

Subscriptions Towards Cot Fund at Millertown

Commencing July 1st, 1916, Ending June 30th, 1917.

Batstone, W. T.	\$ 12.00
Bartlett, J. W.	12.00
Barrett, Benj.	9.60
Butler, P. L.	12.00
Bartlett, Mrs. Isaac	12.00
Blandford, John	12.00
Corner, A.	12.00
Chalk, Adam	3.00
Davis, Jonathan	9.60
Dunn, Patrick	1.00
Eddy, Rev.	9.00
Furey, Wm.	9.60
Furlong	12.00
Follett, J. A.	12.00
Goodyear, Jos.	9.60
Gill, Job	12.00
Goodyear, Aubrey	12.00
Goodyear, Wm.	12.00
Gillard, Isaac	1.00
Granville, John	12.00
Gilmour, J. D.	5.00
Hicks, W. D.	9.60
Hicks, Herbert	5.00
Hansen, H. J.	12.00
Hicks, Bernard	12.00
Hicks, Herbert	9.60
Hartigan, B. A.	12.00
Harriman, Mrs. S. R.	12.00
Hunt, Weston	.80
Johnson, O. G.	12.00
Johnson, A.	8.00
Jones, George	12.00
Jones, Jesse	12.00
Kelly, Edward	12.00
Knee, William	9.60
Kendall, C. J., M.D.	4.00
Lane, Joshua	6.00
Lane, Enves	7.00
Late, Alfred	9.60
Lidstone, A. E., M.D.	4.00
Minard, W. B.	10.00
Morey, A.	12.00

Morey, Philip	9.00
Monroe, Wm.	6.00
McDonald, W.	12.00
Osmond, Robert	.80
Pilley, W. G.	12.00
Pinsent, Stephen	.40
Rowell, Peter	12.00
Ricketts, Benj.	9.60
Slade, S. F.	9.60
Snook, Jos.	2.40
Scott, Thos.	2.40
Steed, Gilbert	1.00
St. Croix, Miss Josephine	6.00
Stratten, Victor	12.00
Sparks, Stanley	12.00
Slade, John	5.60
Sparks, John	.80
Tulk, Allan	12.00
Tulk, Samuel	2.00
Vardy, George	11.60
Verge, Wm.	12.00
White, Thomas	6.00
Whelan, Baxter	8.00
Wheeler, Richard	12.00
Wilcox, Geo.	12.00
Wellon, Wm.	7.00
Wells, Alfred	12.00
Whelan, Lemuel	3.00
Whelan, Frank	.80
White, Herbert	10.00
Woodman, Silvy	12.00
Yate, G. W.	12.00
\$635.60	
Amount sent Treasurer	
Cot Fund, St. John's	\$529.00
Cost transmitting	2.88
Balance on hand July 1st.	103.72
\$635.60	

On behalf of Millertown Patriotic Committee: (Sgd.) J. D. GILMOUR, Chairman. A. MOREY, Secretary. W. T. BATSTONE, Treas.

OUR SERIAL STORY
JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN
By MRS. CRAIK

CHAPTER VI.
(Continued)

"We must make the best of it and start. Every instant is precious. Your father will think we have fallen into some harm. Come, Phineas, I'll help you on."
His strong, cheery voice, added to the necessity of the circumstances, braced up my nerves. I took hold of his arm, and we marched on bravely through the shut-up town, and for a mile or two along the highroad leading to Norfolk Bury. There was a cool fresh breeze; and I often think one can walk so much faster by night than by day. For some time, listening to John's talk about the stars—he had lately added astronomy to the many things he tried to learn—and recalling with all that we had heard and seen this day, I hardly felt my weariness.
But gradually it grew upon me; my pace lagged slower and slower—even the scented air of the mid-summer night imparted no freshness. John wound his young arm, strong and firm as iron, round my waist, and we got on a while in that way.
"Keep up, Phineas. There's a haystack near. I'll wrap you in my coat, and you shall rest there: an hour or two will not matter now—we shall get home by day-break."
I feebly assented; but it seemed to me that we never should get home—at least I never should. For a short way more, I dragged myself—or rather, was dragged—along; then the stars, the shadowy fields, and the winding, white highroad mingled and faded from me. I lost all consciousness.
When I came to myself I was lying by a tiny brook at the roadside, my head resting on John's knees. He was bathing my forehead; I could not see him, but I heard his smothered moan.
"David, don't mind. I shall be well directly."
"O Phineas—Phineas; I thought I had killed you."
He said no more; but I fancied that under cover of the night he yielded to what his manhood might have been ashamed of—yet need not—a few tears.
I tried to rise. There was a faint streak in the east. "Why, it is daybreak! How far are we from Norton Bury?"
"Not very far. Don't stir, a step. I shall carry you."
"Impossible!"
"Nonsense; I have done it for half a mile already. Come, mount! I am not going to have Jonathan, death laid at David's door."
And so, masking command with a jest, he had his way. What strength supported him I cannot tell, but he certainly carried me with many rests between, and pauses, during which I walked a quarter of a mile or so—the whole way to Norton Bury.
The light broadened and broadened. When we reached my father's door, haggard and miserable, it was in the pale sunshine of a summer morning.
"Thank God!" murmured John as he set me down at the foot of the steps. "You are safe at home!"
And you? You will come in—you would not leave me now?"
He thought a moment—then said: "No!"
We looked up doubtfully at the house; there was no watchers there. All the windows were closed, as if the whole peaceful establishment were taking its sleep, prior to the early stirring of Norton Bury households. Even John's loud knocking was some time before it was answered.
I was too exhausted to feel much; but I know those five awful minutes seemed interminable. I could not have borne them, save for John's voice in my ear.
"Courage! I'll bear all the blame. We have committed no absolute sin, and have paid dearly for any folly. Courage!"
At the five minutes' end my father opened the door. He was dressed as usual, looked as usual. Whether he had sat up watching, or had suffered any anxiety, I never found out.
He said nothing; merely opened the door, admitted us, and closed it behind us. But we were certain, from his fact, that he knew all it was so; some neighbour driving home from Coltham had taken pains to tell Abel Fletcher where he had seen his son—at the very last place a Friend's

son ought to be seen—the playhouse. We knew that it was by no means to learn the truth, but to confront us with it, that my father—reaching the parlour, and opening the shutters that the hard daylight should shame us more and more—asked the stern question—
"Phineas, where hast thee been?"
John answering for me. "At the theatre at Coltham. It was my fault. He went because I wished to go."
"And wherefore didst thee wish to go?"
"Wherefore?" The answer seemed hard to find. "Oh! Mr. Fletcher, were you never young like me?"
"My father made no reply; John gathered courage.
"It was, as I say, all my fault. It might have been wrong—I think now that it was—but the temptation was hard. My life here is dull; I long sometimes for a little amusement—a little change."
"Thee shall have it."
That voice, slow and quiet as it was, struck us both dumb.
"And how long hast thee planned this, John Halifax?"
"Not a day—not an hour! It was a sudden freak of mine." (My father shook his head with contemptuous incredulity.) "Sir!—Abel Fletcher—did I ever tell you a lie? If you will not believe me,

believe your own son. Ask Phineas—No, no, ask him nothing! And he came in great distress to the sofa where I had fallen. "O Phineas! how cruel I have been to you!"
I tried to smile at him, being past speaking—but my father put John aside.
"Young man, I can take care of my son. Thee shalt not lead him into harm's way any more. Go—I have been mistaken in thee!"
If my father had gone into a passion, had accused us, reproached us, and stormed at us with all the ill-language that men of the world use! but that quiet, cold, irrevocable, "I have been mistaken in thee!" was ten times worse.
John lifted to him a mute look, from which all pride had ebbed away.
"I repeat, I have been mistaken in thee! Thee seemed a lad to my mind; I trusted thee. This day, by my son's wish, I meant to have bound thee 'prentice to me, and in good time to have taken thee into the business. No—"
There was silence. At last John muttered, in a low, broken-hearted voice, "I deserve it all. I can go away. I might perhaps earn my living elsewhere; shall I?"
"Abel Fletcher hesitated, looked at the poor lad before him (O David! how unlike to thee), then said, "No—I do not wish that. At least, not at present."
I cried out in the joy and relief of my heart. John came over to me, and we clasped hands.
"John, you will not go?"
"No, I will stay to redeem my character with your father. Be content, Phineas—I won't part with you."
"Young man, thou must," said my father, turning round.
"But—"
"I have said it, Phineas. I accuse him of no dishonesty, no crime, but of weakly yielding, and selfishly causing another to yield, to the temptation of the world. Therefore, as my clerk I retain him; as my son's companion—never!"
We felt that "never" was irrevocable.
Yet I tried, blindly and despairingly, to wrestle with it; I might as well have flung myself against a stone wall.
John stood perfectly silent.
"Don't, Phineas," he whispered at last; "never mind me. Your father is right—at least so far as he sees. Let me go—perhaps I may come back to you some time, if not—"
I moaned out bitter words—I hardly knew what I was saying. My father took not notice of them, only went to the door and called Jael.
Then, before the woman came, I had strength enough to bid John go.
"Good-bye—don't forget me, don't!"
"I will not," he said; "and if I live we shall be friends again. Good-bye, Phineas." He was gone.
After that day, though he kept his word, and remained in the tanyard, and though from time to time I heard of him—always accidentally—after that day for two long years I never once saw the face of John Halifax.
(To be continued)

List of Subscribers From Humbermouth To the Cot Fund

Sir W. D. Reid	\$ 30.00
Albert Pye	5.00
Mcl. Campbell	5.00
Harold Butler	5.00
William Brake	5.00
William O'Rielly	5.00
Joseph Duffy	5.00
Arch McLennan	5.00
Norman Fisher	5.00
A. Cobb	10.00
L. C. Crane	10.00
C. Fisher	10.00
D. F. Meaney	2.00
N. Norman	2.00
L. Lawlor	2.00
G. Bragg	2.00
P. Burton	2.00
T. N. Palmer	2.00
C. Brown	2.00
J. Guy	2.00
Luke Brake	1.00
L. Parsons	1.00
H. Harbin	1.00
John Gullage	1.00
H. Taylor	1.00
Capt. Goobie	1.00
F. Corbin	1.00
John Robertson	1.00
Edward Cook	1.00
William Penney	1.00
S. Ezekiel	1.00
George Tipple	1.00
Miss B. Butler	.50
Samuel Dicks	.50
Cecial McWhirtir	.50
Charles Brake, Jr.	.50
Gus Penney	.50
Mcl. Kehoe	.50
John Stewart	.50
\$131.50	

Another Addition To Nfld. Fleet

HALIFAX, Sept. 27.—With the largest cargo of dry fish, 3,500 quintals, brought to Halifax so far this season, the schooner Associate, Capt. Alfred Backman, arrived yesterday from Long Point, on the Labrador coast, after a passage of four days and hauled into the wharf of Robin, Jones and Whitman to discharge for that firm. The Associate has been sold to parties at Burgeo, Nfld., and Capt. Backman and his crew will deliver the vessel to her new owners at the Newfoundland port. She will load general cargo, including salt. The price paid for the vessel was \$18,000.—Halifax paper.

Labrador News

October 1.
Makovick and Cape Harrison—Calm and cloudy.
Holton, Smokey, Grady, Domino—Light south winds and clear.
Flat Islands—Light S.W. wind.
Venison Island and Battle Hr.—East wind and cloudy.
A man should keep his friendships in constant repair.

Cement, Brick, Drain Pipes, Chimney Tops —and— Fire Clay
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To come and see this new invention—the Humphrey Radio-X single mantle lighting unit for the home. We have on display an attractive variety of color-combinations—the dome selected to match the ornamental shade—and know they will interest you. No other gas lamp ever has presented such appropriate and appealing qualities.
Come and see the Radio-X—01 if you wish, we shall be glad to send both lamps and shades to you and demonstrate them in your home. You will be delighted with the soft and comfortable brilliance of this lamp. You will welcome the opportunity to transform your lighting equipment so harmoniously.
St. John's Gas Light Co.

Snag Proof!



The "Snag" Rubber Boot. The same Boot as worn by the American fishermen. The coming Rubber Boot in Newfoundland. A few pairs at the old price, **\$6.50 per pair**
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