syrup, while the wine and Beer drinkers take the refreshing syrup of lemon, or some other fruit.

As it thus appears that most people need some stimulus, it may be well to acknowledge this fact, and to allow them to indulge in one which is not only harmless but beneficial, instead of requiring a total abstinence and, in which many are unable to persist, who breaking their pledges, lose their self-respect in so far as to indulge in the most pernicious of all habits—the use of the intoxicating distilled liquors.

It is for reason of the above consideration that we have recommended to all who have a chance to obtain this good beverage in their neighborhood, to do so instead of keeping a "Brandy bottle in the house"—*New York Paper.*

DIRECTIONS.
1.—The bottled Beer ought immediately after landing to be unpacked from the barrels or boxes and if possible be placed in an erect position in a cool place.

2.—In receiving the casks with Beer, Ale or Porter, put them on good solid stand in a cellar, keep them 6 days on the stand before opened, and the bung or vent hole must be opened before the tap is put in a sufficient quantity of clean good bottles is required when drawing of the Beer etc., and as quick as possible be corked with good corks.

3.—In returning the empty casks and bottles the name or initials of the person who sent them, ought to be marked on the head of the casks or barrels.

4.—The goods to be shipped at the debit and risk of the Purchaser, and any remarks against the article, etc., ought to be made immediately on receipt of goods if any notice will be taken of the same.

The Proprietors also manufacture all kind of Aromatic waters, viz.,
Temperance Champagne.....1/6s per doz
Ginger Ale.....6s 6d ..
Lemonade.....6s ..
Rose Water.....6s ..
Seltzer Water.....6s ..
Berliner Water.....6s ..
Soda Water.....5s ..

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:

Keating's Worm Tablets
Cough Lozenges

Rowland's Ointment
Oxley's Essence of Ginger
Lamplough's Pyretic Saline
Powell's Balsam Aniseed
Medicamentum [stamped]

British oil, Balsam of Life
Chlorodyne Mexican Mustang
Liniment, Sæer's Opodeldoc
Radway's Ready Relief
Arnold's Balsam

Murray's Fluid Magnesia
" Acidulated Syrup
S. A. Allan's Hair Restorer

Rossiter's do
Ayer's Hair Vigor
" Sarsaparilla
" Cherry Pectoral

Pickles, French Capers,
Sauces, Soothing Syrup
Kaye's Conguline

India Rubber sponge
Teething Rings, Sponge
Tooth Clothes, nail, Shoe
stove brushes

Widow Welch's Pills
Cockle .. do
" Holloways .. do

Mortons .. do
Nunts .. do
Morrison's .. do

Radways .. do
Ayer's .. do
Parsons .. do

Jaynes .. do
Wilson's .. do
Uncle John's vegetable do

Holloway's Ointment
Adams' Indian Salve
Russia Salve

Morehead's Plaster Corn do
Mather's Feeding bottles
Bond's Marking Ink

Gorn flour, Fresh Hops
Arrowroot, Sago Gold Leaf
Nelson's Gelatine and Isinglass

Bonnet blue
best German Glycerine
Lime Juice, Honey
Best Ground Coffee

Nixy's black lead
Roth & Co's Rat Paste
Brown's Brothel Troches

Woodills Worm Lozenges
" Baking Powder
McLeans Vermifuge

Lear's India Rubber Varnish
Copal Varnish, Kerosene Oil
Chimnies wicks, Burners, &c.

Cod Liver Oil
Fellow's compound Syrup of
Hypophosphites

Extract of Logwood in 1/2 boxes
Cudbear, worm tea, Toilet soaps
Best Perfumeries, Pomades
and hair oils

Pain Killer
Henry's calcined Magnesia
Enema Instruments,
Gold beater's Skins

Fumigating Pastilles
Seidlitz powders
Furniture polish, plate do

Flavouring Essences, Spices, &
Robinson's patent barley
" Groats

Breast relievers, Bronze
Breast Glasses Extract Lemon
Nipples and tubes for Feeding
bottles

Grey's Anodyne Liniment
Wilson's Soothing Syrup
" persian Salve
" Sarsaparillian Elixir

" Cramp & pain killer
Dow's sturgeon Oil Liniment

All the above proprietary articles bear the Government stamp, without which none are genuine.
Outport orders will receive careful and prompt attention.

July 1874