

UNCLAIMED LETTERS, REMAINING IN G. P. to SEPT. 3rd, 1910.

A Adams, Miss E. R. card, Prescott St. Andrews, Katie, George's St. Atwood, Matilda, Duckworth St.	G Gibbons, Miss G., George's St. Gilbert, Mrs. Arthur, George's St. Gillingham, Thos., Springdale St.	M Martin, Mrs. P. M., New Gower Street Miller, John, card, Bannerman St. Morgan, Jacob, card, Bannerman St. Moran, Janie, card, Springdale St. Morgan, John, late Bell Island Morgan, Wm. T., card, Rogers, A. W., card Murphy, P., late s.s. Portia Murphy, P., Larkin's Square	R Reddy, Miss L., Rennie Mill Rd. Riggs, Edward, Rogers, W. J., card Rogers, A. W., card, Rogers, A. W., card Rose, Hannah, Rose, Hannah Rogers, T., card, Mundy Pond Road Rogers, A. W., card, Rogers, A. W., card Russell, Miss, Queen's Road
B Baird, Jack, care W. E. Beams Biggs, Mrs. James, Chariton Street Bishop, Laura, card, Belvidere Street Brooking, Almira, Bond Street Brown, Ralph, card, care Mrs. S. Rabbits Brostrom, F. W., care Mrs. S. Rabbits Butler, John, Mt. Scio Road Butler, E. J., Mt. Scio Road Butler, Michael, care Mrs. A. T. card Bunnell, H. J., Water St. Button, Levi, Water St. Butler, Alice, card Butler, Richard, Lime St. Burridge, John, slip	H Haliday, Miss, Long Pond Road Healey, James, Blackhead Hilcher, Roy, Lower Battery Rd. House, Mrs. Robert, Lower Battery Rd. Hughes, H. V., care Mrs. Whitten Hart, Wm., care Mrs. Whitten Hutchinson, Ledgemoor	S Shave, Martha, Duckworth Street Salmon, Thomas, late Goose Bay, King's Road Spry, Thomas, card, Spry, J. H., Cochrane Street Sheehan, John, care Reid Nfd. Co. Steed, Mrs. W. J., care Reid Nfd. Co. Slims, Mr., care Reid Nfd. Co. Simpson, Robert, card Simms, Mrs., Cochrane St. Simons, Mrs. Peter, care Mrs. Peter Scott, George, late s.s. Argyle	T Taylor, Miss Florence, Springdale Street Taylor, Hattie, Queen's Road Taylor, Miss Harriet, late Carbonear Tilley, Miss Annie, Alexander Street
C Crane, Miss Etta, Pleasant Street Clarke, Dawson J., Campbell, Mrs., Power St. Cliton, Walter, Conrad, Herbert Coady, J. J., card, Pleasant Street Coady, Miss Mary, card, Gower Street Cooper, Mrs. John, card, Lime Street Cosh, Phillip, South Side Conrad, Malcolm, card Corkum, S., care Mrs. Ennis Collier, Miss Emily, Springdale Street	I Ingram, Nellie, card, Rennie Mill Road Ivany, Andrew, LeMarchant Road	N Newman, Lillian, card, Nelson, John, late Bonavista Branch Newhook, W. H., card	V Verge, Charlie, card Vickers, Miss N., Water St. Vavasour, Miss Alice, New Gower St. Verge, Mrs. Julia
D Day, Geo. E., care G.P.O. Dahl, Karl, care G.P.O. Dwyer, Michael, Mundy Pond Road Driscoll, Mrs. Willis, Gower Street Dicks, Winsor, late Grand Falls Dugmore, A. R.	J Jackson, Archibald, Springdale St. Jones, Mrs., LeMarchant Rd.	O O'Neill, Jane, card, Circular Road O'Brien, Mrs. Agnes, Quidi Vidi Road O'Brien, Sylvester, Colonial Street Oldford, Samsom, care G. P. O.	W Warren, Miss Nell, Catherine Row Way, Chas. W., card Whelan, Miss A., late Hospital Whelan, Miss Mgt., Water Street Wills, James, Woodridge, Alexander, Buchanan St. Warford, Harry, care Mrs. K. Pinn W., Laurence, Boggan Street
E Effert, Mrs. Annie C., late General Hospital, Patrick St. Ellis, J. C., care G.P.O. Flemming, James, late Grand Falls Fitzgerald, Thomas, late Grand Falls Fitzpatrick, T., Pleasant St. Fowler, Bride, Water St.	K Kennedy, Mrs. F., card, Brazil's Square Kelly, Elizabeth, care Mrs. Snow, Brazil's Square Kelly, Josephine, care Mrs. Snow, Brazil's Square Kelly, Wm., late s.s. Home, New Gower Street Kelly, Mrs. Jas. A., Gower Street Kelly, Winnie, retd., Brazil's Square Kelly, James, care General Delivery Kent, Wm., late Bell Island King, Robert P., care Mrs. White, Monroe St. King, Joshua, George's St.	P Perry, Jethro, Freshwater Bay Pritchett, Wm., care Mrs. White, Monroe St. Placault, Rev. Peter, care Mrs. White, Monroe St. Piercy, John, care Mrs. White, Monroe St. Power, Miss May, Gower St. Powers, Elizabeth, Mrs., Power, W. A., card Power, Richard, card, Bond Street Power, B., Publicover, Purvis Parsons, Jas. J., LeMarchant Rd.	Y Young, John, care Mr. Smith Young, Walter

SEAMEN'S LIST.

A Goldsmith, Charlie, schr. Alberta Webber, Capt. George, schr. Antoinette Devereaux, Capt. C. J., schr. Arkansas Haines, Alfred, schr. Arkansas	C Wills, James, schr. Clara Gushe, Stewart, schr. Cristie L. Thomey Conrad, Capt. T. A., schr. Conrad Jones, John, schr. Conrad	F Atkinson, Capt. N., schr. Favorna Bond, Walter, schr. Florence M. Smith Morris, Gerald, brig. Fleetwing	L House, Avalon, schr. Lizzie H
B Haynes, Capt. Wm., schr. Belle Franklin Francis, Alexander, schr. B. G. Anderson Morris, Capt. Wm., schr. B. G. Anderson	D Hopkins, Henry, schr. Dorothy Baird	G Hibbs, James J., schr. Gladys Whidden Winsor, Arthur, schr. Golden Hind Henson, Alexander, schr. Gladys Whidden	M Bequet, Capt., schr. Madelina Verge, Robert, schr. Maggie Young, Bennett, schr. Minnie J. Hickman
E Smith, Capt. Dartus, schr. Empire Ryan, John J., schr. Empire Ryan, John J., schr. Excelsa	H Henson, Alexander, schr. Gladys Whidden	N Burke, Mark, schr. Nellie Louise Bates, E., schr. Rose Anstey, Capt., schr. Reginald Anstey Wiseman, Robert, schr. Reginald Anstey	R Ryan, Mike, General Hospital Ryan, Katie, retd. Ryall, Miss J. B., Lime St. Reid, Julia, Water St.

G. P. O., September 3rd, 1910. H. J. B. WOODS, P.M.G.

THE FAIR IMPOSTOR.

CHAPTER XXXII.
Miss North's story.
ALLOWING that Dawson Slade was fated to tumble down the Giant's Breastplate and sprain his leg, fracture his skull, and otherwise injure himself, Fate showed singular consideration in permitting Dame Hester to be his nurse; there wasn't a better nurse in the world; there couldn't have been more comfortable quarters, not even in a hospital, which we, some of us, know is a rich man's paradise.

As the doctors had said times out of number, if anything could pull him through, Dame Hester would do it, and she had pulled him through. But the process of pulling him through must have been an extremely trying one, for if ever man looked as if he had been passed through some elaborate piece of crushing and squeezing machinery, that man was Dawson Slade, as he sat in the great armchair which had been brought up into Ethel's little sitting room, and which seemed to swallow him up in its capacious arms as if he was a mere strippling.

Changed! Had he walked down St. James' Street in his present condition, he would have passed his most intimate acquaintances without chance of recognition. He looked—he was a tall man—as if he was seven feet long; all the flesh had left his bones, his hands, always white, were now as the driven snow, with the veins distinctly drawn, as if they had been traced over in blue ink; a beautiful hand it looked for all its thinness. His face was white and drawn, his mustache looking almost black by contrast, and his eyes gleaming with that abstracted, weary indifference to everything and everybody, which had made the dame almost give up in despair at times. 'For my dear,' she said to Ethel, with whom she talked day and night of her patient; 'for my dear, when they take to looking like that they generally die. But he shan't die, though he seems to want to!' And he hadn't died, although the shadow seemed still to cling to him, as he sat staring at the fire with his clasped hands lying listlessly on his dressing gown.

It was this same weary indifference, as to his condition which had alarmed the doctor, a great man, who came down from London every other day at a fabulous cost, and who spoke and looked as if every moment was worth at least a thousand pounds to him.

'Rouse him, my good woman; but Slade would not be roused, although Louis tried every subject under the sun, and even tried dropping things about the room, and letting the light through the window across the bed—two things which of old would have brought a scathingly sarcastic rebuke from his master's lips; but they failed now to exert a groan.

Louis brought letters from the chambers in London and laid them on the bed; his master merely swept them off again with a feeble hand. Nothing seemed to excite his interest, or to rouse him, as they phrased it, and Louis was in despair.

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for the poker—almost excited, miss, I do assure you.

'This is good news, indeed,' said Ethel, a faint flush of pleasure coming on her pale face—much paler than when we saw it last, and the dame sank on to the chair with an exclamation of delight. 'And he is sitting there looking at it, is he?' asked Ethel.

Louis shook his head.

'No, miss, he wouldn't let me uncover it. I wish I had, and he'd managed to throw the poker at me; it would have done him good. If I could only once get him angry, and hear him say some of his sharp, quiet sayings, as he used to, miss, I should be right down fit to jump out of my skin for joy,' and the good fellow rubbed his hands together and nodded emphatically.

'Perhaps he'll ask to have it uncovered, and might take a fancy for finishing it. Pity you didn't unwrap it, Mr. Louis.'

'Could not venture quite so far, dame,' said Louis.

'I didn't know Mr. Slade was an artist,' said Ethel, gently.

'My master can do almost anything, miss,' said Louis, with quiet pride. 'Especially in painting and music. This portrait of Miss Woodleigh is as like as two peas. Quite a speaking likeness, as you'll say when you see it.'

Ethel laughed, and looked up from the bowl of soup she was pouring out.

'I have never seen Miss Woodleigh, Louis,' she said.

'Indeed, miss!' said Louis, surprised. 'What a strange thing! I should have thought that there wasn't a single person in these parts but had seen her.'

'I have not for one,' said Ethel, quietly, 'and Mr. Slade plays and sings, too. He must be very clever.'

'That's it, miss, and don't care a snap about it. There isn't a thing he can't do if he sets his mind to it, but that's just what he never did, and it seems now as if he never would again. Oh, miss, he broke off suddenly, looking at her eagerly.

'What is it, Louis?' she asked. 'Have you thought of something?'

'Yes, miss, a thought has just crossed my mind. It's singular we haven't thought of it before. We haven't tried any music on him. There is a piano in the next room, and you are so clever at it, miss, begging your pardon.'

'Oh, but it would only annoy Mr. Slade,' said Ethel, gently.

To be continued.

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Belleisle Station, Kings Co., N. B., Sept. 17, 1904.

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This morning, one of those bright, delicious October mornings, which poets rave about, and which chill you to the marrow and make you wish that William the Conqueror had brought a climate over with him, Slade sat with the same unchangeable expression of apathy, staring into the fire, and thinking apparently of nothing.

Ethel and the dame were downstairs in the kitchen, concocting one of the numerous delicacies which usually tempt the appetites of invalids, but which their invalid took and ate with the supremest indifference.

Louis was on the landing, standing with his hand on the handle of the door, and a canvas carefully wrapped up, under his arm.

Bold as he was he seemed to hesitate before entering the room, but suddenly summoning up courage, opened the door and walked in, with his usual noiseless step.

Slade did not look up, and Louis placed the unfinished picture on a chair within sight of the apathetic eyes, and then knocked over a cup and saucer which stood on the table. Still the long figure remained unmovable.

In despair, Louis dropped the saucer on the floor and, of course, smashed it, and at last his master looked up.

'Louis,' he said, to Louis' intense delight; 'have you got a relation in the crockery line?'

'No, sir; why, sir?' asked Louis.

'Because you seem to get your mind upon destroying all this good woman's china; that's all.'

Louis was delighted. Once he could provoke his well-loved master into his old cynicism, the course was turned.

'I beg your pardon, sir; quite an accident. I can get it matched, sir; it's an ordinary pattern—'

'Oh, go to the— What is that on the chair there?' he broke off, staring at the unfinished picture.

'Where, sir?' asked Louis. 'Oh, that, sir; that's the picture, sir, Miss Woodleigh's, that you ordered me to bring from the Hall.'

Slade turned his dark eyes on him, and fixed him with a solemn gaze.

'I asked you,' he said, calmly, 'what's that for, my friend?'

Louis trembled, for all his inward delight.

'You don't remember it, perhaps, sir—'

'Nor you neither,' was the calm reproof. 'I am not quite mad, Louis. I never asked you to bring it. You are a good actor, my friend, and a bold man. You know I can't knock you down. Get out!'

'Yes, sir, I'd better take the cover off, hadn't I, sir?' he said with affected innocence, and took up the picture; but a sudden, long-breathed oath stopped him. Dawson Slade reached feebly down for the poker his eyes ablaze. Trembling, but triumphant, Louis put the picture down and hurried noiselessly from the room.

'I've roused him at last, thank Heaven!' he exclaimed, rushing into the kitchen. 'Beg pardon, miss; didn't know you were here. I've done it—but I shall lose my place—he'll never forgive me.'

Then he explained.

'It's the picture, miss; the one of Miss Woodleigh he used to go to the Hall to paint. I remembered it the other day, and told my lord, the marquis, that he had asked for it. It was what you might call an experiment, miss, but it succeeded. He swore at me—just like old times, and reached