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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. BOYS SUITS AT ALL PRICES.

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DWELLING HOUSE, WITH SHOP (NEARLY NEW), in the vicinity of the Dry Dock. As the best location in town for doing a small paying business—the above is well worth looking after.

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

Just Received, 10 CASES ORANGES, 10 CASES NEW ONIONS, Hilda. BRIGHT GROCERY SUGAR, KILLER'S JAMS & JELLIES, GRAY'S JAMS & JELLIES, NEW BELFAST HAMS, NEW BELFAST BACON, American and Canadian Hams & Roll Bacon.

James Stott, 50 CASES BROWN, 30 CASES CORNED BEEF, And a large and well-selected stock of New Groceries & Italian Warehouse Goods.

LUMBER, LUMBER, ON SALE BY P. & L. TESSIER, 50 M. Spruce PLANK Long 12, 14, and 16-in. Spruce Scantling assorted sizes. Spruce Studding Long lengths.

100 M. Prepared Spruce Flooring, 1, 1 1/2, and 1 3/4-in.

WANTED—(Immediately)—A SMART GIRL, in a small family, as General Servant; (is a milliner; person liberal wages will be given; must understand plain cooking. Apply at this office.

ADVERTISING RATES, Fifty Cents per inch for first insertion, every continuation, 1st page 25 cents, 2nd and 3rd page 20 cents per inch.

The Evening Telegram

TUESDAY, AUGUST 3, 1898.

All Letters for publication, and Letters containing any communications should be addressed to W. J. HERDER, Proprietor and Publisher, Gregory's Lane, St. John's, Newfoundland, or to A. A. PARSONS.

STATION No. 4.

STANDING at the corner of two unimportant streets, in Philadelphia, U.S., and having no external features to distinguish it from the numberless stables and coach-houses in its vicinity, except the words 'Station No. 4' painted in large black letters on its gray door, its unpretentious exterior gives no hint of the marvels to be found within. Yet, for all its modesty and seeming indifference to appearance, Station No. 4 is not a whit behind its more elaborate fellow-stations in matters of organization and inferior economy, down to the minutest details of drill and machinery; and the fine stalwart lads, whose acquaintance we are about to make, have shown their pluck and training in many of the most destructive fires which from time to time have ravaged the Quaker City.

As is usual in America, no order or official introduction is requisite to insure eighteers a welcome and the fullest explanation of everything of interest; nor is the application of the 'silver key' expected; while the mere fact that the visitor is a foreigner, and more especially if he proves to be an Englishman, is sufficient to secure him a hospitable reception and a more than ordinarily courteous escort. Our rap on the door-panel is instantly followed by the appearance of a sturdy, good-looking young fellow in a plain uniform of dark-blue cloth, under whose guidance we are soon deep in the mysteries of electric signalling, self-adjusting harness, and all the thousand-and-one ingenious contrivances for time-saving, which have long since made the American fire-brigades the most efficient in the world.

We find ourselves in a long narrow building, some forty or fifty feet in length, and ten or twelve in width. On one side is a staircase leading to the upper stories; on the other, a narrow gangway, kept clear of encumbrances, runs from end to end of the building. A wide doorway, like that of a coach-house, opens up on the main street; and at the farther end, facing the doorway, are three stalls, in each of which stands a horse, wearing a blind-halter, but otherwise unencumbered, not attached in any way to the stall. A single line of rails is laid in the floor from end to end, on which rest the wheels of the engine and hosecart; for, unlike our English machines, the engine does not carry either the hose itself or the men who work it, a separate two-wheeled vehicle, something of the build of a small wagonette, being employed for this purpose. This hosecart stands in front of the engine, and carries, besides the long coil of tube, all the appliances, such as axes, ropes, &c., which are likely to be needed at a fire; and a couple of the portable chemical engines, known as *Extincteurs*, packed away in boxes beneath the seats. Both engine and hosecart are furnished with large clear-toned bells, and it is the duty of one of the men to keep these bells ringing during the whole journey to a fire, as a warning to all other traffic to leave the car-tracks in the centre of the street clear for the passage of the engine. The clamour of these bells, as, in the dead of night, engine after engine rushes at full gallop through the streets, is one of the most impressive accompaniments of a great fire, and is a far more effective means of clearing a crowded thoroughfare than the shouts of the firemen, so familiar to a Londoner's ears.

BUSINESS IN CANADA.

DUN WIMAN and Co.'s business agency in Winnipeg reports that at present the business outlook in the North-West for this year is encouraging. The wholesale men report sales considerably in excess of last year, and anticipate a satisfactory termination of this year's business. The completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway to the Pacific coast gives them an increased field, and certain concessions granted them in local freight rates enables them to compete with Eastern houses. The system of giving credit has in many places been abandoned, and a very general improvement in this respect is visible. Money is readily obtained from the banks for all legitimate business purposes at from 7 to 8 per cent. A very good class of emigrants has arrived this season, and the crop prospect is excellent.

THE FALSE VOW, OR, "HILDA."

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

With a desperate effort Paul Fulon rallied—after all it could only be a resemblance that dazzled him. Daring glances he talked to the countess, yet at times the well-known music of that voice thrilled through him and bewildered him.

After dinner and when the whole party were assembled in the drawing-room, Lord Bayneham asked Hilda to sing, and she complied instantly with his wish.

The sun had set, and the evening was very fair and tranquil. In the soft, subdued light of the room the fresh face and golden hair of the young lady of Bayneham shone clear and bright. When her red lips were parted, a rich stream of passionate melody came from between them, charming all ears and warming all hearts, but filling one mind with unutterable wonder.

Paul Fulon wished to believe that he was dreaming. Who would that young girl be, singing with Magdalen's sweet voice? All at once—and to the day of his death Paul Fulon never forgot the shock—with the speed and force of electricity an idea came to him. Could it be Magdalen's child? Who else could bear her face, her smile?—who else could be so wonderfully like her? Could it be Magdalen's child and his?

The very thought stunned and bewildered him;—his child, brought to him in his prison-cell for the first and last embrace, born in poverty and distress, near the fountain and beloved wife of one of the greatest nobles in England! It was wilder than any dream, more improbable than any picture. That radiant lady, the daughter of the peasant wife he had scorned and deserted. It could never be, yet how else could he account for the wonderful likeness that had alarmed him so much?

Once more master of himself when Lady Hilda's song was ended, he went up to her and began an animated conversation in French, guessing by instinct what she would like to speak of best. He interested her by his novel description of the Italian town, and as he conversed with her his conviction grew momentarily deeper. He felt that he must be satisfied, he must know who this girl was, so like to his dead wife. He bent over her in speaking and his startled glance fell upon the white, jewelled fingers. There, between hoops of diamond and pearl, he saw a plain, old-fashioned gold ring, and on it in quaint characters was engraved the word, 'Fidelity.' He had placed that ring on Magdalen's finger's own hand soon after they were married, twenty-three years ago.

Paul Fulon was lost in amazement; he tried to remember what his heart-broken wife had said about their child. He had not cared to ask her many questions. It had been adopted, she said, by a lady. It remained for him to find out who the lady was. Conscience made him a coward; it would have been easy to have made inquiries of any of the guests, but he dared not do it.

Paul Fulon was fairly puzzled. He could neither sleep nor rest. He determined to ask questions, but to ask them cautiously.

When breakfast was ended on the following morning, he sought Bertie, and after a long discussion of the coming season he said in a carelessly assumed tone, 'Bayneham is a beautiful place and I am charmed with the grounds, and with its master too. How frank and fearless Lord Bayneham is! I consider it quite a privilege to know him.'

Bertie made some half audible reply; he was wondering if it would be possible to persuade Barbara to let him drive her out that morning.

'Lady Hilda Bayneham is very lovely,' complimented Mr. Fulon. 'Her face beautifies me. By the way—I was away from England I suppose at the time of their marriage—who was she?'

His heart beat quickly as he asked the question, but he concealed all emotion under a careless smile. 'She was Lady Hutton's daughter,' replied Bertie. 'Lady Hutton—the banker's heiress, you remember—that is, she was her adopted daughter, inheriting her fortune and bearing her name. She always passed as her child, but she was really only Lady Hutton's ward.'

'Who were her parents then?' asked Paul Fulon, his lips growing white as he spoke. 'I never heard,' replied Bertie. 'Some relatives of Lady Hutton, I suppose. I must leave you now,' added Bertie hurriedly, for he caught a glimpse of a certain blue dress, and he had been lying in wait for the wearer ever since breakfast time.

Regatta! Regatta!!

FOR SALE BY BARNES & CO., Hams, Cheese, Cigars, Confectionary, Jams, Marmalade, Butter.

Cigars! Cigars!

A RARE CHANCE FOR SHOPKEEPERS. 50,000 CIGARS, very cheap AT HARVEY & Co.'s Upper Premises, Great Variety, Splendid Assortment, Best Value. FOR SALE BY Barnes & Co.

FOR SALE. Landed from the schooner "Thomas Guthrie,"

At CLIFF'S COVE, Longers, Pickets and Posts, 1 HOUSE FRAME, Lot of 1-inch Pine Board, Lot of 2 & 3-inch Pine Plank, Lot of Birch Logs.

Apply to THOMAS DOYLE, on board schr. "Thos. Guthrie."

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All fresh-ground Superior Extras and Junos in-charge. JAMES MURRAY.

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At 28s. per barrel—RETAIL. I guarantee this Flour to be better than "Pillsbury's Best," or "Silver Queen," for family use.

T. WALSH, Opp. West & Rendell's.

First Runnings Barbados Molasses.

On Sale at Brooking's, A CARGO VERY CHOICE FIRST RUNNINGS Barbados Molasses, in puncheons, tercos and barrels.

JAMES MURRAY. TO BE LET. A small family, as General Servant; (is a milliner; person liberal wages will be given; must understand plain cooking. Apply at this office.



