

DWELLING & SHOP.

For Sale by Private Contract. A DWELLING HOUSE, WITH SHOP (NEARLY new), in the vicinity of the Dry Dock...

John B. Curran & Co. House and Land Agents.

Nfld. Railway Lands.

80,000 ACRES, ON the line between Salmon Cove and Tilton, now offered for sale to actual settlers on liberal terms.

John Bartlett, Acting Land Agent, Brigus. or E. H. SAVILLE, General Manager, St. John's.

James Stott.

10 CASES ORANGES, 10 CASES NEW ONIONS, 30 Hds. BRIGHT GROCERY SUGAR, KIELER'S JAMS & JELLIES, GRAY'S JAMS & JELLIES, NEW BELFAST BACON, American and Canadian Hams & Roll Bacon, 50 CASES BROWN, 30 CASES CORNED BEEF.

Builders' Supply Store. LANTING. Cargo Very Superior Pine Lumber. 50 M. Refuse Pine-very cheap. Another shipment Genuine Lumber White Lead is very superior, and equal to any in the market. Try it.

SUMMER FASHIONS.

New Books and Magazines. The Summer No. of the London Graphic, with Two Extra Supplements. The Young Ladies' Journal and Bow Bells for August. The Extra Summer No. of "Boys' Own" and "Girls' Own" Papers.

Valuable Waterside Property.

Extensive Waterside Property. At Hoylesdown, near Watergrave Battery, with a Water Frontage of 275 Feet. Storage on Battery Road 250 feet, with an average Depth of 250 Feet from the Waterfront to said Road.

ADELAIDE STREET COFFEE HOUSE.

SAUSAGES, BEEF STEAK, MUTTON CHOPS, MUTTON PIES, HAM AND EGGS, Fresh OYSTERS, Soup, Tea & Coffee.

SHINGLES AND LATHS.

ON SALE. By P. & L. TESSIER, CEDAR PINE SPRUCE and FIR SHINGLES.

Spruce Laths, selling cheap to close out.

By Dryer & Greene.

60 SUPERIOR HAMS, at 6d. per pound.

86 Brls. Superfine Flour, at 20s. per barrel.

Brick. Brick. Brick.

ON SALE. BY P. & L. TESSIER, Large Grey Stock Large Red Stock Large Flat Leghorn.

Brick. Brick. Brick. Selling at greatly reduced rates.

NOTICE.

AFTER FOUR WEEKS application will be made to His Excellency the Governor in Council for Letters Patent, under the Great Seal of this Island, for a new and useful improvement in the process of preserving fish, meat, poultry, and other perishable articles.

Fresh Indian Corn. NOW LANDING. Ex brigantine "Eugenie" from New York. 300 BAGS.

FRESH YELLOW INDIAN CORN. In regular cotton bags. Choice Food for the domestic animal.

Plank for Side Walks. 50 M. feet 2-in. and 3-in.

SPRUCE PLANK, Suitable for Side Walks. W. & C. Rendell.

New Mess Pork. NOW LANDING. ex "Fortia," from New York.

100 Barrels NEW MESS PORK. (New York Inspection.) JAMES MURRAY.

TO BE LET. A Valuable Waterside Premises, AT GREAT ST. LAWRENCE, consisting of:

Large Store, Wharf and Flake. conveniently situated, and in every respect suitable for a large business.

Fresh Superior Extras. NOW LANDING. Ex steamer "Polino" from Montreal.

1500 Brls. Fresh Superior Extra Flours. AS FOLLOWS: 250 Barrels "GOLDEN SEAR," 250 Barrels "WALKERSTON," 250 Barrels "ORBIT PET," 250 Barrels "ROYAL."

NEW NOVA SCOTIA BUTTER. FOR SALE. BY J. & W. PITTS.

New Nova Scotia Butter. IN SMALL PACKAGES. Ex "NEVA" from Antigonish, N.S.

FOR SALE. BY JOHN S. SIMMS, 2 Second-hand PIANOS.

The Evening Telegram.

TUESDAY, JULY 27, 1886.

WAR IN THE HOUSE.

Mr. Laird Hits Mr. Cobb a Blow on the Nose. FROM LAND LAWS TO FISTICUFFS.

WASHINGTON, July 16, 1886.—Since the day when Preston S. Brooks, of South Carolina, assaulted Senator Sumner, nearly thirty years ago, there has not been as much Congressional blood spilled as there was to-day in the lobby of the House. The combatants were Representatives Thomas E. Cobb, of Vincennes, Ind., a democrat, representing the Second district of that State; and James Laird, a republican, of the Second Nebraska district.

The conversation was regarding the land question, and Mr. Laird took occasion to say that he regretted that Mr. Cobb had not been fair enough to quote what he thought was due him in regard to the allegations made by Mr. Cobb in the controversy in the House several weeks ago involving his name. The reply of Mr. Cobb was not calculated—perhaps not intended—to be soothing, and Mr. Laird, irritated by the remarks of Mr. Cobb, replied in kind.

The two members were at once on the defensive and both filled with an aggressive spirit. The House was in session and the conversation proceeded in subdued voice. THE CHALLENGE. The irritating remarks had passed into a challenge, and Mr. Cobb said if Mr. Laird would leave the House and go out where he could have full use of his muscles he would wipe up the floor of the Capitol with the body of the Nebraska Congressman. Mr. Cobb is a tall man, broad chested and fifty-eight years old. Mr. Laird is a vigorous man of solid frame, sanguine temperament, and only thirty-seven years old.

The invitation of Mr. Cobb was promptly accepted. Mr. Laird saying: 'Let us avail ourselves of your generous tender and lose no time.' The two excited Congressmen quietly passed out of the hall by the west entrance from the lobby, Mr. Laird being in advance. Just where they were to go had not been decided upon, and the Nebraska Congressman in a sort of aimless manner, walked down the stairway leading to the Speaker's basement office. When he had reached the middle landing Mr. Payson, who had heard the conversation in his seat between the would-be belligerents, thinking there might be a breach of the peace, had hurried out of the hall in time to arrest further progress on Mr. Cobb's part. He entered the lobby and tried to be so frolic as to follow up the Nebraska Congressman, but return to the lobby and for the matter pass on any exhibition of temper.

THE PROVOCATION. Mr. Laird saw that Mr. Cobb hesitated, and he, too, turned back, reaching the head of the stairway where Mr. Payson and Mr. Cobb still stood. The latter was talking and emphasizing his opinion of Mr. Laird, and he in turn expressed himself without reserve. The conversation might be given verbatim, but as the expletives and adjectives used are not such as the readers of the Herald would like to see in its columns, their place may be supplied by—'You are a d—d' and 'You are another'.

Mr. Payson still maintained the position of peace-maker, and in his quiet manner begged them not to make a scene. The doorkeepers and other employes of the House near the west entrance to the lobby looked on with amazement. Up to this time it had simply been an unparliamentary discussion of the relative standing of the two Congressmen for virtue, integrity, honesty and an allegation involving hereditary honors.

THE BLOW. Mr. Laird, who, as a soldier in his younger days had been in several battles, found his left arm reaching its full length somewhere over the shoulder of Mr. Payson, and the obstacle hit was the nose of Mr. Cobb. 'Blood, Iago, blood!' 'That smacks,' said Mr. Laird, for provocation. 'Now if you want satisfaction and will come out of the building I will riddle your body with bullets so that your best friend could not recognize you.'

That at least is what the spectators thought they heard him say. Mr. Payson, who has been a judge and still preserves the quiet demeanor of his judicial function, now interposed the entire front of his broad chest and demanded peace. The sudden manner in which Mr. Cobb had leaped against the entrance door to the lobby, convinced him it was time the angry feelings of the two Congressmen ended, and that was the end.

Mr. Laird returned to his seat in the House and Mr. Cobb went into the retiring room for members and washed away the gory fluid which Mr. Laird's left hand has caused to flow from the Indiana Congressman's nose. Mr. Cobb soon after occupied his seat, and so far as personal appearances would indicate, he had not suffered very much. The two gentlemen continued to faithfully discharge their duty to their constituents until the House adjourned, and will probably avoid each other for some time to come. The House will not take any notice of this violent exhibition of temper, and the relative position of the seats of the two Congressmen will keep them apart, so far as space in the House is concerned. Mr. Cobb, however, later in the afternoon, to show that he was not intimidated, again visited Mr. Payson and had a long conversation with him on business concerning pending land bills. Mr. Laird was not in his seat, and so the quarrel was not renewed.

THE FALSE VOW; "HILDA."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE." CHAPTER XXII. (Continued.)

Bertie introduced Mr. Fulton to him, and Lord Bayneham, who liked all pleasant things, was struck by his gay, easy, graceful manner, and his flow of conversation.

'I have not many minutes this evening,' he said. 'Perhaps, Mr. Fulton, you will favor me with a call some time to-morrow; then we can discuss the Gulton business at our leisure.' That being settled, Lord Bayneham returned home. The ladies were pleased to hear of Bertie's prospects, for the handsome young secretary was a favorite with all. Barbara Earle made no remark, but her face flushed and her eyes shone brightly. She looked serenely fair and calm. That evening, when she stood alone in her room, she took from a little pearl casket a small golden apple and touched it with her lips as though it were something living, smiling as she did so at her own pleasant thoughts.

'I am always coming across old friends,' said Lord Bayneham to Hilda the day following. 'I met your old admirer, Captain Massey, this morning; he is leaving England in the autumn and will dine with us to-day.'

It was a party of old friends who met that evening in Grosvenor Square. Lady Bayneham professed herself delighted to see Bertie. Barbara said little; her greeting was kind and gentle, but that did not satisfy the handsome secretary. Perhaps Captain Massey was less at his ease than some of the others. He had dearly loved Lady Hutton's ward, and her marriage with Lord Bayneham had been a bitter blow to him; not that he thought himself worthy of her or that she ever gave him any encouragement. He loved her hopelessly and humbly. There were times when he raved against fortune and fate, wishing he were anything but a brave captain, with nothing but an honorable name to recommend him. After Hilda's marriage he left London, and had just returned to make arrangements for leaving England on a mission of some importance.

Then Lord Bayneham met him, and greeted him warmly, pressing him to waive all ceremony and dine with him. Captain Massey was sorely puzzled. He longed to gaze again upon the fair young face that had been the one star of his hope and love; he longed to see her in her own home surrounded by luxury and love. Then he could take the picture into exile with him, and think of it when he felt dull and lonely. So he yielded, and went to dinner, looking with sad eyes upon the one face that had been all the world to him. She welcomed him warmly and kindly, her little white hands outstretched to meet him. There was no thought of love or lovers in that pure, guileless heart. She had never known that he cared for her.

And this man, who had loved the fair young girl so hopelessly, saw what others had never noticed. He read the expression of that face and those who lived with her. She was even more beautiful than before her marriage, but the beauty was changed. The first flush of youth and happiness had died out of it, never to return. He saw something of constraint in the smiles that had once seemed ever to linger round her lips. He noticed that when she was neither speaking nor listening an expression of deep thoughtfulness came over her, and then Captain Massey said to himself that the woman he loved either had a secret or was not happy, he could not tell which.

'Barbara,' said Bertie Carlton to Miss Earle, 'you are very cruel to me.' She opened her eyes in well-acted surprise. 'Five times,' said he, 'have I, presuming on your half consent, written to you; and never one word have you vouchsafed in reply. Will you never write to me?' 'Yes,' she replied; 'if your maiden speech should be a good one I will write a note of congratulation.'

'And if I fail—remember, I cannot control circumstances—and do not either make a speech or secure my seat, what shall you do then, Barbara—throw me overboard altogether?' 'No,' said Miss Earle slowly; 'in that case I should—'

She paused and half turned her face from him. 'You would—what?' he cried impatiently; 'don't torture me, Barbara.' 'I should, most probably, write you a long kind letter, bidding you take courage and never despair.'

BANKER FOR SALE.

Scot. "WAVERLY," 40 Tons; built of American oak; well found, having 200 fathoms cable, 12 dories, 60 fms chain; Sails new, and in good running order; everything suitable for the Banks. Now lying at McDougall's wharf, East of Custom House. Enquire at S. MARCH & SONS, or to Captain on Board.

Sky Rockets!

FOR SALE BY P. & L. TESSIER, 55 DOZEN ASSORTED ROCKETS, North SYDNEY COAL.

NOW LANDING, ex "Rosey" from North Sydney, at BROOKING'S Premises.

A Small Cargo Large, Bright, Screened, NORTH SYDNEY COAL, For sale Cheap while discharging. JAS. MURRAY.

First Runnings Barbados Molasses. On Sale at Brooking's, A CARGO VERY CHOICE FIRST RUNNINGS Barbados Molasses, in puncheons, tierces and barrels. JAMES MURRAY.

McGILL UNIVERSITY, MONTREAL.

THE CALENDAR FOR THE SESSION 1886-87 is now published and contains detailed information respecting conditions of Entrance, Course of Study, Degrees, etc., in the several Faculties and Departments of the University, as follows:— FACULTY OF ARTS—Opening September 16th, '86. DONALDA SPECIAL COURSE FOR WOMEN—September 16th. FACULTY OF APPLIED SCIENCE—Civil Engineering, Mechanical Engineering, Mining Engineering, and Practical Chemistry—September 16th. FACULTY OF MEDICINE—October 1st. FACULTY OF LAW—October 1st. MCGILL NORMAL SCHOOL—September 1st. Copy of the Calendar may be obtained on application to the undersigned. W. C. BAYNES, B.A., Address—McGill College, July 24, 86 Secretary.

New Mess Pork.

Now landing, ex "Por" from New York. 250 Barrels NEW MESS PORK. JAS. MURRAY.

SALT. SALT. (AFLOAT.)

140 TONS CADIZ SALT, LANDING BY "DARIELA." P. & L. TESSIER.

Strawberries. Strawberries.

Fresh gathered every Hour of the Day, in Large or Small quantities, at MRS. PENSTON'S, Asylum Road.

FOR SALE, A PLEASURE BOAT.

Will be sold cheap, if applied for immediately. Apply to PARK FAREWELL, or THOMAS W. SPRY.

COAL. COAL.

ON SALE, BY P. & L. TESSIER, 250 tons Large, Bright North SYDNEY COAL.

P. Jordan & Sons, CLOTHING & DRY GOODS,

222, - Water Street, - 222,

NEW PATTERN TWEEDS & FANCY SUITINGS,

Men's Cheap Tweed Suits from 30s. to 40s. Men's Good Tweed Suits from 45s. to 60s. Men's Diagonal Suits from 45s. to 70s. BOY'S SUITS AT ALL PRICES.

All Orders for Clothing shall have their best attention in every particular.

First Prize and Gold Medal—First Prize.

THE "GENUINE SINGER" has taken the first prize and gold medal at the International Health Exhibition, London, England, over all other Sewing Machines.

- 1st—Uses the shortest needle of any lock-stitch machine. 2nd—Carries a finer needle with a given size thread. 3rd—Uses a greater number of sizes of thread with one size needle. 4th—Will close a seam tighter with linen thread than any other machine will with silk. 5th—The shuttle holds the most thread. 6th—Draws the needle thread both down and up while the needle is out of the goods, therefore there is less friction on the needle and thread, consequently a tighter and more elastic seam.



- Strength and durability in metal. 2nd—Incomparable for ease of operation. 3rd—Not equalled for simplicity of construction. 4th—Great rapidity, and almost noiseless. 5th—Equipped with every valuable improvement. 6th—Range of work far exceeding any other machine.

THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 72 Water Street, St. John's - 75 Water Street, Harbor Grace M. F. SMITH, Agent.

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 £227,333,700. Claims arranged and paid with promptitude and liberality.

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 1880. Life premiums in 1881 157,000 0 0 Interest 101,000 0 0

Head Office: London, 1, Moorgate Hill; Aberdeen, 3, King Street. The undersigned has been recently employed to effect insurances on all kinds of property in Newfoundland, at current rates of premium.

Royal Insurance Co., of Liverpool.

John H. McLaren, manager; Digby Johnson, sub-manager. FIRE. Funds in hand exceed £6,000,000. LIFE. UNQUESTIONABLE SECURITY. Assurance fund exceeds £5,000,000. Large participation in profits by policyholders. A bonus amounting to 27 1/2% per cent on each year assured was paid for the preceding five years. Profits are divided every five years. Forfeiture of policy cannot take place from unintentional abandonment.

Phoenix Fire Insurance Company.

ESTABLISHED, A. D. 1782.

TRUSTEES AND DIRECTORS: Joseph W. Barnsdale, Esq.; George Arthur Fuller, Esq.; Charles Emanuel Goodhart, Esq.; The Hon. Edwin B. Fortman; The Hon. James Byng; N. Rhodes Hawkins, Esq.; John Clifton, Esq.; Sir J. Lubbock, Bt., M.P., F.R.S.; Charles Thomas Jones, Esq.; Hon. Director: JOHN J. BROOMFIELD, Esq.; JOHN J. BROOMFIELD, Esq.; WILLIAM MACDONALD AND FRANCIS B. MACDONALD.

The engagements of this office are guaranteed by a continuous and healthy 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.

Thrown on the World.

BY CHARLOTTE M. BRADEN.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

"I MUST SHARE HER AT ANY SACRIFICE." (Continued.)

"I can never do that," she said to herself—

"I must not do it; for Cyril's sake I must claim Cyril's own, cost what it may."

So, a hundred times each hour, she argued to herself; one reason overstepping another, one argument seeming to her stronger than another, until the tired brain grew weary, and the aching heart ready to break.

What was she to do? She appealed from earth to Heaven; she raised her weeping eyes to the clear, blue skies; she tried to quiet the whirl of her thoughts, and find out what her duty was. She tried to find the highest and the noblest, but the storm of emotion was too great for her—thoughts, feelings, inclination, duty, all warred together; the overtaxed brain gave way, and a violent fever was the result.

She was not the first whom duty, inclination, principle, and pity, all warring together, had brought to the verge of the grave. When she discovered what was the matter with herself, and tried in vain to arrange her wandering thoughts, she grew still more frightened. What would happen if delirium should seize her, and she should talk of those things that she would so fain have kept secret? She knew Lady Clotilde's kindly feeling for her. What if she should come to visit her, and hear only one word of this terrible secret?

Silvia trembled; and in her nervous fear she did exactly what she should have avoided—asked Mrs. Greville not to let Lady Dyncourt see her, so betraying to both a hidden, secret fear they could not understand.

She was some time in recovering; but Mrs. Greville kept faith most honorably with her. She allowed no visitors, however friendly, to enter the room; she engaged a strong nurse, accustomed to delirious patients, who paid no more heed to her raving than if it had been so much Greek; and then, when slowly, but surely, Silvia recovered, she forbore asking her any questions, or teasing her by any remarks, which was, perhaps, the greatest kindness of all.

Days passed by, and Silvia, looking like the shadow of her former self, began to resume her duties and take up the burden of life. She had come to no decision as to what she should do; she was no nearer any definite resolution than she had ever been; it was all chaos to her. She could see no gleam of light in the darkness; no sunshine, no break in the thick cloud. Turn which way she would, all was misery, confusion, unhappiness and despair.

"If I could but find some stronger, clearer mind than my own to lean upon," she said to herself; "if I could but take my trouble to some wise, learned, good man, who could tell me in Heaven's name, and for Heaven's sake, what was best, how thankful I should be. I must wait—I must do nothing hurriedly."

But the sound of the name Dyncourt had grown almost terrible to her—it was full of torture. One hour she said to herself that she must take patience—she must wait—do nothing on her own responsibility; the next such patience, such waiting, seemed to her little less than deadly sin. There was a duty to be done, and she must do it; there was justice to be claimed, she must claim it.

No wonder that the sweet face grew thinner and whiter every day. Mrs. Greville became alarmed at last.

"Silvia," she said, one day, "I must speak plainly to you. Do you not know that unless you change, and that quickly, you must die?"

Silvia raised her beautiful, startled eyes to the handsome face.

"I do not know anything of the kind," she said, gravely.

"Then it is in high time that you should be told that you are just recovering from a dangerous illness. You neither eat nor sleep, smile, or rest. How do you expect to get strong?"

"I had no thought about it," said Silvia.

"No; that is very evident. Do you want to leave your boy quite alone in the world?"

The lovely, gentle face grew white and wistful.

"My boy! Oh, no—a thousand times no! What could he do without me?"

"Then change your ways, my dear," said Mrs. Greville, brusquely. "I cannot help seeing that some terrible sorrow is playing upon you and eating your very life away. I do not ask what it is; I do not seek your confidence; but I advise you, if, for your son's sake, you would wish to live, do something—anything rather than what you are doing now."

Very plain words, but Mrs. Greville was accustomed to very plain speaking, and in this case it was most beneficial.

"For my boy's sake I must live," thought Silvia; "yet for me life can never be anything but a burden."

The day following, as she sat in the library, writing some letters for Mrs. Greville, that frank, imperious lady entered.

"Now, Silvia, you remember that little lecture I gave you yesterday; show that you have profited by it. Lady Clotilde is here, and wishes you to go out for a drive with her?"

The girl shrank, white and shuddering, faint with dread, even at the very sound of the name.

"I—I can not go," she cried, faintly.

"Nonsense," was the calm reply. "You must—it will do you good. Surely you can not refuse Lady Clotilde any favor she asks from you?"

Silvia trembled violently.

"Whatever it is that is wrong," said Mrs. Greville to herself, "it concerns Lady Clotilde, although she may not know it."

How the argument would have ended is quite uncertain, but that Lady Dyncourt appeared that moment on the scene.

"Silvia," she cried, "how glad I am to see you! I had not patience to wait for your answer, so I followed Mrs. Greville. Do you know that it is three weeks since I saw you?"

And Lady Clotilde, bending down, kissed the white face, while a low moan came from Silvia's lips.

"If I could but die!" she murmured to herself. "How am I to bear it?"

How was she to stab that loving heart, to blight that life, to bow that graceful head with such deep unmerited shame?

"I will not hear one word of excuse," said Lady Clotilde. "The morning is fine, the air fresh. Come, Silvia, you can not say nay to me."

CHAPTER LXIX.

FACE TO FACE AT LAST.

"SILVIA," said Lady Dyncourt, when they were out of sight, "I cannot understand you; you make me very unhappy. Have I done anything that has displeased you?"

"The white, silent face was raised for one half minute, and then turned silently away."

"How can you displease me, Lady Clotilde? You have always been kindness itself to me."

"Then tell me frankly, why have you changed so utterly to me? You do not know all you were to me, Silvia; you were sweet and refreshing as a wild woodland flower among warm exotics. I used to enjoy your society as I did the fresh breeze blowing over the heather, and now you shun me, you avoid me, you even turn your face from me lest I should see it! Why is it, Silvia? What have I done?"

The pale lips quivered, the lines of anguish round them deepened. "You have done nothing, Lady Clotilde," repeated the faint voice.

"What could you do?"

"There is no effect without a cause," said Lady Dyncourt; "if I have done nothing, why have you changed so completely to me?"

"I am very unhappy," said Silvia, making a great effort to control herself and speak calmly. "I am the most unhappy creature, I believe, living at this moment in the world; and my unhappiness has changed me, Lady Clotilde. I am changed toward my own self. Pray, pray forgive me if I have seemed changed to you; I have not meant it. I owe you nothing but affection and reverence—nothing can change that."

"But, Silvia, unhappiness need not make you shun me. I know all your story; you have no secrets from me. Why not trust me, and if anything has happened, tell me?"

She did not understand the almost convulsive shudder that made the delicate figure at her side tremble.

"I am hurt, Silvia," she continued, after a time. "It is so seldom that I love any one as I love you. I am cruelly disappointed."

And the kind face grew sad, the kind eyes filled with tears, it was hard to bear. Yet, if she suffered now, what would her suffering be should she obtain one glimpse of the truth? Better by far that Lady Clotilde should think her cold, capricious, mean, changeable, unkind—anything rather than that she should know the truth; for Silvia was still undecided as to what course it would be right for her to adopt.

"I have promised you," continued Lady Dyncourt, "my friendship while I live; I have given that to few. I promised you that my husband's interest should be used for your son to advance his career."

She paused abruptly, for Silvia had laid her hand on her arm.

(To be Continued.)

I. O. G. T.

BROOKFIELD LODGE will hold its STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL

On Tuesday & Wednesday, 3d & 4th August.

The object of Festival being a desirable one (the repair of Teacher's dwelling at Brookfield) the Committee would respectfully beg a share of public patronage. Contributions gratefully received by Agnes Cowan, Sarah Penstone, Jessie Eales, and July 17, 1886. A. E. NEVILL, Sec. Com.

STORAGE.

STORAGE for all kinds of Merchandise may be had at reasonable rates at the Dry Dock. Apply to J. E. SIMPSON & Co., DRY DOCK, Riverhead.

The Villa Nova Bakery.

VISITORS to Topsail, Villa Nova & Kell-grove, will be glad to hear that they can now purchase excellent BREAD at the NEW BAKERY, Villa Nova Orphanage. Bread will be sold at Mrs. Allen's and Mrs. Daly's shops, in Topsail and at Mrs. Wald's, Kell-grove. All Orders addressed to Bakery, Villa Nova, will be attended to. Excursionists by dealing with us will be saved the trouble and expense of bringing bread from town. If sent as your Order early, we will guarantee satisfaction. July 17

EXCELSIOR TEAM, 2.40 and always safe.

T. B. SKINNER, PROPRIETOR.

T.B.S. takes this opportunity of acquainting his many friends and the public that he is still running that well-known first-class team; and whilst thanking his many friends for their liberal patronage in the past, he would respectfully solicit a continuance of their favors. T.B.S. guarantees to his customers every comfort that easy running, hooded or open carriages are capable of producing, and challenges his first-class opponent against anything in the land for Wedding parties, &c. Parties desirous of hiring Brougham can have single horse or pair. RESIDENCE—23 Cochrane Street. 25 South West Street.

Building Materials.

ON SALE. At BROOKING & Co.'s, 100 Brits East Hamburg and London PORTLAND CEMENT. 100 N. Bristol, Bangor & Hamburg BRICK. 100 N. Best Fir SHINGLES. July 12 JAMES MURRAY.

Two Building Lots

FOR SALE. Lot No. 1—50 feet frontage, 80 feet rearage, near the Penitentiary. ONLY \$200.00. Lot No. 2—25 feet frontage, 80 feet rearage. ONLY \$100.00. Remember the above lots are freehold property. Apply to July 14 J. B. CURRAN & Co.

STORAGE.

Bond and other Storage may be had to the extent of 2000 tons. Apply to JAS. R. KNIGHT, Commission Merchant. July 10

Now Townships Butter & Cheese.

JUNE MAKE NOW LANDING. Ex "Polino" from Montreal. 50 Tubs "June Make" NEW TOWNSHIPS BUTTER, 50 NEW CANADA CHEESE, (JUNE MAKE.) JAS. MURRAY, CARD!

JAMES B. SOLATER.

Manufacturers' Commission and Forwarding Agent, OFFICE AND SAMPLE ROOM, 151 WATER STREET & 151, OVER O'NEILL'S DRUG STORE. HILLS & HUTCHISON, H. E. HONNELL, (U.S.) Canadian Woolens, Laces and Tricots. SAMPLES to select from at the above Rooms. July 9

TO BE LET.

That Spacious Dwelling House, with all modern improvements, stable, &c., situated on the FRESH WATER ROAD, formerly occupied by the late William Campbell. Apply to Office of Builders' Supply Store, Or on the premises. July 9

To Let for Summer Months, A DWELLING HOUSE

within a few minutes' walk of the town—terms moderate. Apply at this office. June 16, 86 J. SINCLAIR TAIT, M.D., L.R.C.P., London, L.R.C.S., Edinburgh. Office and Residence: (for the present) 129, 130, KNIGHT'S HOME.

The Evening Telegram

TUESDAY, JULY 27, 1886. POPULAR RIGHTS AND PRIVILEGES SET ASIDE.

What the Present Coalition Really Means.

Individualism rests on the principle that a man shall be his own master, that he shall have liberty to form his own opinions, and freedom to carry into effect his resolves.

The word individualism, according to an eminent authority, means "a political system which regards the rights and interests of individuals in a community, as opposed to socialism."

Now, the question arises, in how far do the people of Newfoundland, at this moment, participate in the system to which we here refer? True, general elections are held every four years, there is an annual session of the Legislature as usual, and, to the casual observer, the machinery of Responsible Government would seem to run just as smoothly here as it does in any of the neighboring Provinces.

It may be asked, Why should such a condition of things exist in a British colony only about two thousand miles from the parent isle, and presided over by an officer of the Crown, sent us for the special purpose of protecting our rights and privileges? In answer, we need only say that the corruption now complained of is in a state of many years' growth.

Since then the whole political, as well as legal, temp has become so badly leavened that corruption, in some form or other, is now perceptible in almost every branch of the public service. The wholesome restraint exercised by the machine in other countries, when "hold, had men" slip into office, is absent here, for one simple reason: "that the masses of our people do not yet realize the importance of their duty to the country in this respect."

It is not the wish of the clever office-holding and office-seeking few that the people should be led to enquire into these things. Hence we are always sure to find the organs of these parties fully prepared to "wile away" any gift that may incidentally fall among the machinery employed by them to deceive their constituents.

Tommented with this feeling of uneasiness and insecurity, we turn from the subject in disgust and seek relief in the ordinary affairs of life. Meanwhile the dishonest politician continues to ply his plundering avocation. Every year witnesses the disappearance of from £200,000 to £300,000 of the public money, and still no attempt is made by the people to bring the thieves to justice.

We cannot say just here what effect the present coalition plot will have in the way of arousing a healthier sentiment in the popular breast. Some little time, of course, will be needed to enable us to fully realize the meaning of this arbitrary act.

Anything would be better than the petty political tyranny of a hierarchy or an oligarchy, and it is of vital consequence that we should realize this fact of life. Otherwise, let us do

away with the farce of secular Government altogether, and leave the control of temporal affairs, as well as spiritual, entirely in the hands of the church of England Synod, the Roman Catholic Consistory, the Methodist Conference and the Presbyterian General Assembly.

AMUSING ALLIANCES.

It must be rather amusing to old timers in this community to witness some of the new alliances lately developed in connection with the game of politics here, and how "the exigencies of the situation," as Mr. A. J. W. McNeilly, the Acting Attorney General, would say, bring together in the close "bonds" of a bread-and-butter friendship foes who had used to know each other best afar off and at the point of a dagger!

Here, for instance, is Mr. A. J. W. McNeilly himself, associated with the Rev. Moses Harvey, F.R.G.S., as joint editors of the Evening Mercury, and both of them so trying to disguise his style as each to pass for the other's. Yet these "noble Roman brothers" once fought like Kilkeny cats, as witness the "skinning letters" written and published by Mack in the old Telegraph newspaper about the Rev. Moses, charging the latter with stealing away from a prayer meeting in his church to attend a Governor's dinner-party, and with leaving the Sacrament table halfly one 'Sabbath in order to drive over to Conception Bay to meet the cable steamer Purduoy.

On the other hand, witness the sty cedeastic who now helps Mack with the Mercury, blackguarding that little man in defence of the Whiteway administration, as a quarrelsome and bad-tempered mischief-maker, who would break up any political party, in six months and whose uncle was to be deprived of the public clocks because the nephew had "struck" work as a Whitewayite!

Now these two political prospectors, in their search for gold, have met again in the same field and all is forgiven. "My dear Moses," says Mack, "how I love you! I have never so loved anybody in the wide world. Let me but kiss the hem of that shabby black coat again and I shall die in peace."

As for his part, "the eminent divine" is as suitably affected as he could possibly be by one of his own sermons. "Mac Keefeley," cries he, "my own lord, long-hat Mac Keefeley, come to my bosom once more. Too long have we been parted, by the wrong of fate, until my heart was almost steeled against thee. But now, Mack! we sail again in the same boat, and she is copper-fastened this time. Heave the lead, brother, and let it hit the common enemy. Between us we have a sufficient stock of brass to last out the voyage, and before our bows are 'silver'd over' we'll reach the Eldorado of our hope—the golden shore!"

FRUIT AND FLOWER FESTIVAL.

The annual fruit and flower festival of the Methodist Church and Paragon Aid Society had such a brilliant opening to-day in Victoria Hall that its fair promoters already predict for it "the greatest success yet." Of course the good ladies will have a busy time this afternoon, and the Hall will be visited by hosts of large-hearted and liberal-handed patrons, of all denominations. But still there'll be room, after business hours, for the great number of young ladies and gentlemen who expect to luxuriate amid the fairy-like scene from 8 to 10 this evening. Admission only 10 cents; and no collection at the close. Why, 'tis positively within reach of everybody.

A MERE PUPPET.

An error of two occurred in yesterday's article entitled, "An Unworthy Scotchman." The third sentence should read as follows:—"In the face of all his (Mr. Thornburn's) professions of political integrity, independence and strict commercial principles, here we find him to-day a mere puppet in the hands of a few of the most unscrupulous politicians in the country—men who positively take no interest in anything that does not put money into their own pockets."

HIS WINNING WEIGH.

We should like to ask the junior legal editor of the Mercury the following conundrum: How does it happen that Mr. March gets the Government coal contracts and the other tenderers are left out in the cold? Does he give it up? Answer. Because of his winning weigh.

COME HOME, JAMES.

We understand the following cable telegram was despatched, at the public expense, to the Hon. James S. Winter on Saturday last: WINTER, London: Coalition completed; return soon possible. THORNBURN.

LETTER FROM MR. JOHN SAVAGE.

DEAR SIR,—I shall feel obliged by your giving me space in the columns of your paper to show to the public the harsh and illegal manner in which I have been treated by Keeper McGowen of the Penitentiary. In the month of May, 1885, I was appointed Turnkey in the Penitentiary, the duties of which I fulfilled until the 15th April last, when I was suspended by Mr. McGowen. No reason whatever was assigned by that official for suspending me from duty.

When appointed to the Penitentiary I was under the impression that, as I was residing in the gaol, board would be supplied me. A man, Hammond, who was ostensibly appointed as a Turnkey, (but in reality Keeper McGowen's servant, as he drives his horse, looks after his cow, attends his house, etc.) was furnished with board, as were, also, two other men who were engaged as Acting Turnkeys. The Keeper was opposed to me from the very first day that I went to the gaol. He openly stated that as he could not get a certain friend of his appointed that I would not be long there, and he has faithfully kept his promise. When I presented myself at the Penitentiary, on my appointment, he was so bitterly opposed to me that he gave me no instructions as to the performance of my duty; he treated me all through more as a felon than as an official; however, I put up with all the insults and sneers that I was subjected to by this pompous official.

During the last session of the Legislature a petition was presented by Mr. Kent, Q.C., from three of the officers of the Penitentiary, including myself. This petition set out the grievances under which we were labouring. (1) It prayed for an increase of salary, as the pay was inadequate. (2) That the officials be supplied with board, the same as is allowed in English prisons. (3) That two of the petitioners, Jonathan Martin, who has been Warder for twenty years, and John Fleet, who has been in the establishment for fifteen years, be restored their gardens, which were valued at fifteen pounds each, which they held for a number of years, and in which they were able to supply themselves with all kinds of vegetables for their families until they were taken from them by the avaricious Keeper.

Before this petition was presented in the House of Assembly, Mr. McGowen was informed that it was the intention of the officers to bring the matter before the Legislature. The Honorable Attorney General was requested to support the petition when it would be brought forward. The following is a copy of the letter forwarded to Mr. Winter: PENITENTIARY, March 20th, 1886. To Hon. Attorney General, J. S. WINTER, Esq. Sir,—We, the undersigned, would respectfully ask you to support a petition which we are sending to the House of Assembly, praying that we may get our rations, with increase of salary, as we can assure you it would be a great help to us. We are getting a small salary, we may say an insufficient sum to support us; not only that but we are put to great inconvenience as regards getting our food; we are constantly on duty, which leaves us scarcely any time to get it from our homes. The petition will be presented on Monday, and if not, as soon as possible, after which you will be able to better understand the nature of it. JOHN SAVAGE.

St. John's, April 22nd, 1886. To the Governor of the Penitentiary, JOHN FLEET, RICHARD RYAN.

On the day after the petition was presented, 15th April, I was immediately suspended by Keeper McGowen, and, as I have already stated, no reason was given for my suspension. I repeatedly demanded the reason why I was suspended, but could receive no answer. I also demanded to be furnished with the charge or charges, if any, and that a sworn enquiry into the case be held, but it would not be granted. The following is a copy of a letter forwarded to Keeper McGowen on 22nd April: St. John's, April 22nd, 1886. To the Governor of the Penitentiary, Sir,—I would respectfully ask of you whether I am dismissed from my situation or merely suspended, and, also, what I have been guilty of to deserve either one or the other. I desire to say that I know of nothing of which I have been guilty which merited either one or the other. As I have to petition the Executive Council I would like to be able to say with what offence I am charged and whether dismissed or suspended. I have the honor to be, Your obedient servant, JOHN SAVAGE.

Not getting any answer, I sent him another note. The following is a copy: St. John's, April 24th, 1886. To the Governor of the Penitentiary, Sir,—Would you be kind enough to favor me with an answer to the letter I sent you on yesterday; by so doing you will oblige me. Your obedient servant, JOHN SAVAGE.

On the 12th instant, I received a letter from Mr. McGowen, informing me that my services, as an officer of the Penitentiary, were no longer required. This letter purporting to be

written on the 1st July, but at the time I received it (12th July) the ink was not dry on it.

In another letter I shall lay before you further particulars regarding the high-handed manner in which I was treated by Keeper McGowen. I am, sir, Your obedient servant, JOHN SAVAGE.

St. John's, July 22nd, 1886.

LETTER FROM AN "OUT-PORT CLERGYMAN."

DEAR SIR,—As a rule political squabbles are to me matters of no moment whatever. The question of amalgamation of political parties, however, at the present juncture, is too serious a one to be trifled with, and, as one interested in the present and future weal of the colony, I deem it wise and right to record my protest against this wily scheme of the present tatterling Administration, before it becomes ratified and settled as the laws of the Modes and Persians. I submit, Mr. Editor, with all possible earnestness and sincerity, that the question of right and wrong—of what is constitutional and what is unconstitutional, and the probable disastrous issues that would follow close on the heels of such an arrangement as that aimed at by greedy office-seekers, are matters of paramount importance—matters that should guide the hand, the heart, and the head in relation to this important question. I am entirely out of sympathy, sir, with those persons who, from personal motives of course, endeavour to make it appear that the present general depression in trade and the gloomy outlook of the fisheries are arguments in favor of a patched-up, unconstitutional Government. If constitutional order is perverted in the present instance, deleterious consequences must follow, and a precedent will be established that might, possibly, at some future time, embroil our entire population in social and political confusion. Would this amalgamation business be a safe rule to work by, for all future Governments? Certainly not, and I am inclined to the opinion that the protraction of this business is simply the result of the desperate struggles of right for its proper ascendancy over wrong, even in the minds of those persons who have so far yielded as to hear the overtures of the Government party. I am not of opinion that there are any conscientious scruples on the other side.

I am astonished, Mr. Editor, that the Hon. Mr. Thornburn and our shrewd and far-seeing Roman Catholic friends should lend themselves to such an unsound proceeding. If the Premier has become unpopular, and does not carry with him the public sentiment of the colony, he is to be overthrown, and under present circumstances this matter should be tested at the polls as early as possible. What is a Premier's duty as a government—supported by public sentiment?

Let our public men be wise and act in concert with the public will. Let them endeavor to achieve "noble ends by noble means," and prove themselves worthy of the trust and confidence of the people. Yours, &c., AN OUTPORT CLERGYMAN.

SHORT NOTE FROM "ONE WHO KNOWS."

DEAR SIR,—The editor of the Mercury needsn't flatter himself that the Catholics feel in any way indebted to him or his party in connection with the Amalgamation terms. What Catholic believes these terms were given to Catholics from any consideration for them? Not one. Only to save their own skins. They tried to run the Government without the Catholic element until they found they were at a loss, and then they came whining to us for aid. Who blames us if we took advantage of the situation and asked all we could get? But if fair and even-handed Protestants had held the Government in the first instance there wouldn't be either injustice to Catholics then or over indulgence now. Yours, &c., ONE WHO KNOWS.

St. John's, July 27, 1886.

DEAD.

On Sunday, 25th inst., in St. John's, in the 86th year of his age, Mr. Samuel Millin, an old and respected citizen of Bonaville, and father of Mrs. C. E. Thompson and Mr. James Millin.

Last night, Alice, relict of the late James Barry, Esq., died on Thursday, at 2.30 p.m., from her late residence, Lime Kiln Hill.

This morning, Bridie, aged 1 year and 7 months, infant daughter of Stephen and Mary Angell.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ENTERED. Kite, Ann, Sydney, 3 days, Rowing Bros.—230 tons coal. Waverly, Morris, Gloucester, 3 days, the Captain—ballast. Minnie, Rowe, Glouce Bay, 3 days, Dock Co.—154 tons coal. W. R. Lattimer, Davies, Sydney, 3 days, E. Monroe—260 tons coal. D. A. Hunting, Ashburn, Glouce Bay, 19 days, M. Tobin—100 tons coal. David Binns, Jones, Cadiz, 30 days, W. Grievie & Co.—180 tons salt. Plover the Sea, Hayes, Bouris, 3 days, J. & W. Pitts—35 head cattle, 65 sheep, 10 pigs, 4 bris. heads, 2 horses, 655 bush oats. Zenoni, French, Glouce Bay, 4 days, J. Woods & Son—400 tons coal. Maggie, Kerr, Cadiz, 24 days, Baine, Johnston & Co.—160 tons salt. Helen Isabel, O'conn, Greenock, 24 days, Baine, Johnston & Co.—810 tons coal, 10 casks, 150 bris. sugar, 2 qr. casks whiskey. Rosie, Hale, Sydney, 3 days, J. Murray—162 tons coal.

CLEARED.

Teasdale, Conlhan, St. Pierre, J. R. Knight—140 tons salt. Four Brothers, Forlister, New Richmond, Olliv, Wood & Co.—ballast.