A Child of Sorrow.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"It always does me good. Sometimes I get down in the mouth and bored, and I don't know what's the matter with me, until I've thought it out; then I know that I'm just spoiling, running to seed, for want of a fight; and I go and find the biggest man I can and pick a quarrel with him and have a good set-to, and I'm all the better for it, right as a trivet and chirpy as a cricket."

"I wonder what a trivet is, and why it should be always right; and why a sand-boy should always be happy, and what a sand-boy is; and why a grig should always be necessarily happy. There are some things which everybody talks about and nobody seems to know. Did you ever meet the 'welkin,' when it was 'ringing,' for instance?"

"They are old English words, and we use them without knowing what they mean," he said. "I like to hear them, especially when some people use them." He glanced at Maida, but she was riding with a preoccupied expression on her face and in her eyes, as if she had forgotten his presence, and he bit his thick lip and stifled an oath. "We shall have to ride a bit faster," he said to her, almost roughly. "Are you tired?"

"Oh, no, not at all," she said, with faint surprise, for there had been a touch of resentment in his tone.

"You were so quiet," he said, "I thought you might be tired."

"No, I am only thinking," she said, with the sweet gravity and calmness which he sometimes hated, but for which he also worshipped her.

"Well, mind how you go," he said, rather curtly, as he cut his horse with his whip; "the ground's rather rough here."

Until they had nearly reached the hut, he was almost as silent as she had been; but her proximity was stirring his pulses and filling his heart with passionate desire.

"Here we are," he said, at last. "This has got to be a regular picnic, you know. "We've got to do for ourselves."

"Oh, I know," said Carrie. "You get some wood and light a fire after half an hour's trying; then you put the kettle on, and the fire smokes and gets into it and down your throat and into your eyes, and you make the tea before the water boils, and the tea tastes like a mixture of soot and senna; and you sit on the ground and eat things you don't like, and get pins and needles in your legs, and say how jolly it all is, and why don't we live more naturally and discard the wearisome habits of an effete civilisation; and if you can only get a cow to walk over the table-cloth and scare you to death, and it comes on to rain and you get wet through, then it's a perfect picnic."

"Well, there are no cows here," said Robert, with a laugh; "it isn't likely to rain, worse luck; and I'll take dashed good care the tea isn't smoky. You'll find everything we want in the hut, bar the wood, and I'll go and get that."

He tethered the horses and strode away in search of the dry underwood, and the two girls entered the hut.

"It's like Robinson Crusoe, isn't it, Maida?" said Carrie. I suppose the tea and the rest of the things are in that box; it's what they call a 'locker,' I imagine? Oh, here's the kettle! Fancy living here by oneself for a fortnight! They would find me raving mad with straws in my hair, long before that time had expired. 'Can you help me?' You know you can't. Make yourself comfortable on that box. How pretty you look, like a figure in one of Millais' pictures; too dainty and delicate for 'human nature's daily food.' I say, Maida, what an infinitely bad squatter's wife you would make."

"Yes, I am pretty useless," assented Maida, "but that is your fault as well as my misfortune, Carrie."

Robert Broseley appeared with an armful of wood and he paused by the door: the picture struck him ever more forcibly than it had done her and he drew a long breath, almost of pain.

"Now, I'll show you how soon I can light a fire," he said, as he knelt down and arranged the wood.

A fire was soon blazing, but it began to smoke.

"You had better go outside," he said to Maida.

"I do not mind," she said, but she went outside and sat down on the grass.

"Do you think your sister cares for this kind of thing?" he asked, looking up from the fire.

"Oh, yes," replied Carrie; "she is enjoying it. Maida is seldom hilarious; she rarely skips and jumps when she is pleased."

"What is the matter with her?" he asked; "why is she different to every other woman?"

"Why is the moon different to the stars?" retorted Carrie. "There is no other woman like Maida."

"I know it!" he said, quickly. "The kettle's boiling. Make the tea."

He went outside and stood for a moment looking at her as she sat with her elbow on her knee, her chin pillowed in her hand.

"The tea is ready," he said. "Stop! I will bring it out here, the hut is still smoky. Don't move."

He carried the tea out and they sat and drank it and ate the bread and butter with a zest born of the long ride in the wonderful air; then Carrie grew restless and wandered down to the stream. Robert had seated himself on a rock just above Maida so that his eyes could rest on her. He looked from her to Carrie; he was alone with her, his heart was beating wildly. Suddenly, as if the words had forced themselves to his lips against his will, as if he were powerless to check them, he said in a voice thick and hoarse with passion:

"I love you!"

Maida turned her head and started slightly. She had, as usual, forgotten his presence, and for a moment she did not realise the significance of the words; then the blood rose to her face and she got to her feet and looked from him to Carrie in the distance.

"Don't go, don't move!" he said, his eyes fixed on her, his teeth set. He, himself did not move, but leant forward with his hands gripping his knees. "You heard what I said I didn't mean to say it—not yet; it burst out of me. But I should have had to say it some time or go mad. I love you! I've never seen anyone like you—that night when I came home you were sitting on the verandah, it was as if something had come into my life and mastered me—me who have always been master! But I am your slave, I'm like one of the dogs at your heels. I think of you all day—I can't get you out of my mind—I want you more than anything I've ever wanted before in my life. I am half out of my mind for wanting you."

She rose and looked at him with something like remorse and with a dawning fear in her eyes.

"Oh, no, no!" she breathed; but he checked her with a passionate gesture.

"Don't say that!" he said, almost fiercely. "I—I can't bear it. I was a fool to speak, to tell you so suddenly. But I tell you I couldn't help it. Don't say you don't care for me, don't say you won't have me. You don't understand!"

He sprang to his feet and caught her arm, for she had taken a step and opened her lips, as if to cry for Carrie.

"You don't understand what the love of such a man as I am is. It's—it's like a fire, and it burns me body and soul. I tell you that it's no use your saying no. I can't take it for an answer. I won't! I can't live without you; and I mean to have you for my wife."

Maida was white to the lips; but her spirit rose under the spur of the man's violence, and her eyes, almost as black as his now, looked at him fearlessly.

"Take away your hand," she said. "You have no right to speak to me so. Let me go to my sister."

He took his hand from her arm and clenched it in his left; then he stretched it out with a gesture of appeal.

"No, no; don't go. I—I beg your pardon! Don't leave me in anger. Don't look at me like that. Haven't you a heart in your bosom, can't you pity me, are you like this stone, that you don't understand what I am feeling?"

The rough appeal touched her. She stood still, her face averted, her eyes hidden by her lowered lids. Strange to say, she was thinking of that other man who had loved her, and, stranger still, her thought of him made her pity this man who was so different, but yet who also loved her.

"I—I am sorry," she said. "I did not know. I ask you to believe me. Never for a moment did I think it possible that you— Oh, yes; I am sorry, sorry!"

"You should be!" he said, grimly, his huge chest heaving. It's cruel work to love you as I do. You don't know—"

"Ah, do I not?" she said, turning to him swiftly, as if his words had stung her. "It it because I know, that I am sorry. Do not say that any more. I—I thought we were only friends. Your mother has been so good to me. I was poor and friendless and ill, she took pity on me, brought me out here, where I have found health and peace; and I have made you, and I shall make her unhappy. But I did not know—But I will go, we will go at once!"

(To be Continued.)

HER HOME NO LONGER CHILDLESS

Operation not Necessary after Taking the Great Medicine for Women.

Miller's Falls, Mass.—"Doctors said I had displacement very badly and I would have to have an operation. I had a soreness in both sides and a pulling sensation in my right side. I could not do much work the pain was so bad. I was also troubled with irregularity and other weaknesses. My blood was poor. We had been married four years and had no children.

After using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier I became well and strong and was saved from the operation. We are now the parents of a big baby girl and I praise your remedies to others and give you permission to publish my letter."—Mrs. JOSEPH GUILBAULT, JR., Bridge Street, Miller's Falls, Mass.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is famous for restoring women to normal health and strength. When this is done wives no longer despair of having children.

A woman should be reluctant to submit to a surgical operation until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial. If you have a case that needs special advice, write the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass. It is free and always helpful.

his eyes fixed on her, his teeth set. He, himself did not move, but leant forward with his hands gripping his knees. "You heard what I said I didn't mean to say it—not yet; it burst out of me. But I should have had to say it some time or go mad. I love you! I've never seen anyone like you—that night when I came home you were sitting on the verandah, it was as if something had come into my life and mastered me—me who have always been master! But I am your slave, I'm like one of the dogs at your heels. I think of you all day—I can't get you out of my mind—I want you more than anything I've ever wanted before in my life. I am half out of my mind for wanting you."

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"I—I am sorry," she said. "I did not know. I ask you to believe me. Never for a moment did I think it possible that you— Oh, yes; I am sorry, sorry!"

"You should be!" he said, grimly, his huge chest heaving. It's cruel

Incoming Express

HAS ON BOARD NINETEEN DEAD.

The east bound express with the following first class passengers and the remains of eighteen victims of the explosion at Cape Breton, left Port aux Basques at 10 a.m. to-day. The passengers are: E.Burdwick, Miss D. Burnstein, J. O'Leary, J. H. O'Neil, Mrs. G. H. Butt, Hon. M. G. Winter, Miss H. P. Lilly, Jno. Oates, Geo. Penney, J. Penney, E. Crummel, Mrs. E. Boland, Miss G. Smith, J. G. Kelloway, A. Kennedy, S. King, E. Ashbourne, H. Ashbourne, B. Pippy, C. Earle, Rev. Fr. Joy, T. L. Sheppard, W. Walsh, E. Boone, L. S. Payne, T. H. Payne, W. E. Allen, Miss G. Costello, Miss A. Guy, Mrs. Thos. McNulty, E. J. Hoskins. Following are the names of the dead miners: Geo. W. Butt, Wm. Snow, Victoria; Geo. E. Parsons, W. B. Parsons, Arthur Kelloway, Wm. J. Peach, E. Kelloway, R. Penney, Salmon Cove, B.D.V.; Jos. Butt, Carbonear; Thos. Milley, J. R. Whelan, Wm. Milley, Thos. Crummey, Western Bay; Tim. Fahey, Small Point; S. Reynolds, Perry's Cove; Geo. Butt, Freshwater; Isaac Boone, Clarke's Beach. The remains of the dead miners, which were landed at Port aux Basques early this morning, were placed in a special car and on the arrival of the train at Brigus Junction to-morrow afternoon, the remains will be transferred to the shore line train and from there to their former homes. Quite a number of relatives and friends of the deceased miners are accompanying the remains. At different places along the railway flags are flying halfmast as a mark of respect to the dead. The scene that will be witnessed at the little settlement of Salmon Cove, B.D.V., where seven of the victims formerly resided, at Western Bay and other places to-morrow evening, can better be imagined than described. While on many occasions Nfld. has paid the price of admiralty, the recent mining tragedy supercedes any two of its kind in which Nfldrs. have fallen victims.

Erring Girl Arrested.

A girl, aged 14, was arrested last evening on complaint of her father, who stated in court to-day that she is a bad girl and at night time absents herself from home and goes wandering about the streets. Mr. Hutchings, J.P., who presided, cautioned the girl and discharged her.

An old offender, who was found dead—drunk—last night received his usual 5-or-14. The same penalty was meted out to a grocer for a like offence.

Here and There.

WEATHER REPORT. — The weather across country is light S.W. wind and fine; temperature 44 to 62 above.

Stafford's Essence of Ginger Wine only 15c. bottle.—may1,tf

BOWRINGS' SHIPS.—The Prospero left St. Anthony at 4 p.m. yesterday; due here Monday next. The Portia left Fortune at 4.30 a.m. to-day; due here to-morrow night.

League Football this evening, St. George's Field, at 7.30 sharp, Star vs. B.I.S.—jly27,1i

TRAIN MOVEMENTS.—Yesterday's outgoing express arrived at Bishop's Falls at 8.30 a.m. to-day. The incoming express left Port aux Basques at 10 a.m. to-day.

INFECTIOUS DISEASE.—A case of scarlet fever was reported to-day from Forest Road. The outbreak of diphtheria at Bonavista is on the increase. There are now 9 cases of the disease there.

N.I.W.A.—The regular weekly meeting of the Newfoundland Industrial Workers' Association will be held at 8 o'clock to-night. We understand quite a large number of new members will be received and that some important business will be discussed.

Every house-dress should have sleeves that don't need to be turned up, and large pockets.

A plain white linen skirt, rather heavy, is indispensible in the outdoor woman's wardrobe.

Ornament your evening dress by fastening the girdle with a buckle made of tiny roses.

BORN.

On July 27th, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Simms.

DIED.

Suddenly, at her home, 45 Patrick Street, Mary, the beloved wife of John Foley and daughter of the late Bridget and Michael Kelly, of Torbay; leaving to mourn her a loving husband, 3 daughters, 1 son, 1 brother and two sisters, Miss Ann Kelly, of Newark, N. J., and Mrs. John Conway, of this city. Funeral on to-morrow, Saturday, at 2.30 p.m., from her late residence; friends and acquaintances please accept this, the only, intimation.

List of Letters Remaining in the G.P.O. to July 23rd, 1917.

A
Adams, Miss Lillian, Colonial St.
Andrews, C. R., care G. P. O
Anderson, Miss Annie, New Gower St.
Andrews, Miss Annie, Military Road
Albertsen, Johannes, care G.P.O.
Anstey, Miss E., Cochrane St.
Andrews, Miss I., Quidi Vidi Road
Andrews, Miss Maggie, Gower St.
Abbot, Jesse, Livingstone St.
Anstey, Miss E., Beaumont St.
Armstrong, Mrs. Mary

B
Batt, Miss Mary E., c/o Mrs. Howley, King's Bridge Rd.
Black, Miss A., Rennie's Mill Road
Barnes, Miss N., LeMarchant Road
Bray, Miss G., care A. Parsons
Barxt, Louis, late Curling
Baines, Miss Francis, Pleasant St.
Barker, Michael
Barnes, Mrs. Stephen, late Grand Falls
Bartlett, Miss J., Gower St.
Batstone, Capt. C. A., late Bay Roberts
Benson, George, care G. P. O.
Byrne, T. J., Nagle's Hill
Bemister, Mrs. W. T.
Best, Josiah, card, Hagerty Lane
Beckford, Miss Carrie, Theatre Hill
Bennett, Miss Clara J.
Bennett, Mrs. Edward, care J. Bennett, Freshwater Rd.
Bennett, Mrs. Peter, c/o Gen. Delivery
Byrne, Matthew
Bishop, Pte. Edward, Monroe St.
Brine, Miss Mary Ellen
Bowring, Wm., care Mail Clerk s.s. Portia
Brooking, E., Lime St.
Boone, Mrs. E. J., Moore St.
Brothers, Miss Beatrice, Codner's Lane
Brown, Miss G., Hamilton St.
Bursey, Mrs. A. L.
Baker, Mrs. Joseph, Post Office, E. End
Barnes, Mrs. P., Brazil's Square
Brace, Mrs. Alfred, Casey St.
Boone, Mrs. John, card, Pleasant St.
Brown, Master, Hamilton St.
Bassett, John

C
Carey, John, Cabman, Convent Sq.
Chafe, Miss Jean S.
Clarke, Wm., New Gower St.
Clarke, Ed. P.
Carter, Joseph, Flower Hill
Cheater, Norman
Critch, Miss D.
Colbert, Mrs. James, Plank Road
Cole, H.
Cole, H. W.
Cook, Mrs. George, care General Post Office
Collins, Annie
Coombs, Miss Annie, 90 ——
Cluett, Vincent, Bannerman St.
Clark, John, City
Collins, Mrs. Thomas, Chapel St.
Clemens, Miss F., Rennie's Mill Road
Connors, P.
Costigan, Mrs. Patrick

D
Day, Miss M., Water Street
Dawe, Miss Mary, c/o Capt. J. Dawe, Spencer St.
Day, Mrs. Martin, c/o H. Long
Davis, Monsieur H., Gower St.
Dean, Mrs. Ambrose, care General Delivery
Downey, Miss L., Springdale St.
Doyle, Mrs. Ted, c/o Gen. Delivery
Doody, John, Mundy Pond Road
Downton, Edward, McFarlane's St.
Downer, Thomas, c/o Gen. Delivery
Duffy, James P.
Devine, Mrs. Annie, Job St.

E
Ebbs, Mrs. T.
Ethridge, Miss L. B., care Mrs. Griffiths
Edwards, Joseph, Pennywell Road
Eddiecote, Miss K.
Elliott, Miss Jennie, Bond St.

F
Farrell, R.
Ferguson, Daniel, Springdale St.
Fleet, Mrs., Pennywell Road
Fifield, Miss Flossie, care Harry Fifield
Flynn, Mrs. Patrick, 42 —— St.
Fowler, John
Forristal, Mrs. Eva McD., New Gower Street
Foust, Luthar, card
Fudge, Wm., New Gower St.
Fitzpatrick, A. E., Rennie's Mill Rd.

G
Gaulton, Miss Elsie, Water St. West
Grace, Miss A., Bond St.
Gillett, Miss Fannie, Barter's Hill
Gilbert, John, Larkin's Square
Gilbert, Miss Elsie, Larkin's Square
Griffin, Miss L. M., Water St.
Gillard, Miss Annie, c/o Gen. Delivery
Godfrey, C. L.
Goldsworthy, Miss Mary, Rennie's Mill Road
Gorman, Miss Alice
Gushue, Miss Blanche, Pennywell Rd.
Gillingham, Miss Dora, Monkstown Road

H
Hancock, Henry J., Bond St.
Hawkins, Mrs. Wm., Monroe St.
Hartley, Mrs. Annie, (next of kin) Pte. Jas. Jos. Hartley
Henry, Mrs. L. Mitchell
Hellyer, Wm., c/o Chas. Newhook
Hennessey, Mrs. May, card, care Mrs. Power
Hewitt, Mrs., Allandale Road
Hiscock, Richard, care Royal Stores
Holt, George H.
Horwood, John P., Freshwater Rd.
Holloway, John, Lime St.
Howell, Miss Julia, c/o Gen. Delivery
Holloway, Eli John
Hogan, P.
Hull, Miss Annie, care J. J. Seviour
Hussey, Mrs. A., Spencer St.
Hunt, Lizzie, care Gen. Delivery
Humber, F. J.
Hoyles, Mrs. Thomas, Hamilton St.

J
Jones, Miss L., Carter's Hill
Jones, Francis H.
Johnson, C. W., Pilot's Hill
Jackson, Miss Elsie, care General Post Office
Janes, Miss Nellie, card, Central St.
Janes, Wm. J., Wickford St.
Jarvis, Miss Hannah, Codner's Lane
Johnson, Miss V. M., Duckworth St.
Janes, R. H.
Jones, Mrs. William

K
Kearney, Joseph, South Side
Kean, E. J.
Kelly, James, New Gower St.
Knee, Miss May J., 39—— St.
Kennedy, John, Barnes' Road
Kennedy, Mrs., Barron St.
King, Miss E. A., Garrison Hill
King, Albert, Mundy Pond Rd.
Knight, Mrs. Francis, King's Road
Kelly, Miss Mary, Carter's Hill
Kennell, Miss Mildred, Allandale Rd.

L
Lamb, Miss C., Parade St.
Lukin, Mrs. J. H., Hayward's Ave.
Legge, James, care General P. O.
Lewis, Miss Kitty, Plymouth Road
Linfield, Miss A.
Lordon, Miss May, New Gower St.
Luff, Miss Violet, late Dildo
Luby, Miss Mary, New Gower St.
Late, Miss Eva, Pleasant St.
Lash, Mrs. Lillian
Lewis, Frank, Water St. West

M
Molloy, Mrs. May
Mason, James, Pleasant St.
Mason, John Pleasant St.
Martin, Robert, card, New Gower St.
Martin, Miss B., c/o Mrs. Jno. Johnson
Matthews, Mrs. Joseph, Colonial St.
Maddox, Miss Maggie, Bond St.
Myers, Mr., care Harvey & Co.
Meehan, Miss A., Gower St.
Myers, Edward, Lime St.
Miles, Mrs., Bond St.
Myler, P., Quidi Vidi Road
Miller, Miss Maggie, Franklin's Cove
Morris, Winnie M., card
Mulley, Harold, Gower St.
Murphy, M. M.
Moores, Miss G., Forest Road
Murray, Edward, Stephen St.
Moores, Chas., c/o General Hospital

Mc
McDonnell, Miss C.
McAllister, Mrs. Wm., Pleasant St.
McCarthy, Miss Alice, New Gower St.
McCarthy, F., late Grand Falls

N
Newhook, Charles
Nicholas A., care Reid Co.
Noseworthy, E., care G. P. O.
Noel, Mrs. E., card, Balsam St.
Noftall, Miss Winnie, Carter's Hill

O
Oldford, A., Prescott St.
O'Leary, J.
Oates, Miss Fannie, Military Road

P
Parsons, Mrs. S., Long's Hill
Parsons, E., 226 Water St.
Parsons, George, Pennywell Road
Parsons, Eli, Water St.
Parsons, Wm. H., Coronation St.
Percy, Ed. C., card, care G. P. O.
Peel, Robert
Penney, Miss L., c/o Mrs. Brown, Prescott St.
Pearson, Miss E., New Gower St.
Pike, Miss K., Cabot St.
Pynn, Charles, Nagle's Hill
Power, Mrs. John, care G. P. O.
Prowse, Mrs. Wm., Alexander St.
Power, Miss Alice, New Gower St.
Purcell, Mrs. Mary, 24 Prospect St.
Penney, Miss E., c/o Mrs. John Scott
Power, Mrs. Wm., card, Water St. W.
Pretty, Miss Margaret, Gower St.
Perry, E. C.
Penney, Mrs. M.

Q
Quinton, Miss Sarah, care G.P.O.
Quirk, Miss Margaret, care T. A. Pippy

R
Rendell, Frank, Terra Nova Hotel
Reid, Miss L., Bond St.
Reid, Miss Nellie, Patrick St.
Reid, F. E.
Reynolds, J. J., Water St.
Robin, Henry P.
Rockwood, Mrs. Polly, c/o Post Office
Rose, Joshua, Casey St.
Rose, Gordon, Casey St.
Roberts, George, Freshwater Road
Rowe, John, Cabot St.
Rossley, Miss Florence, care General Delivery
Rowsell, Archibald, Flower Hill
Roger, Miss Lilly (Telegram), care General Delivery
Rose, Nicholas, Power St.
Rowe, Alexander, Temperance St.
Russell, Harold, care G. P. O.
Russell, Miss L. P., Circular Road
Reid, H. J.

S
Sparrow, Miss Minnie, Gower St.
Samson, Martin, Water St.
Sparkes, James, Young St.
Skanes, Miss Mary, Water St.
Stanley, Miss Ethel, Water St. West
Sparkes, B.
Stafford, Miss Madeline, South Side
Sheppard, Mrs. Mark, New Gower St.
Sheppard, John, care G. P. O.
Searle, Miss Jane, Spencer St.
Snelgrove, Amos, Lower Battery
Sterling Mrs. George, Casey St.
Sheppard, L., care G. P. O.
Smith, Miss P., card
Sinnott, Mrs. James
Sinyard, Thomas, Adelaide Road
Smith, Miss G., card, McDougall St.
Smith, Miss Maud
Smith, Miss Mary, Mullock St.
Shields, James, Theatre Hill
Snook, Miss Annie
Snow, Gordon B., care Gen. Hospital
Short, Miss Maud, c/o Gen. Delivery
Short, Miss L., Military Road
Squires, Miss Mabel, Spencer St.

T
Thornhill, Manuel, care Capt. Douglas
Thorne, John, Quidi Vidi
Thompson, Wm., Larkin's Square
Taylor, Mrs. Annie
Taylor, Mrs. Corbett, George's St.
Taylor, Wm., Parade St.
Thorne, Miss Lillian, care General Delivery
Tucker, Miss Ethel, Howley Avenue
Tucker, Miss Rose, Gower St.
Tilley, Miss L., card
Tulk, Mrs. Mary, Hoylestown.

V
Vey, Herbert John, care Bowring Bros.

W
Way, Miss Florrie, Spencer St.
Walker, Master B. J.
Whalen, Thomas, New Gower St.
Walsh, Miss Ellen, Water St. West
Whalen, Miss M., care Royal Stores
Walsh, Miss K., Adelaide St.
Walsh, Miss Agnes, care Mrs. John Baxter, Leslie St.
Walsh, Miss Annie F., Queen's Rd.
Walker, James, Water St.
Walsh, Miss Annie, Gower St.
Warford, Mrs. Wm., retd., Brazil's Square
Whelan, Miss E.
Walsh, Martin, Long Pond Road
Weir, E., Newtown Road
Wiseman, Miss Margaret, Boncloddy Street
White, S., card, Freshwater Road
Windsor, J. W.
White, Louis
Williams, Mrs. H., Harvey Road
Wells, Edward, care G. M. Barr
Woodman, Miss Rose, care Waterford Hall
Woolfrey, W. J., care G. P. O.
Woodfine, Mrs. Richard, LeMarchant Road
Worthy, S., South Side Road

J. ALEX. ROBINSON,
Postmaster-General.

"Seal Brand" means a certain, definite blend of high-grade coffee—uniform in quality and always delicious.

Don't take any chances—always insist on having "SEAL BRAND" COFFEE.

In ½, 1 and 2 pound tins. Whole—ground—pulverized—also fine ground for Percolators. Never sold in bulk. 168

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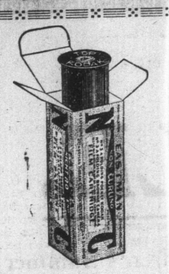

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Dear Sir,—One or two questions of very great importance to the health of outport Newfoundlanders are very insistent to a person with any view of the real duties of the medical profession to the people. One is tuberculosis, and the other the dietetic inefficiencies. I've worried you with both of these before, but they are increasingly pressing, especially as one feels one can't remain here forever. One may practically say that nothing is done whatever for the very large and unknown proportion of peaple who fall victims to tuberculosis. Again and again and again we meet with it in every form, and—while we can do might possibly care for the patients who come with acute attacks—there is no fund available for doing the real work of preventing a relapse which is often immediate. We have a tuberculosis shack built at the cost of $400 granted by the St. John's Anti-Tuberculosis Society. A dozen many of the victims who come to us gain strength and a start on the road to recovery, but we cannot keep them long, and there are no funds for provisioning and nursing those especially sick, and no proper hospitals anywhere outside of St. John's for the poor creatures. I'm not going to weary you with stating instances—such as a mother who was lying on weight and doing splendidly in the hospital, and returned to take care of a family of children they lost losing in three weeks all the ground she had made, and is now marching steadily to her death. Why couldn't that Reid money offered be used as a for a ten to twenty bed hospital in each of the big bays or for one large hospital in the North, which we could superintend if only some regular appropriation were made for its expenses. We can get the best of staffs, give the most modern treatment, and the climate is—at any rate—as good as Newfoundland has to offer. But—wherever they establish it—surely we should have an opportunity to send some of these poor creatures there. They suffer terribly and die miserably as it is now.

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