

Great Bargains in Blankets & Calicoes,

WILLIAM FREW'S, 191 WATER STREET.

JUST RECEIVED, PER "ASSYRIAN," AN IMPORTANT PURCHASE OF CALICOES, which we are offering at 5, 6, 7 and 8 cents per yd, strong and wide; BEST VALUE EVER SHOWN. Also, another Bale of ENGLISH BLANKETS, at \$2.50, \$3.50 and \$4.00. The above goods are warranted to be from 15 to 20 per cent under regular prices. Full lines in every department at GREATLY REDUCED PRICES during the winter months. For useful and reliable goods, at lowest prices, our Establishment stands unrivalled.

NOTE—Canadian and American Silver taken in trade at former value.
January 20
WILLIAM FREW.

LIME. LIME.

A Great Boon to Farmers and Others.

THE SUBSCRIBER, WHILE RETURNING THANKS TO FARMERS AND OTHERS FOR THEIR patronage during the past summer, would beg to respectfully intimate that he is now prepared to make CONTRACTS with them for the coming season. **LIME AT GREATLY REDUCED RATES.** He will undertake to deliver, for agricultural purposes, on and after the first day of March next, at his LIME KILN, in Topsail, **BEST ROACH LIME**, at the exceedingly low price of—

Twenty Cents per bushel, or delivered by rail at the Rope Walk siding, or the Saint John's Depot at Twenty-five Cents per bushel.

He also agrees to take, in exchange for Lime, PRODUCE OF ALL KINDS, at market rates, from the coming season's crop, to be delivered at his Store, in St. John's, at the end of the season.

January 30, 1m
John Score.

BUILDERS' SUPPLY STORE,

Water Street.

200 M. SEASONED PINE LUMBER,
1, 1 1/2, 2 and 3-inch.
January 18
WILLIAM CAMPBELL.

Drink the Health-Giving Waters!

FOR SALE AT FORAN'S, ATLANTIC HOTEL.

Mineral Waters from the Chalybeate Springs.
A Genuine Blood Purifier. A certain and perfect cure for Dyspepsia, Nervousness and Debility.
dec 21, 3m

The Newfoundland Consolidated Foundry Co., Limited,
—Beg to acquaint the public that they have now on hand a variety of—
Patterns for Grave & Garden Railings, & for Cresting of Houses,
and would invite inspection of same.
Orders left with us for either of the above will have our immediate attention.
January 1
J. ANGEL, Manager.

Candles. Candles
ON SALE BY
CLIFT, WOOD & CO.,
CLIFT, WOOD & CO.,
—50 BOXES—
Morrill's Celebrated Mould Candles,
6's and 8's—25 lbs. per box.
nov 7 Ex "Pioneer."
FOR SALE BY
John S. Simms,
TWO TABLE PIANOS.

GENTLEMAN'S RESIDENCE, SITUATE 1 1/2 miles from Town.
I AM INSTRUCTED TO OFFER FOR SALE BY private contract—that desirable detached Residence, standing on about 20-acres of Land, with elegantly-fitted-out gardens and pleasure grounds, including flower and kitchen gardens, tennis, lawn and plantation, approached from the Portugal Cove and Torbay Roads by a very pretty and well-planted avenue. The residence is entered through a porch and vestibule into inner hall, out of which are spacious drawing rooms, dining and breakfast rooms, shut off from the hall are excellent kitchen, scullery and servants' rooms, on the upper floor there are spacious bedrooms, dressing rooms, nursery, bath rooms and servants' bedrooms. The out-buildings include stabling for two horses, large coach house, harness rooms, and stabling for four cows, cart shed, etc. There is an excellent coachman's house distant about 300 yards from the main residence. For terms and particulars of title, apply to
oct 27 T. W. SPRY, Real Estate Broker.

P.E. ISLAND PRODUCE!
On Sale by Clift, Wood & Co.'y,
HEAVY BLACK OATS,
CHOICE ISL'D POTATOES,
Now landing, ex scho "J. Savard," from
dec 28 Alberton, P.E.I.

GOOD STORIES!
Ben-Hur by Lew Wallace
Hope Campbell by C. D. Bell
Mary Elliot by C. D. Bell
Kenneth & Hugh by E. Wetherall
The House in Town by E. Wetherall
Pine Needles by E. Wetherall
Little Camp on Eagle Hill by E. Wetherall
Little Women by Louisa M. Alcott
Little Wives by Louisa M. Alcott
The Gold of Chicoreo by S. & A. Warner
Nettie's Mission by Alice Gray
Holden with the Cards by W. M. L. Jay
The Old Helmet by Susan Warner
nov 8 **J. F. CHISHOLM.**

EGGS!
Ex ss "Bonavista,"
180 doz. P. E. I. Eggs.
dec 16 **CLIFT, WOOD & CO.**

Xmas Numbers and New Books.
XMAS NUMBER OF THE QUEEN.
Xmas Number of Myra's Journal.
Myra's Diary for 1888.
Routledge's Year Book for 1887 and Almanac for 1888
Ainsley's Nautical Almanac for 1888.
The Queen Illustrated Almanac for 1888.
Belgravia Xmas Annual.
Children of Babylon. (Judy's Annual).
Les Misérables, by Victor Hugo.
The Mysteries of Paris, by Eugene Sue.
The Young Ladies' Journal for January 1888.
dec 16 **J. F. CHISHOLM.**

For Sale, Water Company Stock
—
70 SHARES
in the Saint John's Water Company.
25 SHARES
in the Union Bank of Newfoundland.
dec 20 T. W. SPRY.

ADVERTISING RATES.
Fifty Cents per inch for first insertion, every continuation, 1st page 25 cents, 2nd and 3rd pages 10 cents per inch.
Special arrangements made for three, six or twelve months.

The Evening Telegram.

ST. JOHN'S, FEBRUARY 3, 1888.

All Letters for publication, and Letters containing any communications should be addressed to W. J. HERDEB, Proprietor and Publisher, Gregory's Lane, St. John's, Newfoundland, or to A. A. PARSONS.

IN THE OLIVE LAND.

A FOUR hours' railway journey from Genoa brings us to the little station at San Remo, a very modest little station as compared with the spacious perplexities of converging and diverging lines at Cannes, or the vaulted edifice at Nice, where one may lose oneself half a dozen times in looking for the right platform and the right carriage. It is evening when we arrive, and one can get but the faintest notion of the place from an hotel omnibus. By this dim light it seems a kind of balmy Broadstairs, distinguished by an odour of flowers and the faint murmur of a summer sea; Broadstairs towards the end of May. Morning reveals a shallow bay; a toy parade planted with palms and cacti, tall agaves, and the feathery pepper-trees, with their drooping clusters of crimson berries; half a dozen huge white hotels of the same fashion here as at Cannes; a public garden, where the band plays three times a week, where there are more palms and cacti and pepper-trees, with the addition of a gigantic eucalyptus here and there, and where you might have room to swing a tolerably long-tailed cat, did your inclination lead to the popular sport of cat-swinging. Here on Sunday afternoons the Italian peasantry—the women with thick waists and straight petticoats, and brightly-coloured handkerchiefs, and wonderful black eyes—sit in a ring on low stone benches, and listen gravely to Wagner or Gounod, Waldeufel or Offenbach, as the bandmaster may elect. They are a grave and sad-looking people for the most part, and bear the stamp of hard work and hard living. It seems the normal state of girlhood to carry a basket on its head; and the basket may hold anything, from the light load of daintily starched linen, veiled with purple gauze, poised jauntily on the head of the laundress to half a hundred of coals. The London papers bear the date of December, and one must believe that it is winter somewhere; but here the sun and the sky are the sun and the sky of early June; and all the length of the Crown Prince's garden there runs an unbroken hedge of red roses. All along the stony parapets of hotel terraces the ivy-leaved geranium is sprawling and trailing over the walls like a weed, the pale lilac-blossom showing here and there amidst the mass of dark and shining leaves. Everywhere there is the perfume of flowers, faint and spicy odours floating like incense on the balmy air. The blue sea, the tall white houses with their red Italian roofs, are all suggestive of a set scene in an opera. Life at San Remo is like living on the outside of a French plum-box. The place looks too pretty to be real. But the chief charm of San Remo lies in that wonderful background of hills, which screens the low-lying sea-front from the northern world. The doctors, who vouch for the salubrity of the spot, tell us that there is hardly a rift in those sheltering hills. They fence and screen us from every blast. The mighty gorges, the broad torrent-beds which make Nice so picturesque and so draughty, are unknown here. We lie at the bottom of a vast amphitheatre, lie and bask in the sun, and forget winter and rough weather. The hills in the foreground are clothed with olive-trees to the very top, the loftier hills behind them are clad with pines. If the north wind ever reach us it must come tempered and aromatised by that woody screen, and should bring healing rather than harm. We have old town and new town: old town, passing curious with its narrow streets of tall houses united by arches, which make every alley look like a long narrow church with the roof taken off; new town, consisting of one long street of bright little shops, bric-a-brac, coral, tortoise-shell, San Remo rugs, San Remo crockery, lace, Tarnitz novels, hairdressing, and Mr. Squire, the obliging chemist; and of other streets of big white houses, aspiring, but still in embryo. We have two theatres, and we are building a music-hall, a wooden temple of the Swiss cottage order, which looks like an exaggerated money-box. San Remo is not so towny as Nice nor so smart as Cannes, and therein lies its most potent charm. San Remo is a place Charles Dickens would have adored;

a place in which he would have got to know everybody before he had lived here for a month, from the bare-footed brown-frocked friars, whom one takes as a matter of course, to the slouching peasant lads, jogging along on their jingling mules, and looking as if they had just ridden out of Tony Johannot's illustrations to "Don Quixote." Cannes is bright and gay and beautiful exceedingly; but Cannes is for the wealthy and exclusive. Picturesque as are the verdant slopes of California, they have somewhat the air of a glorified St. John's Wood or Kensington Palace Gardens as they might be in a better world. The flowers and the blossoming trees are there; but they are all inside somebody's wall; they are let for the season at a rent that seems impossible to ordinary mankind. California justifies her name. She smells of gold. She is little better than a suburb of Liverpool. She is Philistine to the core of her heart, round which the fatty degeneration of purse-pride is fast gathering. In San Remo one is not half so much be-villaged or be-Liverpooled. The brand of smartness is not upon our streets or our parade. We have no Rumpelmeyer to charge us a franc for a small cup of tea, and to enable us to stare each other out of countenance. Here we can step out of a staircase window at the back of our hotel, and plunge at once into an olive wood, face to face with the broad bright sea. One may walk a mile, winding slowly up that olive-clad hill, and meet never a soul but an old countrywoman with a basket on her head. The lemons hang over the low orchard wall, the geraniums flower in the deserted garden yonder, and the frogs croak in the sunshine, the only living sound in these quiet pathways, which lead but to some lonely homestead half buried among the olives. All our local interests beyond our own quiet hotel—which is like a country house rather than an inn, so friendly are its inmates, so easy and genial the daily intercourse—centres in the villa yonder on the eastern side of the town, where the Imperial Family are living. The Crown Princess or the Crown Princesses are seen by some member of our circle every day. They are out walking, they are out driving. We see them in a big box at the theatre, where Rossi is acting Louis XI.; we meet them in the town. Their graciousness is in every mouth; and the marked improvement in the Imperial patient is a subject of general rejoicing. Our faith is strong in that grand courage, that superb physique; and the prayer that we offer in the quiet little English church for that august invalid is not without a strong hope. The sad side of the picture in this land of tropical foliage and summer air is the sorrow of those whose beloved come here but to die, for whom even this balmy climate has no healing power, who come perhaps too late, and who come in vain.—London World.

ENGLISH FORMALITY

DUMAS the elder often laughed at English stiffness and reserve. One of his stories, which, if it is not true (as it probably is not), is cleverly invented, was this:—"One day Victor Hugo and I were invited to dine with the Duke de Decazes. Among the guests were Lord and Lady Palmerston—of course this happened before the February Revolution. At midnight tea was handed round. Victor Hugo and I were sitting side by side, chatting merrily. Lord and Lady Palmerston had arrived very late, and there had consequently been no opportunity to introduce us before dinner. After dinner it seems it was forgotten. English custom, consequently, did not allow us to be addressed by the illustrious couple. All at once young Decazes came up to us, and said: 'My dear Dumas, Lord Palmerston begs you will leave a chair free between you and Victor Hugo.' I hastened to do as he wished. We moved away from each other, and placed a chair between us. Thereupon Lord Palmerston entered, holding the hand of his wife, and led her up to us, and invited her to sit down on the empty chair—all this without saying a word. 'Madam,' he said to his wife, 'what is the time?' She looked at her watch and answered, 'Well, then,' said the great Minister, 'remember that to-day, at twenty-five minutes to one, you were sitting between Alexander Dumas and Victor Hugo, an honour which you will probably never enjoy again in your lifetime.' Then he offered his arm again to his wife, and took her back to her seat without saying a word to us—because we had not been presented!"

An Unforeseen Educational Difficulty.

AUNT ROSE: "And—was there plenty of dancing?" Niece Ethel (rising eleven): "Oh, yes! But I have given up dancing at parties." Aunt Rose: "Ah!—since when has that been?" Niece Ethel (disillusioned): "Oh!—ever since I found how stupid it was dancing with partners who—who—had not been taught by the same master as one's self."—Fun.

COAL. Sydney COAL.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
THE UNDERSIGNED—TO SUIT THE TIMES—begs to intimate to the Public, that he has opened a COAL STORE, in corner George Street and Williams Lane, where he is prepared to sell Wholesale and Retail. You can buy from 10-cwt. worth to 10 Ton.

ALSO,
A Cargo Afloat of a 130 Tons,
Ex schooner "C. Tupper."
jan 26, 1m, 61fp **PTK. BUCKLEY.**

Molasses. Molasses.
ON SALE BY
P. & L. TESSIER,
—CHOICE—

Barbados .. Molasses,
jan 31, 31fp in puncheons, trcs. and brls.
ON SALE,
By **DRYER & GREENE,**
Fresh Venison, Herring & Codfish,
jan 31 per S.S. "Curlow."

Crystalized } **SUGAR**
6 annulated }

10 brls Crystalized SUGAR,
10 brls Grated SUGAR.
jan 18 **CLIFT, WOOD & CO.**

CATTLE .. FEED.
For Sale by
P. & L. TESSIER,
—100 BAGS—

Jersey Meal.
jan 31, 31fp
ON SALE,
At the City Auction Sale Rooms,
— FRESH —
FROZEN — HERRING.
feb 1 **JOHN B. CURRAN & CO.**

Choice Vegetables
ON SALE BY
CLIFT, WOOD & CO.,
5 brls. Carrots,
5 brls. Beetroot.
jan 31

Choice .. Eating .. Potatoes,
FOR SALE AT 429 WATER ST., WEST.
jan 31, 1w **W. H. Eales.**

Wax, Mould & Colonial Sperm Candles.
For Sale by Clift, Wood & Co.'y,
50 BOXES MOULD CANDLES
25 Bxs Colored Wax Candles.
20 Bxs Colonial Sperm Candles.
j 31

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.**

Preserve: Your: Sight
by wearing the only
FRANK LAZARUS,
(Late of the firm of Lazarus & Morris),
Renowned Spectacles & Eye Glasses.
These Spectacles and Eye Glasses have been used for the past 35 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.
jan 25

WANTED:
a good General Servant at once. Apply at this office.
feb 2, 11

STRAYED:
From the premises of the subscriber—a few days since—a BLACK PUP, with white ring round neck, white paws, white tip to tail—double nose. Finder will be rewarded on returning same to this office, or to
feb 31 **JOHN REGAN, Water Street.**

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is to be
care of t

A safe and
wife, your
FATHER
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