

NEW GOODS.

P. : Jordan : & : Son

Just received ex S. S. "Newfoundland," viz: Fancy Suitings, Broad Cloths, Doeskins, &c. Also—Scarlet, White and Fancy Flannels, Blay and White Shirtings and Calicos, Hollands, Linens, Sheetings, Bed Ticks, Damask Table Cloths, Cretons, White and Fancy Counterpanes, &c. together with A NICE RANGE OF DRESS GOODS. ALL OF WHICH ARE NOW OFFERED AT VERY LOW PRICES.

DORIES! .. DORIES!

On Sale by Wm. Campbell, 25 DORIES. THESE DORIES ARE BUILT FROM THE "GLOUCESTER" MODEL. SPECIAL CARE HAS BEEN TAKEN IN THE SELECTION OF THE LUMBER AND WORKMANSHIP, AND WE CONFIDENTLY RECOMMEND THEM AS BEING EQUAL TO ANY IMPORTED DORY.

Cook's TOURISTS' Tickets

EMBRACE EVERY POINT OF INTEREST TO TRAVELLERS AND TOURISTS. DO NOT COMPEL the holder to travel in parties, are available by any train, or any day, and in most cases are issued at a material reduction from ordinary rates.

Intending travellers and tourists will find it greatly to their advantage to call upon the undersigned before purchasing their tickets to any part of the world. For full particulars as to single journey and tourists' rates, apply to

GEORGE LEMESSURIER, Agent Thomas Cook & Son.

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.

NOTE—Canadian and American Silver taken in trade at former value.

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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.

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.

John Score.

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.

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FRESH CODFISH

Just Received, per S.S. "Curlew," At the City Auction Sale-Rooms, 6 Brls. FRESH HERRING, 10c. per dozen.

6 Brls. Choice Fresh CODFISH, Carefully packed in ice.

J. B. CURRAN & Co.

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Fifty Cents per inch for first insertion, every continuation, 1st page 25 cents, 2nd and 3rd pages 10 cents per inch.

The Evening Telegram

ST. JOHN'S, FEBRUARY 29, 1888.

Persons desiring the EVENING TELEGRAM served at their homes can secure it by postal card request, or order through the Proprietor. Where delivery is irregular, please make immediate complaint to the office.

Walton Court;

OR, ADELAIDE CAMERON'S "SHADOW LOVE."

By the Author of Dora Thorne.

(Continued.) CHAPTER XLVI.

'Lord Rylestone,' she asked, 'are you ill, or have you worked yourself to death in Canada?'

He smiled as he answered her, and she turned away with a cry.

'That is the ghost of your old smile,' she said. 'What have you done with yourself?'

'I am very unhappy,' he replied, 'and I am in desperate trouble.'

She looked at him. He did not see the soul of love shining in her eyes.

'You are unhappy?' she said, gently. 'Tell me why, that I may help you.'

'You can help me; but it is a long story, and I want to recover myself before I tell it to you. I want to forget and to remember—to grow strong. Pardon me, I am not quite myself, Adelaide.'

He sunk into the nearest chair, and hid his face in his hands. She knelt down by his side, and tried to take one of his hands in her own.

Sorrow had brought them nearer together than they had ever been before.

'I wish you would let me do something to help you,' she said, in a low, gentle voice. 'I would do anything—I would, indeed—and I am quite sure I could help you.'

It was well for him that he did not see the intensity of expression, the tenderness, the devotion on the girl's face.

'I would do anything to help you,' she continued in her low, soft voice, tender as the cooing of a ring-dove; 'do forgive me, but we have been friends now for a long time, so I may speak freely to you. Is your trouble money?'

He felt grateful to her for her kindness—it touched his heart—and he thought to himself that by and by he would tell her his story; but she could not relieve his deep, boundless sorrow. Do what she would, nothing could remove that.

'It is not money,' he replied, slowly; 'I do not think money will ever trouble me. I am unhappy, and I will tell you why—but not today; I feel now as though I could not speak of my sorrow. To-morrow I shall feel better, and then I will tell you.'

'You will let me help you, if I can?' she interrogated.

He assented, and told her he should be grateful for any help she could give. And then she rose from her knees in confused haste—some one was tapping at the door.

CHAPTER XLVII.

LORD RYLESTONE and Miss Cameron dined together alone, and after dinner the latter gave orders that the picture-gallery should be lighted, in order that Lord Rylestone might see the alteration she had made in the hanging of some pictures.

They walked to the gallery together. Outside lay the damp chill of the November night; the sky was dark and stormy, the wind wailing through the trees. Inside, the picture-gallery was one glow of warmth and beauty.

The long gallery, with its carpet of deep crimson, white statues, rich tapestry, choice pictures, was brightly lighted; warmth and brightness seemed to pervade the whole place. Adelaide herself had never looked more beautiful than on this evening, when her sole idea was to please and amuse Allan. She wore an evening dress of some rich white material, with a superb set of rubies. These appeared all afloat, so deep and intense was their fire; they gleamed on the white neck and the rounded shoulders. If his whole heart and being had not been blinded by his passionate love for

Margarita, he must have admired Miss Cameron; as it was neither the sheen of her golden hair, nor the splendor of her eyes, nor the changing tints of her lovely face, nor the sweetness of her crimson lips, moved him even to the faintest show of admiration.

The perfect grace of the stately figure, the sweet, caressing voice were all lost upon him. He saw no beauty, felt no grace, remembered nothing but the dark loveliness of the sweet face that he had worshipped.

'I have placed the Murillo here,' said Adelaide, standing by his side, 'because I thought the glowing colors would contrast so well with the transparent tints of the Greuze.'

'You did well,' he allowed—but she saw that his thoughts were not with her, or the picture, either.

Presently they sat down on one of the crimson velvet seats, and he looked round with a dreary sigh. Just then his eyes fell upon an old Spanish painting, the picture of a dark-eyed woman dreaming over a crimson rose; and something in the artistic pose of the figure, in the statuesque beauty, in the exquisite coloring, reminded him of Margarita—Margarita as he had seen her so often bending over flowers.

'Did you call to see Mr. Beale when you were in London?' asked Adelaide, suddenly.

'Yes, but I did not find him at home,' replied Lord Rylestone. 'I did not think of it, or I might have asked him to come down here to see me.'

Adelaide smiled.

'I do not think he would have consented,' she said. 'Mr. Beale and I are not good friends.'

He looked up with a faint show of interest—just enough to give her confidence to continue.

'We are not upon speaking terms even. I do not think that I can ever forgive him for what he has done.'

It mattered little what Miss Cameron was saying. Lord Rylestone's thoughts ran always in the same groove. Where was Margarita, and why had she left him? That thought was always paramount in his mind; even now, as he listened to Adelaide, it was there.

'What has Mr. Beale done to offend you?' he asked, gravely.

'He took a great liberty, Lord Rylestone, and I shall never like him again.'

He did not feel sufficiently interested to ask her what it was, but Adelaide was determined to draw him away from his melancholy thoughts.

'You remember, perhaps, my telling you that Madame de Valmy had left me, and had gone to Paris? I had a companion after that, not finding it pleasant to live alone.'

He made no comment, and Adelaide continued, growing warmly earnest—

'I do not wish you to think that I am exaggerating, Lord Rylestone, but my companion and friend was one of the most beautiful women I have ever beheld—something after the style of the Spanish picture there. Her name was Miss Avenel.'

He was hardly interested. His thoughts were all with Margarita. What would he care for this companion, he whose soul was sad with its own secret? He did not even notice the name—it did not attract his attention.

'I loved her very much,' continued Adelaide. 'She was one of those exceptional women whom the world does not always understand. She was not like any one else whom I have ever known. She was given to dreaming, and had the most poetical ideas. I always fancied that there was some pathetic story connected with her life: if so, she never told it to me.'

Still he evinced no interest. His eyes were riveted on the Spanish picture. The light flashed in the rubies on the white neck, and the flush deepened on Miss Cameron's fair face. She would persevere, no matter how indifferent he seemed.

'Mrs. Grame, the housekeeper, said that this lady, who afterward came to be my companion, came here to Walton Court once to see the place.'

'There would be nothing strange in that,' observed Lord Rylestone; 'so many visitors used to come.'

'No, there would be nothing unusual in it; but she never mentioned having been here—it seems strange that she should have kept it a secret.'

His eyes had gone back to the Spanish picture, his thoughts to Margarita. Adelaide resolved to make him look at her and speak to her again.

(To be continued.)

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Situate on the East side of Belvidere Street. Leasehold term, 999 years. Ground rent \$9.00. For particulars, apply to

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J. F. CHISHOLM.

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