UNCLAIMED LETTERS, REMAINING IN G. P. to Nov. 25th, 1911.

A
Allen, Miss Hattie, Monkstown Road
Allen, Nellie (card), late Bonne Bay
Andrews, Master W. C., Hamilton Street
Anthoine, Mary Ann
Ashford, Miss Susie, card
Anthony, Jacob, card
Anthony, Joe, Springdale St.
Andrews, Jack, Catherine Street

B
Bradbury, Wm., late Ontario
Baggs, Mrs. Richard
Barnes, Alex., Allandale Road
Brown, Mrs. John, card
Brazil, John, card
Blanchard, J. W.
Byrne, Miss Alice, card
Bellwood, C., care Gen'l Delivery
Breen, Austin, care Smith Co.
Breene, Vincent, care Gen'l Delivery
Beddlecombe, Mr., Allandale Road
Bennett, Thomas
Brenan, L., Water St.
Bennett, Mrs. H. P., Gower Street
Bishop, Miss Mary, Springdale Street
Brown, Dr. A. S.
Bonaviskey, J., slip
Boohen, Mr. E.
Boone, Robert D., late Trepassey line
Blunden, Miss Sarah, New Gower Street
Butler, Esau, Nagle's Hill
Butler, James R.
Burden, Miss Carrie, care Joseph Peckford
Bailey, Eugene
Beddlescombe, R.

C
Chancey, A., card
Chancey, W. K.
Cranford, R. A., Springdale Street
Cantwell, John, care Miss M. Walsh, Duckworth Street
Carbray, Mrs. Lil, Water Street
Campbell, Mrs. Wm., LeMerchant Road
Caldwell, J., care G.P.O.
Chislett, Miss Jane, late Island Cove
Collins, Mrs. P., Prince's St.
Cook, Harvey E., St. John's
Colleymore, Walter, care F. B. Wood Co.
Coleburn, Geo. H., Water St.
Connelly, Mrs., Board of Trade Bldg.
Cole, E. J., late Grand Falls
Curtis, Jane
Carew, Miss Mary, Bond Street
Connell, Rose, Water St.

D
Davies, Wm.
Dawe, Mrs. E. A., card
Davis, Mrs. James, card
Devereaux, Patrick, late Broad Cove
Dicks, Samuel
Dicks, Mrs. George
Dooley, Richard
Dooley, Pat, card
Doody, Miss Mary, Circular Road
Davis, John C., Carter's Hill
Drover, Herbert

E
Edwards, Miss Jennie, Conception Bay
Eddy, George
Earl, Mrs. George
Edwards, Margaret W., card
Ennis, W., Freshwater Bay
Elliott, Miss Bertha
Edmonds, Miss Emily, card Queen's Road

F
Fane, Mrs. Jas., care Gen'l Delivery
Francis, R., care Anglo-American Tel. Co.
Faucey, Miss Mary, card, care Miss H. Carter
Farrell, Miss Mary, card
Farrell, Miss Beatrice, Carter's Hill
Feans, Miss S., New Gower Street
Freeman, Violet
Weatherstone, Miss Flo
Flegg, W. G., care G.P.O.
Feury, Miss Clara, Cabot Road
Fyme, Joseph, Fever Hospital
Field, Frank, card
Fitzgerald, Wm., card, Paradise, P.P.
Foley, Mrs. Patrick, Water St. West
Forsey, Mrs. Wm., Cabot House
Foote, Miss Florence, Quidi Vidi Road
Finlay, Joseph

G
Grant, Wm. H., card
Greene or Gunn, Miss N.
Weatherald, Miss Mary, Water Stree
Greene, Harry Irving
Greene, Mrs. Samuel, card
Gilbert, John, George's St.
Goss, Jesse, care Gen'l Delivery
Gosse, Miss Eliza, care Gen'l P. O.
Gunnerson, Augustine, St. oJhn's

H
Hansen, Thomas, late Port au Port
Hargrave, Jercey, card
Hartery, Miss E.
Hanaford, Jack, 32 —— Street
Hann, Mrs. John, Pleasant St.
Harwood, James
Harris, Gorden
Hamlin, Mrs., care Mrs. Jack, St. John's
Hayese, Robert, late Quebec
Hewett, Mrs. L. D.
Hearn, Mrs. D., McFarlane Lane
Healey, John, late Grand Falls
Hitchem, M. H., care Post Office
Hinchey, Miss Mary, Allandale Road, care Mrs. Myers
Hines, Miss L.
Howell, Miss Laura, care Mr. McNeilly
Hooton, M. K.
Hooney, Miss Jonah, Water Street
Hogan, Miss Katie, Gen'l Hospital
Hubbell, E. S.
Huston, J. A.
Hurney, Mrs. Mary, card
Hunt, Miss Lizzie
Hustin, H.
Hutchings, John A., late Caplin Bay
Hussey, Julia, retd.
Hurley, Margaret, McFarlane St.
Hinkson, James, care Baine Johnston & Co
Harris, Thomas
Hatland, Wm., Cabot St.

I
Ivany, Mr. M., St. John's
Irwin, J. C.

J
Jensen, Fannie, card, Duckworth St.
Johnston, E. S., card
Janes, Mrs. Frank
Jacobs, Susie, Fever Hospital

K
Kennedy, George
Kearsey, J., Pennywell Road
Kelly, Miss Gertie, Prince's St.
Kent, Mr., Crosbie Hotel
Kavanagh, Martin, Alexander Street
King, John J., card

L
Lane, Fred, Long's Hill
Lamb, Miss Polly, care Mrs. C. Connelly
Lambert, Miss Bessie
Lacey, Miss Irene, care Gen'l Delivery
Lacey, Mrs. M., Williams' Street
Le Grow, J.
Ledwell, Thos. M., care Mrs. Flynn
Learning, Miss M.
Lear, T., Job's Lane
Leary, John
LeDrew, Mrs. Wm. C.
Lynch, Mrs. C., Gower St.
Lilly, Miss Helen B.
Lock, Jesse, Cabot Street
Lloyd, Joseph, card
Lockyer, Eliza, LeMerchant Road
Long, Wm., Bond St.

M
March, Joseph
Martin, Wm.
Marshall, Mrs., late Hr. Main
Martin, Miss Mary
Martin, Arthur R., care Gen'l Delivery
Mercer, Miss Rachael, Water St. West
Mitchell, Mrs. K., Forest Rd.
Myrick, Mrs. John, Lime St.
Miller, N. F.
Miller, J.
Miller, Mary Jane
Moorse, Allan, Springdale St.
Moist, Mrs., Cornwall Avenue
Morris, W. L.
Moriarty, Miss Bride, Atlantic Avenue
Morgan, Wm., Lime St.
Moore, John, Blackhead
Morgan, E. J., card
Moores, Miss Jennie, Rocky Lane
Moulton, Rebecca, Victoria Street
Murphy, Patrick, late Salmon River

Mc
McLeen, J. W.
McChan, Bride, Duckworth St.
McCarthy, John, late Fermeuse
McQuinn, Henry
McGarry, Miss Jennie
McGrath, Matilda, card, Topsail Road
McCoubrey, Jas. R.

N
Newell, Miss Emma, College Square
Neill, Wm., Burke's Square
Noble, Mrs. G., late Grand Falls
Norman, Maud, card, Casey's Street
Norris, Edward
Nugent, Thomas, late Trepassey Railway
Nugent, Mamie, South Side

O
Oakley, Wm., late New York
O'Neill, J. H.
O'Dea, Mrs. M., Water St.
O'Brien, J., care Miss M. Lambert
O'Neill, Miss Mary, card
O'Neill, M. J.
O'Rourke, M., late Argentia
Oake, Raymond, late Fogo

P
Parsons, Miss V., —— Adelaide St.
Parsons, L., Henry St.
Parsons, Robert, card, care Gen'l Delivery
arsons, Maggie, cards
Peddle, Thomas, George's Street
Peach, Charlotte, Cornwall Road
Perkins, W. L., Water St.
Pike, Wm., Pennywell Road
Pike, R., Carter's Hill
Pike, F. Mark, McFarlane's Lane
Piercey, Jacob, Queen's St.
Powers, Miss B., Colonial Street
Powers, Miss M. J., Gower Street
Power, Edward, Nagle's Hill
Power, Annie, card, New Gower Street
Power, Edward, James St.
Pushie, Master Christopher
Pelly, Dan E.

Q
Quirk, Miss Maggie, late Bishop's Falls

R
Ractliffe, George, City Club
Ryan, Charles, New Gower St
Ryan, Mrs. Catherine
Raciot, J. H.
Reardon, Miss Minnie, Conception Bay
Rose, Lilian
Roberts, L.
Rodgers, Miss K., New Gower Street
Rowsell, Miss Bessie, Theatre Hill
Rumsay, Sandy
Russell, Mrs. Catherine, Millinery
Ruggles, F. M., card

S
Sage, Charles, card, Badger Brook
Sheppard, S. L.
Sheppard, F. B.
Sheppard, S. L., Pennywell Road
Sweet, J. W.
Stewart, Capt. George, care F. McNamara
Sheehan, Edward, Royal Cove, St. John's
Smith, Peter, care Gen'l P. Office
Simmonds, E.
Smith, Miss M., Duckworth St
Smith, Gordon, card, LeMerchant Road
Smythe, Hedley V., care Post Office
Smith, Thomas, care Mr. Watson
Smith, Jacob, Water St.
Smith, Mrs. Arthur
Smith, Miss E.
Snow, John, care L. Clarke
Snow, Mrs., Circular Road
Soper, Edward, Pennywell Road
Scott, Mrs. Francis, nee King, St. John's
Snow, Edward, late Western Bay
Sullivan, Miss Bridget, LeMerchant Road

T
Taylor, Edwin, Water St.
Tapper, Miss Bessie, late Petty Harbor
Tapper, Miss Janie
Temble, Mrs. Thos.
Tuloar, Ralph, care Knowling
Thistle, Mrs. Wm., Hamilton Street
Thurman, W. L.
Robin, Mrs. Wm., Carew St
Thorne, Robert, Lime St.
Tucker, Miss M. J., General Hospital
Taylor, George

V
Vey, Miss A., card, Lime Street

W
Wallace, G.
Ware, James, Allandale Road
Webber, Archibald, Pennywell Road
Whelan, J. J.
Whelan, Michael, Lime St.
Wells, William, care Gen'l P. Office
Whitan, Annie B.
Williams, Mr., Gear St.
Williams, Mrs. V., New Gower Street
Weir, E., Sand Pit
Williams, Mrs. F.

Y
Yetman, Michael, Water St.
Young, Jas., card, late Kelligrews
Yetman, Mrs., card, Gower Street
Yetman, May, card, George's Street
Young, S. J.

SEAMEN'S LIST.

A
Rogers, Beskley, schr. Arnold
Anstey, Richard, schr. A. Conqueror

B
Lodge, Capt. H., schr. Blue Jacket

C
Buckland, John, schr. Crona
Jacobs, James, schr. Cavol

D
Russell, Baxter, schr. Dioney
Hegdon, Charles H., schr. Duchess

E
Benson, R. G., schr. Empire
Rendell, Wm. C., schr. Ethel
Power, Patrick, schr. E. J. Reddy
Hearne, George, schr. Empire

F
Kirby Stanley, schr. Fannie Freeman

G
Sanson, Wm., schr. George Wheatley
Janes, James, schr. Gen. Falcon
Bradbury, Jacob, schr. Gem
Adams, E. F., schr. Gladys Tucker
Parks, Chas., schr. Gigantic

H
Gushue, Stewart, schr Hilton

I
Hancock, H. E., s.s. Invermore
Kennedy, Capt. John, schr. Ida
Moore, James, s.s. Invermore
West, Capt. W. A., s.s. Isabella

J
Mills, Albert, schr. J. A. Silver
Young, Michael, schr. J. A. Silver
Rogers, George, schr. J. A. Silver
Mills, Albert, schr. J. A. Silver
Perry, Master John, schr. Jennie Armstrong
Organ, Joseph, schr. Jewel
Greene, George, schr. Jewel
Lane, Clara, schr. J. S. D.

L
Moulton, Herbert, schr. Little Jewel
Misson, Capt. P. F., schr. Lady
Marshall, S. C., schr. Lady Napier

M
McCarthy, Michael, schr. Mistical Rose
Simmonds, W., schr. Mildred
Garland, Albert, schr. Mary G.
Currie, Emanuel, schr. M. Francis
Martin, D., schr. Minnie Strong
Piercey, Newell, schr. Minnie Pear
Keats, Stephen, schr. Maggie

N
Moulton, Herbert, schr. Nina

O
Bennett, Walter, schr. Oressa Bell

P
Evans, Henry, schr. Pendragon

R
Lowen, Wm., schr. Rose
Darcey, Capt. Wm., schr. Rose

S
Baggs, John, schr. Stella
Barrett, John, schr. St. Clare

T
Francis, Benjamine, schr. Tobiatic
White, John, schr. Tobiatic

V
Wells, Capt. Philip, schr. Vivian

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We are now showing a big stock of Men's Negligee Shirts in very neat patterns, and light and dark colors. Prices range from 75c. to $1.50.

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A BROKEN-DOWN SYSTEM.

This is a condition (or disease) to which doctors give many names, but which few of them really understand. It is simply weakness—a break-down, as it were of the vital forces that sustain the system. No matter what may be its causes (for they are almost numberless), its symptoms are much the same: the more prominent being sleeplessness, sense of prostration or weariness, depression of spirits and want of energy for all the ordinary affairs of life. Now, what alone is absolutely essential in all such cases is *increased vitality*—vigour.—

VITAL STRENGTH & ENERGY

to throw off these morbid feelings, and experience proves that as night succeeds the day this may be more certainly secured by a course of the celebrated life-reviving tonic

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than by any other known combination. So surely as it is taken in accordance with the printed directions accompanying it, will the shattered health be restored,

THE EXPIRING LAMP OF LIFE LIGHTED UP AFRESH,

and a new existence imparted in place of what had so lately seemed worn-out, "used up," and valueless. This wonderful medicament is purely vegetable and innocuous, is agreeable to the taste—suitable for all constitutions and conditions, in either sex; and it is difficult to imagine a case of disease or derangement, whose main features are those of debility, that will not be speedily and permanently benefited by this never-failing recuperative essence, which is destined to cast into oblivion everything that had preceded it for this wide-spread and numerous class of human ailments.

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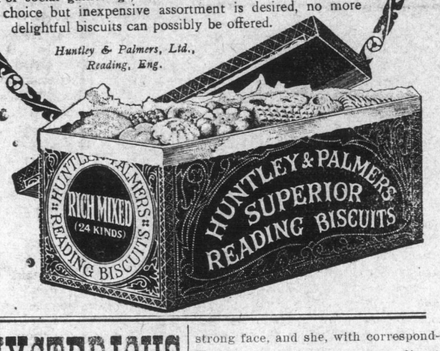

A MYSTERIOUS QUEST.

CHAPTER XIX.

Something More Than a Game of Croquet.

When the young artist sat down to breakfast the next morning, he found a note lying beside his plate. It was from Miss Aspinwall and was to the effect that she had written to her friend Mr. Morris for a precise description of the gentleman he had been kind enough to introduce to her notice.

This was satisfactory and prevented the artist from sending a letter to Mr. Byrd, as he had contemplated. For though he had no doubt in his own mind as to the identity of this stranger, he had no desire to put himself in a false light in connection with one who owned so sarcastic a tongue and held at the moment such an impregnable position. He determined, therefore, to wait and take no measures of his own till after a reply had been received from Cleveland. That is, unless he saw signs of immediate peril menacing his dear one, in which cause he would not write at all, but telegraph.

The sound of croquet balls clicking from Miss Aspinwall's grounds gave him presently all the excuse he needed for an early visit there. Crossing the turf, he soon found himself within view of the bright and cheerful picture which the introduction of this game has made so familiar to us. The white dresses of the ladies, the velvety verdure of the lawn, the grace of every varying movement, the eager enjoyment, all were there. But he saw nothing but a solitary man and woman halting under the shade of a neighbouring tree; he, with manly interest pervading every feature of his strong face, and she, with corresponding pleasure irradiating every lineament, and making beautiful every attitude. His rival from Cleveland had lost no time.

Angry beyond his power to conceal Hamilton Degraw drew back. Not for him was this place of mirth and joy; not for him the petty civilities of the morning call and a tedious and deceptive game. If she could smile like this after the appeal he had made her the night before, then she was not the woman he deemed her; nor was he to regard what he hoped it to be. She was false, and he would leave her—only he could not leave her. He knew that before he had gone twenty steps. False or true, she was the woman he loved, and he could no more go away and leave her under the seductive influence of this incomprehensible stranger, then he could have surrendered a pet lamb to the paw of a wolf. He therefore stopped at a certain seat in the middle of the lawn, and, not caring whether he was seen or not, sat down, and taking a pencil and sketch-book from his pocket, began, to all appearance, to draw the scene before him.

Suddenly, a laughing voice was heard over his shoulder.

"Oh, Mr. Degraw! What a disappointment! I expected to see a picture of hill and valley, roof and spire, or at least a group of girls circling round one poor croquet ball, and, behold! only a milk-white page meets my eye!"

He turned. One of the lightest-hearted and freest-tongued of the many gay girls about him stood at his side.

"Good morning," said he. "You want to see a picture? Well, wait a moment, and I will show you one."

And without analyzing his motive or counting the cost of his impulse, he forced his pencil to travel over the paper, leaving thereupon the lines of a countenance that was at the same time both forcible and proud. When he had finished it, he showed it to her.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"Why, your namesake from Cleveland," she replied, with a mischievous tilt of her head. "It is very good, only you have not flattered him."

"I leave that for the ladies to do," he gravely retorted, and, with a smile she could not fathom, closed his book, put it in his pocket, and offered her his arm. "You may wish to possess this some day," he laughed, tapping significantly the place where he had put the sketch; "but remember that you will have no claim upon it if by word or gesture you reveal the secret of its making."

"Do you mean the picture or your heart?" she asked: "for your hand is pressed over both."

He gazed into her merry eyes, caught the momentary contagion of her glee, and smiled.

"That is for you to decide," he rejoined. "If it is a riddle, I think your perspicacity may be relied upon to solve it."

And thus, with a cleared brow, but with a wildly beating and rebellious heart, he drew near to the players.

He was welcomed by one joyous acclaim, but he noticed with a sense of humiliation, hard to endure, that a dozen curious glances passed immediately from his face to that of his now publicly recognized rival. He restrained himself, however, and singling out Miss Aspinwall, paid her such attention as his distraction would allow. The result was perplexity to many minds. For no sooner did the signorina behold herself forsaken by one, who upon the evening before had taken an indisputable place at her side, than she showed a vague uneasiness which soon made itself noticeable to every eye. But as the morning progressed and she found herself as much ignored by her late lover as politeness would allow, she gained more mastery over herself and ended by playing the role of general coquette. Meantime, the stranger had been pressed into the game, possibly by the secret allies of the artist, and was busy with the duties of the same. He did not lose sight of the signorina, however, and those that watched them both felt that if the artist was unwise enough to carry his pique beyond the bounds of politeness, he would be in danger of losing the prize he had evidently set his heart upon gaining.

The game which was now in progress, had for opponents Miss Clinton and Mr. Degraw against Miss Aspinwall and Mr. Ferrall. It was an evenly matched and bitterly opposed contest. At one moment the former couple appeared to be in the advance, and then by some lucky stroke the latter came to the front, only to fall back again under the other's judicious play. So lively was the struggle and so skillful the opponents, that the attention of the whole surrounding party was finally drawn to the sport, greatly to the relief of the signorina, who, if she had not betrayed her consciousness of the scrutiny to which she had been subjected, certainly showed her pleasure at the momentary respite from it, occasioned by a telling play on the part of Mr. Ferrall.

Rousing herself from the attitude of coquettish langour, which she had assumed under the talk of one of Miss Aspinwall's declared admirers, she cast a quick look across the ground to where the artist stood beside his more or less abstracted hostess. It was but a flash, but he saw it, and taking it for an invitation, forgot his anger, forgot his resolves, forgot everything but her; and only waiting to see that his rival was just poising his mallet for a blow, he bowed his adieu to Miss Asinwall and started for the bench upon which sat the perplexing object of his adoration.

But scarcely had he taken three steps, before he found himself confronted by Mr. Ferrall.

"Take my mallet, Degraw, I entreat you, and finish this game. I have just received a telegram which demands instant attention. No one can beat that Cleveland chap but you. Go in, then, and don't forget that Miss Rogers' eye is on you."

Before the artist could reply, the mallet was thrust into his hand, young Ferrall was off, and a dozen voices were crying:

"Whose turn? Beat that run of play if you can."

He gave the sognorina one glance, grasped his mallet, and took his stand by his ball. The play alluded to had been made by his rival, and seemed to determine the game. But he was a fine player, too, and after having taken in the location of the several balls, he took his aim and made the most brilliant stroke of th season.

A chorus of acclamations arose, then a silence followed, broken only by the click of the mallet and balls. When it ceased, he had separated his opponents' balls by the full width of the ground, and coqueted his own and his partner's through the last two arches.

Miss Clinton now advanced to the rescue. Could she but hit a ball, the game might be saved, otherwise it was irretrievably lost. Would she hit one? Many on the field thought so, but the artist did not. He had "wired" her too effectually. And so it proved. In making her stroke, she drove her ball against an arch and confusion was the result. She had but to hit her partner's ball, put it out, and then drive her own to the stake. But she was nervous and only succeeded in putting her own ball out.

The odds were now entirely in favor of the stranger and Miss Clinton. But when Mr. Degraw came to play, some unlucky twist of his mallet sent his ball on one side of the wire instead of the other, and his opportunity to retrieve the game was lost.

So now it was the artist's turn again, and as he had but to hit the stake with his ball many thought the result as good as decided, and prepared to clap their hands. But to the momentary amazement of every one, he dallied with his luck, and, instead of driving his ball up carefully to the stake, sent it whirling across the field in search of that of his adversary. He did not hit the mark he had set for himself, but he accomplished a purpose that was dearer to him than any game. His ball stopped not three feet from the signorina, and, though his watchful rival evidently understood the motive which urged him, and sent his own ball immediately in the same direction, he had the opportunity to whisper:

To be continued.

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We All Want the Most Possible
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Wholesale and Reiail Agent for

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You can get a large and good a
Xmas Cards, Toys, D
Cups and Saucers,
Jugs, Plates, Cruets
and Fancy Glassw
Wishing all a Very Happy Ch

Prescription
Cures Indigestion and Dys its Forms.

It is quite a daily occurence to hear pers a feeling of distress I have after meals, full heaviness and headache, I feel too tired have no heart to exert myself, and at times I often have a pain in the pit of the stoma heart beats rapidly on the slightest exertio when rising in the morning as when retirin if often disturbed, and I often awake with tion and a difficulty of again going to sleep ful of what I eat, and my life seems a verita

Now, it seems a shame and a pity for p ing like that when it is in their power to ge bottle of Dr. Stafford's Prescription A. A su afflicted with stomach troubles. It can be

DR. F. STAFFORD &
Duckworth St. and

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