

THE 'GLOUCESTER' DORY.

WE CAN TAKE ORDERS FOR ABOUT SIXTY more of these Dorries. They are pronounced by competent judges to be the BEST YET.

Builders' Supply Store, } **WM. CAMPBELL, Agent.**
149 Water Street.

New Goods. :-: New Goods.

WILLIAM FREW, 191 WATER STREET, 191.

Has just received, per S.S. "Newfoundland."

BLACK & COL'D PLUSHES, NEW SHADE, ONLY 60-Cts. PER YARD.

BLACK AND COLORED GAUZES, ONLY 25-CENTS, WORTH 50, LADIES' JERSEYS & DOLMANS very cheap, and a splendid assortment of Muslins, Oatmeal, Leno, and Canvas Cloths, for Ladies' and Children's wear—beautiful patterns and very newest shades.

Also: 5,000 Pieces Room Papers, neat and pretty, from 5-cents up. And 50 Pieces Papering Calico, only 4-cents per yard.

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Fresh by the S.S. "Newfoundland," and for sale by

JAS. & WM. PITTS,
Prime Fresh Turkeys!

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 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 means of access to all that is valuable in the city. The lots are now to-day—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 L. 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.

The London Guarantee & Accident Company,

OF LONDON, ENGLAND.

Authorized Capital - - - \$1,250,000.

HEAD OFFICE FOR NEWFOUNDLAND: 132 WATER STREET, ST. JOHN'S.
The Bonds of this Company are accepted as security by the Home, Australian, Canadian, Indian and Colonial Governments. Blank forms can be had, and rates and other particulars given, on application to
JUNE 9 T. W. SPRY, Agent for Newfoundland.

ANNAPOLIS VALLEY APPLES, MAGAZINES AND NEW BOOKS.

FOR SALE BY **CLIFT, WOOD & CO.,** 50 barrels selected
Choice Winter APPLES.
These apples are of very superior quality, barrels being marked A. S. Harris.
FEBRUARY NOS. OF FAMILY HERALD, WELDON'S Ladies' Journal, Harper's Magazine, London Journal, and other Magazines.
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FEB 18 J. F. CHISHOLM.

FOR SALE BY John S. Simms, TWO TABLE PIANOS.

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OUR CELEBRATED DOLLAR LAUNDRY SOAP is unequalled for size and quality. \$1 per box of thirty bars.
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Apply at this office.
FEB 28

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ON SALE BY CLIFT, WOOD & Co., 30 quarters Prime Fat
Halifax Beef,
mar 2 Just received ex "Newfoundland."

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The Evening Telegram.

ST. JOHN'S, MARCH, 12 1888.

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Letters relating to advertisements, job work and other business affairs, to be directed to WM. J. HENDER, Proprietor.

All communications intended for publication or containing intelligence, must be addressed to ALEX. A. PARSONS, Editor.

A TALE OF THREE LIONS.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD,
Author of King "Solomon's Mines," "She," "Jess," &c.

CHAPTER I.

Most of you boys will have heard of Allan Quatermain, who was one of the party who discovered King Solomon's mines some little time ago, and afterward came to live in England near his friend Sir Henry Curtis. He has gone back to the wilderness now, as these old hunters almost invariably do, on one pretext or another. They cannot endure civilization for very long, its noise and racket and the omnipresence of broadclothed humanity proving more trying to their nerves than the danger of the desert. I think that they feel lonely here, for it is a fact that is too little understood, though it has often been stated, that there is no loneliness like the loneliness of crowds, especially to those who are unaccustomed to them. "What is there in the world," old Quatermain would say, "so desolate as to stand in the streets of a great city and listen to the footsteps falling, falling, multitudinous as the rain, and watch the white line of faces as they hurry past, you know not whence, you know not whither? They come and go, their eyes meet yours with a cold stare, for a moment their features are written on your mind, and then they are gone forever. You will never see them again, they will never see you again; they come up out of the blackness, and presently they once more vanish into the blackness, taking their secrets with them. Yes, that is loneliness pure and undefiled; but to one who knows and loves it, the wilderness is not lonely, because the spirit of nature is ever there to keep the wanderer company. He finds companions in the rushing winds—the sunny streams babble like Nature's children at his feet; high above him, in the purple sunset, are domes and minarets and palaces, such as no mortal man hath built, in and out of whose flaming doors the glorious angels of the sun do move continually. And then there is the wild game, following its feeding grounds in great armies, with the spring-buck thrown out before them for skirmishers; then rank upon rank of long-faced blesbuck, marching and wheeling like infantry; and last the shining troops of quagga and the fierce-eyed shaggy vilderbeests to take the place of the cossack host that hangs upon an army's flanks.

"Oh, no," he would say, "the wilderness is not lonely, for, my boy, remember that the further you get from man the nearer you grow to God," and though this is a saying that might well be disputed, it is one I am sure that anybody who has watched the sun rise and set on the limitless deserted plains, and seen the thunder chariots roll in majesty across the depths of unfathomable sky, will easily understand.

Well at any rate he went back again, and now for many months I have heard nothing at all of him, and to be frank, I greatly doubt if anybody will ever hear of him again. I fear that the wilderness, that has for so many years been a mother to him, will now also prove his monument and the monument of those who accompanied him, for the quest upon which he and they have started is a wild one indeed.

But while he was in England for those three years or so between his return from the successful discovery of the wise king's buried treasures, and the death of his only son, I saw a great deal of old Allan Quatermain. I had known him years before in Africa, and after he came home, whenever I had nothing better to do, I used to run up to Yorkshire and stay with him, and in this way I at one time and another heard many of the incidents of his past life, and most curious some of them were. No man can pass all those years following the rough existence of an elephant hunter without meeting with many strange adventures,

and one way and another old Quatermain has certainly seen his share. Well, the story that I am going to tell you in the following pages is one of the later of these adventures; indeed, if I remember right, it happened in the year 1875. At any rate I know that it was the only one of his trips upon which he took his son Harry (who is since dead) with him, and that Harry was then about fourteen. And now for the story, which I will repeat, as nearly as I can in the words in which hunter Quatermain told it to me one night in the old oak-paneled vestibule of his house in Yorkshire. We were talking about gold-mining—

"Gold-mining!" he broke in, "ah! yes, I once went gold-mining at Pilgrims' Rest in the Transvaal, and it was after that that we had the turn up about Jim-Jim and the lions. Do you know it? Well, it is, or was, one of the queerest little places you ever saw. The town itself was pitched in a sort of stony valley, with mountains all about it, and in the middle of such scenery as one does not often get the chance of seeing.

"Well, for some months I dug away gayly at my claim, but at length the very sight of a pick or of a washing trough became hateful to me. A hundred times a day I cursed my own folly for having invested eight hundred pounds, which was about all that I was worth at the time, in this gold-mining. But like other better people before me, I had been bitten by the gold bug, and now had to take the consequences. I had bought a claim out of which a man had made a fortune—five or six thousand pounds at least—as I thought, very cheap; that is, I had given him five hundred pounds down for it. It was all that I had made by a very rough year's elephant hunting beyond the Zambesi, and I sighed deeply and prophetically when I saw my successful friend, who was a Yankee, sweep up the roll of Standard bank notes with the lordly air of the man who has made his fortune, and cram them into his breeches pockets. "Well," I said to him—the happy vender—"it is a magnificent property, and I only hope that my luck will be as good as yours has been." He smiled; to my excited nerves it seemed that he smiled ominously, as he answered me in a peculiar Yankee drawl: "I guess, stranger, as I ain't the man to want to turn a dog's stomach against his dinner, more especial when there ain't no more going of the rounds; as for that there claim, well, she's been a good nigger to me; but between you and me, stranger, speaking man to man now that there ain't any filthy lucre between us to obfuscate the features of the truth, I guess she's about worked out!"

"I gasped; the fellow's effrontery took the breath out of me. Only five minutes before he had been swearing by all his gods, and they appeared to be numerous and mixed, that there were half a dozen fortunes left in the claim, and that he was only giving it up because he was downright weary of shovelling the gold out. "Don't look so vexed, stranger," went on my tormentor, "perhaps there is some shine in the old girl yet; any way you are a downright good fellow, you are, therefore you will, I guess, have a real A 1 plate-glass opportunity of working on the feelings of Dame Fortune. Any way it will bring the muscle up upon your arm if the stuff is uncommon stiff, and what is more you will in the course of a year earn a sight more than two thousand dollars in value of experience."

"And he went, just in time, for in another minute I should have gone for him, and I saw his face no more.

"Well, I set to work on the old claim with my boy Harry and a half dozen Kafirs to help me, which, seeing that I had put nearly all my worldly wealth into it, was the least I could do. And we worked, my word, we did work—early and late we went at it—but never a bit of gold did we see; no, not even a nugget large enough to make a scarf pin out of. The American gentleman had mopped up the whole lot and left us the sweepings.

"For three months this game went on till at last I paid away all or very near all that was left of our little capital in wages and food for the Kafirs and ourselves. When I tell you that Boer meal was sometimes as high as four pounds a bag, you will understand that it did not take long to run through our banking account.

"At last the crisis came. One Saturday night I had paid my men as usual, and bought a muid of mealie meal at sixty shillings for them to fill themselves with, and then I went with my boy Harry and sat on the edge of the thundering great hole we had dug in the hillside, and which we had in bitter mockery named Eldorado.

(To be Continued.)

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A VERY COMFORTABLE ROOM TO LET, (Double or single); fire if required; terms moderate. Apply to MRS. W. MCKENZIE, 18 Catherine Row, Beck's Cove. mar 3

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Attorney and Solicitor,
OFFICE: Corner Prescott and Duckworth Streets
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On Sale by Clift, Wood & Co.,
CHOICE CONGOU TEA
mar 3 In half-chests; various qualities.

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THE MARCH NO. OF LADIES' JOURNAL, February No. of Century Magazine, Family Herald, Myra's Journal, Pleasant Hours, and other Magazines, Boys of England, vol. 43, The Daisy Volume, XX, Holmby House, The Interpreter, Good for Nothing, The Gladiators, The Queen's Marines, Gen'l Bounce, Digby Grand, Kite Country, each by G. J. Whyte-Melville, only 30-cents per volume.
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20 casks Boston Kero. Oil
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CLIFT, WOOD & Co.
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A VALUABLE PIECE OF Building Ground,

On the Waterford Bridge Road, near Tor Cottage; part of the Estate of the late Bridget Kerivan. Apply to
P. J. SCOTT,
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For Sale by Clift, Wood & Co.'y,
23 brls. P. M. PORK,
14 brls. Jowles,
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FOR SALE, By Dryer & Greene HIND QTRS. FRESH VENISON

12 cts. per lb.
Fresh Cod Fish Tongues 10 cts per lb.
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GRANULATED And Crystalized Sugar.

WE WILL SELL A FEW BARRELS CRYSTALLIZED and granulated sugar at 50s. or \$10 per cwt., to close sales.
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Double Dwelling House

Situate on East Side of Barnes' Lane, near Oil Factory. Leasehold Term—999. Ground Rent \$36. For particulars, apply to
GEORGE LEMESSURIER, Solicitor.
feb 29, 11

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GEORGE LEMESSURIER, Solicitor.
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FOR SALE, One handsome Double Sleigh,
suitable for pair of horses; quite new and in good order.
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