Deceived

AND

Disowned

BUT

True as Steel!

CHAPTER XXII.

THE OTHER CLAIMANT.

They drove up to the Grange in fine style, and old Griley, filled with dismay at the sight of the dissolute company, remonstrated with Morgan in vain.

"What will the squire say?" he whispered, when Morgan had bade his companions welcome.

"Hang the squire!" was the undutiful reply. "Can't I have a friend or two in my own place? You go and see that I have a good lunch sent up, and don't spare the wine."

He followed his guests into the mansion, bidding them look upon the place as Liberty Hall, while old Griley, having given hurried orders in the kitchen, went too meet his master, who he knew, would resent this invasion.

The squire was returning with the sheriff of the county and with Mr. Normanby, who had, of course, been elected. He was in the hall when Griley came up, and, as a burst of uproarious laughter fell on his ears, his face darkened.

Griley explained hurriedly, and, with a black look, John Verner strode to the door and pushed it open. At the sight of the noisy, ill-bred party who stared at him insolently, he seemed about to turn them out, one and all; but a soft speech from Mr. Normanby, who had followed him, caused him to restrain himself, though with an ill grace, and Morgan and his party finished their luncheon in an almost sullen silence.

When his own guests had departed, Verner, against the advice of Normanby, sent a peremptory message to his son. Morgan entered leisurely enough, and nodded pleasantly to his father.

"Well, Normanby, congratulate you, I'm sure. I was just coming to you, guv'nor. Griley tells me the house is full, so I've sent over to Bingleigh to ask Sir Edwin if he will take in some of my friends."

His father's face turned purple with rage.

"How dare you, sir!" he exclaimed passionately. "What do you mean by making this place a barrack for all the disreputable rascals in London?"

"Easy, guv'nor," replied Morgan, astonished. "They're quite swells enough for us; anyhow, they're my friends, and it's deuced hard I can't put them up in my own place."

"Your place, sir!" roared his father. "Not yet! In any case, the house is full—and—and I won't have them here."

"Righto!" said Morgan suddenly. "Then they shall go back to town, and I'll go with them. Who do you suppose is going to stick down in this hole for three months on end, without a soul to speak to?"

"You have friends enough," retorted his father. "Pray, when are you going over to see your fiancee? If you were anything of a man——"

"I'd throw her up," snarled Morgan savagely. "Yes! and I would, too, if I weren't tied hand and foot." He shot a venomous glance at Normanby. "She treats me like a dog. Hates the sight of me, and I'm not going over to ask for snubs and insults."

"Room must be made," whispered Normanby.

"Very well," said Verner moodily. "If you want them, they must stop, only for Heaven's sake keep them quiet. I'll have the rooms over the stables prepared for them."

"I'm hanged if you will," retorted Morgan. "My friends aren't going to be put into a lot of servants' rooms. No, they shall go to Bingleigh."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed his father, aghast at the new turn of affairs. "Are you mad? Do you want Sir Edwin and Olive to see the kind of companionship you keep?"

"Perhaps I do!" retorted Morgan, with a malicious grin. "Perhaps my lady had better learn at once that I don't intend to be treated like a dog and kicked aside. She's ready enough to take my money and marry me for it; well, she shall entertain my friends."

So saying, with an insolent nod, he swaggered from the room.

Morgan had spoken truly. Inspired by half-drunken malice, he had hit upon the idea of sending over to Bingleigh to ask Sir Edwin to receive him and his companions, knowing that the baronet, who was hospitable to a fault, would do so gladly, and thus inflict upon Olive the society of his dissipated friends. He had not counted in vain, for Sir Edwin sent back a warm message, bidding Morgan bring whom and as many as he pleased; and an hour later Morgan and his crew motored over to Bingleigh.

The excitement of the election had told heavily on Sir Edwin, and to Olive's dismay he had relapsed into a weak and absent-minded state. Thus the whole responsibility of preparation fell upon her shoulders. With a heavy heart, caused more by her father's health than by Morgan's approach—for she despised him too much to fear him—she made what hasty arrangements were possible, and then sat with Sir Edwin to await the coming guests.

As the motor tore up the graveled approach amid roars of laughter from its occupants, Sir Edwin started up, and Olive's heart seemed to sink within her, for she saw what Morgan had done. With all her girlish inexperience, it was not difficult to recognize that Captain Raffles and his clique, who were being received so courteously and happily by her father, were men of neither birth nor breeding.

"Well, Olive," said Morgan; "brought my friends, you see. Awfully kind of you to take them in."

Olive made such fitting reply as she could, and soon quitted the room for her own, where, in an agony of humiliation and despair, she remained for some time. In the midst of her own misery it was almost a source of thankfulness that her father seemed so unconscious of the character of his guests.

That night, to Topsy's dismay, she dressed for dinner in a gown of black crepe de chine, relieved only by a white rose which nestled in the chiffon folds at her breast. Pale and stately, but with her beauty rendered more lustrous by its somber setting, she descended to the dining room.

The dinner proceeded quietly, the "gentlemen" being somewhat subdued by her presence, but her retirement seemed to be the signal for their superabundant spirits to free themselves. Fresh bottles of wine were opened, the laughter grew more uproarious, the conversation broader, and poor Sir Edwin, only dimly understanding what was going on, sat in silence, with a piteously smiling face, that to more experienced eyes would have told its story. But the eyes of his guests were turned on the wine, and they rattled on with tongue and glass till the stately walls resounded with their vulgar revelry.

In the drawing-room, sad and lonely, Olive heard and understood it all. She knew this to be Morgan's revenge because she had resented his attempt to kiss her, and he had felt injured by her natural repugnance. She felt that she had brought this infliction upon her father, who, through his illness of mind and body, was as yet unwitting of the insult passed upon them. Surely it would have been better if they could have gone out into the world; they might have had less to enjoy, but also they would have had less to endure. Unable to bear it any longer, she rose and went to the dining room, the door of which stood slightly ajar, so that she could see the drunken crew within.

With his feet on the chair beside him sat Morgan Verner, his face flushed, his eyes gleaming viciously. Near him was Captain Raffles, clutching at a decanter and with a cigar between his teeth; the ashes fell unheeded on the snowy tablecloth. The rest of the company were in various attitudes and in different stages of intoxication, while at the head of the table sat the old baronet, amiably smiling, unconscious of his degradation.

As she stood, uncertain whether to interfere or not, one of the men called upon him for a song, insisting, with drunken laughter, that the old man should at least join in the chorus. There was a roar of delight from the rest, and this seemed to rouse Sir Edwin to a sense of what was going on. He rose indignantly, but the excitement had been too violent for him, and as Captain Raffles struck up the chorus of a drinking song, his head fell on his breast and he sank back in his chair.

Even Morgan Verner saw that something was wrong and rose with a display of tipsy consequence. But before he could reach the motionless figure of the old man, Olive, awe-inspiring in her wrath, had glided quickly to her father's side, and was bending over him as if to shield him from their very sight.

Morgan shrank back before her flashing eyes, then he turned unsteadily to his friends.

"Here's—here's Miss Seymour. Better go, eh? Old gent's queer."

His proposal was assented to with alacrity, and the room was clear of Captain Raffles and his companions before Olive could summon the astonished servants. Ten minutes later, grooms were dispatched for doctors, while the old man was borne to his room.

The news reached the Grange that Sir Edwin had been seized with a paralytic stroke, and the appearance of Morgan and his friends, somewhat sobered by their ride in the motor, confirmed the report. Morgan hastened to explain matters to his enraged father, and Captain Raffles and the rest made their way to the rooms over the stable, after all.

John Verner stood before his son, shaking with anger.

"Beast! Idiot!" he hissed. "This is your doing."

"How could I help the old man knocking under?" rejoined Morgan. "Besides, what does it matter?" he added brutally. "If he dies, so much the better for us."

"It does matter in this, my dear Morgan," said the smooth voice of Mr. Normanby, who had entered noiselessly, "that Bingleigh is entailed, and that our claim upon it dies with the decease of the worthy Sir Edwin; in which case Miss Olive would escape your clutches, that is all."

"Is that true?" stammered Morgan.

"Quite," replied Mr. Normanby, rolling a cigarette. "Only too true. So, my dear Morgan, pray that your respected father-in-law-elect may live until your marriage with Miss Olive is a consummated fact."

"She can't escape, anyhow," muttered Morgan.

"Fool!" exclaimed his father. "Are you so blind that you cannot see that it is only for her father's sake she has consented to marry you at all. Let him die, and she'd rather see Bingleigh Hall burned to the ground than become the wife of such a wretch as you. To think that I should be hampered with such a son!"

He looked sternly at Normanby as he stood placidly smoking.

"What is to be done?" he said.

"I have sent a brougham asking Dr. Slade to call in here on his way back. He should be here soon," returned Mr. Normanby.

"Here he is," said Morgan, and he slunk out of the room as one of the doctors who had been sent for at Bingleigh was ushered in.

John Verner could hardly control his agitation as the doctor shook hands with him, and then turned to Normanby.

"How do you do, my dear sir? I congratulate you on your election. Not contested? Of course not. We know what is right in these parts. you wished, squire, I believe, to know about our dear friend, Sir Edwin?"

"Yes, yes! Is he alive?" asked John Verner impatiently.

"Oh, yes, my dear sir. But, of course, he is an old man, and it is therefore a serious case."

"Of paralysis, of course?" said Normanby.

"Well, no, not exactly," replied the doctor. "A fainting fit produced by weakness of the brain, an uncommon case, Mr. Normanby."

"Will he get over it?" asked Mr. Verner anxiously.

The doctor looked at him keenly.

"While there is life there is hope," he said guardedly. "I should say Sir Edwin's illness had been brought on by undue worry. But, with care, he should recover, and the best thing to help him through is change. Somewhere quite new and fresh, directly he is able to be moved."

"What do you advise then, doctor?" said Normanby.

"A sea voyage would, I think, answer the purpose," replied Dr. Slade. "Some place where he would be away from old associations, you understand. Quite a change."

Normanby looked significantly at the dark face of the master of the Grange, who took the hint.

"I am Sir Edwin's nearest friend and neighbor," he said. "I will see that your advice is followed, Doctor Slade. You may rely on me."

(To be Continued.)

"Then I think," said the doctor, "that all will be well. Let Miss Seymour take him abroad, and I'll engage that they will both return as well as ever."

Doctor Said Operation.

When Chatham Lady Suffered From Extreme Nervous Exhaustion—Now Feeling Fine and Working Large Garden.

Chatham, Ont., January 15th. — This letter will interest every lady reader, because it describes a condition for which many doctors advise an operation. That the operation is often unnecessary and very often leaves the patient an invalid for life is well known.

You will read here of what Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has done for this lady and will then understand the great good it is accomplishing in many thousands of similar cases throughout the continent.

Every woman should think long and earnestly before consenting to an operation of this kind. It is a simple matter to give Dr. Chase's Nerve Food a trial and the results are almost always entirely satisfactory. You not only avoid the risk and expense of an operation, but find yourself restored to health and vigor.

Mrs. E. M. Ford, 82 Delaware avenue, Chatham, Ont., writes: "For four years I suffered from my nerves. I was restless and could not sleep well. I had headaches, neuralgic pains through the body and backache. There was buzzing in my ears and twitching of nerves and muscles. I also had palpitation of the heart, which caused shortness of breath. I was easily tired and always drowsy after eating. When walking or on my feet very much my feet would seem to go dead in my shoes. I consulted two doctors and both told me that I would have to have an examination and probably an operation, but I would not have either. Shortly after this I commenced using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and after a treatment of this medicine I can say I am now feeling fine, I am able to do my household duties without difficulty, and besides this, attend to a half-acre of garden. I can go about without that dead feeling in my feet, and am grateful to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for my cure. I think very highly of this medicine and recommend it to other sufferers whenever I have an opportunity."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, a full treatment of 6 boxes for $2.75, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Do not be talked into accepting a substitute. Imitations only disappoint.

To Stop a Persistent Hacking Cough

The best remedy is one you can easily make at home. Cheap, but very effective.

Thousands of people normally healthy in every other respect, are annoyed with a persistent hanging-on bronchial cough year after year, disturbing their sleep and making life disagreeable. It's so needless—there's an old home-made remedy that will end such a cough easily and quickly.

Get from any druggist "2½ ounces of Pinex" (50 cents worth), pour it into a 16-oz. bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Begin taking it at once. Gradually but surely you will notice the phlegm thin out and then disappear altogether, thus ending a cough that you never thought would end. It also promptly loosens a dry or tight cough, stops the troublesome throat tickle, soothes the irritated membranes that line the throat and bronchial tubes, and relief comes almost immediately. A day's use will usually break up an ordinary throat or chest cold, and for bronchitis, croup, whooping cough and bronchial asthma there is nothing better. It tastes pleasant and keeps perfectly.

Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract and is used by millions of people every year for throat and chest colds with splendid results.

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with full directions and don't accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded goes with this preparation. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

List of Letters Remaining in G.P.O., to Jan. 12, 191

A
Adams, Miss Mary, Victoria St.
Ash, Mrs. Stephen, Hamilton St.
Andrews, Miss Fannie M., card, Queen's Road
Andrews, Mrs. S., Monroe St.
Allen, Miss Ida, care G. P. O.
Andrews, Annie, Queen's Road
Andrews, Miss Annie, Forest Road
Andrews, Fred
Abbott, Albert
Adams, Mrs. J. P.
Andrews, Miss A., Forest Road

B
Barrow, Miss O., King's Bridge Rd.
Barry, Miss May, Military Road
Baird, Martin, Freshwater Bay
Batterton, Pte., late Halifax
Bartlett, Miss, care Dr. Smith, Cochrane St.
Bryne, T., Long Pond Road
Baker, Miss E., Duckworth St.
Bavies, A. E.
Bradbury, Miss R., Meth. College
Barrett, George, George St.
Bragg, Miss Annie, care Mrs. Mitchell, Barnes' Rd.
Bellman, Miss Mary, Plymouth Road
Bennett, Miss Mildred, care Mrs. Taylor, South Side
Bennett, Mrs. T., care G. P. O.
Best, Mrs. E., Pleasant St.
Bellman, Miss M., Merrymeeting Rd.
Byrne, Miss Alice, Circular Road
Boland, Mrs. B., Battery Road
Boyd, Miss G., South Side
Burt, Miss Annie, late Random, care General Delivery
Barnes, Miss K.
Buddon, Miss M, card, care G. P. O.
Butt, Wm. T., George's St.
Buckley, John
Burns, Mrs., card, Parade St.
Butler, Harold, Cornwall Avenue.
Button, Miss Hester, West End
Burton, Walter, Central St.
Bussell, Miss Jessie, Cochrane St.
Bugden, Master Roy
Button, J., Adelaide St.
Butler, Joseph, Spruce St.
Burns, Stella, card, Parade St.
Butler, Edward, East End
Bursey, Miss G.
Butler, Joseph, Spruce St.
Bragg, Edward, James' St.
Butler, Mrs. S., LeMarchant Road
Brett, S. A., King's Road
Barnes, Mrs. B.
Bolen, Sandy, Springdale St.
Butler, Mrs. John, card, Flower Hill

C
Chaulk, Master J., late Grand Falls
Carter, Miss L., Cochrane St.
Carter, Miss Winnie, card
Campbell, Mrs. John, Belvidere St.
Clancey, Master Wm., Newtown Rd.
Cook, Mrs.
Crocker, Mrs. B., Queen's Road
Crocker, Patrick, 17 —— St.
Corbett, James, care G. P. O.
Collins, Mrs. H., Monroe St.
Cosh, Miss Effie, New Gower St.
Coady, John, Newtown Road
Cook, Harold
Condon, Mrs., Water Street
Condon, Miss Isabella
Cooper, Wm., Hagerty St.
Carroll, Miss Bessie, Queen's Road
Canning, Mrs. A., Gilmore Street
Connolly, Miss Annie
Connell, Mrs. John, Flower Hill
Curtis, Miss M.
Carter, Master R., Water St.

D
Dawe, Mrs. L., care Mrs. Taylor, South Side
Dawe, Miss G., Seamen's Institute
Davis, Master Max
Dawe, Edgar, care G. P. O.
Davis, Fannie L., late Gen. Hospital
Day, Miss Emma, Victoria Street
Dwyer, Miss M., Patrick St.
Delahunty, F., care Gen. Delivery
Driscoll, Hubert, Cornwall Avenue
Dyke, Miss Elsie, Battery Road
Daymond, Mrs. E., card
Doyle, Miss Alice, Carter's Hill
Downey, Miss Blanche, Adelaide St.
Donovan, James
Dunn, Miss Annie G., Patrick St.
Dunphy, J. A.

E
Evans, G., Goodview St.
Edwards, Miss G., card
Edwards, Joseph, Duckworth St.
Ethelridge, Miss L. B., King's Bridge Road
Elsworth, Mrs. G., late Grand Falls, care General Delivery
Efford, W. John

F
Farrell, W. R., City
Francis, Mrs. Robert, care G. P. O.
Flinn, Mrs. Mary
French, Miss Elizabeth, LeMarchant Road
Fennessey, Mrs., Pine Street
Flynn, Mrs. Patrick, Flower Hill
Flynn, Mrs. Wm., Sebastian St.
Fifield, F. F., (late Tilton) Cabot St.
Ford, James C.
Foley, Miss Annie, Hayward Ave.
Foote, Miss Maud
Foran, Mrs. J., Barter's Hill
Forward, Miss Rose, King's Road
Forsey, Miss Mabel, Quidi Vidi Road
Francis, Catherine
Fifield, Miss L., Balsam Place
Flemming, Miss Sarah, Barter's Hill
Ford, Lucy, card, Williams' Lane

G
Grace, Miss A., card, Casey St.
Gale, Miss Florrie, Duckworth St.
Green, Manuel, Water St.
Green, E. M.
Green, Mrs. Jane, Fleming St.
Gillett, Miss Mary Ann, George St.
Griffen, Miss M., King's Bridge Road
Gibbons, Michael, McFarlane St.
Goss, Miss Lizzie, Queen's Road
Gough, Mrs. John, Hamilton St.
Gosling, Mrs. Violet (Card R.), Prince's Street
Good, Mrs. Elizabeth
Gordon, Mrs. Allen, Casey Street
Gulley, Henry, Freshwater Road
Green, George W.
Gulliford, G.

H
Harris, Miss E. M., card, c/o G.P.O.
Hawkins, Mrs. Wm., Monroe St.
Hawkins, Wm., card, Monroe St.
Hallett, Miss M.
Hallerin, Miss M., Newtown Road
Harnum, Jonas, Queen's Road
Hart, William
Halliday, Wm., Mount Scio
Herman, Alex., care Capt. Bertie Geldert
Hewitt, Mrs. Stephen, Allandale Rd.
Hiscock, Edgar, Water St.
Hiscock, Miss Ethel, Hamilton St.
Hiscock, Miss Frances, Cochrane St.
House, Gordon, care G. P. O.
Hobbs, Miss Sarah, Cochrane St.
Howell, Mrs. Samuel, Newtown Rd.
House, Miss M.
Hynes, Miss B., Water Street
Hunt, Mrs. Jack
Hustins, Miss Blanche, Duckworth Street
Halley, Hubert, LeMarchant Road
Hebbard, Mrs. F., Hamilton St.
Hiscock, Miss Francis, Cochrane St.

I
Ivany, Mrs. Silas, care Miss E. Dowden

J
James, P., care Gen. Delivery
Janes, Miss Maud, Garrison Hill
James, Percey, care Gen. Delivery
Jerrett, Miss Ethel
Jerrett, Miss Julia, care Tobacco Factory
Johnson, Miss Hannah, 45 —— St.
Janes, Joseph, New Gower St.
J——, James, 12 Quidi Vidi Road
Jones, Lillian, card, Cochrane St.

K
Kelly, Miss K.
Kelly, Frank
Kane, Alfred, care Gen. Delivery
Kavanagh, Mrs. Lizzie
Kerwin, Miss Eliza, card
Kent, Miss Annie, care Dr. Mitchell
Kenny, John, card
Kearney, Robert, Lime Street
King, Miss Mary F., Gower St.
Knight, Mrs. Wm.
Knight, S., Forest Road
King, Wm. S., care Gen. Delivery
King, Thomas, George's St.
King, Miss Mary, Gower St.

L
Lawlor, Miss L. (Card R.)
Long, Henry
Laine, Mrs. George, Boggan's St.
Lane, Lewis, Young St.
Lawlor, Mrs. Thomas, Bannerman St.
Leonard, Miss Isabella, 26 —— Hill
Leaden, Miss S. J., Hamilton St.
Lewis, F., Hagerty St.
L——, Miss Jennie, card, 31 Bannerman Street
Long, Mrs. Edward, Cabot St.
Liskim, John, New Gower St.
Lukins, Miss G., Lyon's Square

M
Martin, Miss Annie, Gower St.
Martin, Henry, Bannerman St.
Martin, Miss Lillian M., care Imperial Tobacco Co.
Marshall, Miss D.
Mahoney, Miss Ellen, Military Road
Mason, Mrs. J., Pleasant St.
Mahar, F. J., card
Mansion, J., Beaumont St.
Martin, Miss G., care Gen. Delivery
Mercer, Miss Jean, Charlton St.
Meaney, Miss Kittie, Clifford St.
Mercer, Miss Ida, Casey St.
Mercer, Mrs., retd., Casey St.
Mills, Mrs. Joseph, King's Road
Mylls, W. R.
Miles, Mrs. John, Spencer St.
Miller, Amos, card
Miller, Mrs. H. J., Prescott St.
Michlin, Miss Emily, LeMarchant Rd
Moore, Miss Annie, Prince's St.
Molloy, Miss E.
Morrissey, Mrs. Patrick, late Brigus
Moore, Mrs. Thomas, Water St. W.
Morrissey, Patrick, late Bell Island
Morris, Miss Pearl
Murphy, Mrs. James
Mumford, George
Murphy, Michael, Butler Place
Mullally, Mrs. James, Patrick St.
Murphy, Miss Annie, 7 —— Hill

Mc
MacDiarmid, Mrs. A. A.
McClalland, Lee
McGrath, Miss Mary A., Queen's Road
MacDougall, Miss, LeMarchant Road
MacDonald, Mrs. D. M., card

N
Nettin, Mrs. R., Parade St.
Noseworthy, Mrs., card, Clifford St.
Noseworthy, James
Norris, Miss Elizabeth, card, Flower Hill
Noseworthy, H., Hayward Avenue
Noseworthy, Miss Lizzie, Patrick St.
Nugent, John
Nugent, Mrs. Ed. P. M.
N——, Miss Mary, card
Noseworthy, Thomas, Military Road

O
Oates, Miss Fannie, care Gen. Post Office
Oates, Walter, care Gen. Post Office
O'Leary, Joseph
O'Keefe, Miss Mollie, 15 —— St.
O'Neil, John, King's Road
O'Neil, Henry, Carter's Hill
O'Brien, Mrs. Michael
O'Brien, Bell, care Gen. Hospital
O'Rourke, Miss Mamie, Monroe St.

P
Parsons, Mrs. S., LeMarchant Road
Parsons, Mrs. F.
Parrell, Mrs. Wm., Allandale Road
Parsons, Miss G., Circular Road
Parsons, Mrs. T., Freshwater Road
Parsons, Mrs. S., LeMarchant Road
Pearcey, Albert, Allandale Road
Perrin, Mrs. James, New Gower St.
Pearce, Miss Amy
Penney, Miss L., Carter's Hill
Pearce, Heber, Merrymeeting Road
Prendergast, Miss Nellie, Duckworth St.
Penny, W. A.
Phillips, Miss Bessie, Pleasant St.
Power, Mrs. Wm., Water St.
Pitcher, James, care Gen. Delivery
Piercey, Mrs. Sandy, McFarlane St.
Powers, John T., Duckworth St.
Powers, J. J., Water St.
Power, Miss M., Bannerman St.
Porter, Mrs., New Gower St.
Piercey, Jas. E.
Power, Mrs., Water St. West
Pomeroy, Albert, Colonial Street
Power, Patrick, card, Hamilton St.
Power, Mrs. Edward, Barron St.
Powers, Mrs. Joseph, care Gen. Post Office
Purcell, Mrs. Peter

Q
Quigley, Miss Bessie, Water St. W.
Quinton, Miss Annie
Quirk, Miss Lizzie, Carter's Hill

R
Ralph, Mrs. Daniel, James' St.
Ralph, Mrs. Mollie, card, James' St.
Ryan, Miss K. (Card R.), Monkstown Road
Rayment, Mrs., Cochrane St.
Ryan, Anthony, King's Bridge
Reader, Miss W., Brazil's Square
Riggs, Miss Nellie, care Mr. Butler, Water
Rideout, Mrs. H., card, York St.
Roberts, George, Allandale Road
Rochford, Robert, card, Barnes' Rd.
Roberts, E. W.
Rose, John, care Gen. Delivery
Rowe, Garland, South Side
Ross, John J.
Rogers, Miss Eliza, Spencer St.
Ross, Miss G., Military Road
Rodgers, John, 26 —— Road
Rogers, Wm. J., Spencer St.
Rolls, Miss Mary, care G. P. O.
Rose, Hugh A.
Robinson, Mrs. Ellen, Casey St.
Rowe, Miss H., Maxse St.
Rowsell, Miss Bessie
Ross, Mrs. George, Nagle's Hill
Roberts, Miss Minnie, Cathedral St.
Russell, Jessie, Military Road
Russell, G., Casey St.
Roberts, George, Freshwater Road
Rideout, Harrison, York St.

S
Sparks, N., late Clarke's Beach
Spracklin, Mrs., 8 Carter's Hill
Shaw, Miss Mary, James St.
Smart, Mrs. J., card, Newtown
Sparrow, Miss Minnie, Gower St.
Smart, Mrs. John, Willow St.
Steed, Miss A. M., care G. P. O.
Sexton, Miss W., Pleasant St.
Snelgrove, Mrs. Gilbert, Gilbert St.
Sears, Wm., care Gen. Delivery
Sweetland, Miss G.
Syver, Miss Jennie, Bannerman St.
Sevier, Miss K., Water St.
Snelgrove, J., Power St.
Sheppard, Miss Susie, care Gen. Delivery
Smith, Miss Maud
Simms, Miss F., Hamilton St.
Smith, Mrs., care Mrs. Rose, Portugal Cove Road
Simms, Miss H., Bell St.
Sinnott, Mrs. Jas. J., Balsam Place
Smith, Miss Emma, card
Simms, Miss Jessie
Smith, Miss Julia, late Dildo
Snow, Abraham
Sullivan, Miss Vera
Sullivan, Miss K, Queen's St.
Sullivan, Mrs. J., Water St. West
Shute, Wm., care Reid Co.

T
Taylor, Mrs. B., care Miss A. Parsons
Thompson, A. J., card, late Port au Port
Thompson, W. F., care Gen. Delivery
Tobin, Miss A., Queen St.
Tuck, Miss
Tucker, Mrs. J. J., Central St.
Tucker, Wm., Cookstown Road
Tucker, Miss M., care J. A. Tucker

V
Vincent, Chesley, care Gen. Delivery
Vicars, J. R., Circular Road

W
Walsh, Mrs., retd., Brine St.
Walsh, Mrs. M. A., late Hr. Grace
Whalen, E., Water St.
Whelan, George, Freshwater Road
Walters, Harry H., Barters' Hill
Walsh, Miss Ellen, Prospect St.
Walsh, B., Queen's Road
Walsh, M., Mt. Scio
Watts, Elizabeth, Prescott St.
Whalen, Mr. F., Henry St.
Wells, John, South Side, East
Wells, Mrs. F., Boggan St.
Wescott, Miss A. M., Brazil's Square
Williams, Mrs. H., Cabot St.
Williams, Miss Alice, Henry St.
Williams, Mrs. Mary A., Freshwater Road
Williams, A. H., care Gen. Delivery
Williams, J. B., care Gen. Delivery
White, Miss M. D., Hamilton St.
Woods, Mrs. Frank, care Mrs. John Donnelly
Walsh, Miss Annie F., Pleasant St.

Y
Yabsley, Mrs. H. J., Bond St.
Young, Andrew, Monroe St.
Young, Francis, Carter's Hill

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EARLY MR

MAN POWER PROBLEM.

LONDON, Jan. 14.

Sir Auckland Geddes, Minister of the National Service prefaced his remarks on the Government's man power proposals by the declaration that nothing could be more misleading than the suggestion that the man power problem could be solved by a dramatic stroke. It was the central problem of the war. It means everything, he said, ships, armies, munitions, food, light, heat and coal. At the moment the most anxious problem isn't the supply of men for the army, but we have to take steps against the time when it will be—a time which I believe isn't far distant. Going into the details of the situation, the Minister said in part, the plain facts don't support the statement that the armies are melting for the lack of recruits and that recruiting has broken down. The Government has examined in detail the position of the Allies on the east front and the results are not unsatisfactory. Excluding Russia and Roumania the Allies have substantial superiority in fighting and ration strength over the Central Powers. From a statistical standpoint the strength of the enemy gives no cause for anxiety. The withdrawal of Russia means that not less than 1,000,000 men will be available to Germany on the west front. Notwithstanding Russia's defection, however, the resources of the Allies and America are sufficient.

FOOD FOR THE ALLIES.

BUENOS AIRES, Jan. 14.

The Foreign Minister to-day signed an agreement with the British and French ministers to sell 2,500,000 tons of wheat to the Entente Allies. Argentine is to open a credit at the Bank of the Nation in favor of the Allies, which is to be liquidated in two years. This arrangement is virtually a huge loan to the Allies to stabilize the rate of exchange.

SUCCESSFUL RAID.

LONDON, Jan. 14.

A successful daylight raid has been made on Karlsruhe, according to a British official statement issued last night.

UNSETTLED GERMANY.

LONDON, Jan. 14.

Reading between the lines in the German papers it becomes apparent that the conferences of military and political leaders now taking place at Berlin are regarded as an effort to obtain some sort of agreement among the German parties as to war aims. At present all signs point to the triumph of the militarists, although it is evident the opposing forces are making a strong fight. The Munich Post says a death struggle is now proceeding between the Reichstag peace majority and the Military Annexationist Party. We don't know which the Government will support, and Egyptian darkness enshrouds the nation's peace aims. The Minister of Finance of Baden, Von Bodman, said in the Lower House on Saturday, the Reichstag resolution is no longer valid because it was based on the supposition that the desire for peace would be shared by our opponents. That is disproved by speeches by Lloyd George and President Wilson. Peace now must be guided strictly by Germany's interest. The Tageblatt of Berlin reports violent scenes enacted at the sitting of the Reichstag main committee, when a Polish deputy warned the Government against yielding to the militarists, adding "the present Prussian regime is hated by the people, for it has been the most repulsive type of rule that any people ever had to bear. I warn you that the people will at length come to their senses and this war will prove the graveyard of German militarism." Speaking at a Socialist meeting at Liolafield Herr Revering, a former member of the Reichstag, said "a majority of Germans would not shed a single tear over the resignation of Hindenburg, Ludendorff or any other General who opposes peace by understanding. The German people will pay most homage to the man who does most in the cause of peace."

BULGARIA ANXIOUS FOR PEACE.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 14.

Press despatches from Sofia say that Bulgarian papers of all political affiliations welcome President Wilson's address to Congress as a step towards peace. Minister Andnarod, of Sofia, finds a resemblance between the President's terms and those of the Bolsheviki. The Democratic organ Prosperetz appeals to Wilson to settle the Balkan question on the basis of nationalities and historicc tendencies, and give Serbia an outlet to the Adriatic.

SHIP SINKING.

AN ATLANTIC PORT, Jan. 13.

Agents of the American steamship Tuscan, 1,400 tons, to-day received advices from the naval authorities that the ship was sinking at sea. The location of the ship was not given.

BRITISH OFFICIAL.

LONDON, Jan. 14.

The report from Marshal Haig's