

The Star,

And Conception Bay Semi-Weekly Advertiser.

Volume I.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Tuesday, December 24, 1872.

Number 64.

| DECEMBER. | | | | | | |
|-----------|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| S. | M. | T. | W. | T. | F. | S. |
| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 |
| 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 |
| 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 |
| 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 |
| 29 | 30 | 31 | .. | .. | .. | .. |

FOR SALE.

Preserves & Groceries!

Just Received and For Sale by the Subscriber—
Fresh Cove OYSTERS
 Spiced do.
PINE APPLES
PEACHES
 Strawberries—preserved in Syrup
 Brambleberries do.
 —ALWAYS ON HAND—
A Choice Selection of GROCERIES.
 T. M. CAIRNS.
 Opposite the Premises of Messrs. C. W. Ross & Co.
 Sept. 17.

NOTICES.

J. HOWARD COLLIS,
 Dealer and Importer of
ENGLISH & AMERICAN HARDWARE,
 Picture Moulding, Glass
 Looking Glass, Pictures
 Glassware, &c., &c.
TROUTING CEAR,
 (In great variety and best quality) WHOLE-SALE AND RETAIL.
 221 WATER STREET,
 St. John's,
 Newfoundland.
 One door East of P. HUTCHINS, Esq.
N. B.—FRAMES, any size and material, made to order.
 St. John's, May 10. tff.

HARBOR GRACE
BOOK & STATIONERY DEPOT
 E. W. LYON, Proprietor,
 Importer of British and American
NEWSPAPERS
 —AND—
PERIODICALS.

Constantly on hand, a varied selection of School and Account Books
 Prayer and Hymn Books for different denominations
 Music, Charts, Log Books, Playing Cards
 French Writing Paper, Violins
 Concertinas, French Musical Boxes
 Albums, Initial Note Paper & Envelopes
 Tissue and Drawing Paper
 A large selection of Dime & Half Dime
MUSIC, &c., &c.,
 Lately appointed Agent for the OTTAWA PRINTING & LITHOGRAPH COMPANY
 Also, Agent for J. LINDBERG, Manufacturing Jeweler.
 A large selection of
CLOCKS, WATCHES
MBERCHAUM PIPES,
 PLATED WARE, and
JEWELRY of every description & style
 May 14. tff

NOTICES.

PAINLESS! PAINLESS!!
TEETH
 Positively Extracted without Pain
 BY THE USE OF
NITROUS OXIDE GAS.
 A NEW AND PERFECTLY SAFE METHOD.
Dr. LOVEJOY & SON,
 OLD PRACTITIONERS OF DENTISTRY, would respectfully offer their services to the Citizens of St. John's, and the outports.
 They can be found from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., at the old residence of Dr. George W. Lovejoy, No. 9, Cathedral Hill, where they are prepared to perform all Dental Operations in the most Scientific and Approved Method.
 Dr. L. & Son would state that they were among the first to introduce the Anaesthetic (Nitrous Oxide Gas), and have extracted many thousand Teeth by its use

Without Producing pain,
 with perfect satisfaction. They are still prepared to repeat the same process, which is perfectly safe even to Children. They are also prepared to insert the best Artificial Teeth from one to a whole Set in the latest and most approved style, using none but the best, such as received the highest Premiums at the world's Fair in London and Paris.
 Teeth filled with great care and in the most lasting manner. Especial attention given to regulating children's Teeth.
 St. John's, July 9.

W. THOMPSON,
 AGENT FOR
Parsons' Purgative Pills.
G. F. BARNES.

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.

BANNERMAN & LYON'S
Photographic Rooms,
 Corner of Bannerman and Water Streets.
THE SUBSCRIBERS, having made suitable arrangements for taking a **FIRST-CLASS PICTURE,**
 Would respectfully invite the attention of the Public to a **CALL AT THEIR ROOMS,** Which they have gone to a considerable expense in fitting up.
Their Prices are the LOWEST ever afforded to the Public; And with the addition of a **NEW STOCK OF INSTRUMENTS, CHEMICALS** and other Material in connection with the art, they hope to give entire satisfaction.
ALEXR. BANNERMAN,
E. WILKS LYON.
 Nov 5. tff

POETRY.
 [SELECTED FOR THE STAR.]
SANTA CLAUS.
Annie and Willie's Prayer.
 'Twas the eve before Christmas: "Good-night" had been said,
 And Annie and Willie had crept into bed:
 There were tears on their pillows, and tears in their eyes,
 And each little bosom was heavy with sighs—
 For to night their stern father's command had been given,
 That they should retire precisely at seven.
 Instead of eight; for they trouble him more
 With questions unheard of than ever before;
 He had told them he thought this delusion a sin,
 No such being as "Santa Claus" ever had been,
 And he hoped, after this, he should never hear
 How he scrambled down chimney's with presents each year.
 And this was the reason that two little heads
 So restlessly tossed on their soft, downy beds.
 Eight, nine, and the clock on the steeple tolled ten;
 Not a word had been spoken by either till then,
 When Willie's sad face from the blanket did peep,
 And whispered, "Dear Annie, is you fast asleep?"
 "Why no, brother Willie," a sweet voice replied,
 "I've tried it in vain, but I can't shut my eyes;
 For, somehow, it makes me so sorry because
 Dear papa has said there is no Santa Claus;
 Now we know there is, and it can't be denied,
 For he came every year before mamma died;
 But then I've been thinking that she used to pray,
 And God would hear everything mamma would say,
 And perhaps she asked him to send Santa Claus here,
 With the sacks full of presents he brought every year."
 "Well, why can't we pray just as mamma did then,
 And ask him to send him presents aden?"
 "I've been thinking so too." And without a word more
 Four little bare feet bounded out on the floor,
 And four little knees the soft carpet pressed,
 And two tiny hands were clasped close to each breast.
 "Now, Willie, you know we must firmly believe
 That the presents we ask for we're sure to receive;
 You must wait just as still till I say the 'Amen,'
 And by that you will know that your turn has come then."
 "Dear Jesus look down on my brother and me,
 And grant us the favour we are asking of Thee;
 I want a wax dolly, a tea-set and ring,
 And an ebony work-box that shuts with a spring;
 Bless papa, dear Jesus, and cause him to see
 That Santa Claus loves us far better than he.
 Don't let him get fretful and angry again
 At dear brother Willie and Annie, Amen!"
 "Please, Desus, 'et Santa Taus tum down to night,
 And bring us some presents before it is light.
 I want he should give me a nice little sed,
 With bright, shiny runners, and all painted yed;
 A box full of tandy, a book and a toy,
 Amen, and then, Desus, I'll be a good boy."
 Their prayers being ended, they raised up their heads,
 And with hearts light and cheerful again sought their beds;
 They were soon lost in slumber, both peaceful and deep,
 And with fairies in Dreamland were roaming in sleep.
 Eight, nine, and the little French clock had struck ten,
 Ere the father had thought of his children again;

He seems now to hear Annie's half-suppressed sighs,
 And to see the big tears stand in Willie's blue eyes.
 "I was harsh with my darlings," he mentally said,
 "And should not have sent them so early to bed;
 But then I was troubled—my feelings found vent,
 For bank stock to day had gone down ten per cent.
 But of course they've forgot their troubles ere this,
 And that I denied them the thrice-asked-for kiss;
 But, just to make sure, I'll steel up to their door,
 For I never spoke harsh to my darlings before."
 So saying he softly ascended the stairs,
 And arrived at the door to hear both of their prayers.
 His Annie's "bless papa" draws forth the big tears,
 And Willie's grave promise falls sweet on his ears.
 "Strange, strange, I'd forgotten," said he with a sigh,
 "How I longed, when a child, to have Christmas draw nigh.
 I'll atone for my harshness," he inwardly said,
 "By answering their prayers ere I sleep in my bed."
 Then he turned to the stairs and softly went down,
 Threw off velvet slippers and silk dressing-gown—
 Donned hat, coat, and boots, and was out in the street,
 A millionaire facing the cold, driving sleek.
 Nor stopped he until he had bought every thing,
 From the box full of candy to the tiny gold ring;
 Indeed, he kept adding so much to his store.
 That the various presents outnumbered a score,
 Then homeward he turned with his holiday load,
 And without Mary's aid in the nursery "twas stowed;
 Miss dolly was seated beneath a pine tree
 By the side of a table spread out for her tea;
 A work-box well-filled in the centre was laid,
 And on it a ring, for which Annie had prayed.
 A soldier in uniform stood by a sled,
 "With bright shining runners and all painted red."
 There were balls, dogs, and horses, books pleasing to see,
 And birds of all colours were perched in the tree;
 While Santa Claus, laughing, stood up in the top,
 As if getting ready more presents to drop.
 And as the fond father the picture surveyed,
 He thought for his trouble he had amply been paid,
 And he said to himself, as he brushed off a tear,
 "I'm happier to-night than I've been for a year.
 I've enjoyed more true pleasure than ever before,
 What care I if bank stock falls ten per cent. more!
 Hereafter I'll make it a rule I believe,
 To have Santa Claus visit us each Christmas Eve."
 So thinking, he gently extinguished the light,
 And tripped down the stairs to retire for the night.
 As soon as the beams of the bright morning sun
 Put the darkness to flight, and the stars, one by one,
 Four little blue eyes out of sleep opened wide,
 And at the same moment the presents espied.
 Then out of their beds they sprang with a bound,
 And the very gifts prayed for were all of them found.
 They laughed, and they cried in their innocent glee,
 And shouted for "papa" to come quick and see
 What presents old Santa Claus had brought in the night
 (Just the things that they wanted), and left before light,
 "And now," added Annie, in a voice soft and low,
 "You'll believe there's a Santa Claus, papa, I know!"

While dear little Willie climbed up on his knee,
 Determined no secret between them should be;
 And told in soft whispers, how Annie had said
 That their dear, blessed mamma, so long ago dead,
 Used to kneel known and pray by the side of her chair,
 And that God up in heaven had answered her prayer!
 "Then we dot up and prayed just as well as we could,
 And God answered our prayers, now wasn't He dood?"
 "I should say that he was, if he sent you all these,
 And knew just what presents my children would please.
 (Well, well, let him think so, the dear little elf,
 'Twould be cruel to tell him I did it myself.)
 Blind father! who caused your stern heart to relent?
 And the hasty word spoken so soon to repent?
 'Twas the Being who bade you steel softly up stairs,
 And made you his agent to answer their prayers.

Interesting Experiments.
 Dr. Richardson, F. R. S., has written an article for the London *Popular Science Review*, entitled "Physiological Position of Alcohol," to which we ask the attention of medical men as well as all others. It details careful experiments of his own, and of Dr. Parkes and Count Wollowieg. The result of these experiments shows:—
 That taking alcohol into the stomach causes over action of the heart and arterial vessels. The number of beats of the heart soon increases 13 per cent., and if drinking is carried on the increase amounts to 20 per cent.
 "Taking as a standard the ascertained fact that the lowest amount of daily work done by the heart is equal to 122 tons lifted one foot, the work done by it under alcohol was that of lifting 158 tons one foot, while the last two days of alcohol showed 24 tons extra. "Little wonder, is it," says Dr. R., "that after the labor imposed upon it by six ounces of alcohol, the heart should flag; still less wonder that the brain and muscles which depend upon the heart for their blood supply should be languid for many hours, and should require the rest of long sleep for renovation." "It is hard physical work," he adds, "to fight against alcohol, harder than rowing, walking, wrestling carrying heavy weights, coal heaving, or the treadmill itself." To this all who have been foolish and unfortunate enough to have been alcoholized will feel compelled to say, Amen!
 "Archbishop Manning, alluding to these results in the recent conversations of the National Temperance League, very justly observes: "If you will imagine a flywheel which is accelerated one-third beyond its proper speed, you will understand how much sooner it wears out." This homely illustration shines by its own light.
 "We are as yet, however, only on the threshold of the tragedy. The "flush" so familiarly associated with wine or other alcoholics, and which mantles the cheek in the first stage of excitation, is not what many topers take it for, a merely local or temporary result. It is not local but universal. "If the lungs could be seen, they too, would be found with their vessels injected; if the brain and spinal cord be laid open to view, they would be discovered to be in the same condition; if the stomach, the liver, the spleen, the kidneys, or any other vascular organs or parts could be laid open to the eye, the vascular enlargement would be equally manifest." Let these words of Dr. Richardson sink deep into the heart of every moderate indulger. If they do then, as often as you see the wine flush mount into the cheek of your bottle friend, or into your own, you will be able to read in it a reflex of the congestion that has already taken place throughout every vascular tissue of the body from the centre to the skin.
 And as this flush is not local, so, if you pause not in time, you will ere long discover, when it is too late, that neither is it temporary. "The vascular changes" adds our scientific authority, "temporary only in the novitiate, become permanent. The bloom on the nose which characterizes the genial toper, is the established sign of alcoholic action on vascular structure." This surely is alarming enough,

ned home, what
 ister—my goodly
 a rascally young

ed the outraged
 The ungrateful,
 it for this I have
 cared for her hus-
 will do it no more
 nous—and to be
 leave to-day, and
 ce again.
 ouraged by such
 sin, I left the
 ass the night in
 my mother kiss-

by son: they will

lieve in travelling
 expect to be rich
 sure is better than
 severance, by its
 a man far more
 fortunate specula-
 re sweet. Every
 a skein in a year,
 are built. We
 walk; walk before
 e we ride. In get-
 te the worse speed,
 n heels. Don't
 ss till you see that
 ou better. Even
 etter a little fur-
 ouse. In these
 an sit on a stone
 better not move,
 oor improvement.
 ut none at all is
 out of the frying-
 member many man
 y small shops. A
 is better than a
 ; a small fire that
 an a large fire that
 deal of water can
 pe, if the bucket
 He who under-
 eds but little,
 excite the higher
 love, and turn her
 nplation of noble
 what do you sup-
 years ago?" To
 d, "Just what you
 all!"

—A Paris paper,
 ia Bridge over the
 It extends from
 in Maine, to Port
 Huron." That
 the school-children

gives a new version
 a, thus:
 remind us
 s sure to scoff us,
 behind us
 t into office."

r says, "We hope
 will vote funds
 of a hospital for
 uals who come to
 his is too healthy a
 ble."

Michigan dug a
 last summer, and
 and thirty dollars
 her. She received
 arriage from young
 wells dug, just
 her job, but she
 saying that she
 "let well enough

rd told to go to the
 of industry? Be-
 eline upon the mos-
 the ways of the
 is leisure without

STAR
 ON BAY SEMI-
 VERTISER,
 ublished by the Proprie-
 , PARSONS and Wil-
 at their Office, (op-
 of Capt. D. Green,
 or Grace, Newfound-

—THREE DOLLARS per
 alf-yearly.
 erted on the most
 —Per square of seven-
 insertion, \$1; each
 nts.
 ting executed in a
 to afford the utmost

NTS.
 .Mr. J. Foots.
 . " W. Horwood.
 . " R. Simpson.
 . " C. Rendell.
 . " B. Miller.
 . " J. Miller.
 . " H. J. Watts.
 . " Jno. Edgewood.

for however the habits may change, that alcoholic pain will remain on the cheek; and remain not merely as a witness of the past, but as a visible symbol of what terrible conflicts may yet have to be undergone, owing to the obdurate sediment of old sins, and the imperious cravings of congested organs and tissues, before the individual can insure himself of final victory.

One prevailing view of the cause of this increased action of the heart under alcohol is, that in the presence of the venous intruder, the vital organ is stimulated to violent activity in order to turn the enemy outside. This, no doubt, has its amount of truth, and very terrible is the testimony it bears to the destructive role of alcohol in the human system. But there is another and yet more terrible philosophy of the case that has begun to transpire as the result of these recent experiments, because more appallingly declarative of disharmony and chaos. We have now learned, says Dr. R., "That there exist many chemical bodies which act directly by producing a paralysis of the organic nervous supply of the vessels which constitute the minute vascular circuit. These minute vessels, when paralyzed, offer inefficient resistance to the stroke of the heart, thus liberated, like the mainspring of a clock from which the resistance has been removed, quickening in action, dilating the minute and feebly-acting vessels, giving evidence really not of increased but of wasted power." Infatuated indeed must the indulger be, and next door to the conscious suicide, who can understand this once, and ever again permit himself to tamper with the venomous drug.

NOTICE.—We beg to inform our readers that in consequence of the usual Christmas holidays, the "STAR" will not be issued on Friday next.

THE STAR

HARBOR GRACE, DECEMBER 24, 1872.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

To our kind readers and many friends—to one and all—north, south, east and west, we send this Christmas Eve a hearty greeting. MAY YOU HAVE A MERRY CHRISTMAS, and many joyful returns of the season! This is indeed a meet time for casting aside sorrow and vexation, for is not to-morrow the merry Christmas Day!—a day looked forward to with gladness by all classes, and proverbially a day of peace, a day of "good-will towards men!" It is a time of happy re-unions and pleasing remembrances—we say pleasing advisedly—for this is a day on which all sorrow should take wing, and happiness alone prevail. Let all be merry! nothing less than merry for one day at least! Let not every-day cares disturb the innocent joyousness of your mirth; endeavour to make one another happy, and thus will we enjoy a right merry Christmas.

Everything bespeaks a merry Christmas—the cheery tinkling of the bells, the beautiful snow, and the fine bracing air with its ruddy stamp upon the cheek, betoken happy feelings which we should strive to cherish.

"Christmas comes but once a year, And when it comes, it brings good cheer." See then that you enjoy it, be ye old or young; conform with the spirit of the day; come under its cheering influence, one and all.

But Christmas Day, alas! like many other festal occasions, is too frequently made a day of dissipation. Many people suppose that the day should be duly celebrated by drinking intoxicating liquors. Beware! 'tis all a delusion; the man who shuns it on this occasion is the happiest, and he only can truly boast of having spent a merry Christmas. Christmas is a mark of time in our existence, a date to commence afresh from. Let us then avoid tampering with that which is alike dangerous to body and soul, (and unnecessary to the consummation of true mirth) that we may, under the blessing of Providence, live to enjoy many a happy return of our "merrie" Christmas Day!

"To all and each a fair good night, And rosy dreams and slumbers light."

On Friday evening last the disagreeable intelligence was conveyed to us that the election in the district of Carbonear had passed off without accomplishing the object for which it was held, viz: the enforcement of the Permissive Bill. We were sanguine of a better result; and ventured to hope that rum-influence was too weak to effectually oppose a principle that demands the support of every rational person. But the sequel has proved that we were too premature in our anticipations. We are reasonably led to inquire what the people of Carbonear were thinking of to allow themselves to keep established in their

midst an evil the baneful effects of which are so apparent. Every right-thinking man must be aware of the direful influence of rum drinking, not only in the domestic circle, but in society generally; and the more we think over this matter the more are we at a loss to conceive what evil genius so effectually, in this instance, succeeded in delaying the work of a great and glorious cause. We fear our Carbonear friends did not exhibit sufficient self-denial on this occasion.

BEWARE OF HOUSEBREAKERS.—What "evil genius" it is that prompts some person or persons unknown to repeated attempts at burglary we are at a loss to conceive. It cannot be starvation, as there is plenty of honest work for willing hands,—of that we are sure. However, it appears that Victoria Street, the scene of nearly all the Housebreaking of the year, has had another excitement, and possibly the name of the street will shortly assume that of "Notorious." On Saturday night last about eleven o'clock, a private residence there was visited with evil intent, the front door of which being found too secure for the would-be intruders, an attempt was made to force another in the rear. In this they were frustrated by the owner of the house, who, hearing the noise got up, and proceeded to inspect their "civil engineering";—the vagabonds, however, had heard his approach, and with instinctive cunning, "skeddaddled."

It is peculiarly worthy of note for this season of the year that good conduct seems to be the order of the day. Of course now and then a few "forgetfuls" have to pay the penalty incurred by their foolishness. During the year, it is true, the prison here has been literally crowded, yet it is gratifying to state that for the most part those confined have been from the neighbouring settlements. Such a calendar of crime must cause considerable uneasiness, but we hope that the coming year will show a considerable decrease. We have no desire to find the gaol so right well patronized, as such a state of affairs is expensive to the colony and must, to say the least of it, cause an extra amount of trouble to those in charge.

In accordance with the notice in the "Star" of Tuesday last the examination of the pupils of the Grammar School was held on Friday. After the examination prizes were awarded to those pupils whose names are marked as below with an asterisk. The unmarked were deemed worthy of honourable mention:—

GENERAL PROGRESS.

- *William D. Munn,
*Henley Moore,
*William Russell,
*Edward Rogers,
*Ernest Trappnell,
Thomas Higgins,
Ross Harris,
Thomas Lynch.

FRENCH AND 1ST SPANISH.

- *William D. Munn,
Henley Moore.

2ND SPANISH CLASS.

- John Lynch,
Ainley Thompson.

PENMANSHIP AND ACCOUNTS.

- *Henley Moore,
*John Lynch,
*Ross Harris,
*William D. Munn,
Robert Moore,
*Ernest Trappnell,
Robert Moore,
*Edward Rogers,
Albert Harris,
George Badcock,
William Russell.

ARITHMETIC AND MATHEMATICS.

- William D. Munn,
Henley Moore,
Thomas Lynch,
Edward Rogers.

REGULAR ATTENDANCE.

- William D. Munn,
*Henley Moore,
*Edward Rogers,
Robert Andrews,
Robert Moore.

WE take the following extract from the Halifax "Presbyterian Witness" of the 14th instant:—

"The congregation of Summerside, P. E. Island, have called Rev. N. Mackay, St. David's Church, St. John. The congregation of Chatham, N. B., have called Rev. John M. Allan, and Mr. Allan has accepted the call."

The Rev. John M. Allan, mentioned in the above, is a son of our worthy and esteemed townsman, William Allan, Esq., M. D. The revered gentleman has many warm friends and true in this community, who will be delighted to notice his promotion, and those whose privilege it has been to here him ex-

pounding the sacred truths of the Gospel, will agree with us when we state that the Chatham congregation have indeed selected an able and zealous labourer in the cause of religion. Long may he be spared to administer to the spiritual requirements of the charge he has chosen.

LECTURE.

Mr. Carroll on the Cause of the Potato Disease and its Cure.

ACCORDING to previous announcement, a very able and instructive lecture was delivered by Michael Carroll, Esq., at the British Hall on Friday evening last. A large and intelligent audience greeted the appearance of the lecturer, among whom were many of the most erudite and influential men of the town.

John Munn, Esq., M. H. A.,—having readily consented to take the chair—called the meeting to order, and, in introducing Mr. Carroll, briefly and in his usual fine style referred to the importance of the occasion, and asked for the lecturer a careful and attentive hearing—which was, without exception, accorded. Mr. Carroll then, in a practical and convincing manner, proceeded to point out what he considered to be the cause of the potato disease, and also the cure, which he himself, from recent experience, proved to be effective. It is well known that many who have devoted a great deal of time to the study of this subject have failed to come to any definite conclusion as to the origin of the disease—merely confining their researches to the supposition that it is due to atmospheric influence. The lecturer did not agree with this hypothesis. He clearly showed that the atmosphere has no injurious effects on the potato, and adduced facts to prove that the cause is one that may be easily remedied. During the past twenty-five or thirty years he has used his utmost efforts to find out the origin of the disease, and the cause of the wholesale destruction of the crop; and we are inclined to believe that he has at length succeeded in making a discovery which cannot fail to be of great importance to the public generally—indeed, we may say, to the whole world.

THE CAUSE.

Mr. Carroll attributed the cause of the disease to a vicious or venomous substance deposited on the plant, as soon as it shoots through the ground, by a certain species of fly. This fly appears to be about the size of an ordinary house-fly, remarkable from its being of deep green colour, with a black spot in the centre of each wing. It makes its appearance under the leaf of the potato, where, after enveloping itself in a quantity of spawl (or saliva), it deposits its eggs, which become animate about the 10th of October, and commence to prey on the stalk. The amount of damage done by this insect (altho' for a long time scarcely discernible) is almost incredible. Large fields become effect'd, the poison is communicated to the root beneath, and the result is the destruction of nearly the entire crop.

The lecturer then explained the manner in which he has successfully treated the disease. It would seem that when the fly leaves the potato stalk, it betakes itself to the earth as a protection against the approaching inclement weather; and to prove the reasonableness of this assertion, he reminded us of the fact that after a severe winter, with little snow, the disease is not so prevalent as at a season preceded by a mild winter and much snow. Thus we are led to believe that—as the lecturer remarked—intense cold "destroys the villainous flies!"

THE CURE.

The simplicity of this remedy enables all to avail of it; and as Mr. Carroll has tried it with such pleasing results, we recommend it to EVERY ONE! It will surely do no harm. In fact it will certainly do some good, (if not actually accomplish the end for which it was so generously offered to the public) as it will afford a fine manure: "About ten days after the seeds are deposited in the ground, (be sure to choose a fine, sunny day) and precisely at noon, cover the beds or drills with straw and red bows. Then set on fire, and see that the whole is consumed." This will destroy all insects, and enable the potato plant, when it breaks through the ground, to breathe a pure and wholesome atmosphere.

J. J. Roddick, Esq., in moving a vote of thanks to the lecturer, made some very cogent remarks, and in a classical manner expressed his own views upon the subject, which very nearly coincided with those of Mr. Carroll. He

was ably seconded and supported by R. Walsh and G. C. Rutherford, Esqrs. After which the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

That the best thanks of the meeting are justly due and hereby given to Michael Carroll, Esq., for the able and instructive lecture delivered by him on this occasion.

G. C. Rutherford, Esq., was then called to the chair, when, on motion of R. Walsh, Esq., seconded by H. A. Clift, Esq., a vote of thanks was presented to the chairman:

That the best thanks of this meeting are due and hereby heartily tendered to John Munn, Esq., for his able and dignified conduct in the chair.

Mr. Rutherford, in putting this resolution, expressed the hope that Mr. Munn's life may be a long, happy and prosperous one, which was unanimously responded to.

Mr. Carroll is a good speaker, and his lecture was one of the best we have heard for some time. He will appear before the public again on Friday next for the purpose of lecturing on the "Seal Fishery of this Colony." This subject, doubtless, will also be ably dealt with.

[FOR THE HARBOR GRACE STAR.]

King Christmas.

[BY AULD REEKIE.]

So auld Keeng Christmas gives us a vesit the morn. Weel, weel! I'll be unc' happy tae see him, only its a peety he mak's his subjec's tak' tae catin' geese. That's the only faut I hac wi' his majesty, becaws ye see a guse disna' agree wi' my stomach: they're sic' fat, greasy birds that they fash me direcly wi' a sair wame, no' tae sa' an' awfa' thirst that needs tae be slaked wi' the verra best Hielan' whusky. No ye ken that bein' a Scotchman I feel proud, tae aw' mysel' a gude haun' at mixin' toddy, an' can brag o' a verra superior knowledge o' hoo tae dispose o' t'; but confound the geese, they mak' a chiel tak' ower muckle sometimes, an' its no' sae cheap hereabouts. If some auld Scotchman w'd establish a hoose whaur it might be had for less siller, I hac nae doot baith he an' the peelers w'd dae a thrivin' tred. A verra gude sign-brodd w'd be the followin', which was muckle in use twa, three hunder year ago—

"Drunk for ae penny! Deid drunk for ippence! An' a clean strae for naethin'!"

I dinna' ower like the last line, as its possible there's a wee deceit there; the only place I ken whaur a deid drunk chap w'd get sic' a thing, is in the "lock-up." Weel I maun wish ye a merry Christmas an' mony o' them, but dinna ye be tryin' ony barley bree, its no' for the like o' you, ye canna stann' it, just eat your guse an' tak' a snooze, an' on Ne'r'sday morning I'll first fit ye wi' the bottle, no forgettin' some curran' bun, an' a wee bit cheese; abibbus a taste o' airmcal cake if I dinna min' it on hogmonay.

LOCAL ITEMS.

By a letter received yesterday from London we learn that the Rev. Mr. Milner will shortly leave England to join the Congregational Church here. This addition to the Congregational pulpit is the result of the efforts of the Home Missionary Society connected with that Church, and through whose instrumentality the Rev. Mr. Harrington, of Random Sound, Trinity Bay, was induced to take up the cause of Congregational Missions here. On his arrival the Rev. Mr. Milner will occupy the pulpit—or rather the platform, for the Church has no pulpit, during the absence of the Rev. Mr. Hall, who goes to England for a few months on Church business. Since Mr. Hall's arrival in the Colony, a large measure of energy and missionary enterprise has been infused into the Congregational body, and its pecuniary condition has very much improved. It is not only clear of inability, but has money to its credit in Bank. Indeed this old mother of Churches in Newfoundland seems to be renewing her youth under the vigorous bond of her energetic Pastor, and fully intends sending out her share of laborers into the desolate places of our land where no Clergyman has yet scattered the seeds of christianity.—Chronicle.

We should have been glad to have added to our congratulations lately tendered to the Rev. G. M. Johnson on the successful result of the unpleasant proceedings he has felt it his duty to institute, and to press to their final issue, in the Courts of law, an announcement that, finding the law so clearly against her, Mrs. Walsh had delivered up the child demanded, in obedience to a writ of habeas corpus issued in this case, commanding her to appear before the Judges of the Supreme Court and surrender the said child to the Reverend gentleman as the regularly and legally constituted attorney

of the mother. Not so, however:—for letters of attorney, parental rights, writs of Judges and decrees of Court seem all as naught in the eyes and to the mind of Mrs. Walsh:—and would we could think that an ignorant and irresponsible agent, such as she is, were alone concerned!

The child, Mrs. Walsh declares, escaped from her house during a necessary absence upon Saturday last. A strange coincidence this, showing singular legal shrewdness on the part of one so young, for the writ was to have determined upon Monday morning early. We wonder she did not stay at least till Sunday. And where, pray, is she ensconced now? We leave the question to our readers. It may not be easy to say exactly where she is; but it is, we apprehend, very easy to say in whose hands she is; and if those who, we doubt not, hold her at this present time, wish to purge themselves from being accomplices, to a determination to deny our Courts of Justice, as the result of a failure, by lies and fraud, to defeat parental rights, we at once advise them to produce the child.

For the technical offence of contempt of the Supreme Court, Mrs. Walsh is held a prisoner under the Judges' writ by the Sheriff in the Penitentiary, and we feel assured that their Lordships will vindicate the supremacy of the law by continuing to hold her there until obedience has been rendered to their most just decree. We cannot for a moment think that they will allow themselves to be trifled with—nay, we have every confidence in their power and will to uphold and to enforce the claims of Right and Justice in this and any other similar case that may occur. If such an outrage were tolerated, away with the liberty of the subject!—and, indeed, our very lives and property would be placed in jeopardy!

This is, we believe, the first time such an issue has arisen in this colony, and we hope for the sake of the community so discreditable a business will never again occur amongst us.—Times of Saturday.

The following is the memorial from inhabitants of Harbor Grace and Carbonear on the subject of the Steam Service:—

To HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR IN COUNCIL:

The Memorial of the undersigned Merchants and other inhabitants of Harbor Grace and Carbonear.

HUMBLY SHEWETH,— That understanding the question of Mail communication is now before the Government, Memorialists beg leave to submit a statement of their views on that important subject.

That the arrangement most desirable in every sense and promotive of the best interests of the trade would be the establishment of Direct Steam communication fortnightly under the terms of the present contract with the Allan Company, combined with the service between St. John's and Halifax by a suitable boat during the winter season.

That this would meet the wants of the general public, and especially would it be a boon for Conception Bay as under it our correspondence could be conducted with regularity and despatch.

That in our view any scheme of inter-colonial steam service independent of the present contract for Ocean Steam would cause great confusion and irregularity of correspondence, as it would give mails with England direct, but a week old, while the alternate mail would not arrive at its destination for three weeks.

That after the failure of many attempts to establish a satisfactory mail service, Memorialist trust that, as they believe it can now be secured on favorable terms, the opportunity will be availed of in the best interests of the public, and in accordance with the unanimous desire of the community at large.

Signed,—Punton & Munn, Ridley & Sons, W. J. S. Donnelly, P. Devereux, John Rorke, Rutherford Bros, Joseph Godden, C. W. Ross & Co, Jillard Bros, R. S. Munn, H. W. Trappnell, Joseph Graham, John Paterson, Ed. W. Quinton, B. T. H. Gould, Duff & Balmer, J. & R. Maddock, James Hipplesley, Longwill & Taylor, Squires & Noble, J. H. Pike, A. J. Lamey, T. P. Quinton, Rd Rutherford, H. Youdall, Thos Ross, Cam, Stewart, T. M. Cairns, R. Bowden, C. L. Kennedy, Samuel Fogwell, William Higgins, John Brace, Jas. Jarvis, James Worrall, J. J. Roddick, W. H. Parsons, Moses Gosse, Alex. Clift, J. J. Dearin Thos. J. Keith, R. S. Parsons, R. T. Squarey, Arch. Munn, J. Bemister, W. Brown, W. Badcock, J. F. Apsey, J. Pearce, J. Keneally, Stephen B. Pike, and T. C. Kennedy.—Nfld.

Lates

A heavy Snow vailed yesterday at Cow Bay. Sydney, and Archat, were wrecked. The Halifax was seriously damaged. Pier the brig N. B.; Belle, of J. Troop, of A and the Pier was the highest storm.

The Province elected the Hamilton late Bishop for A

There was at Madril. called out 22

It is rumored resign the Pr order to devo duties as Cha pire.

A freshet of gum caused mine near Ch at work. Ma

The Right Assembly doo freed from so solution that responsible fo Committee of second Legis excited debat

Reports con attended by The steamsh line between en route to the persons were

The ship High Bridge was abandon washed over

The heavy department, an unusual h flowed in und the city of Li baridoned, closed, and s the adjacent

In the ga were lost of boarding ves Gold 1123

A lady w Mrs. Greeley well, says th Greeley and best man sh got himself, the devotion there was s tion to his w work to get love, and th sick or well.

His Excell pleased to ap to be Clerk, the room of quire, deca Secretary's 1872.

His Excell has been ple tilley, (Bro ber of the P for Trinity H late Robert James Rolls, the Protestan in the room left the Dist. His Excell pleased to ap (Garia.) to a Road Comm Harbor LeCo Secretary's 1872.

It appears day's Gazette has been fur the 30th Jan the despatch

FOR

FOR

Dec. 18—D Clift, Wood Wild Flower Stewart, Leander, Da Co. Hibernian, 19—Margare & Co. Sylph, Burse



Latest Despatches.

NORTH SYDNEY, Dec. 14. A heavy South East gale with snow prevailed yesterday at 4 a.m., doing damage at Cow Bay. The barque M. B. Almon of Sydney, and the schooner Britannia of Arichat, were driven ashore and totally wrecked. The brig, B. L. George of Halifax was damaged, and the breakwater was seriously damaged. At International Pier the brig's Kate Upham, of St. John's N. B.; Belle, of St. John's, Nfld; and G. J. Troop, of Arichat, were badly damaged and the Pier was also injured. The tide was the highest known since the Saxby storm.

MONTREAL, 24. The Provincial Anglican Synod today elected the Rev. J. R. Dumoulin of Hamilton late of Montreal, as missionary Bishop for Algoma.

LONDON, 13. There was an attempted insurrection at Madrid. The Government troops were called out; 22 persons killed and wounded. It is rumored that Bismarck is about to resign the Presidency of the Council, in order to devote himself exclusively to his duties as Chancellor of the German Empire.

A freshet of the River Sambre, in Belgium caused the sudden flooding of a coal mine near Charlerois while the men were at work. Many were drowned.

The Right will move to-morrow that the Assembly do not dissolve till France is freed from foreign occupation. Also a resolution that the members of the Left are responsible for the present agitation. In Committee of thirty a motion to form a second Legislative body has given rise to excited debates.

LONDON, 14. Reports continue of marine disasters attended by loss of life by the late gales. The steamship Cha ent, of the regular line between Hull and Dunkirk, was lost en route to the latter port, and fourteen persons were drowned.

The ship Radnagore, from Quebec for High Bridge, became unmanageable and was abandoned. Seven persons were washed overboard and perished.

PARIS, 14. The heavy rains in the North Eastern department have swollen the streams to an unusual height, and several have overflowed inundating the country. Part of the city of Lille is flooded, and being abandoned. Many of the factories are closed, and several bridges submerged in the adjacent country.

NEW YORK, 14. In the gale on Thursday four pilots were lost off Wilmington, N. C., while boarding vessels. Gold 112 1/2.

A lady who was very intimate with Mrs. Greeley, and knew Mr. Greeley very well, says that "in his treatment of Mrs. Greeley and her eccentricities he was the best man she ever knew. He never forgot himself, but waited on her with all the devotion of a young lover. Indeed there was something grand in his devotion to his wife. He said he had hard work to get her, that he married her for love, and that he had always loved her sick or well."

By Authority. His Excellency the Governor has been pleased to appoint Joseph Mackey, Esq., to be Clerk of the peace at Carbonear, in the room of the late John Mackey, Esquire, deceased. Secretary's office, St. John's 16th Dec. 1872.

His Excellency the Governor in Council has been pleased to appoint Mr. Arthur Tilley, (Bird Island Cove), to be a Member of the Protestant Board of Education for Trinity Bay East, in the room of the late Robert Tilley, deceased; and Mr. James Rolls, Junior, to be a Member of the Protestant Board of Education at Fogo in the room of Mr. James Bolls, Senior, left the District.

His Excellency in Council has also been pleased to appoint R. W. Durfee, Esquire (Garia), to be a member of the Board of Road Commissioners of Rose Blanche and Harbor LeCou. Secretary's Office, St. John's 13th Dec. 1872.

It appears by Proclamation in yesterday's Gazette, that the General Assembly has been further prorogued till Thursday the 30th January next—then to meet for the despatch of business.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF ST. JOHN'S. ENTERED. Dec. 18—Dominion, Steel, Georgetown, Clift, Wood & Co. Wild Flower, Kidman, Toneveya, J. & W. Stewart. Leander, Davis, Greenock, W. Grieve & Co. Hibernian, Watts, Liverpool, A. Shea. 19—Margaret, Laurie, Halifax, W. Geivoe & Co. Sylph, Bursell, Cadiz, John Bond.

Dec. 18—Hibernian, Watts, Halifax, A. Shea. Lion, Ash, Halifax, W. Grieve & Co. Peerless, Martin, Barbadoes, N. Stabb & Sons. Flash, Squarry, Bristol, W. Grieve & Co. Glamorgan, Laybourne, New York, A. Shea. Gem, Hickey, Pernambuco, C. F. Bennett & Co. 19—Memento, Auchinleck, Qporto, E. Duder. Victor, Roberts, Boston, W. Grieve & Co.

Passengers.—Per Hibernian from Queenstown.—Messrs A. Murray, Davies, Burgess, and O'Mara. Per Hibernian for Halifax—Mrs. LeMessurier, Miss Wood, Messrs. LeMessurier, Murray, O'Mara, Ancel and son, Thompson, and Dowsley. Intermediate—Messrs. Mackim, Skinner, Chisholm, Anderson, Stuart, Power, and 18 in steerage.

NOTICE. Michael Carroll, Esq., Will deliver a LECTURE At the BRITISH HALL On the Evening of FRIDAY next. —Subject:— "THE SEAL FISHERY OF THIS COLONY!" Chair to be taken at 7 o'clock. Dec. 24.

172 WATER STREET, 172 JAMES FALLON, TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON WORKER, BEGS respectfully to inform the inhabitants of Harbor Grace and outports that he has commenced business in the Shop No. 172 Water Street, Harbor Grace, opposite the premises of Messrs. Punton & Munn, and is prepared to fill all orders in the above lines, with neatness and despatch, hoping by strict attention to business to merit a share of public patronage.

JOBGING Done at the Cheapest possible Terms. Dec. 13.

A Dwelling House —AND— LAND Attached, (known under the name of Snow Hill) situated on the Carbonear Road, one mile from Harbor Grace. This is an eligible place for farming operations, and is alike suitable for rich or poor. For particulars apply to JAMES POWER. Oct. 29.

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, cut in the most fashionable styles, and forwarded with despatch. Terms moderate. Orders from the outports promptly attended to. J. M. visits Conception Bay twice a year, of which notice is duly given. Dec. 10. 1y†

W. H. THOMPSON, AGENT FOR Felows' Compound Syrup OF HYPOPHOSPHITES. BLANK FORMS Executed with NEATNESS and DESPATCH at the Office of this Paper.

NOTICE. PIANO TUNING! Mr. J. CURRIE, TUNER AND REPAIRER OF PIANOS. IN returning thanks for past favours, begs respectfully to solicit a continuance of the same. All work executed punctually, and satisfaction guaranteed. CONCERTINAS also repaired. Satisfactory references as to ability will be given on enquiry. Orders left at No. 170 Water Street will receive immediate attention. Dec. 17. tff

NOTICES. HARBOR GRACE MEDICAL HALL. W. H. THOMPSON, PROPRIETOR, HAS ALWAYS ON HAND A CAREFULLY SELECTED STOCK OF Drugs, Medicines, Dry Paints, Oils, &c., &c., And nearly every article in his line that is recommendable. Gallup's Floriline for the Teeth and Breath. Keating's Worm Tablets. " Cough Lozenges. Rowland's Odonto. Oxley's Essence of Ginger. Lamplough's Pyretic Saline. Powell's Balsam Aniseed. Medicamentum (stamped). British Oil. Balsam of Life. Chlorodyne. Mexican Mustang Liniment. Steer's Opodilod. Radway's Ready Relief. Arnold's Balsam. Murray's Fluid Magnesia. " Acidulated Syrup. S. A. Allen's Hair Restorer. Rossiter's " " Ayer's Hair Vigor. " Sarsaparilla. " Cherry Pectoral. Pickles, French Capers, Sauces. Soothing Syrup. Kaye's Coaguline. India Rubber Sponge. Teething Rings. Sponge, Tooth Cloths. Nail, Shoe and Stove Brushes. Widow Welch's Pills. Cockle's " " Holloway's " " Norton's " " Hunt's " " Morrison's " " Radway's " " Ayer's " " Parsons' " " Jaynes' " " Holloway's Ointment. Adams' Indian Salve. Russia Salve.

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

FOR SALE! BY THE SUBSCRIBER— 1 Good Horse. 1 Set Harness. 1 Cart. 1 Dray, and 1 Catamaran. Dec. 3. JAMES POWER.

LEMESSURIER & KNIGHT, [LATE EVANS, LEMESSURIER & KNIGHT.] COMMISSION AGENTS. PARTICULAR ATTENTION GIVEN TO THE SALE and PURCHASE OF DRY & PICKLED FISH FLOUR, PROVISIONS, WEST INDIA PRODUCE —AND— DRY GOODS. Consignments solicited. St. John's, May 7. t†

FOR SALE. 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, CASH OR OIL. DANIEL FITZGERALD. Sept. 13. t† JUST RECEIVED A FRESH SUPPLY OF ADAMS' INDIAN SALVE. W. H. THOMPSON. July 9. t†

FOR SALE. LUMBER! H. W. TRAPNELL. Now landing, ex "Atalanta," from Port Medway, N. S.: 20 M. Seasoned Prime Pine BOARD 20 do. Hemlock do. 30 do. No. 2 Pine do. July 30.

E. W. LYON Has just received a large assortment of Coloured French Kid GLOVES, Which he offers to the public at VERY LOW PRICES. July 9. t†

SELECT STORY. IN THE TOILS, OR THE THWARTED SCHEME.

The sun had just disappeared beneath the Western horizon, and the shades of evening were fast closing in upon the peaceful Garden City, Chicago, some six months subsequent to the time that the great conflagration had raged with demoniac fury through it.

Near the southern borders of that portion now known as the 'Burnt District,' stood a stately, marble-front mansion, surrounded by a garden covered with the greenest of grass, and beds of gay-colored flowers, that filled the air with their sweet perfume.

Seated near an open window, in one of the front rooms of this dwelling, was a young girl. Apparently not more than nineteen years of age, she was as beautiful a creature as it is seldom the good fortune of one to meet. Her figure was well rounded and exquisitely outlined. Face oval; skin soft and white; eyes of the deepest sky-blue, large, and lustrous in their light; hair dark-brown, long, and hanging over her shoulders in a floppy cloud.

She was not the only occupant of the room, for a young man, dressed in the height of fashion, and rather handsome both in feature and form, kept her company. She did not seem to care much for his presence, however, but sat gazing out of the window, with as calm and indifferent air as though he were miles away. The man, on his part, was watching her keenly; a dark frown on his face, an evil glitter in his eyes.

At length he spoke.

Laura!

The girl turned.

Miss Prescott, if you please, she said.

The man bit his lip in anger.

Do you not include me in your circle of friends? he asked.

No, sir.

Sharp and decisive was the girl's answer.

And why?

Do you really wish to know?

Yes.

Well, then, you shall. It is because you are a gambler and a villain.

Clarence Marston bounded to his feet. His face was purple with rage.

By Heavens, girl! he hissed, were you a man and used those words to me, your life would not be worth a sixpence.

I presume not, was the girl's scornful rejoinder; men of your class scarcely hesitate to commit murder.

Marston glared savagely at the bold, out-spoken maiden for a moment; then, with a laugh, slid down into his chair.

Poh! he exclaimed, impatiently. I was a fool to get angry at your words; you evidently do not know what you are talking about.

Ay, but I do, returned Laura, firmly, and, what's more, know that I speak the truth.

Marston laughed.

Some person has been whispering slanders into your ears about me, he said.

No; some person has not. I know you of old, Clarence Marston—know you to be just what I said you were; and let me add that, at least, you have proved yourself no gentleman this day. You come to me and offer me your love, when you are aware that I am betrothed to another.

I swear that—

Do not add a falsehood to your contemptible act, interrupted the girl; and she continued: Then, to move my heart, you said that father approves of your suit.

He does.

Then it is because he does not know you as I do, which he soon shall. But enough of this. I have endured your presence longer than I should. My actions, some time since, bade you go, but as you did not heed them, I will now say, in plain words—leave this house immediately.

Imperious the look, imperious the command of the beautiful girl, as she drew herself up to her full height, and pointed to the open door.

Marston rose to his feet, and walked across the room to the door; then, turning, he said, in a sneering tone,—

I obey your order, pretty one; but before I take my departure, allow me to inform you that I take it for granted that your lover, Howard Rolston, is the man who insinuated that I am a gambler, blackleg and villain; and let him beware! I will be revenged upon him, if it costs me my life. Still further, let

me add that, before this month is out, my wife you will be, or never leave the altar as another man's. Good-day, haughty one.

Clarence turned to leave, but a heavy hand clutched him by the shoulder just then, and stayed him, while a deep voice said,—

Don't be in a hurry, Marston, your presence will be needed here a few moments yet.

Chapter II.

The hand that stayed the departure of Clarence Marston belonged to a man of some five-and-twenty years of age. He was superbly handsome, with regular, clearly-defined features, bronzed somewhat from frequent exposure to the sun's rays; steel-blue eyes; jet-black hair and mustache; a high, intellectual forehead, and a compact, well-knit figure.

Marston turned angrily to him.

Take your hand off my shoulder instantly! he said, sharply.

Not just yet, returned the other, coolly.

Howard! exclaimed Laura Prescott, recognizing the intruder.

Yes, Laura, 'tis I, said the young man, casting a loving look at the girl.

Loose your hold of me, Rolston, I say, repeated Marston, raising his arm and making a pass at the one who held him.

But Howard easily warded off the blow; then, with a jerk, he brought Clarence into the room, closed and locked the door.

What do you want with me? demanded Marston, savagely.

You'll learn in a moment, was the cool reply; and Rolston began dragging the reluctant young man to the window, where Laura Prescott was sitting.

The girl looked on these proceedings in surprise, but said nothing.

There, said Howard, as he halted and pushed the discomfited Marston forward to the side of Laura. Now, then, Mr. Clarence Marston, who takes the liberty, when a lady is alone, to enter her room and grossly insult her, get down on your knees and beg her pardon.

The other uttered a frightful oath, and started back.

Tush! remonstrated Rolston, giving him a gentle shake; do not use such language in the presence of a lady, but do as I tell you.

I'll die first! said the captive, determinedly.

No you won't; you'll do as I bid you, returned Rolston, his fingers beginning to painfully compress the young man's throat.

You'll repent this outrage, foamed Marston, struggling to escape from the vice-like grip that held him.

Outrage! Why, you cowardly villain, if you had some men to deal with, you would hardly leave this room alive. But, once for all, continued Rolston, sternly, will you beg this lady's pardon for the threats you offered her a few minutes since, or will we adjourn to the barn, and—well, you know what will happen there. So, now, down on your knees and comply with my request.

Clarence demurred, but a few reminders from the thumb of his captor induced him to obey the command, which he did in low, sullen tones.

There that is all I want with you—you can go now, said Howard, loosening his hold of the prisoner.

The young man slowly rose to his feet, his face convulsed with rage. He walked silently to the door, then, turning, he addressed Rolston in a low tone of fierce meaning.

By that one act you have made me your enemy for life. I'll have revenge for it—a deep and bitter revenge!

He shook his clenched hand at the two lovers, and then withdrew.

Rolston turned to Laura Prescott.

My love, my angel! he said, clasping her in his arms, and showering a dozen passionate kisses on her red lips. I arrived just in time to hear the last of that villain's threats to you, said the young man, as he sat down on the sofa.

He is indeed a villain, and, though I hardly approve of your compelling him to beg my pardon, I think his punishment was just.

And Laura smiled. She was proud of her bold, fearless, yet noble-hearted lover. But then, as the threats of Clarence Marston occurred to her, she turned pale. She knew the man's nature; knew his to be a wild, uncontrollable temper, while he was as unrelenting and merciless as a savage.

O Howard! she cried, impulsively. I wish you had let Marston depart in peace.

Why? inquired the young man, in surprise.

You know he threatened us?

Yes.

Well, he may attempt to carry out these threats.

Yes he may, returned Rolston, thoughtfully; but have no fear, Laura, if he tries to injure you in any way whatever, I will call him to a strict account for it.

But you—he will do something terrible to you, I am afraid.

I will keep a sharp lookout for myself, so have no fear on that score, darling.

Although Rolston spoke confidently, yet a strange presentiment of coming evil was tugging at his heart-strings—a presentiment that, the rest of that evening, and for many days afterward, depressed him heavily.

Chapter III.

The night of the fifth day following the incidents narrated in our preceding chapter, was a dark and gloomy one. The thick, heavy clouds hung low, threatening every moment to burst forth in a torrent of rain, and the lightning shot forth vivid streaks of light in the distant horizon.

In the west entrance of the Washington Street tunnel crouched the dark figure of a man. He was evidently lying in wait for some person, for, at different intervals, he would peer cautiously out of the mouth of the tunnel, and mutter.—

'Tis midnight, and he is not in sight yet. Perdition! How much longer must I wait?

Then to the ears of the watcher came the faint tread of approaching footsteps. Peering out of his covert, he saw the dim outline of a man coming down the street toward his retreat.

That must be him, he muttered; and now then for my plan of action. As he descends the steps, I will spring upon him, gag him, and then drive him to the bank of the river, where we will have a private duel.

The footsteps of the approaching man sounded louder and more distinct. He was near at hand. The watcher braced himself for the coming struggle, and, crouching down lower to the ground, clutched in one hand a long, murderous-looking knife, and in the other, a handkerchief.

The dark form of the man appeared at the mouth of the tunnel, then began slowly to descend the stone steps leading into the underground passage. He had put his foot on the last step, when a hand suddenly grasped him by the throat; another thrust a handkerchief into his mouth, and a deep voice hissed in his ear,—

I hold a knife at your breast, Clarence Marston, and the least attempt to escape, on your part, will cause me to plunge it to the hilt into your black heart!

The threats had the desired effect. The prisoner at once ceased the struggles he had begun, and became as quiet and submissive as a lamb.

Now, then, start straight for the river, commanded the captor. Move, he continued, as the other hesitated, or I'll drive this steel into you.

Thus compelled, the captive walked up the steps, and moved in the direction of the river, the other following close to his heels.

Arrived at the river-bank, both men paused. The captor tore the gag from the mouth of the prisoner, and said to him,—

Clarence Marston, look into my face and see if you recognize me.

The other bent forward and closely scrutinized the features of the man before him, then started back as if shot exclaiming,—

My God! 't Mark Winters!

Yes, was the stern reply, Mark Winters, the man whose wife you so cruelly wronged four years ago.

'Tis false! I never wronged your wife.

You did! retorted the other fiercely. You did, and you know it. You did more, too; you caused her death, for, poor thing, she is dead now. Murderer, either your race or mine is run. One of us dies to-night.

What do you mean? asked Marston, his face blanching.

I mean that you and I will fight a duel. I have two weapons for that purpose—they are bowie-knives. Here they are. Choose one.

Mechanically Marston took the offered weapon, and then both men prepared for battle. The conflict was long and terrible. At its close, only one man left the river's bank. The other was dead.

Chapter IV.

Here police! This outcry came from a tall, well-dressed gentleman, with great, bushy side-whiskers and heavy mustache who was standing on the bank of the Chicago River, beside the dead body of a man lying in a little pool of blood.

It was the morning following the duel between Mark Winters and Clarence Marston, and the gentleman, sauntering along the river-bank, had just stumbled upon the corpse. Almost at the same moment in which he had made the discovery, two policemen were crossing Canal Street near the tunnel, and he had called to them.

The officers at once came hurrying up.

What's the matter? Robbery? both asked, in a breath.

Don't you see, replied the stranger, pointing to the body at his feet. This man has been murdered.

By Jove! that's so! ejaculated one of the officers, as he knelt beside the corpse, and placed his hand on his breast. And he's hardly cold yet. He must have been killed between eleven and twelve o'clock last night.

Good Heavens! exclaimed the stranger, suddenly, bending down and closely scrutinizing the features of the dead man.

What's wrong? asked one of the policemen.

I know this man; it is Clarence Marston.

Was he a friend of yours?

No; but I knew him slightly. Poor fellow! he's gone at last.

Well, we've got to get him up to the station, said one of the officers. You stay here Tom, while I go in search of an expressman, adding this to his brother policeman.

The officer started off. Scarcely was he out of sight, when another ejaculation from the stranger drew the attention of the "blue coat" who had remained near him. He saw him stoop and pick something up from the ground, behind the body of the dead man.

Hallo! he said. What have you found?

A knife—the one that killed Marston, was the reply; and—ah! there is a name on the back of the blade. It is Howard Rolston! Heavens! can he be the murderer?

He may be. But you act as though you knew him.

I do.

Well, I always thought him good enough; but he has a hot, uncontrollable temper.

Was he acquainted with this Clarence Marston?

He was.

Were they friends?

No; enemies, I believe.

Ah!

The policeman was thoughtful.

The finding of this knife, with Rolston's name on it, makes it appear as though he killed Clarence Marston, or had a hand in it, for there may be more than one man who helped to commit this crime, said the stranger. Don't you think a warrant should be issued for his arrest?

Yes, returned the officer, promptly. Do you know the number of this Rolston's residence?

I do; it is—State Street.

The return of the other officer at this moment, with an expressman and wagon, put an end to the conversation. The murdered man was placed in the wagon; the two policemen and the stranger, who now on being asked his name, gave it as Cyril Chapman, jumped in, and the driver started for the station. Arrived, the corpse was conveyed into a room, and a messenger dispatched for the coroner.

While he was gone, Cyril Chapman drew the captain of the police aside, and talked earnestly with him a few moments. The result of this conversation was the issuing of a warrant for the arrest of Howard Rolston, and a sergeant, a policeman, and Chapman, started for Rolston's residence to make the arrest.

Chapter V.

The sun was shining through the windows of Howard Rolston's room when he awoke on this particular morning. He yawned heavily, turned over, and glanced at the clock on the mantel-piece.

Seven o'clock! he muttered, as he sprang up and began dressing. I must hurry, or I will be late to work. We poor must toil for our bread while the rich live in luxury and ease. Well, I'm content, and would not exchange places with many of these wealthy people, who, I'll wager, are not as happy as I, with the love of my own darling La—Good Heavens!

This abrupt exclamation was called forth by the discovery of several large stains of blood on the bosom and sleeves of his shirt. While he was conjecturing as to how they had come there, a loud knock on the door drew his attention hither. Hastily finishing his toilet, he opened it, and saw, to his astonishment, the two police officers and Cyril Chapman, who had come to make his arrest.

The sergeant immediately stepped forward, and, laying his hand on Rolston's shoulder said, in a firm tone,—

Howard Rolston, you are my prisoner. Your prisoner? ejaculated the young man, in surprise. What do you mean?

I mean that I arrest you for the murder of Clarence Marston.

Heavens! is Marston murdered? asked Rolston, starting back, shocked at the news.

Exactly; and you are his murderer, there is reason to believe.

That's absurd, said the young man, impatiently; a charge with no foundation.

I think there is a foundation to this charge, said Cyril Chapman, since a knife with your name engraved upon it, and covered with blood, was found by the side of the murdered man.

A knife with my name on it! ejaculated Rolston. You must be mistaken, for I never owned such a thing.

We are at liberty to believe that or not, said Chapman, dryly. However, he added, be so kind as to explain how these blood stains happen to be on your shirt.

That I cannot do, said Howard. I am as much surprised to see them as you are.

The officers and Chapman exchanged glances. It was evident that they did not believe the young man.

Come, sir, said the sergeant, at length, stepping forward. We've spent much more time talking with you now than we should. You must go with us. Maybe you're innocent of Marston's murder, but, if you are, you'll have to prove it in a court of justice.

He took from his pocket a pair of handcuffs, as he finished speaking, and slipped them over the young man's wrists. Then the whole party left the house, and started for the police station, where, upon arriving, Rolston was lock-up in a cell.

His feelings were of the bitterest kind, knowing, as he did, that he was innocent of the crime of which he was accused, yet doubting whether he could prove his innocence. Alas, poor fellow! he was in the toils of some person who was seeking his life, and who had chosen this way to take it. That person was doubtless the real murderer.

Chapter VI.

Laura Prescott was sitting in her room, by the window, idly drumming on the piano, and thinking of her lover, Howard Rolston, when her father entered in great excitement.

Laura, he said, dropping into a chair, and wiping the perspiration from his brow. I have bad news for you.

Bad news! exclaimed the girl, in astonishment.

Clarence Marston was murdered last night.

Murdered, father?

Yes, poor fellow! he has gone to his last account.

And who is the murderer?

Well, that is hardly known for certainty; but the person arrested for the crime is—

Prescott hesitated about speaking the name, for fear it might come too suddenly on his daughter.

Is whom? asked Laura, as a wild suspicion shot through her brain.

Can you bear to hear?

Yes, yes—better than this suspense. Well, then, it is Howard Rolston.

The girl uttered a piercing scream; clasped her hands to her brow; tottered to her feet; reeled, and fell forward into her father's arms, a dead weight.

The old man bore her carefully to the sofa, and laid her thereon; then seizing a goblet of water, he began bathing her temples.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE STAR

AND CONCEPTION BAY SEMI-WEEKLY ADVERTISER,

Is printed and published by the Proprietors, ALEXANDER A. PARSONS and WILLIAM R. SQUAREY, at their Office, (opposite the premises of Capt. D. Green, Water Street, Harbor Grace, Newfoundland.

Price of Subscription—THREE DOLLARS per annum, payable half-yearly. Advertisements inserted on the most liberal terms, viz.:—Per square of seven continuation lines, for first insertion, \$1; each continuation 25 cents. Book and Job Printing executed in a manner calculated to afford the utmost satisfaction.

AGENTS.

- CARBONAR.....Mr. J. Footo.
BRIGUS....." W. Horwood.
BAY ROBERTS....." R. Simpson.
HEBERTS CONTENT....." C. Rendell.
TRINITY HARBOR....." B. Miller.
NEW HARBOR....." J. Miller.
St. PIERRE, Miquelon....." H. J. Watts.
CATALINA....." Jno. Edgcombe.

An

Volu

Table with columns S, M, 1, 2, 8, 9, 15, 16, 22, 23, 29, 30

Just Re
Fresh C
Spice
Strawb
Syrup
Brambl

J. H

ENC

HA

Pictur

Glass

TR

(In great

221 W

One do

and m

St. Joh

H

Impo

NI

Const

Sch

PR

Also,