

in a fashionable church, without any love-making on his part, and on her side, she does not care for any. After marriage, he goes his way, she goes hers, and no questions are asked on either side. He has some one to pay his bills, and she has a husband to redeem her from the odium of being called an old maid.

After a year or two, they disagree, find out their incompatibility of temper, and in nine cases out of ten they get a divorce; she goes back to papa, and he goes in search of new fields to conquer, or perhaps, to break some poor girl's heart and then say, poor thing, I really couldn't help it. How can a fellow help being good-looking. No wonder that divorces are so frequent, with such ill-assorted marriages.

Such is a fashionable marriage, They are well mated for life, She's got a fool for a husband, He's got a fool for a wife.

Balloon Voyage.—A fortnight ago preparations were being made in New York for a balloon voyage across the Atlantic, Professor Wise, who had charge of the undertaking, wrote hopefully of the prospects. The balloon proper, he says, will be a spheroid of 100 feet transverse, and 100 perpendicular and diameter. The supplemental balloon will be a spheroid of 36 feet diameter. These, with allowance for expansion of gas, will give a lifting power of 15,000 pounds, and a net carrying power of 9,500 pounds, and of disposable ballast, 7,500 pounds. Our floats will not lose by ex-mose of gas over 15 pounds per hour, and that will enable us to keep aloft 20 days. We shall carry a boat more for the purpose of providing for a contingency that may possibly arise from any damage to the main balloon, but one that we have little cause to apprehend. The boat will be stored with water and provisions to serve for 30 days. Professor Wise adds that reliance is mainly placed on the great eastward dit of the trade wind. We do know that the atmosphere above us moves eastward, the heavens above attest the fact in its fleecy messengers constantly to be seen in this aerial highway. What we don't know is the actual condition of this force of nature over and above the sea, and, as a method of exploration, we intend to make this aerial voyage and in our humble way endeavour to mark out an untroubled path for men and mails.

Singular Instances of Optical Illusions.—A gentleman who had lately lost his wife, looking out of the window in the dusk of evening, saw her sitting in a garden chair. He called one of his daughters and asked her to look out into the garden. Why, she said mother is sitting there. Another daughter was called and she experienced the same illusion. Then the gentleman went out into the garden, and found that a garden dress of his wife's had been so placed over the seat as to produce the illusion which had deceived him and his daughters. During the last weeks of the long vacation I went alone to Blackpool in Lancashire. There I took lodgings in a house facing the sea. My sitting room was on the ground floor.

On a warm Autumn night I was reading with the window open, but the blind was down and was waving gently through and fro in the wind. It happened that I was reading a book on demonology; moreover I had been startled earlier in the evening by prolonged shrieks from an upper room in the house, where my land lady's sister, who was very ill had an hysterical fit. I had just read to the end of a long and particularly horrible narrative when I was disturbed by the beating of the curtain—the wind having risen somewhat—and I got up to close the window. As I turned round for the purpose, the curtain rose gently and disclosed a startling object. A fearful face was there, black, long and hideous and surmounted by two horns. Its eyes, large and bright, gleamed most horribly, and a mouth garnished with immense teeth, grinned at me. Then the curtain slowly descended. But I knew the horrible thing was there.

I waited, by no means comfortably, while the curtain fluttered about, showing parts of the black monster. At last it rose again so as to disclose the whole face. But the face had lost its horror for me for the horns were gone. Instead of the two nearly upright horns which before had shown black and frightfully against the light back ground of sea and sky, there were two sloped ears as unmissably asinine as I felt myself at the moment. When I went to the window (which before I felt unable to approach), I saw that several stray donkeys were wandering through the front gardens in the row of houses to which my lodgings belonged. It is possible that the inquisitive gentleman who had looked in at my window was attracted by the flopping curtain which he may have taken for something edible. If so, I remarked to myself, two of your kind have been deceived to night. A friend of mine told me he had been disturbed two nights running by a sound as of an army tramping up and down a road which passed some two hundred yards from his house; he found the third night (I had suggested an experimental test as the place whence the sound came) that the sound was produced by a clock having been newly placed against the party wall. We all know Charlie's story of the ghostly voice, heard each evening, of a low spirited man—a voice of one, in likeful dumps, proclaiming "once I was happy but now I am miserable"—and how the ghost resolved itself into a rusty kitchen jack.

There is a case of a lady who began to think herself the victim of some delusion, and perhaps threatened by an approaching illness because each night, about a quarter of an hour after she had gone to bed, she heard a hideous din in the neighbourhood of her house, or else (she was uncertain which) in some distant room. The noise was in reality the slightest possible creak (within a few feet of her pillow, however), and produced by the door

of a wardrobe which she closed every night before getting into bed. The door, about a quarter of an hour after being closed, recovered its position of rest slightly beyond which it had been pushed in closing. In another case the crawling of a snail across a window produced sounds which were mistaken for the strains of loud but distant music.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

THE STAR

HARBOR GRACE, AUG. 6, 1873.

The American Mails—per "Hibernian"—arrived here on Saturday last. We have received a number of late papers, from which we make various interesting quotations.

The fishery in this Bay continues favorable; but, owing to scarcity of bait, the catches for the past few days have not been large. From Bonavista we have received cheering accounts of the voyage; and by advices from Trinity we learn that the fishery has been very good in that quarter during the past week.

SUBJOINED is the report of M. T. Knight, Esq. (Collector at Labrador) received per S. S. "Panther," which arrived at St. John's on Friday last:—

COPY.
Revenue Cruiser, *Wm. Stairs,*
Battle Harbor, Labrador,
25th July, 1873.

Sir,—I now avail myself of this, the first opportunity since my arrival on this coast, to inform you that on the 9th inst. I landed Messrs. Canning and Stephenson at Blanc Sablon, all well, and I consider the amount of duties to be collected on that part of the coast, will be equal to, if not in advance of the preceding two or three years.

We left Degrat Harbor, near Cape Quirpon, at noon on the 5th inst., to cross the Straits, with the wind from the West and the West North West. As we crossed over it became very foggy and extremely dangerous, owing to the great number of ice bergs floating about; at p.m. we in time saw a salmon net and moorings and immediately bore round—when reaching back to the land again, we went between two immense bergs, without touching, and then hove off again—the third time we stood towards the land we struck on York Point, above Chateau Bay, and remained there for about two minutes, knocking off a piece of our false keel and leaving it and some of our copper in a salmon net, which it is said we destroyed. We did not strike when going for the land the fourth time, but we could easily have jumped on shore. We then hove off in the Straits for the night, a dense fog continuing all the time. Two men on York Point saw our vessel through the fog and knew her, and knew also that we had struck, and supposed we had gone off into deep water and foundered; they picked up a part of our false keel and piece of our copper, hence the report that was circulated all over the coast; and when a few days ago I arrived at Cape Charles, I was astonished to find that we were said to have been lost, and more, that the vessel which had sailed from Battle Harbor, would take the news to St. John's.

The s.s. *Panther* arrived this afternoon and we all feel grateful to the Government for the very great promptness in sending to the coast to obtain all information concerning us, and to relieve the anxiety of our families and friends at home.

I am your obdt. servant,
M. T. KNIGHT,
Collector Labrador.

To the Hon Thos. GLEN,
Receiver General.

From our Bonavista Correspondent.

[FOR THE H. G. STAR.]
BONAVISTA, July 18, 1873.

Since writing you last—on the 3rd inst—little of importance has transpired in this district. The weather which towards the close of June and early in this month had been excessively warm, has changed greatly since being visited by a very severe thunderstorm on the 5th. Now the air is much cooler, the weather wet, and even occasionally chilly as evening approaches. The storm referred to was accompanied by a great deal of lightning, of a very vivid and forked nature (fortunately doing no injury), while rain fell copiously, thereby tending to promote vegetable growth which had been seriously retarded on account of the previous intense heat. Since then, gardens are looking better, the various plants appearing stronger and having acquired a fresher lustre. Root crops are especially forward.

Hay is not likely to be of much value, having in many instances been severely scorched; cutting this crop commenced some days ago. The fishery here has been FAIR; the quantities of codfish on the flakes are cheering evidences of a season of comparative plenty for the hardy fishermen whose calling is so hazardous and often insufficiently remunerative.

Codfish is yet being taken by hook and line, but in small quantities. Boats average on some days from one to three

quintals. On Wednesday last all the cod-seines out had complete hauls, averaging 50 to 60 quintals each.

One or two craft have just left this place for Labrador, anticipating on that coast a profitable return from the fishery there.

The fishery at Catalina is not near so good as reported by St. John's papers. BONAVISTA, Aug. 2.

The weather of the past few days has been remarkably fine, and just the thing for "fish operations." Advantage thereof has been certainly taken, and loading fish vessels is going on with great celerity, one cargo having been despatched as early as the 29th ult.

At present there are several vessels here and in the vicinity taking bulk cargoes of codfish of superior quality and cure, which should realize a fair return to shippers. On the 24th of last month, we had a launch here of a rebuilt schooner, named the "Aurora," but it is to be regretted her uncomeliness does not justify her being entitled to the appellation, which signifies the "goddess that opens the gates of day—poetically the morning." However, this does not detract from the enterprise of the community, far from it; it is matter for congratulation that there is so tangibly displayed a spirit of 'go-ahead-ness' among the people.

The present summer is a very good one, if the people's considering it—after mature thought—remunerative, so constitutes it.

It is gratifying to note that there is still some fish being got, and that bait (squids and herrings) altho' not plenty, is daily taken. A fair fall fishery is anticipated.

The crop is nearly all cropped. Potatoes are looking flourishing, while cabbage, &c., are filling up rapidly.

Oh, &tc. I have nothing to communicate. The only subject at present deemed worthy of engaging in is as to fish and the probable remunerativeness of the season's take.

J. T. Burton, Esq., ex-M.H.A. for this district, is here canvassing votes for the Confederation ticket. B.

[FOR THE STAR.]
To Bonavista.

Would that I had poetic fire,
And muses sweet would tune my lyre,
With rush of words, thy praise to sing
In golden sound, with echoing ring,
Oh, Bonavista!

Gem of the isle, resplendent, fair,
Fertile, beauteous, beyond compare;
Rich in all nature's bounteous bribes,
Whose waters swarm with finny tribes,
Is Bonavista!

Off in the gloaming's silvery light
Will I mount some point, and view the sight,
Of thy peaceful, happy, sweet repose,
When turmoil's o'er, and the day doth close—
Fair Bonavista!

Oh, rod in hand, to some fav'rite spot,
Where nature reigns, where art is not,
Resort, and from thy limpid streams
Take only trout, while moonlight gleams
O'er Bonavista!

Perchance I wander through the dales,
O'er thy hills, or in thy wooded vales,
While warblers sing in joyous strain,
And the wild woods echo the refrain,
Oh, Bonavista!

Sweet are the thoughts that grasp the mind,
And flood the heart—ennobling kind
Of thought, that crushes mental load,
And make's look from Nature up to God—
Loved Bonavista.

Where is there such another spot
So cast to brighten mankind's lot?
Where nature's gifts, so bounteously free,
O'er all the land, or in the sea?
Oh, Bonavista!

Many warm hearts hast thou and true,
Which beat but friendship through and through;
A noble race, of hardy, toiling sons,
And graceful forms of fairer ones,
Dear Bonavista!
Bonavista,
July 23th, 1873. } R. BROWN.

Passengers.

In the *Hibernian* from Halifax—Rev. A. Ross, Mrs. Kelly, J. T. Bendle and wife, Mr. Blackwood and wife, Mr. Caffray and wife, W. Craig, wife and child, Messrs. F. B. Bowring, Will Ewing, T. K. Boag, A. Hayes, W. R. Stirling, T. Lyon, R. Frith, James McDonald, Charles Harvey, F. B. Browning, Marshal, Capt. Goodridge, W. E. Willison, C. E. Allison; 15 in steerage.

For Liverpool—Saloon—Messrs. Rowland Hill, A. B. Cohu, Mrs. Perrin. Intermediate—Mr. L. Mazguand, and 1 in steerage.

We regret to state, that on the morning of yesterday, a man of the name of Merriagan, while employed, at Maggoty Cove, about cods' heads for manure, fell overboard and was drowned.—*Times.*

Justice Dowling wants \$10,000 from the New York "Sun" for saying that he opened court the other day, by asking a prisoner for a "chaw," and wound up by adjourning to the front room to take a drink.

Latest Despatches.

LONDON, July 29.—In the Commons last evening the question of increasing the allowance to the Duke of Edinburgh to £25,000, on his approaching marriage was discussed. The Bill, making appropriation, will be introduced on Wednesday. The Lords unanimously granted the increase. The Republicans of Bristol issued a protest against the increase of allowance. A resolution censuring Mr. Schuddamore, failed to pass the Commons.

In the French Assembly commercial treaties with Great Britain and Belgium were approved and presented before a message of prorogation was received. Jerome Napoleon semi-officially asked for the restoration to his rank as General in the army. No reply has yet been given to him.

Desperate fighting for the possession of Malaga, was in process between the Spanish troops and the insurgents at Seville on Monday.

Cholera has caused great mortality at Vienna. Two hundred cases, and thirty deaths occurred in one day in the barracks.

LONDON, 30.—Madrid advices report the Bill introduced in the Cortes, authorizing the prosecution of Deputies who rebel against the measures adopted by that body. The insurgents of Carthage have appointed a Provisional Government. The blockade of Pethi, by Carlists has been raised, and communication with that city is now open.

NEW YORK, 30.—The government of the Sandwich Islands agree upon a treaty with the United States, ceding to that country, the Pearl River, near Honolulu, which furnishes a fine harbor for coaling and naval station.

LONDON, 30.—MacMahon will resign the Presidency in six months hence, and resume command of the army. Monarchy will soon succeed Republicanism. The Carlists were driven from Marednes.

Bradlaugh issued a call for a meeting in Hyde Park on Sunday next to protest against the marriage allowance to the Duke of Edinburgh. Demonstrations of a similar nature took place at Nottingham, Birmingham, and other places.

OTTAWA, 31.—The Governor-General ordered issue of Royal Commission in the matter of Huntington's charges. It is understood that the warrant is addressed to Judges Draper, Ontario, and Meredith, Quebec.

Petitions to the Governor-General against the prorogation of Parliament, are being signed by thousands in both Provinces.

The Halifax "Chronicle" says, that the Royal Commission named by the Canadian Ministry, will be the same as allowing prisoners at the bar to select their own jury.

LONDON, Aug. 1.—On reading the Bill for an allowance to the Duke of Edinburgh, passed 162 to 18. Public demonstrations against the government continues. The Spanish rebel fleet attacked Almiria yesterday, without success.

PARIS, 1.—Nancy and Belfort were evacuated by the Germans, who burned all their goods that could not be removed. The inhabitants remained in their houses while the Germans were passing.

OTTAWA, 1.—Judge Day, of Montreal is mentioned as probable Chairman of the Royal Commission, to enquire into the Pacific scandal. The whole thing is regarded as a dispicable dodge. Numerous petitions to the Governor-General not to prorogue Parliament till the Pacific charges are investigated. Goldsmith in the "Canadian Monthly" condemns the Government in severest terms. The article excites great interest.

NEW YORK, 1.—Gold 115. HALIFAX, 4.—The Irish Society holds a monster picnic to-day at McNab's Island. Lord and Lady Dufferin, Lieut. Governor Archibald, Admiral Fanshawe and General Haly will be amongst the guests.

Mr. Jefferson Davis is, it is stated still engaged with his "History of the Confederate States." though his impaired eyesight forbids much continuous reading or writing.

GREAT excitement and consternation were caused at Jersey recently by the unexpected closing of the Joint Stock Bank, one of the oldest and best banks in the island. No cause has been assigned for the stoppage, a simple notification being given that the bank is closed till further notice.

The Carlists who captured the town of Sanguesa, in the Province of Navarre have been driven out by the Republican troops. Lieut-General Sanchez Bregna has assumed command of the army of the North. The Carlists have won another brilliant victory at Ripell, in Catalonia. Saballo, with 3,000 men surprised a force of 4,000 Republicans under Cabrinety. In the action that ensued the latter was killed, over half of his command taken prisoners, and all his artillery captured. At Santa Colona in Barcelona, an action has taken place in which 50 insurgents were killed. Advances from Carlist sources state that the insurgent chieftain, Sierra, with a band of five hundred men, including fifty-five cavalry, has crossed the river Ebro and entered Old Castile, where he is organizing risings of the Carlists. There is much agitation in Burgos, and many of the inhabitants of that province are enlisting under the banner of Don Carlos. Several bands of Carlists have appeared in the province of Leon. There are three chiefs in Galicia, each at the head of an organized force. Five thousand peasants of Alperia have joined the Carlists, driven thereto by the excess of the Republicans. There have been troubles at Carthage, Malaga, and Alcoy. It is asserted that the Carlists have shot a party of Republican volunteers at Ciranqui after they had surrendered. At a meeting of the majority of the members of the Cortes, it was resolved to approve of the proposition of the Cortes to vote a new constitution. Maisonaba, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Carvajal, Minister of Finance; and Berg, Minister of Justice, have resigned in order to facilitate the formation of a homogenous Cabinet. The majority of the Cortes demand a vigorous ministry under Salmeron. There have been serious disturbances among the factory employees at Barcelona.

That Eastern history continually repeats itself is matter of old observation. The Shah of Persia, in leasing his kingdom to Baron Reuter, or whatever unseen powers he represents, is only following, on a somewhat larger scale, the precedent set by divers of his illustrious predecessors. They constantly evinced a propensity for parting with fractions of their prerogative to foreign speculators, subject no doubt, to the chance of recouping themselves by squeezing the foreigners when the sponge was full. Both Jews and Greeks share in this kind of mercantile benevolence. Esdras obtained of Artaxerxes large subsidies from the "keepers of the treasures in Syria and Phenice" together with absolute immunity from taxation for all the people connected with the temple and their property; or, according to another version of the narrative, "all the gold and silver that he could find in the province of Babylon." Daniel, besides receiving "many great gifts," was made "Master of the Magicians" to the great king. To Mordecai, as we all know, Ahasuerus made the very singular grant of authority for the Jews to slay all their enemies, and to call in the "posse comitatus" to help them; a delegation of sovereignty which even Baron Reuter, so far as we have read his concession, has not yet obtained. The Athenian Themistocles the same Sovereign made over three cities in fee simple—Lampascus for his wine, Maghesia for his bread, Myus for his fish. The reason assigned for this royal liberality by historians is that Themistocles—if we may construe the original account of him by modern lights—was the cleverest financier of his day, and the best adapted for the management of a "ring," inasmuch as he could form a true opinion respecting coming events more quickly and more safely than any other man of his age. Before, however, he had had time to be very useful to the King in this capacity, he committed suicide; by reason, it was thought, that he felt it impossible to keep the magnificent promises which he had made.

The New York "Herald" of the 19th ult., says:—A most horrible murder has just come to light in Chester county, Pennsylvania. Jennerville is situated in Chester county, one mile north of the line of the Baltimore Central Railroad and six miles northeast of the borough of Oxford. On the 30th of June last a strange man arrived at the hotel of the village and took up his quarters, saying that he had come from Baltimore and was an agent, but giving no name. He was, in appearance a young man, probably not over thirty, with black whiskers. On the following day a team, driven by one John E. Underzook, stopped at the tavern, and the agent was invited by Underzook to take a ride. He accepted the invitation and they went away together. The team had been hired by Underzook at Parksburg, and he returned it in the evening, when the person who took charge of it remarked that there was blood on the wagon. Underzook made a plausible explanation of the circumstance and im-

mediately strange ma alive. On by a man t zards were short dist Gray's pil Cochranvil man at len what they earthed the his arms at from the b neighborhood body wa that of the ping at Jer panelled by verdict is s handed ove The mu three or fou both arms close to the be found, the Baltim and has re the murder No clothes shoes. It known to l money on l were burie body, and Rhodes, a posed mur

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August 4— Cadiz, salt 5—Adolphe salt—J. M Glynn, Beck & Co.

August 2— ballast—1 Atlanta, W Munn & C

Just reciev 10 Roll LE

Aug. 2.

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Particular the Sal DRY

FLOUR, WEST

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GEORGE

Repairer

No. 1, LION

THE SUBS Thanks to patronage hith to state that his residence, where he is work in the al notice, and at All work p time promised. Outpor tended to. St. John's,

mediately left the neighborhood. The strange man was never afterwards seen alive. On Friday last it was noticed by a man that a large number of buzzards were hovering about a wood at a short distance off the Newport and Gray's pike, between the villages of Cochranville and Penningtonville. The man at length went to the place to see what they were after, and found unearched the head and body of a man and his arms and legs, which were separated from the body. He gave notice to the neighborhood and the horribly mutilated body was eventually recognized as that of the stranger who had been stopping at Jennerville. A Jury was empanelled by the Deputy coroner, but the verdict is sealed and has not yet been handed over to the coroner of the county.

The murdered man was stabbed in three or four places, his throat cut, and both arms and both legs were severed close to the body. Udderzook cannot be found. He is, or was until lately, on the Baltimore police force. He is young and has red whiskers. The object of the murder unquestionably was plunder. No clothes were found except a pair of shoes. It is reported that the man was known to have a considerable sum of money on his person. The severed limbs were buried in a separate spot from the body, and not far from the house of one Rhodes, a brother-in-law of the supposed murderer.

THE TIGRESS.—The Tigress is gone. Scampering away from the Brooklyn Navy Yard on Monday, she passed out through Hell Gate into the Sound, and is probably now steering her course for St. John's. We are glad to know that the Arctic steamer which played the most important part in the history of the Polaris expedition—that of the rescue of the ice-floe heroes—is to have another chance for Arctic honors, and this time under the American flag, commanded and manned by United States officers and seamen. We regard the mission of the Tigress as one which must be crowned with remarkable success.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF HARBOR GRACE,

ENTERED.

August 4—Polly Pinkham, Pinkham, Cadiz, salt—J. Munn & Co.
5—Adolphe & Laura, Roach, Trapani, salt—J. Munn & Co.
Glynn, Beckerly, Figueria, salt—J. Munn & Co.

CLEARED.

August 2—Breadalbane, Pike, Sydney, ballast—Paterson & Foster.
Atlanta, Whelan, Sydney, ballast—J. Munn & Co.

FOR SALE.

Just received from Sydney, C. B.,

10 Rolls Grained and Split

LEATHER.

A. T. DRYSDALE,

Aug. 2, 1m.

NOTICES.

LeMessurier & Knight,
COMMISSION AGENTS.

Particular attention given to the Sale and Purchase of

DRY & PICKLED

FISH

FLOUR, PROVISIONS, WEST INDIA PRODUCE

—AND—

DRY GOODS.

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

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 attended to.
St. John's, Jan. 4,

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TO BE LET

'Til the end of the year, or for twelve months, the

WHARF AND STORE

At the rear of the Street Shop Premises lately occupied by Messrs. Ridley & Sons. Apply to

E. W. QUINTIN.

July 22.

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.

—O—

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

20 M. Seasoned Prime Pine

BOARD

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

NOTICES.

METROPOLITAN LIFE Insurance Company, OF NEW YORK.

JOSEPH F. KNAPP, President.
J. R. HEGEMAN, Vice-President.
R. A. 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. tff.

SAILMAKING!

The Subscriber

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

GEORGE CARSON.

May 23. tff.

C. BREAKER,

Sailmaker,

WOULD respectfully intimate to the Shipowners and public of Harbor Grace and vicinity that he has taken the Loft lately occupied by Morris & Parsons, (opposite the premises of Messrs. John Munn & Co.) where he is prepared to make and repair SAILS of all shapes and sizes in a manner calculated to afford general satisfaction, and with the utmost dispatch.
April 25. tff.

Bazaar!

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

BAZAAR

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

St. PAUL'S CHURCH

IN THIS TOWN.

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

Mrs. S. ANDREWS,
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" TAPP,
" C. ROSS,
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" BADCOCK,
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March 28, 1873.

BLANK FORMS

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

FOR SALE.

Just Received
A SUPPLY OF THE
'Favorite'
SHUTTLE
SEWING MACHINES,



Manufactured by the Kendall Manufacturing Co., Montreal.

CHEAPEST AND BEST.

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

For Simplicity, Durability and Beauty they stand Unrivaled.

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.
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FOR SALE.

THE SUBSCRIBER,
—BY—
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BREAD
Flour, Pork, Beef
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Tea, Coffee, Cheese,
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TOBACCO
KEROSENE OIL, &c., &c

CHEAP FOR CASH, FRESH

OR OIL.

DANIEL FITZGERALD.

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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. tff.

G. P. 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 a substantial manner and with despatch.

Off LeMarchant St., North of Gas House.
Sept. 17.

CAUTION!

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

E. W. LYON,

Has just received a large assortment of Coloured French Kid GLOVES,

Which he offers to the public at VERY LOW PRICES.
July 9 tff.

W. H. THOMPSON,

AGENT FOR

Fellows' Compound Syrup OF **HYPHOSPHITES!**

Darwinism in the Kitchen.

I was takin' off my bonnet,
One afternoon at three,
When a hinseck jumped upon it
As proved to be a flea.

Then I takes it to the grate,
Between the bars to stick it;
But I hadn't long to wait
Ere it changed into a cricket.

Says I, surely my senses
Is a gettin' in a fog,
So to drown it I commences
When it halts to a frog.

Here my heart begun to thump,
And no wonder I felt funky;
For the frog with one big lump,
Leaped hisself into a monkey.

Then I opened wide my eyes,
His features for to scan,
And observed, with great surprise
That the monkey was a man.

But he vanished from my sight,
And I sunk upon the floor,
Just as Missus, with a light,
Came inside the kitchen door.

Then beginning to abuse me,
She says, Sarah, you've been drinkin'!
I says, no, mum, you'll excuse me,
But I've merely been a-thinkin'.

But as sure as I'm a cinder,
That party what you see,
A gettin' out o' winder,
Have developed from a flea.

Country Children.

Little fresh violets,
Born in the wild wood;
Sweetly illustrating
Innocent childhood;
Shy as the antelope—
Brown as a Berry—
Free as the mountain air,
Romping and merry.

Blue eyes and hazel eyes
Peep from the hedges,
Shaded by sun-bonnets,
Frayed at the edges!
Up in the apple trees,
Heedless of danger,
Manhood in embryo
Stares at the stranger.

Out on the hilly patch
Seeking the berries—
Under the orchard tree
Feasting on cherries—
Trampling the clover blossoms
Down 'mong the grasses,
No voices to hinder them,
Dear lads and lasses!

No grim propriety—
No interdictions;
Free as the birdlings
From city restrictions!
Coming the purest blood,
Strengthening each muscle,
Donning health's armor
'Gainst life's coming bustle

Dear little innocents,
Born in the wild wood!
Oh, that all little ones
Had such a childhood!
God's blue spread over them
God's green beneath them,
No sweeter heritage
Could we bequeath them.

SELECT STORY.

**OSSIO;
OR,
The Sioux Captive.**

**Chapter II.
(CONTINUED.)**

As the sun set he paused again, and taking some dried deer's meat from a pouch at his side, he handed it to Cora, bidding her eat. Having tasted nothing all day she gladly broke her fast, while her captor gathered together a bunch of small dry twigs and soft green mosses, and throwing his blanket over the pile he had collected he motioned her to the rude couch. Worn with the fatigue, poor Cora willingly obeyed, and despite her anxiety, soon fell into a fitful slumber.

The following day the rain fell in a steady, drenching flood, but still on pressed the captor, and, perforce, the captive. The next day, however, the sun shone forth in all its wonted splendor, and they made rapid progress. On on they went, over hills and streams, through wooded groves and across wide, open stretches of rolling prairie, until it seemed to Cora that she must certainly sink from fatigue. But relief was at hand, for soon after the sun had reached its zenith, Hastla, with a not ungraceful gesture, bade her pause, saying, in his deep, guttural tones,—

Let the pale maiden look, and yonder where the waters kiss the prairie, she will behold the lodges of my people.

They had emerged from the woods, and stood upon a slight ridge, or knoll; and as Cora followed the direction of his out-stretched finger, she saw beyond them, and rising rather abruptly from the prairie's edge, a group of mountains with densely wooded sides; and nestled

cosily at their base, near a small stream which, winding in and out between its wooded borders, looked like a gleaming thread of silver in the clear light, her eye rested upon a large encampment, one of the numerous villages of that powerful tribe who for so many years ruled the great Northwest—the Black-foot Sioux.

It was still some distance off, but the barking of the dogs, and the cries of the papooses, were borne to their ears on the breeze. There seemed to be some excitement among the inhabitants, who were swarming in and out of the wigwams like bees from a hive. Finally the interest appeared to centre at one particular point, and the crowd gathered on the edge of the wood to the left of the encampment. But Hastla now gave the signal to proceed, and diverging slightly to the left, in order to reach the wood, which would shield them from the ardent heat of the sun's rays, they pressed on, and ere long emerged from among the trees close to where the crowd were gathered.

And now, with a thrill of sickening horror, Cora saw what it was that had caused the commotion among them. A white man, young and noble-looking, was firmly bound to the foot of a lofty tree. Around his feet dry twigs and branches had been heaped, and beside him knelt a fierce-looking warrior, with a flaming torch in his hand, ready, at the signal, to fire the funeral pile.

Furious at not having secured any scalps on their late foray, the Sioux had decided to put to the torture a white prisoner whom they had held in captivity for some time, and it was at this critical moment that Hastla and Cora reached the scene. The former, with one glance, comprehended the scene, and uncoiling some strips of deer's thong from about his body, he secured his captive to a tree, and hastened to join his brothers in their ghastly sport; while Cora, almost wild with anguish, was forced to hear and see the dreadful preparations for the sacrifice. Presently the pile was fired, and the smoke and flames rose high above the silent victim half obscuring him from the gaze of the fiendish foes, who danced, yelled, and wildly flourished their gleaming tomahawks in their insane delight.

At this moment an interruption came in the form of an old Indian hag, who, breaking through the circle of howling Blackfeet, dashed aside the blazing brush with her moccasined feet, and boldly took her stand in front of the captive, rapidly muttering a few words in the Sioux dialect, which had the effect of silencing, in a measure, the wild confusion. Then, as a temporary lull occurred, she spoke again,—

Warriors, where is the brave Omask? Where is he who, when the swift arrow or the flashing tomahawk carried death to the enemy, was ever foremost among you? He is gone! and the heart of Wampa is lonely, and her wigwam empty. Give me this pale face to be my son in place of Omask, who was slain. Let him keep my lodge supplied with buffalo and deer's meat. I claim him by the laws of our tribe.

She paused, and calmly awaited their answer. There was much disappointment among the warriors, but none could deny her right to the life of the prisoner, since the laws of the tribe decreed that a bereaved relative should have the right to adopt a captive in place of the slain brave. So, after a short consultation, an aged chief, one of the oldest among them, stepped forward, saying,—

Wampa, the captive is yours, take him, and let him fill the place of the brave Omask, who has gone to the happy hunting-grounds.

As he spoke he handed the old squaw a knife with which she severed the bonds of the prisoner, and taking him by the hand she led him to her wigwam, while the crowd rapidly scattered, the warriors looking rather disconcerted at the sudden termination of their sport. As they stalked away, one of them chanced to spy Cora, and drawing his tomahawk he sprang towards her with a yell of exultation. When the poor girl saw the gleaming hatchet uplifted, she thought her last moment had indeed come, and bowing her head with a murmured prayer, awaited the fatal blow. But it came not, for with a fierce cry of anger Hastla sprang between his captive and her would-be-slayer, saying haughtily,—

Is Ogaron tired of his life that he comes between Hastla and his own!

Wagh! she is but a squaw, and belongs by right to the tribe; the blood of our fallen brothers cry to us for revenge, and who dares forbid Ogaron from sinking his tomahawk in her brain?

Ogaron talks like a papoose; he knows the pale-face maiden is not a captive of the tribe. Did they bring her back with them? No! But Hastla lingered behind his brothers, thinking there might be some one coming to the cabin; he, alone, took the maiden prisoner, and has brought her here that she may go into his lodge, cook his venison, and take care of his children.

The tongue of Hastla has not travel-

led the trail of truth; he lies! cried Ogaron, insultingly. The maiden shall die!

Quick as a flash Hastla's knife leaped from its sheath, and springing upon his insulter they closed in deadly strife. For an instant only did they struggle, when Hastla threw his enemy from him, and shook his bloody knife aloft, while from his lips pealed a loud shout of triumph as Ogaron staggered back, and then sank heavily upon the earth, a lifeless corpse.

But no demonstration was made by the spectators. The murdered Indian had offered a deadly insult for which he had paid the penalty. His body was raised and borne silently away, and shortly after the loud death-chant announced its committal to earth.

Hastla coolly wiped and sheathed his dripping knife, then taking the hand of his captive he led her into the village. Pausing before a lodge he threw back the blanket that hung over the entrance, and motioned her to enter. She obeyed. Dropping the curtain, he disappeared, leaving Cora alone and unguarded; but he knew full well that, surrounded as she was by the camp, there was no chance of her escaping.

Sinking upon the ground, Cora surrendered herself to a gloomy reverie, and the tears chased each other quickly down her pale cheeks as she thought of her father and the anguish he must even then be suffering for her sake. Ah! how she longed to fly on the wings of love, and nestle close to his desolate heart, cheering it with her bright presence.

Chapter III.

As the captive sat absorbed in painful thought, with her head drooping forward dejectedly, the lodge curtain was softly lifted and a young Indian glided in; but so noiseless were her movements that Cora heard her not, and it was only when she chanced to raise her eyes that she perceived, with a start the slight form standing at her side.

The intruder was of medium height, and possessed of a willowy, graceful figure, which the picturesque dress of her people displayed to the utmost advantage. Her skin was much whiter than that of her race in general, and, indeed, had she been among whites, she might well have passed for a dark brunette. Her hair was as black as the raven's wing, and hung in black braids, tastefully adorned with scarlet feathers, while her eyes, dark and sparkling, were now radiant with the light of kindly sympathy as she bent them upon the captive. Seeing that she was observed, she smiled and said, in a voice musical as the tinkling of silver bells,—

Hastla thought my white-sister might be lonesome and so he has sent Scela to share her solitude until he takes her in to his own lodge.

Cora replied not except by a low moan, and the girl continued,—

Will my sister have meat and drink, or will she sleep?

I am weary, and would gladly rest if it were possible. I think my heart is broken, replied poor Cora.

No; the heart of the pale-face is hard, replied Scela, rather contemptuously; it will not break, it will grow strong again when she is the bride of Hastla.

He is a great brave, said Scela, gravely; none but Ossio can equal him. Mary scalps hang in his lodge, and around his neck he wears two rows of bears' claws.

Were he twice as brave, rather would I leap into the water that ripples past your village than be his bride.

Scela bent her dark eyes thoughtfully upon her for a moment, and then replied,—

The laws of our tribe give a prisoner to the captor; it is only for Hastla to say what shall be done with you. If he chooses you for his squaw, the Manitou alone can aid you to escape him.

And he will; the God I worship will not forsake me in my hour of bitter need; he will grant me a way of escape from such a fearful fate, even though it be by death.

The Manitou is mighty, said Scela reverently, he can do what he wills.

With these words she quitted the lodge, but presently returned, bearing in her arms a number of bear skins and buffalo robes; these she cast down upon the ground, and selecting some of the softest she spread them neatly in one corner; then turning to Cora, she said—

Let my sister rest; no harm shall come to her while Scela watches. Her heart is sad for the pale-face maiden, and she would gladly help her if she could.

Cora was overcome at these unexpected words of kindness, and throwing her arms about the neck of the Indian girl she burst into a torrent of tears while even Scela's dark cheek was wet as she witnessed the sorrow of the beautiful captive.

It did not take long for Cora and Scela to become dear friends, and all during the beautiful June days they wandered together, sometimes in the woods or on the hillside, and sometimes

on the banks of the stream; and oft-times they would sit at the lodge door, while Scela taught her white friend how to embroider with beads the soft dooskin for hunting-skirts or moccasins, and how to string the many-hued beads of wampum in the most tasteful forms.

And they were not always alone, for often Bret Alleyn, the young white man who had escaped a fiery death by the timely intervention of the old squaw Wampa, and who had since been formally adopted by the tribe as her son, lingered by them; and Cora had seen many a bright glance interchanged between him and Scela. And after a time it came to be understood between the three that Bret loved Scela, and would gladly make her his bride, if her father the Sioux chief, would allow it. But they feared to ask his consent, lest it should be denied them, when they might be separated forever by Scela's hand being given to a brave of the tribe who had already made some advances, and whom her father looked upon with favor.

One day, as the girls were wandering in the woods, Cora said to her companion,—

Why is it, dear Scela, that your skin is so much whiter than the rest of your people? And who is this Ossio that you so often speak of?

My father, Tokano, chief of the tribe married a white woman, whom he had taken prisoner. In time she learned to love him, and willingly entered his lodge. She was my mother, and that is why my skin is light. And Ossio—here her eyes brightened, and she smiled proudly, Ossio is my brother, and when our father dies he will be head chief of the Sioux.

And is he really as handsome as you have told me? queried Cora.

My sister will soon see for herself, replied Scela, confidently. Ossio is now away on a mission to a distant village of our people, but we expect him back every day, and then Cora shall see if Scela's tongue has not travelled the trail of truth.

And you say he is a great brave? continued Cora, listlessly, more to gratify her companion than from any interest she herself felt on the subject.

Yes, there is not one warrior in all our tribe who can equal Ossio. In the great hunt his arrow always flies true to the mark, and in war his tomahawk gleams among the foremost. This was but one of the many similar conversations, for Scela was never tired of talking of her brother; and through her loving pride Cora had learned to consider him as almost a demi-god.

Although Hastla had by no means relinquished the idea of making Cora his squaw, yet he had not forced his presence upon her, wishing to gain her admiration by his skill and bravery, which he took every opportunity to display. He imagined he could easily do this, as there was more than one maiden of his own people who looked upon the haughty young brave with partial eyes, and who would gladly have received his advances and he doubted not but that the heart of his fair captive was equally susceptible. So he left Cora and her dusky friend in peace, rarely making his unwelcome appearance beside them; but often they would catch a glimpse of his form, at a distance, and by this they knew their wanderings were closely watched.

Thus the sunny spring days passed swiftly by, and Cora had been almost a month among her Sioux captors. As she became more at home, she would sometimes wander off alone into the woods; but never did she dare to venture far into their gloomy shades unless accompanied by her faithful friend, the Indian girl.

One day, however, when Scela was more than usually occupied in their own lodge, Cora, feeling an irresistible desire to be alone, sauntered off to the woods. The day was one of unusual heat, and much refreshed by the cool wood-shade she wandered on until unconsciously she had placed quite a distance between herself and the village. Suddenly she heard, not far distant it seemed, a shrill cry of some woman in distress. Rushing toward the sound, with the idea of rendering what aid she might, she had not ran far when her ear caught the sound of a low murmur, half-moan, half-howl; and this time the noise appeared to be almost above her head. Raising her eyes with a startled glance, she saw, crouched among the branches of a huge tree, with tail slowly vibrating, flashing eyes, and body arched for the fatal spring, that terror of the forest the American panther!

Short time had she for thought. Even as she gazed, the form of the panther rose in the air; but, darting to one side she took refuge behind a tree-trunk, thus for the moment escaping from the animal, who was obliged to turn before again rushing on its prey. Once more the panther poised its body for the second spring, while Cora, hopeless of again eluding it, stood motionless from very terror. But at this awful moment when she thought every instant would be her last, an arrow sped noiselessly,

yet with unerring aim, from the shadow of a tree beyond, and the huge creature, bounding into the air with a shrill, eldritch scream, fell quivering in the agonies of death at Cora's feet.

Shrinking back, she gazed around in search of her preserver, expecting, yet dreading, to see the face of Hastla. But instead of his hateful form, she perceived, approaching her with a bold, elastic tread, the figure of a young warrior, clad in a hunting-shirt, leggings, and moccasins of buckskin, gayly worked and fringed with beads; while on his well-poised head, bound by a scarlet fillet, danced a plume of war-eagle's feathers; in his hand he bore his bow, from which he had just sent the death-dart whizzing to the heart of the panther. His clothes appeared dusty and travel-stained, and Cora saw at a glance that he did not belong to the village, as she knew all the warriors by sight, if not by name.

The warrior advanced quickly, yet gracefully, to Cora's side, and said, in a clear, musical voice,—

The pale-maiden is not hurt. See! the great panther will never do any more harm; and he spurned with his foot the body of the dead animal.

No, I am uninjured. How can I thank you? But for you I should not be living now, she murmured, gratefully.

Yes, Ossio was just in time. A second more, and the White Rose would have been clasped in the panther's embrace. But let her not tremble; there is nothing to fear, and Ossio is thanked already in the bright glance of the maiden's eye. But, continued he, the sun does not shine in the night, and in a few hours darkness will fall upon the forest. Let the White Rose tell Ossio where her lodge stands, and he will guard her there in safety; it must be far from here, and his dark eyes were bent inquiringly upon her.

Alas, no; I am a captive in your own village, and Hastla, to whom I belong has sworn to make me his wife, and even dear Scela cannot save me. Oh, I can almost wish that the panther had slain me rather than be saved for such a fate; and she shuddered visibly.

Hastla is a great brave, although he has a black heart. But let my pale-sister take comfort, for Ossio has power among his people, and he will not let harm come to her; she has said Scela is her friend, and Scela is very dear to the heart of the warrior.

And Ossio is the light of Scela's eyes and the pride of her heart, replied Cora adopting the figurative speech of the Indians; and it will make my heart light to carry her the news of her brother's return.

So shall it be. The White Rose shall tell Scela that Ossio awaits her welcome! and seeing that she still trembled, he took her hand, adding, gently, let us go.

Cora's heart beat loudly when the young warrior first mentioned his name. So this was Ossio, the brother of Scela, who had rightly said that he was handsome. His skin was darker than his sister's, and he was much taller; but possessed the same willowy grace of motion, and his eyes sparkled no less brightly; while his features were more regular, and devoid of that characteristic Indian trait, prominent cheek bones. Already prepossessed in his favor by the praises of Scela, and deeply grateful for the signal service we had just rendered herself, Cora was already half in love with the young chief, and her hand trembled in his firm, reassuring clasp as he led her to the encampment.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Why is the towering style of bonnet now in vogue called the "Mansard?" Because it takes a great deal of man's hard earnings to pay for one of them.

THE STAR.

AND CONCEPTION BAY SEMI-WEEKLY ADVERTISER.

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