



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

CHAPTER XXX.

Clive nodded and sat down to his work again. He was distressed by Edith's sudden illness, but, with a sense of guilt and shame, he was conscious of a feeling of relief. He wrote to her, but tore up the beginning of two letters, and he knew that the third, which he finished was, for all his protestations of grief at her illness and their parting, cold and forced. No reply came to his letter, but on the third day—he was dining at Grosvenor Square—Lord Chesterleigh told him that he had a letter from Edith.

She was better; she would write to Clive presently, and he was on no account to go to her. Lord Chesterleigh and he spent a quiet hour or two, then Clive started for the house. As he was passing through the dining-room Sara entered the hall. She stood aside to let him pass, as usual, and salaamed profoundly.

"I am glad to hear that your mistress is better, Sara," he said. She raised her eyes, almost hidden by the thin silk shawl and said, in her smooth voice:

"Yes, she is better, sahib, she will be quite well soon—if she is left quite alone. The sahib knows that, and will not go to her?"

Clive frowned slightly; for there was a note of familiarity, of insistence, in the woman's voice which jarred upon him. "I am surprised that you are not with your mistress, Sara," he said. She threw out her hands, then crossed them meekly on her bosom.

"It is cold where my lady has gone; and your servant feels the cold, sahib." Clive passed on and left the house. As he did so, he remembered that he wanted some papers which he had left on his table at Burleigh Street, and he took a cab and told the man to drive quickly. He ran up the stairs and opened the door sharp, but stopped dead short, for he was confronted by the weird figure of Tibby. Her face was white, her hat awry, and she was evidently in a state of terrible agitation.

"Tibby!" he exclaimed. "Why—?" She broke in upon him with a cry half-threatening, half-imploping. "Where is she?" she demanded fiercely. "Where is she? What have you done with her? I've searched for her in your room. She's not here—you needn't tell me that. What have you done with her?"

Clive's heart sank with a terrible foreboding. "Do you mean Mina, Tibby?" he asked. "Of course, I mean Mina!" she retorted. "No lies! I want her, I want her at once! You have spirited her away somewhere!"

Clive set his teeth hard, fear, dread, of he knew not what, threatened to overwhelm him. Mina was lost, perhaps in danger—of what—and it behooved him to retain his calm, to command all his faculties to meet the case. He pulled himself together and laid his hand on Tibby's shoulder. "You think I have spirited Mina away, Tibby?" he said. "Look in my face, Tibby! You know that I have not done so, that I do not know where she is. Be calm, Tibby; it's easy to give way, I myself could give way, but she didn't give no orders; she seemed flustered and upset, and she 'anded up a paper to Bill, the cabman."

Clive's heart sank again. "I suppose he won't come back, he'll go on the crawl?" he said. "No," replied the boy cutely. "He'll come back 'ere, cos he's a day cab 'un he puts 'is 'orse up early."

Almost as he spoke, Clive heard the sound of wheels, he dropped half a crown into the boy's hand and went quickly to the archway. A seedy and amshackle cab drove in, and Clive went up to it. He saw at a glance that the driver was drunk; and forcing himself to some degree of patience, he waited until the man had urched off his perch before addressing him. "Had a long drive?" he said pleasantly and casually.

The cabman stared at him, then milled and winked knowingly. "Ra-ther, guvnor," he replied. "And you left the young lady here?" said Clive, in a matter-of-fact way. "I did," responded the man. "Took her to her friends as was waiting for her. An' a very nice and liberal cover she was. 'Taint orten a poor cabby 'as such a good drink stood 'im. An' 'o 'agging over the fare, neither—' he added unctuously. "Rum kind o' place to take a young lady; but there's no business o' mine. Queer cattle, women, mister."

(To be Continued.)

Clive set his teeth hard, fear, dread, of he knew not what, threatened to overwhelm him. Mina was lost, perhaps in danger—of what—and it behooved him to retain his calm, to command all his faculties to meet the case. He pulled himself together and laid his hand on Tibby's shoulder. "You think I have spirited Mina away, Tibby?" he said. "Look in my face, Tibby! You know that I have not done so, that I do not know where she is. Be calm, Tibby; it's easy to give way, I myself could give way, but she didn't give no orders; she seemed flustered and upset, and she 'anded up a paper to Bill, the cabman."

Clive's heart sank again. "I suppose he won't come back, he'll go on the crawl?" he said. "No," replied the boy cutely. "He'll come back 'ere, cos he's a day cab 'un he puts 'is 'orse up early."

Almost as he spoke, Clive heard the sound of wheels, he dropped half a crown into the boy's hand and went quickly to the archway. A seedy and amshackle cab drove in, and Clive went up to it. He saw at a glance that the driver was drunk; and forcing himself to some degree of patience, he waited until the man had urched off his perch before addressing him. "Had a long drive?" he said pleasantly and casually.

The cabman stared at him, then milled and winked knowingly. "Ra-ther, guvnor," he replied. "And you left the young lady here?" said Clive, in a matter-of-fact way. "I did," responded the man. "Took her to her friends as was waiting for her. An' a very nice and liberal cover she was. 'Taint orten a poor cabby 'as such a good drink stood 'im. An' 'o 'agging over the fare, neither—' he added unctuously. "Rum kind o' place to take a young lady; but there's no business o' mine. Queer cattle, women, mister."

(To be Continued.)

Clive set his teeth hard, fear, dread, of he knew not what, threatened to overwhelm him. Mina was lost, perhaps in danger—of what—and it behooved him to retain his calm, to command all his faculties to meet the case. He pulled himself together and laid his hand on Tibby's shoulder. "You think I have spirited Mina away, Tibby?" he said. "Look in my face, Tibby! You know that I have not done so, that I do not know where she is. Be calm, Tibby; it's easy to give way, I myself could give way, but she didn't give no orders; she seemed flustered and upset, and she 'anded up a paper to Bill, the cabman."

Clive's heart sank again. "I suppose he won't come back, he'll go on the crawl?" he said. "No," replied the boy cutely. "He'll come back 'ere, cos he's a day cab 'un he puts 'is 'orse up early."

Almost as he spoke, Clive heard the sound of wheels, he dropped half a crown into the boy's hand and went quickly to the archway. A seedy and amshackle cab drove in, and Clive went up to it. He saw at a glance that the driver was drunk; and forcing himself to some degree of patience, he waited until the man had urched off his perch before addressing him. "Had a long drive?" he said pleasantly and casually.

The cabman stared at him, then milled and winked knowingly. "Ra-ther, guvnor," he replied. "And you left the young lady here?" said Clive, in a matter-of-fact way. "I did," responded the man. "Took her to her friends as was waiting for her. An' a very nice and liberal cover she was. 'Taint orten a poor cabby 'as such a good drink stood 'im. An' 'o 'agging over the fare, neither—' he added unctuously. "Rum kind o' place to take a young lady; but there's no business o' mine. Queer cattle, women, mister."

(To be Continued.)

Clive set his teeth hard, fear, dread, of he knew not what, threatened to overwhelm him. Mina was lost, perhaps in danger—of what—and it behooved him to retain his calm, to command all his faculties to meet the case. He pulled himself together and laid his hand on Tibby's shoulder. "You think I have spirited Mina away, Tibby?" he said. "Look in my face, Tibby! You know that I have not done so, that I do not know where she is. Be calm, Tibby; it's easy to give way, I myself could give way, but she didn't give no orders; she seemed flustered and upset, and she 'anded up a paper to Bill, the cabman."

Clive's heart sank again. "I suppose he won't come back, he'll go on the crawl?" he said. "No," replied the boy cutely. "He'll come back 'ere, cos he's a day cab 'un he puts 'is 'orse up early."

Almost as he spoke, Clive heard the sound of wheels, he dropped half a crown into the boy's hand and went quickly to the archway. A seedy and amshackle cab drove in, and Clive went up to it. He saw at a glance that the driver was drunk; and forcing himself to some degree of patience, he waited until the man had urched off his perch before addressing him. "Had a long drive?" he said pleasantly and casually.

The cabman stared at him, then milled and winked knowingly. "Ra-ther, guvnor," he replied. "And you left the young lady here?" said Clive, in a matter-of-fact way. "I did," responded the man. "Took her to her friends as was waiting for her. An' a very nice and liberal cover she was. 'Taint orten a poor cabby 'as such a good drink stood 'im. An' 'o 'agging over the fare, neither—' he added unctuously. "Rum kind o' place to take a young lady; but there's no business o' mine. Queer cattle, women, mister."

(To be Continued.)

Clive set his teeth hard, fear, dread, of he knew not what, threatened to overwhelm him. Mina was lost, perhaps in danger—of what—and it behooved him to retain his calm, to command all his faculties to meet the case. He pulled himself together and laid his hand on Tibby's shoulder. "You think I have spirited Mina away, Tibby?" he said. "Look in my face, Tibby! You know that I have not done so, that I do not know where she is. Be calm, Tibby; it's easy to give way, I myself could give way, but she didn't give no orders; she seemed flustered and upset, and she 'anded up a paper to Bill, the cabman."

Clive's heart sank again. "I suppose he won't come back, he'll go on the crawl?" he said. "No," replied the boy cutely. "He'll come back 'ere, cos he's a day cab 'un he puts 'is 'orse up early."



## SEAL BRAND COFFEE

Coffee—that will make your household happy; your guests grateful; yourself enthusiastic.

In 1/2, 1 and 2 pound cans. Whole—ground—pulverized—also Fine Ground for Percolators.

CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL.

incident, that may be connected, however indirectly—have you noticed any strangers about the Rents?" Tibby made an impatient gesture. "The Rents always goin' in and out; an' I don't take no notice o' 'em. Why should I?" She was silent a moment, then she looked up with an acute expression on her shrewd face. "Stop! There was that man, that dirty furrin chap that helped to bash you at the 'all that night—I saw him crossin' the archway—why, it was the day I met you and let you go to Mina."

"Koshki!" said Clive. "Yes," assented Tibby. "An' come to sepaking of furriners, there was a kind of Italian woman or an Indian, an old woman wrapped in shawls like, with gold earrings; I've seen her once or twice, and I saw her walkin' on 'the other side of the road to Koshki; but they didn't speak to each other."

"Sara!" murmured Clive inaudibly. The introduction of Sara into the affair only served to complicate and intensify the mystery. And yet—could it be possible that she was concerned in the abduction? Abduction! To the generality of people the word would have sounded an extravagant one, one savoring of melo-drama and the far-fetched, but Clive knew enough of the dark side of London life to be aware that not only abducting but murder itself was often committed, and that in some cases neither the crime nor the criminals were disclosed.

His heart sank, and yet it was torn and throbbled with a sense of fury; but he maintained the show of composure, for Tibby's eyes were on him with pathetic anxiety and a nameless terror. "We will go down to the Rents," he said. "Some one may have seen something, we may obtain some clue."

They went down in a cab, and while Tibby ran up stairs in the vain hope of finding Mina there or some message from her, Clive looked about him almost as hopelessly. He had kept the cab waiting at the archway, and half a dozen urchins were larking round it and chaffing the cabman. One boy, older than the rest, was emphatically impudent, and the cabman flicked at him with the whip and said severely:

"Ain't you never seen a decent cab before, you young savidges? I s'pose you 'aven't, an' it's a reglar treat for you."

"Garn!" yelled the boy. "Why, we've got a cabman as lives here, an' keeps 'is 'orse in that stable." He kicked his leg in the direction of a shed. "An' wot's more he's just gone off on a job with a young ldy."

The blood rushed to Clive's face and he turned away so that the cabman and the boys should not observe the excitement, the wild excitement of hope which he knew displayed itself in his face. Then he sauntered toward the group, lounged against the archway for a minute or two, and

ventually catching the boy's eye, nodded to him. The boy looked afraid at first, but Clive nodded again and held up a shilling and, after a time, the boy idled toward him. "Look here," said Clive, drawing him apart; "I'll give you this and another one on the top of it if you'll tell me where the young lady told 'e cabman to drive her."

The boy eyed the shilling hungrily, but his face fell. "Wish I could, guvnor," he said, "but I don't know. I see her start, but she didn't give no orders; she seemed flustered and upset, an' she 'anded up a paper to Bill, the cabman."

Clive's heart sank again. "I suppose he won't come back, he'll go on the crawl?" he said. "No," replied the boy cutely. "He'll come back 'ere, cos he's a day cab 'un he puts 'is 'orse up early."

Almost as he spoke, Clive heard the sound of wheels, he dropped half a crown into the boy's hand and went quickly to the archway. A seedy and amshackle cab drove in, and Clive went up to it. He saw at a glance that the driver was drunk; and forcing himself to some degree of patience, he waited until the man had urched off his perch before addressing him. "Had a long drive?" he said pleasantly and casually.

Clive set his teeth hard, fear, dread, of he knew not what, threatened to overwhelm him. Mina was lost, perhaps in danger—of what—and it behooved him to retain his calm, to command all his faculties to meet the case. He pulled himself together and laid his hand on Tibby's shoulder. "You think I have spirited Mina away, Tibby?" he said. "Look in my face, Tibby! You know that I have not done so, that I do not know where she is. Be calm, Tibby; it's easy to give way, I myself could give way, but she didn't give no orders; she seemed flustered and upset, and she 'anded up a paper to Bill, the cabman."

Clive's heart sank again. "I suppose he won't come back, he'll go on the crawl?" he said. "No," replied the boy cutely. "He'll come back 'ere, cos he's a day cab 'un he puts 'is 'orse up early."

Almost as he spoke, Clive heard the sound of wheels, he dropped half a crown into the boy's hand and went quickly to the archway. A seedy and amshackle cab drove in, and Clive went up to it. He saw at a glance that the driver was drunk; and forcing himself to some degree of patience, he waited until the man had urched off his perch before addressing him. "Had a long drive?" he said pleasantly and casually.

The cabman stared at him, then milled and winked knowingly. "Ra-ther, guvnor," he replied. "And you left the young lady here?" said Clive, in a matter-of-fact way. "I did," responded the man. "Took her to her friends as was waiting for her. An' a very nice and liberal cover she was. 'Taint orten a poor cabby 'as such a good drink stood 'im. An' 'o 'agging over the fare, neither—' he added unctuously. "Rum kind o' place to take a young lady; but there's no business o' mine. Queer cattle, women, mister."

(To be Continued.)

Clive set his teeth hard, fear, dread, of he knew not what, threatened to overwhelm him. Mina was lost, perhaps in danger—of what—and it behooved him to retain his calm, to command all his faculties to meet the case. He pulled himself together and laid his hand on Tibby's shoulder. "You think I have spirited Mina away, Tibby?" he said. "Look in my face, Tibby! You know that I have not done so, that I do not know where she is. Be calm, Tibby; it's easy to give way, I myself could give way, but she didn't give no orders; she seemed flustered and upset, and she 'anded up a paper to Bill, the cabman."

Clive's heart sank again. "I suppose he won't come back, he'll go on the crawl?" he said. "No," replied the boy cutely. "He'll come back 'ere, cos he's a day cab 'un he puts 'is 'orse up early."

Almost as he spoke, Clive heard the sound of wheels, he dropped half a crown into the boy's hand and went quickly to the archway. A seedy and amshackle cab drove in, and Clive went up to it. He saw at a glance that the driver was drunk; and forcing himself to some degree of patience, he waited until the man had urched off his perch before addressing him. "Had a long drive?" he said pleasantly and casually.

The cabman stared at him, then milled and winked knowingly. "Ra-ther, guvnor," he replied. "And you left the young lady here?" said Clive, in a matter-of-fact way. "I did," responded the man. "Took her to her friends as was waiting for her. An' a very nice and liberal cover she was. 'Taint orten a poor cabby 'as such a good drink stood 'im. An' 'o 'agging over the fare, neither—' he added unctuously. "Rum kind o' place to take a young lady; but there's no business o' mine. Queer cattle, women, mister."

(To be Continued.)

Clive set his teeth hard, fear, dread, of he knew not what, threatened to overwhelm him. Mina was lost, perhaps in danger—of what—and it behooved him to retain his calm, to command all his faculties to meet the case. He pulled himself together and laid his hand on Tibby's shoulder. "You think I have spirited Mina away, Tibby?" he said. "Look in my face, Tibby! You know that I have not done so, that I do not know where she is. Be calm, Tibby; it's easy to give way, I myself could give way, but she didn't give no orders; she seemed flustered and upset, and she 'anded up a paper to Bill, the cabman."

Clive's heart sank again. "I suppose he won't come back, he'll go on the crawl?" he said. "No," replied the boy cutely. "He'll come back 'ere, cos he's a day cab 'un he puts 'is 'orse up early."

Almost as he spoke, Clive heard the sound of wheels, he dropped half a crown into the boy's hand and went quickly to the archway. A seedy and amshackle cab drove in, and Clive went up to it. He saw at a glance that the driver was drunk; and forcing himself to some degree of patience, he waited until the man had urched off his perch before addressing him. "Had a long drive?" he said pleasantly and casually.

The cabman stared at him, then milled and winked knowingly. "Ra-ther, guvnor," he replied. "And you left the young lady here?" said Clive, in a matter-of-fact way. "I did," responded the man. "Took her to her friends as was waiting for her. An' a very nice and liberal cover she was. 'Taint orten a poor cabby 'as such a good drink stood 'im. An' 'o 'agging over the fare, neither—' he added unctuously. "Rum kind o' place to take a young lady; but there's no business o' mine. Queer cattle, women, mister."

(To be Continued.)

Clive set his teeth hard, fear, dread, of he knew not what, threatened to overwhelm him. Mina was lost, perhaps in danger—of what—and it behooved him to retain his calm, to command all his faculties to meet the case. He pulled himself together and laid his hand on Tibby's shoulder. "You think I have spirited Mina away, Tibby?" he said. "Look in my face, Tibby! You know that I have not done so, that I do not know where she is. Be calm, Tibby; it's easy to give way, I myself could give way, but she didn't give no orders; she seemed flustered and upset, and she 'anded up a paper to Bill, the cabman."

Clive's heart sank again. "I suppose he won't come back, he'll go on the crawl?" he said. "No," replied the boy cutely. "He'll come back 'ere, cos he's a day cab 'un he puts 'is 'orse up early."

## List of Unclaimed Letters Remaining in the G. P. O. to Oct. 18th, 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  
Austins, William, Cookstown Road  
Allen, F., Allen's Square  
Andrews, Charles, Pennywell Road

**B**  
Blackmore, Henry J., Water St.  
Barnes, Harvey, late H. Grace  
Bailey, Abraham, New Gower St.  
Balfour, Mrs. Wm.  
Brandbury, Miss Annie.

**C**  
Cair, 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.  
Cassidy, Mrs. L., Cuddihy St.  
Carroll, Mrs. John, Water St.  
Caldwell, John, Angel Place  
Canning, Mrs. A. P.  
Carey, Miss, Springdale St.  
Cole, Isabel F.  
Coper, Mrs. Eleazar, Barter's Hill  
Constable, Mrs. (Rev.) John, Post Office

**D**  
Davis, Wm.  
Dawney, Sarah, Lime St.  
Davis, Wm., Duckworth St.  
Davis, Miss Isabel 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  
Dohy, James  
Drover, Miss B., 4 — St.  
Drover, Edward, Water St.  
Drover, Mrs. E. B., Hamilton St.  
Dunn, P., LeMarchant Road  
Dullane, George, Prescott St.  
Duggan, Miss K. A.  
Drover, Miss Rhoda B., Forest Rd.  
Donnelly, Mrs. D., card

**E**  
Eadey, Miss Elsie, LeMarchant Rd.  
Emberley, Annie, ret'd.  
Elliott, Robert, New Gower St.  
Francis, Miss Gertie, care General Delivery  
Fraser, Stanford, West End  
Ferguson, Mrs. D., Springdale St.  
French, Nellie, Freshwater Road  
French, Frank, Military Road  
Flewelling, Aubrey, Queen's Road  
Field, J., Allandale Road  
Fitzpatrick, Miss Lydia, care Mrs. Geo. Coleman  
Fitzgerald, Edward, Bond St.  
Fitzpatrick, Mrs. Stephen, ret'd.  
Fitzgerald, T. E.  
Frazier, Mrs. Thomas, Hutchings' St.  
Foley, Mrs. E., card  
Furlong, Miss Rose, Gower St.  
Freeman, Miss Violet

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

**H**  
Harlan, Jack, care Albert Harding  
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  
Hennebury, E. S.  
Healey, Edward, Bambrick St.  
Hennebury, Mrs. H.  
Hennessey, 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  
Hartory, Mrs. S., Bond St.  
Hill, John  
Hill, James  
Hurley, Miss May J., Gower St.

**I**  
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.

**K**  
Keach, 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.  
Keach, Weston, Normal School  
King, Henry  
Kiely, Wm., Pilot's Hill  
Kiester, Miss Nettie  
Kiely, Mrs. Emily, Greenhill Cottage  
Kennedy, Mrs. Annie M.  
Kiely, Mrs. Michael, Monroe St.

**L**  
Langton, Ronald F.  
Lane, Laurence, Flower Hill  
Lake, Miss Clotilda, Pleasant St.  
Lamb, Miss Katie, New Gower St.  
Lewis, F. J.  
Learning, Miss Maria  
Lilly, Miss Gertie, care Mr. Quinn  
Lynch, Patrick, care Miss Nora Peddie  
Lockyer, Miss Sarah, LeMarchant Rd.  
Lowe, Mildred, care Miss L. Biddecombe  
Lumsden, John T., Gower St.  
Lush, Malcolm, late s.s. Bruce

**M**  
Martin, James, Newtown Road  
Marshall, Winnie  
Makins, Richard, Gower St.  
Mayos, Miss May, care Gen'l Delivery  
Mathews, Mrs. Annie  
Merner, Statia  
Mews, 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.  
Moore, Fred B., care A. G. Hutchings, Hamilton St.  
Miller, Mrs. Mary F., Gower St.  
Moore, Miss Catherine, LeMarchant Road  
Morian, 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.  
Mooney, John, care Mrs. Sutton, William St.

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

**O**  
Norris, Mrs. J., card, Gower St.  
Nolan, A. M., George's St.  
North, Miss Julie, Prescott St.  
Norman, L., George's St.

**P**  
Parsons, Miss Gertie, Mullock St.  
Parsons, H.  
Parsons, Joseph  
Payton, Richard, Gilbert St.  
Peddie, Mrs. Archibald, Lime St.  
Peddie, Albert, care Gen. Delivery  
Peckham, Mrs. Wm. Moore St.  
Pike, Miss L., Theatre Hill  
Pittman, Miss Carrie  
Pike, Miss L. B., late St. John, N.B.  
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.  
Peddie, 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.  
Rolf, E.  
Roberts, Fred, Water St.  
Roberts, Huber, Allandale Road  
Roberts, G., Post Box 385.  
Rove, Rebecca, Rose Bank  
Roberts, Mrs. 2 — Street  
Rodgers, Mrs. (Mother Jack)  
Sheppard, L. P. O. Box 273  
Rideout, Miss Minnie  
Richardson, James  
Rose, Nettie, card  
Russell, Mrs. Stephen

**S**  
Skains, Mrs. John James P.O.  
Sparks, George, care G.P.O.  
Stamp, John  
Smallwood, Chas., care Gen'l P. Office  
Steed, Mrs. Agnes, care B. Garland, Carter's Hill  
Sheppard, S. L., Freshwater Road  
Shears, J. R., 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, care Capt. Skinner  
Sinclair, George, care Mr. Redmond  
Smyth, Mrs. John  
Smyth, 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.  
Stitstone, Miss Elizabeth, care General Post Office  
Smith, 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.  
Squires, 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.  
Tait, Miss J., Charlotte St.  
Thistle, Thomas H., New Gower St.  
Thorn, 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.

Goddes, 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, Damerrell's Lane  
Green, Laurence, Allandale Road

**H**  
Harding, Miss Esther, care Albert Harding  
Harlan, Jack, care Albert Harding  
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  
Hennebury, E. S.  
Healey, Edward, Bambrick St.  
Hennebury, Mrs. H.  
Hennessey, 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  
Hartory, Mrs. S., Bond St.  
Hill, John  
Hill, James  
Hurley, Miss May J., Gower St.

**I**  
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.

**K**  
Keach, Miss Evelyn, Mullock St.  
Kavanagh, Mrs