

Newfoundland.

For this ancient and loyal Colony is dawning its day of prosperity. It may well be likened to a casket of treasures set in the sea, only requiring unlocking. Fishes in millions swarm around the shores, mines of untold and inconceivable wealth lie hidden in its bowels—rich coal beds stretch across from Cape Breton, through the centre of the Island, only awaiting labor to bring them forth. Millions of acres of the surface is covered with forest, unequalled perhaps on the Continent, —towering pines, 60 and 80 feet high, without knot or blemish being some of the forest products. Here yet primeval stillness reigns save the sounds "of the murmuring pines and the hemlocks."

This picture is not overdrawn; if fault there be it is that it lacks coloring. Noble rivers intersect the interior whose banks are richly wooded, and whose waters swarm with salmon and trout. Lakes and woods where only beavers build swarm with game and are densely inhabited by rich fur-bearing animals. Then there is the soil, fertile and capable of producing as bountiful a harvest as any in the Dominion. And yet none of these rich treasures, none of these wide forests or acres of rich soil have yet been won from nature's hand. No; and thanks to the hurricane and overwhelming snow-drifts, the withering frost, the barren soil, the stunted trees of which the uninformed and disinterested tell us for pasture.

But the illusion is past, the dark cloud that has hung over this fair colony is now breaking away and allowing the light to shine through it. The Local Government are now beginning to see that utilizing only one of their industries—the fishery—is like sending a man to work with his two feet and one hand tied up. They see that if Newfoundland now can live and prosper, with three times her present means opened up and thrown into her lap she may look forward to a bright future indeed. A yearly subsidy to any company undertaking to build a railway from St. John's to St. George's Bay through the fertile and richly timbered belt of the island will be granted by the Government, and we need not fear that, ere many years, people from many parts who should go thousands of miles abroad to make their living will find a richer field nearer home where larger fortunes might be amassed. We shall again recur to this subject.

Failures.

Banks of all other institutions have, perhaps, the most precarious existence. The Glasgow Bank with its many branches, thought by thousands a tower of strength, as if an earthquake rent it, tottered and fell crushing in its fall great and small business houses and almost impoverishing Nova Scotia. The downfall sends a cold chill through the nerves of trade and speaks in forcible words to bankers and brokers, "Be cautious." The Merchants Bank too is in straits. Their dollars are worth but 75 cents. But we do not agree with some of our contemporaries that either impardonable blundering or fraud is the consequence. Too much caution as often overreaches itself as too much recklessness.

We tender our heartfelt sympathies to Governor Chandler and his family in their sad bereavement.

The Afghans are bound to be at the English, and, in sooth, England does not herself seem disinclined to have a shindy.

We receive many such encouraging letters as the following.—Ed. FREDERICTON, Oct. 10.

"Editor Star.—Allow me to congratulate you on the very creditable appearance of your paper THE MORNING STAR. Typographically, I consider it superior to more pretentious journals, while its columns are always found filled with spicy readable matter. I can

see no reason why your enterprise cannot be made a grand success, and I assure you that you have my best wishes. We have long felt the want of such a paper. Please put my name down for a copy of the first weekly. Yours, etc.

Queensland Birds and Flowers.

The birds have song and plenty of it but no sustained song. A little faint, even as we talk, hops about upon a neighboring log, familiar, loquacious, and brisk as a robin. It would almost seem that it knows the subject of our conversation, and is anxious to be the first to claim notice. It is the shepherd's companion, so called; and were it smaller and less thick in proportion to its size, it might pass as the plod wag-tail of the British Islands. Its impudence is unbounded, and so is its faith in mankind. Now it sweeps with graceful curve into a tree; now it is with outspread tail along the grass, alling loudly in a roughish tone and generally ending its call with an abrupt flourish that has gained for it the name of "stock-whip bird." For days the bushman sees no other living creature near him, and the weary, weary of his everlasting flocks, loves, by way of change, to watch the bird as it alights upon the sheep's back. Away to the left the replenished company of nimble warblers, red breasted, yellow and brown, and the birds scarce bigger than a cockchafer, are wheeling in and out of the young saplings in full, sweet, and small chorus. Behind me comes a gush of real melody from a magpie; it consists of but three or four notes, liquid and mellow as the nightingale's flute, and, consequently, charming though the sounds be, they stop short of actual song. We have a variety of magpies in the country and their beautiful black and white plumage is always an agreeable sight in the forest. Next, by way of contrast, a crow passes, with stentorian caw, awakening from some unseen retreat a family of leatherheads, who excite themselves into an orgie of comical discord. It is, then, unjust to say that the Australian birds have no song. Even here, a spot peculiarly unfavorable for birds, we have our concert, such as it is, knowing meanwhile that our performers represent the most remote rank of the ornithological orchestra. As to flowers, there is not a specimen to be seen. Bush flowers are rare except in the later spring, and then they are scarce, hard to find, scentless, and, though not without attractiveness of color and form, wonderfully fragile. Gorgeous flowers there are in the colonies, but they must be sought for elsewhere than in the bush.—Gentlemen's Magazine.

RISING FROM THE ASHES.

THE subscriber can be found for the present in the store formerly occupied by SPAFFORD BARKER, Esq., where he will meet all his old friends and many others as may be kind enough to favor him with a call. In order to make room for Fall Stock the Goods on hand will be sold very cheap FOR CASH and all the stock damaged by rough handling or otherwise, will be sold at decided bargains. With best thanks for past favors, a call is respectfully solicited. OWEN SHARKEY.

JUST RECEIVED TO-DAY, a large quantity of Men's Youths' and Boy's Clothing, together with Tweeds, Shirtings, Dress Goods, etc., which will be sold at prices that are sure to please. Hosiery, Socks, Mitts and Country Yarn, taken at highest prices in exchange for store goods. O. S.

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BLANKETS, FLANNELS, TICKINGS, SWANS DOWNS, GLOVES, HOISERY,

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FINGERING YARN, BERLIN WOOLS, ZEPHER AND ELUSION.

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New stock arriving every week.

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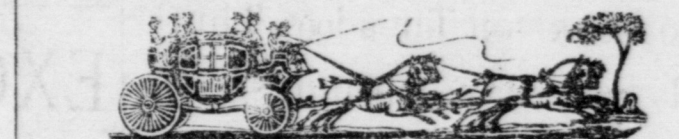
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P. S.—The CUSTOM TAILORING and CLOTHING is still continued at the old stand in Edgecombe's Building.



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OCTOBER 1878.

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Stop that Cough.

ATHERTON'S COUGH MIXTURE will relieve the most obstinate cough, it is sure and safe only

25 Cents per Bottle.

PILE REMEDY!

ONE or two applications will give immediate relief. G. L. ATHERTON & CO.

LOCAL BITS.

No despatches were received this morning. Mr Cox, w. suppose, was rather tired.

Miss Duffy of Carleton, Saint John, has been appointed to the vacancy in the Regent Street School.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"Enchred" will be held up comfortably near the waste basket till the writer sends his name in confidence.

COUNTY ELECTIONS.—The election of Councillors for York will take place the 15th inst. Mr. Wm. Wilson of this city is canvassing St. Mary's. He and Mr. Johnston will be elected.

PLUCKED.—A number of the College graduates have failed on examination to secure Grammar School licenses. Mr. Raymond, however, has done exceedingly well, making an average of 70 per cent.

WANTED.—A comfortable Cottage with seven or eight rooms and barn attached, situate in town. Possession wanted 1st November. For particulars, address,

Editor "STAR," STAR Office.

THEATRICALS.—"Our Boys" was put on the boards last evening by the Byron troupe. It drew well and was an immense attraction. The company is giving great satisfaction, and, no doubt, they will have a crowded house this evening. Go early and get a seat.

PERSONAL.—We are pleased to learn that Mr. R. S. Nicholson, teacher of Saint Stephen, is to be the principal of the Model School in Fredericton. Mr. N. will be as much a loss to Saint Stephen as a gain to our provincial institution. He takes charge on 1st Nov.

A NARROW ESCAPE.—It was just nick or nothing with JAMES WALTER KELLY, ESQ., reporter for the Agriculturalist, yesterday. James was taking notes of the hurdle race when Kentucky Bill ran up against him and sent him sprawling and senseless many yards.

A SPECIAL train crammed with passengers left here yesterday evening at 9.30 o'clock. The most of the strangers remaining will leave to-day, and Fredericton will be as silent as the tomb, save on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings, when the STAR will make a dash.

GATE KEEPERS.—Churlish, ill-mannered, graceless deportment were about all some in charge of the gates leading to the grounds possessed yesterday. Even a gate-keeper should be able to show himself to be no relation to Dumas' grandfather. Mr. John Reid is in a measure responsible for having such persons in charge.

BAD MEMORY.—This we have, but not a bad heart. Mr. John McDonald, dry goods merchant, who should have figured high upon our list is away by himself. How hath the mighty fallen! The sign of the Golden Fleece is the sign of the cheapest and best house in Fredericton. We want some Jasons to take a peep at the "Fleece."

DID BANK'S DO IT?—Strong efforts are being made by "the midnight staff" to suppress "the raffic." When Crangle got up two mornings ago his sign had fled to parts unknown. Between like things exists a sympathy. The "Shades" was found in the "Gro to." When found it bore the markings of the fingers of the two "B's." When our tracks are once known we can't hide them.

NEW STORE.—Messrs. A. A. Miller & Co., have opened a new store in Luchea's building, opposite the City Hall. It is fitted up in the most modern style. The windows are of plate glass, each containing 65 square feet. So boys you had better be careful. Mr. Miller is one of our most popular business men, and we bespeak for him in his new stand, a very liberal patronage. Mr. Miller was formerly of the firm of Miller & Edgecombe.

SAD ACCIDENT.—Mr. Stephen Chandler, eldest son of his Honor the Lieutenant Governor, was killed instantly by being thrown out of his carriage, on Thursday evening last, in Dorchester. His Honor wore the honors of his office but shortly before the blighting frosts of grief fell upon him. Such is life—from high to low, we are all subject to Death's call! His Honor, on hearing the sad news, with his family left immediately for Dorchester.

ACCIDENT.—A poor fellow, green enough to all appearance, thought it a glorious thing to get drunk last evening. He had on a new black cloth coat with a pair of abbreviated sleeves and from the way he viewed it a homespun jumper had been something quite familiar. Well, he got drunk, or wanted to appear that way and began to cod some of our Fredericton rangers. The last we saw of him he was stretched in a ditch mute and meek as a lamb, and that coat, O Moses! the coat was in a worse state than himself.

BONNET HOP.—The amusements of the week were brought to a close last night by a grand bonnet hop in the palace. Fully one thousand people were present. The Reform Club Band blew the music and all "kicked it out" in fine style. St. John "bloods" were there in force, and, of course, Celestial damsels were all attention to them. "Aw, awfully nice, you know." The silver spoon lures the dolphin into the toils. Melville looked like a grasshopper on a square time. The STAR was there, lonely and sad as the Wandering Jew. No sigh or loving glances for him. We are content.