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Plot That Failed,

**Love That Would
Not Be Denied.**

CHAPTER VII.

"I am sorry for that," said Leicester Dodson, quietly telling a polite falsehood, for he was in reality rather glad than otherwise, and looked forward with no little satisfaction to a tete-a-tete with Violet.

"So am I," said the captain, and, as he spoke, he looked round about the room, as if searching for something.

"Lost anything?" asked the other, in his slow, indolent way.

"Yes," said Captain Murpoint, "a letter. I have dropped it from my pocket, and I fancied I should see it in this room."

At that moment the door opened, and Violet entered.

The captain ceased his hunt immediately, and murmuring softly, "It's of no consequence," turned to Violet and told her that he should be compelled to remain at home.

"I am sorry," said Violet, echoing Leicester's words, and with a little truth.

And she passed out onto the lawn.

"I don't know whether James has harnessed the ponies properly," she said, doubtfully, as the groom appeared, leading up the pretty pair tandem fashion.

"No, he hasn't," said Leicester, after examining them.

And he quietly explained to the man how the operation should be performed.

Then he handed Violet into the little toy phaeton, and took the reins.

At first the ponies, unused to their novel positions and quite fresh after two days' rest, showed signs of rebellion, and started first to one side, then the other, and at last the leader ventured to attempt the feat of walking on his hind legs.

But Mr. Leicester's iron hand drew him to earth again, and, with a touch of the long whip, hinted to him that a very different driver than Miss Violet sat behind him.

After a few minutes they settled down more quietly, and, as the feathery phaeton was rattled down the well-kept road to the village, Violet's face flushed and her eyes sparkled with pleasure.

"How delightful!" she exclaimed; "and how easy it looks!"

"Come and try," said Mr. Leicester, and he pulled the ponies up until he had changed seats with her.

Then Violet found that tandem-driving was one of those feats which look easier to perform than they really are. Her hold on the reins was not tight enough; the artful little creatures knew her gentle touch, and the leader commenced his old trick, and, in spite of all Violet's skill, insisted upon turning round, as if he meant to enter the carriage and take a ride himself.

Mr. Leicester smiled, and Violet pouted.

"Hold the reins tighter," he said, "and give Master Dot—or Spot? which is it?—a clean, little cut on the left side."

She did so, and Master Dot immediately spun round to the right.

Then Mr. Leicester showed her how to keep him straight by whipping him on the right, and Violet managed to drive him straight for some little distance until they came to a sharp corner.

"Now, take care," said Mr. Leicester; but his warning came too late.

Dot cut the corner rather close. Spot, of course, cut it closer, and the phaeton would have been over, and its contents spilled like eggs, had not Mr. Dodson's hand closed on the small ones of Violet, and tugged the leader round.

For the second time Violet learned how hard and firm that hand was, and involuntarily she uttered a little, sharp cry of pain.

"I am so sorry!" said Leicester, and his voice, naturally so cold and grave, grew wonderfully gentle and anxious. "I did not mean to hurt you."

"No, no; it's nothing," Violet said, coloring with shame at her weakness. "I am really very grateful. You did not hurt me. May I keep the reins a little longer? I don't deserve to after such a silly mistake."

"Yes," he said, "there is a bit of straight road now."

He seemed so genuinely kind that Violet could not refrain from thanking him again.

"You are very good-natured, Mr. Dodson," she said. "I might have thought you proud if I had judged by first impressions."

"Why?" he asked.

"Why?" she repeated. "Are you sure that I shall not offend you?"

"Quite," he said, with a short laugh. "Pray, go on."

"Well, then, if you remember how abruptly you turned away from me that morning when you so foolishly and recklessly, but so heroically, risked your life for my paltry sunshade? You actually refused to shake hands," and she laughed, "and turned away with the cut direct."

He laughed, and looked up at her with a half-amused smile.

"I did, did I?" he said. "Come, I will be candid. I had judged you, not by first impressions, but by hearsay. The unkind things said of one always get repeated—one's friends always see to that. And I have heard some of the mighty civil things your aunt, and perhaps you had said of tallow chandlers in general, and ourselves and the Cedars in particular."

Violet crimsoned, and whipped Dot almost angrily for very shame.

"And," he exclaimed, laughing again, "I thought, when you told me your name, 'Well, she shan't be compelled to know me because I picked up her sunshade,' and so I took myself off with all humility."

"Some one's darling sin is the pride that apes humility," answered Violet, with an arch smile.

"Exactly," said Mr. Leicester, "I did not choose that the acquaintance-ship should be one of my commencing. If you choosed to look down with contempt upon tallow melters—"

Violet stopped him, with a look almost of pain.

"You are unjust," she said, in a low voice. "And you forget that I never thought less of you for what you were. You are not a tallow-melter—and—and—oh, I do not know what to say, save that I am not guilty of the meanness you lay to my charge."

"Forgive me," he said, gently and earnestly. "I was only half serious. I did not think so, really. But," he added, laughing, "it is a fact that we made our money from tallow, and there's no getting over it. Ah! here is Captain Murpoint," he broke off, as the captain's tall and powerful figure stepped out on to the path beside the drive.

So sudden was his appearance, seeming to grow out of her thoughts, as it were, that Violet, who was by no means a nervous or sentimental young lady, half started, and certainly paled.

In starting, she tugged the reins.

Dot and Spot took the jerk as an excuse for a little freshness, and started off with their heads down viciously.

Mr. Leicester smiled, and Violet pouted.

start, and the sudden pallor, caught hold of her hand, and soon pulled the sprightly ponies into a trot again.

But Violet's hands and his had met once more, and the contact had produced a strange thrill, which was as wonderful as that feeling which they had been speaking of, but it was certainly not one of antipathy.

Leicester stepped out, handed Violet to the steps; then, after patting the ponies, held out his hand.

"Will you not come in?" said Violet.

"No, thank you. It is nearly dinner time. I hope you are not tired."

"No," said Violet, giving him her hand, which he kept while she finished speaking. "No, and I am very much obliged. Good-by."

"Good-by," he said, and perhaps unconsciously he pressed her little hand as he released it.

Then he turned, and Violet, watching him, saw him stand for a moment to exchange a good-day with Captain Murpoint, then stride on.

It was nearly dinner time, as he had said, and he sauntered up to his room, and put himself into the hands of his valet with his usual indolence.

Then he came down to dinner, and ate it with rather more than his usual gravity, talking little, save to his mother, to whom he was always the perfection of knightly courtesy.

Once only he seemed cold, and that was when she said, "Leicester, we have been talking of returning the Midway's dinner party. What day would you like me to ask them?" for she always consulted her darling son on every matter, important or trifling.

"I do not care," he said. "I am going to town to-morrow, and I may not return for a week or so. You might ask them next week."

"Going to town?" said Mrs. Dodson, ruefully. "Why, my dear Leicester, you said you would stay a month with us!"

"I must go to-morrow, mother," he said, and she knew that it was useless to contend against the fiat when pronounced in that calm, cold tone.

After dinner he strolled out on to the cliffs and lit a cigar.

"Yes," he muttered, looking at the sea, lying like a great opal in the low sun, "I will go to town; I am better there out of mischief. She is very pretty—beautiful, I think, if any woman's face did deserve the word; and there is something about her—is it her voice, or her look, or that swift turn of the head?—which moves me, never voice or look or gesture of woman moved me yet. She is a beautiful, bewitching snare, and, as I have no desire to be snared, as I am too selfish, too cynical, too philosophical to make any woman happy, I will fly. Yes, I will go to town before the danger grows greater." And, as to resolve and perform were nearly one with Mr. Leicester Dodson, to town he went, and Violet saw his dogcart rattling down to Burfield from her bedroom window.

He went to town, but, as we have seen, he could not be happy, contented, or even satisfied, and before the fortnight had passed, he was on his way back to Penruddle, with Bertie Fairfax accompanying him.

Fate stands at the crossroads of life and beckons with inexorable finger, and man, though he strive against the stern command and struggles to avoid that particular path up which the great fate beckons him, must yield at last and walk on to his happiness or his doom.

Fate beckons you, Leicester Dodson, and, though you proudly set your face against its decree, you cannot avoid the inevitable.

CHAPTER VIII.

The captain, as he opened his bedroom window, saw Mr. Leicester Dodson's departure, and was rather surprised.

Captain Murpoint was too shrewd an observer of human nature not to have noticed Mr. Leicester's evident partiality for Miss Violet's society, and, although it would seem to be antagonistic to the captain's plans that the young man should be hanging about the house, yet, in reality, he was quite willing that Violet's attention should be absorbed by handsome Mr. Leicester, or any one else, so that it was drawn from the present from Captain Murpoint.

He could not understand Mr. Leicester's sudden flight, and Mr. Star-

ling, when interrogated, could not very much enlighten him.

Jem, or "Starling," as the captain now called him, entered his master's bedroom with the water for the bath, and found the captain still in bed, but with his head resting on one strong hand, and his face turned dreamily to the window.

Starling grunted his morning salutation, and the captain nodded.

"Go to the window," he said, "and tell me if that young Dodson's dogcart has come back; if I have calculated correctly, it has just had about time enough to get to the station and back."

"Here it comes, captain."

"Without Mr. Leicester?"

"Without Mr. Leicester," replied Starling.

"Then he has gone to town," said the captain, springing out of bed and stretching himself thoughtfully. "Gone to town! What the deuce has he gone to town for?"

"That's what everybody wants to know," said Jem, from the next room; where he was spreading out the towels and pouring the water into the bath.

"Did you make friends with the people in the servants' hall at the Cedars?" asked the captain.

"I did, captain, obedient to your commands," said Jem, with a wink. "And a very nice, genteel lot o' people they are, though I prefer the hall here, if there's any choice. Oh, yes, I walked up last night, permissious like, and when they knew as I was your man they made me welcome, drew me some of the best October and would 'a' opened a bottle of Maderly, but I wouldn't hear on it—I alway was so modest, I had a cut of duck and a helpin' o' some sort o' cream with a long, furrin name—"

"Tush! I don't want to know what you had to eat and drink," interrupted the captain. "What did you hear?"

"Not much," he said, laying out the captain's ready-brushed morning suit. "I heard that Mr. Leicester was going up to London this morning, quite sudden-like—and he ain't one of your impulsive gents, neither. His man didn't know what was up, and depended to stop here for another month at the least. There wasn't anything awkward between the old people and the young 'un, neither, for the butler—which is a more high and mighty swell, in a bigger shirt front than our old chap—he heard Mr. Dodson beg o' Mr. Leicester to stop. But no, he said he'd go, and gone he has, sure enough."

"And now you can go," said the captain. "Stay! did you find that piece of paper which I told you to look for in the drawing room?"

"No, captain, and I looked everywhere."

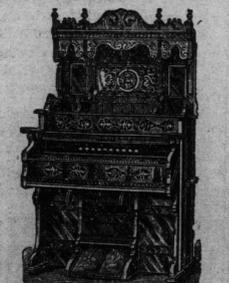
"Idiot!" said the captain, between his teeth, "let that be a warning to you never to put your clumsy paw to paper again. How do I know you may have picked that up, with its cursed, teitlate sentence?"

(To be Continued.)

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List of Unclaimed Remains in the G.P.O. to Dec. 23rd, 1914.

- A. Adams, C. B., card.
- Adams, A. W.
- Aylward, Hannah, Prospect St.
- Antle, John, Freshwater Road.
- Archer, Mrs. W. C.
- Anthony, Miss Jean, Springdale St.
- Abbott, Miss Amelia, Bond St.
- Adams, A. H.
- B. Ball, Albert.
- Baird, Mrs. Nagle's Hill.
- Beckett, Mrs. C.
- Bell, James, Nagle's Hill.
- Bellow, Miss Edith.
- Bull, Mrs. L. A.
- Belman, Miss Marion.
- Breen, Miss Bridie.
- Bennett, Peter, late Calypso.
- Bull, Mrs. John, Water St. West.
- Brine, A. B.
- Bishop, Wm. Christopher.
- Brown, Mrs. Robert S.
- Bonner, R. C.
- Brown, Miss Ella.
- Brown, Wm., Water Street.
- Bobbitt, Miss Carrie.
- Buddell, Mrs. late Greenespond.
- Brown, Miss E., Water St. East.
- Butler, Mrs. M.
- Burrier, Miss Lizzie.
- Burton, Richard.
- Butler, E. G., Mt. Scio.
- Bruce, Mrs. H. R.
- Burgess, R., card, Cabot St.
- Button, Alfred, Mrs.
- Burry, Miss Maud, South Side.
- Bulley, C. H., care Post Office.
- Burnett, R. C.
- Butler, E. G., Mt. Scio.
- Brien, Norah.
- Brown, C. A., Miss, Gower St.
- Brown, Mrs. Joe, Belvidere St.
- Brown, Mrs. Joseph, Flower Hill.
- Butler, Mrs. James, Flower Hill.
- Bulger, Miss Mab.
- Burnett, Joe.
- C. Christian, Miss Maria.
- Chisholm, Mrs. Alexander, New Gower St.
- Collins, Mrs. James, Pleasant St.
- Chesman, Miss Lucy, Quidi Vidi Rd.
- Cahill, Mrs. Mary A., ret'd.
- Campbell, Frank.
- Callahan, Miss E., Dick's Square.
- Caines, John C., Duckworth St.
- Chalkler, Miss Maud, Water St.
- Connors, P. J., card.
- Collins, B., care Mrs. E. Peddle, Banburn St.
- Collins, Mrs. Thomas, Lime St.
- Coady, Wm.
- Cook, Miss Irma, Springdale Street.
- Curtis, Mrs. Wm., Gower Street.
- Curtin, Mrs. Annie O'Neil, King's Rd.
- Callan, Miss E., care Reid Nid. Co.
- Collins, Miss Diana, Bartor's Hill.
- Cullen, Mrs. Thomas, James St.
- D. Dwyer, Michael, Long Pond Road.
- Dwyer, Julia, New Gower St.
- Dyke, Gilbert.
- Dwyer, Hannah, Newtown Road.
- Dewling, R., LeMarchant Road.
- Driscoll, Miss Angelo.
- Dingle, Edward, ret'd.
- Douglas, Sterling, Gower St.
- Drover, Mrs. Albert, care Post Office.
- Doyne, Miss Mary, George's St.
- Dowe, Daniel, George's Street.
- Doran, Master E., card, Duckworth St.
- Dunphy, A. M.
- Dunn, Mrs. Wm., Mundy Pond Road, care General Post Office.
- Durant, Mrs. Robert, Duckworth St.
- Dewling, R., LeMarchant Road.
- Dyke, Blanche, Water Street.
- Dear, Mrs. John, Lane.
- E. Evans, George H.
- Edwards, Mrs. J., Springdale St.
- Edwards, Jos., Barron St.
- Edwards, Patrick, Charlton St.
- Edwards, Joseph, Pennywell Rd.
- Easton, Miss Eliza, card, New Gower St.
- Evans, Mrs. Silas, Pleasant St.
- Earl, Miss Lizzie, Circular Road.
- Earle, Mrs. George, Lime St.
- Evans, T., care Greaves & Sons.
- Earle, Winnie, Lime St.
- Ehobis, Mrs., late Crossbie.
- Edgcombe, Mrs. F. C.
- Edgcombe, Mrs. F. C.
- Elliott, Miss Jane, John St.
- F. Fabry, Catherine, ret'd.
- Francis, E. Vaughan, Knight St.
- Francis, Miss Bertha, Henry St.
- Freeman, Violet V.
- Fiske, Mrs. Ella.
- Finn, Miss Lizzie, Bartor's Hill.
- Finn, Thomas, Water Street.
- Finn, Mike, Cabot St.
- Fitzpatrick, Miss Katie, Bulley St.
- Ford, John.
- Furlong, Rev. E. J., card, Duckworth street.
- Furlong, John, Duckworth St.
- Finn, Thomas.
- Finn, Lizzie, Bartor's Hill.
- G. Gardner, Robert.
- Green, Miss A., card.
- Green, Mark.
- Geange, Blanche, New Gower St.
- Goodridge, E., Rocky Lane.
- Grow, Miss Nancy, Prospect St.
- Goldring, Miss Flora, card.
- Hawco, Miss Helen, New Gower St.
- Gunnerson, Miss, card, Gower St.
- Garland, Geo. W.
- Gardiner, Levi, Mrs.
- Gallant, Miss.
- H. Hall, Miss Selma, care Mrs. Brine, Pleasant Street.
- Haney, W. C., Bond St.
- Habet, Edward.
- Harris, Miss Mary, card.
- Harvey, A. T.
- Hagan, Miss, care Capt. Hagan, Cochrane St.
- Halliday, E. M., Mt. Scio.
- Hann, Miss Rose, LeMarchant Rd.
- Hayward, Mrs. A. E. Prescott St.
- Hawco, Miss P., care Mrs. Hunt, Gower Street.
- Haynes, Thomas, Hamilton St.
- Harris, Mrs. Wm., Central St.
- Hart, Miss Hattie, Seaman's Institute.
- Hayse, Miss Mary Ann, Sebastine St.
- Harris, Albert, Water St.
- Henderson, Alex., 13 Bell St.
- Hart, Miss Sophie, care N. Cousins, Casey St.
- Hennessey, John.
- Henneberry, Wm., Freshwater Rd.
- Hill, Miss Fannie, Bond St.
- Hibbs, Miss J.
- Hill, Arthur, care Wm. Taylor, Casey Street.
- Hiscock, Miss, care George Knowling.
- Hickey, Richard.
- Hynes, Miss Lizzie, Gower St.
- Hiscock, Eli, Bartors Hill.
- Hickey, P. F.
- Hollohan, Roland.
- Hodge, W. T.
- Hartson, Susie, New Gower St.
- Hagan, Mrs., Waterford R. Road.
- Hodder, George, Nagle's Hill.
- Humphrey, Angela, Water St. West.
- Hurdie, Miss Lizzie, Circular Rd.
- Herder, Mrs. George, Hagerty St. and Pleasant St.
- Hann, Miss Rose, LeMarchant Rd.
- Harnum, L. J., Mrs., Cochrane St.
- Hunter, Mrs. A., Barres Road.
- Hunt, Miss Nina.
- I. Inverson, Kenneth.
- J. Jackman, Gerlie, care Globe Laundry.
- Jackson, George, card, Central St.
- Johnson, Marion G.
- Jerrett, Mrs. Mary.
- Johnston, Miss Stella, Duckworth St.
- Jerrett, Mrs. Mary.
- Johnston, Miss Stella, Duckworth St.
- Jones, Frank E.
- Jack, James.
- Jacobson, Mr., care Mr. Hutchings, New Gower St.
- K. Kehoe, Miss Mary, Circular Road.
- Keating, H., card, Central St.
- Kelly, Edward, West End.
- Kehoe, Mrs. John, care Post Office.
- Knight, Mike, care Post Office.
- Kieley, Master Bert.
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- Leary, Mrs. Richard, Bond Street.
- Lynch, J. F.
- Lloyd, Miss Mary, Springdale Street.
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- Luby, W. J.
- Lans, Morris.
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- Molloy, J. J.
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- Miller, Miss Bella.
- Miller, Mrs. James, Parade Street.
- Miller, Miss Bridie, Alexander Street.
- Milley, N. G. C., care Gen. Delivery.
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- Moulton, Harold, Gower Street.
- Moorhouse, Mrs., Duckworth Street.
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- Murphy, Miss May, Mullock Street.
- Mullett, Miss Rosella, Cochrane St.
- Murphy, H. T., Water St.
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- Noseworthy, Jennie, card, Gilbert St.
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- Noel, Miss, Plymouth Road.
- Norman, Walter, Central Street.
- O. Oakley, James.
- Oakley, Miss G.
- Oakley, Robert, late Grand Falls.
- Oldford, Miss Emily.
- Owens, Mrs. M. D., card, Gower St.
- O'Dea, R., Flower Hill.
- Oake, Brett.
- P. Parsons, Mrs. Wm., Casey St.
- Parsons, Emanuel, care Gen. Delivery.
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- care Mrs. Carinan, LeMarchant Rd.
- Phelan, Miss Minnie, Alexander Street.
- Phelan, Mrs. Emily.
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- Peddell, Miss Lizzie, Mundy Pond Rd.
- Putell, Thomas, 41 Flower Hill.
- Peddell, Mrs. Peter, 31 Street.
- Pike, Mrs. Josephine, Gower St.
- Pike, Mrs. Louise, Forest Road.
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- Simmonds, H., Young Street.
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- T. Taylor, Robert G., care Arch Taylor.
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- Warren, Miss Lottie, Gower Street.
- Warren, Miss Mary.
- Weir, James.
- Whelan, Miss Emily, Hamilton Street.
- Wheaton, Edwin.
- White, Miss Kittie, Water Street.
- William, Mr., Prop. Agent.
- Winsor, Wm., late Indian Tickle.
- Williams, Mrs. J.
- Whig, Helen, Buchanan Street.
- Wickham, Mrs. J. P., card.
- care General Delivery.
- Wilcox, Mrs. Wm., Flower Hill.
- White, Robert.
- White, Miss Jessale, Belvidere Street.
- White, Frank.
- Wigh, L., card.
- Woodland, Mrs. E. J., card, General Delivery.
- Wood, Geo. F., card, General Delivery.
- H. J. B. WOODS, P.M.G.
St. John's, Dec. 23rd, 1914.

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This Date in History

JANUARY 11.
New Moon—15th
Days Past—10 To Come—
SIR HANS SLOANE died aged 93. It was the purchase of Sloane's library and collection of natural history specimens by the High Government which laid the foundation for the present Museum.
LORD CURZON born 1859. 1st Lord Curzon of Kedworth and 1st Marquess Curzon of Kedworth. He was Viceroy of India from 1899 to 1905. Some friction which arose respecting military control caused him to seek relief from the heavy burden of office but he had proceeded in March, 1907, he was elected a member of the House of Commons and in 1908 elected an Irish representative peer.

THE METAL CHECKS.

(By McLandburgh Wilson, in "Sun.")
Soldier of the common fight,
Do you face the daily hell,
You wear no metal check,
Your identity to tell?
When you fall unseen, unmarked
In the smoke and roar and din,
Is there nothing that endures
Singling out who you have been?
Will they know you from the re,
When they say, "His heart
gold?"
Will they say "His steel was true
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