

Tonsillitis, Sore Throat, Chest Colds, Can be Cured Over Night

They Vanish Quickly if Nervilleine is Well Rubbed In.

When the throat tickles, when it hurts to draw a long breath, when you feel as if a knife were stuck in your side, it's time to draw out the congestion that will soon become pneumonia.

An ordinary cough syrup has no chance at all—you require a powerful penetrating liniment.

Nothing is known that possesses more merit in such cases than Nervilleine.

Rub it liberally over the sides and chest—rub it in hard.

The warm, soothing effect of Nervilleine will be apparent in five minutes. Nothing like it for quick relief.

takes soreness out of the throat in one rubbing—breaks up the chest cold, draws out the inflammation, stops the cough quickly.

Rub it on for rheumatism—it destroys the pain—drives it right away. Try it for stiff muscles—it works miracles in just such cases.

Give Nervilleine a chance on your neuralgia, prove it out for lumbago, see what it can do for sciatica.

No pain-relieving remedy compares in power to cure with Nervilleine. Largest sale in Canada of any liniment for nearly forty years. The reason is plain. It satisfies every time.

The large 50 cent family size bottle is more economical than the 25 cent trial size. Sold by dealers everywhere.

"ECHOES of the Past;"

OR,

The recompense of Love!

CHAPTER VII.

"No, I don't think you ought," he returned, with a quietness and gravity that reassured her. "Let me put it this way: If you were me, and you had sent me something that I wanted very badly and could not get, would you have expected me to be angry, offended?"

She shook her head at this piece of sophistry.

"But—but I told you about the piano; it was as if—as if I had asked for it," she said, in a low voice, the trouble more plainly showing in her eyes and the quiver of her lips.

"Nothing was further from your thoughts, I know," he said earnestly.

But she was not satisfied; and she stood, her hands—once again Clive noticed how long and slender they were—working nervously.

"I did not think—I was so glad, so pleased—it was as if it had come from the skies—that I did not think that I— I ought not to have it."

"If the sight of me has made you unhappy about it, I'm sorry I came," he said. There was silence for a moment, then a way out of the difficulty occurred to him. "See here, Miss Mina—"

She raised her head quickly and the color rushed to her face.

"Why do you call me Miss Mina, as if—as if I were a young lady?" she asked half-resentfully.

Clive drew up a chair and sat down; he knew that she, too, would sit, and she did so.

"If I were so impolite as to call you Mina, you would have to call me Clive—and you wouldn't like to do that," he said laughingly.

"No," she faltered, her brows bent.

"Then why should you think yourself better mannered than I am?"

She sighed as if she knew herself vanquished by this argument, but was not satisfied.

"I sing in the streets for my living; I'm not a young lady," she said.

"Excuse me; I don't agree with you. But we won't argue it. I was going to make a proposal."

She looked at him with suspicion at the corners of her delicate lips and kept her eyes on him.

"If you'd rather not accept my little memento of the other night, you shall have your way, and pay me for the piano."

Her eyes and lips opened and she stared at him.

"Pay you! Why, you know I couldn't. It must have cost a great deal of money. Elisha says that it is one of the grandest and most beautiful pianos he ever heard; and Elisha knows."

"Quite so," said Clive. "Well, when you are a great singer, earning ever so many pounds for a couple of

songs, you shall pay me for the piano—five-and-twenty pounds. Is that a bargain?"

She drew a long breath and her face paled.

"Do you think I shall ever sing well enough—to earn enough to pay for it? Do you? Ah, don't say 'Yes' just to please—just to deceive me!" Her hands gripped each other and she held her breath for a moment, her eyes searching his as if to wring the truth from them; then she went on, in a lower voice: "I don't know why you are so kind. I don't understand. Nobody, even rich people—you are very rich, I suppose?"

Clive was about to declare laughingly that he was anything but a Croesus; but he bethought him that his modest income would seem an enormous one to her, and contented himself with a non-committal shrug of the shoulders.

"Other people don't give away pianos," she said.

"You forget our bargain. I'm not giving you this."

Elisha came back with clean hands and moved to the piano.

"I'll ask you to hear Mina sing to it, sir," he said nervously. "It gives her voice a better chance than the violin does."

He put a hassock on the chair, and lifted himself up and began the prelude to one of Hope Temple's simple melodies; but, strangely enough, the girl—a street-singer!—seemed shy reluctant; the color came and went in her face, and her lips quivered with timidity; but Elisha struck the chords again and looked up at her with faint surprise and interrogation, and she began. Her voice shook for a moment or two; then, like all true artists, she forgot her audience, and the notes rose clearly but with infinite softness. It was a pathetic little song, and deeply moved Clive, whose love for music amounted to a passion. He did not watch the girl's face, pale now and spiritual with the artistic effluvia, but sat with downcast eyes and compressed lips.

"A beautiful instrument, sir," said Elisha; but the exquisite melody of the young voice was ringing in Clive's ears.

"Yes," he said, "it's all right. But Miss Mina must not sing in the open air again. It is too delicate a voice for so fierce an ordeal."

Elisha nodded a quick concurrence. "You hear, Mina?" he said, as if they had been arguing the question. "It is far better to wait until you can show at a concert; there's more money in it, isn't there, Mr. Clive? It's what I've been telling you."

"Far better," assented Clive emphatically. "And you'll be able to pay me all the sooner, Miss Mina."

She flushed and her eyes rested on him with mute appeal. "And now I must not stay any longer."

He held out his hand and she put hers into it. He felt the long slender hand shake and quiver with the flutter, the warmth of an imprisoned bird; then she withdrew it quickly, as if she were suddenly conscious that it was trembling, and turned away.

Clive went down the stairs and in to the street; the sweet voice was still

ringing in his ears; he felt confused by an emotion which he could not understand, much less name for himself; and he stood for a moment outside the door as if in deep thought.

The little cul-de-sac was almost crowded with women and girls coming from their marketing at the costers' barrows; and they jostled against him with their baskets of fish and meat and vegetables. Some of the women had children hanging onto their skirts, and one of the mites stumbled and fell close to Clive's feet. He picked it up and held it at arm's length as it yelled lugubriously.

"I don't think you're hurt," he said in a confidential tone, and with the smile which, when it shines in a man's eyes, children find irresistible. "A big little woman like you doesn't cry, you know, what?"

The child stopped its yell, and taking its dirty fist from its eyes, stared down at him in amazement, and still waiting for the accustomed smacking. The mother also stared.

"Troublesome little toad," she shouted. "I'll give you something, Emily Mord. No, o' course she ain't hurt; she's allers tumblin' an' fallin' about," she added to Clive, as she snatched the child from him and commenced to shake it.

"Oh, I wouldn't do that," said Clive, in his persuasive way. "She couldn't help it; I saw how it happened. All good kiddies who are worth anything tumble about, don't they Emily Mord?"

He slipped something into the woman's hand. "Buy her a doll and they'll learn together to keep their feet, you'll see. Good night."

As he turned away, the woman stopping the traffic to stare at him in open-eyed wonder, he ran sharply some one, and a voice cried angrily: "Now, stupid! Where's your dog?"

Clive recognized the voice, and looked down with a smile and a nod at the quaint little figure of Tibby.

"Good evening," he said. "Dog?"

"Yes; blind men ought not to be without one. Oh, it's you, is it?" It is scarcely necessary to say that she had been looking on during his adventure with the mother and child.

"You seem fond of this neighborhood. Thinkin' of takin' a 'ouse here?"

"I've just been calling at your place," he began to explain; but she cut in with a vicious tug at her bonnet.

"Been to measure the room for a new carpet—or is it a drorin'-room sweet this time? Look 'ere, I'm almost glad to meet you, for I got somethin' to say about that planer. It's going back, and I'll trouble you for the address o' the place to send it to."

She hitched up her basket in which a piece of mutton, some carrots and potatoes, a pound of candles and a bar of soap, were lying amicably together like a happy family, and glared up at him defiantly from under the curlers in which her hair was tightly bound in preparation for Sunday.

"Sorry, Miss Tibby," said Clive, "but it's sold, and I can't take it back."

"Sold? Who's bought it?"

"Your father, or rather, Miss Mina," replied Clive, smiling down at her. But Tibby was not so easily pacified as the child; and her sharp retort came swiftly as a flash of lightning.

"Oh, on the instalment dodge. And s'pose you'll be comin' reglar for the weekly payments, mister?"

The significance in her tone and her expressive countenance brought the color to Clive's face.

"On the contrary," he said, "I shall not come again—until I am invited."

"Then you've seen the last of Benson's Rents," she said, with an emphatic nod. "We're rather pertickler about our acquaintances, and we don't want no truck with gentlemen in the musical instrument and furniture line. You understand me?"

"I'm afraid I do, Miss Tibby," said Clive gravely, his eyes resting on hers



steadily; "and I'm afraid also that I could not convince you that you are doing me an injustice."

"Not in a month o' Sundays," she said; "any more than I could persuade you to—mind your own business."

She gave a toss to her bonnet, and her eyes fixed defiantly on him to the last moment, swang away. Clive walked on, but presently felt a tug at his coat, and turning, looked down at her quaint face. It was pale and troubled and uncertain.

"Look 'ere," she said, drawing him aside; "I didn't mean to let on so hard. But I'm puzzled like. I see you with that child—you can't be a bad sort—"

"Thank you, Miss Tibby."

"You'd better 'ear me out; I ain't finished yet," she said quickly and significantly. "What I mean is, you can't be a right-down bad lot—you've got a good 'eart. But Mina," she

laughed her breath, "Mina's all we've got, and—she's only a kid herself—and more of a kid than most of em. You and your planners 'll be putting all sorts o' ideas in her head—like the things you read in the love-letters. See? Oh, ah, yes; you see right enough, though you fix me with your eyes as if you was a lamb in a slaughter-house."

Clive's face was red and his lips so tightly drawn that they made a straight line. For a moment he was silent, then he said in a low voice:

"Yes; I understand. You are wrong; but you have my promise. Good night."

She hesitated a moment, then she held out her hand.

"Shake on it," she said laconically; and he shook hands with her.

Tibby's words rang tormentingly in his ears as he made his way toward home; and he put himself on the inquisitorial rack. Why had he taken such an interest in this strange family? Would he have followed up their acquaintance, have sent the piano, if—

if—Mina had not been a member of it? It was useless to tell himself that he was more keenly interested in the welfare of that particular family than he was in many another which he had helped; and he admitted, after a turn of the rack, that the girl's beauty, and her extraordinary voice, the refinement of her speech and manner and presence, so strangely inconsistent with her surroundings, had influenced him.

That being so—well, Tibby was right in laying stress upon his promise. And, of course, he would keep it. Why, what difficulty would there be in keeping it? Surely, he did not want to see the girl again? He did not attach the least importance to Tibby's statement that his visits would put "ideas" into Mina's head; the eyes of a child could not have been more pure, more free from coquetry than those which she had lifted to him; the eyes through which the innocence of her mind and heart shone as through crystal; but, all the same, Tibby had a right to rely on his promise, and it was well he had given it.

(To Be Continued.)

If you have a slight burn, wet it instantly with vinegar and powder with baking powder or flour.

List of Unclaimed Letters Remaining in the G. P. O. to Sept. 20th, 1915.

A
Allan & Sons
Allen, Robert, Allan's Square.
Adams, Bell (card)
Aylward, Miss Mary, New Gower St.
Andrews, Chas., Clifford St.
Andrews, Mary C., Allendale Road
Andrews, Miss Annie, Circular Road
Andrews, J. W.
Anderson, H. I.
Atwell, Mrs. John, Pleasant St.
Atkins, Kittie, Brazil's Square.
Alton, Benjamin H.
Anderson, Annie, Circular Road

B
Bartlett, H. B.
Black, Winifred, Miss
Barnes, Mrs. Jas. A., Cookstown Rd.
Barnes, Jacob
care Mrs. Martin, Queen St.
Blanchette, Mr.
Baird, W. V.
Baldwin, Miss M., care Gen'l Delivery
Baird, Frank, Carew St.
Bearn, Gordon
care John J. Tucker
Broad Cove Road

Bell, James, Nagle's Hill
Bearn, Thomas, Newtown Road
Bishop, Miss Mary, New Gower St.
Beattie, Fred, care Gen'l Delivery
Byrne, Philip J., Monkstown Road
Bennett, Mrs. Peter
care General Delivery

Biddlecombe, S., Allendale Road
Brine, Wm. H., John St.
Brown, Mrs. Wm., Gower Street
Brophy, Mrs. Mary, Water Street
Brown, John, Gear Building
Brown, Miss K.
care Mrs. Rogers, Barnes' Road

Brown, Mrs. John A.
Brown, John W., New Gower St.
Brown, Mrs. Alfred, Hayward Avenue
Barron, Miss G. A., New Gower St.
Butt, Miss Mary E., Military Road
Burt, Brinton
Bussey, Mrs. Wm., Gower St.
Butt, Miss Katie, Water St.
Barron, Miss G. A., New Gower St.
Bell, George, Nagle's Hill
Bray, John, Central St.
Byrne, Miss Gertrude, Flavin St.
Barnes, Mrs. Wm., Flavin St.
Brown, Miss Ellie, Victoria St.
Blair, John
Bennett, Mrs. John, Power St.
Bernard, H.

C
Cameron, Mrs. Colin, Hayward Ave.
Clarke, Nellie, retd.
Clarke, Mrs. Joseph, Spencer St.
Callin, Miss Ellie
Crag, Mrs. Arch, Bannerman St.
Carew, Miss May, Queen's Road
Clark, Mrs. Laurence J.
Carnell, Mrs. Catherine, Water St.
Clark, Violet, care Gen'l Delivery
Carroll, Miss Lizzie, Pleasant St.
Collins, Harvey
Constantine, Miss Florence
Cooper, Samuel, care Harvey & Co.
Cuff, Miss Emily
care Mrs. Ivany, Duggan St.
Conrod, Earl, retd.

Colbourne, Arthur
Clark, Duncan, C. L. B. Armoury
Colbourne, Matilda, LeMarchant Rd.
Cooksley, May
care Mrs. James Cullen,
New Gower Street

Crocker, Miss Marion,
care Mrs. J. Miller

Collins, Miss Annie J.
Caul, Miss Elizabeth, care Colonial St.
Costello, Miss Johanna
Collins, Miss Margaret
C—, Miss Mary, 14 Tessier Place
Collins, Mrs. Bridget, late Torbay
Curran, Miss Annie, Leslie St.
Curnew, Mrs. George
Cuddaby, Miss K.
Cullen, J., Newtown Road
Culleton, P., Newtown Hill
Currie, W. C., Garrison Hill
Cromey, Miss Lillian, Barter's Hill
Cull, Stephen
Corr, Miss L. Goodview St.
Carson, Mrs. H., care William St.
Cochrane, Miss Maud,
care Miss Walton, Prescott St.
Connors, Miss Alice, Tremont Hill
Chaplain, M.

D
Dawe, A. J., Theatre Hill
Dalton, Walter, Duggan St.
Dawe, Albert A.
Dawe, W. H., care Waldegrave St.
Dawe, Mrs. K. F., card
Dalton, Kittie, card
Delane, Ed., card
Dwyer, Mrs. Michael, Nagle's Hill
Dean, B. H.
Driscoll, Hubert, Hamilton Ave.
Dobbin, Mrs. John, Gower St.
Doyle, Miss Bessie, Queen's Road
Doody, John T., Mundy Pond Road
Dullanty, Thomas, Forest Road
Dunn, Miss Elizabeth, card
Dunn, J., John St.
Duffy, John
Davis, Willis
Dalton, Mrs. Garrett, Hamilton St.
Dillon, A. M., Hayward Ave.
Davis, E. H.
Doyle, Miss Lizzie, Gower St.

E
Earle, Mrs. Mary Ann, Duggan St.
Edbs, Wm.
Egden, Mrs. James
Eavis, Capt. Thos., schr. Protector
Emberley, Miss Carter, Power St.
Edelson, A. J.
Eedge, Miss L. Cochrane St.
Ellis, Samuel, Government House

F
Francis, Miss L. A., card
New Gower Street

French, Obadiah
French, Edward, Gower St.
Fitzgerald, Miss M., Water Street
Fitzpatrick, Thomas, care G.P.O.

Fitzgerald, J. W.
Flynn, Miss Mary, Hospital
Flynn, Mrs. James, Hayward Ave.
Fullerton, Roy D.
Francis, Laura B., New Gower St.
Fennell, R., care Reid Company,
Port aux Basques

G
Grant, Edward
Green, George, care Geo. Crocker
George, Josie, Military Road
Griffin, Miss Mary, Rennie's Mill Rd.
Griffin, Mrs. Jack
Gooseworthy, Mrs. M., Notre Dame St.
Gorman, Mrs. Mary, card
Grant, Miss Katie, Queen St.
Grigg, Mrs.

H
Hart, Geo. P.
Haynes, Phillip, care Gen'l Delivery
Hammond, Adolph, care Gen'l Delivery
Hallett, F., care G. Knowling
Hawco, T. J., care W. J. Woods
Haynes, George, Young St.
Hayward, Victoria
care General Delivery

Harris, George C.
Heale, May, Spencer St.
Hynes, Mr. and Mrs. James,
Merrymount Road
Higgins, Mrs. R., slip
Hicks, Mrs., care Mrs. B. Mercer
Hines, Miss Bridget, Carter's Hill
House, Elizabeth, card
care Gen. Post Office

Hopkins, Olive, care Mrs. Barnes.
Hodder, George, Nagle's Hill
Hopkins, Miss Nellie, 32 — St.
Hollett, Miss Mary, Codner's Lane
Holden, Mrs. Joseph
Hobbs, Capt. R. V.
Hutchings, Mrs. A.
Hutchings, Mrs. A. Alexander St.
Hurley, Miss M. J., New Gower St.
Hussey, Harold, Cabot St.
Hurd, Miss Morris, Cabot St.
Hudson, Miss, Rocky Lane
Hall, Miss Margaret
Harvey, Miss Margaret, Cochrane St.
Haywood, Miss P., New Gower St.
Hiscock, P., late Bay of Islands
Hardy, S. H., late Halifax

I
Jones, Mrs. Helen M., card.
care General Delivery

Jones, H. L.
Jones, F. A.
Jeon, Chas.
Jones, Frank, card
Jones, Mrs. J. B., card
Jones, Samuel, Bond St.
Jones, Mrs. Susan, Georgestown
Jones, H., card, Monroe St.
Jones, W. J., card
Jones, W. J.

K
Kennell, Miss Maud, Signal Hill Rd.
Kean, Capt. E.
Kennedy, Miss T.
care A. L. Hopkins, William St.
Kearsey, Mrs. Anastasia,
Pennywell Road

Knight, Miss Minnie, Queen's Road
Kirby, Miss Casey's St.
King, Miss Mabel, Duckworth St.
King, Mrs. M. G.

L
Lauder, Miss Bessie, card, Gower St.
Lawlor, Miss Annie, Circular Road
Lannigan, Mrs. Frank, Gilbert St.
Leahy, Miss M., late Kelligrews
Lent, John G.
Lilly, Miss C., late Bay d'Espoir
Lilly, Henry
Long, Mrs. Wm., Duckworth St.
Long, Wm., Merchant
Long, S., card, Gower St.
Lick, T. J., care Gen. Post Office

M
Mahar, T. T.
Malone, Miss Annie, card.
care Mr. Brownrigg

Martin, Malcolm, care G. P. O.
Madden, John, New Gower St.
Martin, Frederick R., Duckworth St.
Marcus, A. B.
Martin, George, Casey St.
Malcolm, Mrs. Annie, card
Molloy, Mrs. Bridget, card
Martin, Jas., Newtown Road
Martin, J. L.
Maxwell, Miss Annie
Mercer, Charles E.
Meehan, Miss C.
Miller, Miss E. O.
Milley, Mrs. Mary M., Hayward Rd.
Money, Miss J., LeMarchant Rd.
Morris, E. A.
Murphy, Edward
Murphy, Mrs. Murphy's Square
Murphy, Miss A., Budge St.
Murray, Abraham, Water St.
Mulcahey, Sylvester, Freshwater Bay
Murphy, Miss Bride, New Gower St.
Murphy, Miss Annie, card
Murphy, Peter
Murray, Walter, C. L. B.
Morey, Miss Jennie, LeMarchant Rd.
Malyan, Mr., Monkstown Road
Maldment, Mrs. S. G., Willow St.
Moore, Miss A., Carter's Hill

McNeil, Mrs. Lorn
McDonald, Michael, Hayward Ave.
McGrath, Miss Fannie, Livingstone St.
McAlister, Martin, card, Flower Hill
McNally, Mrs. John, Summer St.
McCoubrey, Mrs. Kit, card
McLellan, Miss N., Queen's Road
McGrath, Mrs. Pat., George's St.

N
Nosworthy, Mrs. M., card,
Prescott Street

Noel, J. M.
Nottall, Mrs. J., New Gower St.
North, Julia, Prescott St.
Nosworthy, Miss M. A.
Norris, Mrs. J., card, Gower St.
Nolan, James Wm.
Fitzpatrick, Thomas, care G.P.O.

Norman, Violet, Flemming St.

Nosworthy, James, Clifford St.

O
Osbourne, Aubrey, G. P. O.
O'Toole, Miss Susie, retd.
Osmond, Miss Alice, New Gower St.

P
Pinsent, Miss Ellen, Gower St.
Porter, Mrs. George St.
Power, Miss Susie, Military Rd.
Pond, Mrs. M., Queen's Rd.
Powers, Miss Minnie,
care Mrs. Hiscock
Power, Bride, Freshwater Rd.
Porter, Miss Ester, care Mrs. Blackler
Parsons, Miss B., Hayward Ave.
Parsons, Joseph
Park, E., slip
Patten, W. H., Carter's Hill
Pittman, Alfred F., care Gen'l P. O.
Pike, Winnie, James St.
Pike, Miss Jessie
Pittman, Mrs. J., Water St. West
Pike, Miss L. B.
Phyles, Victor, Hayward Ave.
Pittman, Miss Rose, card,
Rennie's Mill Road

Pike, Miss Agnes, care Powers
Pike, Arthur, Hamilton St.
Power, N., card
Power, J.
Potts, Mrs. Edwin R., Queen St.

Q
Quinn, Miss Alice, New Gower St.
Quinlan, Miss Mollie, Duckworth St.

R
Ryan, Miss Katie, Military Road
Raciot, J. H.
Ryan, Miss E.
care Mrs. J. Walsh, LeMarchant Rd.
Ryan, Miss Maud
Reddy, Mrs. Bridget
Reid, Miss G., care Mrs. Gear
Pennywell Road

Rendell, P.
Ryan, Jas., Cookstown Road
Ricketts, Miss Mary, arnes' Road
Ressor, Isaac
Ricketts, Miss Mary, Barnes' Road
care Mrs. Groves, Bannerman St.
Rolle, W. A.
Rogers, Robert, Barter's Hill
Roach, A., slip
Roach, Mrs. Miss N.
care Mrs. Moulton, Queen St.
Rowe, Agnes, card, Maxse St.

S
Smith, C. J.
Scaplin, Mrs. A., Bond & Cochrane Sts.
Stancliff, I. H.
Shave, Martha, Theatre Hill
Smith, Miss Grace, card
Stapleton, F., card, Cabot St.
Saunders, Isabella
care Mrs. Dick, King's Road
Stafford, Miss L. L., card, Maxse St.
Sharp, Abraham, card, care G.P.O.
Stacey, Miss, Lane St.
Stage, Miss Agnes, Hayward Ave.
Street, Miss Minnie, Theatre Hill
Sherwood, Miss A., card
Stevens, Alfred, Fleming St.
Stead, Miss Victoria, Codner's St.
Spencer, Bernard Y.
Sears, Patrick, card, Lime St.
Smith, P. G., card
Smith, A., Pennywell Road
Smith, J. B., Adelaide St.
Starks, Miss Minnie, LeMarchant Rd.
Smith, Master Joe
Soper, Mrs. E. C., Freshwater Road
Spurrell, Miss Grace, Duckworth St.
Shortall, Miss Agnes, Forest Road
Strong, Miss B.
Strong, Andrew, 98 — St.
Short, Miss Jennie, Military Road
Squires, Mrs. J., John St.
Sullivan, Miss Mary, card,
New Gower Street

Spurd, Thomas
Squires, Robert, Barnes' Road
Shute, Mrs. Jas., late Greenspond

T
Taylor, Miss H., Chapel St.
Taylor, Ronald
Taylor, Miss M., New Gower St.
Taylor, William, Casey St.
Tilley, Miss Katie, Water St.
Tilley, Victor, card
Thompson, J. H., care G. P. O.
Thomas, Mrs. E., Moore St.
Tucker, Mrs. Chas., George St.
Thorne, Winnie, Barter's Hill.
Trotter, W. C.

V
Vaughan, Geo. B.
Vokey, Wm., Brazil's Square
Vaters, Miss Sarah, Prescott St.

W
Watson, Miss Effie, Prescott St.
Walsh, Miss J., 81 — St.
Walters, Wm., care H. J. Stabb
Walters, Wm., Flower Hill
Walsh, Jas. P.
Walsh, Mrs. John, Cabot St.
Walsh, Richard, care G. P. O.
Walters, Miss Sarah, King's Road
Walsh, Bert
Walters, Wm.
Walsh, Thomas, Job St.
Walsh, Master George
West, Miss May, Angel Place
Wells, Miss Jennie, retd.
Wickham, Frank, Wickford St.
Williams, Miss Lizzie
care Mrs. Howlett, Howley Ave.
Wright, Jas. W.
White, Wm., Long's Hill
Williams, Miss Lucy
care Mrs. Meehan, Chapel Hill
Whites, Miss Lydia
Winsor, Mrs. E. G., Carter's Hill
Willshire, Miss Sadie, card,
Notre Dame Street

Williams, Josiah
care W. Williams, Coronation St.
Watson, Harry, New Gower St.

Y
Yetman, Miss Maggie, New Gower St.
H. J. B. WOODS, P.M.G.

BY SPECIAL WARRANT OF APPOINTMENT