

The Star,

And Conception Bay Semi-Weekly Advertiser.

VOLUME II.

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

NUMBER 44

USEFUL INFORMATION.

DECEMBER.

S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31

Moon's Phases.

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

Full Moon..... 4th, 07.1 p.m.
Last Quarter.... 11th, 9.17 p.m.
New Moon..... 20th; 0.6 a.m.
First Quarter..... 27th, 4.42 a.m.

Wholesale Prices Current, St. John's.

BREAD—Hamburgh No 1, 33s. 0d.; No 2, 28s. 0d.; No 3, 23s. 6d.; Local No 1, 26s.; No 2, 23s. 6d.; F. C., 22s. 0d.

FLOUR—Canada Superfine, 40s; New York Extra, 38s; to 39s.
Superfine States, 34s. 6d. to 35s. 6d.
No. 2 do 30s. 6d.

CORN MEAL—20s.

OATMEAL—Canada, 33s 6d.

RICE—22s.

BUTTER—Canada, and Nova Scotia, 1s 1d to 1s 2d.

CHEESE—10d.

HAM—9d. to 10d.

PORK—Extra prime, 80s; prime mess, 90s to 92s. 6d.; mess, 92s. 6d to 95s.
BEEF—37s. 6d to 47s. 6d.

LARD—American and Canadian 7d. to 8d.

RUM—per Imp. gallon, 7s. 10d.

MOLASSES—2s. 2d.

SUGAR—Muscovado, 45s. to 50s.

RICE—21s to 22s. 6d.

COFFEE—Green, 1s. 3d. to 1s. 6d.

TEA—Congou and Souchong, ordinary broken leaf, 1s. 7d. to 1s. 9d.; fair to good, 2s. to 2s. 6d.

TOBACCO—1s. 7d. to 1s. 8d.

KEROSENE OIL—2s.

LEATHER—American Sole, 1s 4d to 1s 5d.

CORDAGE—per cwt. 65s.

SALT—per hhd. Foreign, Liverpool, 7s. 6d.

EXPORTS.

Cod Oil, £25. Cod Liver Oil, 4s. 6d.

CEDR-H—Large Merchantable Medium, 21s; Small, 20s; Madeira, 18s;

West India, 17s; Salmon, 100s.

BANK RATES.

Exchange on London, 20. Canada, par. Nova Scotia, 1 per cent., discount. United States Gold, par.

NOTICE.

172 WATER STREET, 172

JAMES FALLON,
Tin, Copyer and 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. John Munn & Co., 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.

JOBBING

Done at the cheapest possible terms, tft.

COMMERCIAL BANK OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

UNSIGNED printed forms of £5 Notes of this Bank, numbered 6001 to 8000 inclusive, dated Saint John's, 1st Jany., 1867, having been lost from board the steamer *Gaspe*, wrecked at Langlais Island, near St. Peters, in the month of June, 1872; some of which have been put in circulation with the forged signatures of "R. Brown, Manager," and "HENRY COOKE, Accountant."

I hereby caution the Public from receiving any £5 Notes of this Bank so numbered, the Bank not having issued any £5 Notes exceeding number 6000.

R. BROWN, Manager.
St. John's, Sept. 24, 1873.

NOTICES.

SAILMAKING.

The Subscriber

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

GEORGE CARSON.

May 23. tft.

C. BREAKER,

Sailmaker,

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

April 25. tft.

PIANO TUNING!

Mr. J. CURRIE,

TUNER AND REPAIRER OF

PIANOS.

IN returning thanks for past favours I beg respectfully to solicit a continuation 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. tft.

G. R. 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.

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.

LUMBER!

—BY—

H. W. TRAPNELL.

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

20 M. Seasoned Prime Pine
30 do. Hemlock do.
20 do. No. 2 Pine do.

E. W. LYON
Has just received a large assortment Coloured French Kid Gloves
Which he offers to the public at VERY LOW PRICES.
July 9 tft.

W. H. THOMPSON,
AGENT FOR
Johnson's Anodyne Liniment

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 able:

Gullip's Flouline for the Teeth and Breath

Keating's Worm Tablets

" Cough Lozenges

Rowland's Ointment

Oxley's Essence of Ginger

Lamplough's Pyretic Saline

Powell's Balsam Aniseed

Medicurentum (stamped)

British Oil, Balsam of Life, Chlorodyne

Mexican Mu-tang Liniment

Steer's Apodillic

Radway's Ready Relief, Arnold's Balsam

Murray's Fluid Magnesia

" Acidulated Syrup

S. A. Allen's Hair Restorer

Rositer's " "

Ayer's Hair Vigor

" Sarsaparilla

" Herry Pectoral

Pickles, French apers, Sauces

Soothing Syrup, Kaye's Coaguline

India Rubber Sponge, Teetiling

Sponge, Tooth Cloths

Nail, Shoe and Stove Brushes

Widow Walsh's Pills, Morrison's Pills

Cockle's " Radway's "

Holloway's " Ayer's "

Norton's " Persons' "

Hunt's " Jaynes' "

Holloway's Ointment

Adams' Indian Salve, Russia Salve

Morehead's Plaster, Corn Plaster

Mather's Feeding Bottles

Bond's Marking Ink, Corn Flour

Fresh Hops, Arrowroot, Sago, Gold Leaf

Nelson's Gelatine and Isinglass

Bonnet Glue, Best German Glycerine

Lime Juice, Honey, Best Ground coffee

Nixy's Black Lead

Roth & Co.'s Rat Paste

Brown's Bronchial Troches

Woodill's Worm Lozenges

" Baking Powder

McLean's Vermifuge

Leair's India Rubber Varnish

Kerosene Oil, Lamps, Immunes, Wicks,

Burners, &c., &c.

Cod Liver Oil,

Fellows' compound Syrup of Hypophosphites

Extract of Logwood, in ½ lb. boxes

Cudbear, Worm Tea, Toilet Soaps

Best Perfumery, Pomades and Hair Oils

Pain Killer

Henry's Calmed Magnesia

Enemis Instruments, Gold Beater's Skin

Fumigating Pastilles, Seidlitz Powders

Furniture Polish, Plate Polish

Flavouring Essences Spices, &c., &c.

Robinson's Patent Barley

THE STAR.

The Princess Marie.

When the beautiful Princess Marie heard the intention or her husband (Don Alfonso) to take the field, she declared her desire to go with him. The Princess Marie is about eighteen years of age, medium height, slender make, fair, and very handsome. Her dress is simple, consisting of a dark-blue riding-habit, arranged so as to form a short dress, to enable her to march through the mountains, when her horse is shot or meets with other casualty; over the habit she wears a blue jacket, trimmed with fur and braided in military fashion, on the right side of which she carries the triple crown and cross keys, the same as worn by her husband when he was taken prisoner at the walls of Rome, while defending Pius IX. against the troops of Victor Emmanuel; her head dress corresponds with that of her husband and his staff, being a white cap with a tassel set in the centre of the crown, wore hanging over the right side of the head; around her neck she wears a gold chain, to which is attached a cross and in her belt, a dagger which is intended for the defence of her honor, in case she should have the misfortune to fall into the hands of the volunteers, who are all command by the leaders of the Commune who escaped from France at the close of the civil war in that country, and who never fail to torture their prisoners in the most barbarous manner, before cutting their throats. But this is not so with the regular soldiers, who respect the Carlist, and they them. One may naturally ask, what can a young lady do in such a place that she should expose herself to the dangers and hard ships already described. Oh! if the poor souls which departed this life in her sisterly arms could only speak to us, we should know what good has been performed by the young princess; what a consolation it was to the dying soldier, far away from home and kindred, to have in that terrible hour one to whom he could confide his last mission, to whom he could entrust his hard earned savings for an aged father, a loving mother or kind sister, the thoughts of whose affliction on hearing his sad fate inflicted a wound far more severe than the bullet which sprinkled the battle field with his life's blood.

Long Lost Brothers.

The Newark *Advertiser* tells these two strange stories:—A despatch from Cape May announces the return of a long lost son as follows: About twenty years ago Capt. Baymore, lying with his vessel in the port of New Orleans, had with him his little son, three years of age, who, while playing around the decks, was suddenly missed. Every effort was used to find him, even to searching in the river, but all was unavailing and he was given up as drowned. A day or two since a stranger with a heavy black beard and language of strong German accent made his appearance, and claimed to be his long lost son. From his story it seems that he was stolen by a Dutch captain, who cared for him and educated him as his own. The boy always supposed that he was his father until otherwise informed by the Dutch skipper on his death bed, who gave him his real father's name and told him that he used to live somewhere in Cape May county. His search here was rewarded by finding his father still alive and a resident of his former home: but strange to say, his father refused to own him, his belief being so firm that his boy was drowned. The son had with him the newspaper containing the advertisement for his body which the Dutchman preserved. It is said that the young man is in good circumstances, and he has started to return to his present home, which is in Mexico.

James H. Spencer, of West Hoboken, twenty-five years ago had a brother, ten years his senior, who left his home and shortly afterward the family discovered that he had shipped on board a vessel bound for China. They subsequently heard that the vessel was wrecked in the Indian Ocean, and that all on board perished. They mourned for the wayward boy as lost, and long ago his memory was consigned to oblivion. At 7 o'clock on Tuesday evening, as Mr. Spencer was at supper with his family, a rap was heard at the door, and on its being opened a stout, swarthy man, with a large bushy beard stood before them. He was requested to be seated and then asked Mr. Spencer if he had any recollection of his brother John, who left home twenty five years ago. He answered that he could not very well get him, and that shortly after leaving home he was drowned on the coast of one of the Islands of the Indian Ocean. Spencer's surprise may be judged when the visitor stated that the missing one stood before him. The two brothers so long separated sat up during the night and reminiscences of their younger days were recalled, and the missing brother gave a graphic account of his travels on land and sea. He had travelled over the arid, burning deserts of Africa, and harpooned whales in the Polar seas, dug gold in Australia, and fought against the Maories in New Zealand. After passing twenty-five years in such an adventurous manner, he had returned to find the grass of many years growing over his parent's graves, and the loved one of his youth gone where early passions are unknown.

The Polaris Expedition.

From the facts elicited by the examination of the survivors, it would seem that the reports as to foul play towards Capt. Hall were not altogether without foundation. The Boston *Globe* says:

The character of Captain Buddington of the *Polaris* does not seem to improve in public estimation since the mouths of rescued crew have been unsealed by the government. Capt. Tyson, the commander of the party on the ice-floe, declares the conduct of Buddington toward Hall to have been brutal to the last degree, though he

does not believe the latter was poisoned. It will be remembered that Morton, the first mate of the *Polaris*, laid the death of Captain Hall at the door of the ship's Dr. Bessel. The Danish inspector of Greenland, who gave the matter a thorough investigation, believed that Buddington was greatly influenced by Bessel against Captain Hall, and that between the two the death of the latter was compassed. Captain Tyson said that after the burial of the deceased commander, Buddington shook his fist toward the grave and cursed his occupant in the most horrible manner; and also, that before his death, violent altercations took place between the two. Hall at the time throwing Buddington across the cabin. One thing seems to be certain, that Hall was not poisoned, it was not from any feeling of friendship on the part of Buddington, Bessel and their adherents. The sworn statements of all the parties examined will soon be made public, and until then it may be as well to suspend judgement.

Brigandage in Spain.

A violent attack by brigands to seize and carry off an Englishman has just been made at Denia, near Valencia, in Spain. It appears that a Mr. Andrew Graham, a merchant in the fruit trade, and connected with the firm of Graham & Co., Mincing Lane, London, on the way from his warehouse to his country residence, about eight o'clock on the evening of the 15th ult., was attacked by eight or nine armed brigands. Their object was evidently to carry him to the mountains and demand a ransom. In attacking Mr. Graham, however, the brigands did not know with whom they had to cope. He is a man of considerable nerve. When attacked he was driving home alone in a *tartana*—a kind of carriage peculiar to Valencia. The nature of the attack will be best understood by Mr. Graham's declaration before the judge, which is to the following effect:—

On Monday evening, between seven and eight o'clock, I was stopped on the road about half way between Denia and the entrance to the avenue leading to my house, by six or eight or more men armed, and I believe masked, who presented me, from the front part of the *tartana*, four guns on the right side and two or more on the left, and there was one man behind with a dagger in his hand. I immediately drew my revolver and fired two shots to the right from the front of the *tartana*, one to the left and one behind, and then jumped out and ran for my life. Immediately a gun was discharged at me, and I fell. I rose, but fell again immediately, when a volley of at least twelve to sixteen shots was discharged at me, all with balls, which whizzed about my head and body; the first one, which wounded me on the left thigh, was fortunately charged only with shot. By this time some of the villains who followed me came up to me. I threw myself on one of them, wrenched his gun from him, and struck him to the ground with the butt end. I did ditto to two others with the same gun. I seemed then to have only one opponent—a very powerful looking man, who was aiming at me with a gun. I presented the gun at him, and we seemed both to fire at the same instant. I saw no more of him. Some of the other men were now coming forward, but I began in desperation with both hands to throw stones at them from a heap fortunately beside me on the road. When I had beaten them off I ran in the direction of Denia, calling for help at the top of my voice; but faint from loss of blood, I lay down among the vines and listened to hear if the men were following me; when I heard the *tartana* being driven off towards Orihuela. I then proceeded as best I could in the direction of D. Jose Aranda's country house, where every kindness and attention was shown me—the doctor sent for and my wounds dressed.

As soon as the news was conveyed to Denia the authorities proceeded to the spot, where they found a man, disguised and masked, quite dead, a loose jacket and a good deal of blood. The pony and *tartana* were found near Orihuela, about three miles distant from Denia, the pony covered with wounds inflicted with a knife or dagger; to make the poor animal go fastest, and the cushion of the *tartana* saturated with the blood of the wounded brigands. The dead man has not yet been recognized, nor have any of the others been identified, though the authorities are using every means to discover the perpetrators of this diabolical outrage.

A Strange Story of Domestic Trouble.

The New Orleans correspondent of the *Courier-Journal*, referring to the murder of young Armant by some villain in the parlor of his boarding house, and in the presence of several ladies, a few days since in that city, relates the following incidents connected with the family history of the deceased:

An unfortunate affair occurred here a few days since which illustrates the fate which pursues some families like a Nemesis. A young man named Henry Armant was killed while he was talking with a lady whom he was visiting without being allowed chance or warning. Some years ago it will be remembered by your Lexington readers, a gentleman of that name came there from Louisiana, bringing with him his wife and three sons.

The family lived in great seclusion, Mrs. Armant rarely seeing any one.—She was very beautiful, and seemed to be overwhelmed with an intense melancholy. It transpired that she had married in opposition to the wishes of her relatives, and had once separated from him on account of his savage and violent temper. Strangely enough this temporary divorce, a *mens et thoro*, was terminated by an elopement; she ran away from her friends and rejoined her husband. Shortly afterwards Armant attacked one of her relatives, who

stabbed him repeatedly and left him for dead. Upon his recovery he removed, as has been said, to Lexington, Ky. There his violence and eccentricity developed into positive insanity, and after having been long a terror to that community, he was one night assassinated in most horrid manner; some unknown person blew his brains out with a shot gun. His eldest son, Horace, conceived the idea, although unjust, that Ben Warfield, an exceedingly estimable man had instigated this murder.

Young Armant was himself a gallant, generous fellow, and forebore to attack Warfield in the lack of proof to justify his suspicions, until he encountered him accidentally, and, an altercation ensuing, they exchanged shots with fatal effect. Warfield was killed and Armant desperately wounded. Mrs. Armant returned with Henry to Louisiana, and Horace went—no one knows whither. Last week Henry—a handsome, vivacious youth, of admirable and winning character—became the victim of a tragedy as bloody as those in which his father and brother suffered.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—“Gus Hardy’s continuation of the Life of Uncle Joe” received, but too late for today’s issue; will receive due attention next week.

THE STAR

HARBOR GRACE, DEC. 13, 1873.

THE English mails arrived here on Thursday last—news unimportant.

THE loss of the schooner “Mary Ann,” which took place at Fortune Harbor on the 13th November, incurred an amount of suffering seldom experienced, even by our hardy fishermen. By the sad disaster ninety men, women and children are reduced to extreme destitution. The distressed individuals, at the time of the unfortunate occurrence were on their way from Labrador, with the fruits of their summer’s toil and suffering; and, doubtless, were anticipating the happiness of a safe return home and a joyful meeting with their near and dear friends; but, alas! they were doomed to disappointment. Suddenly all that tended to constitute their earthly comfort became engulfed, leaving them without food or clothing on a barren coast, hundreds of miles away from their friends and kindred. Their condition must have been dreadful had it not been for the prompt action of the Government. As soon as the Executive became aware that the “Mary Ann” was missing, the steamer “Hawk” was despatched to the relief of the sufferers, who were thus enabled to reach their homes once more.

Contributions in aid of the distressed—to the extent of £108—have already been handed in by the charitable people of Harbor Grace and Carbonear; and it is to be hoped the relief fund will be further augmented during the coming week.

THE following report of Captain Wm. Hennessy, of the brig “Belle,” which arrived at this port, on Monday last, has been handed to us for publication:—

NOVEMBER 15th.—Lat. 38.03 N., long. 17.30 W., at 2 p.m. saw a vessel to the southward, with a signal of distress flying (ensign half-mast); shortened sail and hove to. At 4 p.m. she bore down under our lee and hove to; proved to be the Portuguese brig “Uniao,” from Pernambuco, bound to Oporto. The vessel was in a sinking condition, with a boat astern; the crew having tried to board a barque in the morning, were unable to do so, being too far off. Took the crew on board, and proceeded for St. Michael’s; arrived at St. Michael’s on the 20th and landed crew.

[TO THE EDITORS OF THE STAR.]

DEAR SIRS,—

You will oblige the undersigned—in behalf of the distressed shipwrecked crew of the schooner “Mary Jane,” which was lost at Fortune Harbor on the 13th November last, on her way home from the Labrador fishery—by conveying to the Government our sincere thanks, for the prompt assistance rendered in despatching the steamer “Hawk” to the scene of suffering and bringing the sufferers home. We also desire to thank the many kind friends in Harbor Grace and Carbonear for their liberal contributions (amounting to £108) received to date, in aid of the destitute individuals.

Further contributions will be thankfully received by

WM. HAWKER,
GEO. WINSOR,
JOHN McCARTHY.

CARBONEAR,
Dec. 12, 1873.

THE city of Montreal has appropriated, as they say there, five hundred acres of land on “The Mountain” for a Park, at a cost of \$800,000.

MEMPHIS

Latest Despatches.

LONDON, Dec. 7.

Fog so thick that all traffic is suspended. Streets filled with torch-bearers.

McMahon and wife subscribed 5000 francs to the “Ville du Havre” survivors’ fund.

Cartegena still holds out. Insurgents strengthening works and armaments.

Bazaine’s trial drawing to a close; judgement will probably be pronounced to-morrow.

NEW YORK, 9.

Nothing new regarding Cuba.

Question of disposition to surrender “Virginius” without further discussion grows more general.

Gold 109.

LONDON, 9.

Still very foggy. Numerous deaths by collision in the river. The fog caused a railway accident near Birmingham 30 killed and wounded.

Bazaine’s defence read a letter from Frederick Charles, stating that the Marshal never visited the Prince’s headquarters, during the siege, and expressing the highest esteem for the energy with which he prolonged the resistance to Prussian arms.

NEW YORK, 10.

Cuba still pacific. The “Virginius” will be delivered to United States in daylight at some port other than Havana, and the prisoners at Santiago will, at the same time, be handed over to the American war vessel.

The attempt to pass the resolution, recognizing the Cuban insurgents as belligerents, failed in the house.

NEWS & TURNS.

The Santiago Executions.

The Hamburg-American mail steamer, just arrived at Plymouth, brings details of the execution of three batches of the crew of the Virginius. The court martial on the crew was hurried on in their work by telegrams from Havana, and telegrams to the United States consul inquiring the nationality of the prisoners, were intentionally detained. In order to avoid intervention it was ordered that all prisoners should be executed within twenty-four hours, and news of the execution was received at Havens with great rejoicing. The prisoners, when found guilty, were led out into the public square of Santiago, and, in the presence of an immense concourse, were shot at noonday by a squad of marines. The first batch executed consisted of three generals, and the next 36 of the crew of the Virginius; and next day (November 8) 12 more of the Cuban volunteers were shot. Among the latter was Franchi Alfaro, a man of great wealth, who offered the authorities one million dollars to spare his life. The crowd witnessed the massacres with great composure, and serenades were offered in the evening to the captain general and the general commanding the marines, and the press of Cuba are unanimous in approving the proceedings.

The chase of the Virginius was intensely exciting. It happened that the Spanish war ship Tornado had that morning arrived and was mistaken by the Virginius for a sailing ship, so she kept on her course towards her. When the mistake was discovered she turned towards Jamaica and, being short of coal, began to burn grease and other combustibles, and threw overboard horses, cannon, and cases of arms. When the Tornado came within range she began firing, and after three shots and a shell, the Virginius, which was flying the American flag, was brought to and captured. The vessel at the time (says the New York Herald) was positively in British waters—with a league of Jamaica,

SIR HARRY BURRARD, an English gentleman, who married a St. John, N. B., lady, offered some time ago to present to the corporation of that city a first class life boat, for use in the harbor, if the city would provide a crew for it. The city authorities having taken no action in the matter, Sir Harry has withdrawn the offer. Now the authorities are willing to furnish a crew.

A CHEERFUL CONDUCTOR.—A Nashville man had occasion to go to Memphis over the Northwestern road last week. There were but a few passengers aboard, and during the night the conductor came and sat down by him. Goin’ to Memphis are you, stranger? he asked. Yes sir, said the Nashville man. Mighty rough road ain’t it? queried the conductor, with a yawn. Very, was the reply. Last time I went over the road this car we’re in now was up-set, and a man was killed all to smash, said the communicative ticket-puncher, with another yawn. Then he added: I’ve got the most reckless engineer on the road with me to-night, too, but I hope we won’t have any accidents. I certainly hope we will not, responded the passenger, with a feeling of uneasiness. Well, I don’t know as it would make much difference to you, said the conductor cheerfully; You’ll die anyway if you’re going to Memphis.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF HARBOR GRACE.

ENTERED.

Dec. 6.—Vesta, Keece, Sydney, coal—
John Munn & Co.
8.—Belle, Hennessy, Torreviejo, salt—do
Two Brothers, Foot, Sydney, coal—do
Consort, Parsons, Sydney, coal—do

CLEARED.

Dec. 10.—Glencoe, Noel, Waterford, her-
ring—John Munn & Co.
Island Queen, Pepperell, Naples, fish—
W. J. S. Donnelly.
22.—Astiff, Pike, Halifax, 50 brls. her-
ring & ballast—Paterson & Foster.

AUCTION !

CHEESE !

THE SUBSCRIBERS will sell by auc-
tion on MONDAY next, the 13th
instant, at 12 o’clock

18 CHEESE.

Just Received.

GEO. C. RUTHERFORD & CO.
Dec. 13.

NOTICES.

UNION BANK OF NEW- FOUNDLAND.

NOTICE is hereby given that a Divi-
dend of SIX PER CENT on
the Capital Stock of this Bank, for the
half year ending 30th November, has been
this day declared, and will be payable at
the Bank on and after MONDAY next
the 8th instant.

(By order of the Board)
JOHN W. SMITH,
Manager.

St. John's, Dec. 2. 31.

A CARD.

THE undersigned would respectfully intimate to the gentlemen of Harbor Grace and neighbourhood, that he will visit them on a BUSINESS TOUR, on FRIDAY, 12th inst., and may be found at Mrs. Gaden’s, Cochrane Street, where he will be prepared to receive orders from his friends and patrons.

JAMES MELLIS,
Tailor & Clothier,
St. John's.

Dec. 3.

Good News for All!

THE SUBSCRIBERS

BEG to intimate to the public that they have recently received by the steamship *Austrian*, from Liverpool, the second division to their large variety of

GOODS.

And as a change is to take place in the business

THE STAR.

NOTICE.
Jillard Brothers'
New Provision, Grocery and Hardware

STORE,

is now in full operation. Anything you require you will get there.

Provisions of the Best Quality.

Flour, Pork, Beef, Molasses, Butter, Split and Round, Pease, Oatmeal Rice, Cheese, Beans.

Choice and well selected

GROCERIES,

*Tea—Black and Hyson
Sugar—Loaf, Crushed, and Brown
Raisins—Bloom, Layer and Valencia*

Broad Figs, Currants

Spices of every description

*Mace, Cinnamon, Cassia, Cloves, Pimento
Mixed Spice, Pepper, C. Seed, Nutmegs*

Gray Dunn & Co.'s Fancy Biscuits of all kinds

Confectionery

*Essence of Coffee, Homeopathic and Com
mon Cocoa*

Chocolate

*Bacon and Hams, Lard, Pearl Barley
Groats and Patent Barley, Mustard*

Pickles—Mixed, Chow Chow, Picadilly

Red Cabbage, Onions, Walnuts

*Olive Oil, Crystal and Pure Malt Vinegar
in bottles and casks*

Raspberry Vinegar, Essence Lemon

Root Ginger, Ground Ginger, Honey

*Table Salt—by the pound and in crocks
and bottles*

Glue, Candies, Baking Powders

Carbomate of Soda, Sago, Tapioca

Vermicella, Liquorice

Saltpetre, Logwood, Brimstone, Sulphur

Snuff, Starch, Blue, Hard Soap

Castile Soap, Fancy and Scented Soap

Bees Wax, Niney's Black Lead, Wax

Electric and Comb Matches

Best Japan Blacking, Paste Blacking

Brunswick Black, Furniture Polish

Washing Soda, Snuff Beans

Condensed Milk

Bottled Fruits—Plums, Cherries, Damson

Green Grapes, &c.

Corn Flour, Sardines, Smoked Herring

Jellies, Jams, and Marmalade

The celebrated Victoria and other Sauces

Citron, Lemon and Orange Candied Peel

Gelatine Cream of Tartar

Shelled Almond Nuts, Kay's Coaguline

Hunt's, Cockle's and Holloway's Pills

Castor Oil, Senna, Sults, Hartshorn

Medicamentum, Opodelo

Oysters in Tins, Solid Oil

Capilano Syrup

Bear's Grease and Pomatum

Infant's Farinaeous Food.

We keep constantly on hand

HARDWARE

Of every description.

Carpenters' Tools, Coopers' Tools

Shoemakers' Tools, Masons' Tools

Brushes, Combs, Earthenware, Glassware

Locks, Hinges, Bolt, Latches

Musical Instruments, Medicines, Drugs

Perfumery, Nautical Instruments & Charts

Tacks, Screws, Brads

Parlor and Kitchen Utensils

Paints, Oil, Turpentine, Varnish

Saddlers' Ware, Toys, Brooms, Buckets

Riddles, Bath Brick

Hatchets, Saws, Hammers, Planes

Tomahawks, Singing Hatchets

Spokeshaves, Wrought Nails

Rules and Squares

Compasses and Spirit Levels, Chisels

Gouges, Gimblets, Augurs, Chalk Lines

Brace and Bit, Saw and Glass Paper

Hand, Pit and Crosscut Files, Saw Sets

Gluepots, Diamonds, Axes, Adzes

Jointer and Plane Irons, Drawing Knives

Centre Bits, Awls, Bristles, Hemp, Flax

Copperas, Pinchers, Rasp, Whips

Leather, Kerosene Oil, Soap

Honey Dew Tobacco.

Electro, Albata, British Plate, Nickel and German Silverware

Gold, Silver, Gilt, Plated and Glass

Jewelry,

WATCHES and CLOCKS,

SEWING MACHINES,

Gold Wedding Rings,

CRADLES.

If you want anything that you do not see in this list, you will be sure to get it by asking.

Best assorted stock in town.

Every purchaser who desires to get the best possible value for his money, should visit this establishment.

JILLARD BROTHERS.
Oct. 25. 6m.

FOR SALE,

THE SUBSCRIBERS

RESPECTFULLY intimate that they have on hand and For Sale the following

PROVISIONS AND Groceries

At as low a price as can be sold in town and invite inspection:—

Bread, Flour, Pork, Butter

Molasses, Tea, Hams, Bacon

Rice, Arrowroot, Corn Flour

Green and Ground Coffee

Cheese, Sardines

Dry Herrings, Macaroni

Sago, Ground Rice, Perlina

Currants, Raisins

Preserved Meats

Bottled Fruits, Fancy Biscuits

Lozenges, Sweets, Jams, Jellies

Marmalade

Harvey's and Worcester Sauces

Pickles, Bottled Vinegar

Anchovies, Catsup, Capers

Celery Seed, Table Salt, Hops

Isinglass, Saltpetre

Whole and Ground Ginger

Cloves, Citron

Lemon and Orange Peel

Cream of Tartar, Green Peas

Gelatine

Almond, Barcelona & Walnuts

Toilet and Common Soap

Black and White Pepper

Allspice, Arroway Seed

Peaches

Fancy and Common Tobacco

Starch, Mustard, Candles

Kerosene Oil, Leather, Glass

Whiting, Paints, Nails

Linseed Oil, Tables, Chairs

Bedsteads, &c., &c., &c.

— GEO. C. RUTHERFORD & CO.

Harbor Grace, Oct. 22, 1873. tft

RIDLEY & CO.

Having received a further supply of

PROVISIONS

Will sell the same on reasonable terms, for

OIL, FISH or HERRING

Harbor Grace, Oct. 22, 1873. tft

BUSINESS NOTICE.

AUCTION MART!

75 WATER STREET, 75

HARBOR GRACE!

We offer for sale,

PROVISIONS,

Groceries, &c.,

At fair remunerating prices for

CASH, FISH or OIL!

Auction Sales and Commissions

promptly attended to.—

GEORGE HARRIS & CO.

Aug. 16. tft

TAKE NOTICE!

READ THIS

And tell it to all your friends!

THAT

JNO. SQUIRES

Has just returned from the English Markets with lots of

GOODS

TO SUIT THE TIMES,

And is now prepared to offer to the public GREAT

—

SQUIRES & NOBLE'S,

"Golden Fish," Water Street,

Oct. 8 tft

In all kinds of Goods, at

SQUIRES & NOBLE'S,

"Golden Fish," Water Street,

Oct. 8 tft

FOR SALE

Ridley & Co

OFFER FOR SALE

Fine Hamburg BREAD

Choice No. 1 FLOUR

Canad'n Family BUTTER

Superior Muscovado

<h3 style

THE STAR.

Moll Chatterclack.

Moll Chatterclack was smart in words
As any woman's ringer.
And with the weapon of the tongue
She was an awful fighter,
She blazed at this, she snarled at that,
And kept up such a clatter,
The very chimney on the roof
Was frightened at the matter.

With fret and scold, and snarl and jaw,
She made the dishes rattle,
And clean destroyed the human folks,
And almost killed the cattle.
The dog and cat, and rats and mice,
Became as deaf as adders;
The chickens stayed upon the roost,
And got as thin as shadlers.

But not content with things at home,
The mischief making critter
Stirred up the people here and there,
And kept them in a twitter.
Her mean and everlastin' tongue
Was always kept a waggin',
And yet you'd think she was a saint,
If saints were made by braggin'.

She kept her neighbours by the ears
With gossippin' and lyin'
And kept the men a makin' oaths,
And the women all a cryin'.
You'd thought the end o' time had come
With all the fuss and racket,
For when she found an honest name,
She tried her best to black it.

If ever mortal was possessed,
She sartin had her leigons,
And took her orders from the king
Of all the lower regions.
She pizened every home and heart,
And spilt all joy and gladness,
And made a howlin' wilderness
Check full o' grief and sadness.

SELECT STORY.

SNOWED UP.

Chapter III.

(CONTINUED.)

Doctor; Betsy is hale and hearty
And brisk as ever, thankee! But
the schoolmistress we have boarding
with us seems pretty sick, and Betsy
thinks is bordering on to brain fever.

I hope it will not result so seriously
as that, Mr. Brooks, said Everett,
plunging on through the drifts which
the two men encountered better or foot
than they could have possibly done in a
sleigh; and after a long walk they ar-
rived at the farmhouse.

The greetings with little Mrs. Brooks
over, Doctor Everett was shown to the
chamber of his patient, where lay the
sick girl, moaning in the fever delirium,
and looking brilliantly beautiful. The
young physician started in surprise, for
he had not anticipated any other than
the usually accredited type of country
school-mistress—an elderly, sharp-
featured spinster; and he involuntarily
stepped to the bedside, smoothed the
rich golden hair that floated over the
pillow, laid his cool hand upon her burn-
ing forehead, and said, in a deep, kind
tone: My poor child!

His voice for a moment arrested the
wandering reason of the sufferer; doubt-
less it touched a chord of memory, for
she looked up into his face with almost
a look of recognition in her bright blue
eyes; then putting her hands suddenly
to her forehead, cried out sharply: I
know you, Leonard Everett! But they
will not let you stay! They hate me if
you look at me, or speak. Go away!
They are watching me with their
cold eyes!

Good heavens, what does this mean?
murmured the young doctor. Her eyes,
her hair, her voice! Mrs. Brooks—
turning abruptly to her—this young
lady's name?

Edna Moore. She has been our
school mistress a year'n a half. You
must have known her before you left the
country. Doctor? answered Mrs. Brooks
with surprise on her kind face.

Edna Moore!—I knew it! Her eyes
and golden hair! Yes, Mrs. Brooks; I
met this poor child once, long ago, he
answered. Then, bending down so softly
said: I am glad you know me, Edna.
Do Mrs. Hunter and Florence
know you are ill?

The question roused her into strongest
excitement for a moment, which then
gave way to an air of intense fear,
Don't tell them for the world! she cried
looking around with frightened gaze.
They are cold and cruel. I will not
call her aunt—that icy woman; and
Florence is too proud to call me cousin.
Don't tell them I am here; they will
come and insult me with their haughty
tongues, and take you away from me.
Don't call them! And she clung to his
hands with a strong, feverish grasp.

Land! Miss Edna never told me a
word about these folks that treated her
so! You don't suppose it's true, Doc-
tor? She's wandering, said good Mrs.
Brooks. And yet maybe it's so, for she
seemed alone in the world; lost her mother
when she was young; and she said
once a kind uncle educated her, but died
just after she had left school; and then

she'd stop, and I never liked to ask her
too much.

The poor girl has evidently strug-
gled with many trials, replied the Doc-
tor, evading a more direct reply. Then,
setting his teeth hard together while he
mixed a soothing draught for the suffer-
er, he mentally exclaimed: Proud Mrs.
Hunter, beautiful, haughty Florence, I
begin to sift this matter. Your story
and this poor girl's scarcely agree, If
truth be at the bottom, I will not leave
Dentford till it be ascertained.

What need to prolong the recital of
Leonard Everett's lingering there at
Dentford, the most of which time was
passed beside his beautiful patient? Enough that, when the fever spell was
broken, another spell was woven about
both physician and convalescent—the
sweet, charmed bond of love; and the
gentle orphan, who had been thrust out
from her worldly, envious relatives, was
received into a tender home, wherein
she was henceforth to be shielded always
the noble heart of the master of
Ridgewood. Doctor Everett did not
make the visit to Mrs. Hunter and
Florence, impatiently awaiting him in
their city home; but sent a letter instead,
announcing that the duties of his
profession detained him at Dentford.
But when he did take the trip thither,
his lovely young wife was his "compagnon
du voyage," and their rooms were
at the "Winthrop," instead of their
aunt's elegant mansion. To portray the
anger and mortification of Florence and
her mother is not in the power of this
pen; let it only add that the happy
bridegroom has yet never found cause
to regret that January storm by which
he was "snowed up" at Dentford, the
storm which won him his bride.

Asking for Forgiveness.

For a slender-stemmed wild columbine,
drooping over the precipitous ledge
of some woodland rock, were to take
unto itself the attributes of humanity
you might fancy it transformed into
such a woman as Bernice Wayne, as she
stood by an open window, this sweet
October evening, not looking at the
shifting cloud panorama in the open sky,
not marking the silver pinnacles that
girted the horizon—mountain phantasms
swathed with golden arrows from the
sun, and melting away into a glimmering
mist. No glory of tinted vapor, or
rainbow hues, could hold her glance or
heart this evening. The faint breath of
asters, purple and pink, white and yellow,
came in with the freshening air.
Far off, the hills, now darkening, at
mid-day glowed like a bouquet.

But tell you I will go! And the
little feet came down with decided em-
phasis on the velvet carpet, the soft sweep
of a train in their wake.
Bernice, don't go! Maurice will be
so angry!
It matters not about Maurice. I have
made the appointment, and I shall keep
it; and "apropos," there is Mr. Salire
at the door.

Matters not what Maurice says? He
your betrothed husband? O Bernice
Wayne! But it is not too late even
for some excuse.

I haven't any excuse to offer. She
shook the curly falling around her face
disdainfully—curls about which was
that marvelous tint which is neither
chestnut or red, but has something of
the shadow of the first, something of the
splendor of the last. We are going to-
ward the hills, Grace, the faintest, ten-
derest purple is crowning them now,
and before half an hour the moon will
be up, I'm off! And with the impulse
of a true Southern beauty, with its pas-
sion lighting her dark eyes, she flashed a
brilliant, saucy smile and ran down to
old Tom, who was holding her horse.

They had a drive of some three miles
through the sunset along the beautiful
road, with glimpses of the sound visible
here and there, pretty bits of woodland
cultivated fields and all the accessories
of an agreeable landscape. They both
laughed and talked a great deal of non-
sense, as we in this century are given to
doing, till they turned up the drive to
Bircleyffe, with the picturesque old
house standing stately among the trees
and the sound in full view, when they
gained the summit of the ascent.

Grace Bruce sat by the open library
window, this sweet October evening, the
time of the year she had always loved
best, when the sky was bluest, and the
many tints of the leaves were fairly ri-
valled by the gorgeous brilliancy of the
clouds, painted anew each evening by
that great artist, the setting sun.

Why will Bernice be so naughty—
why pain my brother Maurice so need-
lessly? she said to herself, as she
happily awaited her brother's return
from town.

Maurice Bruce and Bernice Wayne
were engaged. You would scarce have
thought it possible, to look at them—
she was so young, so girlish, so child-
ishly impetuous and impatient, and such
a sad flirt, while Maurice Bruce was a
noble man, with a pure strong soul
beaming from his eyes.

Bernice thought that she loved him—
perhaps she did. He was refined, edu-
cated and romantic, and his fanciful
little air-castles, his sweet, dreamy sen-
timentalism, charmed and amused her,
while his gallant, devoted lovemaking
was done so prettily, that she felt flat-
tered and fascinated; and then he was
so wealthy, and he belonged to one of
the best families, and was one of the
best matches of the city. And so Bernice
concluded that she loved him and
became duly engaged.

Miss Wayne, at the urgent solicita-
tion of Mr. Bruce's sister, Grace, had
joined them in the early October at
their country residence, where Maurice
lived a sort Bachelor's life. She found
her quarters quite tolerable after gay
weeks at Saratoga.

The beautiful evening on which our
story opens found her riding with Mr.
Salire—a gentleman whom Mr. Bruce
had requested Bernice to discourage.
And this was what troubled our fair
Grace as she sat by the window.

Why don't Bernice come? It's time
for Maurice to return from town, and
he will be so angry to find her away in
company with Mr. Salire again. I do
wish she would come!

Crossing the drawing-room, which
was richly and expensively furnished,
she sat down to the piano, and let her
fingers stray over the ivory keys, bring-
ing out little snatches of melody, rip-
pling variations, or brilliant preludes,
as only practiced fingers can produce
them in idle moments. Suddenly she
swept the ivory keys with a few rich
chords, and began to sing, her silver
treble ringing out like joy-bells, feath-
ering into the merest echoes of sweet
sounds, till the gamut seemed like no-
thing so much as a Jacob's ladder over
which angels ascended and descended,
till, slow of chording, she sank the
strain into a German song in the minor
keys, a wail of forsaken love, infinitely
touching as she sang it with tender ex-
pression and pathos.

I should think it was a lark if I
knew it was not you, dear sister, said
Maurice, who had been listening some
minutes unperceived.

She ceased in the midst of a trill,
such as the brown thrush extemporizes
all the summer long, as if he could never
order it to his mind.

Where is Bernice? I want to drive
you both to Seaside Park, directly after
supper. Aunt Maud is hastening pre-
parations, that we may start immediate-
ly. Where is Bernice?

She will be in soon.

If she is in the garden, I will go and
call her.

She is not in the garden—she is out.
Where?

Riding.

Who with?

Mr. Salire came for her this afternoon
and they have gone to the hills.

Mr. Bruce set his teeth firmly together;
his face clouded with anger,
Bernice defied me, he muttered.

I would not take it in that way Maurice,
Grace said, coolly. We all know
what a sweet, wilful child Bernice is;
this defiance is evanescent; she has no
wise elder brother to keep her in check,
she added, with a pretty lifting of her
eyebrows.

My wishes should have guided her in
this matter. I have so mentioned them
that they should have retained some
hold on her memory. I shall give up all
right to interfere ever with her now.

Well, Grace returned, being assured
that to argue any more would be but to
settle Maurice all the more firmly in his
resolution. But her heart misgave her
as she watched the hard lines gather on
his face.

Grace, send me some coffee at eight
from the library; I have many papers to
sort, and shall be up writing far into
the small hours.

Grace understood the hint conveyed
—that she was not to disturb him in the
library by her presence that night.

Maurice, you will come into the draw-
ing room at ten—before we retire?

I shall see no one to night—unless
Ashton comes for some proof I have
ready.

Grace felt a little frightened at her
brother's stern hard manner. She went
up to him, and laid her white jewelled
hand on his shoulder.

What is the matter with you, Grace?
You wear our mother's look in your
eyes to-night.

Maurice, she loves you—Bernice
does love you above every earthly thing.
She holds my happiness with to light
a clasp, Grace.

Grace turned away, greatly disturbed
in mind.

Maurice is too deeply pained and
angry for Bernice to win him over by
her bewitchery to-night, she thought.

Yet how often have I seen her disar-
m just by that half-saucy, half-tend-
er, way she has.

She walked to the window at the end
of the hall, looking wistfully for signs of
Bernice. Just as she was turning away
she heard the swift canter of horses,
saw Miss Wayne dismount give a hasty
wave of the hand to Mr. Salire, and
threw the reins to old Tom,

She came through the little gate, sad,
weary and despondent, moving through
the dusky flowers like a spirit of night.
She entered the drawing-room. Grace
met her at the door.

O Bernice, I am so glad you have
returned!

It was naughty in me to go, she re-
plied, with unusual meekness, and, going
directly up to Grace, kissed her in
silence.

Then she sat down and looked tend-
erly upon her and whispered to her.

Have I been so very naughty? Do
you think Maurice will ever forgive
me?

And she raised her beautiful, in-
dolent eyes, now filled with tears.

Grace shook her head and tried to
smile.

I don't know; you must go to him.

She shivered as with cold.

How cold you are! Sit by the draw-
ing room fire until Liddy makes one in
your room. It is so chilly out?

No; but I am terribly cold.

Don't feel so anxious, Bernice; I
think Maurice will forget all about it.

This sweet prophecy of forgiveness
fell so tranquilly on the sweet autumn
air, that she began to hope.

Crossing the drawing-room, which
was richly and expensively furnished,
she sat down to the piano, and let her
fingers stray over the ivory keys, bring-
ing out little snatches of melody, rip-
pling variations, or brilliant preludes,
as only practiced fingers can produce
them in idle moments. Suddenly she
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thing so much as a Jacob's ladder over
which angels ascended and descended,
till, slow of chording, she sank the
strain into a German song in the minor
keys, a wail of forsaken love, infinitely
touching as she sang it with tender ex-
pression and pathos.

Bernice Wayne had awakened to the
truth that she had proved herself false
to the man she had promised to marry,
whose attentions had of late been thrust
aside as tame and passionless, because
their quiet intensity of affection was so
unlike the happy mingling of pathos and
sensational romance which Mr. Salire
had been talking to her during those
lovely autumn evenings. But she was
a girl of real principle under all her im-
pulses and false teachings. She saw
what she had done, and what she must
do—go and ask his forgiveness.

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