

The Star,

And Conception Bay Weekly Reporter.

VOL. II.

HARBOR GRACE NEWFOUNDLAND THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1874

NUMBER XVI.

USEFUL INFORMATION

Commercial,

MARKET QUOTATIONS

From the "North Star,"

BACON, per lb.
Canadian, rolled.....10d.
American.....none

BEEF, per lb.
American prime.....35s. to 37s. 6

BREAD, per cwt.
Hambro' No 1.....34s.
do No. 2.....30s.
do No. 3.....25s.

BUTTER, per lb. Canada.....1s. 6d
do Nova Scotian.....none
do American.....1s. 2d.

CHEESE per lb. Canadian.....10d.

COAL, per ton, North Sydney
COFFEE, per lb.
West India and Rio.....1s. 3d. to 1s. 5d.

CORRAGE, per cwt.,
English hemp.....63s.

CORN MEAL,
White and Yellow.....2s. to 2s 5s
CURRENTS, per cwt.
Zante.....55s. to 57s 6d
FLOUR per bbl. Canada Fancy.....42s 6d.
do Superfine.....38s 6.
New York Extra.....38s.
do Superfine.....34s.
do No. 2.....30s. up.

HAMS, Canadian.....none
do American.....6d. to 9d.
do P E Island.....9d.

KEROSENE OIL, per gallon
do New York.....1s. 3d
do Boston.....1s 6d

LARD, American & Canadian.....7d & 8d

LEATHER, per lb. American
and Canadian.....1s 5d to 1s 6d

MOLASSES per gallon, Mus-
covado.....2s 3d.
Clayed

OATMEAL per lb Canadian.....30s to 32s.
do P E Island

OATS, per bush. P E Island.....3s cash

PEAS per lb. Canadian split.....32s 6d
do do round.....21s 6d 22s 6d

PORK per lb. American
mess.....85s to 95s
do Am. prime mess.....85s
do do extra prime.....75s

POTATOES per bbl. P E Island.....6s

RAISINS, boxes.....15s to 16s

RICE per cwt. East Indian 20s to 21s

SALT, per hhd, Foreign }
Liverpool } 7s

SOAP per lb. Local manuf. 4d to 4 1/2d
do American do 4d to 4 1/2d
do Scotch do 4 1/2d
do Nova Sc. do 3 1/2d to 5d
do Liverpool do 2d to 2 1/2d

SUGAR, p cwt., P. R. Musco-
vado.....53s 9d to 45s
do Am. crushed.....65s to 67s 6d

TEA per lb. Common.....1s. 5d. to 1s. 10d.
do Fair to good.....2s to 2s 4d
do Extra do.....2s 7d up

TOBACCO, per lb. Canadian 10's 1s 7 1/2d
do American do.....1s 5 1/2d
do Nova Scotia.....none

Union Bank Shares.....£121

EXCHANGE.
London, Bank drawing rate.....30 per cent
do Purching.....19 do
United States, Gold.....Par
Canada, do.....do
Nova Scotia, do.....do

TO BE LET!

THAT

SHOP

now in the occupancy of Mr. James Hutchings,

—ALSO—

Dwelling House

attached, now occupied by Mr. William Squarey.

For particulars apply at the Office of this Paper,

SEEDS! SEEDS!!

Just received by the SUBSCRIBER, a select assortment of

SEEDS

W. H. THOMPSON.

April 29.

FOR SALE.

LUMBER!

BY H. W. TRAPNELL

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

50 M. seasoned Prime Pine Board

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

The SUBSCRIBERS offer for Sale, an excellent

Horse,

Suitable for general purposes
G. O. C. RUTHERFORD & Co.
March 18, 1874.

SAILMAKING.

The Subscriber

BEG 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.

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.

PIANO TUNING!

J. M. CURRIE
TUNER AND REPAIRER OF

IN returning thanks for past favours I beg 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.

G. F. 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.
Office LeMarchant St., North of Gas House.
Sept. 17.



E. W. LYON, PHOTOGRAPHER

Harbor Grace.

NOTICE.

IMPORTANT TO THE Citizens of Newfoundland.



THE CONTINENTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK,

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

St. John's and Harbor Grace, Newfoundland.

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

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

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

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

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

All Policy holders can vote and are eligible to office.

Directors.
L. W. FROST, President.
HON. GEO. HILTON SCRIBNER, Secretary of State.

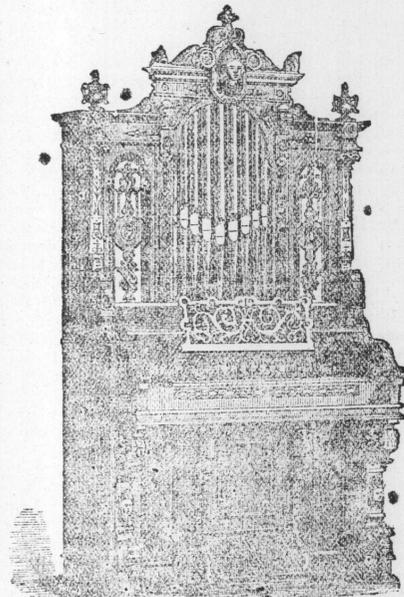
HENRY C. FISH, D. D., Newark, N. J.
M. B. WYNKOOP, of Wynkoop and Hallenbeck.
JOSEPH T. SAWYER, Mer., Liberty Street.
RICHARD W. BOGART, O. M. Bogart & Co., Bankers.

CHANCY M. DEPEIN, New York.
R. C. FROST, do do
WILLIAM C. WHITNEY, Barrister-at-Law, New York.
L. W. FROST, President.
J. P. ROGERS, Secretary.
JAS. McDONNELL, Gen'l. Agent.

A. T. DRYSDALE,
Agent for Northern District, Newfoundland.
Aug. 2 1873 1y

NOTICES.

SIMMONS & CLOUGH ORGAN Co's IMPROVED CABINET ORGANS



PRE-EMPTION FOR PURITY OF TONE.

EVERY INSTRUMENT FULLY WARRANTED.

GRAND COMBINATION ORGANS,

FITTED WITH THE NEWLY INVENTED

SCRIBNER'S PATENT QUALIFYING TUBES
An invention having a most important bearing on the future reputation of Reed Instruments, by means of which the quantity or Volume of tone is very largely increased, and the quality of tone rendered

Equal to that of the Best Pipe Organs of the same Capacity.

Our celebrated "Vox Celeste," "Louis Patent," "Vox Humana," "Wilcox Patent," "Octave Coupler," the charming "Cello" or "Clarinet," Stops,

AND ALL THE LATEST IMPROVEMENTS

Can be obtained only in these Organs.

Thirty-five Different Styles, for the Parlor and the Church
The Best Material and Workmanship
Quality and Volume of Tone unequalled.

PRICE.....\$50 to \$500

Factory & Warehouse, Cor 6th Congress Street Detroit Michigan.

[Established, 1850.]

Address Simmons & Clough Organ Co., Detroit, Michigan,

Price list furnished, and orders received at makers' prices, on application to

F. W. BOWDEN, "Public Ledger" Office,
Agent for Newfoundland.

St. John's, Jan. 1, 1874.

Very Important Notice!

The Wonder of the world!

GOOD NEWS FOR ALL!!

Prof. HERMAN'S

WORLD RENOWNED

VERMIN ESTROYER!

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 tes-
timonials.

OUTPORT AGENTS

Messrs. Squires & Noble, Harbor Grace
" Jilard Brothers,
Mr. W. H. Thompson,
" Michael Jones,

Messrs. Duff & Balmer, Carbonear
Mr. P. Nowlan, "
" G. C. Jerritt, "
" Robert Simpson, Bay Roberts,
" Moses Gosse Spaniards Bay.

May 18, 1

THE HOMESTEAD MASSACRE.

PITTSBURG, PA., May 2, 1874.

The black hearted fiend who butchered and burned the Hammet family was arrested in Alleghany City this morning, and at present lies in jail in this city. All day yesterday detectives were making untiring efforts to get trail of the murderer. A man giving the name of Ernest Ortwein was suspected on account of his strange conduct, and so nearly filling the description given by those who knew him, he was traced to various places in the city and finally he was heard of in Alleghany city. About six o'clock yesterday afternoon he made his appearance on Troy Hill. A number of men were talking about the murder and this stranger joined in the conversation. He said he had worked for Mrs. Hammet. As soon as he said this he became alarmed and ran off at full speed. Officer Quirk, of the Alleghany police force, gave chase and soon succeeded in capturing him. His carpet sack was found in a store on Ohio street, it contained a lot of clo'es, nearly new. In a vest was found an accessors notification of valuation, a piece of paper on which are pencil figures, a ten cent scrip and a railroad ticket over the Pittsburg, Virginia and Charleston Railroad. The assessment paper is signed by "A. Behl, Assessor," and is directed to John Hammet, giving the valuation of his property at \$12,720. The piece of paper with the figures evidently contains Mr. Hammet's estimate of value of his property, being found in connection with the assessor's valuation. The vest was doubtless one worn by Mr. Hammet. When it became generally known that the murderer had been captured the greatest excitement prevailed, and the Tombs in Alleghany were surrounded by an excited throng. It was feared that efforts would be made to lynch the prisoner, and it was found necessary to place a strong guard of police along the corridors of the Tombs. He gave his name as Ernest Ortwein, and his appearance was not calculated to impress one favorably. This fiend, who murdered a family of five for \$15, is about five feet eight inches in height, heavily built, and would weigh 175 pounds. He has a big, round, bulldog head, rather broad, flat nose, low forehead and small eyes. His face is large, red, and appears puffed up by drink and bears every evidence that he has been speering for a day or two past. He has a short, sandy mustache and a little tuft of hair in the dimple of his chin. He was dressed in a fine black frockcoat, dark figured pants, white shirt and small necktie. He has a very short, thick neck. A black slouch hat was lying on a bench beside him. His shoes are new, as is all of the clothing he has on. He said he was a native of Stuttgart, Wurtemberg, and came to this country about a year ago, and first worked as a farm hand with Peter Ramsey at Brooklyn, N. Y. It was no use, he said, to conceal the crime; he committed the murder. He said he left Hammet's dwelling just after supper on the night of the murder, and went directly to the village of Homestead. He drank two glasses of beer in a saloon by the wayside, which is all the beverage he had that night. After quitting the saloon he went to a grocers store, where he got some cigars, also some candy for the Hammet children. He then goes on and tells the following story to the press representatives through an interpreter: "Just as I was leaving it came into my head that I must have Hammet's money. I thought he had a great deal of money in the house, and as I felt so queer all at once in my head I thought I must get it. I went directly to the house, but don't know how I got there, I suppose I must have been out of my mind. After getting into the house I found Mr. and Mrs. Hammet had not come home. It occurred to me that to get the money I must kill the children. I found an axe in the kitchen, and taking that with me I went up into the room over the kitchen, where Robert Smith and I slept. The bed was in the corner of the room and I saw that Robert was sleeping soundly with his face toward me. I took a position at the front of the bed, and with one blow killed the boy; he never moved, I can't say how it was the boy's throat was cut. I may have struck him twice, but he never groaned. After the boy was dead I went into the adjoining room where Ida and little Emma were sleeping. There were two beds in the room, one in a corner, and the other, the one occupied by the children, near the centre. Both of the little girls were sleeping. I crept over cautiously to where they slumbered and dealt Ida a fearful blow which silenced her forever. She never moved a muscle, she was dead in a minute. I then raised the axe and struck at Emma. She uttered a cry and I hit her the second time. She did not groan again. After this I went down stairs and took a position just inside the door of the room adjoining the kitchen, and waited for Mr. and Mrs. Hammet to come home. God knows my feelings when concealed there. I was desperate now and thirsted for more blood.

After waiting a long time I heard the footsteps of the couple coming up the lawn. They came nearer and nearer, and I clutched my axe handle tight, at they were here. Mr. Hammet came into the room first. I was standing so that he could not see me, and I struck him from behind, using the same axe, and he fell to the floor. Mrs. H. then came rushing into the room, and as she passed through the door I struck her, but did not kill her. She shrieked once or twice, Oh God, John! and then I struck her a second blow, which killed her instantly. Mrs. Hammet and baby were the only ones I struck twice, the others were killed with one blow. I used the axe all the time. I committed the deed to get Mr. Hammet's money. I searched Mr. Hammet's pockets and obtained his pocket book.

It contained only fifteen dollars in paper money. I found Mr. Hammet's pocket book on the sewing machine. There was only fifty cents in it. I looked over the house, but all the money I got was \$15. The Silver money I spent I brought with me from Germany. I did not get it from the house. My only motive for doing this deed was to get the money. I never had any ill feeling towards any of the Hammet's. I always liked the little children, and I always bought them candy when I went to Homestead. The boy Smith and I were good friends and I always liked Mr. and Mrs. Hammet. I did not fire the house, and it was not a part of my plan to cover up the murder. When searching the house I put an oil-lamp in the sitting room, and when rushing away from the building it was overturned. I thought it would go out, I did not think the house would burn.

As soon as I left the building I proceeded at once to the railroad and walked direct to Pittsburg. I stopped at several places but don't know the names of the places. I came over to Pittsburg and went to see my friend Baier, on Pennsylvania street, I think. I don't know locations very well. I was never in Pittsburg more than three times. After leaving Baier's I crossed over to Alleghany City. I crossed a covered bridge and went to several breweries to get work. I purchased a new suit of clothes yesterday morning and finally was arrested."

It has been ascertained this evening that the parents of Ortwein, who live in Stuttgart, are well off. During the Franco-Prussian war he was drafted, but deserted and came to this country. One of the closing acts in this dreadful tragedy took place this afternoon—the consigning to the grave of the remains of the murdered family. There were two coffins, the largest of which held the remains of Mr. and Mrs. Hammet and the two children, Ida and Emma. In another and smaller coffin lay Robbie Smith. These horrible objects were kept enclosed until after the ceremonies were concluded in the church. The edifice was filled to overflowing with anguish-stricken men and women, who in a great measure were neighbors of the murdered family.

NOTICE!
Owing to the alteration of the Local Mail, the STAR will be issued on Thursday instead of Wednesday.

THE STAR.
THURSDAY, MAY 28th, 1874.

In this Anti-monopolizing age; the age of progress and refinement, there is perhaps no greater existing bugbear, than that known as the "Telegraph Monopoly" on the part of the New York Newfoundland, and London Telegraph Company.

The world, and all that therein is, were made in six days. These six days have given us the enormous number of five thousand, eight hundred, and seventy eight years of light and darkness.

To make an "Atlantic Cable," and lay it, requires, say a period of one year, and consequently, Cyrus Field, arguing out his case by the "Rule of Three," would fain make Newfoundland believe that he should have and to hold our common country for a proportionate length of time. This is all very well, and shew a clearness of perception, which must, now and henceforth, distinguish him as a paragon of genius. Being however, also highly endowed with cmnifarious powers, he was desirous of convincing others that his calculations were correct and indisputable. To effect this very pleasing end, he took great care to induce a few of the wealthy to invest in his undertaking, thus calculating on his being able to defy any one crying shame, while monetary Newfoundland was, and is, in a sense herself supporting him.

The species of trickery, by which he has endeavoured to make Newfoundland believe that were she to enforce her pre-emption rights, she would be brought low, and absolutely ruined, is apparent to all, even to those who advocate his cause; love of gold is however the only incentive of these latter.

When that spicy bit of news reached us, of the bold stroke Canada has made in reference to submarine lines, we were actually made younger, and our mind's eye had clearly reflected on its truthful retina, a glorious, prosperous, and satisfactory future for this Island.

What heavy hearts must some have had when compelled to digest such unexpected information; yet it is to be hoped, that all were not so sordid in their natures as to be unnecessarily sad.

It is an alleviating repercussion, eminently lofty in its nature and conception; one well qualified to check the detested monopoly, and infuse us with feelings of sincere gratitude for such a commutation: in short, instead of having had to exercise our right of pre-emption, we have had, on our account by others, a literal co-emption.

Derivable from all this, we have a warning; a caution against haste and rashness in any undertaking affecting the common weal. This will be patent to every one, and it is only to be hoped, that in future, our legislators will wisely consider, and be very precise in making their stipulations, in connection with anything of moment, clear and irrefragable.

We have some idea that the steamer "Faraday's" visit to our shores, with another cable end, will cause as much excitement, and more real happiness than ever emanated from the occasion of any cruise of the "Great Eastern" in our waters.

DEDICATION OF THE NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC CHAPEL AT NORTH RIVER.

This beautiful Chapel now dedicated to St. Joseph, was commenced about two years since. Its speedy completion, is a strong evidence of the zeal of our good priest, Rev. E. F. Walsh, and piety of the people of North River. It is most favorably situated, commanding a fine view of the beautiful and delightful scenery that surrounds it, and the decorations so tastefully arrayed for the occasion, rendered it so much more attractive to the numerous faithful that crowded the building to its utmost capacity. The site which comprises about forty acres of land, is a donation from the generous and well deserving, esteemed Mr. Henry, of Bay Roberts. The solemn and interesting ceremony of dedication, was performed on Sunday last (Whit Sunday) by the Most Rev. Henry Carfagnini, D.D., O.S.F. assisted by the Revs. E. F. Walsh and D. Falconio. The music for the occasion, was very effectually performed by the Harbor Grace Choir.

His Lordship, after having gone through the interesting ceremonies prescribed by the Church for the solemn occasion, addressed the large congregation with a truly pious discourse, to impress his hearers with due veneration, for what is consecrated to the service of the Most High. The temple of the old Law was, he observed, but a figure of those of the New Law. That Church which the piety of the faithful had erected, that they might adore God therein with greater splendor and so emany, had on that day been blessed by God Himself, through the hands of his minister. God, then, had chosen that holy place for his own habitation, and that His eyes would be open, and His ears would be attentive to the prayers which his people might offer therein.

Our Redeemer, who died for us all, prayed to His Eternal Father to infuse into the hearts of His people the spirit of fraternal charity, which constitutes that necessary tie of the unity of His Holy Church, and thereby destroyed the wall of separation that kept mankind distracted and divided, and by becoming our Father He made all men, of every nation, and race only one beloved family to dwell in His Holy House. Our churches and chapels, continued his Lordship, are the houses of God, and these our Redeemer, having no regard of what country or race we may be, will consider us all as his children and will hear alike the prayer of the rich and poor of the learned and of the ignorant. They are styled by the Prophet, "the new Heaven and Earth" because the church should represent the harmony and peace of that heavenly kingdom, and exhibit in the various ranks and organs which compose its hierarchy and its members the regularity and subordination which marks the various gradations of the seats of the Holy Spirit.

The Holy Altar anointed with chism and consecrated by the prayers of the church is an image of Jesus Christ Himself, our anointed King and great High Priest. From the Altar is offered up the tremendous sacrifice of the living and the dead. On the Altar is laid the Adorable Body, which hung upon the cross, and upon the Altar is poured forth the blood of the Saint that was slain for our iniquities. On the Altar is erected a Tabernacle for the residence of the Lord of Hosts, a mercy-seat for the King of Kings, where the Saviour in the Eucharist dwells in the midst of His people, attracting their hearts by the sweet influence of His grace, and crying out in His most affectionate accents, "Come to me all you that are burdened and heavy laden, and I will refresh you"

After other appropriate remarks, his Lordship concluded his sermon by impressing on the minds of the attentive hearers the necessity of labouring earnestly for the sanctification of their souls that they might be truly called with St. Paul "living temple of the Holy Ghost" and thus become worthy of God's heavenly blessing when kneeling in prayer before his altar.

After the sermon His Lordship celebrated the Holy Eucharist and gave the Benediction of

this most Adorable Sacrament, the "Abbe Louis Lambiotti's" solemn "Tantum Ergo" was rendered in fine style by the choir.

The Harbor Grace Temperance Band considerably heightened the effect of the joy and pleasure felt by all, executing several pieces in a most efficient style.

The service being over the Bishop and Clergy with the Choir and Band repaired to Bay Roberts where all were hospitably and sumptuously entertained by Mr. Henebury at his residence.

Nothing within the means of the people was omitted to give eclat to the solemnities of the day and to testify their love and veneration for their beloved Bishop, whose only thought is for the spiritual and temporal welfare of his people.—Communicated.

The steam-tug "Cabot" arrived here yesterday, from St. John's, with freight and passengers.

O C A L.

The steamer Merlin arrived last evening from the Gulf fishery with 1,700, mostly old seals.—Chronicle.

The Imperial Government Surveying steamer *Galvane* arrived from Charlottetown and Pictou on Sunday evening last.—Ibid.

A good show of fresh Codfish was presented for sale yesterday at the public coves. A few Salmon, were also in the market, at 8d per pound.—Ibid.

Loss of H.M.S. NIobe.—His Excellency the Governor received a telegram from the commander of Her Majesty Ship *Niobe*, at St. Pierre, on Saturday morning, announcing the loss of that vessel at Miquelon, crew saved. A telegram was also received by the Governor from Monsieur Joubert, Governor of St. Pierre, to the same effect. It is said that the "Niobe" was lost on Wednesday night, but no further particulars other than those stated have yet been received. The "Niobe" was designed by Mr. Reed, C. B., late chief constructor of the Navy, and was considered one of his model ships. She carried five guns, but these were of very heavy calibre. The engines, were of 300 horse power. She was 1083 tons register and 1574 burden with speed and steam over 12 knots. The "Niobe" was recently commanded by Sir Lambton Lorraine, Bart., who was the recipient of a silver brick from Nevada State for his decisive action in recently saving the lives of many American citizens at Santiago de Cuba. The officer commanding her at the time of her loss was Commander David Boyle, of seniority of the 16th December, 1865, but appointed to the "Niobe" so recently as the 23rd January last.—Ibid.

CORRESPONDENCE

(FOR THE H. G. STAR.)
From our Bonavista Correspondent.

The activity ever apparent in this flourishing community, is particularly manifest at this season of the year. Now it is that the most onerous duties demand attention, everything, as it were, requiring to be looked after simultaneously.

Field and garden fences having been a just—thus preventing the unnecessary explorations of "guttersnipes" and goats—agricultural wants are receiving a large portion of labour, the spade and the plough being in daily requisition.

The land round about this vicinity is rich, and some of it is in a very high state of cultivation; help is largely used as manure, the fertilizing properties of which cannot be over estimated. What a pleasant sight it is, to see the horse and plough turning up the soil that is so sure to be a cad in different shades of verdure. Potato planting will have commenced next week.

Boat building during the winter has been commensurate with requirements. Some sp endid timber has been brought here this Spring from different parts of the bay, and which for size and quality, could not be excelled by any from the neighboring Provinces. Why is not Newfoundland an exporter of timber?

Since the 25th ult., we have had repeated visits of Northern ice, bringing with it a very few seas, which were speedily denied existence.

The weather of late, although occasionally pleasant, has on the whole been cold and trying; easterly winds prevailing.

Some new stores of handsome appearance and proportion are now in course of erection. Dwelling houses too, have been greatly augmented this Spring.

The bait skills will shortly put out. Salmon nets will be laid so soon as no obstruction need be feared from the inroads of ice.

A medical practitioner from Halifax N. S., and who has just reached this, is, I understand, about to take up residence in this locality.

Bonavista }
May 16, 1874. }

THE CONFESSION OF AN OLL PUBLICAN—HOW THE LIQUOR USED TO BE DRUGGED.

Readers, how many of you pass "Pub's" divers times in the course of the week, but how little do you know what's silently passing behind the counters, and the cellars of such would be "Immaculate Establishments" In those busy "dens" far from the gaze of the tippler is carried on the baptizing of the horrid drink splended for the pocket of the vender but ruin for the bodies and souls of the "votaries of Bacchus."

The mixing process requires a good deal of experience in order to be able to palm off the liquid as "good," but, alas! how sadly mistaken is the purchaser. I have been an old "mixer" in my time and I know all about the "drugging dodge," I have no prejudice whatever against the sale of spirits, but I have a great horror of the odious manner in which publicans hash up the liquor for their customers. All men are supposed to have seats of thought called "Consciences," but how can publicans have any? The shadows might still remain in their bosoms, but the essence of such precious, vivid gifts must have been squeezed out of them ere they are in the "trade" three months. I feel I have hardly any conscience myself, and I must say I have been just as fair and scrupulous a dispenser of the "fiery liquid" as any other "mixer" in the Island. My career as a "spirit druggist" and "poison seller" has been full of incidents which I hope to place before you in their true light. Would that I had known better when I first thought of starting a "Pub" the bitter corroding sting of remorse hacks my very soul when I calmly glance back upon a series of years and think of the divers schemes I had to employ to secure my ends in mixing the poisonous stuff for my fellow creatures. The thought sends a thrill of horror through me. Had I not opened a "Pub" I would to-day, in my old age, have a clear, easy, nontorturing conscience, a mind plathoric with thoughts the most cheering for the next life. Had I followed any other decent calling a better store would have been laid up to my credit in the world beyond the grave, but as I feel, I fear there is but small chance for us publicans if we don't turn over a new leaf, and stop doctoring the liquor for those whom we now publicly cheat by only giving them water instead of rum for their money.

About fifteen years ago I came into collision with a highly respectable family, and, after a good deal of sparring, Nancy and I were booked as one. After the honeymoon moon, which only occupied about a week, Nancy woke up to business and counicled me as to our future career. Her whole desire was focused in the "Public Line," and to object at such a period to her wishes, would doubtless entail the greatest misery upon me and my life. Would that I had talked her out of such a project, but I didn't then take the trouble. Poor old girl, I can cry when I think of those innocent days when first she broached to me the utility of opening a "Pub." I hope she is in a better world poor thing. She was the best little creature that ever swallowed a cup of tea, which she said was invented solely for woman's good, and I think there was a good deal of pith in her spicy remark. We were just 27 each when we got married, so you see we were well out for each other. She was a cute little woman, and it was to her knowledge of human character that we flourished so well. Why bless you, money walked in the door to us, so kind were our customers—weren't they now?

Our first move was to run a "Pub" in an out Harbor where none existed, and as I often had strong language with Nancy about not doing so, she would just turn on me and call me a useless d'one. I had to cave in, and I defy any one who can resist a woman's chain of argument as its paralyzing, and soon floors its victim. If I had not said "yes" to her keeping a "Pub" misery would have been my lot all my days. We packed up our traps sure enough, and took passage in the first boat bound for "Lobster Tackle" where we were deposited in good condition. We brought with us a puncheon of rum and some of the other drinks only fit for "gents" to use. When we arrived we said to each other, "well, this is truly a work of charity, and do you know all the people flocked around us and looked at us just the same as the negroes looked at Livingstone when he exhibited the magic lantern. They (the bystanders) wanted to know what was in the barrels as they looked so anxiously at them. Nancy says to me "Mick tell 'em it medicine" faith sure I did, and all they began to jump with delight that at last they were to have a druggest among 'em. Ah, says I to Nancy, we have struck oil, and you will see what a run of good luck we will have. We then thought as we moved into our new shanty that we had come to confer a lasting blessing upon our fellow creatures, but, alas, the sequel will unfold the reverse. The license was in my pocket and to tell you the truth the Magistrate J. Joe Paver, Esq., looked as glad as possible when I applied to him for it; he said "spirit vending" was a splendid way to make money, and that it conferred a boon upon the public generally, also that it afforded him the greatest pleasure in the world to grant any number of such papers which were good for the revenue, and left a slight margin in his own pocket.

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

By Authority.

His Excellency the Governor in council has been pleased to appoint the following Boards of Road Commissioners, viz:—

Harbor Grace Proper—Messrs. Robert Walsh, Charles Ross, Patrick Devereux Wm. Tapp, John Paterson Mark Parsons and James Hippisley.

South Side Har or Grace and Bryant's Cove—Messrs. John Noel William Webster John S. Stephenson (Bryant's Cove,) P. K. Norcott and Moses Parsons.

Spaniards Bay—Messrs. Moses Gosse William Baggs William H. Earle Robert Gosse and Thomas Whelan.

Upper Is and Cove and Bl-hyp's Cove—Messrs. James Crane Israel Gosse John Barret Joseph Drover and Elsie Drover.

Carleton—Messrs. Nicholas Nichol Benjamin J. F. Gou d Ambrose Forward Edward S. Pike Michael Gou d Michael Sawyer and Felix J. McCarthy.

Secretary's Office, 26th May, 1874.—Gazette.

The Czar wished yesterday, and visit Traffic is suspended Fleet Street, Ludg side

Prof. Faraday, of a grain of water of ions equivalent to a of lightning. Kno ibrium of these rela destroyed in the he change of conditions mously discovering tural conditions; t (which seems to be a are not our locomot propelled with grain

Latest

Carnarvon in government will Coast.
Wolsley has mouth.
Durham min broken out.
The Czar will 6 o'clock this yacht going ash his arrival will be the time fixed on Madrid Beria ties are insurm coalition Govern The French Military Com President.

Gold 112 Panama letters outrages on Brit at San Jose by Military Comma outrage, pursued

The Prince of Duchess of Edin thur met the Czar arriving at Winc Broglie will ca Bill for debate Friday. The L oppose it, and w tion.

At the recep other Ecclesiast the Mexican Gov mala for the pers lowed to come up countries.

Gold steady— The Queen St and Alexis last Wales, Duke of and Disrali par probably visit E Broglie accept and Extreme R and will make it

Gold 112. The Grand D rested on suspici thers diamonds. Grant declared gitimate Govern will support him tional troops.

Broglie introduced Chamber amidst the Left, The E ferred to a comm wildest confusion business could be adjourned.

The "Times" the reception of declared that the peace, His Maj this morning, and mons this aftern Crystal Palace. The Madrid G active service 40 Glegue the Fret

NORTH The Goshen res acre gave way t water swept thro liamsburgh, Hayc Florence. Many bridges were over and property to 5

Broglie's minist Their resignation Mahon, M. Gou Premiership. Th the immediate dis sly. It is rumour Right intend to mo of monarchy, and t too will vote for dis Concha is movin The Carlists are h lieans near Bilbao, ministry intend to nobility, and subsi

The Czar wished yesterday, and visit Traffic is suspended Fleet Street, Ludg side

STEARNS DA Prof. Faraday, of a grain of water of ions equivalent to a of lightning. Kno ibrium of these rela destroyed in the he change of conditions mously discovering tural conditions; t (which seems to be a are not our locomot propelled with grain

Latest Despatches.

LONDON, May 13. Carnarvon in Lords said that the government will not abandon the Gold Coast. Wolseley has banqueted at Portsmouth. Durham miners strike has again broken out. The Czar will not reach Albion till 6 o'clock this evening, owing to his yacht going ashore at Flushing; and his arrival will be several hours behind the time fixed on the official programme. Madrid Beria says that the difficulties are insurmountable in forming a coalition Government for Spain. The French Assembly met to-day. The message was received from the President.

NEW YORK, 13. Gold 112. Panama letters confirm the barbarous outrages on British Vice-Consul Magee at San Jose by Colonel Gonzales. The Military Commandant, hearing of the outrage, pursued and shot Gonzales.

LONDON, 14. The Prince of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, and Prince Arthur met the Czar at Dover yesterday, arriving at Windsor Castle at 10 p. m. Broglie will call up a new Election Bill for debate in French Assembly on Friday. The Left and Extreme Right oppose it, and will make it a test question.

At the reception of Cardinals and other Ecclesiastics, Pius was severe on the Mexican Government and Guatemala for the persecution they have allowed to come upon the Church in these countries.

NEW YORK, 14. Gold steady—112.

LONDON, 15. The Queen State banqueted the Czar and Alexis last night. The Prince of Wales, Duke of Edinburgh, Gladstone, and Disraeli partook. The Czar will probably visit Eugenie on Saturday. Broglie accepts the challenge of Left and Extreme Right on Election Bill, and will make it a Cabinet question.

NEW YORK, 15. Gold 112 1/2.

BERLIN, 15. The Grand Duke Nicholas was arrested on suspicion of stealing his mother's diamonds.

Grant declared for Baxter as the legitimate Governor of Arkansas, and will support him if necessary with national troops.

PARIS, 15. Broglie introduced Election Bill into Chamber amidst vehement protests from the Left. The Bill was read and referred to a committee of thirty. The wildest confusion ensued; no further business could be done, and the chamber adjourned.

LONDON, 16. The "Times" says that the Czar at the reception of the Diplomatic Corps declared that the policy of Russia was peace. His Majesty visited Eugenie this morning, and will look in at Commons this afternoon, winding up at Crystal Palace.

The Madrid Government called into active service 40 battalions of reserves. Gleque the French painter is dead.

NORTHAMPTON, Mass., 16. The Goshen reservoirs, covering 125 acres gave way this morning. The water swept through and destroyed Williamsburgh, Haydensville, Leeds and Florence. Many large factories and bridges were overflowed. 60 lives lost and property to 5 million dollars.

PARIS, 17. Broglie's ministry has been defeated. Their resignation was accepted by McMahon. M. Goulard has accepted the Premiership. The Republicans urge the immediate dissolution of the Assembly. It is rumoured that the Extreme Right intend to move for the restoration of monarchy, and if the vote fails, they too will vote for dissolution.

Concha is moving on the river Ebro. The Carlists are harassing the Republicans near Bilbao. The new Spanish ministry intend to revive the titles of nobility, and subsidize the clergy.

LONDON, 18. The Czar wished the Queen good-by yesterday, and visited Guildhall to-day. Traffic is suspended all day on Strand Fleet Street, Ludgate, Hull and Cheap side.

STEAM'S DAY NUMBERED.

Prof. Faraday, of England, asserts that a grain of water contains electric relations equivalent to a very powerful flash of lightning. Knowing that the equilibrium of these relations are sometimes destroyed in the heavens merely by a change of conditions, resulting in enormous mechanical work; and we are constantly discovering means to change natural conditions; the question arises (which seems to be a legitimate one) why are not our locomotives and steamships propelled with grains of water, instead of tons? The only answer that can be given is: We have as yet no knowledge of suitable means to destroy the equilibrium of these relations.

Mr. John W. Keelev, of Philadelphia, has discovered a method of destroying this equilibrium, or something analogous to it, and made it the basis of an invention by which these conditions are changed.

By a peculiar mechanical device hitherto unknown, a force is generated which can readily be applied to driving all kinds of machinery for which steam or other motive power is generated and applied without cost other than the mechanical device or generating machine and the necessary wear of machinery. The generator is simple and comparatively inexpensive, occupying but a small space, and is light compared with the requirements of steam power; and since this power is produced without heat, electricity, galvanism or chemicals, it is destined at an early day to revolutionize completely the present motive powers of the world by reason of the economy of its cost and space.

The power, so far as at present evolved and tested, has shown a power of fully 10,000 pounds per square inch, as the following explanation will show: The principal part of this power generator, now in use, is made of metal, globular in shape, about fifteen inches in diameter, and hollow, having walls about three-fourths of an inch thick, a strong iron tube an inch in diameter, connecting the generator with a cylinder used as a receiver of the power or force from the generator. This cylinder is made of charcoal iron, forty inches in length, four and one-half in internal diameter, with screw fitted and welded heads two inches thick, tested to a power of 10,000 pounds per square inch; its capacity is about three and one-fourth gallons. This receiver was charged from the generator of the power in five seconds, and the power remained the same at least eight days without any addition, and from it a great number of tests were made without any apparent diminution of its energy or force.

At the end of the charged cylinder is attached a flexible brass conductor of drawn tubing, one fourth inch in diameter with a bore of one thirty-second of an inch, passing from one cylinder to ceiling and thence to the other side of the room, for a distance of twenty feet to a test apparatus or force register; this apparatus consists of a thick bent plate of iron, to which was bolted and packed a cylinder four inches in diameter, having a plunger or piston, the area of which was a little less than one square inch in surface. Below this piston is a chamber of about two cubic inches with which the tubing from the charged cylinder is connected. The plunger or piston, acting perpendicularly, was the point at which the power was applied to a compound lever, which according to Mr. Haswell's measurement was 1 to 25. The end of the short arm was securely bolted and fastened to the iron bed-plate of the apparatus, upon the long arm of the compound lever was suspended an iron weight of 200 pounds. On opening the stopcock of the charged cylinder connecting the tubes, the weight of 200 pounds was at once raised to the limit of the upward movement of the lever; thus, with the weight of the lever and its connections indicating a pressure power of about 10,400 pounds per square inch, as stated before. The power generator and receiver was supposed to be, when constructed, fully adequate in strength to generate and develop the full power of the invention, but it has been found too weak; the force has proved to be so enormous that Mr. Keely has not dared to apply more than half the power he can attain. An apparatus is in process of construction which would be able to generate and sustain a pressure in excess of that already shown, without rupture, though Mr. Keely does not expect to need one of more than 25,000 pounds to develop his power. When the full power is measured and balanced it will then be comparatively easy to construct an apparatus of the requisite capacity and strength for engines of any desired power.

A REAL LOVE MATCH. Another engagement of the many announced, writes a Washington correspondent, is that of General Sherman's daughter Minnie, to Mr De Haven Fitch, and it is a real love match. The day before Miss Sherman left London her uncle Commodore Alden was prevented by some duty from going with his niece to the Crystal Palace as he had promised, but that she should not be disappointed, he told her he would send one of his officers to go with her—a special protegee and favorite he said. So Mr. Fitch presented himself at the appointed hour, and the two young people went off together. He joined the party at dinner, and in return for his courtesy to Miss Sherman, Commodore Alden invited him to a company to the opera that evening. Miss Sherman was to sail the next day, and both she and her new friend regretted that their acquaintance should end so soon. But when she reached her steamer he was on the deck before her, and although there was no suitable accommodation for a cabin passenger, he took his chances and sailed with her. Don't that sound like a sweet old fashioned story. She is a pretty, unaffected girl, who so charmed Prince Arthur, of England, during his brief visit here, four years ago that he sent her a princely souvenir, a delicately wrought locket with her monogram traced in superb diamonds.—Boston Globe.

Col. O'Reilly who died in Morocco recently at the age of forty eight, was an associate with Meagher, D'Arcy McGee and others who have since become well known in the attempted rebellion of 1874. After the collapse of that movement he had a most romantic life. He fought the

Austrians in Italy, and was promoted to be a lieutenant on the field of Novara. While in the Sardinian service he sent to Lord Palmerston valuable reports concerning the Italian forces. O'Reilly joined the Turkish service, rose to be a chief mounted gendarme in Syria, and was known as "Hessan Bey." He was recalled on suspicion of encouraging a native rising, but not until he had had interesting adventures in the desert and business transactions with Lady Ellenborough. He has lately resided in London, and died while on a mission for some capitalists to Morocco.

THE BROWN-SHARFEE MATCH. At a small but enthusiastic meeting of the Halifax Rowing Club, held at Mason Hall recently, the \$2,000 required to back George Brown for his race with Scharfee, on the 8th of July, was subscribed in a few minutes. Captain John Sheridan put down \$1000 for himself and some other parties; and had it been necessary \$20,000 could have been raised. Brown evidently possesses the full confidence of the boating community. It was decided to send the President C F Nose and the Secretary William Craigen, to officially represent the Club at the race.

MARRIED. At Burin on the 14th inst. at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. George Forsey, Mr. Willis Parsons, of Harbor Grace, to Isabella Rose, youngest daughter of George Goddard Esq., Merchant, Burin.

DIED. On Saturday morning last, after a painful illness, Kate, eldest daughter of Wm. and Sarah Wills, aged 14 years and 6 months.

At Carbonear, on Saturday evening last, Mr. Daniel Hogan, aged 93 years, over 70 of which was spent in this country.

NOTICE. UNION BANK OF NEW-FOUNDLAND. THE Annual General Meeting of the Proprietors of this Company, pursuant to the Act of incorporation, will be held at 12 o'clock, on SATURDAY, 6th June next, at the Banking House in Duckworth Street, for the purpose of electing Directors, and for the despatch of business.

By order of the Board. J. W. SMITH, Manager.

May 27 31.

BRITISH & AMERICAN BOOK STORE, J. F. CHISHOLM, Proprietor, ST. JOHN'S; Branch Establishment, No. 116 Water Street, Harbor Grace. W. W. COLEMAN, AGENT.

THE SUBSCRIBER begs to inform the Citizens of Harbor Grace, that he has arrived with a splendid assortment of BOOKS & STATIONERY, Also prepared to receive Subscribers for the following Magazines:

Young Ladies Journal, including the Christmas part..... 16s 3d. Bow-Bells, including the Christmas part..... 15s. Family Herald..... 10s. London Journal..... 12s. London Reader..... 10s. Good Words..... 10s. The Sunday at Home..... 10s. The Leisure Hour..... 10s.

English Woman's Magazine, The Sunday Magazine, Wedding Bells, The Young Men of Great Britain, The Boys of England, The Waverly Magazine, Frank Leslie's Ladies Magazine, Frank Leslie's Pleasant Hour, Harpers Magazine, God's Magazine, Harpers Bazaar, Frank Leslie's Ladies Journal, or any Magazine or Newspaper published in England or America, procured to order with despatch.

P. W. COLEMAN. May 28.

A CARD. JOHN CODY, Private Boarding House, 214 WATER STREET, 214 HARBOR GRACE. Opposite the Business Premises of the Hon. W. J. S DONNELLY. April 29.

NOTICE. Books & Stationery. The SUBSCRIBER offers for Sale a choice selection of Books, STATIONERY, &c., &c. at No. 88 Water Street, Harbor Grace. V. ANDREOLI. April 25.

GENERAL RULES For Regulating the Sittings Practice, Proceedings, and Costs in the District Court of Harbor Grace, made and issued by the Judge of the said Court, under the provisions of the Act 34 Victoria, Cap. 5, Section XI, on the 4th of April, 1874, and approved by the Judges of the Supreme Court, the eighth day of April, 1874.

RULE XVIII.—In all cases of appeal from a Judgment of the District Court of Harbor Grace, to the Northern Circuit Court at Harbor Grace, the Appellant or his Attorney shall, within two days after such judgment shall have been delivered, file a written notice with the Clerk of the said District Court, and also serve a Copy on the opposite party or his Attorney, setting forth the grounds of such appeal.

RULE XIX.—The Appellant shall, within the said two days or such further time as the Judge of the said District Court may allow, enter into a Bond with two sufficient sureties, if such sureties shall be required in a penalty double the amount of the judgment and costs, with a condition that the Appellant shall, in the next following term of the Northern Circuit Court at Harbor Grace prosecute his appeal with effect, and satisfy the judgment of the said Court therein; or in lieu of a Bond, the Appellant may deposit with the Clerk of the District Court such a sum of money as the said Judge may deem sufficient. Where upon such Appeal shall be allowed.

RULE XX.—In all cases of appeal, allowed as aforesaid, the Judge of the said District Court shall return to the Chief Clerk and Registrar of the Northern Circuit Court at Harbor Grace before the opening of the Court on the first day of the next term, all the papers touching the cause, with the evidence taken in the case by the Judge trying the same, which evidence and paper with the allowance of the appeal shall be certified by the said Judge.

RULE XXI. COSTS. Clerk's Fee for preparing Bond in cases of appeal..... \$1.00 Clerk's Fee for preparing Certificate on appeal..... \$0.50 T. R. BENNETT, Judge, Harbor Grace District Court. APPROVED.— H. W. HOYLES, C. J. BRYAN ROBINSON, A. J. JOHN HAYWARD, A. J.

TO BE LET! A Commodious Shop, In Water Street. Immediate possession given. For particulars apply at the "Star" Office.

NOTICE. Jillard Brothers' New Provision, Grocery and Hardware STORE is now in full operation Anything you require you will get there. Provisions of the Best Quality Flour, Pork, Beef, Molasses, Butter Split and Round, Pease, Oatmeal Rice, Cheese, Beans. Choice and well selected GROCERIES Tea—Black and Hyson Sugar—Loaf Crushed and Brown Raisins—Bloom Layer and Valencia Broad Figs Currants Spices of every description Mace Cinnamon Cas-ia Cloves Pamerilla Mixed Spice, Pepper C. Seed Nutmegs Fry, Dunn & Co.'s Fancy Biscuits of to kinds Confectionery Essence of Coffee, Homeopathic and Common Cocoa Chocolate Bacon and Hams, Lard, Pearl Barley Froats and Patent Farley, Mustard Pickles—Mixed, Chow Chow, Picadilly Red Cabbage, Onions, Walnuts Olive Oil, Crystal and Pure Malt, Vinegar in bottles and casks Rasp berry Vinegar, Essence Lemon Peel Ginger, Ground Ginger, Honey Table Salt—by the pound and in crocks and bottles Blue, Candles, Baking Powders Bicarbonate of Soda, Sago, Tapioca Vermacella, Liqueur saltpetre, Logwood, Brimstone, Sulphur nuff, Starch, Blue, Hard Soap Castile Soap, Fancy and Scented Soap Tees Wax, Nixey's Black Lead, Wax Electric and Comb Matches Best Japan Blacking, Paste Blacking Brunswick Black, Furniture Polish Washing Soda, Snuff Beans Condensed Milk Bottled Fruits—Plums, Cherries, Damsons Green Gages, &c. Corn Flour, Sardines, Smoked Herrings Mellies, Jams, and Marmalade the celebrated Victoria and other Sauces Citron, Lemon and Orange Canned Peel Gelatin, Cream of Tartar Shelled Almond Nuts, Kay's Coaguline Lunt's, Cookey's and Holloway's Pills Castor Oil, Senna, Salts, Hartshorn Medicamentum, Opodeldoc Oysters in Tins, Solid Oil Capilaire Syrup Pear's Grease and Pomatum Infant's Farnaceous Food.

We keep constantly on hand HARDWARE Of every description. Carpenters' Tools, Coopers' Tools Shoemakers' Tools, Masons' Tools Brushes, Combs, Earthenware, Glassware Locks, Hinges, Bolts, Latches Musical Instruments, Medicines, Drugs Perfumery, Nautical Instruments & Charts Locks, Screws, Brads Parlor and Kitchen Utensils Paints, Oil, Turpentine, Varnish Soldiers' Ware, Toys, Brooms, Buckets Saddles, Bath Brick Hatchets, Saws, Hammers, Planes Tomahawks, Shingling Hatchets Spokeshaves, Wrought Nails Rules and Squares Compasses and Spirit Levels, Chisels Gouges, Gimblets, Augurs, Chalk Lines Brace and Bits, Sand and Glass Paper Hand, Pit and Crosscut Files, Saw Sets Gluepots, Diamonds, Axes, Adzes Jointer and Plane Irons, Drawing Knives Centre Bits, Awls, Eri-tles, Hemp, Flax Apparas, Pinchers, Rasps, Whips Leather, Kerosene Oil, Soap Honey Dew Tobacco.

Electro, Albata, British Plate, Nickel and German Silverware Gold, Silver, Gilt, Plated and Glass Jewellery, WATCHES and CLOCKS SEWING MACHINES Gold Wedding Rings, CRADLES.

If you want anything that you do not see in this list, you will be sure to get it by asking Best assorted stock in town. Every purchaser who desires to get the best possible value for his money, should visit this establishment. JILLARD BROTHERS. Sept. 25. 6m,

By-and-By.

What will it matter, by-and-by, Whether my path below was bright, Whether it wound through dark or light, Under a gray or golden sky, When I look back on it, by-and-by.

What will it matter, by-and-by, Whether unhelped I toiled alone, Dashing my foot against a stone, Missing the charge of the angel high, Bidding me think of the by-and-by?

What will it matter, by-and-by, Whether with laughing joy I went Down thro' the years with a glad content, Never believing, nay, not I, Tears would be sweeter by-and-by?

What will it matter, by-and-by, Whether with cheek to cheek I've lain Close by the pallid angel, Pain, Soo'ning myself through sob and sigh; 'All will be elsewise by-and-by'?

What will it matter? Naught if I Only am sure the way I've trod, Gloomy or gladdened, leads to God, Questioning not of the how, the why, If I but reach Him, by-and-by.

What will I care for the unshared sigh, If, in my fear of slip or fall, Closely I've clung to Christ through all, Mindless how rough the path might lie, Since he will soon smooth it by-and-by.

Ah! it will matter, by-and-by? Nothing but this: That Joy or Pain Lifted me skyward, helped to gain, Whether through rack or smile or sigh Heaven—home—all in all, by-and-by!

My Earthly Love.

No dim and dreamy ghost I sing, Nor phantom floating in the air; To one who treads the solid earth, I send alike my song and prayer, To perfect matter strong and sweet, The face and form of her I love; The matchless speech and subtle breath, An eyelid trembling like a dove,— A dove within an earthly nest, Who hears the coming or her mate, Or feels his kiss upon her breast, And chides him that he comes so late.

The matchless joy of sense I sing!— The earthly joy of here and now: Before no fading ghost I kneel— Before no distant future bow, Go, little song, and seek the lips Of her who waits you with a kiss; And tell her, only in her arms Thy poor master dreams of bliss, No angel seen by prophet eye, Nor shaped by art with peerless grace, With feet that tread the azure sky, And roam the boundless field of space, Is half so true or sweetly fair As one who walks with me apart: I lose me in her shining hair,— She is the goddess of my heart.

O Death so like a stormy cloud Within a gentle summer sky, Thou lonely phantom sad to see, I will not fear thee though I die! Go, little song, to her I love, And tell her Death is in the air; It is his shadow on the world That makes the present moment fair. We have one hour of life and love And ages filled with silent sleep— There is no time for faith to pray, Nor time for sullen grief to weep, Go, tell her if we love not now, The life we live is only death And dust that have no joy in time, And only feed on bitter breath.

SELECT STORY.

THIS AND THAT;

And the Woman who put them Together

HE always said she could do it! When I want to find out anything; John, I can always make a way to do it. I can put this and that together as well as the next one, she remarked at the breakfast table, with a nod at once emphatic and mysterious.

Mr. Humphreys put down his coffee cup uneasily. Yes, Tiddy; but they don't always fit when they are put together.

When I put them together, they do, John Humphreys, said the lady, with a still more decided bob of her head.

Mr. Humphreys sighed, but wisely kept his thoughts to himself. More than likely there's nothing to find out, Tiddy, its so easy for folks to imagine things, he ventured aloud.

If you mean me, don't say folks, Mr. Humphreys—I'm not an overwhelming multitude. In the first place, the bain was burned— you won't call that imaginary, I suppose, seeing the bells were rung, and you were in such a dreadful stew to get to the fire, that you rushed off with your coat wrong side out, and a boot on one foot, and slipper on the other. Well, the barn was set on fire, that's the next thing; for I heard Mr. Scoue talking about it, and he said 'incendiaries,' of course, if it was done, somebody must have done it; and I have my suspicions, that's all. There are some things that look a little queer and mysterious, lately, and a woman's eyes are sharp.

Mr. Humphreys picked up his hat, and put it slowly down on his head with his two hands, as if it were a ben-

ediction, and walked slowly away to the mills—his screw mills, 'around which the little village had grown up. He did not doubt Mrs. Humphrey's vaunted ability, he only dreaded her success, for she was a female Nimrod, and he, quiet man, had no sympathy with the chase.

What's the use of looking for things you don't want to find, and that don't concern you when they are found? he put the matter interrogatively to the trees as he went along. Suppose folks have done what they shouldn't, you can keep on liking them all the same if you don't know it; but if you go and find out, then everything's upset, and you don't know where you are—at least, where you ought to be.

The trees rustled and whispered as if they knew countless things they had no mind to tell, and Mr. Humphreys dropped his conversation with them, and murmured to himself, it's a dreadful investigating world, this is!

He fancied the old mill was full of the same spirit that day; the long iron arms seemed reaching out and grasping after hidden things, the countless wheels were grinding out secrets, and all the rattle and roar was a babble of condemning and grimy faces of the workers, half afraid the prying machinery might draw into sight the guilt of Mrs. Humphrey's suspected. He hoped none of them had done such evil, but if they had, he did not want to know it. The doing must have been dreadful enough without being found out, and if they could only escape, and have another chance—Mr. Humphrey's invariably took up that position, and his wife as invariably drove him from it with the reminder that such weakness would put an end to all law and justice.

He passed down the black, smooth steps—worn smooth by the tread of many weary feet—and crossing a platform that connected the main building with a smaller one, entered the office where Philip Mead was bending over the company's books. Nephew Philip was Mr. Humphrey's pride, and was indeed, one of the rare points upon which his wife and he were quite agreed in sentiment and action. He watched the swiftly-moving pen for a moment, then carefully slid the burden from his shoulders and proceeded to unfold it, after the manner of a peddler with his pack.

You know that barn of Scoue's, Phil? Folks say it was set on fire. Ah? said Phil, still writing rapidly. Yes; and your Aunt Tiddy, she—she suspects some one.

Whom does she suspect? I don't know, Phil, really haven't the least idea, and you see, that's what sort of troubles me.

Phil dropped his pen and laughed. Well, uncle, it's pretty certain that neither you nor I did it, so it can't be either of us.

That's a fact! that's a fact! The elder gentleman brightened as if this were a piece of unexpected intelligence that threw great light upon the subject. Then he ran his fingers through his short gray hair until it stood erect upon his head, glanced cautiously around the room, and suggested uneasily, you don't think any of the mill men would—could—eh?

The boys? It isn't likely. What on earth would any of them do such a thing as that for?

Philip's voice rang out cheerily, and Mr. Humphreys looked relieved; and after a moment remarked apologetically, you see, I'm kind of nervous, I suppose, Phil, and I don't like such things naturally. The buying of a pack of hounds always did make me uneasy about the poor creature they were hunting do you know? Philip concealed his smile at this unconscious tribute to his aunt by turning to his desk again, and his uncle, comforted, sought his own at the opposite side of the room.

At the house the subject was not put aside so quickly. Mrs. Humphreys washed up the silver as if she were making a chain, and every spoon was a link she glanced at Jeanie Cameron, when she came in from a walk to the post office, as if she also were a link; in fact, Mrs. Humphrey's was not sure that pretty Jeanie might not prove a very important link. Where could the girl have been that evening of the fire when, on going to call her, she had found her room empty? It was a beautiful moonlight night, but young ladies did not usually take moonlight walks alone, and who could have been with her—pretty, but poor little seamstress, Jeanie Cameron? The voice that first called fire, too, had sounded like a woman's; Mrs. Humphrey's had almost forgotten that. Jeanie!

The girl looked up with the startled blush that came so frequently of late. That night Scoue's barn was burned, the first cry I heard was in a woman's voice, I'm sure, and I was just thinking it sounded like yours.

Yes, I— I suppose it was mine, I hadn't heard any alarm, and the light was so bright when I first saw it.

Where were you? The question came rather sharply, and Jeanie absorbed in a search through her work-basket answered briefly:

Only down at the garden-gate—then. The last word was added slowly and with a little effort, as if only for truth's sake.

Mrs. Humphrey's noted it, and placed a large table spoon in her collection on the table; she had got an idea. Her next discovery was communicated to Philip Mead a week subsequently, when he came up from the office to a late breakfast one morning—late, and therefore a solo.

I've had my suspicions all along about that barn burning, Philip, and lately I've noticed something queer about Jeanie—

You don't suspect her of been an incendiary? interposed Philip in astonishment.

No; I'm not an idiot. I should think not, responded Philip so emphatically that Mrs. Humphrey's look of complacency returned.

But a girl may have a lover, you know.

Philip was occupied in pouring cream into his coffee. He must have liked a great deal, for he suddenly emptied half the contents of the pitcher into his cup.

And he may not be a suitable one at all; in fact, it's more than likely that he wouldn't be, pursued Mrs. Humphreys.

Her nephew twisted his brown mustache rather nervously. He did not reply; but he was so flatteringly attentive that she grew more definite.

The short of it is, that I know whom I'm talking about. Only two nights ago she stood at the gate for a good half hour, talking with some man. I saw them from my window—couldn't see his face, but he was a tall, well-built fellow, and wore a light hat. What do you think of that?

The young gentleman appeared unable to arrange his thoughts for utterance, but the lady repeated her question suppose you had been at the window, and had seen her talking to a man in that way, what would you have thought?

I think I should have disapproved of it; indeed, I am very sure that I should have disliked it exceedingly, Philip answered decidedly.

Exactly; and you'd have had no doubt that he was her lover?

But then, she has a perfect right to love and be loved, aunt Tiddy, and I don't see what connection it can have with the fire at Scoue's, suggested Philip.

Right enough if it were some one suitable, as I said before. But who would be around here? Most of the mill men—

Humph! ejaculated the listener.

Yes, I know; they're foreigners, nearly all of them, or too rough, not at all the sort Jeanie would think of. But some good looking fellow with a show of fine manners and gentlemanliness, might persuade her that she was in love with him, even if he were a dissipated good-for-nothing, equal to burning barns or any other mischief. Girls are so foolish I wouldn't wonder if Jeanie knew, or guessed, who had a hand in that fire; she looks so confused and startled when anything is said about her being out that night.

Philip laughed, then explained apologetically. I am thinking, you know how much meaning may be attached to a very little thing.

Mrs. Humphreys smiled blandly. Yes, if any one has eyes sharp enough to see into things. I shall keep mine open, and the girl won't throw herself away if I can stop it.

The conversation was abruptly terminated by the entrance of its subject. Mrs. Humphreys vanished in pursuit of silk and cording required for the days dress-making, and Philip lost his interest in breakfast, and became quite absorbed in studying the small seamstress. Perhaps she felt that the brown eyes were watching her, for she bent low over her work—so low that one bright curl was presently caught in her thread. "Ah! you tangled my life in your hair, Jeanette, In the gold of your beautiful curls my pet."

quoted Philip softly.

The blue eyes flashed a sidelong glance at him, half shy, half laughing, and it drew him to her side at once. He lifted the shining hair with reverent caressing touch, and stood looking down upon her.

Jeanie my aunt means to keep you from throwing yourself away.

Means to keep you from doing it, more probably. There was a quiver of pride running through the sweet voice. No; she said you. I have concluded to help her.

Deeply grateful, I'm sure. By trying to make the fellow more worthy of you.

I would, answered the mischievous lips. A work of supererogation entirely said the tender eyes.

There was delicious snatch of earnest talk and then—well, then Jeanie was marvelously industrious, while Philip, at the most distant window of the room studied the morning sky, and when the door opened, this and that were so far apart that even Mrs. Humphreys did not dream of putting them together.

Mrs. Humphreys had not exhibited the full length of her chain of facts and deductions to Philip. In that wonderful memory of hers, where everything she saw or heard labeled and stowed away for future possible use, as model housekeepers arrange the contents of their attics, an old remark had been drawn from its dark corner into the light. I wouldn't be chief mourner if such a miserly old fellow as Scoue should lose some of his property; he deserves to.

Rolf Towe had spoken the words in her hearing more than a year before; but he had not thought much about them at the time, but they might mean a great deal, after all. A handsome, genial fellow was Rolf, whom most people liked despite their judgement, since he was also wild, dissipated and reckless. He worked in a fitful, uncertain way at the mill. Natural ability would have secured him a higher place, but his miserable excesses rendered him often scarcely fit for the one he held. Who could tell what he could do? What motives might have prompted him? And he was tall and wore a light hat! Certainly there seemed some fitting together about these things. Mrs. Humphrey wanted to study it up, and was not sorry when Mr. Humphreys said—a little hesitatingly, as knowing her usual opinion in such cases—Rolf is the mill once more. I thought, last week, I never would try him again, but I don't know what he'll do if we send him off—I don't really do it, I couldn't help giving him another chance.

And when he's good for anything he's the best man about the establishment, added Philip.

Jeanie's look of pleasure was unmisgivable, it was very kind. If he had been sent away it might—at least, many people only grow bitter and desperate when they are hopeless, she murmured. And Mrs. Humphreys nodded assent—either to the remark, or to her own thought.

She kept her watch; the blue eyes seemed to grow more dreamful day by day, and the gray eyes grew sharper; the golden head bent low in reverie over the sewing, and the head of pepper and salt grew more emphatic in its nodding. The days slipped into weeks; the late autumn flowers bloomed and faded, following the fallen leaves; the fruits were gathered in, and then came long heavy rains, beating the last shreds of clothing from the shivering trees, unloosing the mountain streams, and raising the river to a wild swollen flood. Rheumatism stalking about after victims during this congenial season, had captured poor Mr. Humphrey's and he was a prisoner. Mrs. Humphrey's could attend to two things at once, and while she concocted liniments, and bound in hot flannels, she did not relax her vigilance as a sentinelle.

Since that first time, she had caught more than one glimpse of the light hat and Jeanie's girlish figure together, and now she learned that Rolf was going away—possibly because he knew that he could hold his place at the mills but little longer, possibly because of some more urgent reason, Mrs. Humphrey's thought, and she determined to be more certain before he departed. Jeanie might elope with him. No, she did not believe that, but he would surely try to see her the night before he went away, and there would be promises exchanged arrangements for correspondence, and all that sort of a thing. If she could but keep Jeanie out of the way, and meet him herself!

It was a weird night, the moon now shone out brightly, now was hidden behind masses of wild, hurrying clouds, and the wind blew fitfully. A bright fire burned in the open grate, but Jeanie pacing thoughtful to and fro, turned often from its cheerful light to gaze into the gloom without. Mrs. Humphreys vibrating between the pleasant parlor and the invalid's room above, finally paused, hot salt and vinegar in hand.

You keep looking from that window, Jeanie, as if you had just as lief be outside as in.

I wouldn't mind, answered Jeanie, smiling faintly. The wind always had a charm for me.

Then, if you really wouldn't mind, I wish you would go, exclaimed Mrs. Humphreys, quickly improving her opportunity. Philip is at the office, and will stay there all night, for the watchman is away. The man lives down near the flats, you know, and the river has raised so that his yard is flooded and he feared there might be danger and has gone to move his family. Philip was too busy to come up to supper, and I cannot bear to have him there all night without anything to eat. I would like to send him something, but Mr. Humphreys is sick, and I cannot leave him, so there is no one to go unless you will do it.

It is too bad that he should stay without it, said Jeanie hesitatingly, and I do not see that any one else can go. It really seems as though I ought to do it?

If you care anything about his comfort, responded Mrs. Humphreys briefly. And so the basket was speedily packed, and Jeanie cloaked and hooded for her walk.

If she knew how much I care, would she have sent me, I wonder? questioned Jeanie making her way down the garden path. She has such high plans for Philip, and I feel almost like a traitor every day I live here, knowing how I thwarted her hopes, though so innocently. She will know it soon, and then I so dread her disappointment and anger. My cowardice keeps Philip from explaining all I know; put how can I bear to have her so deeply offended with him because of me? And yet—Oh! I cannot wish he had not loved me—my poor life's one treasure!

Watching the clouded sky and dreary garden seemed to possess quite as strong a fascination for Mrs. Humphreys as it had done for Jeanie. She settled her patient, comfortably brightened the fires, and dooped the curtains over the windows; but these last were pushed aside at intervals, that she might peep out into the night. Once she threw a shawl over her head and walked down to the gate: but there was no one in sight.

If he comes, I will meet him and tell him what I know, and what I suspect, and see if I cannot learn the truth, she said. Again and again she looked toward the road, now seeing it clearly in the moonlight, now straining her eyes through the gloom, but no one appeared. At the faintest sound of footsteps she bent her head to listen, but in vain; Rolf did not come. Suddenly upon the stillness broke the sound of the factory bell, ringing in quick, sharp strokes.

What's that? questioned Mr. Humphreys, starting up from his first nap.

Mrs. Humphrey opened the window hurriedly, and leaned out to listen. In a moment other windows up and down the street were raised. Who's ringing that bell? What's the matter? What is going on at the mill? called one voice after another. Only questions at first no answer. Then a boy, running up the road, paused under Mrs. Humphreys window.

Its the river! the river—broken through the dike—all around the mill—carried away Mr. Humphreys's office—floating down, he uttered breathlessly. But the disconnected sentences were intelligible enough. Mrs. Humphreys turned, with a white face, to explain to the invalid, who had only partly heard or comprehended.

The street, so quite a moment before, was speedily alive with people, hurrying hither and thither, and talking eagerly. Mr. Humphreys, attracted by the sounds without, insisted upon sitting up but it proved a poor relief for his intense excitement.

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

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.

THE STAR.

—AND—

CONCEPTION BAY WEEKLY REPORTER.

Is printed and published by the Proprietor, WILLIAM R. SQUARREY, every Wednesday morning, at his Office, (opposite the premises of Capt. D. Green,) Water Street, Harbor Grace, Newfoundland.

Book and Job Printing executed in a manner calculated to afford the utmost satisfaction

Price of Subscription—\$2.50c., (Two Dollars Fifty Cents) per annum, payable half-yearly.

Advertisements inserted on the most liberal terms, viz.:—Per square of seven-teen lines, (bourgeois type) for first insertion, \$1: each continuation 25 cents.

The STAR will not be issued or continued to any subscriber for a less term than six months.

Advertisements received at the office of this paper without written instructions limiting the number of insertion—(Auctions, sales, and Notices, which determine themselves excepted) will be repeated until ordered in writing to be withdrawn and charged according-

OLUME

SEFUL

Con

MANKE

From

BACON, per lb.

Canadian, ro

EEF, per lb

AMERICAN

BREAD, per o

HAMBRO No

do No

BUTTER, per lb

do Nova

do Ameri

CHEESE per lb

COAL, per ton

COFFEE, per lb

West India

CORNBEE, per

English beam

COGNAC, per

White and Y

CURRENTS, per

Zante, per

FLOUR per brl

do Super

do No. 2

HAMS, Canadian

do American

do F E Irish

KEROSENE OIL

do No

do No

LARD, American

LEATHER, per lb

and Canadian

MOLASSES per ga

covado, per

Clayed

OTMEL per lb

do P E Is

OATS, per bush

PRASE per lb

do

PORK per lb

do Am

do extra

POTATOES per

RAISINS, boxes

ROB per est

SALT, per lb

do

SOAP per lb

do Ame

do Scot

do Nova

do Liver

SUGAR, per ct

do

do Am

TEA per lb

do Fair to go

do Extra do

TOBACCO, per lb

do Americ

do Nova S

Union Bank Sha

EX

London, Lank

do Purchin

United States, G

Canada, do

Nova Scotia, do

do

TO B

A Co

Sh

In Water Str

possession giv

lars apply a t

Books &

The SUBS

for Sale a cho

Bo

STATIC

&c.

at No. 88 Wat

bor Grace.

April 25,