

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 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,

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 BAULK—60 and 65 feet long, 18x19.
GREENHEART PLANK—14, 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:

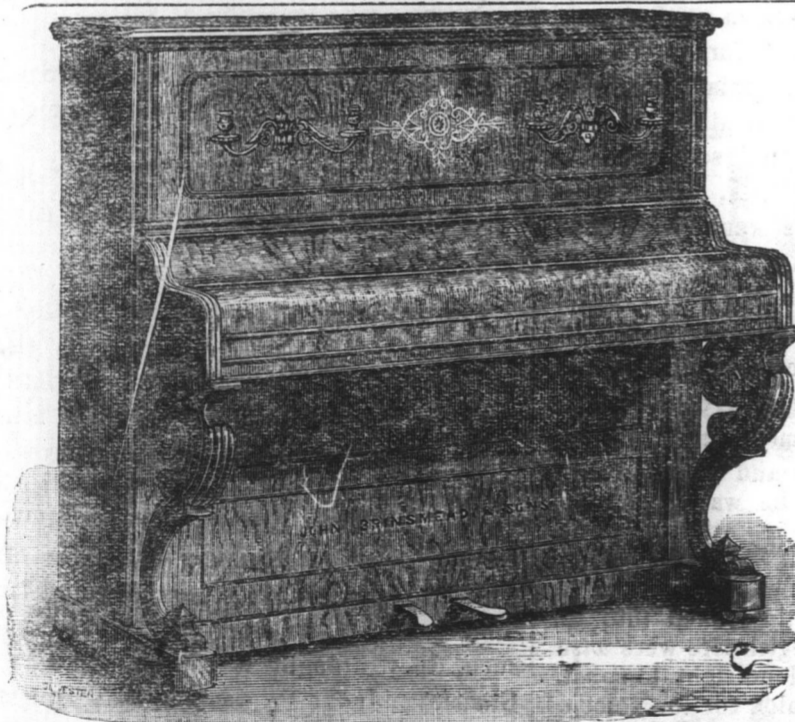
Joseph W. Baxendale, Esq.,
Bristol Bovill, Esq.,
The Honourable James Byng,
John Clutton, Esq.,
Octavius Ed. Coope, Esq., M.P.

George Arthur Fuller, Esq.,
Charles Emmanuel Goodhart, Esq.,
M. Rhode Hawkins, Esq.,
Sir J. Lubbock, Bt., M.P., F.R.S.,
Charles Thomas Lucas, Esq.,
Hon. Director: JOHN J. BROOMFIELD, Esq.

WILLIAM MACDONALD AND FRANCES B. MACDONALD.
Joint Secretaries: WILLIAM MACDONALD AND FRANCES B. MACDONALD.
The importance of the transactions of the Phoenix Fire Office may be estimated from the fact that since its establishment—now 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

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.
Proposals, Forms of Application, for Fire and Life Insurance, and all other information can be obtained from 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 £327,323,700.
Claims arranged and paid with promptness and liberality.
W. E. KANE, SON & CO., Agents for Newfoundland.

Walton Court;

OR—
ADELAIDE CAMERON'S "SHADOW LOVE."

By the Author of Dora Thorne.

CHAPTER XLIV.

(Continued.)

In her strained, morbid train of thought Lady Rylestone began to imagine that her husband would be relieved if he were never to see her or hear of her again.

Through the gray September mist she and her companions drove in silence. She made no complaint; she prayed no further prayer; she never noticed their solicitude to save her from all observation; she sat silent, cold, motionless, her dark eyes fixed on the trees, her white, intent face never changing. The crowning sorrow had come to her—the certain conviction that, now that she had undergone this disgrace, she could never be publicly acknowledged as Lord Rylestone's wife. It dawned across her mind with a keen, sudden pain. She herself had raised the barrier between them; she had, to all intents and purposes, separated herself from him. Lord Rylestone could not show to the world as his wife the woman who had been tried for theft. She had ruined herself; and the ruin was irretrievable. It was this certain conviction that had driven her to the last depths of despair. She almost forgot the rest in remembering that; the terrible dilemma in which she had so rashly placed herself faded into insignificance—the secret of the will lost some of its horror. She, by her own act, had made herself unfit to be acknowledged as Lord Rylestone's wife.

'There must have been a curse upon me,' she said to herself; but it did not strike her that the curse was the result of acting upon impulse rather than upon principle, the result of studying the end rather than the means, the result of a certain deficiency in honor which all the beauty, the passion, the genius in the world could not atone for.

'There is a curse upon me,' she repeated—'it is my fate.'

After this, she grew reckless. She said to herself that she had been degraded by the taunts of underlings, disgraced by being suspected of theft—that she had separated herself from her husband as much as death itself could have done. What mattered what followed? She never saw the sun disperse the clouds on that September morning, to shine forth in all its brilliancy; she never heard the song of the birds, she never saw the autumn foliage—she was like a woman turned to stone.

'If a dagger had been put into my hands, and I had plunged it into my heart,' she said to herself, 'that would have been foolish; but to have done what I have done is suicide more deadly still.'

She was like a woman turned to stone. When Mr. Layston looked at her, he started back in amazement at the cold, dark loveliness of the once brilliant face—it was more like a mask than a face.

'They shall not see my heart bleed,' she said to herself—'these, my foes, who have hunted me down.'

She was taken to the magistrate's room, in Mr. Layston's house.

'Of what is this lady accused?' asked that gentleman; and the answer startled him, as her cold, impassive beauty had done.

'It is not the face of a thief,' he thought to himself. 'Whoever says so judges wrongfully. The woman is half mad with some great sorrow.'

Opposite the table where she stood was a tall window of stained glass. The sun shone through it now, and made the white hands crimson. He saw her rub them, as though they were stained with blood—rub them with a frightened expression—and again he said to himself—

'She is mad with some great sorrow.'

And then he took his seat, and the official investigation began. He listened to the charge—listened to the witnesses—and saw how entirely indifferent she appeared.

'She does not feel it,' he thought—'neither the shame nor the sorrow that follows the detection of crime.'

Mrs. Grams told her story—and a telling one it was against the prisoner—how she had come first in disguise, under the pretense of seeing the Court—how she had returned again as Miss Cameron's companion—how she had maneuvered to get the keys, and how, suspecting and mistrusting her, she had watched her, and caught her in the act of plundering.

The magistrate's voice was full of pity as he asked the prisoner had she anything to say. The dark dazed eyes were raised slowly to his face, and she answered, 'No.'

Then Mr. Beale told his story, and it was against her. Again the kindly, pitying voice asked her had she nothing to say—no explanation to give—and the answer again was 'No.' John Bayns revealed her half-admission of her own guilt, but the magistrate was shrewder than any of the three arrayed against her.

'It is sorrow, not crime,' he said to himself.

'I know not what led her to the safe, but I am quite sure she did not wish to steal from it, although she was found with the jewels and money on the floor. If she goes to prison there will be no justice in the land,' he thought.

'Was anything found in her possession?' he inquired.

'No.'

'Was anything missing from the safe?'

'No.'

And then the magistrate conversed for some little time with Mr. Beale. He told the lawyer his opinion that there was some mystery about the case, that Miss Avenel had some other design in doing what she had done. He looked up suddenly.

'What is kept there,' he asked, 'besides jewels and money?'

'Documents of all kinds—private papers belonging to the Rylestone family.'

'Then you may rely upon it,' said the magistrate, 'that it was something of that kind she wanted to see. If she had cared only to steal jewels or money, she has had many opportunities.'

'But who is she?' cried Mr. Beale, startled by this view of the case. 'What can she want to see the Rylestone papers for?'

'That I cannot explain. Every family has its own secrets. I can form no idea of what she wanted to see; but I will stake my professional judgment and reputation that I am right—it was papers and not jewels that brought her to the Court.'

Mr. Beale looked anxious. Could there be any mystery in the Rylestone family unknown to him? Still, think, ponder as he would, no idea of the real truth, or even of anything approaching to it, ever dawned across him. Mr. Layston was shrewd enough to see something else. Miss Avenel apparently did not care what happened her—she would not mind however severe the sentence might be that he passed upon her. She would not care if he acquitted her. He spoke in an undertone to Mr. Beale.

'I think we must take everything into consideration,' he said. 'She has stolen nothing—nothing has been found upon her—nothing has been missed. As a matter of course, after losing her situation and her character, the ruin of all her worldly prospect must follow; and that, I think, will be penitence sufficient. Whatever wrong may have been contemplated, none was actually done, but the social ruin that will follow is certain. I think the justice of the case will be met if the prisoner be discharged.'

CHAPTER XLV.

MISS AVENEL was discharged. The charge of theft was withdrawn. The magistrate looking into the white drawn face, spoke a few words of kindly caution to her; she did not hear or heed them. She was free to go where she would; the freedom was of no use to her. The cruel accusation that had darkened her life was withdrawn; the withdrawal gave her no satisfaction. She was like a woman changed to stone.

Mr. Layston, if he had followed his own impulse, would have detained her in his house—would have soothed and calmed her, and have won from her the story of her grief; but propriety forbade all such kindness. He could only repeat, looking at the white face and wide-open frightened eyes—

'You are free to go wheresoever you will, Miss Avenel. You should thank Mr. Beale for his leniency. He would not press the charge.'

He saw that it was quite useless speaking. She did not in the least comprehend. Mr. Beale went up to her. The dark eyes looked at him but did not see him.

'I am truly sorry, Miss Avenel,' he said, 'that you placed yourself, by your own folly, in this terrible position. I hope what has passed this morning will prove a lesson to you.'

She made him no answer. She could have laughed aloud in her bitterness and despair. What mattered all such platitudes! They could not touch her height of sorrow—they could not take one sting from the pain that was killing her. Let those about her advise, counsel. Heaven knew words could not reach her grief. Something in the expression of her face made Mr. Beale kinder than he had intended to be.

(To be continued.)

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 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
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,

In boxes of 5, 10, 15 and 20-lbs. each. A Cheap and delicious article of food. feb16

CATTLE .:. FEED.

For Sale by

P. & L. TESSIER,

—100 BAGS—

Jersey Meal.

Jan31,31fp

Choice Vegetables

ON SALE BY

CLIFT, WOOD & Co.,

5 brls. Carrots,
5 brls. Beetroot. Jan31

Wax, Mould & Colonial Sperm Candles.

For Sale by Clift, Wood & Co.'s,

50 BOXES MOULD CANDLES
25 Bxs Colored Wax Candles.
20 Bxs Colonial Sperm Candles.

For Sale By

DRYER & GREENE,

—Four Sets—

Russian Chime Sleigh Bells,

2 sets Plumcs, 6 superior Horse Rugs, 1 Buffalo Robe. Jan27

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 10cts.
The Sword of Damocles, by A. K. Green 10cts.
The Girl who Wouldn't Marry 30cts.
Whittaker's Almanac for 1888, with and without supplement. —ALSO—
Rodgers' Celebrated Pocket Knives in great variety.
The Anchor Pens, Gummud Luggage Labels, Manilla and Standard Tags. feb6

J. F. CHISHOLM.

FOR SALE,

One handsome Double Sleigh,

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

JOHN S. SIMMS.

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.