UNCLAIMED LETTERS REMAINING IN G.P.O. to FEB. 21st, 1910.

Armer, I. C. Anderson, Sophie Miss Andrews, Thomas, card Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Augustin Bradley, Herbert, Barnes, F. F., card Bennett, John, card LeMerchant Bennett, Mrs. T., Beer, Wm., Neagle's Hill Byrne, Nellie, retd. Brine, John. care General Post Office Finch, Marcaur Brown, Wm. J., care Empire Wood W. Co. Gault, C., Playmouth Rd. Brothers, Mrs. John Brown, E. C. Butt, Wm., Water St. West

Burden, John M., Barter's Hill Gosse, Willie, retd. Blowett, Mrs. F. M. Hamilton Street, Hackett, M. F., Butler, E. J., Buck, Mrs. J., retd.

late Pilley's Island Hannay, H., Burns, Bridget, retd. Cameron, Mrs., King's Road Hancock, Peter, Lime St. Clarke, Robert

Clarke, Wm., late Glace Bay Clarke, A., retd. Carnochan, Dr. W. L. Chaffey, Mrs. James Crawford, A. G. Critch, Matilda, Wtaer St.

Courtenay, Mr., late Globe Laundry Cornick, Miss Florence Collins, Miss, Signal Hill Rd. Copeman, Mrs. P., Costello, Miss Annie, care Mr. Rendel

Coombs, Eli Conway, M.F., Gower St. Chute, Miss Carrie Dalton, Peter, Water St. Davy, Geo. E. Dwyer, Mr., Mt. Scio Dyke, Miss Hannah, card Denmore, F., card

Dewling, Mrs., Golf Avenue Knuttland, H. Dermody, Marq, retd. Dobbin, Frank, Dodd, Charles

Donohue, Mrs. Bridget, Earle, Chas., George's St. Edwards, Miss Clara,

Waldegrave St. Edelston, Ale. Ewing, Wm., Playmouth Road Ellis, Mrs. K. W.

Frances, Ellen Fleming, Miss Debarah, French, Stephen Flynn, Michael, of John Rd. Finlay, Mary Ann, retd. T., Ford, Harry, card

Furlong, Daniel, Greley, Wm., late Wood's Bakery George, Francis, retd. Greening, Miss Julia, M., Brazil's Square Gilbert, Arthur, Circular Road Moore, Isaac J. George's St. Martin, Capt. George

late Western Bay Mt. Scio Road Hanrahan, Thos., Signal Hill Rd. Murphy, Mrs. James, retd. Hanford, Mrs. M., card care General Delivery Harris, Miss Kittie Handlen, Edward,

Patrick Street Hayward, Miss Sophie, Gower Street Haslem, W. Belvedier Street Heel, Miss Jessie, Military Road McLinnan, William G. Henebury, J., Freshwater Road Neil, S. Hepedge, John Mrs. Hopkins, Mrs., card

Newhook, Ralph, Hicks, George, city Hobby, F. T., care G. P. O. Newhook, R. F., care G. P. O. Holland, Mike J., Nicholson & McLaren New Gower St. Noseworthy, Hilda E., Howlett, Patrick, retd. Hockin, Miss M. L. Noftall, Jas., Hurley, J. A.

Jones, David O'Dwyer, J., Scott Street Jackson, or Lackson, G. E. Quidi Vidi Jackson, G. C. O'Neil, Charles, card O'Neil, M., Gower St. James, Mark, late Bell Island Parker, Rev. Lindsay

Kavanagh, Mr., King's Road Kearney, Ella, retd. Kennedy, Horace, cvard Layanagh, Peter, care W. H. Franklin Cent, O. W., Duckworth St. Pedigrew, A. Kennedy, Wm., card Kennedy, Maurice, card

Lauttamus, John late Grand Falls Laite, Miss Henrietta, late Fogo Pitman, Wm., Peckford Lane, Alexander, Gower St. Phynn, Mrs. Henry, retd. Ledrew, Mr. and Mrs., late Pilley's Island Phillips, Ada,

care J. J. Trelegan LeMessurier, Claude, Clifton House Porter, Mrs., retd. Water Street Ledrew, John, card Levasuer, Leo. Lilly, Eli, Bully St. Little, Miss Rebecca Colonial Street Line, D., card

Locke, Philip. Carter's Hill Alexander St. Power, Mr., late Reid Co. Matthews, Miss Dora J., Pope, A., Gower St. Leslie Street Pope, Mrs., British Square Malone, Miss Thresa,

Long Pond Road

LeMerchant Road

Munday Pond Rd.

George's St

Maldestod, Oscar, s.s. Bellaventure Quigley, Wm Ryan, Miss Mary, care J. J. Edstrom Meehan, Herbert, retd. Ryan, Miss, Milley, Mrs. John. care Mrs. Smith, Water St Ryan, Ambrose, Miller, Miss I. M., late Glasgow Barter's Hill Mitchell, J. W., Patrick St. Milley, Mr., Cabot St.

Rahal, Thos., retd. Reddy, James, Mrs., retd. Richerdson, Mrs., Miller, James, Playmouth Road Morgan, Miss Selina, Robertson, Mrs. John, Gower Street care Mrs. Moore Wickford St. Rose, Mrs. Mary, card Moores, John, Field St. Rose, Josiah Rowe, Wm., Cabot St. Rielly, Mrs. Levinia, retd. Moss, Joseph Rhodes, R. A.

Moore, Wm., Tessier Place Moores, Mrs. Ege, Field St. Murphy, Walter, Water Street West S Saunders, Martha, retd. Murphy, Mrs. James, retd. Scaplin, Edward,

Methodist College Smeltzer, Maurice, card Salandra, E. M. Waymore Grove, City McRae, N., cfrd. care General Post Office care G. P. feDoreld. Allen, card Snelgrove, Mrs., A., card McDonald, Mrs. Kate. Stevens, Jas., card Shennell, Minnie. Springdale St McDonald, Aug. Military Road Water Street Spencer, Matthew, card

Sheppard, Mrs. M. Stewart, Martha Mrs. late Tilt Cove Symonds, W. Alexander Street late Grand Falls Smith, Mrs. C., Simmonds, Jessie, retd.

Barnes' Road Smith, Katie, retd. Snow & Co. Playmouth Rd. Sullivan, S., card, Duckworth St. Taylor, Mrs. John, card,

Trelegan, J. F., McBride's Hill Walters, G., Freshwater Rd late Bay of Islands Walsh, Miss Mary A.,

Walsh, Miss Lilly, card Wall, John Walsh, Maggie late Atlanta City care Patrick Ryan Whelan, Mrs. John, Hamilton Stree Murphy's Square Whelan, Thomas, retd. Wills, Miss, card, New Gower St.

White, Dug., care Andrew White White. Wm. Channel Wills, Mrs., retd. Wood, W., care J. N. Wood Cuddihy St

Yates, Nellie, card Bannerman St. Yates, Mattie

SEAMEN'S LIST

Parsons, Mr.

Penny, Jack,

Pike, Mr.,

Pierce, Robert

Power, Ed. Mrs.,

Parsley, Mrs. Mary

Penny, Harry, retd.

Pike, Arthur, Long's Hill

Powers, Mrs. Agnus, card

A	Martin, Alfred,	Matthews.	Dean, George B.,
A Jones, Elias, schr. Allanlide Tuffe, Miss M., card, s.s. Athenia s.s. Athenia McCarthy, J. V., schr. Annie Affleck, Mr., s.s. Athenia B Coles, W. T., boat Bellona	schr. E. V. Conrad	schr. Harnold	schr. Oline
schr. Allanlide	Murray, Wm., card,		French, Eugene,
Tuffe, Miss M., card,	schr. E. Thomson	ı I	schr. Oline
s.s. Athenia		Cross, John M.,	O'Keefe, John,
s.s. Athenice	White, Stephen,	schr. Isabella	schr. Otter
McCarthy, J. V.,	schr. Excelda	L	
schr. Annie	Meaney, Peter,	Greet, J. H.,	R
Affleck, Mr., s.s. Athenia	Crooken Debout	schr. Little Mistery	Bishop, Harold,
R	gehr Envemore	Norman, Nathan,	s.s. Ryhor
	Prestun A	schr. Laura Doon	Robinson, J.,
Coles, W. T., boat Bellona	schr E P Morris	W	s.s. Ryhor
Reid, Bernard,	30000	Transfer T. V 16	8
schr. Bernard	F	Killoy, John, Schr. Mary	Moore, R., schr. St. Clair
Bragg, Robert,	Joseph,	vevrge, Robert,	Parsons, Thomas,
schr. Britannia	schr. Friedham	Gear Thomas	schr. Springbin
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B Coles, W. T., boat Bellona Reid, Bernard, schr. Bernard Bragg, Robert, schr. Britannia Norcoss, A., s.s. Beria Witheral, George, care Capt. Forsey, schr. Blanche Malone, Richard, schr. Battic	Rose, Wm. J.,	Butt. R.,	s.s. Sambastin Moore, Roland, schr. St. Clas T Petite, Capt. Henry,
Malone Richard	schr. Gay Gordon	schr. Maggie W.	Moore, Roland,
Malone, Richard, schr. Battic	waish, John,	Savour, George,	schr. St. Cla
		Beek, Ezor,	Petite, Capt. Henry,
Constitution of the second	schr. George Rose	schrfl Maple Leaf	schr. Tobeati
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King, John,	H	erge, Jack, schr. Nellie R.	Poole, John A.,
schr. D. M. Hilton	H McCarthy,	Ò	
P	schr Hazel B Moshur		w
Devergany Cant Chas	Clouter Allen	Babh John	Oikle schr Watanga
schr. Emulator	schr. Hetty Bess	schr. Olinda	Guptill, schr. Wilfred M
E Devereaux, Capt. Chas, schr. Emulator			1111
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The Heir?

CHAPTER 1X.

HAT'S true,' said the third man, 'Well, I suppose we d better go for it. The lad won't give us much trouble; and if we don't find anything else, we'll get some prog, and, by Moses! I'm keener on prog than gold this morning. Tie up the horses, Bill, and we'll begin.'

'Hold on!' said Sheeney, in his soft, Cockney drawl. 'I said there was only a boy there; but you can't tell who may be coming presentlythere may be two or three of 'emand we should look pretty fools if they got round the house and copped us. No; you stop here while I go and interview the boy. I'll play the sundowner-hard up for a job, dyin of 'unger, and the rest of it - and 1'll get all the information I can before I show my hand. You leave it to me.' 'Sheeney's right,' said the third

ranger. 'You can't tell how many there may be. Let him work this ay by himse'f. He cau signal to us if it's all right, or if he wants us.' The other man shrugged his should-

ers acquiescingly, 'All right,' he said. 'Let's know



if there's a drink, sheeney, for I'm as dry as a limekiln-burner's apron.' placed it, with a damper, before him.

'You wait here until I 'cooee' for you,' said Sheeney, 'or unless you see anyone going to the hut; then vou can come on, of course. There is sure to be something worth having. He concealed his revolver under his jumper, turned up the collar of his shirt, pulled down his slouch hat,

With as steady a voice as she could command, Cottie demanded:

and with the assumed gait of a weary

sundowner, approached the hut and

'Who's there?' 'A mate-down on his luck,' replied Sheeney in a doleful voice.

Cottie caught her breath and pressed her hand to her heart, then quickly drew the bolt and flung open the

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which was worthy of an actress. and a smile, as if she were quite glad There's others behind me; but we

human folk again!' he said. 'I've up, and no harm shall come to you. dle?' he asked. been on the tramp for nigh upon a Tell me where you've hidden the week, and I thought I'd got beyond swag, and we'll be as friendly as turtle human reckoning. Gemme something doves. to eat and drink, my boy, for I'm as hungry and thirsty as a boiled owl.' 'Why, of course,' she said, with an assumpton of cheerlul readiness and

She made a cannikin of tea and

'Have you travelled far?' 'For days,' said Sheeney. lost my reckoning; and I thought I was lost when I caught sight of the smoke from your chimney. All alone here, lad?' he added, as he wolfed the tea and the damper. 'You ain't got a drop of stiff, 'ave you?'

Cottie promptly produced the bottle of brandy which Geoffrey had so withstood of late, and Sheeney took a liberal dose and tossed it down. The fiery draught brought a touch of colour to his high cheekbones and made his small and eager

eves glitter. 'That's better! he said, drawing a ong breath. 'That makes me feel a man again. 'Ah, my boy, p'r'aps you don t know what it is to wander, footsore and 'ungry, for more'n a week. Did you say you was alone?'

'Oh, lor,' ne,' said Cottie; 'there's four of us.' Sheeney suspended the cup on its way to his lips and eyed her attentive

'Four o' you?' he said. 'Quite a gang! What is it, diggin' or cattleanching?'

'Cattle-ranching,' replied Cottie. That is, we're looking for a run.' Her heart was beating thickly. The

vil face before her filled her with dread and a nameless apprehension. 'Oh, that's the lay, is it. Well, 'r'aps I can be of use; I'm lookin' for a job.'

'I'm afraid there ain't one for you here,' said Cottie. 'We've had no luck; and there's too many hands already. But you can wait until the others come in; p'r'aps they'll take

Sheeney had devoured his damper, his small, keen, eyes were scanning the room. Suddenly he sprang to his feet and drew his revolver.

'For a youngster,' he said, 'you're not a bad liar. Sheep be hanged! There's norun here : you're after gold. And you've got it here now. Out with it! I'm not a man to be trifled with, Girls who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, headache, dragging-down sensations, fainting spells or indigestion, should take immediate action to ward off the seri-where you've 'id the swag!'

Cottie drew back with a terror which was half-real, half-simulated. 'I'm telling you the truth,' she ex-

'It's a lie!' said Sheeney. 'It it ! was sheep, you'd be down in the plain.

door with an affection of carelessness It's gold, that's what it is. Now, see here, my boy, if you own up, straight 'Come in,' she said, with a nod up, and on the square, I'm your friend. don't want to drag them in; you and Sheeney entered, and sinking onto I can deal alone. Tell me where the if it would save Geoffrey. a box by the table, flung off his hat gold is and I ll let you off cot free. and pressed his hand across his brow. Come, be sensible! You're in my 'Lord! I'm glad to come across power, nothing can help you. Own

Blemishes

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she actually forced a laugh. 'We're damper ready, for my mates are hu. just prospecting for a ranch.'

Sheeney's eyes glittered on hers; than he caught sight of the bundle and stick which she had thrown on the table, and he stretched out a hand and took the bundle and tore it open. As he saw the contents, the blood rushed to his face and he uttered an exclamation. It was echoed by Cottie

Children **Had Eczema** Treatment prescribed had no effect-DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT

made thorough cure. Oscar Vancott, St. Antoine Mrs. Oscar Vancott, St. Antoine Sack., writes:—"I have found Dr Chase's Cintment to be a permanent cure for Eczema and other skin dis-eases. One son, while nursing, broke out with running watery sores all over his head and around the ears. Many salves were prescribed to no effect. The child's head became a mass of scabs and he suffered agony unfold. He became weak and frail and would not eat and we thought we would

'Providentially we heard of Dr Chase's Ointment and it soon thor oughly cured him. He is seven years old now and strong and well. An older boy was also cured of eczema by thi Ointment and we hope more people will learn about it so that their little ones may be saved from suffering." As a cure for eczema and itching skin disease there is no treatment to be compared to Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all deal ers of Edmanson, Bates & Co., Tonto. Dr. Chase's Recipes sent feer.

herself, as she saw the wealth which Geoffrey had packed in her bundle. Sheeney emitted a low laugh of

riumph. 'That looks like sheep, doesn't it? he exclaimed. 'I'm one too many

for you, boy! Now, is that all, or where's the rest of it? 'There is no more,' said Cottie; we were leaving to-day; that's why

the bundle is made up.' Sheeney emitted a low laugh of

riumph. 'That looks like sheep, doesn't it? he exclaimed. 'I'm one too many

for you, boy! Now, is that all, or where s the rest of it?" 'There is no more,' said Cotttie;

we were leaving to-day; that's why the bundle is made up.' Sheeney arose and went towards

her and she backed towards the hut. 'That may be as it is,' he said, but I'm going to search you, my boy. Come, empty your pockets!' Cottie shrank close up against the wall of the hut, her breath coming quickly, her heart beating fiercely. As Sheeney's hand fell upon her shoulder, she shuddered and her eyes

closed-for the touch of him was more than could be endured-and with a quick gesture she turned her pockets inside out. The packet fell to the ground, and Sheeney promptly put his long foot on it, then stooped and picked it up, and turned it over and over in his hand.

'Nothing more, eh?' he said

'Nothing!' breathed Cottie. She watched Sheeney stow the packet away in his pocket, her eves dilating, her breath coming painfully; weighed heavily upon her heart. But even that sacrifice was not too great

Sheeney went to the door and bolted it; then he looked round the hut hungrily 'Sure all the swag was in that bun-

'That is all,' replied Cottie. 'Won't you-won't you leave us something

Sheeney laughed. 'Look 'ere.' he said, after a mo ment's consideration, 'I'm a softhearted kind of cove, but there's some with me as ain't 'alf so easy goin' I'm goin' to call 'em, Now, I give you a word of warning and advice. and you take my tip! When they come up, don't you say nothing of this find of mine. Just stick to the cattleranch story, and I'll bear you out.

Cottie made a gesture of assent The packet was gone, the gold which leoffrey had given her was also gone but the hoard in the corner remained, and there was her claim in the valley untouched. If they could only go before Geoffrey returned the loss of the

rold would matter very little. Her heart was aching with anxiet for him, and swelling with gratitude for his generosity: he had place nearly all of his gold in her bundle In silence she watched the man a e stowed away his plunder in inner pocket. There was an ev smile about his lips, and his small the task, in a cunning, shifty fashion There was a smoothness, a sinuosity it his movements which made her shudescaped, the man's face and voi would haunt her for many a night and this, notwithstanding that she was acustomed to rough characters and ruffians of various kinds.

'Now, I'll go and call my ma said. 'Remember what I told not a word about the gold! Stick 'There's no gold,' said Cottie, and the cattle-ranch business, and get

> He paused at the door and look over his shoulder at her. D'ye know what's in thism pac he said, with a cunning leer, Her face flushed and her eyes da

'I didn't steal it.' burst from ips. 'It is mine. It's of no use to nyone but me-' She faltered as she remembered the notes in the packet. and her hesitation was not lost upon

(To be Continued.)

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