

The Star,

And Conception Bay Semi-Weekly Advertiser.

Vol II.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Friday, July 11, 1873.

Number 6.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

JULY.

S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.
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
..

Moon's Phases.

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

First Quarter... 1st, 2h. 49m., a. m.
Full Moon..... 8th, 6h. 31m., p. m.
Last Quarter... 15th, Noon.
New Moon..... 22nd, 5h. 41m., p. m.

Mail Steamers to Depart from St. John's.

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

Wholesale Prices Current, St. John's.

BREAD—Hambro' No 1, 32s. 6d.; No. 2, 28s. 6d.; No. 3, 24s. 6d. Local No. 1, 26s.; No. 2, 23s. 6d.; F. C., 22s. 6d.
FLOUR—Canada Fancy 42s. 6d.; Canada Superfine, 38s.; New York Extra, 38s. to 39s.; New York Superfine, 35s. New York No. 2, 30s. to 32s.
CORN MEAL—White and Yellow, per brl. 18s. to 20s.
OATMEAL—Canada, per brl. 30s.; P. E. Is. land, 27s. 6d.
RICE—East India, per cwt. 20s.
PEAS—Round, per brl. 20s. to 21s.
BUTTER—Canada, good 1s. to 1s. 2d. Nova Scotia, good 11d. to 1s. 1d.; American 8d. to 10d.; Hambro' 8d.
CHEESE—9d. to 10d.
HAM—9d. to 10d.
PORK—American mess 95s. to 100s.; prime mess 90s.; extra prime 77s.
BEEF—Prime, per brl. 35s.
LARD—per Imp. gallon 7s. 10d.
MOLASSES—Muscovado 2s. a 2s. 1d.; Clay-ed 1s. 9d.
SUGAR—Muscovado, 45s. to 47s. 6d.; American Crushed 72s. 6d.
COFFEE—1s. 1d. to 1s. 3d.
TEA—Congou and Souchong, ordinary broken leaf, 1s. 7d. to 1s. 9d.; fair to good, 2s. to 2s. 6d.
LEATHER—American and Canadian 7d. to 8d.
TOBACCO—Canadian, 1s. 7d. to 1s. 8d.; American 1s. 5d. to 1s. 6d.; Nova Scotian, 1s. 5d. to 1s. 6d.
CORDAGE—per cwt. 65s.
SALT—per hhd. Foreign, Liverpool, 7s. 6d. Kerosene Oil—New York manufacture 1s. 9d.; Boston 1s. 9d.
COAL—per ton, North Sydney 30s.

172 WATER STREET, 172
JAMES FALLON,
TIN, COPPER & SHEET
IRON WORKER,

BEGET 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.

JOBGING
Done at the Cheapest possible
Terms.
Dec 13.

NOTICES.

JAMES HOWARD COLLIS

Dealer and Importer of

ENGLISH & AMERICAN

HARDWARE,

Picture Moulding, Glass
Looking Glass, Pictures
Glassware, &c., &c.

TROUTING GEAR,

In great variety and best quality, WHOLE
SALE and RETAIL.

221 WATER STREET,

St. John's,

Newfoundland.

One door East of P. HUTCHES, Esq.

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

FOR SALE.

RESERVES & GROCERIES!

Just Received and For Sale by
the Subscriber—

Fresh Cove OYSTERS

Spiced do.

APPLE

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.

HARBOR GRACE

BOOK & STATIONERY DEPOT,

E. W. LYON, Proprietor.

Importer of British and American

NEWSPAPERS

—AND—

PERIODICALS.

Constantly on hand, a varied selection of

School and Account Books

Prayer and Hymn Books for different de-

nominations

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, Manu-

facturing Jeweler.

A large selection of

CLOCKS, WATCHES

MEERSCHAUM PIPES,

PLATED WARE, and

JEWELRY of every description & style

May 14.

GEORGE BOWDEN,

Repairer of Umbrellas and

Parasols,

No. 1, LION SQUARE,

ST. JOHN'S, N. F.

THE SUBSCRIBER, in tendering

thanks to his friends for the liberal

patronage hitherto extended to him, begs

to state that he may still be found at

his residence, No. 1, Lion Square,

where he is prepared to execute all

work in the above line at the shortest

notice, and at moderate rates.

All work positively finished by the

time promised.

Outport orders punctually at-

tended to.

St. John's, Jan. 4.

HARBOR GRACE

MEDICAL HALL,

W. H. THOMPSON,

Proprietor,

Has always on hand a carefully

selected Stock of

DRUGS, MEDICINES,

DRY PAINTS,

Oils, &c., &c.,

And nearly every article in

his line that is recommend-

able:

Gallup's Florine for the Teeth and Breath

Keating's Worm Tablets

Cough Lozenges

Rowland's Odonto

Oxley's Essence of Ginger

Lampough's Pyretic Salin

Powel's Balsam Aniseed

Medicamentum (stamped)

British Oil, Balsam of Life, Chlorodyne,

Mexican Mustang Liniment

Steer's Apodidoc

Radway's Ready Relief, Arnold's Balsam

Murray's Fluid Magnesia

Acidulated Syrup

S. A. Allen's Hair Restorer

Rosier's " "

Ayer's Hair Vigor

" Sarsaparilla

" Cherry Pectoral

Pickles, French Capers, Sauces

Soothing Syrup, Kaye's Coaguine

India Rubber Sponge, Teething

Sponge, Tooth Cloths

Nail, Shoe and Stove Brushes

Widow Walsh's Pills

Cockle's " Radway's "

Holloway's " Ayer's "

Norton's " Parsons' "

Hunt's " Jaynes' "

Holloway's Ointment

Adams' Indian Salve, Russia Salve

Morehead's Plaster, Corn Plaster

Mather's Feeding Bottles

Bond's Marking Ink, Corn Flour

French 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

Rowl & Co.'s Rat Paste

Brown's Bronchial Troches

Woodill's Worm Lozenges

" Baking Powder

McLean's Vermifuge

Lear's India Rubber Varnish

Copal Varnish,

Kerosene Oil, Lamps, Chimnies, Wicks,

Burners, &c., &c.

Cod Liver Oil,

Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophos-

phites

Extract of Logwood, in 1 lb. boxes

Cudbear, Worm Tea, Toilet Soaps

Best Perfumeries, Pomades and Hair

Oils

Pain Killer

Henry's Calcined Magnesia

Enema Instruments, Gold Beater's Skin

Fumigating Pastiles, Esd'itz Powders

Furniture Polish, Plate Polish

Flavouring Essences, Spices, &c., &c.

Robinson's Patent Barley

" Groats

All the above proprietary articles

bear the Government Stamp, without

which none are genuine.

Outport Orders will receive careful and

prompt attention.

May 14 tff

LeMessurier & Knight,

COMMISSION AGENTS.

Particular attention given to

the Sale and Purchase of

DRY & PICKLED

FISH

FLOUR, PROVISIONS,

WEST INDIA PRODUCE

—AND—

DRY GOODS.

Consignments solicited.

St. John's, May 7, 1873. tff

BLANK FORMS

Executed with NEATNESS

and DESPATCH at the Office

of this paper.

POETRY.

Don't be a Lobster.

A lobster, thrown up by the wave,
And stranded high and dry,
No effort makes his life to save,
But grimly still accepts his grave,
Contented there to die.

Foolish crustacea! One brave push,
A scramble and a leap,
And he might feel the waters gush,
And round again with pleasure rush
'Mid ocean's caverns deep.

So on the story tide of life
Sometimes a hidden rock
Strands us so badly, all our care,
All our attempts to do or dare,
Misfortune seems to mock.

Yet, though dark clouds obscure the

light,

They can not quench the sun.

Struggle to rise and join the fight—

Your motto be, "God and my right!"

The day may yet be won.

If tempest tossed, don't cry, "Alack!"

And wall at Fortune's rigor;

The man who energy doth lack

Should have a shell upon his back,

And quit the human figure.

What though life's plans are all undone,

Don't fill a lobster's grave!

Scramble and scratch, then rise and run,

My life against a penny bun,

You'll yet ride Fortune's wave.

Then fare you well! Accept my song,

And wish it kindest wishes:

If old, be wise; if young, be strong;

And be amid life's rushing throng

A whale among the fishes!

The Inebriate's Wife.

Seek not to comfort me! 'twere better far

Thus to be hopeless quite, nor dream that

he

Can ever staff, or hope, or comfort be.

No guiding star

Sheds now one beam upon my life's dark

sea.

'Tis cruelty to raise my hopes in vain,

Now, while my heart is numbed by the

sharp blow.

Better to die, nor further suffering know,

Than rise again,

Again to fall still deeper into woe.

How bright, alas! appeared life's morning

sail!

Hope at the helm, and rosy Love were

there,

Pointing, with smiles, to future scenes

more fair.

Th' impending gale

Came like a simoom, and my bark was

bare.

The maniac fiend, Intemperance, at the

helm

Now steers my course, 'mid rocks of grief

and care,

Toward the dark gulf of anguish and

despair,

Soon to o'erwhelm

The poor, lost bark, whose promise seem-

ed so fair.

My wounded heart now cries, "Let me

alone!"

Vain are the words of comfort you have

spoken—

No bow of promise gives my heart a token.

I can but moan,

"Let me alone!" At last my heart is

broken.

WIT AND HUMOR.

You may always recognize a champagne

maker by his fizz.

FORTUNE may favor fools, but that's a

poor reason why you should make a fool

of yourself.

PAWN BROKERS and drunkards are always

You are tired, Kate, Georgina said. I will see Ryan, and then we will go. The chaplain led the way to a cell, and said:

As Kate is with you, George, I will leave you a few moments, I must see Jones.

The murderer! Kate whispered, with white lips.

Yes. But a few days more are left before he must pay the penalty of his crime. John!

A pleasant-faced warden answered the call. Will you stay with the ladies till I return.

Certainly, sir. They will go in now to Ryan. Yes sir. Ryan goes out at noon. He was dressed an hour ago.

Although Kate felt as if heart and brain were already weary of the sight of sinful faces, she looked with interest at the man she had heard described by her cousin. He was sitting upon his iron bedstead, whittling a piece of stick; but he rose as the visitors entered, and spoke to Mrs. Trayten.

Good morning, ma'am. In his showy vulgar dress, round head, coarse features, bull neck, and low forehead, the print of sin was visible every where; low, coarse, debasing sin. Kate looked in vain for any sign of the heroic criminal, the romantic sinner of fiction. There was no trace of it here. But as she looked earnestly in the man's face, she suddenly turned his head and fixed his eyes upon her. As he did so, a pallor crept slowly over his hard face, his lips quivered, and his eyes softened.

Who are you? he said, abruptly. I am Mr. Trayten's cousin, she answered, very gently.

You—you are very like— he stammered, and then stopped, his voice choking.

In a moment the girl's kind heart was touched. She came beside the man who had resumed his former seat, and spoke in a low, sweet voice.

I resemble some friend, some relative, perhaps she asked.

And you are not ashamed of it? he said, in a voice of mingled astonishment and defiance. A dainty lady like you look like anything belonging to me? Likely story, that! Ah, Maggie, Maggie? She is in her coffin now, miss, so it is an angel you are like, after all.

Your wife? Do you care to know? he questioned.

Yes. You know what I am, he said, with a short, hard laugh, and I s'pose it's hard to think I ever cared for anybody. She was a little slight thing, only fourteen. Her mother died, and the child was sick in the room next mine—a poor place, miss enough. I nursed her, got her a doctor, food, medicine—never mind how. She got well and lived four years. I was her father then, for want of a better. Well, she died, and all the good there ever was in me was buried with her.

I hope not, Kate answered. It is not well to bury what is good. She was good. I buried her.

Not her soul. Only the poor body that suffered. Was she always sickly?

Yes. Consumptive. Well, she's dead and there's an end of it.

Oh, no, said Kate, earnestly. It is the beginning of heavenly life for her. She's waiting for you there.

I'm a likely bird for heaven. Its too late for that, Miss.

It is never too late. Twelve o'clock! cried the man as the sound of a bell broke upon the air. I'm off, good by ladies.

And giving time for no further word, the man strode into the corridor. A moment later Mr. Trayten joined his wife, and the party left the prison.

A week passed away, and Kate had not revisited the prison. Apparently she had said no words to produce good results, left no impression upon any mind. She was young and impulsive, unfitted by nature for the gentle patience which her cousin accomplished so much. She had hoped for some word from Ryan some proof of sudden repentance, but it had not come, and she thought the transient softening, produced by her real or fancied resemblance to his adopted child was over when the bell proclaimed the hour of his release from prison.

In a low, poor room, with surroundings of the meanest, most poverty-stricken description, the man Ryan was seated one week after his release from prison. The hard face was as repulsive as ever, the coarse clothes as vulgar. But something about the man was changed. It was hard to say in what particular he was altered, but the alteration was certainly there.

Never too late! he muttered, leaning his head upon his hand; that was what she said. Never too late! Now, if she had spent thirty years, as I have, and more'n half of it in jail, I wonder what she'd say? just a week I've spent trying to be honest! Humph! A pretty fist I've made at it. Honest! I wonder, now, if Maggie is waiting for me. That's all the good there is in your whole life, Jim Ryan, them four years you kept that gal away from the almshouse, or worse. Wonder if it'll be reckoned against the bad job. Hark! Fire! Nine strokes! That's up among the big houses, Jewery, watches and such! I'll go!

Rushing hastily through the streets, the man Ryan found himself soon in the midst of an excited crowd who were watching the efforts of the firemen to save a row of handsome houses, rapidly burning in the lower stories. The roofs at the end of the row were on fire, but several houses beyond were, as yet, only burning in the lower part. One of these, a very handsome residence, attracted the man's attention at once.

Plenty of time there, he thought, to crawl along the roof, get into the upper rooms, and save the valuables. I'll try it! He ran as he spoke, in a half whisper,

down the side street, and gained the rear of the buildings. Like a cat he climbed by balcony shutters and window-sills, till he was on the level of the third floor. One blow of his strong arm dashed in a window, and he sprang into a large room, so full of smoke, that the rush of it nearly smothered him. For a moment he staggered back.

It was evident that the burglary he had contemplated was a far more dangerous task than he had supposed.

The sudden entrance of air through a broken window was clearing the smoky atmosphere, and drawing the flame upward. Upon the floor near him were scattered articles of value, jewels money, and a heavy gold watch, and he hastily stooped to collect them, only then seeing a little distance away, on the other side of a table, a woman lying face downward, upon the floor. She had evidently been preparing to fly with what articles of value she could save, and had been overcome by the dense smoke.

Ryan hesitated a moment, then turned the senseless figure towards him. A bitter oath escaped him.

It is Mrs. Trayten's cousin that looks like Maggie. She is not dead! I'll save her! I'll save her! It is never too late.

Flinging open the door he ran to the front of the house, and shouted for a ladder. It seemed a madness to try to escape. Alone, the road by which he came was still open to him, but burdened with the woman's weight, it was simply impossible to descend as he had ascended.

Seeing that efforts were being made to raise the long ladders to the front windows, he shouted again to take them to the back of the house, but was unheard in the tumult. There was no moment to be lost, and he again sought the room where Kate still lay insensible.

As he reappeared at the window, with the girl's figure in his arms, a shout rose from below, and the efforts to steady the ladders were redoubled. One was at last raised, and he caught the bars, and commenced the perilous descent. In spite of the streams of water thrown upon the ladder, it was on fire in several places, before the slow descent was half accomplished. The crowd were quiet now, hardly breathing as they watched these two coming towards the gulf of the flame below. They were saturated with water, and their clothing had more than once caught the flames, when, with a crash, the base of the ladder gave way and they were hurled to the ground. Men rushed in then, regardless of their own frightful risk, and lifted them up out of further danger.

Three hours later, Mr. and Mrs. Trayten, returning from a day spent in the country, arrived at the house where Kate and Ryan had been taken for refuge. The young girl unhurt, and entirely recovered from the long suffocated swoon, dressed in a borrowed dress of some white material, came to the door to meet them. She was deadly pale, excepting where tears had reddened her eyes, and trembled violently.

We know all, dear Mrs. Trayten said. Thank God, you are safe. Where is the man who rescued you.

In the next room. Oh, Georgia it is Ryan; and he is dying.

Dying!

He struck his head in falling, and the doctor says he breathed the flame. James come in he has asked for both of you.

Upon a white bed, with the rough face pallid and drawn, the man waited for death. As the door opened, he looked eagerly toward it, and over his white lips a smile hovered, as Kate came to his side.

Mr. Trayten spoke to him, and Georgia kissed the rough hand on the coverlet, her tears falling too fast to allow a word to come to her lips.

Don't, ma'am, he said, in a faint, broken voice. I'm thankful you're not crying for her? and the dying eyes sought Kate's face again. Parson, if you'll say a prayer now, I'll try to hear it.

Mr. Trayten knelt down, and Georgina also bent by the deathbed; but Kate's hands were taken in those that had saved her life, and she did not attempt to release them. The prayer was not long, but it was frequent and heartfelt, and Ryan perhaps for the first time in his life, whispered, Amen. All his thought was evidently for Kate. As Mr. Trayten rose and came near him, he whispered, Thank you, parson, and then looked again at Kate.

Never too late, you said? he whispered.

Never too late. God's mercy is infinite, the girl said, in her low, sweet voice. Think of Jesus who died for us. And you, she sobbed, have died for me.

A smile came again on the white lips. A bad life is better lost than a good one. I wonder if Maggie is waiting for me—if God will think this any atonement?

God only asks for penitence, answered Mr. Trayten.

Yes, parson! Well, it is easy to be sorry, when it's all over.

There was a long silence. The doctor stole in softly, and shook his head as he heard the labored breathing. The group around the bed spoke but little, in subdued tones, and Kate, bending low, kept her soft hands on the brow or in the clasp of the dying man, whose rapidly glazing eyes were fixed ever upon her face.

Suddenly the worn, pale face lighted up with a perfect radiance, an inarticulate cry escaped from the white lips, and in a moment all was over.

Oh, Cousin James, what did he see or hear? Kate cried, as the doctor drew the sheet over the dead face.

We can never know, was the answer. But we may believe this last act of his life canceled the dark past, and God forgave the long career of sin.

They put him to rest in a lovely spot in the cemetery, and after a long search found Maggie's grave, and placed her beside him.

Few days pass when there are not flowers upon these graves, for the entire town feels, with Kate, that they must honor the

grave of the man who gave his life to save that of a woman who must have died had he deserted her.



HARBOR GRACE, JULY 11, 1873.

By advices from Bonavista we learn that the codfishery at that place is remarkably good at this early date. Our correspondent says:—

"The catch of codfish at this place, up to date (July 4), has been very fair, our fishermen having thus early secured twice the quantity landed at this time last year. Considerable activity and bustle is the consequence, and the weather being very fine for curing, advantage is taken thereof; no idleness is manifest.

"About Catalina the take is very partial, while from Greenspond north, the fishery is almost a blank. The salmon fishery from Bonavista northward has been all but a total failure.

"It would be hard to INDICATE a more delightful little town than Bonavista, at this interesting season. Fine fertile lands, remarkably level, and bedecked in nature's lovely hues; in fact a spot the like of which for natural scenery cannot be excelled in this island.

"The fishery still continues fair, but gradually diminishing—boats are taking from one to four quintals daily. Bait plentiful."

CRICKET.

Harbor Grace vs. the "Great Eastern."

We understand that a Cricket match has been arranged between an eleven of Harbor Grace and the same number of officers of the "Great Eastern," to be played at Alexandra Park, on Tuesday next. Doubtless, the occasion will be one of great interest to the friends of the "willow," and we hope our cricketers will show a bold and determined front. An entertainment, consisting of music, dancing, &c., will be given in the evening.

The steamer "Lizzie" left for St. John's early this morning, with a deputation from the Harbor Grace Total Abstinence and Benefit Society. We understand that the object of the visit is to comply with an invitation to take part in the ceremony of laying the corner stone of the hall about to be erected by the Total Abstinence Society of the metropolis.

On Wednesday evening last, the members of the Wesleyan Methodist Church assembled at the British Hall for the purpose of tendering to Mr. George Howell—who will shortly take his departure for the Dominion of Canada—the assurance of their affectionate regards, and expressing the deep regret they feel in anticipation of the severing of those bonds of friendship and esteem which so closely united him to every member of the Wesleyan Church. Mr. Howell has, during his long residence in this town, endeared himself, not only to his co-religionists, but to all classes in the community. His gentle, unassuming manner, and cheerful, happy disposition will not soon be forgotten; and although a protracted absence from his native land may prevent us from again enjoying the pleasure of his society, yet we would sincerely assure him that the pleasing associations of the past will be "locked in memory's treasure, and he himself shall keep the key!" We tender to Mr. Howell our best wishes, and trust that fortune may smile upon him, and health, happiness and prosperity attend his course through life, and deck the serrated brow of death with a halo of everlasting happiness.

The subjoined address was presented on the occasion:—

TO MR. GEORGE HOWELL.—

DEAR SIR,—On the eve of your departure from amongst us, to seek in the Dominion of Canada a position more in accordance with the requirements of your rising family than you can obtain in this, your native land, the Wesleyan Methodist Church and Congregation of Harbor Grace, with whom you have been united so many years, would wish to convey to you the assurance of their affectionate regards—their regret at the severing of those ties which have so happily existed, and for so long a period—and their best wishes for the prosperity, both spiritual and temporal, of yourself and of your large and interesting family.

That you will be missed, must necessarily result from the prominent part which you have taken at all times in the affairs of our Church—ever endeavoring, by precept and example, to promote its influence and increase its prosperity—either as Trustee, Sunday School Teacher, Organist, or Leader of the Singing at public worship. A vacancy will occur and must be felt, for it will be long ere the cheerful countenance and ever ready voice will be forgotten.

It is to be regretted that so many of the congregation are absent at Labrador, a large portion of whom would, no doubt, if present, unite with those who have

contributed to, and increase, the amount which is now presented, to enable you to purchase something as a memento of your association with us, or devote to other purposes, as you may see fit. And whilst its acceptance is requested, we regret the amount at our disposal is not more commensurate with the object.

We wish you well—shall always rejoice to hear of your prosperity—and commending to the care of an all-wise Providence your beloved partner, yourself and your children.

Remain yours, With affectionate regards, For the Wesleyan Church and Congregation,

JOHN BEMISTER, Circuit Steward. Harbor Grace, Nfld., July 9, 1873.

REPLY:

DEAR SIR,—

Allow me, through you, to convey to the Wesleyan Church and Congregation of Harbor Grace, my sincere and heartfelt thanks for the present they have so kindly tendered me, accompanied by such a flattering address.

I beg to assure you that I will ever remember with pleasure the many kind friends I am leaving in Harbor Grace, and that this evening will always be looked back to by me as one of the most pleasant of my life.

Accept my thanks for the kind wishes you have expressed for the welfare of myself and family. Trusting that Providence will always have you and us under his guidance and care,

I am, Dear Sir, Yours, sincerely, GEORGE HOWELL.

JOHN BEMISTER, Esq., Circuit Steward.

SOCIAL ITEMS.

We gladly give insertion to a copy of the resolutions passed at the annual general meeting of the Newfoundland Church Society, held in the Cathedral Sunday School room on Monday evening last. The meeting was a most successful and hearty one—more so, we think, than any previous meeting, the proceedings of which it has been our privilege to notice. The attendance of so many of the Clergy, then present in such unprecedentedly large numbers, at the Visitation of the Lord Bishop of the Diocese, and the first session of the Diocesan Synod of Newfoundland (as noticed by us on Wednesday), created great interest, and their very instructive speeches were listened to with much satisfaction.

The account given by the Coadjutor Bishop of Newfoundland, of his reception in the various places he visited in England, during his late advocacy there of the Bishopric Endowment Fund, was specially interesting, and received with frequent demonstrations of gratification and pleasure.

The Lord Bishop presided in his usually kind and hearty manner, in the absence of the Governor, who, it was regretted, was unavoidably prevented from attending.

The whole proceedings were terminated by singing the doxology and by the blessing given by the Bishop.

Moved by Rev. G. S. Chamberlain, seconded by Rev. W. B. Kirby:—

That the Report now read be adopted and printed with the Treasurer's accounts.

Moved by Rev. Edward Colley, seconded by Mr. Camp:—

That devout thanks be humbly offered to Almighty God for the many tokens of his favour vouchsafed during the past year.

Moved by Rev. G. M. Noel, seconded by Mr. P. Emerson:—

That this meeting hail with the greatest satisfaction the establishment of a Synod for the Diocese of Newfoundland, assured that the deliberations of the Synod will ever be directed to promote the well-being and advancement of the Church in this Colony.

Moved by the Hon. Judge Robinson seconded by Rev. W. Smith, and supported by Rev. F. K. Murray:—

That the thanks of this meeting, on behalf of the members of the Church in this Diocese, be heartily given to the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop Coadjutor, for his strenuous and successful exertions to procure aid in England towards the completion of the fund necessary for the endowment of the Bishopric, and to the friends in England who have shewn their sympathy by their liberal contributions.

Moved by Rev. R. T. Dobbie, seconded by Rev. John Lockwood:—

That the thanks of this meeting are due, and hereby respectfully offered, to the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of the Diocese, as President of this Society; also to the Officers and Committee for their services during the past year;—that W. H. Mare, Esq., be appointed Treasurer, and the Rev. George M. Johnson, Secretary, for the ensuing year; and that E. L. Jarvis, P. Hutchins, and G. T. Rendell, Esqrs., be appointed to discharge the duties required by the 37th standing rule.

Moved by Mr. Whiteway, seconded by Rev. R. M. Johnson, and supported by Rev. George Hutchins:—

That the thanks of this meeting be cordially given to the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop for his kindness in presiding on this occasion.

The following resolution, proposed by the Coadjutor Bishop, was also put towards the close of the evening, and carried by acclamation:—

That this meeting records its hearty welcome to the Rev. F. R. Murray, Joseph Curling, Esq., and the rest of the gentlemen who have accompanied them to Newfoundland, for the work of the Church in this Diocese.—Times.



Latest Despatches.

LONDON, July 4.—The Fourth of July was celebrated by a banquet at Wallis's Rooms. Similar observances occurred in all the chief continental cities.

NEW YORK, 5.—Two cases of Asiatic cholera are reported here. The Board of Health declares they are not real; but eminent physicians say the contrary; and that the Board are endeavoring to conceal their true nature.

Walworth has been sentenced to the States Prison for life.

Two ladies, two gentlemen, and a boy were swept in a boat over Niagara Falls.

OTTAWA, 5.—The Allan Pacific correspondence published, exposes a shameful conspiracy. Immense excitement prevails. Indignation meetings were held in the public squares, and resolutions passed condemnatory of the government, &c.

LONDON, 6.—More earthquakes at Italy; no damage is reported. Ministerial crisis continues.

The Shah arrived at Paris, and was cordially received.

The Spanish government adopted determined measures to crush the Carlists. Vienna visitors are increasing.

A True Bill has been found against the Bank of England forgers, to be tried in August at the Old Bailey.

NEW YORK, 7.—Three shocks of earthquake were felt at Buffalo yesterday.

The loss by tornadoes and rains in Ohio exceeded eight million dollars.

In Montreal at a meeting of the directors of the Pacific Railway, terms proposed by Sir Hugh Allan to construct a road, were finally accepted.

Gold 115.

LOCKPORT, N. S., 7.—The steamer "City of Washington" from Liverpool to Nova Scotia, with 400 passengers, struck 10 miles east of this place at 2 p.m., on Saturday. All saved; the ship will be a total loss. Dense fog prevailed all the passage, preventing a single observation.

NEWS ITEMS.

William Petherick, aged 89, a veteran of Trafalgar, is now residing in Monkwearmouth.

An elderly lady, residing in Buffalo recently had the remains of her husband who died some twenty five years ago, disinterred, and caused the pieces of the coffin to be collected and had the bones thoroughly washed. They were then placed in a new coffin and reburied in a new cemetery.

The temperance Reform movement in the New York State Legislature is dead, killed by its pretended friends. Had they been content with a reasonable law separating ale and beer from spirituous liquors, the Governor would have signed it, and a real reform would have been effected. They choose another course and carried through the Legislature a bill so extreme that a favorably disposed Governor had to veto it.

The Merrimac Journal tells the following fish story: "A thing we never saw come to our notice in the Merrimac lately—a clam swimming on the surface of the water. It would have made Agassiz laugh. Its head was used as a propeller and also as a rudder, while it extended from the other end feelers that were used as paddles.—Perhaps it is common for clams so to swim, but this was the first demonstration of a clam's agility we ever witnessed."

A newspaper of Iowa gives rather a discouraging account of what farmers in those diggings are doing or rather not doing. Here are the prices current: A pair of winter boots cost two loads of potatoes; a night's lodging, a load of oats; the wife wears five acres of wheat; the children each ten acres of corn; the price of an overcoat is a good four-year old steer; of a Sunday suit, twenty fat hogs.

Among the passengers by the Baltic which has lately arrived at Liverpool was Mr. George Francis Train. He was committed to the State Asylum for the insane at Utica by Judge Davis on May 24, the jury before whom he was arraigned on a charge of publishing obscene literature having, by direction of the judge, acquitted him of that charge on the ground that he was insane. A few days afterwards, however, a sheriff's jury was empanelled, which found that Mr. Train was sane, and could be safely discharged from the lunatic asylum. He was liberated, and took steamer immediately for Europe.

The shoes by the Nova unaccompanied Amos cabin stater the d will be passed ed to dange contin sent York Ca know the L ness a phen he wa rence which island sudd Oswe the ge appea would media hous other Sacke It wa displa tes an Such seen A ing b On th John Gaze rector chequ Lond obtai turni second tion v thori place he pr belon Comi sion amon was l tered spirit and tain o he wa searc ed hi don v absoe bridg prisoo before His las bo J. P., testat in the cease memb Blang Samu liam l missio Twilli Secu ette, On fu painfu resigu below 38 ye July 8 oil— July 4 fax- Halcy & C Little 7—Be J & Nethe Co. Atton Anle Wood July 4 erp 5—Me ter. Charlo Son. Hecto & C 1—An Bro 3—Pe Son

There has thus far been washed ashore and otherwise recovered, chiefly by submarine divers, from the wreck of the steamer "Atlantic" at Prospect, Nova Scotia, 428 bodies, leaving 118 unaccounted for. There were 546 persons who perished from the disaster. Among the missing are still a number of cabin passengers. Although all the staterooms have not been examined by the divers, it is not thought any bodies will be found in them, as all the cabin passengers are believed to have ascended to the deck when warned of the danger. The recovery of cargo still continues, and the reclaimed goods are sent to Halifax, and thence to New York.

Captain Estes, a gentleman well known for many years in command of the Lake Ontario steamers, was the witness a few nights since of a wonderful phenomenon on Lake Ontario. While he was on his way from the St. Lawrence up the lake on the steam tug of which he is master, and when near the islands known as the False Ducks, there suddenly appeared into view the city of Oswego—thirty one miles distant—with the gas light in the streets and all the appearances that a town lighted up would present from a hill in the immediate vicinity at night. The lighthouse at Oswego as well as a dozen others on the lake shore below as far as Sacket's Harbour, were distinctly seen. It was a sort of night mirage. The display was witnessed for several minutes and then slowly faded into darkness. Such wonderful spectacles are rarely seen either on land or water.

A clever apprehension of an absconding servant has been made in Liverpool. On the 9th ult., a messenger named John Smith, in the employ of Messrs. Gaze & Son, the well-known tourist directors, of London, was sent with a cheque for £50 to obtain cash at the London and Westminster Bank. He obtained the money, but instead of returning with it to his employers he absconded. The police at Bow-street station were informed of the robbery, and they communicated with the police authorities in Liverpool. The matter was placed in the hands of that indefatigable detective officer, Mr. Thornthwaite, and he proceeded on board the steamer Spain belonging to the National Steamship Company, and at once, from the description he had received, recognised Smith amongst the passengers when the ship was being cleared. The detective entered into conversation in a friendly spirit with the unsuspecting young man and the answers which he gave to certain questions confirmed his belief that he was the person of whom he was in search, and he immediately apprehended him. The police authorities in London were informed of the capture of the absconding messenger, and Mr. Partridge came from London and took the prisoner back with him for examination before a magistrate.

By Authority.
His Excellency the Governor in Council has been pleased to appoint John Millen, J. P., Esq., to be a member of the Protestant Board of Education at Catalina, in the room of the late Robert Tilley, deceased; Mr. Charles Hatcher, to be a member of the Road Board for Rose Blanche and Harbor La Cou; and Messrs. Samuel Penny, William Collins, and William Perry, to be a Board of Road Commissioners for Indian Islands, District of Twillingate and Fogo.
Secretary's Office, July 8, 1873.—Gazette.

DIED.
On Monday, 7th inst., after a long and painful illness, borne with christian resignation to the divine will, Charlotte, beloved wife of Capt. James Parsons, aged 38 years.

SHIP NEWS.
PORT OF HARBOR GRACE.

CLEARED.
July 8.—Creole, Stapleton, Bristol, fish & oil—W. J. S. Donnelly.

PORT OF ST. JOHN'S.
ENTERED.
July 4.—Peruvian, (s.s.) Richardson, Halifax—A Shea.
Haleyon, Dunhom, New York—Harvey & Co.
Little Dorrit, Shears, Oporto—E Duder.
7.—Bertha Ellen, McDonald, Antigonish—J & W Pitts.
Netherton, Brian, Barbadoes—Job Bros & Co.
Aurora, Parker, Cow Bay—H J Stabb.
Annie Becca, Smith, New Carlisle—Cliff Wood & Co.

CLEARED.
July 4.—Peruvian, (s.s.) Richardson, Liverpool—A Shea.
5.—Meteor, Nickerson, Sydney—the master.
Charlotte, Palfrey, Sydney—S March & Son.
Hector (s.s.) Bartlett, Greenland—Harvey & Co.
1.—Ann Wheaton, Britain—Bowring Brothers.
3.—Peelless, West Indies—N Stabb & Sons.

MEMORANDA.
Capt. French of the Brigantine *Ariel*, reports having fallen in with the American whaling Brigantine *Isabella*, Captain Kerney, from New London, bound to Cumberland Inlet, Greenland, July 2nd, in lat. 44 deg. 53 min. N., long. 55 deg. 36 min. W., wished to be reported all well.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.
COMING! COMING! COMING!
AN ENTERTAINMENT FULLY
"UP TO THE TIMES."
One Night Only!
Continued & Unequivocal Success OF THE
HAYWARDS' GREAT COMIC AND MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.
Look out for Lots of Fun and Good Singing. Full particulars in large and small bills.

COMMERCIAL BANK OF NEWFOUNDLAND.
THE Annual General Meeting of the Proprietors of this Company will be held on SATURDAY, the 12th day of JULY instant, at 12 o'clock, noon, at the Banking House, in Duckworth Street, in accordance with the Act of Incorporation.
(By Order of the Board.)
R. BROWN, Manager.
St. John's, July 2, 1873. 43i.

Very Important Notice!

The Wonder of the World!

GOOD NEWS FOR ALL!!

Prof. HERMAN'S
WORLD RENOWNED
VERMIN DESTROYER!

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

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

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

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

**DIRECTIONS FOR USE ON EACH
PACKET.**

MANUFACTORY:
Gravel Lane, Houndsditch,
CITY OF LONDON, ENGLAND.

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

OUTPORT AGENTS:
Messrs. Squires & Noble, Harbor Grace.
" Jillard Brothers, "
Mr. W. H. Thompson, "
" Michael Jones, "
Messrs. Duff & Balmer, Carbonear.
" G. & J. Smith, Brigus.
Mr. P. Nowlan, "
" G. C. Jerritt, "
" Robert Simpson, Bay Roberts,
" Moses Goss, Spaniards Bay.
Wholesale Agents for the Island
of Newfoundland

Messrs. W. & G. RENDELL,
St. John's
Who will supply all Outport Agents who
may be appointed by the English Re-
presentative, as only Agents so appoint-
ed can be supplied.
May 23. 1y.

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

NOTICES.
METROPOLITAN LIFE Insurance Company, OF NEW YORK.

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

DEPOSIT AT OTTAWA
For Canadian Policy Holders
only.
HON. L. A. WILMOT, D. C. I.,
Lieut.-Governor of *ew Brunswick*,
Director at the Board for Canada

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

W. H. THOMPSON,
Harbor Grace,
General Agent for
NEWFOUNDLAND.
April 1. tff.

SAILMAKING!
The Subscriber

BEGS respectfully to acquaint the Ship-owners and public of Harbor Grace and the outports that he has taken the Workshop lately occupied by Mr. Robert Morris, No. 10 Victoria Street, where he is prepared to perform all work in the above line in a satisfactory manner, and hopes by strict attention to merit a fair share of public patronage.
GEORGE CARSON.
May 23. tff.

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. tff.

Bazaar!

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

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

St. PAUL'S CHURCH
IN THIS TOWN.

The sum of £2,300 has been expended in completing the enlargement of the original Building. The balance remaining unpaid at this date is about £300. Our friends in St. John's kindly contributed £100, and the rest, amounting to £1,900, has been raised by the unaided efforts of the Congregation. Contributions in Money, in Useful and Fancy Articles, or in Materials for making up, will be thankfully received by

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

March 23, 1873.
BLANK FORMS
Executed with NEATNESS and DESPATCH at the Office of this paper.

FOR SALE.
Just Received
A SUPPLY OF THE

'Favorite'
SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINES,



Manufactured by the Kendall Manufacturing Co., Montreal.

CHEAPEST AND BEST.

THE "FAVORITE"
SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINES
Are a wonderful achievement of inventive Genius and Mechanical Skill.

For Simplicity, Durability and Beauty they stand Unrivalled.

Stitch Alike on Both Sides.

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

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

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

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

Each Machine is furnished with a Hemmer, Gatherer, Braider, Self-Sewer, Quilter, 6 Needles, 4 Bobbins, Oiler, Screw Driver, Gauge and Screw, Directions and Spools ready for use.

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

THE ADVANTAGES OF THE

FAVORITE Shuttle Sewing Machines

OVER ALL OTHERS.

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

—ALSO—
No. 2 SINGER
MANUFACTURING MACHINES,
New Improved Pattern,
F. W. BOWDEN, St. John's,
Agent for Newfoundland.
ALEX. A. PARSONS,
Sub-Agent, Harbor Grace.

NOTICE.
UNION BANK OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

THE Directors hereby give notice that a dividend on the Capital Stock of the Company, at the rate of twelve per cent. per annum, for the half year ending 31st May, 1873, will be payable at the Banking House, in Duckworth Street, on an after TUESDAY next, the 10th instant.
(By order of the Board.)
J. W. SMITH, Manager.
St. John's, June 11. 3it.

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 be ordered 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. 1yt

W. H. THOMPSON,
AGENT FOR

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

JUST RECEIVED
A FIRST SUPPLY OF
ADAMS'

INDIAN SALVE.
W. H. THOMPSON.

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

G. I. 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. }

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. tff

W. H. THOMPSON,

AGENT FOR

Fellows' Compound Syrup

OR
HYPOPHOSPHITES!

Little Stitches.

Oh, thoughts that go in with the stitches
That woman so quietly take,
While castles are built with the needle,
And bubbles are rounded to break!

You see, in your kerchief hem, Freshman
A dotted line fairy and fine;
But see you the prayers, low and tender,
Pricked in with the lengthening line?

Betrothed! as you bend o'er the trosses
Absorbed in your rose tinted dream,
Speak low, as you ensure the seamstress
For waver and knot in the seam.

In 'brodery dainty and foreign,
That falls at your wrist, can you see
How trembled the hand of the novice,
In spite of the vigil-taught knee?

r throbs of a woman heart smothered,
And cries that no penance can still,
e lifting the wreath and the roses,
Are echoed from girdle and frill,

A terrible, blood-reddened ladder
Of loops hung on poverty's hands,
p which goes the foot of oppression,
To gather gold out of its strands!

Waits yonder no echoing thunder,
No lightnings to smite from the cloud,
When falling tears rust the swift needle,
And thread ties the neck of a shroud?

Ah, beautiful stitches so tiny,
Where brooding love waits in the nest,
In shadow of motherhood coming,
Half fearful, yet consciously blest!

What happy hopes lie in the gathers,
Or lurk in the robe soft and fine?
What buds underneath the leaves silky,
What day-dreams run on with the vine?

No tale can you tell, little stitches,
Such tales as you might, if you could
From the founes that cover a ball dress,
To seams in a holy monk's hood!

ELECTOR.

Lost and Found.

Chapter I.

EIGHTH! What's a person to do under such circumstances? No way of extricating myself from this predicament unless I take an overdose of laudanum. O hang myself, or, perhaps—I never thought of that—she is as much opposed to the marriage as I. I'll go and see the old maid anyhow, and thus learn my fate.

At this happy thought Paul Smith's face lighted up, and he brought his hand down on the desk by way of emphasis.

I'll do it, he continued. My curiosity is fully aroused. I really want to see the old girl, and, besides, I can see Ellen Bertram.

Paul Smith was verging well on his thirtieth year.

In form he was above medium height firmly built, denoting great physical strength.

He possessed an ordinary face and a finally formed head showing superior mental ability.

He had lived with his uncle Jacob Smith, since he was a boy, his parents having died when he was quite young.

Paul, being naturally a lover of books, had every opportunity of satisfying his thirst for knowledge that he could desire.

His uncle was a rich old bachelor, who cared for no one but his nephew, and for nothing but accumulating wealth.

At the age of sixteen, Paul was sent to college, where he concentrated his every faculty on the acquisition of knowledge.

He graduated at the age of twenty-two.

His uncle welcomed him home warmly, and offered to make him his partner in a large mercantile firm.

Paul declined his offer, preferring the study of law.

He therefore spent two years at a law school, and was admitted to the bar.

Having a deep, clear, sonorous voice, pleasant manners, and a good share of eloquence, he soon distinguished himself as an advocate.

He had not chosen law for his vocation from necessity, for he was the heir-apparent to half-a-million, but because he loved the profession and he entered it with great zeal, and, at the age of twenty-nine, justly won the name of being one of the best lawyers in the city of H—.

Paul thus far had escaped, unscathed the arrows of Cupid.

But, alas! like almost all other men, in an evil hour, he was taken off guard and mortally wounded.

A month or so previous to the opening of our story, Paul was called to a distant city on professional business.

When about two-thirds of his journey as finished he was overtaken by a storm.

He had barely time to spring from his horse, secure him, and rush into a small country school-house before the rain descended.

What was his surprise and pleasure to find school exercises in progress, which were superintended by a beautiful maiden.

Paul had, half an hour before, wished it would not rain; but now, from some cause, he wished it would rain all the rest of the afternoon, which it very accommodatingly did.

He made himself very agreeable, and, when school was dismissed, the rain still continuing, he willingly availed himself of the invitation extended to him by his newly-found acquaintance, to accompany her home.

Paul was not absent-minded and given to day-dreaming, but he certainly did after his visit to the little white school-house, often sit with an open book in his hand, staring vacantly out at the open window or door.

And we think it very probable our school-mistress, figured conspicuously in his thoughts, and, if air-castles were built, she, with our amiable hero, resided in them.

From the time the above recorded events transpired, Paul's professional business increased wonderfully in that part of the country.

As before-mentioned, he was the prospective heir to a princely fortune, but, before he could inherit it, he would be obliged to concede to the stipulations of a will made in his favor by John Smith, brother of Jacob Smith, viz: he was to marry Ellen Reydehl, the daughter of a William Reydehl, an old friend and college chum of Jacob Smith's, and the brother-in-law of the deceased John Smith.

Said John Smith had been largely endowed with the organ of acquisitiveness.

At the age of eighteen he had left his home and friends, and gone forth, without money, to battle with the world.

Twenty years of his life were spent in engulging every noble sentiment of his nature in the vortex of avarice.

His success was greater than he had anticipated it would be.

While on a visit to see his brother, he became enamoured with the sister of William Reydehl, whom, without display and on a month's acquaintance he married.

A few years after his marriage his wife died, and from that time until his death, he lived with Mr. Reydehl.

As he had been eccentric during life, his relatives naturally supposed he would exhibit some freak of eccentricity in making his will.

Their supposition proved to be correct.

The above expressed disposition of his wealth, was found to be the contents of his will, and in the case of either party refusing to comply with the requirements, the vast estate was to go to a charitable institution.

The property was left under the guardianship of Mr. Reydehl and Jacob Smith, until the condition was accepted or rejected.

When the contents of the will were first made known to Paul, he viewed the subject carelessly, and from a financial point of view; but of late he looked at it in a different light. But, viewing it in any light, it was a great temptation. He was offered on the one hand, ease, prosperity, and a half-million of money; on the other, toil, hardship, and discouragements. The former was purchased by complying with the requirements of the will, the latter was the consequence of refusing to do so.

Paul possessed the same weaknesses that are common to the whole human family to a greater or less extent. He knew full well what depended upon his decision. By refusing he knew that he would not only incur the displeasure of his uncle, cause the insolvency of Mr. Reydehl, but would lose all his aristocratic friends, and, doubtless, many briefs. Long and earnestly had he struggled with himself. All that was noble within him cried, never sell yourself for wealth! All that was selfish and mercenary, cried, why give up friends and wealth, because your conscience is at variance with your desire? And then a sweet face, a pair of beautiful, laughing eyes, would rise before his mental vision. Why hesitate a moment? he would say to himself. My duty is plain. I am offered, in lieu of my happiness and freedom, riches and an unloved, and, no doubt, cross, ugly wife.

While sitting in his office on the afternoon in which our story opens, he suddenly arrived at the conclusion expressed at its beginning.

He made his uncle acquainted with his intention of paying Miss Ellen Reydehl a visit; that gentleman was overjoyed; grasping Paul's hand, he cried,—

That's right, Paul. I know you will love her. Why, bless you you can't help it! Everybody loves her. She is the most beautiful, accomplished, and—

There, uncle, don't tell me anything more about her. An exaggeration of anything you wish to praise is detrimental, as it excites the expectation beyond reality, and thus has the opposite effect.

I have not exaggerated to you in the least, but, on the contrary, have not half told you how lovely—

Well, don't try. I daresay there isn't

an adjective in the English language adequate to do her justice. There can be no doubt but that I will immediately, at first sight, fall in love with the old maid.

I tell you she is not an old maid. She is the sweetest noblest—

Well, why don't you marry her yourself, uncle? again interrupted Paul, maliciously.

If she is the embodiment of perfection, I can't see how you've resisted her manifold charms. I will relinquish all claims I am supposed to have to her hand. You certainly will not find me to be a very formidable rival.

I am sure you won't relinquish your claims—no, not under any circumstances—when you have seen her. And the absurd idea of an old bachelor like me marrying her! She wouldn't have me.

If she would, you don't suppose, sir, that I would make a fool of myself by marrying, do you?

Then why are you trying to make a fool of me for?

With you it is different. You are naturally inclined to be sentimental, and get love-sick. Besides, you know the consequence of refusing to marry her.

Well, I will not argue the point with you. I will go and see the lady, and if I find the encomiums are merited that you have been lavishing upon her, I promise, she being willing, there will be a wedding ere a fortnight rolls around.

Paul arrived in the town of Bellville on the following day, and immediately repaired to the residence of Mr. Reydehl.

He was kindly received by that gentleman, and as he was of a social disposition, educated and, a lawyer, they soon entered into an animated conversation, in the middle of which they were interrupted by the entrance of Miss Ellen Reydehl.

Mr. Reydehl arose, introduced them, and, having important business to which he was obliged to attend, excused himself and withdrew, leaving them together.

Paul, for a few moments after he had gone stood transfixed, gazing at the lady unable to articulate a syllable. At length with a great effort he regained his mental equilibrium sufficiently to converse with her.

Ah! he thought. And so this is the young lady whom they have chosen for my future wife? She would be the last female on earth I would marry. She can't be less than forty years old; her hair is a thin, rusty brown colour; her eyes don't both look in the same direction, and she undoubtedly wears false teeth. Beautiful! Lovely! Uncle is an excellent judge of beauty. Marry her—ugh!

A perceptible shudder passed through his frame at the thought.

Miss Ellen was not particularly pretty. Her forehead was very low—scarcely allowing a discernible space between her hair and her eyebrows. Her nose was immensely large, and mouth ditto. Her neck was in length like a giraffe's. However, she had many good qualities which would overbalance these small defects in her personal appearance. She was a good cook, very amiable in disposition, an indefatigable talker, and, most wonderful of all for an old maid of her age, was opposed to Woman's Suffrage.

Paul, she said, drawing a chair close beside our frightened hero, and sitting down, I am very glad to see you, and I assure you this opportunity of having a confidential talk with you has been long and earnestly desired. I am sure you will not think me indecorous if I speak plainly upon the subject which so nearly concerns the future welfare of you and—

Yes—I—indeed—Miss Reydehl, began Paul, becoming more embarrassed at each word.

I understand you, Paul, interposed Ellen, moving her chair closer to him. You think there may be objections to the marriage. Your fears are indeed groundless. It is true, I was at first opposed, thinking they meant to coerce—

Indeed, in broke Paul, becoming desperate, there is no compulsion in the matter; it is left at our option whether the marriage shall take place or not.

So I understand. You know there is no danger of either refusing.

Miss Reydehl, I—

Call me Ellen, Paul. It is so much more friendly.

And she gave him one of her sweetest and most winning smiles.

I was going to say, Miss Rey—I mean, Ellen, stammered poor Paul, wiping the perspiration from his brow, that I hope—well—I—ah—really I—

Oh, I see, Paul; you want to know the day upon which the wedding shall take place, you impatient fellow! Well, I'm sure I'm not particular. I presume the necessary arrangements could be made by the latter part of next month.

I beg of you not to put yourself to any unnecessary trouble; but—

Ah, you want the wedding to come off sooner. Just like all you men! still you don't want to put us to any great trouble. I appreciate your willingness to generously yield your own desires to ours. I think, perhaps, we can make the preparations—purchase my wedding-dress, etc.—sooner, without incommencing you greatly. You are not going? What will—

I should be happy to prolong my visit but I cannot. I have business of vital importance to which I must attend.

Oh, I am so sorry you have to go, but we shall see you again very shortly. In the interval I suppose you will write often.

Yes—I—suppose so, I wish you good-day.

Good-bye, Paul. Knowing the relationship we shall soon sustain to each other, there can be no impropriety in claiming a kiss from you.

I—indeed—I—Miss Rey— he began.

But whatever he intended to say was forever lost, for the lady, throwing her long arms around his neck, and standing on her toes—as he had straightened his six feet of manhood to his fullest height to get out of reach implanted an explosive kiss in such a manner as to completely bring his words to a speedy termination.

Come back to see her! he muttered, when he once more stood in the open air. Write to her! And above all, marry her! If she never receives a letter till I write her one, her epistolary compositions will be certainly limited and will not require much time for perusal. If she don't marry until I marry her, she will remain on old maid the rest of her natural days. But what am I to do? My refusal will disappoint uncle, Mr. Reydehl, and the fair Ellen, saying nothing about my own disappointment in losing the wealth. What am I to do? he repeated. I have it now! he suddenly exclaimed. I will go and see Ellen Bertram, and ask her to marry me. If she says yes, I will forthwith purchase a farm, and settle down, for I verily believe farming is my true vocation; at least, it was always my boyish ambition.

Chapter II.

HE purple glow of a warm, delicious summer evening was fast fading into the sombre shades of night. The setting sun, glimmering through the beautiful woods, brightened and intensified the scene.

Sitting in a school-house, a book before her, her head resting on one shapely hand, was Ella—the young lady with whom Paul had fallen in love. So engrossed was she in the perusal of the book before her, that she did not hear the clatter of the horse's hoofs as Paul rode up. Paul could look upon her peerless beauty unseem. She possessed a magnificent form, replete with feminine beauty and grace. Her forehead was well formed, being somewhat higher than is ordinary for woman, and denoting superior mental gifts. Her eyes, her large, lustrous, glorious eyes, wonderful in depth, laughing, sparkling, loving, were alone sufficient to distract any unmarried lawyer.

Paul advanced and held out both hands, saying—

Aren't you glad to see me, Ella?

She started, raised her eyes to his, and a beautiful smile passed over her features.

I am always glad to see my friends, she answered, putting her hands in his. I did not expect to see you; it is, indeed a joyful surprise.

I did not suppose I would find you here; interested in a favourite author?

Yes, I wasn't aware I had lingered so long. Isn't it a glorious sunset?

Yes; no gallery of art can rival its beauty. I have been reminded all day of my boyhood days, when I wished that summer would last always, everything has seemed so full of life and joy. So it is with our lives; the calm days—days of peace, happiness and prosperity—are our summer days. Those days of adversity, of sorrow and disappointments, are our stormy days of winter.

But we must have a share of both, replied the young girl, preparing to leave the school-room.

Wait a moment, Ella. I have come here to-day to say something to you—something that concerns my own future happiness. I came to tell you that I love you; these are simple words, but, oh! how true, and how fraught with untold meaning!—I love you. Ella, dearest, why don't you speak; will you be mine—my wife?

He spoke earnestly, passionately, looking vainly in her face to read a requital of his love.

She averted her face to conceal the storm that swept over it; yet as she answered him, there was a perceptible quivering in her voice.

I cannot marry you. I regret that you have placed your affections on me.

But why can you not? Do you not love me? Oh, Ella! do you love me?

His voice was husky with suppressed emotion.

She, too, was greatly moved, Her face was pale, and she leaned

heavily against the window, and silently struggled to subdue her feelings and resist his pleadings.

I am already engaged to be married, she said, quietly, her face still averted. Engaged! he repeated. To whom? But what matters it? That you do not love me should suffice.

A long pause ensued broken by him. Ella, you are the only girl I ever loved. I never knew how dear you had become to me till now, when I am on the point of losing you, of bidding you fare well for ever. Oh, Ella!

He came very near her, forcibly taking both her hands in his, and gazing long and earnestly in her face until she lifted her quivering eyelids, and her eyes looked into his dark brown orbs, but for one moment only.

She could not look upon the despair and anguish that flowed from their depth, anguish so intense that it flooded every feature with agony.

He stood irresolute for a moment, scarcely able to restrain himself from taking her in his arms and imprinting a farewell kiss on her trembling lips.

Good-bye, and may you be happy, he said, dropping her hands.

And, turning suddenly, he was gone. She stood where he had left her, with a look of utter hopelessness swept over her fine face, and a sharp, intense pang shot through her lonely heart.

The shades of night settled over nature soon.

The bright stars shown with brilliant lustre over the scene.

The moon slowly ascending above the green hill, made the gloriously beautiful night more beautiful by its effulgent splendour.

And still Ella stood leaning her head against the window, every vestige of hope fled, leaving her face sad, gloomy and despairing.

A month had passed. Paul's attempts, in the meantime, to subdue his love for Ella had been futile.

Her sweet, lovely face, dearer, infinitely dearer to him than all things else besides, was always before him.

The more he strove to extinguish that love, the fiercer it burned, until this mighty, all absorbing passion conquered him.

Paul's answer to his uncle's inquiry as to his decision in reference to marrying Ellen Reydehl had been,—

I will never marry Ellen Reydehl—no, not if the inheritance were ten times as large as it now is. It is utterly useless to talk further on the subject.

Thoughtless words those, Paul, thoughtless because, before the year closes, you will have wedded Ellen Reydehl.

It so happened that Paul was obliged to go to Bellville.

It was with great trepidation that he once more entered the place.

He had resolved not to call at the house of the Reydehls, and, if possible not to let them know he was in town.

But it was not possible. A lady to see you, sir, was announced on the first evening of his sojourn there.

Intuitively he knew it was Ellen Reydehl.

A swift glance around proved that there was no visible means of escape.

The lady entered, and before him, in her ugliness, stood Miss Reydehl.

Paul gave her a chair, and looked towards the door.

She spoke.

Paul I am told that you will not consent to the marriage. This is folly. All the preparations are made for it. You must consent.

I cannot. I will never yield my assent to the mercenary business. We do not love each other.

That is no excuse. In most cases I will admit, the heart should be left free to make its own choice. But in this case it is different. She is willing to abide by any engagement you make.

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

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