—THE—

Plot That Failed;

—OR,—

Love That Would Not Be Denied.

CHAPTER XVII.

It was rather a large party at Coombe Lodge.

There were the Wilsons, the Gileses and several of the county families.

Lord Lackland had been expected, but business kept him in town, and Lord Fitz was at the head of the table.

Next him was an old dowager, but within speaking distance sat Violet, and Lord Fitz's frank face was turned toward her all dinner time.

Ethel and Bertie were separated, as they had expected to be, but Bertie could see the pale, low forehead just above an epergne, and was fain to be content.

Leicester sat with Ethel, and for a while was grave and taciturn; but suddenly he saw Violet look over toward Fitz with a smile and a nod of significant meaning, and in an instant Leicester's jealousy arose, and he brightened up. The nod was only one of affirmation that the day was fine, and Violet, with such a sweet face, could not help looking enticing, but jealousy casts a green shade over everything great and small, and Leicester grew sibilant and fascinating too, murmuring:

"Let her flirt with her boy-lord. I could show the proud, vain girl that there are other women worthy attention beside herself."

And so Ethel was overwhelmed with his attention, his conversation and his wit.

Violet, glancing down the table saw the pair laughing and talking in that strain, she, misunderstanding resolved to join in the battle.

When Lord Fitz came with the other gentlemen to the dining room it was to find a seat reserved for him beside Violet, and her smile of welcome to greet him.

Fitz and she sang together and laughed and talked together the whole evening, and when Mrs. Mildmay's carriage was announced Leicester noticed bitterly that it was Lord Fitz who escorted Violet, while the captain had charge of Mrs. Mildmay.

As usual the captain was in the best of spirits; the homeward journey was as enjoyable for Mrs. Mildmay as the evening which had preceded it.

Violet was asleep, or feigning it, in the corner, so that the captain had Mrs. Mildmay to himself.

"That is an old-fashioned locket," he said, motioning to one, which was suspended by a chain to Mrs. Mildmay's neck.

"Yes," she said, with a sigh; "my brother gave me that when I was a little girl. A very long time ago that, Captain Murpoint."

"Not very, indeed," said the captain, with subdued gallantry. "It contains his portrait, I suppose?"

"No, I am sorry to say that it does not. I have no miniature of poor John," she replied, with a sigh. "I would give anything for one painted while he was alive."

"Would you?" said the captain, with a curious earnestness. "Then I think—I hope you are nearer obtaining your desire than you imagine."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Mildmay; "how so?—Violet, we have awakened you?"

"No, auntie," said Violet, whose eyes had opened and whose face was pale with earnestness and painful interest.

"Some years ago," said the captain, leaning forward and addressing both ladies, but keeping his eyes upon Violet's face, "my dear friend promised that he would have his portrait painted in water-colors so that I might wear it. At that time we were staying at Calcutta. In the market-place there was a wonderful miniature painter—he may be there still, in all probability he is—and dear John commissioned him to paint his portrait. He sat for it two or three times, and the man finished it."

"Was it a good—a truthful portrait?" asked Mrs. Mildmay.

"A wonderful portrait," said the captain. "It was John Mildmay, living and berathing in a miniature, so to speak. He gave it to me on my birthday. I kept it, I wore it on my watch chain for years, until we started for our home voyage. Then he took it from me."

"Why did he do that?" asked Violet in a faint voice.

"It was in a locket," said the captain, "in a double locket. The space opposite was empty, and my dear friend took the trinket from me, saying that there should be another portrait in it—one fitting to face his. Can you guess whose, my dear madam?"

Mrs. Mildmay glanced at Violet, who had sunk back into her seat.

"Yes," said the captain, expressing a deep tenderness with his voice, "it was hers—his dearly beloved child's." And he drew out his pocket handkerchief and hid his eyes for a moment. "I gave him the locket reluctantly, I admit; for I was loth to part with it for so long a time as that required for his voyage home and back again. But I gave it to him, for I was anxious to possess the other poprtrait, that I might have the face my dear friend loved better than his life next his own."

He paused and sighed deeply.

"From the first moment of my parting with the locket I have regretted it."

"Regretted it—why?" asked Mrs. Mildmay, in a low voice.

"Because, my dear madam, I never saw it again."

Violet's hands clasped tightly, and he went on more quickly:

"No; I see what you dread, but I am not going to harrow your hearts by recalling that great sorrow. No; John returned to me at Madras, and before the first hour had passed I asked him for my treasure. With a look of dismay and a laugh of annoyance he told me that he had forgotten it."

"Forgotten it!" said Mrs. Mildmay, deeply interested.

"Yes, that he had left it at home, at Mildmay Park. I asked him to write for it; but he laughingly assured me that no one could find it."

"Did he not remember where he had put it?" asked Mrs. Mildmay. "For I do hope we shall find it."

"No, he had not forgotten where he had put it, but he assured me that he had placed it where no hand but his could find it."

"And where was that?" asked Mrs. Mildmay.

"In the secret drawer of his writing bureau," replied the captain, in a low voice.

There was a long pause of deep silence.

"He had placed it there," continued the captain, sinking back and looking at Violet with half-closed eyes, "he had placed it there on the day of his arrival in England, and was so taken up with one thing and the other that he had forgotten it. He promised me that he would, on his next visit to England, have the portrait of Violet painted, and bring the locket out to me. But man proposes and Providence disposes. Heaven willed it that he should never see England again."

Violet's hands clasped, and her face grew deadly white.

Oh! how she longed for that miniature.

Captain had never hit upon a more brilliant device for gaining his end than that which he determined upon as the lever by which his plot should be raised.

"He never reached England, and I never saw him or the locket again," he resumed, in a low voice. "He, my best—ay, dearest friend, lies at the bottom of the sea, and his portrait is buried in the secret drawer of the old bureau."

"Hush!" said Mrs. Mildmay, as a low, suppressed cry of agony came from Violet's corner.

"You say it is—it is like my father?" she said, "and that he placed it there?"

The captain inclined his head.

"Then—then," she breathed, painfully, "the room must be opened. I—I said," she added, with a shudder, "that it never should be! But if the portrait—his portrait—is there, it must be, for I must have it! I must have it!"

"It is an old bureau," said the captain. "For he assured me that his own hands placed it there. But wait until you are stronger."

"No," said Violet, "I am strong enough. I must have it at once—tomorrow!"

* * * * * * *

Jem Starling had been commanded to refrain from strong drink and to remain sober, and he had kept sober up to the day upon which the captain, with a slight lapse from his usual foresight, discharged him.

On that day he aired his grievance among the fishermen, who sympathized with him, and, of course, had aired it in the public house.

There were plenty to stand treat, and Jem had drunk heavily.

At ten o'clock he emerged from the "Blue Lion," leaning upon Willie Sanderson's arm—or rather, supported by it—in that state which might be described as desperately intoxicated.

A small crowd of fishermen were round him, and they were all more or less hilarious or excited.

"Hold up!" said Willie to Jem, who was staggering about upon the big young fisherman's arm. "Hold up!"

"Here," said one of the others, the carrier, old Nat, coming forward, "I'll give you a hand with him. We'll take him down to my cottage and let him sleep there to-night. He's had a rare skinful."

Then he turned to the others and said:

"Willie and me 'ull take care of this chap. You get home quickly. There's work to do to-morrow, you know," he added, significantly.

The boys returned a hearty "Ay, ay," and, after an exchange of mutual and noisy adieus, turned down to their cottages by the beach.

Nat and Willie went straight on down the village street, at the end of which, and a little retired from the road, Nat's cottage lay.

As they passed down the street, with Jem rolling and shouting and singing between them, he saw a gentleman in the starlight, coming along the slope toward them.

It was Leicester, who, disgusted and dissatisfied, had turned out for a walk. He saw the group of three, and was about to pass on without recognizing them, but Willie's figure, stalwart and huge, was too well known to pass unrecognized, and Leicester, with his usual kindness, said, gravely:

"Late to-night, Willie! Good-night."

This was just what the two men dreaded. At the sound of the voice which he hated above all, the drunken man started and threw up his hand.

"Who's that?" he snarled hoarsely, staring before him with thick and bloodshot eyes. "Who's that? That's his voice, I'll swear."

"Come on," said Nat, giving him an angry jerk, "come on, and don't make a fool of yourself, Starling."

"I shan't," said Jem, with an oath. "I will stop and look at him. I'm a dog, I am, but a dog can look at a king—ah, and bite, too. D'ye hear that?" he shouted out to Leicester, who had walked on with the greatest indifference. That same indifference seemed to madden the miserable Jem, and, by a sudden jerk, whose very unexpectedness gave it greater force, he wrenched himself away from his keepers and sprang down the path after Leicester.

Leicester heard him coming, and turned round ready to receive him.

With a snarl Jem sprang at him.

Leicester raised his hand and knocked him down.

The next instant Willie and Nat were down upon him and holding him down where he lay struggling and blaspheming, shouting out oaths and threats.

"You ain't hurt, Mr. Leicester?" asked Willie.

"No," said Leicester. "He has not touched me. There is no harm done, if he has received none."

"Not he," growled Willie, "the fool's drunk."

"So I see," said Leicester. "I am not likely to resent the conduct of a drunken man, but I must and I will defend myself against any attack he may make or any annoyances he may give when he is sober."

(To be continued.)

How To Get Rid of a Bad Cough

A Home-Made Remedy that Will Do It Quickly. Cheap and Easily Made

If you have a bad cough or chest cold which refuses to yield to ordinary remedies, get from any druggist 2½ ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth), pour into a 16-ounce bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Start taking a teaspoonful every hour or two. In 24 hours your cough will be conquered or very nearly so. Even whooping cough is greatly relieved in this way.

The above mixture makes 16 ounces—a family supply—of the finest cough syrup that money could buy—at a cost of only 54 cents. Easily prepared in 5 minutes. Full directions with Pinex.

This Pinex and Sugar Syrup preparation takes right hold of a cough and gives almost immediate relief. It loosens the dry, hoarse or tight cough in a way that is really remarkable. It also quickly heals the inflamed membranes which accompany a painful cough, and stops the formation of phlegm in the throat and bronchial tubes, thus ending the persistent loose cough. Excellent for bronchitis, spasmodic croup and winter coughs. Keeps perfectly and tastes good—children like it.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, rich in guaiacol, which is so healing to the membranes.

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex,"—do not accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this preparation. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

THE CHARM OF MOTHERHOOD

Enhanced By Perfect Physical Health.

The experience of Motherhood is a trying one to most women and marks distinctly an epoch in their lives. Not one woman in a hundred is prepared or understands how to properly care for herself. Of course nearly every woman nowadays has medical treatment at such times, but many approach the experience with an organism unfitted for the trial of strength, and when it is over her system has received a shock from which it is hard to recover. Following right upon this comes the nervous strain of caring for the child, and a distinct change in the mother results.

There is nothing more charming than a happy and healthy mother of children, and indeed child-birth under the right conditions need be no hazard to health or beauty. The unexplainable thing is that, with all the evidence of shattered nerves and broken health resulting from an unprepared condition, and with ample time in which to prepare, women will persist in going blindly to the trial.

Every woman at this time should rely upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism.

In many homes once childless there are now children because of the fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound makes women normal, healthy and strong.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

TO REMOVE DANDRUFF

Get a 25-cent bottle of Danderine at any drug store, pour a little into your hand and rub well into the scalp with the finger tips. By morning most, if not all, of this awful scruf will have disappeared. Two or three applications will destroy every bit of dandruff; stop scalp itching and falling hair. 2

List of Unclaimed Letters Remaining in the G. P. O. to Jan. 25th, 1915.

A
Adams, Thomas, Long Pong Road
Adams, A. W. ———
Avery, Miss M., Patrick St.
Andrews, H., Springdale St.
Andrews, Miss Francis, Rennie Mill Road
Arnold, Miss Maggie, Signal Hill Rd.
Ambrose, Mr. and Mrs. Wm.
Armison, Miss Madge, Gower St.
Abbott, Miss Ida
Amor, Mrs.
Auckinlick, Wm., care Jackman & Co.

B
Barrett, Miss Mary, Mullock St.
Baggs, Mrs. James, Bond St.
Ball, Albert, care Gen'l Delivery
Black, Henderson
Blandford, L., New Gower St.
Barnes, A.
Bransfield, Felix
Blackadar, Miss Annie C.
Baggs, Miss Lenora
Barnes, Miss Ada, Allandale Road
Bell, Wm., Sr., Nagle's Hill
Best, Wm., Allan's Square
Byrne, Jas., Long Pond Road
Benson, Miss A., Theatre Hill
Byrne, Miss Annie, New Gower St.
Bret, S. A., card
Benning, Mrs. L. J., care Gen'll Delivery
Breen, Mrs., retd., mother of Robert
Byrne, R., care Mr. Sonw Springdale Street
Broaders, Miss Katie, Brazil's Square
Bourke, Fred., Barron Street
Boland, M. F., ———
Bourke, Patrick, Barron St.
Burgess, Mrs. H., Freshwater Rd.
Butler, Miss Janie
Butler, Mrs., Pennywell Road
Butt, Miss Lizzie, Alexander St.
Butt, Mrs. Geo. H.
Butcher, Miss L., care Post Office
Butler, Mr. and Mrs., Freshwater Rd.
Bursley, Mrs. Eleazer, Board of T. Building
Butler, Joseph
Butler, Edward, Long Pond Road
Bearns, S., Newtown Road
Barnes, Mrs., retd., mother of Harvey
Buckler, Mrs. Bransfield
Bugden, Jessie

C
Clarke, John, Convent Lane
Cahill, E. J., Newtown Road
Cashin, Richard, Patrick St.
Calvert, Lyman, Water St.
Clarke, Miss Gertrude, Springdale St.
Cave, Miss L., Goodview St.
Carrigan, Wm., Cuddihy St.
Chancey, Mrs., Carter's Hill
Cake, Joseph, care Gen'l Post Office
Carty, V.
Carnell, Arthur H., Hamilton St.
Carew, Miss Alice, Water St.
Cleary, Miss G., Barter's Hill
Christian, Miss Marie C.
Critch, Ambrose, card, Water St.
Coonburg, Mr. and Mrs.
Conway, Master Thos., Quidi Vidi Rd.
Crowe, Mr. Thos., Mullins' Cross
Collins, Miss Mary E., Convalescent Home
Collins, Miss J.
Collins, Mrs. M. A.
Cole, Miss, Queen's Street
Cross, Stanfield
Cosmin, Barrett, card, Prescott St.
Cotter, D., Nagle's Hill
Corcoran, John
Colbourne, Miss Matilda, LeMarchant Road
Coper, Selby, Flower Hill
Cotter, Mrs., retd.
Courtney, Miss Alice, Lime St.

D
Dawe, Mrs., Gower St.
Davis, Capt. Wm., care Gen'l P. Office
Davis, Mrs. Chas., Barron St.
Davey, Mrs. Chas., Freshwater Rd.
Davis, Miss Jennie
Delaney, Miss Lizzie, care Byrne's Bookstore
Dewling, R., LeMarchant Road
Dyke, Miss Blanche, Water St.
Dewling, Mrs. M., care Chas. Samson
Dwyer, Samuel, cabman, Signal Hill
Doyle, Miss Margaret, Springdale St.
Dodd, Jas., Freshwater Road
Doyle, Miss Veronica, Summer St.
Durdle, Miss Libby, Duckworth St.
Dunphy, A. M.
Duffett, Miss M., Pleasant St.
Duff, Miss K. M., New Gower St.
Duggan, Tom, Signal Hill
Durrant, Mrs. James, Duckworth St.
Dunphy, Alex. M., card
Dalton, Miss Annie, retd.
Day, Samuel, cabman
Doyle, Miss Mary I, Springdale St.

E
Earle, Leonard
Earle, Jacob
Eberele, Paul G., Wireless Operator
Emberley, Miss Bridget, LeMarchant Road
English, Miss Violet, card, Coronation Street
Ellis, J. Ernest, care Gen'l Delivery
Edridge, Thomas
Elcoe, Miss Bridget, Duckworth St.
Evan, George, retd.

F
Fraser, Miss Minnie, King's Rd.
Fagan, Mrs. John, care Gen'l Post Office
Fleet, Miss Bessie, care Wm. Spurrell, Duckworth St.
Freeman, Miss G. M., Postal Telegraph
Freeman, Miss Violet
French Nellie, Duckworth St.
French, Master John, Water St.
Fitzpatrick, Miss Agnes
Flynn, Mrs. Annie, Lime St.
Flynn, Mrs. Wm., card, Steven's St.
Fitzgerald, Joseph
Flynn, Miss Mary, Pleasant St.
Field, George, care Gen'l Delivery
Foote, Miss Lillian, care Samuel Sellars, Pleasant St.
Forester, Rev. S. J., Duckworth St.
Foley, Charles, Duckworth St.
Foote, Mrs. James
Fogwell, Samuel, Victoria St.
Foley, Miss Ellen, retd., Quidi Vidi
Ford, Samuel G.
Fure, Peter, care Mrs. Taylor
Furlong, Miss T., card
Fennessey, Miss M., retd.
Francis, Jack M.

G
Gardiner, R., Hamilton St.
Grant, Miss Kittie
Garland, John T., Lime St.
Gaden, Miss E., Queen's Rd.
Garland, Miss Flossie
Gardner, Miss C., Flower Hill
Gardiner, Mrs. George, card, Hamilton Street
Grant, Dougal G., Gower St.
George, Miss Blanche, Victoria St.
Green, Miss A., card, Pennywell Rd.
Greenidge, Arnold
Gilbert, Miss Hannah, care Gen'l Post Office
Gooby, Herbert, care Gen'l Post Office
Gosse, Miss Ita, Newtown Rd.
Gillingham, Newman W.
Gushue, Frank, Adelaide St.
Guy, N. W.

H
Harris, Wm., care Gen'l Post Office
Hall, G., card, Bond St.
Hayes, Thos., care Mrs. Emberley
Haney, W. C., Bond St.
Hall, Miss Aggie, Water St. West
Harvey, W. T.
Hart, Mrs. Frank
Hatcher, A. G., late Catalina
Hall, E., LeMarchant Rd.
Hartley, Edward, card
Harvey, Miss Gertie, New Gower St.
Hann, Miss Emma, Casey St.
Halliday, Edward, T., care Mr. Johnson, Mt. Scio
Hammond, Katie, care Mary Hammond, Winter Ave.
Hearn, Mrs. Patrick, Casey St.
Henderson, Miss E., Knitting Mills
Heasley, Geo. J., Water St. West
Hewett, Stephen, Allandale Road
Hennessey, Miss Nellie, care A. S. Rendell
Hicks, Miss L., care L. Price, Mundy P. Road
Hill, Miss Fannie, Bond St.
Hiscock, Lucy, care R. Wright, Gower Street
Hollett, Miss Annie, Casey St.
Hookey, Mrs.
Hollett, Miss Flossie, Quidi Vidi Rd.
Holland, Mrs. Samuel, Flower Hill
Hussey, Nathaniel, Charlton St.
Hunt, Joseph, care Gen'l Delivery
Hutchings, S.
Hurley, Miss Bride
Hussey, Joshua, Charlton St.
Higgins, Mrs. Richard, slip, Water St.
Halley, J. H., card
Hefferman, Miss Lena, McKay St.
Healey, Miss Lizzie, care Gen'l Delivery

I
Irvine, Miss Louisa

J
Johnston, Jas., care G.P.O.
Johnson, Mrs. Logan
Jackson, George, card, Central St.
Jackson, Hayward, care Gen'l P. Office
Janes, Capt. Robt. S.
Janes, Hayward, Lime St.
Johnston, Mrs. Wm., East End
Jackman, Mrs. G., George's St.
Johnston, Mrs. Sarah, Carter's Hill
Jenkins, John, Bannerman St.
Janes, Miss Sarah
Jones, M. F.
Jacobs, James, Central St.
Jones, Miss Mary, Water St.

K
Kelly, Miss Gertrude, Military Road
Kenney, Miss Mary
Kennedy, B., card
Kennedy, Mrs. M. T. Josephine, care Postmaster General
Kerr, D. S., Monkstown Rd.
Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. Wm.
Kennedy, Miss Helen
Kelly, John, Quidi Vidi
Kavanagh, Willie
Kennedy, Mis Flo., Gilbert St.
Kennedy, Miss Ethel, care Gen'l Delivery
Kearsey, Wallace, Pennywell Road
King, Mrs. B., slip
Knight, Leonard B.
King, John
Kielly, Mrs. Catherine
Kielly, Miss K., Water St. West
King, Miss Janet, card, Duckworth Street
King, Miss Fannie
King, Mrs. Mary, card, Carter's Hill
King, W. S., Clifton St.
Knight, Jonathan M.
King, James, Springdale St.
King, Mrs. E. Hayward's Avenue

L
Laite, Albert
Langill, Mrs. John, King's Road
Lannigan, Mrs. J. J.
Legg, Percy
Lewis, Wm., card
Leonard, Mrs. Daniel, New Gower St.
Lindsay, Miss Elsie, card, Goodview St.
Lynch, Mrs. Andrew, card
Lock, Mrs. Wm., George's St.
Long, H. N.
Long, H., Cooperage
Luscombe, N.
Luskings, Lizzie, New Gower St.

M
Martin, W. J., Patrick St.
Mallam, Miss
MacCormack, Miss Mary, Pennywell Road
Maddox, Miss Elizabeth
Maloney, Alex., care Post Office
Manuel, Miss Alice
Manslan, Mrs. Wm., Avalon House
Marshall, Miss Hazel, card
Mandival, Miss Maud
Maskell, Randall
Martin, Ray, care Marshall Bros., Water Street
Malone, P.
March, Mrs. Stephen, Barnes' Rd.
Marshall, Master K.
Matthews, Miss Francis
Melvin, Mr. and Mrs. H., Flower Hill
Melville, Charles, Water St.
Merchant, Myers, care Fred Smallwood
Myers, Miss Martha, Circular Rd.
Meadus, James
Myler, Mrs. Bridget, Field St.
Milley, Mrs., card, Carter's Hill
Miller, Mrs. George, Waldegrave St.
Mitchell, Miss Carrie, Freshwater Rd.
Miller, Michael
Morrissey, Miss Lizzie, Prescott St.
Morrissey, Pat., College Square
Molloy, Miss Ethel
Morris, Miss M., John St.
Moores, Mrs. Wm., Brazil's Square
Morris, Mrs. Samson, Wm. St.
Mogridge, Miss Mildred, card, LeMarchant Road
Moore, Mrs. Chas., Pennywell Road
Moss, Mrs. Wm., Forest Road
Morris, Samuel
Molloy, Miss Ethel, New Gower St.
Murphy, Miss A.
Murphy, John, late Hr. Grace
Murray, Miss B., Pennywell Road
Murphy, Miss G., Hamilton St.
Murphy, Master Joe, Prescott St.
Murcell, Richard
Murray, Mrs. Nellie, care Geo. S. Cook
Murray, George, Brine St.
Mace, Tom
Moore, Mrs. E., retd, mother Thomas

Mc
McMillan, J. E.
McPherson, Mrs. Mgt.
McCarthy, Mrs. Eliza, Flower Hill
Mackay, M., care Gen'l Delivery
McCarthy J. T.
M'leod, M. card
McD., Lillie R.

N
Nisbet, Pollick S.
Nightingale, Geo., Water St.
Noall, Thos., slip
Norman, Jacob L., care Ayre & Sons
Norris, Wm.
Norman, Mrs. Edward, Barnes' Rd.
Nugent, Miss Sadie, Carter's Hill
Nunn, E. Cuthbert
Nugent, Thomas, Codner's Lane
Neal, Miss Maud

O
Oakley, Jas., Knight St.
O'Leary, Philip
O'Keefe, Charles
O'Neill, A., card, King's Road
O'Neill, Hugh, Water St.
O'Brien, Margaret, card, Summer St.
O'Brien, Mrs N., Colonial St.
O'Neill, John
Oliver, Gustave, care Mrs. John Hamilton
Osmond, Miss Beatrice, Mullock St.
O'Rourke, Mrs. Wm., New Gower St.
Osmond, Nathan, Casey St.

P
Parsons, Miss Irene B.
Parsons, Capt. R. H., LeMarchant Rd.
Parsons, Arthur, Prescott & Gower St.
Parrell, Wm., Mount Scio
Parsons, Miss M., care Gen'l Delivery
Parsons, Mrs. Allan
Payne, Clarence
Perkins, Mrs. Alton, care Postmaster
Percy, H.
Penney, Miss Catherine
Phelan, Ed. H.
Phelan, Wm. J., care Gen'l Delivery
Percy, Mrs. R., Central St.
Piercey, Mrs., Gower St.
Phillips, Miss Minnie, John St.
Pike, W. J., Gower St.
Phillips, Miss Minnie, John St.
Pike, W. J. Gower St.
Phillips, Mrs. Spence
Phillips, Miss Minnie, Bond St.
Pierre, Mrs. George
Picco, Martin, Notre Dame St.
Potters, Mrs. Jas., Hayward Avenue
Pitcher, Mrs. Herbert, Dougal St.
Pomroy, Abraham, James St.
Pope, Art, Holloway St.
Power, Mrs. Edward, Nagle's Hill
Power, Miss May, William St.
Power, Miss B., card, Water St.
Power, Miss Agnes, Bannerman Rd.
Powers, Miss Molly
Prowse, Miss Alice, card
Puddester, Joseph, Steven's St.
Parsons, T. J.
Penney, Mrs. John, Field St.
Pike, Mrs. Annie, retd

Q
Quilty, Miss Eli, card, Duckworth St.
Quinton, Mrs. Edward, Lime St.

R
Ryan, Mrs. J., Burke's Square
Ranayne, Paul, Patrick St.
Randall, Miss Sarah, Knight's St.
Ralph, Miss Susannah, Riverhead
Ryan, Mrs. Martin, card, York St.
Ramsay, C. H.
Rankin, Mr. and Mrs., Cochrane St.
Randall, Miss Sarah
Ryan, Miss Carrie, Monkstown Rd.
Reid, Miss Gertrude, Pennywell Rd.
Rees, Jessie, Duckworth St.
Reid, Mrs. George, Cabot St.
Ring, Thomas, Gower St.
Rose, Miss Emily T., Queen St.
Roache, Mrs. Morris, Casey St.
Roe, H. M.
Roberts, Moses, care G.P.O.
Rogers, A. S.
Roach, Miss Maud
Roberts, George, Allandale Rd.
Rowe, H. J., care John Moore
Rodgers, Miss, New Gower St.
Rogers, W. J., slip
Roebuck, Miss Emily
Robson, Mrs. M., care Jas. Daily
Russell, Miss Winnie

S
Shave, Miss Lillian
Sparks, Thomas
Stares, Miss Lillian, care Hon. S. D. Blandford
St. John, J., South Side
Saint, Miss G., Pleasant St.
Sparkes, Mrs. Nathaniel, Cabot St.
Stacey, James, care Gen'l Post Office
Sparrow, Miss Minnie, New Gower St.
Slade, F.
Samuelson, F.
Stewart, Miss Adell
Snelgrove, Miss Ethel, William St.
Sheppard, Mrs. Lillian
Stevens, James
Stewart, Miss Effie
Seward, George
Sexton, Gertrude, Springdale St.
Stevenson, Mrs. Ellen, College Square
Sheppard, R. W., card
Smith, S., Military Rd.
Snelgrove, Ralph, card
Smyth, Hedley V.
Smith, Miss Ida M., LeMarchant Rd.
Stickland, Miss Minnie, Water St.
Scott, Miss L., card, Gower St.
Stroud, Charles, George's St.
Short, W.
Scott, Mrs. Elizabeth J.
Snow, V., Springdale St.
Sullivan, Mrs. J. T., James' St.
Spurrell, Thos. card, Simms' St.
Spurrell, Wm., Parade St.
Sweeney, Jas.
Smith, J. T., slip

T
Taylor, Miss Violet, card
Tavernor, Colin, Hayward Avenue
Taylor, Miss Gladys, card, Gen'l Hospital
Taylor, Mrs. George
Taylor, Wm. B.
Taylor, H. J., Hamilton St.
Taylor, Mrs. E., New Gower St.
Thistle, Joseph
Tilley, Mis Daisy L., Duckworth St.
Tibbo, George, care Joe Sellars
Tucker, Margaret, Pleasant St.
Thomas, W. J.
Tobin, Richard
Thorne, Miss Elsie, Lime St.
Thomas, George, Lamb's Lane
Tucker, Mrs. Wm., Clifford St.
Tucker, Arthur

U
Uphill, Mrs. Alex., Charlton St.

V
Vasey, Harvey H.
Vickers, Mrs. Martin, Hagerty's Lane
Voisey, Miss B., E. End Office

W
Walsh, Martin, Long Pond Rd.
Walsh, Thomas, Long Pond Rd.
Waterfield, Mrs. J., Rawlins' X.
Walsh, Mrs. John J., Cabot St.
Whelan, Miss Emily, Hamilton St., care Mrs. J. Angel
Walsh, Richard, George's St.
Wall, Michael, Bannerman St.
Walsh, Miss M. A., card, Mt. Scio
Wardell, Mrs., Charlton St.
Wall, W.
Walsh, Mis Millie, Water St.
Weeks, Jack
Weir, E., Newtown Rd.
Weir, James & Sons, Newtown Rd.
White, Miss Reigon
Wells, Gus
Whelan, James, East End Station
White, George, Bond St.
Whitten, Miss Clara, Water St.
Whitten, Miss L. T.
Willar, Rose, card, care Mrs Roberts
Wiseman, Miss Katie, Goodview St.
Williams, Aleck, care Mrs. Piercey, Gower St.
White, Mrs. A., Springdale St.
Williams, Al., care Gen'l Delivery
Whiting, Miss L. L., Water St. West
Wiseman, Mrs. James, Lime St.
Williams, Stephen, Water St. W.
Wooldridge, Miss Emma, Allandale Rd.
Woodford, Philip, Prince's St.
Wigh, L., Buchan St.

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following is published at the st of the Belgian Legation in n:

Catholic clergy appear to have in a most special measure the German invasion of Belgium. hes and religious houses have destroyed or profaned in almost village, and in many towns. In cases these edifices have been d as stables or prisons. In places the sacred vessels were

bers of the clergy have been sed to special maltreatment by German soldiery. In the dioceses Liege, Namur, Malines and Ghent priests and other religious per- have been shot or hanged, and have been carried off into Ger- where some of them appear to been subjected to abominable Many have been insulted, ill- and molested.

Louvain a group of over seventy ns, including an American and Spanish priest, were dragged about place to place all through the day on August 27, molested, insulted threatened with military execu- rom time to time. Finally they aken to the church of Campen- where they were shut up for ght.

August 21 the priest of Buechen, Rev. M. de Clerck, was arrested German soldiers and accused of fired on them. This was en- false, for he was ill, and for time had not even been able to Divine service. This poor in- was hoisted on a cannon, then down and cast into a ditch. some soldiers took him by the and legs and dragged him along vement. The old man, tortured fashion, and absolutely ex- d, said that he would rather death than the continuance of ruel treatment. He was then he was eighty-three years of

tness makes the following de- n:

saw the priest of Gelrode brought schot on August 24 with three d men. The Germans said he English spy. They took him Town Hall, where he was very handled. Next day he was led front of the church, where he aten cruelly with the butt-ends s; his hands were dripping He was then taken away and the bridge over the Demer; y lay there on the ground till orning, when it was cast into mer."

iest, who escaped death by a , makes the following deposi-

Tuesday, August 15, at about 9 e Germans arrived in swarms village of Schaffen. Pretend- shots had been fired at them— was wholly untrue, for no one m thought of resistance—they

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