

# "Tell Him I Loathe Him."

## CHAPTER XXIX.

## Loyd-Mostyn Himself Again.

AN expression like the sun slowly escaping from the obstruction of a cloud passed over the lovely face. It was transcendent in its wonderful beauty.

"I have it at last!" she whispered, her lips barely moving over the words. "I will escape! I will find some one in this great city who will be good enough to take me to the American minister. I will tell him my story and he will take care of me until my father can be found. He will not refuse. At least it is a hope. If I go now Lloyd will not suspect, perhaps, and if I wait until later the precaution to make me a prisoner may occur to him. There is not a moment to be lost. I must go now, now while his anger has thrown him off his guard."

Even while she spoke to herself she rushed breathlessly to her wardrobe, took from it a long cloak that enveloped her, pinned on her hat and veil; then noiselessly locking her door from the outside, she slipped quietly down the stairs, and almost without a sound let herself into the street.

## CHAPTER XXX.

## BEBE'S SECOND FLIGHT.

BUT Bebe was not unobserved. From an upper window a pair of sad, longing eyes gazed yearningly, and as they gazed the expression changed to one of intense surprise.

An early dusk was making caverns of footprints and catpaw of small jets of water that spurted into the street from a defective sewer, and, as though fearing he had been deceived by an optical illusion, the man looked again. Then with a repressed exclamation he sprang to his feet, seized a hat and coat, and a moment later was following in the direction she had taken.

It required some time for him to overtake her, as the small feet seemed to be flying, but when he was within a protective distance he walked more slowly, neither increasing nor diminishing the distance between them, but watching her intently.

Several persons passed her. She seemed to hesitate as the steps approached her, and then, as if unable to summon some desired courage, she passed on.

At last, unable to endure it longer, he crossed the street, walked hastily until he was half a block ahead of her; then, crossing, in her direction and walked calmly toward her.

She heard the steps approaching, hesitated again, and at last stopped.

"Monsieur, will you allow me to speak to you for one moment?" she cried hastily, in French. "I am an American and in great trouble. Will you have the kindness to direct me to the office or the home of the American minister?"

She paused. The man advanced and with gentle force took both her hands in his.

"Mrs. Loyd-Mostyn," he said slowly, "I will do anything under heaven that you may ask; but first tell me what has happened?"

She smothered a low cry and shrank back, her expression one of sickening alarm.

## NERVES NEED Scott's Emulsion

the same as babies. Babies can't take care of themselves, nor can nerves.

Babies cry for attention—so do nerves. Probably both are half-starved for proper nourishment.

Give them SCOTT'S EMULSION.

"You, Monsieur Millet!" she gasped. "Surely you are not sorry!" he exclaimed in a low tone. "Would you not rather trust me than a stranger? What have I done that you should shrink from me?"

"Nothing! Nothing indeed!" "You said you were in great trouble. I hope nothing has happened because of—"

"Hush, I beseech you!" she cried in desperation. "I cannot tell you— you of all the world! If you would do me a favor take me to the American minister."

Something in the quivering voice, in the frightful agony of the exquisite face told Etienne Millet that this was not madness. He motioned to a passing facer, then spoke to her with respectful courtesy.

"The distance is great," he said gently. "At least let us drive."

She did not decline, and, placing her inside the conveyance, he spoke for a moment to the driver, then entered and took the seat beside her.

"Remember that you are going to a stranger!" he said softly. "He is a man who has no interest in you other than that he is the representative of your nation, while I—I think that you know you may count upon me to the death, Mrs. Loyd-Mostyn."

She had listened eagerly until he pronounced that name; then a frightful chill seemed to seize her.

"Oh, God!" she gasped. "Is it that anything has happened to your husband?" he asked.

"Don't! Don't!"

He leaned toward her and took her hands again, his magnificent dark eyes gleaming with wrath.

"What has he done to you?" he demanded. "Don't think that you can conceal it from me. Many times I have seen you shrink from the sound of his voice; I have seen you writhe under the touch of his hand. A woman does not do that with a man she loves. Tell me in what way he has wronged you, and as there is a God I will revenge you."

"He has not wronged me!" she cried hoarsely, drawing her hands away and covering her quivering face with them. "He has not wronged me in any way. I swear it to you."

"Then pardon me, Mrs. Loyd-Mostyn, your duty is to return to his roof, and mine is—"

"No, no, no!" she gasped, grasping his arm with a force of which he would have believed her incapable. "You must not take me back there. You must not, do you hear? I would rather you should take me to the Seine and allow me to bury all my sorrow there."

Slowly, as he looked into her agitated face, a horrible fear took possession of him. He remembered that his valet had said, "Here was awful proof of the hideous words: 'Mrs. Loyd-Mostyn is mad!'"

Should he take her back to the man who he believed to be her legal guardian? His whole soul revolted, and yet, was it not most plainly his duty?

"Calm yourself," he said, gently. "I shall do nothing that is not to your good. I think you may be sure of that."

"Then kill me before you return me to him!" she cried. "He has never wronged me. He has been in many respects the truest friend that woman ever had, and yet I must not return there. Oh, it all sounds so mad—so crazy! I could never make you understand. Only take me to our minister. I can tell it all to him, and he will understand and help me."

"Do you think there is any one in the whole world who would go to greater lengths to help you than I would?"

"Perhaps not; but I could not tell you! I could not!"

She tried to stifle the moan that arose to her lips, but his escaped, seeming to cut him to the heart.

"Then you do not trust me! Is that it?"

"No! You are wrong. All wrong! I would trust you with my life, but not with the secret that makes perdition preferable. I would tell that to any one sooner than you! Any one!"

The words, coupled with the misery of the tone, caused him to start. His face flushed, then grew ghastly. He leaned toward her, pressing her hand between both his throbbing palms.

"And yet," he cried in an agitated undertone, "I would sell the very heart out of my body, if by it I could benefit you. Ah, Bebe, if I had but seen you happy I might have gone on to life's end without telling you that I love you with all my soul! I mean no insult to your purity. I ask nothing, would accept nothing at your



The choicest product of the famous Sherry district—Spain. Welcome your guest with a beautiful and a glass of it. It's a graceful, old-Dry Sack Sherry—time custom now coming into favour again.

In bottles only—of all good dealers. D. O. ROBLIN, Canadian Agent, JOHN JACKSON, Resident Agent.

hands but your confidence, your trust! Will you not lean upon my heart, dear? Will you not let me help you by telling me what is making you so miserable? Bebe, burst me!"

She had listened half breathlessly, and as his voice ceased she murmured as if in a dream:

"Etienne loves me! Oh, God, that is the hardest of all!"

The weary but semi-conscious mixture of the tone told him more than words could have done.

"I beg your pardon," he said hoarsely. "For the moment I had forgotten you were the wife of a man whose bread I have broken. I forgot that I was insulting you by even a breath that a wife should not hear."

"Oh, Etienne," she cried desperately, "listen and save me! I should never have had the courage to tell you but that you love me and will save me. Help me to find my father and with the last breath of his life he will bless you. Etienne, I am not that man's wife!"

No words could have expressed more horror than the single exclamation contained, and no description could have pictured the ghastly, distorted pain in his face.

"I am not his wife!" she repeated. "The falsity of my position is not at all his fault. Listen and let me tell you if I can. You love me. You will be true to me and help me. Swear it!"

"I swear!" he said so hoarsely that even she would not have recognized the voice.

Then eagerly, miserably she told it all from the beginning, scarcely pausing to take breath. She recited it dramatically, but simply, to the end of the scene after which she had fled.

When she had finished, Millet had again taken her hand and was bending over her, a passionate earnestness in his eyes.

Tell me that you know I am innocent of wrong, Etienne," she cried when she had finished. "Only tell me that I still have your esteem, and I shall not regret my suffering."

"My poor darling!" he exclaimed, passionately drawing her within the protection of his arms. "My poor unhappy darling. You have not alone my esteem, but my love, my life. Thank God you trusted me, for now I shall know how to protect you. And you—loved—him, this Edwin Chapman, Bebe?"

"I thought so—then, Etienne! I know now that had I loved it could not have died. Edwin Chapman was only his pen name. His name was Eric Childes."

"What? There is an Eric Childes who has been making himself famous through his daring bravery in our stricken Paris of late. Could it be the same? He, too, is an American."

"I don't know!"

"I must ascertain. And what was your father's name, dear?"

"Meredithe Lansing!"

"The friend of Colonel Childes. I am sure now it must be him."

"My father! Here! In Paris! Take me to him! Take me, I entreat you!"

"Perhaps it would be safer to should you be afraid if I left you?"

"I must ascertain. And what was your father's name, dear?"

"Meredithe Lansing!"

"The friend of Colonel Childes. I am sure now it must be him."

"My father! Here! In Paris! Take me to him! Take me, I entreat you!"

"Perhaps it would be safer to should you be afraid if I left you?"

the face while I went to interview Colonel Childes?"

"No."

"Then I will give the order at once."

He put out his hand to give an order, but at the same moment the facer stopped, a hoarse, low rumble that seemed to come from the very bowels of the earth reached them.

Louder, shriller, hoarser it grew with each instant, until it appeared that herds of wild, infuriated animals were fiercely approaching.

The sound increased, seeming to gain voices with each second, coming nearer and nearer, until wild hoots, yells, and jeers, myriad-throated and clarion-tongued, rent the air with hideous sound.

The driver was already off his box. With cars thrown forward, eyes dilated, and nostrils distended, even the horse seemed to listen, paralyzed with fear.

Then a word, frightful in its import for stricken Paris, fell from the driver's white lips:

"Flee for your lives!" he cried. "There is not a second to lose. It is the Commune!"

## A Bit Satirical.

Editor Evening Telegram:

Dear Sir,—One night this week I dropped into the Nickel Theatre. As the performance was in full swing when I entered, I naturally expected to find not only every seat filled but the alley-way crowded up to the chain and the vestibule full of patrons patiently waiting their turn to get in to see the show. But a very different state of affairs met my eye.

I found the vestibule vacant, the alley-way clear of people, and even in the hall itself not much more than a meagre array of empty benches.

The meaning of all this was not long in dawning upon me. The Government was in competition with the Nickel, and the Nickel was suffering the crowd which usually fills St. Patrick's Hall were now perambulating the two rinks. The regularly established moving picture show was temporarily at least, eclipsed by the casual moving picture show held under Government auspices.

The tortured pain in my mind, whether this was quite legitimate, I doubt the Government of the day to compete with business enterprise at all.

And compete with a business enterprise founded and developed by foreign capital? And, if I did compete, ought it not to compete on somewhat equal terms with the established rivals? The Government decided to give a moving picture show and invite the patronage of the public should it not be content with the one single action and—was it right that it should add the drawing power of the pictures he additional inducement of the exhibition of a vast number of objects of interest? The resources of the Nickel are naturally limited to the exhibition of moving pictures and the vocal accompaniment of instrumental music.

The Government, on the contrary, was able to avail of the services of three full brass bands, a moving picture show, an exhibition of work of industry and interest, a display of all that the manufacturing and agricultural resources of the country can produce. If such competition is to be encouraged, here is an end of private enterprise, the resources of private enterprise are limited, while those of the Government, for all practical purposes, unlimited. The competition here is an end of private enterprise, the resources of private enterprise are limited, while those of the Government, for all practical purposes, unlimited.

The Government, on the contrary, was able to avail of the services of three full brass bands, a moving picture show, an exhibition of work of industry and interest, a display of all that the manufacturing and agricultural resources of the country can produce. If such competition is to be encouraged, here is an end of private enterprise, the resources of private enterprise are limited, while those of the Government, for all practical purposes, unlimited.

The Government, on the contrary, was able to avail of the services of three full brass bands, a moving picture show, an exhibition of work of industry and interest, a display of all that the manufacturing and agricultural resources of the country can produce. If such competition is to be encouraged, here is an end of private enterprise, the resources of private enterprise are limited, while those of the Government, for all practical purposes, unlimited.

The Government, on the contrary, was able to avail of the services of three full brass bands, a moving picture show, an exhibition of work of industry and interest, a display of all that the manufacturing and agricultural resources of the country can produce. If such competition is to be encouraged, here is an end of private enterprise, the resources of private enterprise are limited, while those of the Government, for all practical purposes, unlimited.

The Government, on the contrary, was able to avail of the services of three full brass bands, a moving picture show, an exhibition of work of industry and interest, a display of all that the manufacturing and agricultural resources of the country can produce. If such competition is to be encouraged, here is an end of private enterprise, the resources of private enterprise are limited, while those of the Government, for all practical purposes, unlimited.

The Government, on the contrary, was able to avail of the services of three full brass bands, a moving picture show, an exhibition of work of industry and interest, a display of all that the manufacturing and agricultural resources of the country can produce. If such competition is to be encouraged, here is an end of private enterprise, the resources of private enterprise are limited, while those of the Government, for all practical purposes, unlimited.

The Government, on the contrary, was able to avail of the services of three full brass bands, a moving picture show, an exhibition of work of industry and interest, a display of all that the manufacturing and agricultural resources of the country can produce. If such competition is to be encouraged, here is an end of private enterprise, the resources of private enterprise are limited, while those of the Government, for all practical purposes, unlimited.

The Government, on the contrary, was able to avail of the services of three full brass bands, a moving picture show, an exhibition of work of industry and interest, a display of all that the manufacturing and agricultural resources of the country can produce. If such competition is to be encouraged, here is an end of private enterprise, the resources of private enterprise are limited, while those of the Government, for all practical purposes, unlimited.

The Government, on the contrary, was able to avail of the services of three full brass bands, a moving picture show, an exhibition of work of industry and interest, a display of all that the manufacturing and agricultural resources of the country can produce. If such competition is to be encouraged, here is an end of private enterprise, the resources of private enterprise are limited, while those of the Government, for all practical purposes, unlimited.

The Government, on the contrary, was able to avail of the services of three full brass bands, a moving picture show, an exhibition of work of industry and interest, a display of all that the manufacturing and agricultural resources of the country can produce. If such competition is to be encouraged, here is an end of private enterprise, the resources of private enterprise are limited, while those of the Government, for all practical purposes, unlimited.

The Government, on the contrary, was able to avail of the services of three full brass bands, a moving picture show, an exhibition of work of industry and interest, a display of all that the manufacturing and agricultural resources of the country can produce. If such competition is to be encouraged, here is an end of private enterprise, the resources of private enterprise are limited, while those of the Government, for all practical purposes, unlimited.

The Government, on the contrary, was able to avail of the services of three full brass bands, a moving picture show, an exhibition of work of industry and interest, a display of all that the manufacturing and agricultural resources of the country can produce. If such competition is to be encouraged, here is an end of private enterprise, the resources of private enterprise are limited, while those of the Government, for all practical purposes, unlimited.

The Government, on the contrary, was able to avail of the services of three full brass bands, a moving picture show, an exhibition of work of industry and interest, a display of all that the manufacturing and agricultural resources of the country can produce. If such competition is to be encouraged, here is an end of private enterprise, the resources of private enterprise are limited, while those of the Government, for all practical purposes, unlimited.

The Government, on the contrary, was able to avail of the services of three full brass bands, a moving picture show, an exhibition of work of industry and interest, a display of all that the manufacturing and agricultural resources of the country can produce. If such competition is to be encouraged, here is an end of private enterprise, the resources of private enterprise are limited, while those of the Government, for all practical purposes, unlimited.

The Government, on the contrary, was able to avail of the services of three full brass bands, a moving picture show, an exhibition of work of industry and interest, a display of all that the manufacturing and agricultural resources of the country can produce. If such competition is to be encouraged, here is an end of private enterprise, the resources of private enterprise are limited, while those of the Government, for all practical purposes, unlimited.

The Government, on the contrary, was able to avail of the services of three full brass bands, a moving picture show, an exhibition of work of industry and interest, a display of all that the manufacturing and agricultural resources of the country can produce. If such competition is to be encouraged, here is an end of private enterprise, the resources of private enterprise are limited, while those of the Government, for all practical purposes, unlimited.

The Government, on the contrary, was able to avail of the services of three full brass bands, a moving picture show, an exhibition of work of industry and interest, a display of all that the manufacturing and agricultural resources of the country can produce. If such competition is to be encouraged, here is an end of private enterprise, the resources of private enterprise are limited, while those of the Government, for all practical purposes, unlimited.

The Government, on the contrary, was able to avail of the services of three full brass bands, a moving picture show, an exhibition of work of industry and interest, a display of all that the manufacturing and agricultural resources of the country can produce. If such competition is to be encouraged, here is an end of private enterprise, the resources of private enterprise are limited, while those of the Government, for all practical purposes, unlimited.

The Government, on the contrary, was able to avail of the services of three full brass bands, a moving picture show, an exhibition of work of industry and interest, a display of all that the manufacturing and agricultural resources of the country can produce. If such competition is to be encouraged, here is an end of private enterprise, the resources of private enterprise are limited, while those of the Government, for all practical purposes, unlimited.

## UNCLAIMED LETTERS, REMAINING IN G. P. to NOV. 1st, 1910.

Adams, Fred, Pennywell Road	Campbell, C. J., Duckworth St.	Jones, Nellie, Lime St.	Quinn, Miss Alice, New Gower Street
Ash, Jennie, Carter's Hill	Curney, Wm., Ellen, Mullick Street	Jefferson, care Reid Mtd. Co.	Ryan, Jim, late Grand Bank
Ansty & Co., St. John's	Connolly, Mrs. Ellen, Mullick Street	Jones, W. E.	Rankin, Robert, Cabot St.
Anderson, Sophie, card	Davis, Mrs. Benjamin, Pleasant Street	Jones, J. P., card	Ryan, Miss Katie, retd.
Andrews, Miss Eliza, late Gen'l Hospital	Delaney, Miss Bessie, Military Road	King, Mary Ellen, card, Gower Street	Redmond, Michael, late Honne Bay
Alcock, Miss Stella, care Mrs. Cross	Devereaux, Miss Mary, Water Street West	Kavanagh, Mary, New Gower Street	Rowe, Mrs. Arthur, Duckworth Street
Associated Mail Dealers, Duckworth St.	Dickenson, H. W., Droghda, Miss Mary J. Doyle, Miss D., card, care Burnstone, Water Street	Kennedy, George, York St.	Rogers, Miss Abigail, Circular Road
Baxter, Thomas, late Sydney	Dudgey, Peter, New Gower Street	Kennedy, Fred W., Leslie Street	Royal, Mrs. John, Cabot Street
Bradford, H., late Sydney	Dunlop, James, card	Kennedy, Fred, card	Roberts, Christopher, 25—Street
Barrett, Mrs. Leonard, care Wm. Knowling, Circular Road	Eddy, Miss S., McFarlane's St.	King, Annie, care John Skinner	Sanson, Lavinia, Hamilton Street
Barter, Jack, card, late Sydney	Edgar, Miss Maggie, late Philadelphia	Knowling, Miss A., Henry Street	Sheppard, Miss Mary, card, Sealgrove, Miss L., Plymouth Road
Benmore, Jas., Blackmarsh Rd.	Everett, Wm., English, Robert, late Norris' Arm	Kehoe, Miss Maggie, Water Street	Stead, Miss Fanny, care G. P. O.
Bell, Wm., Nagle's Hill	Ellard, Mrs. Wm., care Wood's Candy Factory	LeDrew, Anthony, card, St. John's	Smith, Miss Annie, Maxie Street
Brecher, Henry, care Empire Wood W. Co.	Fennesse, John, Feder, D., care G. P. O.	Lockyer, Thomas, Bell St.	Simms, W. H., Snow, John, Alexander St.
Brennan, Miss Catherine, care Monroe Street	Fisher, Prescott, care John Campbell	Lodge, Edmund, late Grand Falls	Starks, Miss L., Water St.
Brenton, David, care Mrs. W. Carbery	Flight, Thomas, late Bonavista Railway	Long, Mrs. A., Jacob St.	Strong, R. F., Squires, Beaton H. Summers, Mrs. G., Rennie's Mill Road
Biddiscombe, P., Briant, Edward	Fowler, Miss Bride, Power Street	Mahoney, Lizzie, Cook St.	Taylor, Mrs. Duncan, Taylor, H., Tiller, Peter, card, Towers, Mrs. Wm., Tomlin, Mrs. Alfred, Verge, Mrs. Robert, Verge, Mrs. Robert, Allandale Road
Bishop, E. M., Cornwall Road	Fuller, George, late Bonavista Railway	March, Miss, card, Church Hill	Walsh, Thomas, Noag's Hill
Brown, Samuel, Butler, Master Cecil	Graham, Mrs. A., late Grand Falls	Martha, Wm., care G.P.O.	Walsh, Patrick, care Mrs. Woodley
Burke, Miss Annie	Grant, Mrs. M., care Mrs. Brown, Terra Nova House	Maurice, Wm., care G.P.O.	Walsh, Miss Mary, care Mrs. George's Street
Butler, Samuel, Blundon, Robert	Gardner, Bernard, Flower Hill	Mead, George, Mitchell, W. A., Mullins, L., card, Murphy, Joseph, card, McKellop, Daniel, retd.	Walsh, Wm. A., late Bonavista Railway
Butler, Aarah, Lion Square	Gregory, Mrs. H., Harvey, Miss Victoria, card, Hawkins, Chas. G., Harvey, Mrs. Patrick, Hagan, John J., Healey, Miss Lizzie, card, Howard, Mrs., care G.P.O.	Mitchell, W. A., Mullins, L., card, Murphy, Joseph, card, McKellop, Daniel, retd.	Walsh, Martin, Nagle's Hill
Baggs, Richard, Barron, Wm., card, Barnes' Road	Hickley, John, Buchanan Street	Nelson, Bertram, Newhook, Mrs. Wm., Nelder, Miss Annie, Power Street	Walsh, Mrs. J. Forest Road
Brantford, A., card, Butcher, J., Walsn's Lane	House, Mrs. J., Hooper, Thomas, Flower Hill	Newbury, Charles, Pennywell Road	Walsh, Patrick, care Mrs. Woodley
Carew, Miss Katie	Hutchings, Muriel, St. John's	Newhook, Miss Blanche	Walsh, Miss Mary, care Mrs. George's Street
Clark, Mrs. E. J., card	Hudson, E. A., late Botwoodville	O'Brien, Thomas, Lime St.	Walsh, Wm. A., late Bonavista Railway
Christopher, Miss Lizzie, Gower Street	Hutchings, Jessie, late Botwoodville	Outram, W. R.	Walsh, Martin, Nagle's Hill
Courage, Rev. W. R., late Flower Cove	Hall, Edmund, cards	Parsons, Albert J., Patey, Louisa, late Carbonate	Walsh, Mrs. J. Forest Road
Croke, Edward, Pleasant Street	Henderson, F. S., Huestis, R., card	Peters, Edgar P., Percy, A., Allandale Rd.	Walsh, Patrick, care Mrs. Martin, Pleasant Street
Connolly, Miss Ray, care Mrs. P. Newbury, Pennywell Road	Churchill, John, New Gower St.	Phillips, Mrs. Thos., card, Haywood's Ave.	Wellman, Miss D., Circular Road
Collins, Mrs. Mary A., Connors, Theodore, care McLean's Tannery	Coyell, Miss, card	Power, Mr., Nagle's Hill	Whelton, J. J., Whelan, Ned, card, Williams, George, late Clarendville
Coffin, C., card, Colonial St.		Power, Mrs. Long Pond Rd.	Windsor, Wm., Whittle, J., Williams, J. H., White, Mrs. George, care G. P. O.
Cooke, F., Gower St.		Power, Master, of George	Wood, C. R., Woolcombe, Miss Wood, Francis H., Woods, J. F.
Cooper, Miss Martha, care Mrs. P. Newbury, Pennywell Road			
Cooper, Thomas, Goodview St.			
Connors, Mrs. M., George's Street			
Cullen, Miss Rosa			
Curren, Mary A., late Gen'l Hospital			
Churchill, John, New Gower St.			
Coyell, Miss, card			

## SEAMEN'S LIST.

A	C	L	O
Adams, Ernest, s.s. Argyle	Colins, Ernest, s.s. Argyle	Dean, Geo. B., schr. Lady Napier	Walters, Capt. T. J., schr. Oriental
Baird, John, s.s. Argyle	Hollett, Capt. T., schr. Almada	Snow, Capt. Wm., schr. Luetta	Evans, Capt. Henry, schr. Pendragon
Crouse, Ambrose, schr. Acadia	Moulton, John Thos., schr. Almada	Rose, Allan, schr. Francis E. Smith	Peddie, Abijah, schr. Prowl
Charles, Benjamin, schr. A. M. Fox	Sharpe, Wm. John, schr. Brothers	Keeping, John M., schr. Fannie Young	Hines, Martin J., schr. Pearl Eveline
Charles, Benjamin, schr. A. M. Fox	Sharpe, Wm. John, schr. Brothers	Kerman, Alex., schr. Glenwood	Miller, Henry, schr. Susan M.
Dewley, Capt. John, schr. Colenso	Williams, Capt. E. H., schr. C. E. Spooner	Pilgrim, Albert, schr. Gay Gordon	Taylor, Master F., schr. Madulin
Williams, Capt. E. H., schr. C. E. Spooner	Yetman, Capt. Clara, schr. Clara	Saunders, Capt. Geo., schr. Helena	Eastman, Wm., schr. Messenger
Yetman, Capt. Clara, schr. Clara	Saunders, Capt. Geo., schr. Helena	Thorne, Thomas, schr. Kitchener	Jones, John, schr. Minnie E. Strong
Hackett, Capt. Jos., schr. Crofton McLeod	Jacobs, John Wilson, schr. Ida	Morris, Capt. Ed., schr. J. B. Anderson	Davis, Capt. Wm., schr. Mauna Loa
Penigan, Augustus, schr. Dorothy Baird	Morris, Capt. Ed., schr. J. B. Anderson	Thorne, Thomas, schr. Kitchener	March, L., schr. Messenger
Taylor, Esau, schr. Ethel B. Clarke	Thorne, Thomas, schr. Kitchener		Morris, Robert, schr. Maxwell
Cook, Alonzo, schr. Ethel Bess			Feld, Richard, schr. Mary
			Carter, Kenneth, schr. Notre Dame

G. P. O. November 1st, 1910.

H