

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

<b>A</b> Adams, Miss E. R., card, Prescott St. Andrews, Katie, Matilda, Duckworth St.	<b>G</b> Gibbons, Miss G., Gilbert, Mrs. Arthur, George's St. Gillingham, Thos.	<b>M</b> Martin, Mrs. P. M., New Gower Street Miller, John, card Morgan, Jacob, card, Bannerman St. Moran, Janie, card, Springdale Street Morgan, John, late Bell Island Morgan, Wm. T., late s.s. Portia Murphy, P., Larkin's Square	<b>R</b> Reddy, Miss L., Rennie Mill Rd. Riggs, Edward Rogers, W. J., card Ross, Jos. F., Edward Rose, Hannah, Mundy Pond Road Rogers, T., card Rogers, A. W., card Russell, Miss, Queen's Road
<b>B</b> Baird, Jack, care W. E. Beane Biggs, Mrs. James, Charlton Street Bishop, Laura, card, Belvidere Street Brookink, Alvin, Bond Street Brown, Ralph, card Brostrom, F. W., care Mrs. S. Rabbits Butler, John Butler, E. J., Mt. Scio Road Butler, Michael Butler, Miss A. T., card Burnell, H. J., Water St. Button, Levi, Water St. Butler, Alice, card Butler, Richard, Lime St. Burridge, John, slip	<b>H</b> Haliday, Miss, Long Pond Road Healey, James, Blackhead Hilcher, Roy House, Miss Bridget House, Mrs. Robert, Lower Battery Rd. Hughes, H. V., care Mrs. Whitten Hart, Wm., Water Street Hutchinson, Ledgemoor	<b>N</b> Newman, Lillian, card Newson, Jennie, late Bonavista Branch Newhook, A. H., card	<b>T</b> Taylor, Miss Florence, Springdale Street Taylor, Hattie, Queen's Road Taylor, Miss Harriet, late Carbones Tilley, Miss Annie, Alexander Street
<b>C</b> Crane, Miss Etta, Pleasant Street Clarke, Dawson J., Campbell, Mrs., Power St. Clifton, Walter Conrad, Herbert Coady, J. J., card, Pleasant Street Coady, Miss Mary, card, Gower Street Cooper, Mrs. John, card, Lime Street Cosh, Philip, South Side Conrad, Malcolm, card Corkum, S. Collier, Miss Emily, Springdale Street	<b>J</b> Jackson, Archibald, Springdale St. Jones, Mrs., LeMarchant Rd.	<b>O</b> O'Neill, Jane, card O'Brien, Mrs. Agnes, Circular Road O'Brien, Mrs. Agnes, Quidi Vidi Road O'Brien, Sylvester, Colonial Street Oldford, Samson, care G. P. O.	<b>V</b> Verge, Charlie, card Vickers, Miss N., Water St. Vasseur, Miss Alice, New Gower St. Verge, Mrs. Julia
<b>D</b> Day, Geo. E. Dahl, Karl, care G.P.O. Dwyer, Michael, Mundy Pond Road Driscoll, Mrs. Willis, Gower Street Dicks, Winsor, late Grand Falls Dugmore, A. R.	<b>K</b> Kennedy, Mrs. F., card, Brazil's Square Kelly, Elizabeth, care Mrs. Snow, Brazil's Square Kenny, Wm., late s.s. Home Kelly, Josephine, Gower Street Kelly, Mrs. Jas. A., Gower Street Kelly, Winnie, retd., Brazil's Square Kelly, Mrs. Emma, care Mrs. Ennis, care General Delivery Kent, Wm., late Bell Island King, Robert P., Freshwater Bay King, Joshua, George's St. Piercy, John, care Mrs. White, Monroe St.	<b>P</b> Perry, Jethro, Pritchard, Wm., Freshwater Bay Pincant, Rev. Peter 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., care Mrs. Ennis, Gower Street Parsons, Jas. J., LeMarchant Rd.	<b>W</b> Warren, Miss Nell, Catherine Row Way, Chas. W., card Whelan, Miss A., late Hospital Whelan, Miss Mgt., Water Street Willis, James Woodriddle, Alexander, Buchanan St. Warford, Harry, care Mrs. K. Pin W., Laurence, Boggan Street
<b>E</b> Effert, Mrs. Annie C., late General Hospital, Patrick St. Ellis, J. C.	<b>L</b> Lamb, Mrs., Brazil's Square Larder, Capt. J. G. Lamb, Patrick, Gower St. Lanigan, Miss Johanna, Patrick St. West Lundrigan, Mary A., Gower Street Lane, W. H., LeMarchant Road	<b>Q</b> Quinn, Mrs. J., care Mrs. Ennis, Gower Street Quinn, Mrs. J., care Mrs. Ennis, Gower Street	<b>Y</b> Young, John, care Mr. Smith Young, Walter
<b>F</b> Flemming, James Fitzgerald, Thomas, late Grand Falls Fitzpatrick, T., Pleasant St. Fowler, Bride, Water St.	<b>M</b> Martin, Lar, card, Lime St. Martin, Capt. Frank Martin, Rebecca, retd. Martin, Hannah	<b>R</b> Ryan, Mike, General Hospital Ryan, Katie, retd. Ryall, Miss J. B., Lime St. Reid, Julia, Water St.	

### SEAMEN'S LIST.

<b>A</b> Goldsmith, Charlie, schr. Alberta Webber, Capt. George, schr. Antoinette Devereaux, Capt. C. J., schr. Arkansas Haines, Alfred, schr. Arkansas	<b>C</b> Wills, James, schr. Clara Gushue, Stewart, schr. Crissie L. Thomey Conrad, Capt. T. A., schr. Conrad Jones, John, schr. Conrad	<b>F</b> Atkinson, Capt. N., schr. Favorna Bond, Walter, schr. Florence M. Smith Morris, Gerald, brig. Fleetwing Young, Bennett, schr. Minnie J. Hickman	<b>L</b> House, Avalon, schr. Lizzie H
<b>B</b> Haynes, Capt. Wm., schr. Belle Franklin Francis, Alexander, schr. B. G. Anderson Morris, Capt. Wm., schr. B. G. Anderson	<b>D</b> Hopkins, Henry, schr. Dorothy Baird	<b>G</b> Hibbs, James J., schr. Gladys Whidden Winsor, Arthur, schr. Golden Hind Henson, Alexander, schr. Gladys Whidden	<b>M</b> Bequet, Capt., schr. Madeline Verge, Robert, schr. Maggie Young, Bennett, schr. Minnie J. Hickman
<b>E</b> Smith, Capt. Darius, schr. Empire Ryan, John J., schr. Exceida	<b>H</b> McDonald, J. J., s.s. Home Kansaul, Capt., schr. Harris	<b>N</b> Burke, Mark, schr. Nellie Louis Bates, E., schr. Rose Anstey, Capt., schr. Reginald Anstey Wiseman, Robert, schr. Reginald Anstey	

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## THE FAIR IMPOSTOR.

CHAPTER XXVIII. SKELETON KEYS. (Continued.)

"All right, miss," he said. "I've thought of that, I'm not so inconsiderate as you think it's not likely that she will miss it. But if she does, she would be the last person to make any stir about it. Don't be uneasy, miss," he added; "I promised you I wouldn't ask you to do anything that would lead you into a scrape, and I haven't. Miss Woodleigh, if she misses the book, won't ask for it. And now let me look at it."

He opened it, and Laura saw his plain face light up as he read the title-page.

"So far so good," he said. "Yes, this is what I want." Then he took out the letters from his pocket and, sitting down on the stump of a tree, compared them with the writing in the book.

There was a moment's silence, then he looked up with a deep gravity in his eyes, and with his mouth pursed.

"By George!" he exclaimed. "It's as I thought! She's done it!"

"Done what?" breathed Laura.

Mr. Robert Green's face at once returned to its usual impassive expression.

"Never mind at present, miss," he said. "I tell you this much, tapping the book, 'this is more important than I thought it was even, and confirms my suspicions. I wouldn't have missed getting this book for—a hundred pounds! What is the time? he broke off suddenly, taking out his watch. 'A quarter past three! Wednesday, September the tenth. A quarter past three. You must have been at the Hall at two o'clock—say half-past when you got at the book. Remember that please, miss.'"

"Remember it, why?" she demanded.

"Just to oblige me, miss," he said, "and because it's necessary. I'll take the book, miss," he added, putting it in an inside pocket and buttoning his coat slowly as if he was securing a treasure. "It will be taken care of, never fear, and I am much obliged. I knew you would keep your word. It's what I've always said; say what you like against the aristocracy, a real lady or gentleman will keep their word and show their pluck when it's wanted; and I've always found it so."

Laura shrank back, appalled at his vulgarity and presumption.

"Is this all you want?" she asked. "Because, if so—"

"Right, miss, I'm off, and I don't think I shall trouble you again; and if it's any satisfaction to you, Miss Warner, you can wager your life that the young lady doesn't become Mr. Harold Woodleigh's wife. Good morning, miss." And touching his hat, he disappeared.

He had got, not only the book, but Lillian's letters to Laura.

She recollected this suddenly, and called after him; but Mr. Robert Green's movements were swift when he chose, and he had got out of sight and hearing.

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CHAPTER XXX. ON THE CLIFF.

THE picnic party found Gerald awaiting them, and in what would have been one of the brightest moods, but for the absence of Dawson Slade, who had left the Gange suddenly, and gone off Gerald scarcely knew where.

"But it is just like him, Lillian," he said, as Harold helped him into the landau; "he is here to-day and gone to-morrow, and seldom stays long at any place; indeed, it is quite surprising that he should have stayed so long with us. Did he say anything to you about going?"

Lillian's reply was lost as the mail phaeton started off, and Harold was too busy with the impatient horses to repeat Gerald's question, or to remark the sudden flush which had chased for a moment the pallor from Lillian's face.

So he had gone, she thought, and at the thought a faint pain seemed to ache at her heart. He had gone; she would probably never see him again.

They drove through the village of Higham, Gerald and Lord Rayburn's laughter following them; and Harold who had been talking all the way, suddenly grew as silent as his companion; his eyes, too, wandered from the horses, and looked about as if he were searching for something or someone. If it was for the sweet face and graceful figure of Ethel North, he was doomed to disappointment, for she was shut up in her room with a bad headache.

"This is a pretty place," said Lillian; "I have never been here before. Is this where you ride sometimes—where the old lady—Dame Hester, isn't it—lives?"

"Yes," said Harold, with a sudden start, "Yes, the dame lives here. I ride over occasionally—Then the horses seemed to attract his attention and nothing more was said.

Then they climbed the hill to Scarford, the other carriages caught them up, and Gerald still in the best of spirits, insisted upon calling out a burlesque account of a picnic which he had once organized, and which the rain spoiled.

"It was the wettest day I ever saw," he said, laughing, "and the rain got into the meat pies, and wetted the salt, and rained down on the plates till we couldn't hear ourselves speak; and we sat under a tree with our umbrellas up, trying to pretend we weren't wet, and we weren't so bad until some one—it was you, Rayburn—would insist upon singing a comic song. We broke down at that, and we packed up and went home. If it should be any chance-rain to-day, don't let Rayburn

sing a comic song, Miss Woodleigh." With much laughter they drove along the hill and pulled up at a small inn, at which the horses were to be put up.

They found the dogcart with the provisions awaiting them, and the gentlemen unanimously voting for luncheon at once and voting to any cliff climbing, the snowy cloth was laid almost on the edge of the cliff; the usual clatter of plate and popping of corks ensued.

There was not the least likelihood of rain, the autumn sun shone in the clear blue of the sea as if it were July instead of September, and the ground was as dry as a match.

"This is the only picnic I ever knew at which the salt hadn't been forgotten or the pepper hadn't emptied itself into the cream," said Lord Rayburn.

"Or the juice from the plum tarts hadn't run over the raised pies," said Harold, who was busy with a huge pile of salad.

"What a lovely day," said Lady Myrtle. "No—no more champagne, Lord Vavasour! This is the third time you have attempted to fill my glass; I believe you have a design against our sobriety. What a pity Laura Warner isn't here!"

"And poor Slade!" said Gerald, holding his plate to Lillian for some pressed beef. "He would have enjoyed this so."

Lord Rayburn laughed.

"Do you think so? I remember, when he was staying at Scotland, we never could get him to join us in this sort of thing. Said he hated it, and didn't like to take his meals like a savage."

"Oh, but that's only his way," said Gerald, eagerly, defending the absent. "And he is quite changed now," he added, looking at Lillian. "People used to say that he wasn't what you'd call a good temper; but I never saw anyone more good-natured, and—all that, as he was lately. I wish he hadn't gone so suddenly!"

"Where has he gone?" asked Harold, with polite interest.

"That's it," said Gerald, still innocently and musingly staring at Lillian. "Said he was called on business; but I never knew him obey the call of business before."

"Or any other," laughed one of the men. "There's no dependence on Slade; he's here to-day and gone to-morrow."

"No," said Harold; "here yesterday and gone to-day."

There was a general laugh, and Lillian smiled, but she kept her eyes fixed on her plate.

To be continued.

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