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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 BARK—60 and 65 feet long, 18x19. GREENHEART PLANK—1 1/2, 2, 3 and 4 inch. HARDWOOD PLANK.

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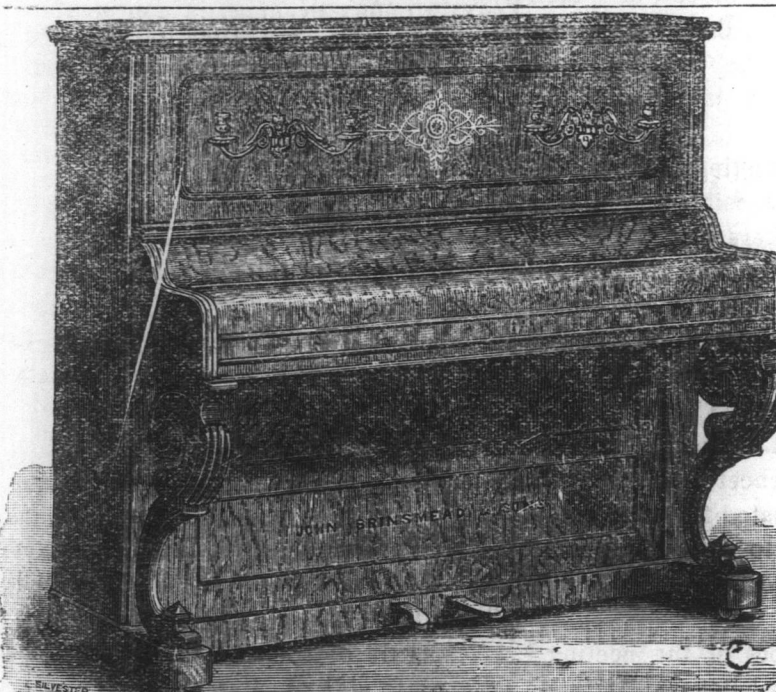
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Total Sum Insured in 1885 £397,223,700. W. H. HARRISON & CO., Agents for Newfoundland.

Walton Court;

OR ADELAIDE CAMERON'S "SHADOW LOVE." By the Author of Dora Thorne.

CHAPTER XXXVI. (Continued.)

Does the difference arise because she is the descendant of a noble family and I am the daughter of a man who worked for his living, or does the difference lie in our characters? Are my perceptions of right and wrong dulled, blunted, because I belong rather to the people than the aristocracy? Does blue blood give refinement? Does noble birth give a keener sense of honor?

So she questioned herself. When her husband came home and discovered what she had done—knew that she had gone in lowly disguise to his home, and had won by fraud knowledge that he had held from her—what would he say? Would he do as the hero of the story had done—fling her away and love her no more?

A passionate cry came from her lips—she loved him so truly, so dearly. She bent her head amongst the fragrant roses and wept bitter tears. Presently she raised it with feverish energy. She must make the best of the difficulty. If he was likely to be angry with her, there was all the more need that she should be able to give him intelligence which would disarm his anger and make him pleased with her—all the more need that she should see the will and find out if her woman's wit could not remedy the evil done. She must discover the secret—and yet, dear Heaven, how powerless she was! She had been at Walton for months, and she was no nearer than when she first came. If she asked even the least question that could lead to the subject of the will, Miss Cameron seemed to put on an armor of reserve which she could never penetrate. As for papers and letters, she had read many, but none alluded to the matter nearest her heart, the secret of the will was impenetrable. She had worked with all her woman's wits, and yet she could not discover it.

June was come, and Adelaide was in a fever of suspense. She could hardly tell why she had a faint hope, yet she had one. There had been such a pleasant exchange of letters between Lord Rylestone and herself—since he had left her he had been so kind that it was possible he had changed his mind. She was not sure if, after all, she had done wisely in trying so hard to send him abroad. She believed that, if he had remained with her a little longer, he would have loved her—it had seemed like it. In a fever of suspense and despair she watched each day of the bright month pass. She knew that the last day would bring her news on which all the rest of her life depended.

The twenty-ninth came, and Mr. Beale arrived from London, and Sir William Morton from Tatham with Squire Segood. Margarita began to hope. From one or another she gleaned that they were all there on business concerning the will—what it was she did not know. She learned that Mr. Beale was the family lawyer, and the other gentlemen trustees; and then she grew more puzzled than ever. No matter what the business was, it could not concern Allan—of that she began to feel quite sure. How could it concern him when he was so far away?

The three gentlemen spent the evening in the drawing-room with the ladies, and it was not until Margarita had retired that any conversation between them took place; and then Mr. Beale congratulated Miss Cameron on her management of the Court, and spoke of the perfect order in which he found everything, adding, from the depth of his heart, that it would be a thousand pities if she ever had to leave it. Adelaide smiled sadly.

'I shall be ready to go when Lord Rylestone returns,' she said; and then the shrewd lawyer murmured something about the possibility of 'happier circumstances.'

'We shall have a letter from Lord Rylestone in the morning,' said Sir William. 'I should imagine that he has attended to the matter.'

'A matter of fifteen thousand per annum—it would be odd if he did not attend to it!' exclaimed the squire.

'I mean,' explained Sir William, 'that he will have made all arrangements for the letter to reach us to-morrow.'

'Yes,' said Mr. Beale, 'we may rely upon that. Lord Rylestone is the soul of punctuality; he will not have forgotten.'

Adelaide Cameron made no attempt to rest. She never even thought of sleep. She took the flowers from her fair hair, the jewels from her dress and neck; she threw a shawl round her and opened the window. The moonlight lay in the flowers and trees, on the sleeping woods and the wide fields. Ah, when the moon should so shine again, she would know her fate—when the coming day's sun had set in the western skies, she would know!

The two alternatives lay clear enough before her. Either he would write and ask her to be his wife, or he would write and formally renounce her. She stretched out her white arms to the moonlit skies. Was it right to pray for human love? Ah, if Heaven in its mercy would but give her this! If she might but be happy in her own way—if she might but have this great treasure of his love!

'I would be so good,' she murmured; 'I would not make earthly idols for myself; my happiness should only draw me nearer to heaven—not take me further from it.'

She bent her fair face on her hands, and prayed. The love that filled her heart was so great, so noble, so pure, she was not ashamed that Heaven should know it, although she was too proud to reveal it to the eyes of men; she prayed for it as the one gift that would make life happy—as the one treasure that was above all price.

If the love she yearned for came—if her feeble words could pierce these moonlit skies, and plead for her—she would bear her great happiness as nobly as she would a sorrow. She, out of the abundance of her own gladness would gladden the hearts of others; she, from the superabundance of her own joy, would lighten and brighten every heart that beat near her. If it was not to be—this happiness for which she prayed—then she would do the best she could with her life; no other love should enter it; she would use her money for the well-being and happiness of others, and she would live patiently.

So she thought and mused while the dew lay on the lilies, and the breath of the roses perfumed the air.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

It seemed almost as though the scene of the reading of the will was to be repeated; the June sunbeams lay again on the floor, brightening the quaint, oaken furniture, and gilding the ponderous volumes. But there was this great difference—no shadow of recent death made the house gloomy, the hangings were drawn back, the windows were open, sunshine, fresh air, and fragrance entered—and the figure that had been most conspicuous before was wanting now. Lord Rylestone was absent, and, as the little group gathered silently, each one was thinking of him.

He had, in reality, before he left England, written the letter that was to be read that day; it had been left at Mr. Beale's office, with instructions to post it on the twenty-ninth of June; and Mr. Beale knew this, although, for Miss Cameron's sake, he refused to disclose it.

The lawyer, the two trustees, and Miss Cameron took their seats. Squire Segood, in his thoughtful fashion, had suggested that Miss Avenel should accompany the heiress; but Mr. Beale, anticipating the mortification in store for her, had said: 'No; as we have kept the secret of the will so strictly until now, it will be better to keep it altogether—and strangers had better not be present.'

'Do you wish for Miss Avenel's company?' he asked Adelaide; and her answer was 'No.'

She thought to herself that whatever she had to bear she could bear it best alone, let it be either joy or sorrow. Besides, she did not wish Margarita to know who her lover was.

The silence was for some minutes unbroken; the wind wafted in the fragrance of the roses; and Adelaide, whose fair face had grown very pale, bent over the flowers she held in her hand.

'I have Lord Rylestone's letter,' said Mr. Beale, 'and I will proceed to read it.'

There was a slight trembling of the white hands that held the flowers, a slight tremor of Miss Cameron's lips. Mr. Beale proceeded to make some unimportant remarks—and it spoke well for Adelaide's self-control that she uttered no sound and made no sign. She could have cried out in her agony of suspense—it was her happiness, her love, her life that was at stake; but the pale beautiful face was proudly calm.

'I will read Lord Rylestone's letter,' repeated Mr. Beale—and, from his quick, shrewd glance at Miss Cameron, it was evident that he had waited purposely to give her time to collect herself—and then he began— (To be continued.)

To the Hon. Thomas Talbot, M.L.C., SHERIFF OF THE CENTRAL DISTRICT.

Sir,— We, the undersigned citizens, respectfully request that you may be pleased to convene a Public Meeting of the inhabitants of St. John's, at an early day, to take into consideration the advisability of establishing a Volunteer Military Force, to aid in the defence of this Colony and for the protection of the inhabitants thereof. ST. JOHN'S, February 8th, 1888.

- List of names: J. Outebridge, M. Fitzpatrick, John Sharp, John Anderson, John West, R. Rendell, B. S. Williams, W. D. Black, M. Munroe, A. S. Smith, J. Gardner, E. A. Mutch, G. M. Douglas, J. Syme, J. French, G. A. Hatchings, T. S. Winter, A. Connors, L. Lambert, J. Angel, D. E. Archibald, W. B. Grievie, W. Hicks, R. Kenny, R. W. Bishop, J. Goodridge, Chas. Bowditch, L. G. McGhee, R. H. Prowse, John Browning, E. R. Browning, P. Doherty, R. Crossman, R. Kelly, G. McDonald, J. Rooney, J. Gilbert, G. Payne, A. C. Stewart, T. J. Allan, J. Healy, W. Cornick, W. G. Pippy, G. T. Parker, A. D. Hall, T. J. Jones, Geo. Taylor, T. S. Pook, A. W. Miller, Charles Hutchings, R. L. Chancey, M. E. Northcote, J. Bugden, W. J. Barnes, J. F. Kelly, G. H. Williams, Z. Cox, P. J. Shea, James Baird, W. E. Long, J. Webber, E. D. Shea, Charles Tessier, W. C. Cook, L. O. B. Furlong, T. G. Elworthy, E. J. Halley, John Barron, J. O'Neill, R. Rendell, George T. Carter, P. G. Tessier, A. S. Rendell, W. Horwood, A. Milroy, J. Pittman, T. J. Murphy, Allan Barnes, George McKay, Edward Shea, C. R. Dickinson, D. M. Browning, Geo. E. Beams, W. Dickinson, A. Bertaux, T. R. Smith, M. Furlong, T. W. Cragg, J. Simms, W. G. Meehan, W. D. S. Kelly, James Tobin, J. W. Des, E. P. Morris, P. J. Hickey, J. W. Coleman, D. J. Connell, Jas. Devereaux, E. Sinnott, S. G. Knight, D. Munroe, J. Collins, J. Hamlyn, P. D. Scott, John Steer, C. Steer, J. Faek, J. C. Mews, C. A. W. Pinsent, W. Hayward, A. Hayward, J. Furlong, M. McCarthy, T. A. Pippy, E. Pike, A. Churchill, C. W. Ryan, T. Nurse, G. Purcell, John Harris, P. G. Doyle, John Gillard, A. J. Harvey, E. Flaherty, A. Hiscok, G. Garrett Byrne, J. Howell, J. Fletcher, A. Black, E. H. Dickinson, John Nash, John Cowan, Hon. John Syme, George Hunt, J. Evenson, E. Memory, T. Baker, W. Reid, T. Curran, J. F. Hunt, E. H. Balfour, John Carnell, T. J. Regan, Andrew E. McCoubrey, R. A. M. McCoubrey, E. M. Noonan, H. Rankin, G. Nichols, T. Chafe, J. M'Leard, W. H. Parsons, G. Nichols, P. French, J. A. Duchemin, G. T. Smith, E. Shea, J. Power, J. Ryan, M. Kelly, J. Kinsley, J. Almas, F. E. M. Bunting, N. Frazier, G. Bulger, J. Murphy, Francis Moran, J. Kenny, E. Walsh, T. Mulcahy, W. O'Neill, C. J. Kelly, John Skanes, John Molloy, M. Ryan, J. Fleming, J. Foley, M. Dayley, John Doyle, John Byrne, P. Byrne, J. King, Ed. Corry, T. Keeney, M. Walsh, John Murray, Ed. Wall, G. A. Clift, H. H. Barnes, F. W. Rendell, G. H. Murray, Thomas Oliver, P. Stamp, T. F. Vavasour, A. Northcote, P. Greman, F. M. Kelley, J. M. Kelley, Chas. G. Kelly, J. Rodgers, J. Green, J. Courtney, G. M. F. Hennebury, P. Rogers, P. Nelly, J. A. Sweet, C. Kavanagh, J. Curdin, R. Templeton, J. Rolger, S. Williams, J. B. Mitchell, G. Molloy, J. Maher, P. Maher, N. Murphy, T. Clark, M. Barnes, J. Fitzpatrick, M. Kelly, J. Fitzpatrick, R. England, P. Connors, J. Fitzpatrick, John Kemp, J. Hogan, P. Kavanagh, N. Power, T. Alderice, M. Connors, R. Field, J. Ester, A. Rooney, J. Curdin, R. Templeton, J. Rolger, S. Williams, J. B. Mitchell, G. Molloy, Jas. Hunt, W. Clouston, S. J. McNeill, S. G. Colton, S. Earl, T. P. Forcey, E. Colton, Geo. Taylor, W. N. Gray, M. G. Lash, W. D. Morrison, M. Tobin, J. Hearn, Alex. Smith, R. Sanderson, John Dicks, W. Moore, G. Arty, John Sheehan, sr., John Sheehan, jr., J. McDougall, E. Whitten, E. L. LeMessurier, R. B. Barnes, T. Beards, A. H. Shears, J. Howlett, J. W. Boyd, Jas. Carmichael, L. Parker, W. Cullen, H. Graves, J. Williams, F. J. Barnes, J. S. Pitts, G. Taylor, E. W. Whiteway, C. F. Horwill, F. Burnham, W. Clouston, T. F. Lamb, J. W. Mann, G. S. Milligan, A. Diamond.

T. TALBOT, Sheriff of C. D.

Sheriff's Office, Feb. 7th, 1888.

Bond and other Storage

TO BE HAD ON APPLICATION TO JAMES R. KNIGHT, Commission Merchant.

Notice of Copartnership.

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