

The Star,

And Conception Bay Semi-Weekly Advertiser.

Volume I.

Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Friday, January 24, 1873.

Number 71.

JANUARY.

S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.
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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. HONORS, 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.

**PINE APPLES
PEACHES**

Strawberries—preserved in
Syrup
Brambleberries do.

—ALWAYS ON HAND—

A Choice Selection of

GROCERIES.

T. M. CAIRNS.

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

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, Manufac-
turing Jeweler.

A large selection of
CLOCKS, WATCHES

MEERCHAUM PIPES,

PLATED WARE, and

JEWELRY of every description & style
May 14.

NOTICES.

**PAINLESS!
PAINLESS!!**

TEETH

Positively Extracted without
Pain

BY THE USE OF

NITROUS OXIDE GAS.

A NEW AND PERFECTLY SAFE
METHOD.

Dr. LOVEJOY & SON,

OLD PRACTITIONERS OF DENTIS-
TRY, would respectfully offer their
services to the Citizens of St. John's, and
the outports.

They can be found from 9 a.m. to 5
p.m., at the old residence of Dr. George
W. Lovejoy, No. 9, Cathedral Hill, where
they are prepared to perform all Dental
Operations in the most

Scientific and Approved Me-
thod.

Dr. L. & Son would state that they
were among the first to introduce the
Anaesthetic (Nitrous Oxide Gas), and
have extracted many thousand Teeth by
its use

Without producing pain,

with perfect satisfaction. They are still
prepared to repeat the same process,
which is perfectly safe even to Children.
They are also prepared to insert the Best
Artificial Teeth from one to a whole Set
in the latest and most approved style,
using none but the best, such as
received the highest Prem-
iums at the world's Fair
in London and Paris.

Teeth filled with great care and in the
most lasting manner. Especial attention
given to regulating children's Teeth.
St. John's, July 9.

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.

172 WATER STREET, 172

JAMES FALLON,

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-

IRON WORKER,

BEGS respectfully to inform
the inhabitants of Harbor Grace
and outports that he has com-
menced business in the Shop No.
172 Water Street, Harbor Grace,
opposite the premises of Messrs. Puntun
& Munn, and is prepared to fill all orders
in the above lines, with neatness and
despatch, hoping by strict attention to
business to merit a share of public pa-
tronage.

JOBGING

Done at the Cheapest possible
Terms.

Dec. 13.

W. H. THOMPSON,

AGENT FOR

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

POETRY.

**On a Lady asking a Gentleman
how much he loved her.**

My passion, Sylvia, to prove,
You bid me tell how much I love,
I love the, then—but language fails—
More than bees love flowery vales;
More than turtle loves his dove;
More than warblers love the grove;
More than Nature loves the spring;
More than linnet loves to sing;
More than insects sunny beams;
More than poets airy dreams;
More than fish loves the flood;
More than patriots public good;
More than hands increasing rains;
More than stamens loves his plot;
More than lords their pedigrees;
More than Britons to be free;
More than heroes love twenty-one;
More than heroes laurels won;
More than elves the moonlight shade;
More than ancient maids to wed;
More than hermit loves his cell;
More than beauty to excel;
More than miser loves his store;
More than myself—can I do more?

**Grandpapa and his Grand-
children.**

Written for a Family Meeting, and spoken
by the eldest of the Juveniles.

We are coming! we are coming!
What a merry host! ha, ha!
Laughing, shouting, singing, drumming,
We are coming, Grandpapa!

Here are Henrys, by the dozen;
Here are Marys, half-a-score!
Brother, sister, aunt, and cousin,
We are coming—many more!

We are coming! Willies, Lucys,
Anns and Lizzies, two and two;
Frank and Robert, little gooses,
We can find no mate for you.

We are coming! Edwards, Johnmys,
Harriet, Richard, Louise;
Lals and Lassies, little cronies,
All are coming—what a squeeze!

We are coming! Don't you hear us?
What a glorious noise we make!
Grandmamma, you well may fear us
With your lemonade and cake,

We are coming! O believe us,
Happy, joyful, glad, hurrah!
In your open arms receive us
With your blessing, Grandpapa!

EXTRACTS.

**Shocking—An End to Run-
aways.**

We have ceased to be shocked at the
doings of electricity. We are not even
surprised. It flies through the air with
its messages of light; it swims the seas,
traverses continents; and yet we are less
surprised than when we first heard its in-
fantile peepings and promises. It has
done more than it predicted, and its ca-
pacity is beyond finite measurement.
Here is a Frenchman, M. Lidot, who has
invented a machine for stopping run-
away horses instantly. "Electricity, at
the control of the driver, is the means
employed. The horse is violently shock-
ed, and so much surprised that he instan-
tly comes to a halt." We should think
he would.

What a blessing this promises to be!
We see in it untold advantages.

The sluggard will have no chance for
"a little more sleep, and a little more
slumber," with one of these machines
attached to the led post. The dream
fairies will come to a sudden halt in their
performances, and incidentally disap-
pear.

The debtor will be immediately check-
ed; the default, cashed; and all
without the necessity or delay of hunting
up an officer of the law.

Eloquents will be impossible; and
young men and maidens will not be in
such danger of dishing headlong into
ruin and wretchedness. It is the patent
brake for which we have been waiting,
and which will keep society from running
down hill at breakneck speed.

No more fractious colts, or runaway
horses; no more excursions from virtue,
or accessions to vice. Even Vesuvius
may be checked, shocked to her
volcanic centre, and the fluent lava halted
in its mad and murderous career.

The "gift of gab" distinguishes this
generation, but posterity will call upon
the electrical machine to do all its talk-
ing.

The woods will never echo the fran-
tic "whoa's!" of distracted drivers, nor
terror take possession of our streets
when this newly-invented, patent back-

action-electrical brake is brought into
use.

So Nice to be Engaged.

Every one must have noticed the great
difference, as a general thing, between
the conduct of the young betrothed man
and the young betrothed woman. He,
the braver and stronger of the two, is
utterly confused and bashful, and seeks
to make a secret of the fact. She, on the
contrary, tries to parade it, is proud of it,
assumes a certain air of proprietorship
over him, and offers to her friends little
delicate confidences as to how nice it is
to be engaged, and how dreadfully jeal-
ous he is if she looks at any one else.

The cause of this is just one thing: the
man is in love; the girl is not.

I have studied human nature, I have
looked into the depths of hearts, I have
made man and woman the study of my
life, and I aver that the girl in love is rarer
than a black rose. She simply has for
her lover exactly the feeling that the
young mother has for her baby. She has
an anxious desire to see to him for life,
to make sure that he is comfortable, that
his buttons are all right, and that his food
is what it ought to be. She understands
that he is in love with her, and rejoices in
the knowledge. The idea of losing his
love is madness to her, but of herself she
does not understand it.

A woman who is not selfish, and greedy,
and mean, who does not smile on any one
who can give her fine clothes and a grand
establishment, overflows with the mother-
feeling all her life. She expends it on
her dolls in childhood, on her poodle, or
her kitten, or her canary afterward, and
when the time comes, on her lover. Many
a man would lose a great deal of his con-
ceit and vanity if he knew just how the
girl whom he supposed to be in love with
him really felt. She, also, would be sur-
prised to hear that she was not in love at
all, but only delighted to have some one
in love with her, and in a measure awak-
ened to the knowledge of that love which
she will some day give her children. It is
the best sort of love too, and when a man's
wife really loves him as his mother used
to love him, she makes him happy.

But I think it is time that some one
who knows the truth should tell it. A
good woman's love is something to be
happy in—not the fleeting gallantry that
man calls by that name, but a pure and
high affection, and with so much of the
motherly and protecting in it, that I have
often heard a little eighteen-year-old wo-
man say of a six-footer of two hundred
pounds weight, and a brigadier-general to
boot:

"Oh isn't he a darling, cunning little
thing? Just as sweet as sugar!"

Physicians.

Physicians have their eccentricities, and
not infrequently they appear in the odd
manner in which they collect their fees.
A well-known medical man once sent in
his annual bill for services rendered in the
family of a particular friend, when, in
point of fact, he had not been in the house
professionally during the entire year. The
bill was paid as usual, but when the head
of the family met the doctor he remarked,
"Doctor, I got your bill the other day, but
I don't remember that any of us have been
sick this year."

"Very likely not," answered the bluff
man of science; "but I stopped several
times at the area gate, and inquired of the
servants how you all were."

Another physician, who was for many
years one of the prominent medical men
in New York, is said to have once sent in
a bill for three hundred and forty two dol-
lars and ninety-two cents, or some similar
odd sum. This curious bill was also paid,
but when the patient met his physician
he inquired, "How, doctor, did you ever
get that odd ninety-two cents in my bill?"
"Oh," said the doctor, "that is easily ex-
plained. My grocer's bill was just for
that amount, and I knew of no one who
would so cheerfully pay it as yourself, and
so I made one pay the other."

The Power of Print.

The power of print is well known, but
not well understood. A printed sentence
has a wonderful advantage over one that
is written or spoken. This is one of the
many reasons which gives an importance
to advertising. But advertisers, even
those of experience, do not comprehend
as well as they might the capacity of in-
fluence, to persuade, to convince, which
lies in printed matter. Spoken words re-
quire the graces of elocution and the force
of eloquence, yet even then fade away in-
to nothingness if not caught in their flight
and printed. But there is something in
the silent language, the quiet assertions
and the sense of permanence about print-
ed matter which gives it a marvelous
force and influence. Business men should
never permit themselves to lose sight of
what may be accomplished by a persever-
ing use of the printing press. Learn to
advertise, and then the "how, when, and
where of it," and you will have a know-
ledge worth haying.

ARIE TIES.

A QUEER STORY.—Here is a queer story
the truth of which is absolutely guaran-
teed by one of the most respectable of
Paris newspapers, *Le Temps*. A certain
M. de B. has long been insane. He im-
agined himself a Chinese, wore the cos-
tume of the Celestial Empire, and spoke
a strange jargon invented by himself, and
which he seriously believed to be pure
Chinese. This was a very inoffensive mo-
nomania. His family had, therefore, taken
no precautionary measures further than
that of preventing him from going out.
M. de B. awoke the other day covered
with cold sweat, declaring that the Emper-
or, Tchong-Tcheou, had condemned him
to impalement. He asked to be left alone.
When, at the end of two hours, his friends
re-entered the room, he was found on a
chair sitting bolt upright, with his hair
standing on end. "Heaven! how I suffer,"
gasped he; "it is going through and
through me." A doctor was sent for, and
M. de B. was placed by force in a reclin-
ing position. "It is too late," he cried,
"the stake is broken in my body!" and he
expired under the full conviction that he
was actually impaled.

It has been said as a reproach against
the fair sex, that some of them go to
church as much to show off their finery as
for purposes of devotion. The ecclesiast-
ical authorities in Lima, Peru, will not
permit the possibility of such a vanity
among the ladies of that city, for we are
told that recently a French lady was com-
pelled to leave the cathedral because she
had gone thither with a fashionable bon-
net on her head. How would this rule
work in New York city? We are inclined
to think the churches would look rather
forlorn.

A UTAH man has invented a travelling
trunk with this improvement:—Taking
hold of the handle and lifting one end
from the floor, a sharp pull draws out a
hand bar, similar to those by which a
hand-cart is drawn or propelled, and at
the same time two strong wheels drop be-
neath. The trunk is at once a box on
wheels, and the traveller can draw it away
independent of porters or expressmen.

BALD HEADED EDITORS.—A Journalist,
who is said to be bald, offers a reward of
one thousand dollars for a tale that will
make his hair stand on end.—[Exchange].
If it were certain the above journalist
would pay one-third of the reward, we
would suggest the "cat-o-nine-tail."
This, we think, would have the desired
effect.—*Macon Enterprise*.

It having been reported that a gentle-
man living in Lafayette, Ind., was heard
pounding his wife's mother one morning,
a correspondent of the *Indianapolis News*
came to his rescue as follows:—
"The fact that a mouse spent the night
in making his nest in Mr. —'s right
boot, occasioned all of the stamping the
next morning, and gave rise to the report
that he was reconstructing his mother-
in-law."

A FATHER in Maine, feeling that a young
man was staying rather late in the parlor,
and wishing to give him a polite hint
thereof, went to the head of the stairs and
called out, "Here, young man! Isn't it
about time that you were going? Do you
know that it is eleven o'clock, and that
you are burning out my gas?" The young
man left, and has not returned.

A LADY who has a pretty hand is anx-
ious to know if a person is more likely to
burn her fingers because they are taper
ones. We don't know, but it is probable
that she should be careful how they come
in contact with sparks!

A CRUEL TRICK.—When a Main man has
a too talkative wife he tells her he is go-
ing to Ansanquatanogomogotonga
hunting, and in his absence has his friends
call at the house and inquire his where-
abouts. When he returns, the faithful
wife is exhausted, and doesn't want to
speak for a month.

A SPORTIVE hunter, of Detroit, who
kept a flask of whisky with him on a shoot-
ing trip, struck a race course in the sub-
urbs on his return, and walked around it
all night, wondering why he didn't get to
town.

"My wife," said a wag the other day,
"came near calling me honey last night."
"Indeed! how was that?" "Why," she
called me old beeswax."

THE married ladies of Hannibal, Mo.,
have formed a "Come Home Husband
Club." It is about four feet long, and
has a brush on the end of it.

A TERS HAUTE girl exclaimed when
she saw a Thomas feline elevate his back.
"Oh! wouldn't he make a lovely bustle!"

DIFFICULT punctuation.—Putting a stop
to a gossip's tongue.

A MERMURS paper defines advertising
as a blister which draws customers.

Persons & Squary

HARBOR GRACE, JANUARY 24, 1873.

We have much pleasure in noticing once more amongst us, our old and respected friend, Mr. Carroll.

Mr. C. has been recently lecturing in the Metropolis, and we fancy all who have read the highly eulogistic encomiums showered upon him by the press there, for his able and learned lecture on the Seal Fishery, must now be more anxious than ever to hear him discuss the subject.

We trust, he will (at an early date) oblige the public with his presence in one of our halls, having that purpose in view.

ANOTHER ROBBERY.—On Monday evening, the steamer "Lizzie" was inspected, and surveyed, by some party or parties unknown, taking for the trouble, some clothing (valued about five pounds,) belonging to one of the crew. The thief in this case has not been so considerate as the one concerned in the recent cash robbery; not having left the coat, &c., near the residence of the owner. To our police we can only remark: "never say die," but at the same time they must remember that the criminal in this case may "dye" before they catch him, and live long to wear his ill-gotten warmth.

ACCORDING to an annual custom—consequent on the winter early closing season—a number of the young gentlemen of the town have organized a Quadrille Party; extending invitations to a bevy of friends.

The first of this year's series of assemblies took place on Wednesday evening in the Masonic Hall, and was quite a brilliant affair, several of the "elite" gracing the gathering with their presence.

The Masonic Hall is well adapted for ceremonies of this kind; music discoursed therein seems to have unusual power and pleasing effect.

We are glad to see the young people taking to such an enjoyable method of passing a part of their leisure, and are certain these social unions cannot fail to be advantageous to them in many ways.

By late advices from New York, we learn that E. S. Stokes, the murderer of James Fisk, Junr., has been sentenced to be hanged on the 18th proximo.

For a long time it seemed doubtful whether the capital sentence would be passed upon the prisoner, and even now, it is said by some, that the extreme penalty of the law will not be meted out to him. If financial influence can effect anything on his behalf, it is certain he will not lack it, and considering the loose way in which the State deals with criminals of that nature, it will not be matter for astonishment if the gallows be foisted in the long run. It is, however, to be hoped, for the sake of justice, and a duty to society, that no laxity will be shown in enforcing the requirements of the law—in such cases provided.

Launch of a New Steamer for Harbor Grace.

"There was a launch on Saturday forenoon from the building yard of Messrs. Alex. Hall & Company, Foodiee, a handsome and substantially built screw steamer, of the following dimensions, viz:—Length 165 feet; extreme breadth 28 feet; and depth of hold, 18 feet. On taking the water, she was christened after the usual manner, the Vanguard, by Mr. Hall, the senior partner of the firm. The Vanguard is to be employed in the Newfoundland seal trade, and was especially built to the order of Messrs. Punton & Mann, Harbor Grace, Newfoundland. The engines are of the most approved make, and can be wrought with all ease up to 120 horse power. The Vanguard is a wooden built screw steamer, and is capable of carrying 570 tons. After the launch, the Vanguard was towed up to the sheerpoles at the dock gates, for the purpose of getting her rigged. While lying there, a number of people who visited her in the afternoon, admired the graceful build of the vessel."—English Paper.

BY AUTHORITY.

His Excellency the Governor in Council has been pleased to appoint M. Fenelon, Esq., H.M.A., to be a member of the Roman Catholic Board of the St. John's Academy; and J. G. Conroy, Esq., Barrister-at-law, to be a Member of the Roman Catholic Board of Education, St. John's, in the room of the late John Kent, Esq.; and Mr. Thomas Gorman, to be a Member of the Roman Catholic Board of Education, in.

His Excellency in Council has also been pleased to appoint M. M. W. Stephenson, to be Surveyor Collector at Blanc Sablon, (Labrador,) in the room of Mr. W. S. Canning, removed to St. John's Custom House.

Secretary's Office, Jan 21, 1873.—Gazette.

Harmless mirth is the best cordial against the consumption of the spirits; therefore jesting is not unlawful, if it respects not in quantity, quality, or season.

LOCAL ITEMS.

THE GOOD TEMPLARS AT OLD PERILICAN.—On New Year's day at Old Perilican the Independent Order of Good Templars met at 10 o'clock, a.m., at the recently formed Lodge, and after walking through the Harbor were met by the Chaplain, near the Parsonage, and sang with a glad heart the Ode.

"God of the temperance cause, Bless those who keep thy laws, Owing thy Power; Teach them the sword to wield, Upon temptation's field, In sin's dark hour."

They then repaired to the Wesleyan Church where an expressive sermon was preached by the Rev. T. Fox in behalf of the Order, dwelling chiefly on the character, privileges, and duties of good men; also, on the evils of intemperance by which conscience is blunted, health of body and soul ruined, families made wretched and brought to beggary. He then recommended the temperance cause as being a part of the religion of the Bible, and covering a multitude of sins. After service had closed the Order again marched in procession near the Parsonage, sang a suitable verse to the tune of the National Anthem, and parted, all seemingly well pleased. The Lodge of Good Templars was formed about six weeks since, of some ten or twelve persons, now numbering seventy.—Chronicle.

The Kitty Glendon, Capt. Snell, owned by E. Duder, Esq., cleared from this port for Liverpool, Nov. 15, and arrived at her destination Dec. 13. During her voyage she rescued the crews of two vessels, numbering forty-three persons, whom she landed in good condition.

The first crew picked up was that of the barque Sailor's Home, of London, Capt. Gordon, bound from Quebec to Plymouth, timber laden. Captain Snell fell in with her Nov. 17, (his second day out), in a sinking condition, having on board a crew of twenty, and the wife and two children of the Capt. They had been nine days on the wreck, during which time the steward and a sailor had been washed overboard and drowned.

A few days afterwards Captain Snell took off the crew of the water-logged barque Julia, also from Quebec, and bound to Liverpool, timber laden. She had twenty hands all told, who had been ten days to work upon the pumps. The rescued seamen speak very highly of the kindness shown them by Captain Snell and his people.—Ibid.

CORONER'S INQUEST.—On Friday, 10th inst., an inquest was holden at Bellevue, Long Point, before Dr. Renouf, Coroner, on the body of a Catharine Greenslade, a very aged and imbecile woman, who died on the 2nd inst., in a miserable hovel attached to her dwelling, under suspicious circumstances; the body was exhumed at Foxtap Cemetery, and a post-mortem examination held, conducted by Dr. Simms, who deposed that there were no marks of violence on the body; the vital organs were found healthy and the body appeared to be fairly nourished, considering her advanced age. In his opinion her death was caused by exposure to the inclemency of the weather, not having sufficient bed clothing. The Jury returned a verdict in accordance with the facts elicited, censuring severely her family with whom she lived, for their unkindness and gross neglect.—Ibid.

WESLEYAN MISSIONARY MEETING AT POUCH COVE.—A very interesting missionary meeting was held in the village of Pouch Cove on Friday of last week (the 10th inst.) at the Wesleyan Church, conducted by the Rev. Thos. W. Atkinson the clergyman in charge of the mission, assisted by several zealous friends from the capital. Services were commenced by singing the 69th hymn of the Wesleyan collection, and by prayer. The report of the past year's work at Pouch Cove was unusually interesting and encouraging, the people having raised there this year some £40 more for circuit work than was ever raised before—a very flattering circumstance indeed, highly creditable to the people there, and worthy of emulation. The Wesleyans of Pouch Cove have certainly exerted themselves in a noble manner; they have secured the ministrations of a zealous and indefatigable young man, and if the collection at the close of this particular occasion was not quite so large as in previous years, the circumstance is not much to be wondered at when viewed in addition to their very liberal contributions in support of the church in which they worship.

The meeting having been thus formally opened, George Gear, Esq. of St. John's, was called to the chair, and in a noble and telling speech advocated the claims of Wesleyan Missions, both at home and abroad, to the affections and support of the people. Rev. Mr. Atkinson then made a few remarks, and was followed by Chas. R. Ayre, Esq., who spoke of the benefits flowing from the Gospel ministry, and in an address remarkable for its directness and pathos, urged every man to do his duty.

George J. Bond, Esq., then followed, and after expressing his gratification at seeing so large a number present, gave a very animated address, reminding the people that every man had an influence either for good or evil, and urged them to give their lives up to Christ, and to train up their children for God and His cause.

Messrs. R. Knight and Wm. Pippy, Jr., then made some excellent remarks with reference to the mission field both at home and abroad.

A vote of thanks to the chairman was then proposed by Rev. Mr. Atkinson and seconded by Mr. C. Hudson, after which a collection was taken up. The meeting then closed with a doxology and benediction.—News.

We regret to record another sudden death this week—that of Mr. Paul Hennessy, an elderly man and carpenter by trade, who was found dead under circumstances which show that the occasion of it—probably heart disease—was instant.—Ibid.

A good deal of commotion arose in Water Street yesterday afternoon, from the fact of a man having been arrested for dangerous driving. His horse was without reins, and he was keeping him at full speed through the street. Upon being stopped by the police, he was found to have been drinking, and was then taken into custody, in spite of great efforts on the part of the crowd to get him off.—Newfoundlander, Jan. 21.

GOOD NEWS FROM BURIN.—Just as we had completed our arrangements for going to press, the intelligence has come to hand that the Permissive Act, has been adopted by the poll lately taken in Burin District without opposition.—Tem. Journal.

We are glad to have the pleasure of announcing that the District of Burin has voted in favor of the Permissive Bill by a majority of nearly 300. Well done, Burin.—Chronicle.

NEWS ITEMS.

It must be gratifying to all who have taken an interest in Manitoba to find that its chief town is fast growing in population and consequent importance. We have it on the authority of the Manitoba "Free Press" that the population of Winnipeg in the fall of 1870 was 300 of 1871 700 and of the present year nearly 1,500. The same paper also points out that a large proportion of these individual men are pioneering their way for family or friends. This is borne out by the fact that the female population is small, and we are told that marriageable females are at a premium. Some amusing instances of the latter fact are related by our Manitoba contemporary. It says:—"One gentleman, after giving large inducements to attract a favorite servant to accompany his family from Ontario, had to land her over to an ex-volunteer on the third day after her arrival. A Nova Scotian tailor lately arrived who bid fair in a few weeks to accumulate more than the expenses of his immigration from the assistance given by his daughters towards the habituating of his overflow of patrons, suddenly finds one of his animated sewing machines rushing off to stitch exclusively for a young Canadian, whom she had first seen only a few days before. Another family just arrived trusting one of its daughters out at service in a doctor's family, is surprised to find her demanding permission to go on a life service with another lone Canadian. Another, the only solace of a lone mother, deserts her for the home of a thriving mechanic almost as soon as they had set up house keeping.

"WELL, old fellow said the tavern keeper, how do you do?" "Pretty well," said the sailor, "only I've got a hard lump here on my side." "Ah!" said the other, "it's cold water that has made that." "Do you think so?" "Yes, I know it. Only give up your miserable cold water sops, and drink some good liquor, and it will soon take the lump away."

"But," said the sailor, "I have just renewed the pledge, and I don't do it." "Then mind what I say," said the tavern keeper, "that lump will go on increasing, and very likely before another year you'll have one on the other side too." "I hope I shall," said the sailor, "taking out his bag of silver and shaking it. Good-bye."

INFAMOUS CONDUCT OF MEDICAL STUDENTS.—A Montreal Newspaper correspondent writes:—"The medical students at Victoria College, Montreal, are becoming the disgrace of the city, and are reported to be completely beyond the control of the professors. A few days ago a party of them stole a body from their dissecting room, took it to McGill Medical College, received their price, and had a drunken spree on the proceeds. Since then they have been accused of stealing in broad daylight a corpse from the Hotel Dieu, their own hospital, only dead a few hours and unburied, of taking it to a college and selling it, and spending the money in a similar way.

LORD DUFFERIN has informed a New York "Herald" Commissioner that he thinks the Canadian climate, on the whole, superior to that of England; that he thinks Canada a very well remain as she is, without annexation or independence; that even the event of a war with the United States, which he does not anticipate will ever take place, in a strategic point of view, it will still be England's interest to retain Canada. Lord Dufferin further informed his interest viewer that he looks upon General Grant as a highly conservative President, and that the invasion of Canada by the United States could take place without injury to the institutions of the latter.

Latest Despatches.

LONDON, Jan. 13. Defeats of the Carlists and killing of some of their leaders are reported in Spain. Additional reinforcements for army in Cuba have sailed from Madrid for Havana.

LONDON, 14. Many distinguished French officers have arrived at Chiselhurst. It is stated that Queen Victoria will visit the Empress Eugenie after the funeral.

NEW YORK, 14. A combination against the Western Union Telegraph Company, has been formed by all the other Companies in the United States.

Said news of the great storm continues to be received from Minnesota. Whole herds of cattle were frozen to death.

A conspiracy to assassinate the President of Peru was frustrated and the conspirators arrested.

During the late snow storms in Minnesota 8 persons were frozen to death at Morris, and 6 or 8 in other parts of the country. Five men wrapped in Buffalo robes were frozen to death in a sleigh, near St. Peter's. Two teamsters were frozen to death at Washington and three others at Sioux city. Workmen on the railroad suffered terribly.

A cable dispatch announces the founding of the ship Tuscarora, off Gibraltar; she was loaded with cotton, from Mobile bound to Liverpool. It is reported that the captain and two men were lost. The ship belonged to Carre & Brothers, of Philadelphia.

LONDON, 15. An American barque, name unknown, is ashore in the British Channel, and fast breaking up. All hands are supposed to be lost.

Mr. Childers and Sir Charles Dilke addressed their constituents last night, the former at Pontefract and the latter at Chelsea. Their speeches were mainly devoted to local questions. The meeting at Chelsea was orderly.

CAEN, 14. The English mail train on the Northern railway met with an accident near Mangle, five persons were killed and several injured.

The sub-committee of the French Assembly proposed adoption of decrees that the President shall communicate with the Assembly by message. He may speak after anouncing his intention to do so. It also makes provisions for the promulgation of laws and establishing of two Chambers. Their expressed dissatisfaction with this portion of the report.

LONDON, 15. Ten thousand persons have viewed the remains of Napoleon. Among them were the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh. M. Thiers has granted leave of absence to Admiral Rogeui, D'Genvailly, Marshal Bazaine, Duke of Plakad and General Frossart to attend the funeral.

The funeral of Napoleon was attended by 25,000 people. Members of the family were present, including the Prince Imperial, Prince Jonville, Prince Achille, M. Rouher and several of the English nobility; also a number of Priests from Paris. The funeral procession moved in the following order: A man bearing a tri-color on an ash stick, cut at the last moment. A deputation of working men from Paris with uncovered heads, bearing wreaths. The chaplain of the family, bearing a golden crucifix. The hearse was drawn by 8 horses. The procession was very long and the hearse was at the Chapel before the end of the cortege left the family mansion.

ROME, 15. Funeral services for the ex-Empress Napoleon were held in this city to day. Cardinal Bonaparte, who was unable to go to Chiselhurst was present. At Milan the Mayor, Prefect, troops and an immense concourse of people participated in the ceremonies. The Roumanian court goes into mourning, and funeral services are to be held throughout Roumania.

LONDON, 15. The town theatre at Odessa, Russia, was burned on Tuesday; no lives lost. A boiler in a factory in Charleroi, Belgium, exploded on Wednesday, killing fourteen persons and wounding a large number.

The ship Chillingham Castle was wrecked on a voyage from Shields to Manilla; 26 persons drowned. The Bonapartist Journals of Paris publish a special English edition, thanking the Queen and people of England for the kindness shown to the exiled Imperial family.

LONDON, 16. Advices from Zanzibar to the 30th November, states that letters have been received there from Unanyembe, announcing that the expedition with supplies sent forward to Livingstone, by Stanley, had reached him, and he again started for the interior of Africa on the 18th August.

NEW YORK, 16. The British ship Montague had been wrecked on the Bahama Banks; the mate and five sailors arrived in boat at Havana, and report the captain and crew in another boat probably saved.

A destructive fire is reported at Greenville, Pennsylvania. Last accounts, 30 buildings destroyed. Fire still raging. Gold 112.

LONDON, 17. A reception was given to day at Chiselhurst by the Empress Eugenie and Napoleon the IV, to thousands of soldiers, statesmen and other distinguished French men. The Empress and her son passed through the rooms filled with people, all in the deepest mourning, and gave their hands to be kissed. The Imperialists expect the speedy restoration of the Empire, with the Empress as regent.

Reports from Spain represent that the Carlists are acting with terrible cruelty towards the inhabitants who refuse to join their ranks.

PARIS, 16. It is rumoured in lobbies of the Assembly that a coalition has been effected between the Legitimists and the supporters of the House of Orleans.

PARIS, 17. General D'Brissy, Minister of War, has written a letter to Marshal McMahon prohibiting the circulation of Bonapartist addresses in the barracks of French troops, and urging the destruction of such papers.

LONDON, 17. The Empress Eugenie held a reception at Chiselhurst yesterday which was attended by many well known Bonapartists and a deputation of working men from Paris. Prince Napoleon also received a large number of his friends.

OTTAWA, 17. The Dominion Board of Trade was entertained by the Ottawa Board last evening with a grand banquet. In addition to the Canadian Board, a delegation from the National Board of the United States were present. At a meeting of the Board held yesterday, a discussion took place on the exise duty of 5 per cent on petroleum oil. To day a resolution was accepted to memorialize the Government in favor of the appointment of a commission to act with one to be named by the United States Government to take steps for the establishment of reciprocal trade between the two countries. The United States delegates expressed themselves favourably. A resolution recommending exemptions from compulsory pilotage to Steamers trading between the West Indies and Newfoundland, and on all vessels not exceeding three hundred tons register was adopted. Resolutions were introduced recommending the Legislature to prohibit the practice of carrying deck loads on vessels trading between Canada and Europe during the term between the months of October and May. The resolution was adopted.

LONDON, 18. Mr. Otway, formerly under Secretary of State, addressed his constituents at Chatham last night, and expressed himself satisfied with the result of the Geneva arbitration, and spoke in high terms of the late Emperor Napoleon. The trade Congress in Session, at Leeds, has addressed a letter to the Home Secretary, asking pardon for the imprisoned gas strikers. Prince Napoleon says he will abstain from all intrigue, either on his own behalf or Napoleon IV. When his rights as French citizen are recognized, he will adhere to the Republic.

Latest.

LONDON, 18. Samuel R. Gaves, M.P. for Liverpool, died suddenly this morning. The Turkish Government has brought a suit against the "London Times" for published communications alleged to have been signed by the Turkish Minister in London, containing untrue statements in reference to finances of the Government of Turkey.

Markets generally unchanged. NEW YORK, 18. Heavy storm and sleet prevailed during the day.

Reports from North West this morning state that the severity of weather exceeds anything this winter. At Sparta, Wisconsin, the mercury was congealed—spirit of thermometer marked 45 deg. At La Crosse, 34 deg. below zero. Milwaukee, 8 deg. above.

Gold 112 1/2; slight exchange 100 1/2.

LONDON, 20. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton died on Saturday afternoon, at the age of 57. An uncompromising strike is going on in iron foundries and rolling mills throughout Wales.

Count Schouvaloff's mission from the Russian Government to England to induce the latter power to change her purposes relative to Russia's design on Afghanistan has failed and he has returned.

There was a grand display, religious, civic and military, at Pottsdam, Germany, on Sunday. The battle flags captured from the French, being hung from the walls with imposing ceremonies.

LONDON, 20. Rev. Baptist Worthley Noel, the well-known English Theologian, is dead. Funeral ceremonies of Napoleon were preached in the Chapel. Queen Victoria and Princess Beatrice sent flowers to be placed on the tomb.

Prince Imperial will soon return to Woolwich to resume his studies at the Royal Military Academy.

NEW YORK, 20. Freshets in Western Rivers have caused considerable damage, but less than was feared.

An Havana letter states that a cargo of 700 Coolies arrived there on the 10th inst. They command six hundred dollars per head.

Gold 12 1/2.

FOUND DEAD, A man named Patrick Power, 60 years old, was found dead in his room at house, 26, North Bennett Street, yesterday afternoon. He was recently from Newfoundland and had no relatives here. A coroner was called, but finding his death had been caused by phthisis, deemed an inquest unnecessary and the body was removed to the dead-house.—[Boston paper.]

IN SUSANNAH, before Died

Dear partner, An I will th To cheer our And must w

Yes, thou mu Far from th But not to be While life is

We'll think of Of each ret And nowhere Will mourn

Dearest sister, Here thy lo But tis God t He can all d

Peaceful be th Peaceful in Thou no mo Thou no mo

Yet again we b When the d When in heav Where no fa

We never mor Of wis tom f Gone now to r The work of

Oh when the Around the It is so ind d Dear unum We are left v Never more "She is dea l

"KEPT IN. bles, is there a of being kept know of any. dicious to m: then had of it well, neverth able feeling fel closed over my and the big se of echoes, wit ting in its m countenance o

Our arms w ed a little fro down our sobb of Job would b propiate for t tress coming in and chattering u s curiously, w world knew on for it. Little at the window make a face, as was a sort of i

The long b marked the ti There were sto of a kept in ch in the heater a day, when so roasting. Bill To be sure, Bi Why, O why an awful tempt There at home the delicious lu pie, we knew. its pink and wh stiff kid hands where we could ourselves. Th world held for d and dreadful in held us here

Could it be o it be only a qua it nearly midn time was! At "You may ever do so again may go."

And we were with its stiffling of Miss Chick, were all left bewaited us. Th of his shop door in. The little c we had been kep came within the people knew that and then, or bu laugh now, but i

It is reported having stated the dry in about ni hackmen at the their fares.

KNOWLEDGE heart be not edu head;

To deal frank with all men tur runs.

SHIP

PORT OF

Jan. 17—Minnie B —P. & L. Tessa Myrtle, Bowden, B & Son. Stella, Mitchell, I ark Mary, Murphy, Ne

IN MEMORIAM.

SUSANNAH, beloved wife of Mr. J. NICHOLAS. Died 13th January, 1873.

Dear partner of our hopes and fears, An I will thou here no longer dwell To cheer our joys and tears— And must we bid a sad farewell.

Yes, thou must fill thy future lot, Far from thy fond and cherished friends, But not to be by us forgot While life its beating pulses spends.

We'll think of thee amid the scene, Of each returning Sabbath Day; And nowhere else, with grief so keen, Will mourn that thou art far away.

Dearest sister, thou hast left us: Here thy loss we deeply feel, But 'tis God that hath bereft us, He can all our sorrows heal.

Peaceful be thy silent slumber! Peaceful in the grave so low! Thou no more wilt join our number, Thou no more our songs can know.

Yet again we hope to meet thee, When the day of life is fled; When in Heaven with joy we greet thee, Where no farewell tear is shed.

We never more shall hear the word Of wisdom from that tongue, Gone now to reap a rich reward,— The work of earth is done.

O! when the pensive twilight hours Around their gloom do shed, It is so kind in our ears Dear mummy is dead.

We are left without a mother's care, Never more her voice to hear: "She is dead!"

"KEPT IN."—Among childish troubles, is there anything greater than that of being kept in after school? I don't know of any. There is something ludicrous to me now in the woful dread I then had of it, but I remember it very well, nevertheless. Ah, what a miserable feeling fell upon me, when the doors closed over my last retreating comrades, and the big school-room became a place of echoes, with one small delinquent sitting in its midst, opposite the severe countenance of the teacher!

Our arms were folded, our feet dangled a little from the floor, we choked down our sobs, and all the lamentations of Job, would have seemed to us only appropriate for the occasion. The janitress coming in with broom and brush and clattering dust-pan, and looking at us curiously, was as though the whole world knew our shame and scorned us for it. Little Sam, Brown peeping in at the window behind Miss Chick to make a face, added to our misery. It was a sort of insult to the fallen.

The long black hands of the clock marked the time slowly and solemnly. There were stories current in the school of a kept-in child who had been shut up in the heater and forgotten until next day, when somebody smelt something roasting. Billy Scamp said it was true. To be sure, Billy told fibs.

Why, O why did we speak? It was an awful temptation; but why did we? There at home the lurch waited us—the delicious lunch! There was apple pie, we knew. There sat our doll with its pink and white face, and its little stiff kid hands. There was the place where we could talk, and run, and be ourselves. There was all the love the world held for us, and a fate supreme and dreadful in the person of Miss Chick held us here.

Could it be only five minutes? Could it be only a quarter of an hour? Wasn't it nearly midnight? Oh, how long the time was! At last came the—"You may come here. Will you ever do so again? Are you sorry? You may go."

And we were free. The school-house with its stifling smells, the stern face of Miss Chick, the horrible old clock, were all left behind; but a new trial awaited us. The butcher, looking out of his shop door, knew we had been kept in. The little candy-store women knew we had been kept in also. Peace only came within the walls of home, where people knew that we, must, speak now and then, or burst. Ah, it makes us laugh now, but it was real trouble then.

It is reported that Prof. Agassiz having stated that Niagara would run dry in about nineteen centuries, the hackmen at the falls immediately raised their fares.

KNOWLEDGE may increase sin if the heart be not educated as well as the head.

To deal frankly, honestly, and firmly with all men turns out best in the long run.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF ST. JOHN'S. ENTERED. Jan. 11—Minnie Bruce, Searl, Demerara—P. & L. T. Sider. Myrtle, Bowden, Barbadoes—P. Rogerson & Son. Stella, Mitchell, Dublin—J. & W. Stewart. New Supply, New York—E. Duder.

CLEARED.

Jan. 15—Charlotte, Palfrey, Pernambuco—W. Grieve & Co. Brunette, Winsor, Barcelona—W. Grieve & Co. Scotia, Bowden, Pernambuco—W. Grieve & Co. Slyph, Bursell, Oporto—W. Grieve & Co. 17—Hawk, Jackman, St. Pierre—Bowring Bros.

Passengers.—Per Tiger from Halifax—Rev. Mr. Walsh, Hon. Mr. Donnelly—2nd cabin—Mr. Evans, Misses Turner (2), Miss Grimstead and Mrs. McGettighan. Per Andria, for Liverpool—Saloon—Mr. and Mrs. Duder, Mr. and Mrs. White way, Miss B. Stewart, Mr. Bryden and 2 sons, Mr. G. Gear and son, Mr. Muriot, Mr. Sharp, Mr. J. McL. Fraser, Miss Brown A. Marshall, H. Blair, Miss Dwyer, Mr. J. Stee, Miss Mullooney, Mr. E. Smith, Mr. Squires, Wm. Frew, Mr. Goodbridge, H. Henderson, Mr. T. R. Cairns, A. F. Shirran, Mr. Cavill, John P. Southcott, Mrs. Lily, Mr. Longwell, Mrs. Simpson, Mr. Moore, P. W. Kelly, James French, Edmund Fitzgibbon, Mr. Hoarke, Richard Croke, Mr. Firth, Mr. Paterson, Mr. Hippisley, Mrs. Morey, J. N. Finley, Mr. Hardy. Steerage—Mr. W. Smith, Miss Bridgeway, Mr. Purcell, Mr. Wilson.

NOTICE.

TO THE INHABITANTS OF HARBOR GRACE BRICUS & Co.

PIANO AND Melodeon TUNING.

Mr. GREENWOOD, Of the noted firm of Messrs. ROOME Organ Builders, of Toronto, who is now in town, will be glad to receive Orders for the above. As this is an opportunity of parties getting their instruments properly attended to, those desirous of doing so will please leave Orders at once with Mr. Thompson, Telegraph Office, who will kindly give a reference. Jan. 17. 4i.

MONEY!

PARTIES having MONEY TO LOAN on security of FREEHOLD PROPERTY, situated in Water Street, Harbor Grace, can obtain particulars by application at the Office of this paper. Harbor Grace, Jan. 14, 1873. 6i.

COMMERCIAL BANK OF NEWFOUNDLAND. DIVIDEND on the capital Stock of this Company, at the rate of Ten per cent per annum, for the half year ending 31st December, 1872, will be payable at the Banking House, in Duckworth Street, on and after TUESDAY, the 5th instant, during the usual hours of business. (By order of the Board.) R. BROWN, Manager. St. John's, Jan. 4, 1873.

J. Mellis, TAILOR & CLOTHIER, 208, Water Street, St. John's.

EGS 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. 1yf.

W. H. THOMPSON, AGENT FOR Parsons' Purgative Pills.

NOTICE.

PIANO TUNING!

Mr. J. CURRIE, TUNER AND REPAIRER OF PIANOS.

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

G. R. BARNES, Blacksmith & Farrier.

BEGS respectfully to acquaint his numerous patrons and the public generally, that he is EVER READY to give entire satisfaction in his line of business. All work executed in substantial manner and with despatch. Off LeMarchant St., North of Gas House. Sept. 17.

CAUTION!

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

FOR SALE!

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

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

SEALER'S AGREEMENTS FOR SALE at the Office of this paper. Oct. 29.

FROM and after the 1st day of November the Postage Rates on Letters, Books, Parcels, Circulars and Newspapers, addressed to the Dominion of Canada and Prince Edward Island will be as follows, viz: Letters, per half-ounce 6 cents. Books and Parcels, per lb. 16 " Circulars, each 2 " Newspapers, each 2 " Prepayment compulsory. A similar reduction will take place on the correspondence to and from the United States, when the Postal Convention has been signed, which will be about the first of December. Correspondence transmitted by Contract Steamers leaving St. John's for Liverpool, will be, for Letters at the reduced rate of six cents per half-ounce. That per steamer via Pictou and Halifax to Liverpool, at the same charge as now made, of twelve cents the half-ounce. JOHN DELANEY, P. M. G. W. H. THOMPSON, AGENT FOR Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

NOTICES.

HARBOR GRACE MEDICAL HALL.

W. H. THOMPSON, PROPRIETOR, HAS ALWAYS ON HAND A CAREFULLY SELECTED STOCK OF Drugs, Medicines, Dry Paints, Oils, &c., &c.

And nearly every article in his line that is recommendable. Gallip's Floriline for the Teeth and Breath. Keating's Worm Tablets " Cough Lozenges Rowland's Odonto Oxley's Essence of Ginger Lamplough's Pyretic Saline Powell's Balsam Aniseed Medicamentum (stamped) British Oil Balsam of Life Chlorodyne Mexican Mustang Liniment Steer's Opodilodoc 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 Coaguiline India Rubber Sponge Teething Rings Sponge, Tooth Cloths Nail, Shoe and Stove Brushes Widow Welch's Pills Cockle's " Holloway's " Norton's " Hunt's " Morrison's " Radway's " Ayer's " Parsons' " Jaynes' " Holloway's Ointment Adams' Indian Salve Russia Salve

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, [LATE EVANS, LEMESSURIER & KNIGHT,] COMMISSION AGENTS. PARTICULAR ATTENTION GIVEN TO THE SALE AND PURCHASE OF DRY & PICKLED FISH FLOUR, PROVISIONS, WEST INDIA PRODUCE AND DRY GOODS. Consignments solicited. St. John's, May 7. tff.

FOR SALE. THE SUBSCRIBER, 231 -Water Street- 231 BREAD Flour, Pork, Beef Butter, Molasses, Sugar Tea, Coffee, Cheese, Ham, Bacon, Pease, Rice TOBACCO KEROSENE OIL, &c., &c. CHEAP FOR CASH, FISH OR OIL. DANIEL FITZGERALD. Sept. 13. tff. JUST RECEIVED A FRESH SUPPLY OF ADAMS' INDIAN SALVE. W. H. THOMPSON.

FOR SALE. 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.

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 Felows' Compound Syrup OF HYPOPHOSPHITES. Executed with NEATNESS and DESPATCH at the Office of this Paper.

Wrinkles.

In this world's waves, we all can see
The ever-present wrinkle:
Its acts, its forms—for nought is free—
Produce a constant twinkle;
For if we do but look around,
To view its pristine brightness,
We find these largely to abound—
Eccentric lines, quite lightless.

When life at first itself makes known
In childhood's early morning,
We hear brought forth the feeble moan,
Of future trials warning
Felt is the pain of man's estate;
For wrinkles it must suffer,
And, meekly bowing to its fate,
Grow up to meet things rougher.

Then passing on to manhood's prime,
Led by hope's faithless promise,
We strive to find joys in this clime,
To be but taken from us.
Oft, ere the bud has fully blown
Into a beautiful flower,
The blasts of ill success have shown
Deep wrinkles as its doer.

Where blessings should exist in life,
Some wrinkles cause sorrow:
The aged from their toilsome strife
Look wistful for the morrow,
No picture is at our command
Where sin casts not its shading:
No thought exists without the brand
Of sin to meet upbraiding.

Our lives, so fleeting, move along
More rapid than a river:
When listening for its quiet song,
Exceptions make us quiver,
The jutting cliff and ragged rock
In home life oft give trouble:
When wrinkles thus our effort mock,
Our sorrows are made double.

Embarked upon the busy tide
Of daily avocation,
With canvass full, we feel we ride
High in commercial station;
But adverse winds may flap the sail,
And wrinkles form, portending
An utter wreck, and in a gale
Our course we may find ending.

Our nation's life has been at stake.
Corruption's fruit is treason:
Its atmosphere doth wrinkles make,
Not movable by reason,
Stations of trust are made to subserv
The vilest kind of passions,
And better feelings often swerve
To follow sinful fashions.

Religion, like a soothing stream
Found in a desert wasteful,
Is ever helping to redeem
From much that is distasteful;
But, under false religious garbs,
Black, wrinkled hearts are found,
Whose efforts, with their poisoned bars,
Would e'en run faith aground.

SELECT STORY.

**MABEL VANE;
OR
THE DOUBLE SECRET.**

[CONTINUED.]

Who was she, and where did she come from? asked Richard.
I do not know who she was, but I know that she came from New York City, for she said she must go back where she came from, and that is where she intended going when she left us.

Richard Hartly's voice trembled as he asked—
Did she go in that train?
Yes, answered John, I went in with her.

Go on, said Richard; tell me all from beginning to end—all you know of her.
John then told all the circumstances, detailing even their conversation. Richard drew a long breath, and then said to himself, "Can it be that it was my brother's wife, and, if so, did she perish in that awful accident?"

He shuddered, and asked them if she had told her name. Martha made reply.
No sir; but, when she was leaving us, she said that at some future time we might know who she was, and that then we would not regret our kindness to her.

Martha, there has been an accident; the train which that young lady was in was thrown from the track last night, and a number of persons were killed and injured.
Martha began wringing her hands, and blaming for letting the girl go. Richard silently motioned for the old couple to leave the room, which they did, Martha weeping, and John reproaching himself for not having forced her to stay.

Richard walked to the window, and looked forth with a troubled look on his face; suddenly his countenance lighted up, and he said—
I will see him; after all, it may not be.

Chapter III.

Richard Hartly left the house, and a few moments after might be seen walking quickly away. He went on until he came to an undertaker's shop, over which was the sign, Harvey Boynton, undertaker. Entering, he asked if Mr. Boynton was in; the young man addressed replied in the affirmative, and led him into an inner room, or office, where Mr. Boynton sat, writing; when he saw Mr. Hartly, he stood up and re-

spectfully asked his visitor to be seated, moving a chair towards him.

No doubt you are surprised to see me here so early, Mr. Boynton; but I have come to ask if you know the name of the young lady whom you put in the carriage with John and Martha, yesterday. I have reason to think that she was some near friend of the family.

So I thought, said the gentleman. Her name was not on the list, but she seemed to feel very deeply the death of your brother. She called herself Mabel Vane.

Richard started. It was, then, his wife. She was there, and he did not know it! Now, perhaps, she might be lying dead, with her fair young face disfigured, and her beautiful form mangled. Horrible as the thought was, he could not put it from him. But there was some slight hope; perhaps she had escaped, and she might even be at home, alone in her sorrow.

He did not go back to the house, but started directly to the city, and procuring a cab, went to the address he had found in his brother's desk. Bidding the cab-man wait, he rang the bell of a genteel house, and a tidy-looking servant came to the door.

Is the lady of the house at home? he asked.

Yes, sir; will you walk in?
He bowed his head, and followed her into the parlor, where he sat down and awaited the coming of Mrs. Lincoln. He had not long to wait; the door opened, and a lady-like woman, of some forty years of age made her appearance. The pleasant smile faded from her face as she saw the pale and mournful countenance of Richard Hartly. He rose from his seat and returned her bow.

You wish to see me, I believe? she said.
Yes; I came to inquire if there is a young lady named Mabel Vane here at present.

Why, no, sir; she is not here now; she went out of town yesterday, and has not yet returned.

Do you know where she went? asked Richard, in an earnest voice.

She went to attend the funeral of a friend.

Yes, the funeral of my brother, Louis Hartly.

Are you Louisa Hartly's brother? Where, then, is Mabel? Why is she not with you, if she is not at your home? Why should you seek her here?
The face of the young man became paler than before as he answered, sadly, "Alas! I know not where she is."

He then went on to tell her of the events of the day previous, and concluded by telling her of the accident that had taken place the night before. Mrs. Lincoln's face blanched to a deathly white as he told the sad story, and the tears that had been gathering in her eyes flowed freely as she said—
You surely do not think she perished in the accident?

I am afraid that such is the case, said Richard, gravely. But I will make further search, and let you know the result.

After a few more words and a 'good-morning,' he left the house, and stepped into the cab once more. He was driven back to the depot in time to catch the train that was just leaving. He got out at the station that was nearest the scene of the accident. Here he made inquiries, and soon ascertained the names of the killed and wounded; but Mabel Vane's was not among them.

There was one or two men who had been terribly mangled, so that they could be recognized only by their clothing. Also two ladies, said the man of whom Richard had made inquiry. One of the ladies was dressed in black, and the other in brown silk; we have not yet found their names, but there were some people here to-day who think the lady in brown is a friend of theirs; but, as yet, no one seems to know or care for the young lady in black. She has beautiful long curls, but her face is unrecognizable.

Richard's heart sickened within him when the man spoke of the young lady in black as being so terribly disfigured, for Martha had described the young girl's dress, and he had no doubt that she was the one of whom he was in search. Turning to the man he said—
Will you please see that the young lady in black has a decent burial? You may make all arrangements to have it take place to-morrow. And, handing his card to the man, he added, send the bill to me; see that everything is arranged in the best possible manner, and you shall be well repaid for your trouble.

Would you like to look at the body? It is lying in the room above.
No, answered Richard, hastily, shuddering, as he spoke. No, I had rather not. I am sure it is a young lady connected with our family, but as I have never seen her alive, it would do no good to look at her now.

It had grown quite late, and Richard was very tired after the excitement of the last few days. He sought the only hotel the place afforded, and, after partaking of a light supper, retired to his couch, and, in a little while, was sleeping soundly.

The next morning he rose early; saw that all the arrangements had been made, and then attended the lonely funeral that afternoon, he being the only mourner. After all was over, he saw the depot-master, and, once more obtaining his promise to see that there was a handsome stone erected over her grave, he took his departure for home.

In the midst of life we are in death, he said to himself, as he gave a farewell glance backward.

When he reached home, he went directly to his own room before seeing his mother, and, sitting down, tried to decide whether 'twas best to tell her of his brother's marriage, or to keep it a secret for a time. He finally concluded that it would not be advisable to tell her any part of the sad story, at present, lest he might be obliged to tell her all.

Three weeks after, Richard paid a visit to the grave of Mabel, and there found that his instructions and wishes had been obeyed, for, over her grave was a neat and handsome stone, bearing her name and the date of her death.

Chapter IV.

Five years passed away. Years fraught with joy and sorrow, bearing on their wings life and death, life to some, death to many.

On the deck of an American steamer, outward bound, stood four persons, gazing toward the shore they were leaving behind. They were Richard Hartly, his mother, and his sister Grace, with her husband, a fine-looking gentleman of about thirty years old. Grace had been married the day before, and was now starting on her wedding tour, accompanied by her mother and Richard. Mrs. Hartly's health had been failing fast, of late, and her physicians had recommended a sea voyage; and Richard, had been working hard at his profession, for he preferred to practice law rather than lead an idle life, had made up his mind to make one of the party. They intended travelling through England, Ireland, Scotland and France, then to Italy, and, after remaining there for a short time, return to their native land.

Six months passed away, and our travellers were comfortably settled in a lovely little cottage in the suburbs of Naples. Grace was sitting at the breakfast table, with an open letter in her hand.

Here we have been for two whole days, she was saying, and have not found Aunt Hartly yet; I am dying to see her, and that beautiful niece of hers, that she speaks of in her letter. Here comes Richard and Mark from their morning ramble, she added, perhaps they have found them.

The young men entered the breakfast room; Richard greeted his mother affectionately, and, catching one of Grace's bright ringlets in passing, took a seat at the table.

Well, exclaimed Mark, drawing a chair to his wife's side, and kissing her fondly, guess whom we have seen.
Aunt Hartly, cried Grace. I have just been speaking of her, and regretting that we have not been able to find her.

Yes, said her brother, she is living in a handsome villa about a mile below here. She was walking in the garden as we were going by, and I, catching a glimpse of her, knew her at once; she was very glad to see me. I introduced Mark to her, and he blushed like a girl when she looked at him with those keen, bright eyes of hers, and said she was sure that Grace had made a good choice.

Mark laughed, and Grace, smiling archly, said—
How mistaken Aunt Hartly is, for once in her life!

Mrs. Hartly, who had not yet spoken, turned to her son and said—
Why not call on your aunt this morning? I believe there is something to prevent our going.

I think it would be a very good idea, answered Richard, as she very cordially invited us to come and see her, and made us promise to bring you with us, that is, if you feel well enough to go.

I am very well to-day, replied Mrs. Hartly, whose sojourn on the Continent had improved her wonderfully; and if you will order the carriage, we will consider the matter.

They then separated, to prepare for their morning visit. Aunt Hartly was the widow of the oldest brother of Richard's father; being childless, she had declared her intention of dividing her money equally between the children of her husband's brother. But it was not for this that Mrs. Hartly and her children loved her; she was a good woman, in the truest sense of the word, being kind-hearted, pleasant, and very benevolent to the poor. When Louis Hartly died, she mourned for him almost as deeply as his mother did. A short time after his death she wrote that she had found a niece of whom she had not known before, and she signified her intention of adopting her, and bequeathing to her the money she had intended for Louis Hartly.

A week afterwards, she sent another letter, saying that her niece was in delicate health, and that it was her intention to travel through Europe; they

might remain abroad for some years, but she would come and see them before she went. Accordingly, in a few days after her second letter, Aunt Hartly came, bade them good-by, and in another week sailed for Europe; and Grace and her mother were now to see her for the first time in five years.

Mrs. Hartly greeted the party very warmly when they arrived at her beautiful home, and soon they were seated in her cool, elegant parlor. After they had partaken of refreshments, and were talking of the many events that had transpired since their last meeting, Grace's thoughts reverted to the niece of whom her aunt had spoken in her letter.

We have not seen your niece yet, aunt, said Grace.
No, replied Aunt Hartly. I will go for her myself, if you will excuse me.
She left the room, and in a few moments returned, accompanied by a young lady. Richard fairly held his breath, for in all his travels he had never beheld such beauty.

His aunt introduced her to Grace, then to Mrs. Hartly; the girl bowed gracefully, but seemed shy and embarrassed at first; but she saluted each of the strangers with unsurpassable grace.

She was rather above the medium height, graceful and well proportioned, with a beautiful, clear complexion. Her hair was brown, with here and there a tinge of gold, and was coiled around her shapely head in thick and glossy braids; one or two little curls lay coquettishly on her beautiful white brow; her eyes were large and of a clear and bright hazel, with a wondrous depth and power, and were shaded by long, dark lashes. Her mouth was small, and the red lips were beautifully curved. She was dressed in pure white muslin, which flowed gracefully around her, and wore no ornaments except an exquisite chain, which was fastened around the slender throat, from which hung a golden locket, richly chased, and set with diamonds, and a plain gold ring on one of her slender fingers.

She seated herself near Grace, and, in a short time, they were engaged in a lively conversation. Mrs. Hartly, her sister-in-law, and Mark, talked on different subjects, but Richard was unusually silent. Aunt Hartly, turning to her niece, said—
Will you not sing something for us, dear?

The young lady colored slightly, but answered—
Certainly, if you wish it. And she seated herself at the piano.

Richard arose, and, taking one of the music books that lay open on the piano, placed it before her.
To which page shall I turn? he asked, while his glance rested on the beautiful white fingers that lay on the keys.

You may select something for me to sing, she said.
He turned the pages, selected a song, and asked—
Do you sing this?

I used to sing it years ago.
I had a brother with whom it was a favorite, he said, that is why I choose it.
She started, and, turning her face toward him, gave him a quick, searching glance from her dark eyes. But his thoughts were with the past, and, as she saw his eyes fixed in a dreamy way, upon the book, she gave a sigh which might have been of relief or pain.

After playing the prelude she began to sing, first in a low sweet voice, and then, as her voice rose, it gained volume and power, and filled the room with its impassioned sweetness. Well might her hearers intently listen, for never had they heard such singing before. It was a piece from the opera of "Norma," and, as the last note died away, the beautiful songstress bowed her head and wept aloud. Richard leaned over her as the others arose from their seats, and asked the cause of her emotion.

It is nothing, she said, only that song has awakened memories that are both happy and sad.
Forgive me, said Richard, I should not have requested you to sing it.
I have only to blame my own weakness, she replied. Will Mrs. Melton sing something now, and dispel the gloom that my song has brought?

Oh, no! not gloom! cried Grace. It was beautiful! I hardly dare to play or sing after hearing you.
The young girl smiled, and, playfully leading her to the piano, begged her to be seated. Grace played very well, and, after singing two or three lively songs, in which Mark joined, arose from the piano, to find only smiling faces around her.

After spending a happy day, the Hartly family returned home, delighted with everything, and especially with Mignon, as Mrs. Hartly called her niece.
Day after day passed, and still they remained in their pleasant cottage; each day was spent by the young folks in walking or in riding over the country, while their aunt and Mrs. Hartly passed the time together, at either the cottage or the villa.

One beautiful morning they started out, mounted on strong, fleet ponies, to

visit the remains of an old church many miles distant. Grace and Mark were a little in advance, while after them rode Mignon, with Richard for her escort. 'Twas a lovely day, one of Italy's sunniest, and they rode along, chatting and laughing, and enjoying to the fullest every passing moment.

In a short time they reached the broad open country, and, after half an hour's ride, arrived at their destination. It was an old church, one half fallen to ruin, and situated in a wild and beautiful place; on one side, and at the back, rose a lofty hill, crowned with rocks and low-growing bushes, to the right, and, in front, the ground sloped down into a green and lovely dell, with flowers growing here and there among the rocks, while a clear stream of water flowed musically from somewhere on the hillside, and fell into a little pool near the centre of the dell, and, again finding an outlet flowed on, singing its glad song in shade and sunshine. A romantic spot truly.

After tying the ponies, they proceeded to inspect the ruins. By some means Richard and Mignon became separated from the rest of the party, and wandered far up the hill, until they reached its very summit. They gazed around. The whole surrounding country seemed lying almost at their feet; after admiring the beauties of the scene, they walked on until they came to a rock, covered with soft green moss, which formed a seat upon which they could rest.

Everything was silent and lovely around, and a strange silence had fallen upon them. After they were seated, Richard, taking Mignon's hand said,—
Can you not guess why I have brought you hither?

The beautiful brow and cheek of Mignon grew crimson, and, raising her hand to brush back a little curl that would persist in escaping from its confinement, it came in contact with the chain which she usually wore, and which she caught in time to prevent its falling to the ground. Without answering Richard, she started up and exclaimed—
My locket is gone! where can I have lost it?

She was pale now, and she looked around in an excited manner, trying to see if she could find it lying near.

Perhaps you dropped it when we were standing near yonder rock. I will see if I can find it; remain here, and I will come back to you in a moment.

Richard reached the rock, but not finding the locket, hurried on, and soon espied it, lying a few paces beyond. He reached the place, and as he stooped and picked it up, saw that it had been stepped upon, and was broken. Of course either he or Mignon had broken it, as there had been no other person there; as he held it in his hand, he noticed a white paper folded closely, and laid in the side that was broken. The other half held a small picture, painted on porcelain; he glanced at it; what was this? Surely it could not be—and yet it was—his brother's portrait! Yes, there was Louis Hartly's face smiling at him from the locket.

As he stood, in silent astonishment, gazing at it, he did not hear footsteps, or notice that Mignon stood beside him. Some instinct told him she was there, for, turning, he pointed to the picture, and said—
My brother! Why do you carry this?

She made no reply, but bowed her head, and covered her face with her hands.
I cannot tell you now, she said.
Yes, tell me all there is to be told. Come—we will go back to our resting-place, and we will sit there while you tell me the story of the picture.

First look at this, she said, reaching forth her hand, and taking the paper from its resting-place in the locket.
Richard took the paper, opened and read it. It was the certificate of his brother's marriage with Mabel Vane. He read, while Mignon sat gazing far out to the west.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

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