

The Destiny of Newfoundl'd

is to become the Britain of America under the protecting and fostering care of the Great Dominion.

LAND IS THE BASIS OF WEALTH!

A safe and valuable investment. Substantial Christmas and New Year Presents for your wife, your boys and your girls. Don't let this opportunity go by.

FATHERS!—YOUR BOYS WANT A HOME, AND THE MOST HANDSOME, VALUABLE AND ACCEPTABLE present you can give as a Christmas box or New Year gift to your wife, your sons and daughters is a deed of a most pleasantly-situated and eligible BUILDING LOT, having a frontage of 40 feet, with a rearage of 100 feet, conveniently-situated in the suburbs of the city. The lots are neatly arranged, and handsomely and ornamentally laid out; the locality most desirable, healthy and invigorating, and the price within the means of all. Only think of it—valuable Building Lot to present to your wife, your son, or daughter as a gift on Xmas or New Year's morning. Every merchant, lawyer, doctor, professor, office-holder, clerk, tradesman, and all others, should purchase. Very accommodating terms will be given to all who may not be in a position to pay all the cash down. Buy a lot for yourself, your wife, and one for each of your children. Why not own a home of your own in this healthy, happy and prosperous island? secure your lots now—today—while cheap; a small investment that will return double the money inside of one year. The subscriber would respectfully request you to call at his office and learn of the remarkable advantages and unparalleled offers he is making the public. The office is centrally situated on Water Street, opposite R. Harvey's dry goods store, and you can come in and see us, whether you purchase or not, where all information you may require will be cheerfully given, and plans submitted for your inspection.

T. W. SPRY, Real Estate Broker.

POTATOES AND OATS.

For Sale by CLIFT, WOOD & Co., The cargo of the schr. "Four Brothers," from Georgetown, consisting of:

600 barrels Choice Potatoes, 400 bus. Heavy Black Oats, produce of P. E. Island.

ON SALE BY P. & L. Tessier OAK PLANK, 1 1/2, 3, 3 1/2 and 4 inch, long lengths. QUEBEC PINE DECKING—3 inch, 6 and 7 inches wide, long lengths. OAK BALK—60 and 65 feet long, 18x19. GREENHEART PLANK—1 1/2, 2, 3 and 4 in. HARDWOOD PLANK. nov29,31fp

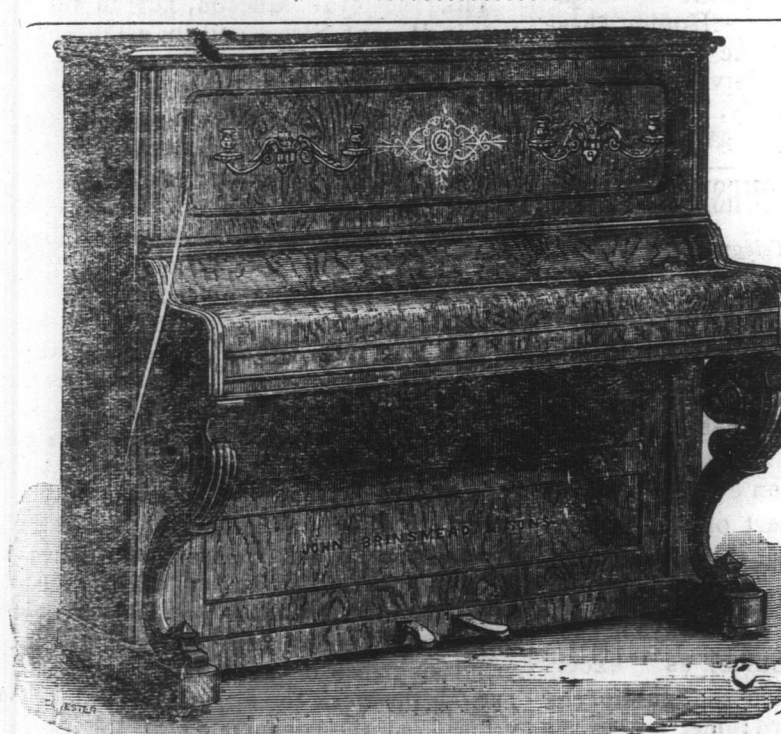
Phoenix Fire Insurance Company.

LOMBARD STREET AND CHARING CROSS, LONDON.

ESTABLISHED, A. D., 1782

TRUSTEES AND DIRECTORS: Joseph W. Baxendale, Esq., Bristolov Dvill, 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.

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.

M. F. SMYTH, 172 Water Street, Sole Agent for Newf'd.

The Northern Assurance Company,

FOR FIRE AND LIFE.

Capital Three Million Pounds, Sterling £3,000,000

Table with 2 columns: Description of insurance and Amount. Includes rows for Fire premiums in 1881, Life premiums in 1881, and interest.

Head Office—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. Proprietors, Forms of Application, for Fire and Life Insurance, and all other information can be obtained at the office of A. O. HAYWARD, St. John's, Agent for Newfoundland.

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 £327,333,700. W. B. HARRIS, 109 & 111, Agents for Newfoundland.

Walton Court;

OR—ADELAIDE CAMERON'S "SHADOW LOVE."

By the Author of Dora Thorne.

(Continued.) CHAPTER XLVI.

The exile was over, the two years had passed, and Lord Rylestone stood once more on English soil. How long that journey over the sea had seemed to him! There were whole days when he never left the deck of the ship, feeling inclined to count the minutes as they passed by, blessing each one because it brought him nearer to her whom his soul loved best.

He smiled to himself as he wondered how he had borne parting from her. It was over now, thank Heaven—there would be no more parting for them. From the beautiful dark-eyed wife with her face of wondrous Southern loveliness he should never absent himself again. He knew she was well and happy—her letters said so; but of late he had fancied there was something more sad than usual in them, a pathetic undercurrent he could not tell of what.

It would be all over soon. His dark-eyed darling, who was so unwilling to part with him, who was so troubled at losing him, would be all his own soon. He remembered the flower-wreathed window and the darkly-beautiful, tender face that smiled at him from it. There would be no flowers on his return; they would be dead, and the long, bare stalks would be drooping. But the longed-for face would be there—the red lips with their radiant smile, the dark eyes with their passion of welcome. How slowly the vessel seemed to make her way! If he could but fly to Margarita—if he could but cleave through the air and find himself by her side! He gave a great longing sigh, and then controlled himself and thought of the window where Margarita's face, bright as a star, would be awaiting him.

He telegraphed to Marpeth as soon as he landed—'I am in London, and shall be with you in twelve hours.'

He knew that was best; it would give her time to prepare for him—to get all ready; above all, she would remember his parting words, and she would be there by the window to greet him.

How did he control his impatience? The Earl of Barton laughed at him; the porters, servants, railway officials—every one with whom he came in contact—thought he was desperately hurried. His strong frame trembled, his hands burned, his whole soul seemed swept by a fiery tide of longing impatience. He tried to calm the fever of his longing, but he was so near home how could he help it?

He was in the train at last, and the train had started for Marpeth. Steam was powerful and quick, but not so powerful as the passionate love of his passionate heart—not so quick as his fast flying thoughts. The express seemed to him to crawl. His darling would be standing at the window waiting for him. He pictured the tender curves of the lovely lips, the fire in the dark eyes, the dusky coils of shining hair; he saw her grand in her perfect womanhood; and then he started to find himself weeping like a child, and thanking Heaven that he had been spared to see her again. He heard the porter crying 'Marpeth!' and before the train had stopped he was out on the platform. No—she was not there. He had wondered if she would come, half hoping she would not, for he had fixed his whole heart on seeing her at the window.

The afternoon was drawing to a close; there was a soft, tremulous mist that grew colder as the night advanced. The air was bleak, the sky gray, save where in the dark blue a few stars were seen. Lord Rylestone walked home, leaving directions for his luggage to be sent after him—walked through the chilly, silvery mist, looking at the bare trees as he passed—walked with rapid steps, thinking only of his wife.

There was the well-known spire, there were the green lanes that he had seen a thousand times in his dreams, and there was the house where his darling was waiting for him. He stood for a few moments by the little gate, and the big, brave man, who was beginning to make for himself a better name even than the one he had inherited, grew faint and sick with the intensity of his own joy.

He raised his head reverently. 'I thank Heaven for its goodness!' he said; and then, opening the gate, he entered the grounds. Margarita did not come hastening to meet

him and to greet him light and swift as a bird, because he had asked her to be at the window, and he knew she would be there.

'Patience!' he said to his beating heart. In one more minute he would see the window—those loving, eager eyes that pierced the chill November mist, that would almost pierce the clouds if she were beyond them. A sharp cry of pain and fear came from his lips. She was not there!

The shock of the disappointment made him grow faint. He seemed to lose sight and hearing.

'My darling!' he cried, stretching out his hands to the empty window—'where is she?'

The chill mist grew denser. The wind wailed with a complaining murmur. The great branches of the trees swayed helplessly to and fro. A foreboding that had in it the bitterness of death came to him, and then he roused himself, and went forward quietly. He rapped loudly at the door, a warm, sweet hope flushing his face and making his heart beat.

She would open it, beautiful, dark-eyed Margarita! No—it was opened slowly by some woman who looked hesitatingly out into the night. Lord Rylestone recognised her as one of the servants who had been there when he left his home, and at the same moment the girl recognised him.

'Mr. Estcourt!' she exclaimed. 'I am very sorry, sir. I did not know you at first.'

'But you expected me?' he interrogated.

'No, sir,' she replied, holding the door open for him to pass; 'I did not expect you; but I am glad you are come.'

He was standing in the hall then, looking round with a blanched face and trembling lips. There was no Margarita—no wife. He spoke slowly.

'Where is your mistress?' he asked; and the girl raised a frightened face to his.

'Do you not know, sir?' she said. 'My mistress is not here. She went away very soon after you left home, and she has never returned.'

He did not cry out. A great dumb passionate sorrow seemed to have overtaken him. There was a chair near, and he sat down upon it, echoing the words slowly—

'She went away soon after I did, and she has never returned. How can that be? I have received letters from her here—Marpeth. What do you mean?'

He spoke in a strange, gasping fashion; he was bewildered. And then the girl told him all—how her mistress had found the place dull, and had gone with some friends to the sea-side.

'What friends?' he asked, brusquely.

Ellen Smith did not know. She told him how all his letters had been forwarded to the General Post-office, St. Martin's-le-Grand, London; how Mrs. Estcourt every month had sent them money for all expenses; how she always spoke of returning early in November—and he listened like one in a dream.

'I was getting very anxious and unhappy,' continued Ellen. 'It is six weeks since my mistress wrote or sent anything. The other servant who was left with me would not stay any longer. She said she was quite sure that all was not right. I would not go.'

He did not know what to say to her. He had not the faintest clue to account for Margarita's conduct; he knew nothing of her desire to know the secret of the will, of her half-jealous, morbid dread lest she had come between him and his fortune, and of her resolve, at any price and at any risk, to discover all and help him. He did not even remember that he had told her to read Miss Cameron's letters, or that one of them contained any allusion to the secret of the will. He was bewildered, and the girl looked at him with a pitying face.

'You expected to find my mistress at home, sir?' she said. 'She may come to-morrow. She knows, of course, when you were to return?'

'Yes,' he replied; 'she knew the day and the hour.' And then he asked about the telegram, and the girl brought it to him.

'I took it in, sir,' she said, 'but I did not open it.'

He tore it into shreds, the telegram that he had hoped would fill Margarita's heart with joy—tore it and trampled it under his feet—and then he sat still, as one stunned by some terrible blow. He did not know how long he had been there, when Ellen returned and said to him—

'Will you come into the drawing-room, sir? I have lit the fire and the lamps.'

He followed her into the pretty room, where he had spent such happy hours with Margarita. A low cry of intense pain came from his lips.

(To be continued.)

FOR SALE,

A Black Mare,

(well known), suitable for any work. Apply at this office. feb21,61

\$1.00

OUR CELEBRATED DOLLAR LAUNDRY SOAP is unequalled for size and quality. \$1 per box of thirty bars. feb23

CLIFT, WOOD & Co.

Laundry Soap

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

CANDLES.

Mould Candles, Wax Candles, Paraffine Candles, Colonial Candles, plain and colored.

CLIFT, WOOD & Co.'Y. feb23

LIGHT GRAIN LEATHER.

ON SALE BY

Jas. & Wm. Pitts,

—67 SMALL ROLLS—

LIGHT Grain LEATHER,

feb20 Ex "Newfoundland."

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 \$1,600 was expended last year in improving the front shop. No expense need be incurred in improvements by anyone commanding 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 feb20 T. W. SPRY, Real Estate Broker.

FOR SALE,

By Dryer & Greene

30 cases SWEET ORANGES, 30 cases SILVERPEEL ONIONS, 49 barrels APPLES, 300 bundles Timothy Hay, 80 quarters prime Fresh Beef. feb16

FOR SALE,

By Dryer & Greene,

FRESH VENISON

And - Fresh - Herring, feb15 per s.s. "Curlew."

SMOKED CAPLIN

ON SALE BY CLIFT, WOOD & Co., Choice Smoked Caplin, feb16

FOR SALE,

One handsome Double Sleigh,

suitable for pair of horses; quite new and in good order. dec29 JOHN S. SIMMS.

NEW BOOKS and NEW EDITIONS.

An Original Belle, by Rev. E. P. Roe 30cts. A Day of Fate, by Rev. E. P. Roe 30cts. St. Elmo, by A. J. E. Wilson 30cts. Infelice, by A. J. E. Wilson 30cts. Ben-Hur, by Lew Wallace 50 and 30cts. Mr. Barnes, of New York 30cts. The Rival Detectives 15cts. The Sword of Damocles, by A. K. Green 15cts. The Girl who Wouldn't Marry 30cts. Whitaker's Almanac for 1888, with and without supplement. —ALSO— Rodgers' Celebrated Pocket Knives in great variety. The Anchor Pens, Gummed Luggage Labels, Manila and Standard Tags. feb6 J. F. CHISHOLM.

Notice of Copartnership.

THE UNDERSIGNED have this day formed a Copartnership, under the firm name and style of JOHN MAGOR & SON, succeeding to the business heretofore carried on in New York City in the name of Magor Brothers & Co. Dated at New York, October 1, 1887. JOHN MAGOR, WILLIAM ALBERT MAGOR, feb14