



## "ECHOES of the Past; OR, The Recompense of Love!"

CLIVE went down to Raiborough and, as in the case of his father's death, had to make all the necessary arrangements—he could not even communicate with Bertie, the present Lord Raiborough—and he was not able to return to town until ten days had passed. He had wired to Edith to say that he was coming, and she was waiting for him, looking very tall and queenly in her black frock, and Clive noticed a certain change in her face. She was pale and there were dark shadows under her eyes, which were unnaturally brilliant, as if she were feverish, and there was a certain restlessness about her movements which was unusual with her; at times, as they talked, a hectic flush rose to her face and her voice sounded hard and strained. Clive asked anxiously if she were not well; but she answered in the affirmative and with a laugh as strained and hard as her voice.

Of course they spoke of the wedding, and Clive was anxious to fix an early date, but they knew that it would be impossible for him to leave London until some of the affairs of the Raiborough estate were settled, and he left her, without any date having been decided on. Mechanically Clive walked toward the House; but he stopped short at the gates, for he felt that he could not bear the condolence which would be poured upon him, and he went to his rooms, but he did not feel equal to tackling the pile of letters that stood on his table, and, weary as he was, he could not rest; so he went out again and wandered about.

His brother's death, his own approaching marriage, the arrears of business, should have fully occupied his mind to the exclusion of any other subject, but he knew that he was trying to thrust Mina from his brain and heart. In such a condition, he wandered through the streets and presently came to the large and busy one from which led to Benson's Rents. As usual, the curbs were lined with costermongers' barrows at which the people were bargaining and haggling, and the noise and the bustle distracted and soothed him.

But presently, as he was making his way through the crowd, he stopped dead short and the blood rushed to his face. At a fruit-stall stood Tibby. Tibby, not dressed in fine apparel accentuated by an ostrich-feather, as he had seen her at the door of the concert-hall, but Tibby with a basket on her arm and with the peculiar head-gear surmounting her face as in the days before Mina's success.

Consumed by surprise and anxiety, Clive made his way to her side and spoke her name. She turned sharply and, with reddened face, regarded him with a half-guilty, half-defiant air.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" she said. Then she turned to the man at the barrow and went on with her haggling. "Three-pence a pound is too much," she said in a determined voice. "It would be too much if they was quite fresh, and they ain't. Them plums look to me as if you'd had 'em under the bed for a week; an' I shouldn't be surprised if you 'ad. I suppose you take me for a lady of title or a softy."

"No; I'm blessed if I do!" retorted the man. "The chap as took you for a softy would find he 'ad a 'arder nut to crack than his grinders could manage. Thruppence is my price, take 'em or leave 'em."

"Well, throw in a cabbage," said Tibby, "an' I'll take a pound."

"Wot, the whole of a pound!" he exclaimed satirically. "Sure you don't mean the barrow-load?"

"I'm not buyin' sauce, wholesale or retail," retorted Tibby. "If you don't care to serve me, I'll go to the next barrow, which is kept by a man who knows how to be civil, at any rate!"

"'Ere's the pound and 'ere's the cabbage," said the man, jabbing them into a basket; "an' my gratitude to a mussful Providence that I don't often 'ave such customers as you."

With a grin of satisfaction, Tibby paid her threepence and then turned to Clive.

"Oh, you're 'ere still," she said. "Wot do you want?"

"To carry your basket, Tibby," said Clive.

"Not for me," said Tibby. "I'm quite equal to carryin' it. I'm not used to 'avin' gentlemen, specially high parliamentary swells, waitin' on me. Good night, Mr. Harvey."

As she turned to go, Clive laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Are you treating me fairly, Tibby?" he said. "Have you treated me fairly in the past?"

She looked at him sideways. Perhaps his haggard face, his mourning-suit of black serge, appealed to her, for her eyes softened, but she said nothing. They walked side by side towards the Rents.

"You suppressed my telegram, you sent back my letter," said Clive. "That was very wrong, Tibby, and it worked a wrong, a very great one. But for you, Mina—his voice shook—"and I would have been married long ago."

She stopped short and looked at him. "Married!" she echoed. "D'you mean—"

Clive stared at her in amazement, and there was something in the expression of his face which struck her with conviction and something like remorse.

"I—I didn't know that," she faltered. "I thought you was only fooling with Mina, specially when I found out what a swell you were. Married!—but you're going to marry somebody else," she said, with sharp suspicion.

"That is true," he replied, "but—it it too long a story to tell you, Tibby. My lips are sealed. Never mind the or my affairs. I want to know why you are back here in London, as if you no good fortune had come to you. I want to know how Mina is—what has happened to send you back here. And you will tell me, Tibby? Come, you owe me something, you know—let me carry your basket."

She resigned it mechanically, and he took it. She was evidently much distressed and embarrassed, but the old spirit showed itself.

"Wotever I did, I did for the best," she said. "Mina's everything to me, and was I to stand by an' see her made a fool of, an' do nothin'?"

Wouldn't you have done the same, if you had been in my place? But wot's it matter! You're going to be married. An' that bein' so—" She broke off sharply. "Wot are you

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mooching about 'ere for? An' wot business of yours is Mina's affairs?"

"If you could read my heart, Tibby," said Clive, "you would have no need to ask. I have lost her forever—thanks to you and Fate. But do you think I don't care what becomes of her? I have heard that she has been ill. I want to see her—if for the last time."

"For the last time," she caught him up sharply. "D'yer mean that? If I've been hard on you, as you say, an' perhaps I have, I'll let you see her just once, for the last time, mind! Then we are quits. I don't mind owning that I've always liked you, an' if I'd thought you meant honest and strite by Mina— You will find her at home. I'll give you a quarter of an hour." She caught his arm as he turned without a word. "You'll be gentle with her? She's been ill."

Clive waited for no more, but walked quickly to the Rents. As he turned under the archway he almost ran against a man, and as he murmured an apology, something about the man struck him as familiar; but he was too agitated, absorbed, to pause, and, finding the door open, he went up the rickety stairs and knocked at the sitting-room door. His heart beat so painfully at the sound of Mina's "Come in" that he had to pause a moment.

She must have recognized his step, for she had started from her chair and was standing, looking toward the door, one hand gripping the chair, the other pressed against her bosom. For a moment there was silence, as he gazed at her and noted the pallor of her face, the profound melancholy in her eyes. Then he went to her and took her hand.

"Mina!" he said, "You have been ill, you are here, back here. I have just seen Tibby; she has told me nothing, but she has let me come to you—for the last time."

"I—I am glad it is the last time," she said.

She sank into the chair and he leaned against the mantel-shelf, looking down at her with all his love and all his despair in his eyes. "Yes; I have been ill," she said in a low voice. "I lost my voice. The doctor said I must rest—sometimes I think it will never come back. There was a clause in my agreement which protected the chevalier against the loss of my illness or the loss of my voice. We had saved a little money, not much, and Tibby—you know how careful she is!—she smiled—"thought it would be better for us to come back here. We had to wait some weeks until the rooms were vacant."

It all seemed so commonplace, so banal, but tragedy is always hedged round by the commonplace, the banal. Here were these two with their love for each other burning like a devouring flame in their hearts, and they could say nothing, speak of nothing relating to the tragedy of their lives, though one of them knew that he had but a few minutes for this last farewell.

And across Clive's mind at that moment there flashed the remembrance of the fact that the girl who sat before him in this poor little lodging-room was not a London waif and stray, but the daughter of one of the wealthiest of peers.

"Mina!" he said, moved by a sudden impulse; "there is something, I must tell you, something you ought to know. It is not right that you should be living here, in something like poverty, while—"

She raised her eyes to his, and he saw that she knew.

"Mr. Quilton has told me," she said. "He has been very kind, kinder than

any one would think it possible for him to be. Yes; he has told me. It is a secret between us, and I should not have told you of my knowledge if you had not spoken. It must be a secret still."

"Then you have decided, Mina?" said Clive, gravely.

"Oh, yes, yes, indeed!" she responded earnestly, the color rising to her face, her eyes dewy with tears. "Why should I rob that poor girl of her father? Why should I wound him? They have learned to love each other as father and daughter. To me he would be a stranger, I should be a stranger to him."

"You are a peer's daughter, all the same," said Clive.

"You are thinking of the title, the money?" she said. She shook her head. "They are nothing to me. I should not know what to do with them. No; if God will only give me back my voice—" Her words faltered and she turned her head away.

Clive did not speak for a minute or two. "Fate has been very hard on us, Mina," he said hoarsely. "It has sentenced one of us at least to a living death; there is no appeal, no escape. When I parted from you that morning at Brimfield I saw the folly, the wickedness of this loveless marriage of mine—yes, I must speak plainly, it is due to you. You know that I love you, Mina, and shall love you while life lasts. I had resolved to go to Lady Edith and tell her the whole truth, but almost on my way I discovered that she held the place in the world which belongs to you."

She looked up at him with the tears almost blinding her and held out her hand.

"I know, I know!" she broke in. "You could not—desert her. You would not have deserted me in such a case. Do you think I don't understand? It is hard for me—ah, no, no!" For naturally enough he made to draw her to him. "You must not, Clive, I should never forgive myself if I were to lead you to forget your duty to her. It is only the thought that you must do the right thing that helps me to bear my trouble. And I could not bear it if I saw you, even only now and again. You said when you came in that we were meeting for the last time, and it must be so. I won't ask you to forget me—I know that it would be impossible for me to forget you; but I will try to remember you, as a very good, very great friend. Don't be anxious about me. My voice will come back again, and if it should not, there are other ways of earning a living, and I shall learn to be content if not happy."

Clive turned away, for he could not look on her face and retain command of himself.

"It is good-by?" he said hoarsely, at last.

"It is good-by?" she echoed, holding out both her hands and trying to smile.

He took the trembling hands and bent over her, but he felt that to kiss her would be to outrage her sense of purity, to insult her martyrdom. He looked long into her eyes, then lingeringly dropped her hand and went out.

Tibby was waiting for him in the street. She opened her lips to speak to him, but the agony in his face struck her dumb, and with scarcely a glance at her he passed on. As he emerged from the Rents, a man stepped from an open doorway and looked after him with an evil glitter in his eyes. It was Koshki.

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## List of Unclaimed Letters Remaining in the G. P. O. to Oct. 8th, 1915.

**A**  
Anstey, John Nelson, care G.P.O.  
Atwell, Mrs. John, Pleasant St.  
Andrews, A. W., Bond St.  
Anthony, Joseph, John St.  
Anthony, Robert, East End Fire Hall  
Austin, William, Cookstown Road  
Allen, F., Allen's Square  
Andrews, Charles, Pennywell Road

**B**  
Blackmore, Henry J., Water St.  
Barnes, Harvey, late Hr. Grace  
Baley, Abraham, New Gower St.  
Balfour, Mrs. Wm.  
Brandbury, Miss Annie, LeMarchant Road  
Baird, Miss Lucy, Long Pond Rd.  
Bradbury, James, S. A. Hotel  
Bradley, Miss, late Ayre & Sons  
Bryan, Mrs. Richard, 19 — St.  
Baird, Mrs. Henry, Nagle's Hill  
Barter, Jack, Bulley St.  
Bell, William, Sr., Nagle's Hill  
Butt, John, George's St.  
Bright, Miss Dorothy  
Bishop, Fred, Gower St.  
Billard, Lizzie, card, King's Road  
Brown, Miss Ellie, 6 — St.  
Butt, J. W.  
Bonnell, R.  
Boone, Blanche, Bond St.  
Bowman, A. S.  
Bowers, Mrs. Mary, Military Road  
Bishop, L. L., Robert, Barter's Hill  
Brown, Miss Janet, Franklin Ave.  
Bowie, G. W., care R. G. Reid  
Brown, James, Gower St.  
Butt, Wm., Field St.  
Butt, John, George's St.  
Butt, Mrs. Wm., Pennywell Road  
Burry, Miss Fannie, Duckworth St.  
Burt, Mrs. Amelia J., East End Post Office

**C**  
Braker, Miss Mary, Simms' St.  
Bailey, William, 22 — St.  
Bell, James, Nagle's Hill  
Bennett, Peter  
Bell, Miss, Pennywell Road  
Bishop, Mrs. Robert, Barter's Hill  
Bishop, Miss Sellina  
Brown, W. J., William's Lane  
Butt, Mrs. W. R., Pleasant St.

**D**  
Clair, Miss Mary, Water St.  
Cave, Robert, late St. Anthony.  
Clark, Mrs. Reuben, Barter's Hill  
Canning, E. W.  
Clarke, Dr. H.  
Carew, Miss Nora, Monkstown Rd.  
Clancey, D., Newtown Road  
Carroll, Mrs. John, Water St.  
Caldwell, John, Angel Place  
Cannan, Mrs. A. P.  
Carey, Miss, Springdale St.  
Cole, Mabel F.  
Coper, Mrs. Eleazer, Barter's Hill  
Constable, Mrs. (Rev.) John, Post Office

**E**  
Costello, Wm.  
Coffee, Miss B., Water St.  
Conway, Miss Rose, 29 — St.  
Coon, Charles J., Water St.  
Cochrane, Mrs. D., Bannerman St.  
Courtney, J. B., card  
Connors, Thos., ret'd.  
Cotter, D., Nagle's Hill  
Cooper, Samuel, E. St.  
Crotty, Miss A. M.  
Curry, John, The Bank  
Churchill, Capt. John  
Chafe, Martin, Pennywell Road  
Corbett, Mrs. Tom, Springdale St.  
Costello, Mrs. L., Cuddihy St.  
Collins, Const., East End Fire Hall  
Cummings, Mrs. Chas., Long's Hill  
Cusick, Miss Sarah, Barnes' Road

**F**  
Davis, Wm.  
Dawney, Sarah, Lime St.  
Davis, Wm., Duckworth St.  
Day, Miss Mabel E.  
Day, George L., care Wm. Hicks  
Davis, John, Springdale St.  
Davis, T. G.  
Dwyer, Michael, Nagle's Hill  
Downey, Thomas, Water St.  
Dobbin, Denis, late Humbermouth  
Dohey, James  
Drover, Miss B., 4 — St.  
Downton, Edward, Water St.  
Drover, Mrs. B., Hamilton St.  
Dunn, P., LeMarchant Road  
Dullaney, George, Prescott St.  
Dugan, Miss K. A.  
Dover, Miss Rhoda B., Forest Rd.  
Donnelly, Mrs. D., card

**G**  
Gardiner, Miss Mary, East End Post Office  
Gardiner, George, care Barron,  
Craham, Mrs. Rebecca  
Grace, Mrs. G., Military Road  
Green, Laurence, Allandale Road

**H**  
Geddes, John A., late Harry's Hr.  
George, Mrs. James, card, Mullock St.  
Gibbons, Joseph, Brien St.  
Gosse, Miss B.  
Godden, John  
Gardner, George  
Gardiner, Miss Christine, Codner's Lane  
Gorman, James, Dammerill's Lane  
Green, Laurence, Allandale Road

**I**  
Harding, Miss Esther, care Albert Harding  
Harlan, Jack  
Haines, Miss Maud, card, care General Delivery  
Hickey, Miss Agnes, card, New Gower Street  
Hansan, Nils, Water Street  
Hayward, Mrs. Mary  
Hawco, Mrs. James, 4 — St.  
Harris, Martha, care Capt. Diamond, Gower St.  
Hanson, Mr., Water St.  
Halligan, C., card  
Harvey, Miss Margaret, card, Barter's Hill

**J**  
Hennebury, E. S.  
Healey, Edward, Brambrick St.  
Hennessy, John, Angel Place  
Horwood, Francis, Barter's Hill  
Hodder, Frank, Water St.  
Holmes, Mrs. John, Pleasant St.  
Holman, F. E.  
Hogan, Miss A.  
Hogan, P. J., Barter's Hill  
Horwood, Miss Laura, Waterford Bridge  
Howell, Robert, Water St.  
Houlihan, Miss Hannah, Freshwater Road  
Hudson, George, card, Circular Road  
Hartery, Mrs. S., Bond St.  
Hill, John  
Hill, James  
Hurley, Miss May J., Gower St.

**K**  
Jones, A. K., card  
Jackson, James, care George Jackson  
Jerrett, Richard  
James, Miss Lilly, Military Road  
James, Mrs. W. C., care General Delivery  
Johnson, Mrs. Marian S.

**L**  
Kean, Miss Evelyn, Mullock St.  
Kavanagh, Mrs. Garrett, Central St.  
Keeping, John W., Water St.  
Kenney, J. S., King's Road  
Kearney, M. T., Duckworth St.  
Kean, Weston, Normal School  
King, Henry  
Kiely, Wm., Pilot's Hill  
Knister, Miss Nellie, card  
Kiely, Mrs. Emily, Greenhill Cottage  
Kennedy, Mrs. Annie M.  
Kiely, Mrs. Michael, Monroe St.

**M**  
Langton, Ronald F.  
Lane, Laurence A., Flower Hill  
Luke, Miss Clotilda, Pleasant St.  
Lamb, Miss Katie, New Gower St.  
Lewis, F. J.  
Learning, Miss Maria  
Lilly, Miss Gertrude, care Mr. Quinn  
Lynch, Patrick, care Miss Nora Peddle  
Lockyer, Miss Sarah, LeMarchant Rd.  
Lowe, Mildred  
Lumsden, care Miss L. Biddescombe  
Lush, Malcolm, late s.s. Bruce

**N**  
Martin, James, Newtown Road  
Marshall, Winnie  
Makin, Richard, Gower St.  
Mayos, Miss May, care Gen'l Delivery  
Matthews, Mrs. Annie  
Merner, Stasia  
Mewa, Miss Jean, care Mrs. Robertson, McDougall St.  
Mercer, Miss Lizzie, care Mrs. Thistle, Theatre Hill  
Merner, Mrs. A. S.  
Miller, James, care Gen'l Post Office  
Moore, Mrs. Allen, Barter's Hill  
Moore, Wm., care A. G. Hutchings, Hamilton St.  
Miller, Mrs. Mary F., Gower St.  
Moore, Miss Catherine, LeMarchant Road  
Morlan, Mark, Hagerty's St.  
Morton, U. D., late Grand Bank  
Mugford, E., care Gen'l Post Office  
Murphy, Miss K., Water St.  
Martin, H. E., care Mrs. Sutton, William St.

**O**  
McBride, James D., card  
McGillivray, J. M., card  
McGrath, Mrs. M., card  
McInnis, John, Freshwater Road  
McMillin, Mrs. Margaret  
McDonald, J., Waldegrave St.  
McGuire, Jas. P., card  
MacIntosh, Louis  
McNeil, Mrs. S. G.

**P**  
Parsons, Miss Gertrude, Mullock St.  
Parsons, H.  
Parsons, Joseph  
Payton, Richard, Gilbert St.  
Poddie, Mrs. Archibald, Lime St.  
Peddle, Miss D. A., Water St.  
Peddle, Albert, care Gen. Delivery  
Peckham, Mrs. Wm. Moore St.  
Pike, Miss L., Theatre Hill  
Pitman, Miss Carrie  
Pike, Miss L. B., late St. John, N.E.  
Pitcher, Mrs. H., card, Pleasant St.  
Pine, J. J.  
Pitman, Emily, Flower Hill  
Porter, Miss Minnie, St. John's East  
Pomeroy, A. J., McKay St.  
Porter, Mrs. James, George's St.  
Power, Edward, Nagle's Hill  
Puddister, Chesley S., Gilbert St.  
Prim, Matthew, Cabot St.  
Peddle, Mrs. Archibald, Pleasant St.

**R**  
Ryan, Miss Katie, Military Road  
Randell, Miss Fay, care G.P.O.  
Randell, George  
Randell, Miss E., care Macandie  
Roberts, Mrs. J., card, New Gower St.  
Ross, Miss Ida, Waterford B. Road  
Roche, Mrs. John, Cuddihy St.  
Roche, Mrs. J., card, Pleasant St.  
Rofe, E. H.  
Roberts, Fred, Water St.  
Roberts, Hubert, Allandale Road  
Roberts, G., Post Box 385.  
Rowe, Rebecca, Rose Bank  
Roberts, Mrs. J., 2 — Street  
Rodgers, Mrs. (Mother Jack)  
Ross, Miss Margaret, LeMarchant Rd.  
Rideout, Miss Minnie  
Richardson, James  
Rose, Nettie, card  
Russell, Mrs. Stephen

**S**  
Skains, Mrs. John James' St.  
Sparks, George, care G.P.O.  
Stamp, John  
Smallwood, Chas., care Gen'l Post Office  
Steed, Mrs. Agnes, care E. Garland, Carter's Hill  
Sheppard, S. L., Freshwater Road  
Shears, J. H., Scott St.  
Shears, Mrs. Wm., Nagle's Hill  
Sheppard, L. P. O. Box 273  
Steed, Miss E.  
Shears, John James  
Stevenson, L., Water St.  
Sweetapple, Mrs. Wm., Hayward Avenue  
Steward, Master George,  
Sinclair, George, care Capt. Skinner  
Smith, Mrs. John  
Smith, George, card, Gower St.  
Smith, S. S.  
Smith, S. S., Theatre Hill  
Smith, Miss Ethel M., Cochrane St.  
Smith, John, care Gen'l Delivery  
Sibley, Mrs. Mary, Pleasant St.  
Smith, Miss S., Water St. West  
Smith, F. A.  
Sittstone, Miss Elizabeth, care General Post Office  
Sutt, Mrs. E., Long's Hill  
Shortall, Miss Blanche, Duckworth St.  
Soper, James, care Gen. Post Office  
Snow, F. W., Freshwater Road  
Spun, R. H.  
Stuckey, Miss Minnie  
Spurrell, Richard, Thorburn Road  
Shute, Robert, Duckworth St.  
Spurrell, Miss Alice, Hayward Ave.  
Sires, Robert, Barnes' Road  
Squires, Robert  
Squires, Miss Laura, card, Spencer St.  
Sutton, Mrs. Wm., William St.

**T**  
Taylor, Miss Mary, Water St.  
Taylor, J. K., care Mrs. Robertson, McDougall St.  
Thistle, Thomas H., New Gower St.  
Thorne, Miss Minnie, Field St.  
Thompson, Arthur, Newtown Road  
Tucker, Arthur, Cochrane St.

**V**  
Vater, Miss Sarah, care G.P.O.  
Vincent, Wm.  
Vincent, Miss Mary, LeMarchant Rd.  
Vator, Miss Lizzie, Pennywell Road  
Vardy, Miss J. S., New Gower St.

**W**  
Walsh, Thomas, Long Pond Road  
Walsh, Martin, Long Pond Road  
Walsh, B. J., Summer Street  
Walsh, Miss Christina, Theatre Hill  
Walsh, Mrs. Wm., Prescott St.  
Walsh, Miss M., Freshwater Road  
Wareham, L., late Humber  
Walsh, Private Michael, care General Delivery  
Weir, James  
Wellon, Jas. W.  
White, Stanley, Freshwater Road  
White (and) Shivering, Freshwater Road  
White, Corbett, Sebastian St.  
Winter, Miss L., late Mahone Bay, Nova Scotia  
Wills, Miss F., Queen's Road  
White, J. H.  
White, C., Card, Sebastian Street.  
Woodland, Wm.  
Woodford, Elsie B., Prescott St.  
Woodman, Edward.  
Woon, Master G. C., Care G. P. O.  
Webber, John, George's St.  
Weir, Jas., Newtown Road.  
Winsor, Norman.

**H. J. B. WOODS, P.M.G.**  
G. P. O., October 18th, 1915.

**DRY SACK Sherry**

FROM SPAIN'S RICHEST WINE PROVINCE. Matured in wood for over fifteen years—most stimulating and nourishing of all the products of the grape. In bottles only—of all good dealers.

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MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES GAGGET IN COWS.

France sends out no finer brandy than this "fin champagne" grape vintage.

**HINE'S Three Star BRANDY**

Guaranteed Twenty Years Old

H. Hine & Co. are the holders of the oldest vintage brandies in Cognac

D. O. ROBLIN, of Toronto, Sole Canadian Agent

**What Bulgaria Said to Britain.**

Bulgaria! remember these words which you addressed to Great Britain in October, 1876, and to which you put your hand:—

"If ever the Bulgarians breathe again, if ever they succeed in throwing off the yoke of slavery which has weighed on them for five centuries, if ever they acquire the right to live, not as a nation of slaves, but as a free people governing themselves, the honour of the achievement will be due in the greatest measure to the noble English people."

Quoting this great statement, Mr. Athery-Jones, K.C., says in the Westminster:—"I share your view that the people of Bulgaria can never fight by the side of the Turk against the vindicators of their national existence."

**EVERYDAY ETIQUETTE.**

"Do you think it shows good taste to use affectionate terms on a postal card?" asked Elsie.

It is most improper. One should not even begin with, "My Dear" and in the signature the initials of the Christian name and the full name should be used," said her sister.