

# The Star,

## And Conception Bay Semi-Weekly Advertiser.

VOLUME II.

HARBOR GRACE, NEWFOUNDLAND, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1873.

NUMBER 33.

### USEFUL INFORMATION

OCTOBER.

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

### Moon's Phases.

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

Full Moon..... 4th, 0.17 p. m.  
Last Quarter..... 11th, 9.17 p. m.  
New Moon..... 20th, 0.6 a. m.  
First Quarter..... 27th, 4.42 a. m.

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

Destination	Day	Time
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. Island, 27s. 6d.  
**RICE**—East India, per cwt. 20s.  
**PEAS**—Round, per brl. 20s. to 21s.  
**BUTTER**—Canada, good 1s. to 1s. 2d. Nova Scotia, good 11d. to 1s. 1d.; American 8d. to 10d.; Hambro' 8d.  
**CHEESE**—9d. to 10d.  
**HAM**—9d. to 10d.  
**PORK**—American mess 95s. to 100s.; prime mess 90s.; extra prime 77s.  
**BEEF**—Prime, per brl. 35s.  
**RYE**—per Imp. gallon 7s. 10d.  
**MOLASSES**—Muscovado 2s. a 2s. 1d.; Clay-cd 1s. 9d.  
**SUGAR**—Muscovado, 45s. to 47s. 6d.; American Crushed 72s. 6d.  
**COFFEE**—1s. 1d. to 1s. 3d.  
**TEA**—Congo and Souchong, ordinary broken leaf, 1s. 7d. to 1s. 9d.; fair to good, 2s. to 2s. 6d.  
**LARD**—American and Canadian 7d. to 8d.  
**LEATHER**—American and Canadian 1s. 5d.  
**TOBACCO**—Canadian, 1s. 7d. to 1s. 8d.; American 1s. 5d. to 1s. 6d.; Nova Scotian, 1s. 5d. to 1s. 6d.  
**CORNBAGE**—per cwt. 65s.  
**SALT**—per hhd. Foreign, Liverpool, 7s. 6d.  
**KEPOSENE OIL**—New York manufacture 1s. 9d.; Boston 1s. 9d.  
**COAL**—per ton, North Sydney 30s.

172 WATER STREET, 172  
**JAMES FALLON,**

Tin, Copyer and Sheet-Iron Worker,

**B**EGS respectfully to inform the inhabitants of Harbor Grace and outports that he has commenced business in the Shop No. 172 Water Street, Harbor Grace, opposite the premises of Messrs. John Munn & Co., and is prepared to fill all orders in the above 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.  
oc. 13. tft

### NOTICES.

**JAMES HOWARD COLLIS**  
Dealer and Importer of

### ENGLISH & AMERICAN HARDWARE,

Picture Moulding, Glass Looking Glass, Pictures Glassware, &c., &c.  
**TROUTING GEAR,**  
In great variety and best quality, Wholesale and Retail.  
221 WATER STREET,  
St. John's,  
Newfoundland.

One door East of P. HUTCHINS, Esq.  
**N.B.**—FRAMES, any size material, made to order.  
St. John's, May 10.

### FOR SALE.

**RESERVEES & GROCERIES!**

Just Received and For Sale by the Subscriber—

Fresh Cove OYSTERS  
Spiced do.

### APPLES

### PEACHES

Strawberries—preserved in Syrup  
Brambleberries do.

—ALWAYS ON HAND—

### A Choice Selection of GROCERIES

T. M. CAIRNS.

Opposite the Premises of Messrs. W. Ross & Co.  
Sept. 17.

### HARBOR GRACE

**BOOK & STATIONERY DEPOT,**

**E. W. LYON, Proprietor.**

Importer of British and American

### NEWSPAPERS

—AND—

### PERIODICALS.

Constantly on hand, a varied selection of School and Account Books  
Prayer and Hymn Books for different denominations  
Music, Charts, Log Books, Playing Cards  
French Writing Paper, Violins  
Concertinas, French Musical Boxes  
Albums, Initial Note Paper & Envelopes  
Tissue and Drawing Paper  
A large selection of Dime & Half Dime

### MUSIC, &c., &c.,

Lately appointed Agent for the OTTAWA PRINTING & LITHOGRAPH COMPANY  
A. O. Agent for J. LINDBERG, Manufacturing Jeweler.

large selection of  
**CLOCKS, WATCHES**  
**MEERSCHAUM PIPES,**  
**PLATED WARE,** and

**JEWELRY** of every description & style  
May 14. tft

### GEORGE BOWDEN,

Repairer of Umbrellas and

Parasols,  
No. 1, LION SQUARE,  
ST. JOHN'S, N. F.

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

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

### HARBOR GRACE

### MEDICAL HALL,

**W. H. THOMPSON,**

### PROPRIETOR

Has always on hand a carefully selected Stock of

### DRUGS, MEDICINES, DRY PAINTS, Oils, &c., &c.,

And nearly every article in his line that is recommendable:

Gallup's Florine for the Teeth and Great Keating's Worm Tablets  
Rowland's Odonto  
Oxley's Essence of Ginger  
Lamplough's Pyretic Saline  
Powell's Balsam Aniseed  
Medicamentum (stamped)  
British Oil, Balsam of Life, Chlorodyne  
Mexican Mustang Liniment  
Steer's Apodiloe  
Radway's Ready Relief  
Arnold's Balsam  
Murray's Fluid Magnesia  
" Acidulated Syrup  
S. A. Allen's Hair Restorer  
Rossiter's " "  
Ayer's Hair Vigor  
" Sarsaparilla  
" Cherry Pectoral  
Pickles, French Capers, Sauces  
Soothing Syrup, Kaye's Coaguline  
India Rubber Sponge, Teething Sponge, Tooth Creams  
Nail, Shoe and Stove Brushes  
Widow Walch's Pills  
Morrison'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  
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  
Lea's India Rubber Varnish  
Copal Varnish,  
Kerosene Oil, Lamps, Chimnies, Wicks,  
Burners, &c., &c.  
Cod Liver Oil,  
Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites  
Extract of Logwood, in 1/2 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 Pastilles, Seidlitz Powders  
Furniture Polish, Plate Polish  
Flavouring Essences, Spices, &c., &c.  
Robinson's Patent Barley  
" Groats

All the above proprietary articles bear the Government Stamp, without which none are genuine.  
Orders will receive careful and prompt attention.  
Sept. 71 tft

**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. tft

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

### POETRY.

#### The Beggar's Thanksgiving.

Out in the cold, the bitter cold night,  
Over the pavements frozen and white,  
Lost in the solemn shadowy light  
Of the autumnal gloaming gray;  
Shivering pitifully 'neath the fold  
Of garments thin, and tattered and old,  
Wandered the poor child, "out in the cold."  
On the eve of Thanksgiving day.

Houseless and friendless, no succor nigh,  
Watched he the grey throng hurrying by,  
Watched the beautiful snow flakes fly,  
Like the white winged doves through  
the air;  
Watched the little ones merry and glad,  
Wondered if all with joy were mad,  
And he alone in the wide world sad,  
With no one to pity or care.

Weak and famished when others were fed,  
Came no oblation—a prayer instead,  
From the poor chilled heart, a prayer for  
bread,

And for garments to shelter his form:  
And wealth in its robes of state swept  
past,  
And left the wee lamb out in the blast,  
Thankful to God their lot had been cast  
Away from the merciless storm.

So up and down in the lamplight's glow,  
Wandering on through the "beautiful  
snow,"

With never a sheltering place to go,  
Or the clasp of a loving hand;  
Mourning much in his childish way,  
Why Christian people did not obey,  
Upon the eve of Thanksgiving day,  
The great Redeemer's best command.

Shrinking aside in his humble fear,  
When sumptuous pomp and pride drew  
near,  
And passed unnoted of the tear  
Glistening upon his cheek—a gem  
More radiant in the dear Lord's sight,  
Amaranth twined with pearls of light,  
And glittering gold, which seraphs bright,  
Inweave within each diadem.

The north wind lulled the child to rest,  
Clasped closely to the shining breast  
Of mother earth, while snow-flakes pressed

A shroud of ermine, wondrous fair,  
About the tiny suffering form,  
Now slumbering sweetly in the storm,  
His young head pillowed on his arm,  
Beneath the lamplight's fitful glare.

The joyful day with its feasting came,  
And happy sire and bright eyed dame,  
All joined to praise the Master's name,  
For priceless gifts of health and gold;  
And up through the silent realms of  
night,

Through the gates of pearl on pinions  
white,  
He passed—the beggar crowned with  
light,  
Safe sheltered within the fold.

### EXTRACTS.

#### A Smart Agent.

Sir! a tall, thin man, clad in a worn, very shining garb, suddenly appearing in the room, I have ventured to call to lay before you one of the most astonishing inventions of modern times. They all begin in some such impressive way as that. A gas burner, sir, I was busy arranging some papers in a corner, and having both hands full, with a pen held crossways in my mouth, I was for the moment quite at his mercy. Perhaps, sir, you are aware that in the case of every kind of burner but this I now show you, gas gives off most noxious effluvia, having a peculiarly ruinous effect upon the eyesight. By this time I had emptied my hands and mouth, and was advancing upon him. Fixing his eyes upon mine, he started back in distressful horror. Heaven help us, sir, he exclaimed, how you have suffered already! Your sight, sir, would not last six months longer. This must not be!

Before I could say a word or lift a finger to stop him, he rapidly glided past me to the table on which the lamp stood. With a nimbleness which rooted me to the spot in apprehension, he whipped off the shade, then the old burner. In a moment the lamp was a ruin.

It is a mercy of Providence, sir, that I happened to call.

Stop! I cried. Replace everything as it was, instantly.  
The number of cases of premature blindness, he calmly proceeded, that I have had the gratification of preventing, makes my labor a most pleasant one. Thinking he might be deaf, I bawled, I don't want your burner; I won't have it; take it off. For he was lightly twirling the new one in its place.

There, sir, you will feel thankful to me as long as you live! The only thing that troubles me in the matter is, I know I am ruining the spectacle makers.

Do you hear? I asked. I shall not pay you for it.  
He struck a very effective attitude. Payment of what I had demanded that I could not remove, and a testimonial burner for any amount of money. For, sir, your eyes are a most valuable commodity. I make you a present of my burner. I am a poor man, and my travelling expenses, and I have a family in want, he sighed. Finally he said, "I have three shillings a dozen. I know you will regret this momentary harshness in the long years to come, when you are enjoying the benefits of that burner. But that is not my affair—though I am sorry to think of it.—Good morning, sir. If at any time, no matter how long an interval, by some inconceivable accident, anything should become out of order in it, you will find the name of the manufacturers stamped on the inside. Be good enough to drop a line to their well known house at Glasgow, and a man will instantly be sent to at end to it.

I was beaten. This offer to send a man from Scotland into the heart of England, after a lapse of years, to put a gratuitously bestowed threepence halfpenny gas-burner to rights was too much for me. I had to make a purchase.—*Chamber's Journal.*

### The Ashantee War.

#### DISASTER TO BRITISH ON THE RIVER PRAH.

An unfortunate disaster overtook a British boat expedition on the River Prah, in proximity to the seat of the Ashantee War, on the west coast of Africa. It seems that Commodore Commerell, of H. M. S. *Rattlesnake*, accompanied by other officers, on the 14th of August last, proceeded in armed boats to hold a parley with the King and chiefs of the Chamah people, as was stated in the *Ashantee* to be in the river Bussum Prah, on an island some miles up the river, and it was desired to obtain the assistance of the Chamah people to drive them from the territory.

The result of the parley was unsatisfactory. The chiefs denied they had assisted the Ashantees, and declared they would side neither with them nor the British. They also refused to let any of their number accompany the expedition up the river; but the palver ended so peaceably that Commodore Commerell decided to continue a project he had formed of ascending and exploring the river. The expedition was accordingly formed in the following order:—Colonial steam launch, towing Commodore's galley. In galley Commodore Commerell, Commander Luxmoore, Captain Holding. Steam cutter of Simoom towing whaler and gig of *Rattlesnake*. About 200 yards up the river the Colonial steam launch broke down, and the Commodore ordered the gig to remain with her, proceeding with his galley in tow of the steam cutter behind the gig.

#### FALLING INTO AN AMBUSH.

The following is from the despatches to the Admiralty by Commodore Commerell:—

The river's stream appeared to run about two miles an hour, and we never had less than six feet of water, while the banks seemed firm, and were densely covered with brushwood. Under these circumstances, I deemed it a matter of prudence to proceed on the Chamah side of the river, considering the inhabitants friendly, and the other side of the river might have contained any marauding parties of Ashantee. The river is about 79 or 80 yards broad, and we were proceeding satisfactorily until about a mile and a half up the river, when, without any warning or without seeing any natives, we were fired at from the dense bush on the Chamah side, and found that we had passed an ambuscade of the natives, who were pouring a heavy and murderous fire into our boats.

Lieutenant Edwards then received instructions to tow the boats out of the river, and we reached the *Rattlesnake* about 6 p.m., where the wounded were at once attended to. I immediately gave orders to open fire with the small arm men, but the rockets could not be fired, as the steam cutter was towing the boat. At the first discharge I was shot down, severely wounded in the right side, and at the same moment Commander Luxmoore and Captain Holding were severely hit. I then ordered the boat to repair to mid-stream, and, finding a number of our men wounded, I gave orders for the expedition to return to the *Rattlesnake*. Having become prostrated with the loss of blood, Commander Luxmoore carried out my orders with readiness and attention, and I cannot speak too highly of the conduct of this officer, for it was not until sometime afterwards it was discovered he was wounded so severely that he nearly fainted; yet he continued to remain at

his post until the last moment, when the heavy fire had driven the enemy out of the bush, for they had so pointed the guns with accurate aim that as my galley turned, the officers were nearly all shot in the back, while the boat's crew fell from their thwarts, four of them wounded, besides four men who were shot down in the whaler.

It had been previously arranged that ten policemen should be sent to Chamah Fort, with the constable resident there, and these men were being landed from the *Rattlesnake* while the boats I have mentioned were up the river, and treacherous conduct of the Chamah people was unknown. Immediately the cutter with ten policemen, reached the shore the beach was crowded with natives, who appeared so unfriendly that Sub Lieutenant Draffen who had landed with the policemen to proceed to the fort, wisely kept the Fantee policemen in hand until some stores were landed from the cutter, which had unfortunately, upset in the surf. The cutter's crew and Mr. Wilson, the midshipman, were swimming in the surf, endeavoring to right their boat, when the Chamah natives fired at them from the beach, and wounded several of the men. Sub-Lieutenant Draffen, seeing the emergency, at once endeavored to form the Fantee police into skirmishing order to cover the cutter's crew swimming to the boat. He was partially successful, and it is to the coolness and courage he displayed that more men are not added to the list of those killed and wounded in this massacre. Unfortunately, however, the heavy fire of the natives wounded several of the cutter's crew, and they succeeded in killing an ordinary seaman, whose body they possessed themselves of in spite of every effort to recover it. Two Fantee police were killed from the fire on the beach, and also a Krooman of the *Rattlesnake*. Immediately Commander Bigby observed the Chamah people firing on our cutter he sent to land the Fantee police in good faith, to occupy the fort, he at once sent Lieutenants Wilding and Nicholls from the *Rattlesnake* with cutters and rockets to protect the boats attacked, but the natives had gone to the bush, and I am afraid little injury was done to them.

**RETRIBUTION.**  
Finding that the Chamah people had been guilty of the grossest treachery and attempt to single out and massacre the officers and men proceeding on a peaceful expedition up one of their rivers and keeping to the Chamah bank as an additional protection! finding also that the natives, with their savage nature, had actually fired on our cutter landing police for the protection of the place, their Lordships will, I am sure, quite concur in the immediate steps I took to punish perfidious conduct. The *Rattlesnake* was cleared for action, and in less than two hours' time the town of Chamah was a heap of burning ruins, and every exertion had been made to avenge treachery so foul.

In this unfortunate affair four were killed, viz: W Woodcock, ordinary seaman, one of the cutters crew, murdered on the beach; Dixie Land, Krooman, ditto; Sydney Herbert and Andrew Sheik, of the Fantee Police. Twenty were wounded of all ranks from the Commodore down. A naval officer writing from the scene of hostilities says:—  
How it is any one escaped with his life is a wonder to me, for the first volley could not have been fired at less than 15 yards. Out of the nine people in the galley seven were wounded, several in four or five places, and out of seven in the whaler four were wounded. They were a little better off in the steam pinnace, as the oars in the lumber irons afforded them some protection. All the boats were more or less riddled. Out of one side of the galley alone they took 27 slugs. The firing continued for about five minutes, and ceased almost as suddenly as it had commenced—with the sound of a bugle.

Another officer writes:—This affair will do a great deal of harm in England, I fear, and has done no good here. Every body is surprised at Captain Commereil going up the river like that and getting caught. They had had the palaver at the village at the mouth of the river, and were going to an island about ten miles further up to dislodge some Ashantees. They dislodged them all with rifles and rockets. What surprised them most was to hear the bugle sound the regular English calls, skirmishing, commence firing, &c. Somebody must have been drilling them.

**ERRATUM.**—In obituary—last issue—for "sanctified with all the rights of the Church," read *fortified*, &c.

**HARBOR GRACE, OCT. 18, 1873.**

The English mails, per S. S. "Austrian," arrived at St. John's on Thursday.

We deem it our duty to call the attention of those whose province it is to preserve the rights of the public, to the fact that the new dock, east of Messrs. John Munn & Co.'s premises, is still occupied by the latter persons, to the great inconvenience of outport people whose business calls them to this port. We are at a loss to conceive by what authority private individuals are allowed to monopolize the use of public property, while the people—for whose especial use certain public works have been constructed—are entirely debarred the privilege of access thereto. The dock to which we now allude is still used as a receptacle for old craft, spars and other rubbish—by the parties from

whom it was purchased, some ten or fifteen years ago—notwithstanding the amount of money recently expended in completing it. If Messrs. John Munn & Co. hold a lease of the dock, well and good; if not, we trust the Board of Works will compel them to remove the nuisance complained of without further delay.

OVER three hundred porpoises were captured at Dildo, Trinity Bay, during the past week.

**CORRESPONDENCE.**

[TO THE EDITORS OF THE STAR.]

Sirs,—I have just returned from the Labrador, and I know you will be glad to learn that I have succeeded in obtaining a prosperous voyage.

Several of my old political friends were called on me since my return, and, after the usual complimentary salutations, informed me of the state of the political atmosphere; first, that some few in Bay Roberts, in their eagerness to thrust Confederation upon the people, took upon themselves, without authority, to induce Mr. Carter to come over to represent this district, and some few of Harbor Grace, also, without the shadow of authority, name Mr. Wood, an out-and-out Confederate. It appears, an attempt was made to get up a requisition, but it is useless to say the reception it met with. I pity that man who was forced out of his office by Mr. R. Munn to hawk it about. Poor fellow! the many rebuffs and insults he received he had to bear, because he should go or be dismissed.

I am glad to hear that Charles Dawe, Esq., James Crane, Esq., and James L. Prendergast, Esq.—as Candidates on the Anti-Confederate principle—will be called upon. They are all good men and true, and have, I learn, their opposition to the tyranny and degradation which the Confederate few attempted, and are now seeking again, to impose on them. There is, however, one among the gentlemen named, who, I understand, is a Roman Catholic, and who has served upwards of fifteen years as a representative. Some objection has been spoken of, as he is a Catholic; yet it is said that whilst in the House, and since, he has ever and always been the friend and advocate of the poor, no matter what his religious or political creed may be. We who stood by the country in 1869, and secured a verdict for Anti-Confederation, let us now nail our Anti-flag to the mast, and return good and true men, no matter what country they may be natives of, or what religion they may profess, as long as we are sure they are Christians.

Yours, AN ANTI-CONFEDERATE.  
Harbor Grace, Oct. 17, 1873.

[TO THE EDITORS OF THE STAR.]

Sirs,—On the arrival of the Hon. Mr. Carter, I, with many other voters in this part of the district, anticipated the pleasure of attending a public meeting or two, and hearing Messrs. Carter and Wood express their views in regard to the course to be pursued by them in the event of their being elected to represent this constituency in the next Parliament. So far, nothing has been done in the way of convening public meetings; but it is to be hoped that our people will be favored with the political views of the above named gentlemen before Mr. C. leaves town.

Yours, &c., A VOTER.  
Oct. 17.

**By Authority.**—His Excellency the Governor has been pleased to appoint (under a commission dated the 11th August) the hon. J. L. Little, (Attorney General) to be a Queen's Counsel of the Supreme Court of this Colony.

His Excellency has also been pleased to appoint the following Gentlemen to be Returning Officers at the ensuing General Election, viz:—  
St. John's East, Richard Howley.  
West, Charles Brocklehurst.  
Southern Division, Ed. Kennedy.  
Brigus, John Wilcox.  
Harbor Grace, Lewis W. Emerson.  
Carbonear, Israel L. McNeil.  
Pay de Verds, James L. Mews.

Trinity Bay, G. H. Cole; Bonavista Bay, J. S. Lockyer; Twillingate and Fogo, John Peyton; Ferryland, Edmund Hamrahan; Placentia and St. Mary's, Wm. G. Bradshaw; Burin, Thomas Winter; Fortune Bay, Thomas Birkett; Burgeo and La-Poile, Thomas Read, Esquires.

His Excellency in Council has also been pleased to appoint Mr Benjamin Bonnell, to be a member of the Protestant Board of Education at Lamaline.

His Excellency the Governor directs the publication for the information of the Trade and Shipping, that he has in compliance with a Resolution of the Board of Health of this Town, been pleased to abolish Quarantine Regulations, except "where any vessel should arrive with disease on board, or any disease during voyage."

Secretary's Office, St. John's, 13th Oct., 1873.—*Gazette.*

The French engineers who have for some time past been sketching the passes of the Alps, near Mount Cenis, have received orders to suspend operations and return home.

The weather throughout England continues unusually wet.

**Latest Despatches.**

LONDON, Oct. 11.—Jules Simon resigned 100 delegates last night.

The Electoral Scheme was adopted. A Committee of the Left was appointed to draw up an official declaration in the name of the Republican party.

Thiers and Gambetta favored the action of the meeting, which, also was approved by many conservatives.

The Republican party, generally, is becoming hopeful.

The Germans refused Darnal permission to visit the battle ground of the late war.

King William visits Vienna quietly on the 16th.

A person claiming to be Arthur Orton has arrived here.

OTTAWA, 11.—The "Gazette" announces Meremichie and Pictou under quarantine, to prevent the Asiatic cholera.

PORT HASTINGS, 13.—The steamers "Prince Edward" and "Robert Lowe" passed south.

New York, 11.—Gold 108½.

LONDON, 13.—Immense open air demonstration in Cork yesterday, in favor of Fenian amnesty, Home Rule, rights of labor.

Lauderer was buried at St. Paul's on Saturday.

Republicans were successful in the elections in four French departments.

Chambord was visited by the Duke of Tuscany, and received a deputation from France.

Lord Tenterden succeeds the Hon. Edmund Hammond as Under Secretary of State.

MADRID, 13.—Great rejoicing. The Insurgent fleet was defeated by the National Squadron at Cartagena.

NEW YORK, 13.—Mexican Congress decreed separation of Church from State, abolished religious oaths and taken strong measures against monastic orders, and ordered the Jesuits to leave the country.

Stoke's Court engaged in obtaining a ninth jurymen, Gold 108½.

OTTAWA, 13.—Pacific Railway Company defunct. Charter resigned back to Government.

Riel will be elected for Provencier, and will take his seat.

Through cars from San Francisco to Boston passed through Montreal for first time to-day.

**NEWS ITEMS.**

It is reported that John Bright is opposed to the war against the Ashantees, and will resign his position in the Cabinet, if it is further prosecuted.

The members of the Right in the French Assembly assert that that body will declare in favour of a Monarchy before November.

A RUMOR was current on the London Stock Exchange that the Bank of England holds \$500,000 and the Rothschilds \$100,000 of Jay Cooke & Co's acceptances.

It is claimed for the Provincial Exhibition, held recently in Montreal, that it drew together the largest collection of live stock ever assembled in Canada for a similar purpose.

It looks as though everything that has been discovered in the civilized world with in a comparatively brief space of time was known to the Chinese thousands of years ago. It is now stated that they have been using shad liver oil for centuries as a curative, and that it is more efficacious than cod-liver oil.

The annual matches of the Ontario Rifle Association, opened at Toronto on Monday rather unfortunately. Two of the markers were wounded by splinters of bullets, and a third was shot in the hand, while painting a target, by some reckless marksman.

The news from Ashantee is satisfactory. The natives are in half starving condition, and are evidently waiting for the close of the rainy season to commence operations. An American vessel was seized for selling gunpowder to the rebels. To prevent similar occurrences, a blockade of the coast has been ordered.

HON. MR. POPE, Minister of Agriculture, has offered two prizes of \$50 each to the city of Ottawa Agricultural Society for the best stallion of any class or age, and for the best bull of any age, to be shown at the annual exhibition of the Society which opens on Wednesday.

**A GOOD MAN GONE.**—The Montreal "Gazette" of the 3rd inst., says:—The intelligence which comes from Hamilton of the death of Bishop Farrell will carry sorrow into many a Canadian home, where the late prelate was known and esteemed. Few men have succeeded in acquiring so large and so general a share of public respect. True to his Church—an earnest and simple-minded Roman Catholic gentleman—his constant aim was to spread the spirit of peace and good-will among all sections of the Christian community. There is, perhaps, no city in the world where the spirit of tolerance between Catholic and Protestant is more marked than in Hamilton; and the fact is very largely due to the exertions and quiet, unostentatious example of the deceased Bishop. He was an Irishman, heart and soul, a lover of the dear old Emerald Isle, and an earnest sympathiser with every movement for its advantage. But he held in loathing and contempt the agitators who trade upon Irish patriotism and Irish generosity, and hence American Fenianism had in him an uncompromising foe. The death of such a man is a public calamity, and as the solemn requiem mass is chanted over his bier, every one who knew him will feel that in his death Canada has lost one of the most faithful and useful of her adopted sons.

Mr. Storms, an English traveller, arrived from Central Africa, reports having met Dr. Livingstone last June, and parted from him on the first July. The doctor was in perfect health.

The Vendome Column is expected to be finished by the end of February, and will be inaugurated in the beginning of March.

**SHIP NEWS.**

PORT OF ST. JOHN'S.

CLEARED.

Oct 12—Cardelia, Linklater, Queenstown—C F Bennett & Co

Brilliant, Staunton, P E Island—Theodore Clift.

Mary Lizzie, Ward, Havana—P & L Tesler

13—Minnie, Power, Sydney—L O'Brien & Co

Foam, Whiting, Ancona—Bowring Bros Rival, Norris, Sydney—Capt Walters

Ceres, Payson, Halifax—Harvey & Co Georgina, White, Sydney—G J Hayward & Co

14—L'Edouard, Cloutier, Montreal—P Rogerson & Sons

Guide, Downey, Sydney—L O'Brien & Co

LOADING.

Excel, Waterford—A Goodridge & Sons

4—Marance, Europe—E Duder

Restless, Europe—E Duder

6—Promise, Europe—Job, Brothers & Co

Pickwick, Europe—E Duder

10—Antagonist, Britain—Bowring Bros

Jessie, Britain—C F Bennett & Co

**To the Free and Independent Electors of Bay Roberts, Spaniards Bay, and Harbor Grace.**

Gentlemen,—With your permission and support, it is my intention to offer myself as a Liberal Candidate at the coming election, for the District of Harbor Grace.

The requirements of your District shall from time to time have my best attention; your commands I shall always be ready to obey to the utmost of my ability.

Gentlemen, may I beg leave to ask:—it is my intention to offer myself as a Liberal Candidate at the coming election, for the District of Harbor Grace.

That man misuses his privilege who corrupts by exclusive dealing; so does he who votes solely from self or class interest. These are words which may a voter needs to get by heart, and to act upon.

Let no free man talk about selling his birthright to the highest bidder; a single vote may involve the destiny of your native land, and bring thousands unborn into jeopardy. Only good and true men ought to be trusted with the interests of your beloved country. My humble opinion is the day of nomination cannot decide who are to have the honor of representing your district in the next Parliament. Let it go to the Polls—let every elector have the free privilege to act by his own conscience.

That man is not worthy of a vote who bribes a man to vote against his conscience; neither is he worthy who intimidates another.

I have been a resident in the town of Harbor Grace over thirty-five years, and I hope you may think me worthy of your confidence and support.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot And never brought to mind."

My intimate acquaintance with the District and its inhabitants may entitle me to a liberal share of your patronage.

Believe me to remain,  
Gentlemen,  
Your Obt. and Faithful Servant,  
THOMAS ROSS.  
Harbor Grace, Oct. 15, 1873.

**NEW ADVERTISEMENTS**

**TAKE NOTICE!**



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

**Bargains**

In all kinds of Goods, at  
**SQUIRES & NOBLE'S,**  
"Golden Fish," Water Street.  
Oct. 8.

**Ridley & Co**

OFFER FOR SALE

**Fine Hamburg BREAD**  
**Choice No. 1 FLOUR**  
**Canad'n Family BUTTER**  
*Superior Muscovado*

**Molasses**

Prime Mess and Extra Prime

**Pork**

PEASE, OATMEAL  
SUGAR, TEA, &c.  
Harbor Grace, Oct. 4.

**TO LET!**

**DWELLING HOUSE**

AND

**SHOP.**

Apply to

**JOSEPH GODDEN,**  
tff

Oct. 4.

**COMMERCIAL BANK OF NEWFOUNDLAND.**

UNSIGNED printed forms of £5 Notes of this Bank, numbered 6001 to 8000 inclusive, dated Saint John's, 1st Jan'y, 1867, having been lost from on board the steamer *Gaspé*, wrecked at Langlais Island, near St. Peter's, 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.

**HARBOR GRACE.**

**St. PAUL'S CHURCH**

**BAZAAR.**

THE Ladies' Committee respectfully request that those of their friends who have kindly promised contributions to the above object, will be pleased to forward them, so that they may be received at the latest by the 1st November.

- MRS. S. ANDREWS,
  - " W. O. WOOD,
  - " EVILL,
  - " TAPP,
  - " C. ROSS,
  - " A. RUTHERFORD,
  - " BADCOCK,
  - " FORD,
  - " A. CLIFT,
  - " HIGGINS,
  - " BERTRAM JONES.
- Sept. 30, 1873.

IMPORTANT TO THE  
Citizens of Newfoundland.



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

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

St. John's and Harbor Grace, Newfoundland.

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

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

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

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

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

All Policy holders can vote and are eligible to office.

**Directors.**

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

Aug. 23, 1873. 1y.

**BUSINESS NOTICE.**

**AUCTION MART!**

75 WATER STREET, 75  
**HARBOR GRACE!**

We offer For Sale,

**PROVISIONS,  
Groceries, &c.,**

At fair remunerating prices for  
CASH, FISH or OIL!

Auction Sales and Commissions promptly attended to.

GEORGE HARRIS & Co.

Aug. 16. 1y.

**FOR SALE.**

Just received from Sydney, C. B.,

10 Rolls Grained and Split  
**LEATHER.**  
A. T. DRYSDALE.

Aug. 2. 1m.

**COMMERCIAL BANK OF NEW  
FOUNDLAND.**

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

St. John's July 14 1873.

**LUMBER!**

**THE SUBSCRIBERS**

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

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

Geo. C. RUTHERFORD & Co.  
July 15.

**Very Important Notice!**

The Wonder of the world!

**GOOD NEWS FOR ALL!!**

**Prof. HERMAN'S**

WORLD RENOWNED

**VERMIN DESTROYER!**

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

FOR KILLING

Rats, Mice, Insects on Poultry, Ants, Bugs, Cockroaches, Black Beetles, Fleas on Dogs, 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 Gosse, Spaniards Bay.
- Wholesale Agents for the Island of Newfoundland
- Messrs. W. & G. RENDELL,  
St. John's

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

**LUMBER!**

—BY—

**H. W. TRAPNELL.**

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

20 M. Seasoned Prime Pine BOARD

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

July 20.

**NOTICES.**

**METROPOLITAN**

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

JOSEPH F. KNAPP, President.  
J. R. HEGEMAN, Vice-President.  
R. A. GRANNISS, 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. L.,  
Lieut.-Governor of New Brunswick,

Director at the Board for Canada

The Reserve Dividend System

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

W. H. THOMPSON,  
Harbor Grace,  
General Agent for

**NEWFOUNDLAND.**

April 1. 1y.

**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.

**C. BREEKER,**

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. †††.

Harbor Grace, Sept. 17.

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

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

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

T. HARRISON RIDLEY.

E. W. LYON,  
Photographer,



**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.

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.

ALEXR. A. PARSONS,

Sub-Agent Harbor Grace.

**FOR SALE**

—BY—  
THE SUBSCRIBER,  
231 —Water Street 231

**BRE D**

Flour, Pork, Beef

Butter, Molasses, Sugar

Tea, Coffee, Cheese,

Ham, Bacon, Pease, Rice

**TOBACCO**

KEROSENE OIL, &c., &c

MAP FOR CASH, ISH,

OR IL.

DANIEL FITZGERALD.

**J. Mellis.**

**TAILOR & CLOTHIER,**

208, Water Street, St. John's,

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

**CLOTHING**

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

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

**W. H. THOMPSON,**

AGENT FOR

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment

JUST RECEIVED

A FRESH SUPPLY OF

**ADAMS'**

**INDIAN**

**SALVE.**

W. H. THOMPSON.

**PIANO TUNING!**

Mr. J. CURRIE,

TUNER AND REPAIRER OF

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. †††

**G. B. BARRIS.**

**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

**Coloured French Kid**

**GLOVES,**

Which he offers to the public at VERY LOW PRICES.

July 9 †††

**W. H. THOMPSON,**

AGENT FOR

**Fellows' Compound Syrup**

OF

**HYPOPHOSPHITES**

Soul Longings.

Come to the fountain, haste— Of the pure waters taste, Great is the power;

On thee my hopes are staid, Lifted where sorrows fade, To realms above;

Supported may we stand, Led with a father's hand, While here we stay;

May every heart and voice In grateful strains rejoice That we are free;

In each calm twilight hour, Within a sainted bower, Shall we unfold;

Then on to spheres of light Will be our blissful flight To soar to thee;

All is Vanity.

There never was an earthly dream, Of beauty and delight, That mingled not too soon with clouds,

There never was a glad, bright eye, But it was dimmed by tears, Caused by such grief as ever dulls

There never was a noble heart, A mind of worth and power, That had not in this changing world,

There never was, there cannot be, On earth a spacious spring, Whose water to the fevered lip

SELECT STORY.

Katie Petherick's Luck.

AN HALLOW-EVE STORY.

(CONCLUDED.)

Chapter III.

OME, come! said Mrs. Petherick, who now approached the group, you'll frighten Katie.

I am not tired, aunt; I'll sing for you with pleasure, returned Katie,

Another song was eagerly requested, and she gave one of the wonderfully sweet, pathetic melodies of 'The Fatherland.'

When a voice beside her said, Miss Petherick, allow me to offer you some tea.

Poor little Katie! The piano, the drawing-room, the guests, all vanished away, and she was once more in the railway carriage with the tall, dark, moustached man in the opposite corner.

Katie never could satisfactorily tell how she ever got to the ottoman, or how it ever happened that in a few minutes she found herself comfortably chatting with her 'ci-devant' travelling companion.

How nicely you sing, Miss Petherick! said he. And that last was such a pretty little song.

Oh, I know nothing about music, said he; I hardly know one air from another;

but that little song told a story; and he softly repeated—

"For I know not the land that ye live in, Nor know I the lad I'm goin' wi'."

You are not as inquisitive as Lizzie Lindsay, he added. Don't you want to know who I am?

I think you are Mr. Clayton—are you? asked Katie, gazing gravely into the depths of the tea-cup.

Yes, I am Mr. Clayton, Miss Petherick. I came in while you were singing, and, recognizing my late travelling companion, I enquired who you were.

Katie spent a very pleasant evening; and as she was putting away her simple finery before going to bed, she fished up from the drawer of her dressing case

the little brown leathern purse, sitting still, and holding it in her hand, a wistful, far-off look came into the pretty childish face—a look the result

of a strange, indefinable feeling that her luck had come to her, and that it was in some way connected with the little purse and its strange contents.

In all merry England there was not a merrier party than that assembled in Halford House on that All-Hallows Eve. The drawing room was cleared of all superfluous furniture, to make room for a carpet-dance, a bright fire blazed in the yawning fireplace in the spacious hall, and round it was already clustered a group of youngsters engaged in the time-honoured hallow-eve custom of burning nuts.

There now, Katie, you capricious little creature, you've jumped away from every one I've put you to burn with!

Quite right, too, if she didn't like them, said Bob. Katie, I'm going to burn you with Mr. Clayton. I've a fine long nut for him; so here goes; and, suiting the action to the words, Bob placed the nuts side by side on the bar, and intently watched the result.

It is useless, Bob, unless both parties believe in the charm, remarked one of the guests.

And I am sure Mr Clayton does not believe in luck—do you, Mr. Clayton? inquired Ethel.

The dark, grave face changed for a moment, and a strange sad look came into those wonderful eyes; the strong self-possessed man seemed utterly confused by the girl's simple question; but, rapidly regaining his self-possession, he replied, thoughtfully, that is a subject which requires consideration.

Well, since you indirectly admit that it is worthy of consideration, persisted Ethel, tell me, do you really believe in good or ill luck?

To some extent I do, he replied; but you will excuse my entering into any discussion upon the subject; and, bowing courteously, Mr. Clayton walked to the other end of the hall.

Whew! said Frank, in an under-tone, something queer in the wind—a secret sorrow, I'll lay a wager.

Katie, I declare you're incorrigible! exclaimed Bob. There you've jumped away from Mr Clayton, who looks the very picture of constancy; isn't it too bad, Mr. Clayton?

It is only what I might have expected, quietly replied the individual addressed, who had again joined the group round the hall fire.

Presently the whole merry party sallied forth blindfolded to pull cabbage-stalks, and thus discover of what description his or her future wife or husband was to be.

Gleefully they returned with their trophies, which were commented upon amidst peals of laughter.

Eureka! exclaimed Frank. I'm to marry an old maid with a lot of money! and he exhibited a yellow, withered stalk with a quantity of earth round the roots.

Does the earth mean money? asked Katie. If so, then I'm to marry a very nice husband.

That's me! said Bob, utterly regardless of grammar; for I'm to get a wife with fluffy hair—and that's you, Katie.

Show yours, Mr. Clayton, said Ethel; and a general outburst of laughter greeted the exhibition of a diminutive cabbage-stalk, from the top of which waved a few dried leaves.

Never mind, Clayton, said Frank, with mock gravity; you'll marry a nice wee wife, and her dowry will be all in coppers.

Many were the other harmless and time-honoured charms tried by the young people, who, when separating for the night, agreed that they would each sleep upon what they considered to be the most valuable of their possessions—Mr. Clayton, who was one of the guests staying at the house, not being exempted from the rule.

I slept, said Frank, next morning at breakfast, on the cheque the Governor gave me yesterday, and dreamt that I had passed at the bar, and that a grateful and appreciative Legislature afterwards made me Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Now for your dream, Ethel. I was too sleepy, said Ethel, and slept too soundly to dream; but Bob induced poor Gracey to put her new doll under her pillow, and now the wax face

is melted; so Hallow Eve has not brought her much good luck.

Mr. Clayton, I should so much like to know what you put under your pillow to dream on—will you tell me? asked Elinor.

Well, Miss Elinor, intrinsically my watch was the most valuable article I had in my possession, he replied; but I did not put it under my pillow, for I understood the charm to mean the thing you valued most for its own sake, and there is that which I value more than my watch, but which unfortunately I had not with me last night.

Dear, dear! said Elinor: my curiosity is quite excited. Do tell me what it is?

It is not always prudent to satisfy the curiosity of young ladies, replied her tormentor mischievously.

What did you dream, Miss Petherick? he inquired, glancing across the table at Katie.

Oh yes, Katie, what did you dream? and what did you put under your pillow? were chorused on all sides.

Poor, foolish little Katie! Yes, she had put something under her pillow, and she had had a dream too. But how to tell it with so many eyes upon her Katie could not equivocate, and she blushed and stammered so painfully that her aunt had to come to her rescue, and with intuitive, lady-like tact, gave all to understand that she did not wish the conversation to be continued, and soon put Katie comparatively at her ease.

After luncheon they all set off for a brisk walk through the park; and somehow or other Katie found herself walking by Mr. Clayton's side, and separated from the rest. Suddenly he stopped where a turn in the pathway gave a full view of the river which ran through the grounds.

Do you see that river, Miss Petherick? he asked, pointing to it. I dreamt last night that I saw you lying under the water there with a little brown purse clasped in your hand—just such another purse as I lost some few weeks ago, and about which I have a strange superstition; it contained a couple of copper coins, and was given to me one Hallow Eve when I was a boy.

The giver was an old nurse, who had the reputation of being a wise woman; for you must know that I am Irish, and that luck is more firmly believed in in Ireland than it is here. She told me that as long as I kept it safely, I should always be fortunate; and, curious to say, since its loss I have felt strangely uncomfortable.

Mr. Clayton, said Katie, trembling with excitement, I slept on your purse last night, and I dreamt that I was running after you, and trying to overtake you to return it. Is that anything like it? she asked, drawing the shabby little article from her pocket.

Her companion gazed at her in mute amazement as she recounted the finding of the purse, the good luck which it had brought, and her mother's reproofs and her own strange feelings with regard to it. The deep, sad eyes burned with a newer and softer light, and as she concluded Jasper Clayton took one of her little hands in his, and, pressing into it the little old worn purse, said, Katie, will you take the purse, and with it my happiness, into your keeping, and from henceforward let our good or ill fortunes be one?

There is no need to give Katie's answer; for presently Jasper Clayton had her tightly in his strong arms, and before the recollections of a very merry Christmas had passed away, he was the husband of a wee wife, with her dowry all in coppers, so precluding Mrs. Petherick from ever again alluding slighly to "Katie Petherick's Luck."

The Bewitching Widow.

UST before dark one evening, Tom Courtena came into the little office where Frank Worthington kept his dusty law books, and helped himself to a chair and a cigar, with a quiet make-yourself-at-home sort of coolness which showed him no stranger to the premises.

Well, Frank, said he, we got through the last case to-day, and I'm ready to be off home to-morrow. You promised to go with me, remember.

No need to remind me of it, old fellow, laughed Frank. I've endured the horrors of a boarding-house too long not to jump at the chance of country living awhile.

You can be ready by morning? Oh, yes. It won't take long to pack my kit. I haven't any Saratoga trunk to fill with flounces and furbelows.

All right then. We shall have a cousin of my mother's to go down with us.

The deuce we shall! Tom, if it's a girl I won't go, by George! I got enough of travelling with girls last summer.

You will go! I will never forgive you if you don't. Is the cousin of the feminine persuasion?

Yes, but she is not a girl. She is a sedate widow lady, who goes down to make an annual visit to us every Christmas.

Oh, that alters the case. One of those motherly, middle-aged ladies who make a fellow look respectable, as if he was travelling with his mother.

Tom repressed an inclination to laugh and repeated, soberly,— Yes, no doubt Mrs. Cameron will appear like a mother to both of us.

Mrs. Cameron; a good old respectable name, repeated Frank. Has she any money, Tom?

Well, yes, a fair little fortune. And you may stand a chance in her will?

Possibly. Yes, well, my boy, you are all right to be attentive to your mother's elderly relative. No doubt Mrs. Cameron will be an addition to our journey.

Decidedly, said Tom, feeling it about time for him to get out of that office, where he could indulge in a laugh, and rising as he spoke. Meet us at the depot at seven in the morning.

I will. Sharp at seven, remember. Yes. And time and railroad cars wait for no man or woman, either. Depend on me, Tom, and just look after that elderly cousin.

Good-night, then. Good-night, old fellow. And as Tom went out, Frank arose and began to put his office in order, and make some preparations for his Christmas journey.

He meant to be very early next morning, but overslept himself, and reached the depot only five minutes before train time. He went hastily into the ladies' room, supposing Tom would be there with Mrs. Cameron. There was, however, but one occupant, a bright-faced lady, in a stylish black-and-white travelling suit, with a long white plume drooping over a coquettish black hat. She turned a pair of saucy brown eyes upon him as he entered, glanced around and beat a hasty retreat.

Whew! what a pretty girl! Glad I don't have her to dangle after, and wait on, though, thought he. Where the dickens is Tom?

He hunted through the crowd, and just as the train was about starting found Tom on the platform.

Oh, here you are! Be quick, now! hailed Tom. I thought you were about to give me the slip, after all.

No danger; I slept late, that's all. They went in the car, and the ponderous wheels rolled off, and they opened the door Frank got a glimpse of the pretty girl with a white plume, seated inside.

Did your cousin come? he asked of Tom. Yes; I'll introduce you. Tom marched straight down the narrow aisle to that very girl's seat, and as she rose with a bewitching smile, he introduced,— Mrs. Cameron, this is my friend, Mr. Worthington. My cousin, Kate Cameron, Frank.

Poor Frank! you might have knocked him down with a knitting needle. But he was gentleman enough to stammer some response to the beautiful lady's courteous greeting, and try to recover from his confusion as best he might.

at the unconscious Tom, who sat calmly smoking his cigar in the smoking car.

The journey passed off without any special incident, and without Mrs. Kate troubling Frank in the least for attention.

At the station they found Black Boy awaiting them, with the big sleigh, and a few minutes' breezy sleigh ride brought them safely to the door of Tom's home.

If Frank had found Kate Cameron pretty in her hat and travelling wraps, when she took them off and showed the slight form, with its graceful curves and arches, he thought her bewitching. Of course, he didn't care anything about her; but, some way, it was a great relief to find a certain pretty little Minnie Brown, who was one of the holiday party, unmistakably occupying the position as Tom's sweetheart, and putting Kate out of the question.

Before they had been there three days Frank began to have an uncomfortable sensation under the left side of his vest whenever Kate was near; and, Sunday morning, when she came down dressed in a bewildering suit of blue velvet, ready for church, he quite gave up and owned to himself that he loved every inch of her, from the heels of her tiny boots to the tips of her little blue gloves.

Mrs. Kate was sharp enough very speedily to see how the land lay, but she never gave one sign that she cared a straw for him, and Frank tormented himself daily with hopes and fears, after the usual fashion of lovers.

The holiday visit was to close with a grand party on New Year's night, and all the young people in the neighborhood were invited to assist in the merry-making.

Late in the evening a silent figure sat by the library fire, having stole away from the revellers below stairs to indulge in a moments quiet reverie. Presently the door was softly opened, and the faint light glittered on Kate Cameron's blue robes, as she came forward and addressed the figure in the chair.

Why, Tom, old fellow, what is the matter? Have you got a fit of the blues? Why, dear, dear, it is worse than I thought! laughed Kate. Have you been quarrelling with Minnie Brown? Tell me all about it? And with cousinly freedom she laid her hand on his head.

The little hand was quickly imprisoned and carried to the lips of the silent figure, and then Katie stooped and looked into the face, not of her cousin Tom, but Frank Worthington. She gave vent to a low exclamation, and would have fled instantly, but Frank took good care to hold fast to his little white prisoner and detain her.

It isn't Tom; but don't go, he pleaded. Stay with me, Mrs. Cameron—dear Kate! Tom don't love you half so well as I do!

How do you know? whispered Kate, shyly. Because Tom only loves you as a cousin, and I—O Kate, I love you better than my life.

But you have known me such a little while, Yes; and might never have known you at all, if Tom, the blessed old boy, hadn't deceived me, and made me believe it was an old lady who was to come down with us.

I know—Tom told me all about it, laughed Kate. Did he? But you will forgive me, Katy darling, because I love you so, and learn to love me a little, won't you? pleaded Frank, boldly throwing one arm around her, and drawing her down by his side.

I'm afraid I have learned that a ready, whispered she, frankly. And then—but neither you nor I, dear reader, have any business listening to love secrets in the fire-lighted library, so I won't tell you what, then. But I will tell you, that when the next New Year's came, Frank and the bewitching widow were visiting at Tom's again; but she was a widow no longer, and they called her Mrs. Worthington.

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