

SOLDIERS IN CAMP

The abrupt change from home comforts to camp life may be trying on your boy's health, but if he will only take the rich liquid-food in

SCOTT'S EMULSION

It will create richer blood to establish body-heat and fortify his lungs and throat. Thousands of soldiers all over the world take Scott's Emulsion. It is exactly what they need.

Deceived

AND

Disowned

BUT

True as Steel!

CHAPTER XXVI. MASTER AND MAN.

TWO days afterward Morgan Ver-

ner arrived. Mr. Normanby was strolling down the avenue, studying some parliamentary papers with a view to making one of the sparkling speeches which already had won him fame. At the sound of horse's hoofs, he stepped out somewhat suddenly from beneath the shadow of the trees.

Morgan started as his horse reared; and with that peculiar look of terror which betokens a guilty conscience, he exclaimed:

"What the deuce! Oh! Is that you, Normanby?"

"Yes," said Normanby, smiling cynically at the weak, frightened face of the young man who was his victim.

"I didn't know you were coming here," grumbled Morgan. "Why didn't you come over to us?"

"In the first place, I wasn't asked," said Mr. Normanby. "Secondly, my dear fellow, variety is charming. So you got my note?"

"Yes," said Morgan, with a scowl, "and precious short it was."

"Short but sweet," retorted his friend. "Well, and like a good boy you obeyed; for once."

"I was tired of London, or I shouldn't have come," rejoined Morgan sullenly. "Do you flatter yourself that I come at your beck and call?"

"Well, since you have come," said Mr. Normanby, with a pleasant smile, "get down off that horse. I can't talk to you with my neck strained and the sun in my eyes."

Very unwillingly Morgan dismounted, and walked at the side of his mentor, who regarded him with a half-friendly, half-contemptuous expression.

"You've been going the pace again," he sneered, as he looked at Morgan's coarse, bloated face and heavy eyes. "You still think brandy is a morning beverage, evidently."

"What if I have had a drink?" snarled Morgan. "Am I to be called to account like a school-boy? You don't want me to go into a monastery, I suppose?"

"No, for the sake of the monks, I don't," returned Normanby dryly. "Besides, you would never do that to a celebrate! That is why I wish to see you the husband of the most beautiful and charming girl in the county."

"Oh, Olive again!" exclaimed Morgan impatiently. "Pon my word, Normanby, I sometimes think you are in love with her yourself."

"It is a fortunate thing for you, my friend," rejoined Normanby, "that I am not, or—"

"You'd have stolen my wife as well

WHOOPIING COUGH. SPASMODIC CROUP. ASTHMA. COUGHS. BRONCHITIS. CATARRH. COLDS. Vapo-resolene. A simple, safe and effective treatment consisting of a drop of Vapo-resolene into the nostrils of the sufferer.

as my seat in Parliament," sneered Morgan.

"Exactly," agreed Mr. Normanby, pleasantly. "Instead of which I have worked hard in your interests."

"Yes, and what about the money you've won at cards from me, eh?" asked Morgan, with a scowl.

"My good Morgan, do you suppose I'd suffer the degradation of your acquaintance unless it were of profit to me?" inquired Normanby, with calm insolence.

Morgan Verner's face went pale with rage.

"How dare you?" he stammered. "You to talk to me like that! I'm Morgan Verner, of the Grange. Who the deuce are you, anyway?"

"Julian Normanby, member of Parliament—and your master," was the cool reply, and at the look in his eyes Morgan Verner quailed.

"Now if you are quite finished," he added, after a pause, "we will come down to business."

Morgan muttered some incoherent words, then nodded sullenly at the house towering up before them.

"I suppose you've squared 'er all right?"

"No," replied Normanby. "That is your business. I have done my best; but if you will be fool enough to frighten the old man into a fit and let the girl skip over to Australia while you wallow here in the mire, you must take the consequences. 'Pon my word, Verner, I envy you your power of taking things so easily. If I'd spoiled my best chances as you have, I'd fight my own folly, I should feel fit to cut my throat."

"What am I to do, then?" asked Morgan irritably.

"Behave yourself like a gentleman, if you can," was the reply. "Keep away from the wine, abstain from brandy—and don't give Miss Seymour too much of your company."

"A nice thing to tell a man," grumbled the other. "Proud, stuck-up jade! I'll show her—"

Normanby's face had hardened; and he gripped the hold of Morgan's arm.

"I'll show her, you fool," he said, with such unpeppery content in his voice that Morgan writhed beneath his grasp. "I shall feel inclined to kick you myself. She's a thousand times too good for such a beast as you, but there's no help for it. Keep a guard on that blatant tongue of yours, for—remember this!—I have sworn that you are a reformed character. You! He laughed cynically. "You have got to prove that you have been transformed from a baboon to something like a man; and if I can show her this and convince her, Miss Olive will marry you. If not, then I leave you to the tender mercies of your creditors."

"Does she know I am coming?" asked Morgan, furious at the other's scorn, though not daring to resent it.

"No," replied Normanby. "You have come down on your own account to see her and plead your cause—Mind now! Watch every word you speak; every deed you do. Drink one glass of brandy too much, show any insolence to Sir Edwin, or attempt any familiarities with Miss Olive herself—and goodbye to your chances of becoming heir of Bingleigh."

"And to your five thousand pounds," Morgan retorted viciously, unable to resist this home thrust.

"Exactly," replied Normanby, unmoved by the other's weak anger. "Do you think I am fool enough to waste my time on you unless it pays me?"

Before Morgan could make a fitting retort they saw Sir Edwin come out onto the steps of the Hall, and in another minute Morgan was being welcomed by the man whom he and his father had treated so shamefully.

CHAPTER XXVII. UNWELCOMED SURVEILLANCE.

MORGAN had evidently improved. Even Olive had to admit that much, almost to her regret. The blatant air of insolent self-assurance was toned down to a quietness of demeanor, which, if somewhat sullen, was still infinitely preferable to his former manner. At table he drank untouched, and left the brandy untouched.

To Olive herself he was eminently respectful, and seemed to avoid her rather than otherwise, while he was most attentive to Sir Edwin. Indeed, so well did he work on that gentleman that he managed to convey the impression that Captain Raffles and his set had been people of a low class whose vote had been necessary to Mr. Normanby, thus removing all suspicion from himself.

The three, therefore—Olive and the

Eczema Cured Five Years Ago.

A Treatment Which Has Proven a Wonderful Healer of the Skin—Certified Evidence of Lasting Cure.

Jordan, Ont., December 14th.—The old notion that eczema is a disease of the blood is refuted time and time again by the cures that are daily being effected by Dr. Chase's Ointment. It matters not what the cause may have been if you apply Dr. Chase's Ointment regularly you will obtain relief and cure of eczema. Here is the proof.

Mrs. Stephen G. Twitales, Box 205, Jordan, Ont., writes: "My brother had a bad case of eczema on his legs. He was troubled nearly all one fall and winter with it, and could not work for days at a time. He tried different salves and ointments, but none cured him. One day he tried Dr. Chase's Ointment, and it gave almost instant relief. He continued its use, but had not quite finished the second box when he was cured. It has been about five years since then, and it has never returned. We certainly can recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment, and are very grateful for my brother's cure."

(Rev. S. F. Coffman, Vineland, Ont., states: "This is to certify that I know Mrs. Twitales and the party to whom she refers, and her statements are correct.")

Mr. J. E. Jones, 228 University Avenue, Kingston, Ont., writes: "I had eczema in my hand for about five years. I tried a great many remedies, but found that while some of them checked it, none cured it permanently. Finally I tried Dr. Chase's Ointment, and in six weeks my hand was completely better. I would not do without a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment in the house if it cost \$2 a box. I am giving my name to this firm so that it will get to those who suffer as I did."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Subscribers will only discontinue if you insist on getting what you ask for.

To those who knew him his sudden reformation would have appeared magical; but the secret lay in the presence of Mr. Normanby, who would certainly deserve any profit he made, for he worked hard in Morgan's interest.

Indeed, he might have been regarded as his familiar spirit, for wherever Morgan was seen, Mr. Normanby was also to be found close at hand. It was Mr. Normanby who sat near to him at dinner, and relieved his gloom by some anecdote or epigram, which he always attributed to Morgan. It was Mr. Normanby who played billiards with him at Bingleigh, and thus kept him from resorting to the village alehouse. He it was, too, who rode, drove, and shot with him. And, although the surveillance was extremely galling to Morgan, he had the sense to see that it was good for him. Sometimes he would find himself alone with Olive, and then he sought safety in silence.

There was no doubt of his improvement, and his father, who rode over from the Grange, congratulated him upon his altered manners. At this Morgan grinned in a peculiar, furtive way.

"Wait till I've gained my end," he seemed to answer. "I'll have my revenge on you all."

Thoroughly as Normanby had conquered him, there were still some things about the unhappy youth that puzzled his mentor. For one thing, he noticed that Morgan had taken an inveterate dislike to the library, and would on no account spend even a few minutes within its book-lined walls. He always had some excuse ready, and not all Mr. Normanby's hints as to the desirability of his appearing studious could alter him in this respect. Even on one occasion when he wanted to write a letter and had approached the door, Normanby, who had followed him, saw him hesitate and run upstairs to his own room, sooner than enter the library.

"One would think he had seen a ghost in the library, my dear Morgan; I'm sure you avoid the room," he said laughingly.

Morgan muttered some excuse; but the furtive dread on his face told Mr. Normanby of some secret withheld from him, and he kept a closer watch than ever.

As a matter of fact, Morgan never even thought of the room without a shudder; like most weak people, he did not object to profit by a crime, but the thought of having shared in one, meaning as it did possible imprisonment, nearly drove him to the verge of madness.

The days passed slowly for Olive; and now the visit both of Mr. Normanby and his self-imposed charge, Morgan Verner, was drawing to an end. On the last evening, Mr. Normanby proposed a walk. He meant Olive to clinch her bargain that night, and trusted to find some opportunity to remind her of her promise, and then to vanish, leaving her alone with Morgan.

The three, therefore—Olive and the

two men—strolled through the large grounds, and, indifferent as to where they went, ascended the hill.

Olive was plunged in dreamy thoughts, her mind far away in the golden land which held Reuben Wynter; Mr. Normanby was talking lightly and cleverly as usual, and put down her abstraction to rapt attention to his words. Morgan, too, was silent, but from dread of his environment; for the lane near the hill was haunted by the ghost of a pretty country girl who had loved too well.

Halfway up the hill, Normanby's eyes—keen as those of a hawk—saw a figure descending on them, in the soft shadows of the twilight.

"Who is this?" he said.

Olive looked up; and in another minute the wild, untidy figure of what once was the genial Farmer Styles bore down upon them. The poor man had gone from bad to worse; his heart, however he might try to steel it against her, was entirely wrapt up in his pretty Polly, and at her loss his mind had gradually failed.

Olive started at sight of her friend, who had formerly been so hale and hearty, so lively and genial.

"It is Farmer Styles," she said, in a low voice, and Morgan, who was dead-pale, slipped back into the shadows.

The poor farmer came on with a sliphod, unsteady gait, and with a vacant look on his face, till he caught sight of Olive, whom he recognized, instantly raising his hat with his trembling hand.

She greeted him kindly; and he was about to pass on his way with a bow, when he caught sight of the shrinking figure in the background. He stopped short and glared at the young man, then peered at him again.

"Why," he said, in his tremulous tones, "it's Mr. Morgan—I thought it was that scamp Reuben—you know him, the scoundrel!—my Polly's up there waiting for him. How d'ye do, Mr. Morgan; glad to see ye."

The farmer advanced and held out his hand; but Morgan shrank back with a look of horror, and literally covered behind his companions.

"He's quite harmless," whispered Olive, in surprise; and Morgan, with an effort, took the cold hand of the man whose daughter he had wronged.

"Glad to see ye, Mr. Morgan," continued the old man. "Going up the hill to the farm, eh? That's right! My Polly's there waiting for that young scamp, but I'll be even with him yet. You go on, sir, she'll be main glad to see you. There's a glass of cider waiting for you—Polly knows."

With a hoarse chuckle, the old farmer wrung the hand of the villain who had ruined him, then passed on his way, looking for Reuben Wynter, whom in his more lucid moments, when he knew of his daughter's betrayal, he had sworn to kill.

Morgan's face was white as death, and beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead as he muttered:

"Send him away from here; he'll do some injury."

(To be Continued.)

No Indigestion Gas Or Stomach Misery In Five Minutes.

"Pape's Diapepsin" for sour, acid stomach, heartburn, dyspepsia.

Time fit! In five minutes all stomach distress will go. No indigestion, heartburn, sourness or belching of gas, acid, or eruptions of undigested food, no dizziness, bloating, foul breath or headache.

Pape's Diapepsin is noted for its speed in regulating upset stomachs. It is the surest, quickest and most certain indigestion remedy in the whole world, and besides it is harmless. Millions of men and women now eat their favorite foods without fear—they know Pape's Diapepsin will save them from any stomach misery.

Please for your sake, get a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from any drug store and put your stomach right. Don't keep on being miserable—life is too short—you are not here long, so make your stay agreeable. Eat what you like and digest it; enjoy it, without dread of rebellion in the stomach.

Pape's Diapepsin belongs in your home anyway. Should one of the family eat something which don't agree with them, or in case of an attack of indigestion, dyspepsia, gastritis or stomach derangement at daytime or during the night, it is handy to give the quickest, surest relief known.

Foetards are coming into spring fashions with great force.

List of Letters Remaining in G. P. O., to Jan. 12, 1918

- Good, Mrs. Elizabeth Gordon, Mrs. Allen, Casey Street Gulliver, Henry, Freshwater Road Green, George W. Gulliford, G.
Harris, Miss E. M., card, c/o G.P.O.
Hawkins, Mrs. Wm., Monroe St.
Hawkins, Wm., card, Monroe St.
Hallett, Miss M.
Hallierin, Miss M., Newtown Road
Harnum, Jonas, Queen's Road
Hart, William
Halliday, Wm., Mount Seio
Herman, Alex.
Hewitt, Mrs. Stephen, Allendale Rd.
Hiscock, Edgar, Water St.
Hiscock, Miss Ethel, Hamilton St.
Hiscock, Miss Frances, Cochrane St.
Hiscock, Gordon, care G. P. O.
Hobbs, Miss Sarah, Cochrane St.
Howell, Mrs. Samuel, Newtown Rd.
House, Miss M.
Hynes, Miss B., Water Street
Hunt, Mrs. Jack
Hustins, Miss Blanche
Halley, Hubert, LeMarchant Road
Hobbs, Mrs. F., Hamilton St.
Hiscock, Miss Francis, Cochrane St.
Ivany, Mrs. Slias.
James, P., care Gen. Delivery
James, Miss Maud, Garrison Hill
James, Percy, care Gen. Delivery
Jerrett, Miss Ethel
Jerrett, Miss Julia
Kearney, Mrs. Wm. Tobacco Factory
Johnson, Miss Hannah, 45 — St.
Jones, Joseph, New Gower St.
Jones, Lillian, 12 Quidd Viad Road
Kelly, Miss Frank
Kane, Alfred, care Gen. Delivery
Kavanagh, Mrs. Lizzie
Kerwin, Miss Eliza, card
Kend, Miss Annie, care Dr. Mitchell
Kenny, John, card
Keane, Robert, Lime Street
King, Miss Mary F., Gower St.
Knight, Mrs. Wm.
Knight, S., Forest Road
King, Wm. S., care Gen. Delivery
King, Thomas, George's St.
King, Miss Mary, Gower St.
Lawlor, Miss L. (Card R.)
Long, Henry
Laine, Mrs. George, Boggan's St.
Lane, Lewis, Young St.
Lawlor, Mrs. Thomas, Bannerman St.
Leonard, Miss Isabella, 28 — Hill
Leadon, Miss S. J., Hamilton St.
Lewis, F., Hagerty St.
Lynn, Miss Jennie, card
Long, Mrs. Edward, Cabot St.
Liskin, John, New Gower St.
Lukins, Miss G., Lyon's Square
Martin, Miss Annie, Gower St.
Martin, Henry, Bannerman St.
Martin, Miss Lillian M.
Mace Imperial Tobacco Co.
Marshall, Miss D.
Mahoney, Miss Ellen, Military Road
Mason, Mrs. J., Pleasant St.
Mahar, F. J., card
Manson, J., Beaumont St.
Martin, Miss G., care Gen. Delivery
Morton, Miss Jean, Charlton St.
Mearney, Miss Kettle, Clifford St.
Mercer, Miss Ida, Casey St.
Mercer, Mrs. Ed., Casey St.
Mills, Mrs. Joseph, King's Road
Mills, W. R.
Miles, Mrs. John, Spencer St.
Miller, Amos, card
Miller, Mrs. H. J., Prescott St.
Michlin, Miss Emily, LeMarchant Rd.
Moore, Miss Annie, Prince's St.
Molloy, Miss E.
Morrisey, Mrs. Patrick, late Brigus Moore, Mrs. Thomas, Water St.
Morrisey, Patrick, late Bell Island
Murphy, Mrs. James
Murphy, Michael
Murphy, George, Butler Place
Mullally, Mrs. James, Patrick St.
Murphy, Miss Annie, 7 — Hill
MacClair, Mrs. A. A.
McClair, Lee
McGrath, Miss Mary A., Queen's Road
MacDougal, Miss, LeMarchant Road
MacDonald, Mrs. D. M., card
Nettin, Mrs. R., Parade St.
Noseworthy, Mrs., card, Clifford St.
Noseworthy, James
Norris, Miss Elizabeth, card
Noseworthy, H., Hayward Avenue
Noseworthy, Miss Lizzie, Patrick St.
Nugent, John
Nugent, Mrs. Ed. P. M.
Nugent, Miss Mary, card
Noseworthy, Thomas, Military Road
Oates, Miss Fannie.
Oates, Walter, care Gen. Post Office
O'Leary, Joseph
O'Keefe, Miss Mollie, 15 — St.
O'Neill, John, King's Road
O'Neill, Henry, Carter's Hill
O'Brien, Mrs. Michael
O'Brien, Bell, care Gen. Hospital
O'Rourke, Miss Mammie, Monroe St.
Parsons, Mrs. S., LeMarchant Road
Good, Mrs. Elizabeth
Gordon, Mrs. Allen, Casey Street
Gulliver, Henry, Freshwater Road
Green, George W.
Gulliford, G.
Harris, Miss E. M., card, c/o G.P.O.
Hawkins, Mrs. Wm., Monroe St.
Hawkins, Wm., card, Monroe St.
Hallett, Miss M.
Hallierin, Miss M., Newtown Road
Harnum, Jonas, Queen's Road
Hart, William
Halliday, Wm., Mount Seio
Herman, Alex.
Hewitt, Mrs. Stephen, Allendale Rd.
Hiscock, Edgar, Water St.
Hiscock, Miss Ethel, Hamilton St.
Hiscock, Miss Frances, Cochrane St.
Hiscock, Gordon, care G. P. O.
Hobbs, Miss Sarah, Cochrane St.
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Hiscock, Miss Francis, Cochrane St.
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James, Miss Maud, Garrison Hill
James, Percy, care Gen. Delivery
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Kearney, Mrs. Wm. Tobacco Factory
Johnson, Miss Hannah, 45 — St.
Jones, Joseph, New Gower St.
Jones, Lillian, 12 Quidd Viad Road
Kelly, Miss Frank
Kane, Alfred, care Gen. Delivery
Kavanagh, Mrs. Lizzie
Kerwin, Miss Eliza, card
Kend, Miss Annie, care Dr. Mitchell
Kenny, John, card
Keane, Robert, Lime Street
King, Miss Mary F., Gower St.
Knight, Mrs. Wm.
Knight, S., Forest Road
King, Wm. S., care Gen. Delivery
King, Thomas, George's St.
King, Miss Mary, Gower St.
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Lane, Lewis, Young St.
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Marshall, Miss D.
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Mason, Mrs. J., Pleasant St.
Mahar, F. J., card
Manson, J., Beaumont St.
Martin, Miss G., care Gen. Delivery
Morton, Miss Jean, Charlton St.
Mearney, Miss Kettle, Clifford St.
Mercer, Miss Ida, Casey St.
Mercer, Mrs. Ed., Casey St.
Mills, Mrs. Joseph, King's Road
Mills, W. R.
Miles, Mrs. John, Spencer St.
Miller, Amos, card
Miller, Mrs. H. J., Prescott St.
Michlin, Miss Emily, LeMarchant Rd.
Moore, Miss Annie, Prince's St.
Molloy, Miss E.
Morrisey, Mrs. Patrick, late Brigus Moore, Mrs. Thomas, Water St.
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Murphy, George, Butler Place
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Murphy, Miss Annie, 7 — Hill
MacClair, Mrs. A. A.
McClair, Lee
McGrath, Miss Mary A., Queen's Road
MacDougal, Miss, LeMarchant Road
MacDonald, Mrs. D. M., card
Nettin, Mrs. R., Parade St.
Noseworthy, Mrs., card, Clifford St.
Noseworthy, James
Norris, Miss Elizabeth, card
Noseworthy, H., Hayward Avenue
Noseworthy, Miss Lizzie, Patrick St.
Nugent, John
Nugent, Mrs. Ed. P. M.
Nugent, Miss Mary, card
Noseworthy, Thomas, Military Road
Oates, Miss Fannie.
Oates, Walter, care Gen. Post Office
O'Leary, Joseph
O'Keefe, Miss Mollie, 15 — St.
O'Neill, John, King's Road
O'Neill, Henry, Carter's Hill
O'Brien, Mrs. Michael
O'Brien, Bell, care Gen. Hospital
O'Rourke, Miss Mammie, Monroe St.
Parsons, Mrs. S., LeMarchant Road
Parsons, Mrs. F.
Parrell, Mrs. Wm., Allendale Road
Parsons, Mrs. G., Circuit Road
Parsons, Mrs. T., Freshwater Road
Parsons, Mrs. S., LeMarchant Road
Pearcey, Albert, Allendale Road
Pearcey, Mrs. Ann, New Gower St.
Pearcey, Miss Amy
Penroy, Miss L., Carter's Hill
Pearcey, Heber, Merrymeeting Road
Prendergast, Miss Nellie
Duckworth Street
Penny, W. A.
Phillips, Miss Bessie, Pleasant St.
Powers, Mrs. Wm., Water St.
Pitcher, James, care Gen. Delivery
Piercey, Mrs. Sandy, McFarlane St.
Powers, John T., Duckworth St.
Powers, Mrs. Wm., Water St.
Power, Miss M., Bannerman St.
Porter, Mrs. New Gower St.
Percey, Jas. Ed., Water St. West
Powers, Mrs. Wm., Water St. West
Pomeroy, Albert, Colonial Street
Power, Patrick, card, Hamilton St.
Power, Mrs. Edward, Barron St.
Powers, Mrs. Joseph, care Gen. Post Office
Purcell, Mrs. Peter
Quigley, Miss Bessie, Water St.
Quinton, Miss Annie
Quirk, Miss Lizzie, Carter's Hill
Ralph, Mrs. Daniel, James' St.
Ralph, Mrs. Mollie, card, James' St.
Ryan, Miss K. (Card R.)
Monkstown
Rayment, Mrs., Cochrane St.
Reynolds, Mrs. King's Bridge
Reader, Miss W., Brazil's Square
Riggs, Miss Nellie.
Ridout, Mrs. H., card, York St.
Roberts, George, Allendale Road
Rochford, Robert, card, Barnes St.
Roberts, E. W.
Rosen, George, Freshwater Road
Rowe, Garland, South Side
Ross, John J.
Rogers, Miss Eliza, Spencer St.
Rosa, Miss G., Military Road
Rodgers, John, 25 — Road
Rogers, Wm. J., Spencer St.
Roll, Miss Mary, care G. P. O.
Rosa, Hugh A.
Robinson, Mrs. Ellen, Casey St.
Rowe, Miss H., Maxse St.
Rowell, Miss Bessie
Ross, Mrs. George, Nagle's Hill
Roberts, Miss Minnie, Cathedral St.
Russell, Jessie, Military Road
Russell, G., Casey St.
Russell, George, Freshwater Road
Ridout, Harrison, York St.
Sparks, N., late Clark's Beach
Spracklin, Mrs. S., Carter's Hill
Shaw, Miss Mary, James St.
Smart, Mrs. J., card, Newtown
Sparrow, Miss Minnie, Gower St.
Smart, Mrs. John, Willow St.
Steed, Miss A. M., care G. P. O.
Sexton, Miss W., Pleasant St.
Snelgrove, Mrs. Gilbert, Gilbert & Sears, Wm., care Gen. Delivery
Sweetland, Miss G.
Syver, Miss Jennie, Bannerman St.
Syver, Mrs. K., Water St.
Snelgrove, J., Power St.
Sheppard, Miss Susie.
Smith, Miss Maud
Simms, Miss F., Hamilton St.
Smith, Mrs., care Mrs. Rose.
Portugal Cove
Simms, Miss H., Bell, card
Sinnott, Mrs. Jas. J., Balesam Place
Smith, Miss Emma, card
Simms, Miss Jessie
Smith, Miss Felia, late Dildo
Snow, Abraham
Sullivan, Miss Vera
Sullivan, Miss K., Queen's St.
Sullivan, Mrs. J., Water St. West
Shute, Wm., care Reid Co.
Taylor, Mrs. B., care Miss A. Pass
Thompson, A. J., card.
late Port as Del.
Thompson, W. F., care Gen. Delivery
Tobin, Miss A., Queen St.
Tuck, Miss
Tucker, Mrs. J. J., Central St.
Tucker, Wm., Cookstown Road
Tucker, Miss M., care J. A. Taylor
Vincent, Chesley, care Gen. Delivery
Vicars, J. R., Circular Road
Walsh, Mrs., ret'd., Brine St.
Walsh, Mrs. M. A., late H. R. Gros
Whelan, E. W., card
Whelan, George, Freshwater Road
Walters, Harry H., Barter's Hill
Walsh, Miss Ellen, Prospect St.
Walsh, E. W., card
Walsh, M. Mt. Seio
Watts, Elizabeth, Prescott St.
Whalen, Mr. F., Henry St.
Wells, John, South Side East
Wells, Mrs. F., Boggan St.
Wescott, Miss A. M., Brazil's Square
Williams, Mrs. H., Cabot St.
Williams, Miss Alice, Henry St.
Williams, Mrs. Mary A.
Freshwater Road
Williams, A. H., care Gen. Delivery
Williams, J. D., care Gen. Delivery
White, Miss M. D., Hamilton St.
Woods, Mrs. Frank.
care Mrs. John Deane
Walsh, Miss Annie F., Pleasant St.
Yabeley, Mrs. H. J., Bond St.
Young, Andrew, Monroe St.
Young, Francis, Carter's Hill
J. ALEX. ROBINSON
Postmaster-General

Help to Win the

Oaten Bread Recipe

The Above Recipe

Eat Shark, Squid, Skate, Dogfish and Herring to Save Money.

Severe Weather Affected Local Supply of More Expensive Kinds of Fish and Advice is Given to Try Cheaper Grades.

Fishes an article of diet has grown to be fairly expensive. The supply of fish at the principal distributing centers for fish has of late been dwindling and the already high prices have increased. In Boston, so says the Boston Globe, the prices of cod, haddock, halibut, pollock and hake are high just now because of the recent spell of bad weather. The fishing fleet has been tied up lately and Tuesday no fish at all was landed at the Fish Pier in Boston and before that the supply had been steadily dwindling. In the local fish market the weather has also had a great effect and no fish has been shipped out of St. John since the cold weather began. However, enough fish has been landed to supply the demand here, and if not enough there is little difficulty in getting it from Nova Scotia. The larger centres have been most affected by the weather which has prevailed lately. A local fish dealer said yesterday that the high prices that meat is demanding has an effect in the fish market.

CHEAPER GRADES OF FISH.

The Globe comes to the rescue by suggesting the use of the cheaper grades of fish. The Globe says: "To continue to aid the food administration we must continue to replace meat with fish, but to do this we must be able to purchase sea foods within our means. A liberal use of the following varieties affords us the means of doing this: "Whiting (dogfish) at 8 cents a pound, instead of haddock or bluefish. "Herring at 8 or 10 cents a pound, instead of smolts at 30 cents. "Shark at 10 cents a pound, instead of swordfish, codfish or halibut at from 20 to 50 cents. "Squid at 8 cents a pound, instead of scallops. "Ray or skate at 8 or 10 cents a pound, instead of mackerel, salmon or other fancy fishes. "While these fish are just now the cheapest in our markets, they are all regarded as delicacies in other parts of the world. "Whiting, for example, is in great favor in England and Italy, readily commanding 50 cents a pound in the Italian markets. It is selling at three pounds for a quarter in the Italian stores in the North End. Its flesh is white, of fine texture, and of excellent flavor. Quantities of it are on hand both fresh and frozen. It may be cooked in any manner in which a haddock may be cooked—that is to say it may be fried, broiled, rolled or baked. "Shark, used largely in Japan and other countries, is now selling here at 10 cents a pound retail. Its flesh in texture and taste is very similar to that of swordfish. "Herring, much esteemed in France, may be bought at the rate of three pounds for a quarter in Italian retail stores. While quantities of it are here in the form of sardines, it is cheap and the fact that it is another bony seem to keep the average American family from eating the fresh article. By opening the cooked fish, as one would a smelt, the backbone may be removed and the smaller bones will be removed leaving only the tasty fish. "Squid, which retails in Italy at 40 cents a pound, is bringing only 10 cents a pound here now at retail, and may be bought in many places three pounds for a quarter. "Government authorities state that within a few years the fish named will become familiar to the table of the average American family." — The Daily Telegraph, St. John, Jan. 10.

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