

THE EVENING MERCURY.

"THIS NEWFOUNDLAND OF OURS."

Vol. IV.

St. John's, Newfoundland, Saturday, July 25, 1885.

No. 169

Where Was She —AND— What Was It.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "QUEENIE'S SECRET."

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

The wild instinct of self preservation blazed up in Aline's heart. She thought of the beautiful, sunny world outside this horrible haunted house, and the fierce desire for life flamed up within her. Should she die here like some wild thing caught in a trap, without one effort for escape?

She sprang to her feet and made a desperate rush past that horrible creature toward the door, but the footsteps of hate were swifter even than those of fear. Even as she tore open the door she felt the sharp clutch of cruel fingers on her arm, she was whirled violently backward, and the murderous dagger, already red with human gore, flashed in the creature's hand, and the next instant sheathed itself in Aline's breast. She fell across the door-sill, and lay motionless in a pool of her own spurting life blood.

CHAPTER V.

The town-clock of Chester changed the midnight hour out heavily from its hoarse, brassy throat—twelve!

Alice opened her blue eyes languidly—they were heavy, as if weighed down with lead—and looked about her.

They fell upon a scene utterly new and strange to her.

She was lying on a downy, rosewood couch, with draperies of pale blue silk and snowy lace, in the centre of a large and high ceiled room hung with azure silk, the elegant rosewood furniture being upholstered in the same lovely material. Everything about her breathed of unlimited wealth and taste, and the sweet aroma of flowers floated delightfully through the beautiful apartment from the delicate vases on the mantel, which had been filled with the choicest wealth of the garden by a lavish and unsparring hand.

"She revives, doctor," said a woman's voice.

Alice lifted her eyes quickly. An elderly grave-faced woman had come forward to the bedside, and was bending curiously over her. She was dressed in a nurse's cap and apron, and had a kind, though homely looking face.

"Who are you, and where am I?" asked Aline, gazing at this strange face in bewilderment.

"Hush, my dear! You are sick, and must not talk," answered the nurse with a slight frown.

She moved aside, and Aline saw two men behind her. A cry of fear broke from her lips. Both wore masks upon their faces; but, in the tall, well-knit figure of the foremost one, she recognized Oran Delaney.

He came forward and bent over Aline, whispering hurriedly:

"Miss Rodney, I beg you, as a special favor, to keep silence a little while. Say nothing to this stranger of how you came by your wound."

Her wound! She gave a start and memory rushed over her. She was conscious too of a sharp, stinging pain in her breast, and the cloth upon it, she perceived, was stiffened and red with oozing blood. So that horrible creature had not quite killed her!

She made no answer, for Oran Delaney moved quickly away, giving place to the masked physician. The nurse brought a basin of water, sponges, and linen, and he deftly bathed and dressed the wound, gazing curiously, now and then, at the beautiful, frightened face of his patient, who lay still as death with only a smothered moan, now and then, instantly stifled on her pale, almost icy, lips.

"I will be as gentle as I can," he said to her, kindly, but Aline did not speak. She had closed her eyes and relapsed into unconsciousness.

When she awoke she found the masked physician was gone. She was alone with the quiet, grave-looking nurse in the dimly lighted room. A sensation of fear came over her. Why was she kept in this mysterious house with this strange woman? Where was her mother?

She looked at the stranger, and asked, anxiously:

"Am I in Mr. Delaney's house?"

The woman gave her a quiet, affirmative nod in reply.

"And mamma—have you sent for her?" inquired Aline.

"You must not talk, my dear," answered the woman, soothingly.

"You must answer my question, and I want mamma, I must have her!" Aline cried out, in her imperious young voice, for she had forgotten her fear of her mother's anger in her terror at the mysteries surrounding her. Oh, to be back under the safe little roof of the cottage that nestled under the shadow of this frowning mansion, to fling her arms around her mother's neck, confessing her folly and pleading for forgiveness.

"You do not answer me," she said, after waiting vainly for an answer from the quiet nurse. "Tell me, why am I detained in the house?"

"You ought to know how you came to be here, miss," said the woman almost solemnly. "As for the rest, you are seriously wounded, and not able to be moved."

"Then you should have sent for my mother," said Aline, with pretty, peremptory dignity. "She will be dreadfully frightened at my absence. Let some one bring her at once!"

"Let us wait until to-morrow, dear," said the nurse persuasively.

(To be continued.)

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WANTED,
A CABINET MAKER,
July 24 Apply at this Office.

FOR SALE.
2 LONG CARTS, — 1 WAGGON,
1 EXPRESS WAGGON.
1 HORSE, 1 Sett HARNESS.
All the above will be sold Cheap.
July 23, 1w Apply at this Office.

TO BE LET,
Possession given 31st October next, or sooner if required.

The Brick Dwelling House,
Situating on Water Street, east, opposite the New Atlantic Hotel. Well adapted for residence of private family, or first-class Hotel. All the principal steamship piers and Railway Depots are in the immediate vicinity. Apply to
J. C. TOUSSAINT, Esq.
July 24 1m

JUST RECEIVED,
(Per "Miranda.")
Bananas, West India Oranges,
Lemons and Tomatoes.
T. CHARLES.
July 24 2t

HOME COOK BOOK.
A Few Copies of the above work may be had at
G. S. Miligan, Jr.'s
July 23 Bookstore.

TO LET.
THAT HOUSE, No. 43 Victoria Street. Immediate possession given—at present occupied by F. H. COLYER.
July 23 Apply at this Office.

INSURE YOUR KEYS.
SEND 25 cents to S. T. WHELAN, Harbor Grace, for a KEY CHECK or a PUZZLE KEY RING, with your name and address stamped on it. By mail 3 cents extra. July 18 1w

JOHN MAHER,
Land Surveyor,
45 -- Cochrane Street, -- 45
Is provided with every requisite for the Survey of Mining Claims, &c. July 23 1t

THE STANDARD
Life Assurance Comp'y.
ESTABLISHED 1857.
Constituted by Special Acts of Parliament.

ANNUAL REPORT, 1885.
THE Fifty-ninth Annual General Meeting of the Company was held at Edinburgh on Tuesday, the 28th April, 1885.
C. J. MACKENZIE, Esq., of Portmore, in the Chair.

Results communicated in the Report
Amount Proposed for Assurances during the year 1884 (2773 Proposals).....£1,552,946 10 4

Amount of Assurances Accepted during the year 1884 (2302 Policies).....£1,196,426 14 10

Annual Premiums on new Policies during the year 1884.....£44,227 12 18

Claims by Death during the year 1884, inclusive of Bonus Additions.....£549,974 10 10

Amount of Assurances Accepted during the last five years.....£6,890,825 2 7
Subsisting Assurances at 15th November 1884, (of which £1,638,388 3 10 is Re-assured with other Offices).....£20,467,532 19 2

Total Assets.....£6,466,527 17 5
Annual Revenue.....£853,854 6 9
By Order of the Board of Directors,
SPENCER C. THOMSON,
Edinburgh, 3 & 5 George Street. Manager.
May, 1885.

Board of Directors, St. John's, Newfoundland:
Hon. A. W. Harvey, | W. B. Grieve,
" M. Monroe, | James Howe.
Medical Examiners:
Dr. H. H. Stabb, | Hon. Dr. Crowdy.
HENRY J. STABB, Agent.
July 23, 3t.

I. O. G. T.
THE STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL of Brookfield Lodge, No. 39, will be held at the Brookfield Schoolhouse, on MONDAY, July 27. Doors open at 2.30 p.m. Admission 10 cents. Contributors would oblige by forwarding Fruit or Flowers on the morning of Monday, 27th, and Fancy Articles on the preceding Saturday, to any of the following committees (either at Brookfield Schoolhouse or their own residences)—Maria Owan, Sarah Penstone, Fannie Eales, and
A. B. NEVILL, Sec. Com.
July 17 10t

NOTICE.
ALL PERSONS having Claims against the Insolvent Estate of Joseph H. Taverner, Little Bay, are hereby requested to furnish the same to the Trustee, not later than August 1st. Claims made after this date will not be acknowledged.
S. W. CORNIOK, Trustee.
July 13, 10m

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Newfoundland Railway.

On and after July 1st Trains will run as follows, daily (Sundays excepted.)

Leave St. John's for Kelligrews at 6 00 a.m. and 6.35 p.m.

Leave St. John's for Harbor Grace at 10.00 a.m.

Leave Harbor Grace for St. John's at 12 20 p.m.

Leave Kelligrews for St. John's at 7.35 and 9.30 p.m.

Excursion Tickets will be sold each Thursday from all regular Stations, good on all Trains the same or following day only.

On Thursdays the evening Train from St. John's will run to Holyrood, returning will leave there at 8.55 p.m.

For rates, time tables, or further information apply to Station Agents on the line, or

THOS. NOBLE,
General Agent.

June 26 1m

ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRIES.

Riverhead Brewery.

E. W. BENNETT & Co.,
MANUFACTURERS OF

Ale, Porter, Stout and Aerated Waters.

Ice! Ice! Ice!

PERSONS requiring Ice during Summer will please leave their names at Messrs. J. B. & G. ARRE's, or at the Brewery Office. Delivered between the hours of 7 and 9 every morning, Sundays excepted.

E. W. BENNETT & Co.,
July 13, 3m

Post Office Notice.

A WAY OFFICE

For receipt and delivery of Letters and for sale of Postage stamps, will be opened at the house of

MR. HENRY COLLIS,
Opposite Old Hospital, Riverhead,

On MONDAY, 27th instant.

Letters posted there before 7.30 a.m. will be in time for mails each week day, morning. Correspondence addressed to Riverhead Way Office, will be sent there every forenoon.

General Post Office,
St. John's, 23rd July, 1885. j-1-93

BUY

ESTEY'S FRAGRANT PHILODERMA,

AT O'MARA'S DRUG STORE.

June 24 3m

Special Notice.

THE BAKERY,
CONFECTIONERY & FRUIT STORE

—IN CONNECTION WITH THE—
NEW ATLANTIC HOTEL,
IS NOW OPEN.

Where may be had a varied assortment of Bread, Breakfast and Tea Rolls,

Fancy Biscuits, Cakes and Pastry,
Together with a choice selection of

FRUIT, CONFECTIONERY,
AND OTHER FANCY GOODS.

J. W. FORAN.
July 7 1t

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

A FEW Brls. of EELS,

July 23 1w Apply at this Office.

NOTICE.

AFTER FOUR WEEKS, application will be made to His Excellency the Governor in Council for Letters Patent under the Great Seal of the Island, for a new and useful invention and discovery in the process of preserving Fish Bait, Meat, &c., in a fresh condition, to be granted to Frederick Langston, of St. John's, Brewer.

Dated at St. John's, 3rd July, A.D. 1885.

WINTER & MORISON,
July 4 4w (Times 4w) Solicitor for Applicant.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND GIRLS' SCHOOL.

A COMPETENT TEACHER, as First Assistant, will be required at the end of September next. Must be a member of the Church of England. Application with testimonials to be sent to

Rev. A. O. F. WOOD,
July 14, 31 w, 2w Secretary Committee.

A Terrible Crime

OR—
All for Gold.

CHAPTER LIII.—HER DOOM SEALED.

(Continued.)

The sound of Cassie's passionate weeping could be plainly heard, and Mr. Lauderdale was hurrying on, when a noise below attracted his attention.

Looking back, he saw that the house was full of officers.

Mrs. Dunbar turned with a frightened movement.

"There is something the matter, Mr. Lauderdale," she said. "You had better go down."

Lauderdale turned back, and the old lady fairly flew on to her daughter's room.

"Cassie!" she cried; "Cassie, the house is full of officers! They are here to arrest you!"

Cassie leaped to her feet and darted into the adjoining room, where her dead boy lay.

"Good-bye, my darling!" she panted out, stooping to kiss the white, still face. "Good-bye, little Romney!"

In another breath she was gone. Out of the room, down a back stairway, and into the servant's hall. Without pausing in her breathless flight she caught up a dark mantle and threw it over her head.

Thus arrayed she passed out through the garden plunging ankle-deep in the wet grass, soiling her dainty slippers and her costly robe.

The servants stared after her, the dogs bayed at her heels, but she took no heed.

Across the lawn and down the shaded foot-path that led to the river she flew like a creature possessed, her face ghastly, her lips apart, her eyes wide and wild with terror.

On and on, making great frantic leaps, like a wild thing with the hounds at its heels, until she reached the river that separated her from the town. There for the first time she paused, sinking down at the foot of the bridge and panting hoarsely for breath.

Down below was a railway station, and the early train was just steaming out.

"If I were there and could get on board," she panted, "I might be saved yet."

In an instant she was on her feet again, and flying across the bridge.

A second train was going out by the time she reached the town; and she got aboard; and crouching down in a corner cried for very joy under her veil as she was whirled away.

Meanwhile at Lauderdale Place the greatest confusion and consternation prevailed.

The house was searched for Mrs. Lauderdale, but she could not be found.

Little Romney lay dead, and happily unconscious of his mother's terrible fate; and Mr. Lauderdale went about like one dazed.

The day wore away and night fell, and the story of Mrs. Lauderdale's crime and her sudden flight was on every lip.

The streets were thronged with excited people up to a late hour; and when morning came the daily papers teemed with the wonderful story.

De Boganville was the unhappy woman's accuser; and there was a whisper of other crimes beside the murder of Romney Lysle.

In the midst of all this Mr. Lauderdale was summoned back to Callow Hill, where his son lay in a dangerous condition, owing to the terrible wound he had received.

Under cover of the darkness Mrs. Preston drove over to Lauderdale Place to take her mother away.

She found the old lady expecting her, with an array of trunks and boxes about her feet.

"I thought you'd come," she said, "and got everything ready. I've packed all my things and the best of Cassie's, though I can't find any jewelry of value. She must have taken her diamonds with her. We'll go, and you can send for the luggage to-morrow."

Flavia nodded.

"I'd have come sooner," she said, "but I told you, mamma, how it would be! I've always felt sure that Cassie would end her career in ruin to herself and disgrace to her friends; and now—well, I don't like to say it, but it won't amaze me if she's found guilty."

Mamma shut her lips close as she stood before the mirror adjusting her lace veil.

CHAPTER LIV.—RETRIBUTION.

All day long, changing from one train to another, Cassie Lauderdale pursued her flight from justice. She had no idea where she was going or what she should do. An insane desire to get as far as possible from her pursuers drove her on.

With the housekeeper's mantle wrapped over her gray morning-robe, and the housekeeper's veil shading her ashen face, she

crouched in a corner of the carriage, while the train flew on.

People spoke to her, but she took no heed; she sat quite still, her hands locked, her white lips shut close, only one thought in her mind and that a frantic desire to escape.

Grief for her child's death, shame, horror, every other emotion was swallowed up in cowardly terror.

"They'll hang me! I must escape!" and on she went through all the golden autumn day, and through all the luminous autumn night.

At day-dawn the train steamed into a quiet little village, and the passengers got out for an early breakfast.

Faint from want of food, she crept out with the rest, and followed them into an inn where the food was served.

"Let me have some bread and a cup of coffee," she said to the hostess, when the rest had been served.

The good woman looked at her curiously.

"Why, how bad you look, poor soul!" she said, pityingly. "Are you ill?"

Cassie drew down her veil with a shiver of terror.

"Yes, I am ill," she replied. "Let me have the coffee. I'm in a great hurry to pursue my journey."

The landlady laid her out a nice breakfast on a side table, and she had just seated herself when a man wearing an official badge stepped into the room.

He looked about him with sharp inquiring eyes. The coffee-cup fell from Cassie's shaking hand, and was shattered at her feet. She started from her seat, and was out at the door in a twinkling. Like a lapwing she went flying across the inn yard, and through an open gate into a green clover field.

"What's the matter with that woman?" he asked, following in the yard, and looking after her.

"She must be some poor, mad creature," said the landlady. "She hasn't tasted her breakfast."

Through the clover field and into the oak woods beyond the wretched fugitive made her way as fast as her trailing limbs would carry her.

But she did not hold out long; exhausted nature gave way before she was half way through the forest, and she sunk down at the foot of a great oak in a death-like swoon.

A poor, pale, disheveled fugitive she lay prone on the wet earth, she who had once reigned as an empress in the gilded salons of Paris.

A short time after her flight from the inn, another train came in, and a couple of men got off.

"Seen anything of a strange woman in these parts, dark and very handsome, wearing an embroidered cashmere robe?"

The man with the official badge, still loitering in the inn yard, struck his hands together.

"That's her to a dot, by George! She was here not half an hour ago; I might have known she was a fugitive."

"She's a murderer," said the other. "Which way did she go?"

"Right through the clover yonder and into the oak woods like a hunted hare."

They hurried after her, and in a short time found her, dead, as they believed, at the foot of the great oak.

But she leaped up at the first sound of their voices with a frantic cry.

"Oh, let me go; don't detain me; I'm ill and in such a hurry to pursue my journey."

"You must go back with us."

"No, no, no! I won't go back! See, I have money," producing a package of bills from her pocket. "You shall have all this, only suffer me to go on."

The officer shook his head.

"We don't want your money, Mrs. Lauderdale. We are here to arrest you in the name of the law."

But when they laid hands on her she fought and tore like a mad thing, and the officers were forced to pinion her and carry her back by force.

Another morning was dawning over the newly awakened world, and the birds in the green groves at Lauderdale Place were filling the golden air with melody, when—all fettered and guarded like a felon—she who had once been the belle and beauty of her native town, was marched down the quiet streets, and consigned to a cell in the old stone prison there to await her trial for her crime, so long unsuspected and concealed.

When the next assizes came around the case was taken up, and created the most extensive excitement throughout the country.

(To be continued.)

Buy your Watches and Clocks at

Ohman's & Lindstrom's, 255 Water Street.

THAT RIDICULOUS MANIFESTO.

Passing from a lengthened criticism of things he alleged Sir William Whiteway had done, Mr. Winter in his manifesto very briefly commented upon several subjects which the Premier promised to deal with in the future.

"The question of education is one which is now for the first time, as far as I am aware, mentioned by Sir William, and the paragraph in his manifesto may mean anything or nothing," says Mr. Winter, and that is all he says upon the subject.

Referring to the Premier's statement that the cost of improvements in the city of St. John's should be paid for by its citizens, instead of by the whole people of the colony, Mr. Winter asks why this injustice was not dealt with sooner.

It is in his reference to Sir William's remarks relative to Protestant rights that Mr. Winter grows most supremely ridiculous. Hear him when he says "Sir William's manifesto practically and virtually declares no fixed policy, it leaves Sir William free to construct any sort of party he pleases."

"But," says Mr. Winter, "he (Sir William) does not profess to depart in the slightest degree from the principles or policy under which in 1882 he amalgamated so freely with the Roman Catholics."

Our answer to Mr. Winter is this, if what you say be true, which we deny, your own position is made all the more absurd. In 1882 you accepted Sir William's platform, you ran as a member of his Executive, and you continued to support him for three years after the amalgamation with the Roman Catholics.

you false to your principles in 1882 and since, or are you false to them now? Ah, we forgot that when speaking a few days ago of your conduct for the past three years, you said, "all these things I did, or consented to, at the sacrifice of my principles."

But there, we have imitated Mr. Winter to a certain extent. What we said we would not do, we have done, and what we said we would do, we've left undone.

EUROPE'S RINGING SENSATION.

CARDINAL MANNING'S TRIBUTE TO THE GAZETTE.

SPURGEON'S BITTER DENUNCIATION.

LONDON, July 16.—The committee of investigation into the exposures of the Pall Mall Gazette met to-day, and were in session from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. I have already given you their names. As anticipated, the government will take no proceedings against the editor or publisher.

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fourfold lest our own country should furnish a parallel to all this. Read the story of England, beginning where you will, and see how gracious God has been to us. Note well our great deliverance, from the destruction of the Spanish Armada to the overthrow of Napoleon.

SHALL NOT GOD AVENGE THE CRY OF STARVING WOMEN?

Worse still, if worse can be; those who dare walk our streets after sundown tell us that Sodom, in its most patrid days, could scarce exceed this metropolis for open vice.

CORRESPONDENCE.

One of the Reformers gone North.

DEAR SIR,—It is understood to be a fact that Mr. Donald Morrison, who went North by last steamer, is on political business with the Orange lodges.

We understand that Mr. Morrison will read extracts in the course of his speeches from "Politics and Morality," by way of illustrating and consolidating the union now existing between the leader of the Reform Party and his lieutenant, McNeily.

MR. SPURGEON'S WARNING.

In his sermon delivered on the morning of Sunday week (Tabernaacle pulpit, No. 1844) Mr. Spurgeon dwelt on natural apostasy and national retribution as exemplified in the case of Israel; the text was John xii, 37 41.

Local and General Items.

Three cargoes of salt and three of coal arrived at this port last evening.

The steamer Curlew left Bay of Islands, homeward bound, this morning.

Four vessels bound from Sydney to this port passed Cape Race at 10.30 this morning.

The steamers Alert and Leopard were floated off the Dry Dock on Wednesday morning.

J. L. Blauvelt's subscription sale of fine arts will close early in September. The exact date will be decided on, and notices will be given, in a few days.

Sobieski Lodge, No. 6, of "the true" I.O.G.T., will meet in the Old Temperance Hall on Monday evening next, at 7.30 o'clock.

The following schooners put in here from the Grand Banks last evening and this morning:—Orion, Captain Nars, 900 qts. of fish.

There will be a pleasant little strawberry festival at Brookfield on Monday evening next. The neighborhood produces the very best berries and cream in the whole country.

The Cathedral of St. John the Baptist will be closed till August 31st, for the purpose of taking down the wall that separates the new part from the old. During this time the arrangements will be as follows:—On Sundays at 8 a.m. Holy Communion in St. Thomas's Church; at 9.45 a.m. Children's Service, 11 a.m. Morning Prayer, and at 6.30 p.m. Evening Prayer in the Synod Hall.

To-day we publish an official notification that a postal way office, for the receipt and delivery of letters, and the sale of stamps, will be established on the South Side on and after the 1st day of August.

Years ago a number of wooden letter boxes were established in different parts of the city, but frost, rain and evil disposed persons made them useless, and their use was abandoned.

DIVINE SERVICES.

SUNDAY, July 26. GOWER STREET METHODIST CHURCH.—At 11 a.m. Rev. George C. Fraker; 6.30 p.m. Rev. George Vater.

COCHRANE STREET METHODIST CHURCH.—At 11 a.m., Rev. George Vater; 6.30 p.m., Rev. G. J. Bond.

GEORGE STREET METHODIST CHURCH.—At 11 a.m., Rev. G. J. Bond; 6.30 p.m., Rev. G. J. Bond.

QUEEN'S ROAD CONGREGATIONAL CHAPEL.—Services will be conducted morning and evening by the Rev. D. Beaton.

At Pernambuco, on June 3rd last, of yellow fever, Mr. John Hurley, a native of St. John's, Nfld., aged 33 years, leaving a wife and five children to mourn their sad loss.

SUPREME COURT.

Noseworthy vs. Bowring (?).—This was a case stated for the opinion of the Supreme Court by Judge Conroy, under the provisions of 20 and 21 vic., c. 43, on an appeal by both parties.

The plaintiff, who is a Police Constable, had seized two hundred and ninety-two casks of kerosene oil belonging to the defendant, and which had been placed in a bulk lying at the Southside premises of the defendant.

It was contended by the plaintiff's counsel that the Magistrate should have made an order for the confiscation and sale of the oil under 36 vic., c. 13 sec. 3.

The defendant, by Mr. Johnson contended that the summons should have been dismissed; first, because it was the crown of a series of irregular proceedings, all taken improperly under sec. 3 of the act, 36 vic., c. 13; secondly, because it was a complaint, and was therefore quasi criminal, instead of being a civil summons at suit of the plaintiff for a penalty as prescribed by the 4th section.

The Magistrate with regard to this contention, held that as the parties were before him upon a summons, it was competent for him to adjudicate upon the offences without regard to any defect in substance or form; and with regard to the plaintiff's contention, held that the 43 vic., chap 17, being a penal statute, should be construed strictly, and that by expressly applying the 4th section of the older act, it must be held by implication to exclude the forfeitures of the other sections. He fined the defendant in the sum of two dollars, but refused to order the confiscation and sale of the oil.

The matter was argued at the late Post Tribunal Sittings by Mr. Emerson for the plaintiff, and Mr. Johnson for the defendant.

The Supreme court have now dismissed both appeals, and affirmed the conviction of the Magistrate.

Latest Telegrams.

(Special to the Evening Mercury.)

CAPE RACE, to-day. Wind S.W., fresh, showery. Barque Camellia passed inward at sunset yesterday; barquentine Sunbeam at 9 this morning; barque Hebe, of Greenock, at 10; topsail schooner Emulator at 10.30, all from Sydney for St. John's. Scher. Mavis consigned to Pitts passing now.

HALIFAX, July 25.

Bismarck proposes the neutralization of Zulfiar Pass, to solve the difficulty between Russia and Great Britain.

Francis pays the Congo Association \$3,000,000. There is a littoral between Gaboon and Loango natives hostile to France.

Supporters of the Munster Bank ask for a loan of £500,000 from the Bank of Ireland.

Gladstone's throat is affected by catarrh, and his physicians enjoin entire rest.

Last night's reception of the Venus was returning from the Northwest was the most enthusiastic ever witnessed in Halifax.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Positive Sale, AUCTION, On MONDAY next, at 12 o'clock, on the premises of— Job, Brothers & Co.,

The Cargo of the brig, "Lilian" from Barbadoes, consisting of 323 puns, 24 hds., 27 brls. MOLASSES.

Ordered to be sold on account of whom it may concern. W. H. Mare, Son & Co., July 24 Brokers.

Furniture Polish. FOR SALE BY Clift, Wood & Co.,

THREE Cases, containing the celebrated Glasgow FURNITURE POLISH, 3 gross bottles, No. 4, 2 gross bottles, No. 8. Received on consignment, per S.S. Hanoverian, from Liverpool. jr 25

FOR SALE, A YOUNG COW, with her first calf. Very superior Breed. Apply at this Office. July 25

LOST, ON Thursday evening, between Long Pond and Water Street, a GOLD BROOCH, containing two emeralds. The finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving the same at this Office. jr 25

POST OFFICE NOTICE. A WAY OFFICE, FOR receipt and delivery of Letters and for sale of Postage Stamps will be opened at the house of Mrs. LEAH TAYLOR, on the South Side, near St. Mary's Hall, on Wednesday, 1st day of August. Letters posted there before 8 a.m. each week day morning will be in time for outgoing Mails. Correspondence addressed to South Side Way Office will be sent there every forenoon and after arrival of Mails. General Post Office, St. John's, 25th July, 1885. jr 25

CARDS! CARDS!! LADIES' AND GENTS' VISITING CARDS printed in a very handsome type, can be obtained at this office very cheaply.