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ON SALE, By CLIFT, WOOD & Co., 20 bales Medium Light Grain Leather. 25 bales Split Leather. 15 bales Waxed Leather. 15 bales Calfskin, 5 bales Linings. feb25

Valuable Business Stand For Sale, belonging to the Estate of the late Jas. McKay, Situate on Water Street West.

I AM INSTRUCTED BY THE EXECUTORS OF the estate of the late JAMES MCKAY, of St. John's, merchant, deceased, to offer for sale by private contract all the right, title and interest in and to that Dwelling House, Shop, Stores and premises situate corner of Water Street West and Springdale Street. The sum of \$1,000 was expended last year in improving the front shop. No expense need be incurred in improvements by anyone commencing business in the said premises as everything necessary has been done by the late proprietor. Term 14 years. Ground rent, £14. Further particulars on application to T. W. SPRY, Real Estate Broker. feb25

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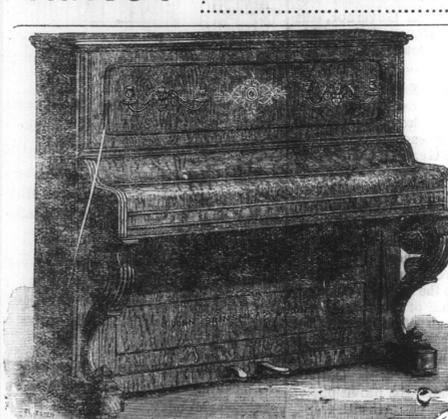
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THIS BRAND ON THE BARRELS OF OUR Choice Annapolis Valley Apples, is a sufficient guarantee of their good quality. Only a few barrels now remaining. Secure one immediately. feb29 CLIFT, WOOD & Co. 233 Duckworth Street, up stairs, opp. Commercial Bank

Phoenix Fire Insurance Company. LOMBARD STREET AND CHURCH CROSS, LONDON. ESTABLISHED, A. D. 1782

TRUSTEES AND DIRECTORS: Joseph W. Barendse, Esq., Bristow Borth, Esq., The Honorable James Byng, John Clutton, Esq., Octavius Ed. Coope, Esq., M.P., Hon Director: JOHN J. BROOMFIELD, ESQ. Joint Secretaries: WILLIAM MACDONALD AND FRANCIS B. MACDONALD. THE engagements of this office are guaranteed by a numerous and wealthy Proprietary in addition to a large invested Capital; and the promptitude and liberality with which claims have always been met, are well-known and acknowledged. The importance of the transactions of the Phoenix Fire Office may be estimated from the fact that since its establishment—more over one hundred years—the payments in satisfaction of Claims for Losses have exceeded Fourteen Millions Sterling. Insurances against loss by Fire and Lightning are effected by the Company upon every description of Property, on the most favorable terms. W. & G. RENDELL, Agents for Newfoundland. feb25

Pianos! BRINSMEAD! Pianos!



WE are now selling some of the finest specimens of PIANOS ever imported into Newfoundland. For beauty, artistic design and mechanical action they cannot be excelled. They are recommended by the principal musicians of St. John's as the acme of perfection, from the mechanical as well as the musical stand-point. They have the Brinsmead patent cheque repeater-action, that dampness will not affect.

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The Northern Assurance Company, FOR FIRE AND LIFE.

Capital Three Million Pounds, Sterling £3,000,000. Fire premiums in 1881 amounted to £444,596 13 7 Being an increase of 30,663 17 9 upon the revenue of 1869. Life premiums in 1881 157,000 0 0 Interest 101,000 0 0 Head Offices:—London, 1 Moorgate Hill;—Aberdeen, 3 King Street. The undersigned has been recently empowered to effect Insurances on all kinds of property in Newfoundland, at current rates of premium. The above Company is well known for its liberality and promptness in settling losses. Prospectuses, Forms of Application, for Fire and Life Insurance, and all other information can be obtained free of charge. A. O. HAYWARD, St. John's, Agent for Newfoundland. feb25

THE OLDEST INSURANCE COMPANY IN THE WORLD Sun Fire Office, London.

[ESTABLISHED 1710.] Insurances effected upon almost every description of Property at the current rates of premium. Total Sum Insured in 1885 £527,222,700. T. E. WARE, SON & CO., Agents for Newfoundland. feb25

NEW & CHEAP BOOKS.

THE MISADVENTURES OF JOHN NICHOLSON, by R. L. Stevenson, 10 cents. Wild Margaret, by G. Fleming, 20 cents. A Face Illumed, by E. P. Roe, 30 cents. The March of the Strikers, by J. Bevan, 30 cents. The Heather on Fire, by M. Blind, 30 cents. The Bee Hunters, by Gustave Aimard, 10 cents. Stronghand, by Gustave Aimard, 10 cents. Young Mrs. Jardine, by Miss Mullock, 20 cents. Marvel, by the Duchess, 20 cents. Signa's Sweetheart, by C. M. Braeme, 20 cents. Mona's Choice, by Mrs. Alexander, 20 cents. Lady Grace, by Mrs. Henry Wood, 20 cents. Jessie, by the author of His Wretched Wife, 20 cents. O'Hara's Mission, by Wm. O'Brien, 20 cents. mar1 J. F. CHISHOLM.

A Bazaar

OF FANCY AND USEFUL ARTICLES WILL BE held at Spaniards Bay, in November next. Proceeds for the erection of a Methodist Parsonage. Any contributions in money or goods will be most thankfully received by any of the following Committee:— Mrs. Josiah Gosse, sr., Mrs. Henry Gosse, Mrs. Robt. Gosse, Mrs. Stephen Gosse, Mrs. Josiah Gosse, (Robt.), Mrs. Mark Gosse, Mrs. Joseph Barrett, Mrs. David Barrett, Miss Mary A. Reader, Miss Sarah Gosse, Mrs. Snowden, Mrs. Frederick Gosse, Mrs. Captain Robert Gosse, Mrs. Josiah Gosse, (Nathaniel), Mrs. Ebenezer Gosse, Mrs. Leonard Barrett, Mrs. Herbert Barrett, Mrs. William Gosse, Miss Mabel Gosse, Miss Lydia Gosse, or by January 30 S. SNOWDEN.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY. (Of Canada.)

LOWEST RATES AND BEST ROUTE. THROUGH Tickets via Intercolonial Railway and Grand Trunk for Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, and all other points in Canada; also, to all principal points in the United States, can be obtained from CHAS. J. LEVESQUIER, Agent. 233 Duckworth Street, up stairs, opp. Commercial Bank

LADY MAY'S SECRET,

The Mystery of Weldhome Manor. By the Author of Dora Thorne. CHAPTER I. (Continued.)

Weldhome was a fine estate, but not a very extensive one. The large old-fashioned manor-house was well built and picturesque, the grounds were skilfully laid out, and the property was valuable from the fact that some of the finest farms in England were upon it. Sir James Kilmore had left the estate, with his large private fortune, to his wife. They had been married twenty-five years, had lived very happily together, and at Sir James's death his widow had resolved that she would never marry again. And she kept her word.

Lady Kilmore was one of two sisters. She had made an excellent marriage, but her younger sister Constance had made an unfortunate one. She had married a penniless, briefless barrister; and, after struggling a few years, with a hard world, he died, tired of it, and his wife did not long survive him. An imprudent, hasty marriage had marred two lives which might otherwise have been happy and successful. They had left but one child—Hilary—whom Lady Kilmore had adopted, and whom she loved as dearly as though she were her own daughter. Hilary and her aunt had lived very happily together. The girl had received an excellent education; for Lady Kilmore had spared no expense. She saw that Hilary was beautiful with a wonderful piquant beauty, and she resolved that her niece should marry well—she should not, like her unfortunate mother, ruin her whole life by a foolish marriage. She determined to bring her up without any foolish notions of love; and the subject had always been avoided by both. The only result of that mistake had been that Hilary's vivid imagination had made for itself a world of love quite different from the reality. When her niece was sixteen, Lady Kilmore had removed her from school.

'You shall stay with me here at Weldhome for one year, Hilary,' she said; 'then I will take you to London, and you shall make your debut. Try during this year to acquire all the knowledge you can, and I prophesy for you the best match of the season.' Hilary listened in silence. She loved her aunt, but 'the best match of the season' did not concern her much. She passed the year in quiet happiness—quite content with the present, and thinking but little of the future.

In the neighborhood of Weldhome were several very fine country seats; the most magnificent of all was Barton Abbey, the residence of Lord Ardean. Lady Kilmore and Lady Ardean were old friends, and were on the most intimate terms. They seldom passed a week without visiting each other; and, although Hilary had not yet been introduced to the great world, Lady Kilmore never objected to her going to the Abbey.

In the spring Lady Kilmore had been suddenly summoned to Paris to attend the death-bed of one of her husband's relatives. She did not care to take Hilary with her; and in the emergency Lady Ardean had come to her friend's assistance and persuaded her to allow her niece to remain with her at Barton Abbey. 'It will be as quiet as her own home,' she said; 'and I will take as much care of her as you would take yourself.'

Lady Kilmore consented, and went to Paris with a light heart, while Hilary went to the Abbey. For one week everything went on smoothly—then came a great change. Lord Ardean received a letter from a distant relative in the army—Captain Carlisle—who was home on leave of absence for six months. 'He must come, I suppose,' said Lady Ardean, when she read the letter, 'for the invitation is one of long standing; but I am not sure if it is quite the thing to have a handsome young officer like Captain Carlisle here while Hilary Nairne is with us.'

'My dear,' replied Lord Ardean, 'you forget that Captain Carlisle is almost as safe as a married man. He is engaged to marry Lady Mary Trevor, and has been so engaged since he was a child. I should think that this leave of absence is for his wedding. Lady Mary is older than he, and time is flying. I thought she was looking very old and haggard when I saw her last. I am sure that he may come with safety. Hilary is only just seventeen; she is a child still.'

days,' said Lady Ardean. 'Half the young girls I am acquainted with are more like old women than anything else.'

'Well, my dear,' was the placid reply, 'you need not be anxious. No thought of love or lovers disturbs Hilary's head at present, and we can keep a good lookout.'

So it was settled that Captain Carlisle should come; and, to make his visit more pleasant, some other friends and acquaintances were invited to the Abbey.

One afternoon Hilary Nairne stood in the drawing-room at Barton Abbey watching the sunlight on the lime-trees. There were several persons in the room; but Hilary, who had a poet's soul, had turned away, leaving them to their conversation while she watched the golden gleams on the limes. Her mind was filled with the vague beautiful dreams of youth. She watching the sunlight playing on the quivering leaves, when suddenly she heard a chorus of voices united in welcoming some one. She looked—and in that one glance the mischief was done.

She had seen no one like the new-comer, a handsome young man, before, and through life she met no one like him again. She watched him as he shook hands with the different members of the group, and with apt, well-chosen words returned their greetings. There was a pause of a few seconds, and then Lady Ardean brought him across the room to where Hilary stood by the window. There was a little foreboding and doubt in Lady Ardean's mind as she saw the two young people look at each other. They spoke but few words, and they never remembered what those words were. He, looking at her, thought that she was the sweetest and fairest girl he had ever seen, and that in her white dress she looked like a tall slender lily. She, looking at him, thought she had seen no one like him before.

Lady Ardean frankly owned to herself that it was a good thing that Captain Carlisle was engaged to be married, or he would have been quite sure to fall in love with Hilary Nairne—and that was not the kind of marriage Lady Kilmore expected for her.

CHAPTER II.

The ball-room at the Abbey was a paradise of sweet sounds and sweet odors. The tiers of choice blossoms that rose on either side of the room, the falling spray from fountains, the music of the "Sweet-hearts," waltz, the rippling sound of laughter and murmur of voices, the fair faces and brilliant jewels of the ladies, with the pale golden light of the huge chandelier falling over all, seemed to make it a scene of enchantment.

Many admirers came round Hilary Nairne; but she was indifferent to all. The young beauty seemed to think more of the flowers in her bouquet than of her worshipers. She was wondering if Captain Carlisle would try to speak to her; and he was wondering what he should say. He had certainly never been at a loss before for words. Should he go up to her and ask her to dance? But then that was too commonplace; all those men surrounding her with such evident admiration had probably each one begun their conversation with her by asking her to dance. If he said anything at all to her, it must be something out of the common line. Should he speak about flowers? That would not do; for, so far as he could remember in almost every novel or story he had read the hero was introduced to the heroine by means of flowers or conversations about flowers. Yes, that also would be too commonplace. He must trust to the inspiration of the moment. Looking at her face, some pretty idea or other must come to him. He wondered why he was nervous; he had never been so nervous before.

Presently, glancing across the room, he met her eyes fixed upon him. They were so bright so sweet; and surely they asked him to come nearer—or what was it they said? Did those loving eyes say, 'Come nearer?' Why was his heart beating so quickly? What was the magical force which drew him across the room whether he would or not? As he went nearer to her he watched her; his eyes drank in the glorious loveliness of the fair young face, and he saw how the color deepened at his approach. At last he stood by her side. He forgot his nervousness in the delight of being near her, and he said—

'Do you live near here?' 'Yes; I live with my aunt, Lady Kilmore, at Weldhome Manor,' she replied. 'I have heard of Weldhome; it is famous for its beautiful roses, is it not?' 'Yes; they are supposed to be the finest collection in England.'

'Possibly; but I do not know the difference between young girls and old women now.'

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ON SALE BY CLIFT, WOOD & Co., THE CHEAPEST Laundry Soaps in the market, from \$1.00 to \$1.50 per box of 30 bars. feb23

DRYER & GREENE,

Fresh Codfish Tongues, Halibut, Herring, Venison And Smoked Turbot. feb27 per s.s. "Curlew."

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These Spectacles and Eye Glasses have been used for the past 25 years, and given in every instance unbounded satisfaction. They are THE BEST IN THE WORLD. They never tire, and last many years without change. For sale by R. HEFFER, agent for Nfld., 200 Water Street, St. John's. jan25

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