

UNCLAIMED LETTERS REMAINING IN G. P. O. to MARCH 1, 1910.

Table listing unclaimed letters by name and address, including Armer, I. C., Anderson, Sophie Miss, Andrews, Thomas, card, etc.

SEAMEN'S LIST.

Table listing seamen by name and ship, including Jones, Elias, Martin, Alfred, Mathews, schr. Harnold, Dean, George B., etc.

Which Was The Heir?

(Continued.) CHAPTER X. GEOFFREY crawled from the hut, his rifle ready in his hand, and gained the bush. Here, with one eye on the hut, he looked round. The foe was not in sight, but there were traces of their presence; for in one place the long grass and bracken were broken down and streaked with blood; and a little farther on he came upon foot marks and broken twigs, as if a heavy body had been dragged over them. Still further on, as far as the hollow in which the rangers had been concealed, his sharp eyes detected the imprint of horses' hoofs, and he counted three.

Advertisement for The D.L. MENTHOL PLASTER, FOR BACKACHE, SCIATICA, PLEURISY, STITCHES, CRICKS, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM.

the hut openly and boldly. Cottie, who had been waiting for him in an agony of fear, caught hold of him and dragged him inside and held on to him as if he could scarcely believe that he had come back safe and sound. He pushed her from him gently, and laughed reassuringly. 'They've gone—clean gone—Ronnie, my boy,' he said. 'There were only three of them, and you winged one, which left two; and as two honest men are equal to four scoundrels, they thought it best to sheer off.'

Advertisement for Vapo-Cresolene, FOR WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, SORE THROAT, CATARRH, DIPHTHERIA.

Advertisement for RUN-DOWN, Dr. Bovel's Iron Tonic Pills, A Heart and Nerve Food.

another ship at me and I should have been a dead man. I saw him spring his gun in the air. Yes Ronnie, you save my life!

'Did I?' she said, and a soft blush mantled in her cheek. 'Sit down there.'

She lowered her head so that he could not see her eyes. She washed the blood from the wound, and her slender fingers felt it searchingly and tenderly. Geoffrey winced. 'The bullet's in it,' he said. 'Yes, I can feel it,' she assented, with a catch in her breath.

She knelt beside him, as he tossed to and fro, throwing his arms above his head and looking at her with eyes that did not see her. For a time he would remain silent; but every now and then he spoke, communing with himself in the confidence of fever. As she bent over him she heard him mutter:

'Nameless, nameless! A thing of nought! No place in the world! Of no consideration! Hard, hard! No fault of my own! My father's—perhaps my mother's; who shall say! A nameless wanderer all my days! With shame for my birth-right, with darkness for my future! An Ishmaelite whose hand is against every man's; that's my portion, that's my portion! No matter! I will take me to the wilds, like the Psalmist of old; I will bury myself from the sight and sound of man. No one shall point at me and say "Nameless, a— Awful word, that! To have no name, to be a thing of shame! Where's Ronnie? I like Ronnie! What a lad he is! So gentle, and yet with such pluck! A lad in a thousand! But he'll leave me; oh yes, he'll leave me! All the world turns its back on me! Good-bye, good-bye! It's been very pleasant while it lasted; the only companion I've ever known! A dear lad, Ronnie. Saved my life, too. Poor boy! All alone in this wilderness. But I've given him the gold; he'll make his way; he's a sharp lad! But I'm left alone. Good-bye, Ronnie! Good-bye, Ronnie!'

The girl listened to him, and as she bent over him, fell a trembling. This man was different to any man she had hitherto seen. They had saved each other's lives; more, they had lived together in amity and friendship. She became conscious of all that nearness meant. To hear him bewailing his fate racked her young heart; though she did not know what it meant, and a divine pity welled up in her. He was so helpless, so unconscious. His very unconsciousness gave her courage. Almost insensibly she put her arm round him, her face drooped over his, and, surely not knowing what she did, she pressed her soft, red lips to his hot, fevered ones, and kissed him.

that clinging, lingering kiss, a smile stole over his flushed face, the delirious babble died on his lips, and, with a sigh of ineffable peace, he sank into a peaceful sleep, over which she brooded with a dove-like tenderness and pity. And yet, scarcely dove-like; for the kiss which she had given, had given to her a sense of passion which thrilled and startled her by its strange fire. Her cheeks were dyed with crimson, something novel and absorbing throbbed in every vein, and the hand which smoothed the hair from his brow quivered and shook.

She drew back and gazed at him, half afraid of herself, of him, of the strange feeling that made her heart leap within her bosom. Presently she saw by his regular breathing that he was asleep. But she would not leave him—it seemed to her that his life lay in the hollow of her hand—and she still knelt beside him, bending over him with angelic pity and tenderness in her eyes. But, after all, there is a limit to human endurance, and soon her eyelids grew heavy, her head drooped, it fell upon his breast, and she slept—with her arms around him.

(To be continued.) Minard's Liniment Co., Limited. Gentlemen—My daughter, 13 years old was thrown from a sleigh and injured her elbow so badly it remained stiff and very painful for three years. Four bottles of MINARD'S LIMENT completely cured her and she has not been troubled for two years. Yours truly, J. B. LIVESQUE. St. Joseph, P. O., 18th Aug., 1910.

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'Presently, presently,' she said. 'Let me see to your arm. The sight of that blood makes me—ill. Oh, Geoffrey, you got it shielding me! You saved my life.'

'Nonsense! I like that! Why, Ronnie, lad, don't you know that you saved my life? If you hadn't fired that shot, the ruffian would have had me.'

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'Yes, you ought to have been a girl, Ronnie!' he said. Still quivering, she bound up the wound, and with a pressure of her hand, forced him to remain lying down.

'Now,' he said, 'let's have the whole story.' She told him how she had seen the man while she was getting water, how he had come to the hut and had taken her bundle. I regret to say that Geoffrey swore. 'There was about three hundred pounds' worth of gold,' he said. 'Your gold, Ronnie. Curse the fellow, if he had robbed me I shouldn't have minded so much; but it was yours!'

'Never mind the gold,' she said. 'Your are safe, Geoffrey.' 'And didn't he take anything else?' he asked. She hesitated for a moment, for a moment only. But she could not bring herself to speak of her lost packet. After all, what did it matter? Geoffrey was here and safe.

'Nothing else,' she said, her long lashes covering her eyes. 'Well, there was nothing else to take,' he said. 'Poor Ronnie! Never mind, lad, I'll get some more gold for you. I've made up my mind that you shall get a fair start in the world. It's money you want; it's money that will be useful to you. It's of no use to me; I'm handicapped; I'm of no account.'

And, indeed, it seemed as if he were, in some slight measure, conscious, for as her lips touched his in

the moment she had done so, she realized what she had done; a shudder, a shiver ran through her, and she drew back, scarlet to the roots of her hair, thrilling with a fear least he should be conscious enough to know of her caress.

Advertisement for Worst Case Of Eczema, Cure only came when doctors gave up and DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT was used. Mrs. Wm. Miller, St. Catharines, Ont., writes—'My daughter Mary, when six months old, contracted eczema and for three years the disease baffled all treatment. Her case was one of the worst that had ever come under my notice, and she apparently suffered what no pen could ever describe. I had three different doctors attend her all to no purpose. Finally I decided to try Dr. Chase's Ointment and to my surprise she immediately began to improve and was completely cured of that long standing disease. That was four years ago when we lived at Cornwall, Ont., and as not a symptom has shown itself since, the cure must be permanent.'

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