UNCLAIMED LETTERS, REMAINING IN G.P. to OCT. 10th, 1910

Adams, Miss, Bond St.
Adams, Kenneth
Anderson, Miss M. E., card, Frandsham, Albert
Temperance House French, Mrs. Jas. H.
Ferguson, Stewart S Aspell, John,
late Bonavista Railway Fowler, Bride, — St.
Alsop, Mrs., card
Armstrong, Miss, Gower St.
Frawcett, Miss Agnes
Frampton, Abel Greene, Miss E., card Rlandford, Mrs. S., Cook Street Water Street Gillett, Mrs. John, Mentzel, Jas., ca LeMerchant Road Mennick, Maggie Batten Isaac Barter, Mrs. Jos.,
Barter's Hill
Hawco, Mary E., Water St. Guy, B. Edwin Barter, Miss M., card Blanche, Miss K., card Benson, Miss, 16 — Street Harvey, Annie, care D. Cameron West End Fire Hall Hackett, Margaret, card Miller, J. Adelaid Hay, Mrs. George Buffett, H., care E. House Hynes, Alfred, card, Moore, M., Signal Hill Alexander Street, Moleur, Chas. A. Brien, Lucy, late Hospital Herman, Dr. P. L. Murphy, Master L. rtha, card Hickey, Michael, Stephens St J. J. Hiscock, Mariah, Murphy, Miss A., Bond St. Snow, Joseph, Allandale Road late Sound Island Hill, Miss K. John Street Spow Mrs. Allandale Road Libbs Mrs. Mrs. John Street Spow Mrs. Hibbs, Miss M., Bolden, John, Casey St. Brooks, Arthur, card Howell, Mrs. George, Carter's Hill Boustead, F. W. Butler, E. J., Mt. Scio Road Butler, E. J., Mt. Scio Road Hunter, Roger Brussett, L. A., Queen's St. Burke, W. J.

Burt, Mazie Miss Butt, Miss Minnie, Cochrane Street Hudson, E. W. Hughes, Jeremiah, Buckwell, Mrs. E. D. Butler, Mrs., Patrick St. Butler, Mrs. A., Lion's Square Johnson, James P. Johnstone, Miss A., Crane, Jos.

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Kielley, Maggie,
New (Doherty, Warren, card Duggan, John J. Duff, Bella, card, LeMerchant Road

care J. J. Callahan Morrison, F. S. Murphy, Miss M., John St. Springdale Street Murphy, J. T. rs. George, Murphy, P., slip Hurley, Thomas, Pleasant Street McCarthy, Mrs. Mary, Hughes, H. V. McNeil, Alice, Water St. late Holyrood care Jas. Fletcher Hunt, Lizzie, Water St. Johnston, Mrs. J. F., Jonah, G. Gower Street Keefe, Mr., Westmount, Water St. Carter's Hill Keates, Miss Minnie, of W. care Mrs. P. Buckley, Pelley, Mrs. Frederick,

Campbell, Mrs. Joseph, Westmount, Bond St. Kennedy, Arthur, Water Street
Keefe, Sandy,
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Perkins, F. M.
Percey, Miss Francis, card Kelly, Maggie, New Gower Street Dawe, Winifred, card,
late Toronto
Drake, Mrs. John, retd.

New Gower Street
Rendell, J., card
Rendell, J., card
Water Street Reche, Mrs. Anna
Revenlds, Mrs. Do care Mr. Martin
Chael,

Long Pond Road Knight, M. F., late New York

Kelhazen, Charles

S

Rossitor, Mrs. Geo
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Roberts, Mrs. Wm. King, Mrs. William, Roe, L., King's Bridge Rd.
Prescott Street Rogers, Wm. Ross, Miss B., card Ross, Mrs. Euphenie Card,
Cochrane Street
Lambert, Edmund,
I late Northern Bight
Rodgers, Sopnic,
Rodgers, Wm. J.
Roberts, A. J.
Rourke, George M.
Rourke, George M. Dulcey, Miss Margaret, late Northern Bight Leslie, Dr. H. A. LeDrew, Maggle, card, Duckworth St. Duckworth St. Roberts, W. J., Water St.

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Spurrell, Miss Leah, card Spruett, Mrs. George, Brazil's Square omerville, Ella, card Squires, Helena E. Brazil's Square Taylor, Albert

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Watson Gordon Walsh, Mrs. Mgt., slip Walsh, Mary A., card, South Side Watson, Harold L. Wells, John, Monroe St. Wheeler, Dorothy, Prospect Street Webster, W. H. King, Miss Maggie, Reynolds, Mrs. Dora W.
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Wilson, James, care Jas. Baird Wilson, Mrs. W. White, Herbert hn, Butler Place Winte, Allan, Lion's Square Rose, Mrs. John, Rodgers, Sophie, retd. Wiley, Miss, late Hospital Williams, Capt. Albert, cards White, Tom, care Post Office

White, Charles, card

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Tell Him I Loathe Him."

CHAPTER XI.

TELL HIM THAT I LOATHE HIM."

IS heart seemed to be in his eyes. He longed for her to recognize him, knowing at the same time that it would mean eternal banishment, and hoping frantically that she would not. His heart beat until he fancied she could hear it; but he put a terrible curb upon his passions, and remained, to all appea ances, calm.

It was Miss Beaufort whom her friends called the marble Aphrodite. who was trembling beneath his gaze to such an extent that she was unab e to conceal it.

'It is true!' she answered, endeavever spoken upon the subject, asic from my parents. I wear my father name, yet I was married almost to years ago. I never saw my husban l after my wedding day.'

Chapman leaned forward, his breath coming through his lips in little gasps his hand clutched a portion of he fraperies convulsively, though she w: unaware of it; yet under all his excitement he did not forget to shield her a gitation from the gaze of the unthinl ing world

'You loved-him?' he whispered oarsely-interrogatively.

Her glance was wavering under his. She forgot to consider the impertin-

Try This Home-Made Cough Remedy

Costs Little, But Does the Work Quickly, or Money Refunded.

Mix two cups of granulated sugar with one cup of warm water, and stir or 2 minutes. Put 21/2 ounces of Pinex (fifty cents' worth) in a 16 oz. bot-le; then add the Sugar Syrup. Take teaspoonful every one, two or three

You will find that this simple rem dy takes hold of a cough more quickthan anything else you ever used Jsually ends a deep-seated cough inside of 24 hours. Splendid, too, for whooping cough, chest pains, bronshitts and other throat troubles. It timulates the appetite and is slight-y laxative, which helps end a cough. This recipe makes more and better cough syrup than you could buy eady-made for \$2.50. It keeps per-

eatly and tastes pleasant.

Pinex is the most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, and is rich in guiaicol and all the natural pine ele which are so healing to the all the natural pine elements Other preparations will not ork in this form

This plan of making cough syrup with Pinex and Sugar Syrup (or strained honey) has proven so popuar throughout the United States and Lanada, that it is often imitated. But he old, successful formula has never been equalled.

een equalled.

A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this recipe. Your druggist has Pinex or will get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont. ence of a stranger in asking her a question like that. Something in the haggard eyes compelled an answer, and the truth.

'I would have given my life,' she answered huskily, tremblingly, 'to have him innocent of the deception he practiced upon me.' He leaned even more closely to-

ward her, his eyes brilliant, compelling. His lips trembled under his agitated breath. 'And yet you have forgotten now?'

'I-I don't know!' she moaned. now l. know that if he came I should

How he suppressed his agonized was the pressure of her hand upon his dainty face? Don't you know you arm, the whitened, quivering face that was lifted to his own.

"It is he you are like!' she cried hoarsely. 'It was he you described (in your 'Exile.' I could not place it then, but I know it now -- I know it! Tell me, who are you? and what do very pleasant evening?' you know of Erle Devereux Childes?"

'Calm yourself,' he whispered, rising, drawing her hand through his arm, and leading her quickly from the room. "You must take care."

"Answer me!" she exclaimed hoarselv, almost unable to control her "I knew him in Australia," he stam

nered. "He told me the story there There is some relationship between us, I believe." "Then he lives? He is well?"

The questions were put eagerly the tiny hand trembling upon his arm the small white teeth firmly set event their chattering

"He lives, he is well, but his suf fering terribly. There is no poo wretch condemned to death with whom he would not change places it he only might. It is his wild worship of you, his remorse for the curse h. has put upon your life, that causes him to suffer death in each hour without the relief it brings. Miss Beaufort, is there no kind word, or message of forgiveness, if not hope that you could send to him?"

She drew back wearily, her hand falling from his arm, all the excitement fading from her lovely face, leaving it cold and gray as granite. "No," she answered dully. "When

forget, I may forgive. Do you think that I do not suffer even as he has? Do you think that any reason, except the wish to save my poor old father and mother, could ever have kept me from suicide? He stole my life after having secured my heart by a lie. I will never forgive him! Never'

A quivering sob passed his heart. 'Duchess,' he cried, unconsciously nsing the old name, 'listen to me!

love so passionately that it was be- that sort of thing much.' yord his control. He worshipped you so madly that---'

that I loathe him."

Quintrda entered the room. "I have been searching everywhere

for you. Miss Beaufort," he exclaimed. "I might have known that Chapour waltz. It is almost over." She placed her hand upon his proffred arm. As she reached the door she turned and looked back upon

Chapman. The sight of his anguished eves seemed too much for her. She returned to him swiftly, and spoke in an agitated undertone "I have disappointed you!" she cried, forgetting that he was a

stranger. "Forget that this subject

She was gone and he stood there alone, his heart madly repeating those, to him, frightful words she had spoken:

> . CHAPTER XII. ANOTHER BLIGHTED LIFE.

A chime from a clock somewhere n the house toiled three as Edwin Chapman let himself, with his latchthrough the courtesy of his friend,

Meredith Lansing. with unsteady tread went noiselessly to the library, his countenance drawn with the pain in his heart.

'Is it you, Edwin?' asked a little musical voice as he entered the

'Why, Bebe, do you know what time it is?'

The little figure upon the couch straightened itself, the short yellow e whispered, a faint reproach tangled curls like small rings of frayed silk were lifted, the tiny, groping hands were extended, guiding their owner's Last night I prayed God to send him way to Chapman. He caught them abiding place, and you are fanciful. back to me, innocent or guilty, yet eagerly in his and led her to a chair. 'Yes, I know,' she answered, liftbut send him away again, becuase the ling the lovely, sightless eyes, blue as

heart that rebelled only last night, to- the sky for all their unfortunate cloud. ance in not knowing the history of night is dead. I could not trust him. 'It is just three o clack. I wonder tell me what distresses you, you may my hie, The matter is no secret, yet The God who killed the immortal past how the tenth chapter of Longing go to bed." you are the first one to whom I have has killed my love, for both but live in will progress to morrow after all this 'Thanks,' drawled Chapman. dissipation?'

'And I wond r how many age lines cry he could not tell, but perhaps it all these long hours will add to that should not sit up like this?"

' Papa has not come in yet. I made Aunt Margaret believe that I have gone to bed, and when I heard he snoring, I s'ipped down here to wait for you and papa. Did you have

The question was put wistfully, the smile having faded from the exquisite dimpled face.

Chapman dropped the hand he held, and, turning wearily, seated himself in an arochair, leaning his nead upon his hand.

'Yes-no-I don't know, Bebe,' he stammered, endeavouring to strangle the sigh that came to his strangle the sigh that came to his lips, for it had been tacitly agreed in Trade Discounts allowed. that household that while Bebe Lansing had been denied the sunshine of Consignments of Produce Sold on Account. God's nature, she must know nothing else from man's. I suppose it was

LAID UP FIVE YEARS Until Half a Bottle of Father Morriscy's Liniment Cured His Shoulder.

Mr. Jos. J. Roy, a prominent tinsmith of Bathurst, N.B., july 16, 1909: "I cannot let this opportunity pass without letting you know what benefit I received from your Liniment. For five years I had a sore shoulder, which prevented me from working or from sleeping at night. I had tried everything possible and still could find no relief until I was advised to try a bottle of your liniment, which I purchased with-out delay. I only used one half of the bottle when I was completely cured, and now I feel as if I never had a sore shoulder. I would advise anyone suffering from Rheumatic pains to give you ent a trial, for I cannot praise it

A liniment that will do that is the A liniment that will do that is the liniment you want. It is equally good for sore throat or chest, backache, toothache, ear ache, sprains, sore muscles, cuts, bruises, burns, frost-bites, chapped hands or chilblains. Rub it in, and the pain comes out. 25c per bottle at your dealer's, or from Father Morriscy Medicine Co. Ltd., Chatham, N.B. 64

He sinned from hearing the voice of very well in its way, but I don't like

'Oh, I should think you won Do you know, Edwin, sometimes 'Hush!' she exclaimed, a terrible dream of being at places like that. I hudder shaking her. 'Do you think hear music, I smell flowers, I see the that I could ever trust the man who men and women all in their beautiful had stolen the jewel which he wore gowns with their diamonds and their upon his breast? He robbed me of boquets, dancing and laughing so very hope of happiness, leaving me merrily, and, oh, Edwin, I do so wish a withered life. You ask me to send that I could go and enjoy it all at some word of forgiveness. "Tell him once, only just one little time, in reality. But I suppose it would not He reeled like a drunken man be the same. I couldn't, you know, under a blow. He had scarcely re- for in my dreams God lets me see, overed himself when the junior and I should be blind as I am now if I were there, and it couldn't b quite the same without the diamonds and the flowers and the gowns. I don't suppose. I am wrong to feel man had secured the prize. This is badly about it, I know, for God is very good to let me see in my dreams.

> Don't you think so, Edwin?' He looked at the little wistful face lifted to his own, and groaned from the depths of his soul.

> 'I don't know, dear!' he blurted out niserably. 'It seems to me a singular way of showing compassion and love for an angel like you.'

'Oh, Edwin!' 'Don't let us speak of it. Bebe. has ever been mentioned between us, feel in a rebellious mood to-night, and and come to me to-morrow at five, I should only say something to wound the tenderness of your dear little heart. You ought to be in bed,

child. 'Not until papa comes. Edwin'rising and finding him with her outstretched hands then seating herself upon a stool at his feet-'von don't trust me as you used to as you did in those happy days in the country when you used to come to me to smooth the wrinkles out of your

heart, do you?' 'Why, Bebe, why do you say that

rows any more. You think because I am blind that I cannot know the pictures that suffering makes upon your brow, but you forget that when He closed the door softly, and God deprives one of sight He allows her to a certain extent to see with her ears. There are more distress pictures in the voice than upon the countenance. Edwin.

'And you think-'That you have been stabbed to the neart to-night. Is it not true?"

His lips quivered painfully, his face was white as death, but he forced a silent laugh that he fancied might de-

It requires a deep thrust to penetrate to my heart, little one,' he re-You have sat up so long that the witches have taken your brain as an Your father may not come until day-

break, and-' She interrupted him with a gesture of impatience

shall wait for your father also. I really believe there is a frown upon your face, Bebe.' 'Perhans so. It may never have oc-

curred to you, but being treated as a child grows rather monotonous after nineteen vears'

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