

UNCLAIMED LETTERS, REMAINING IN G. P. to AUG. 23rd, 1910.

Table with columns A through Z listing names and addresses of unclaimed letters. Includes names like Adams, Miss E. R., and addresses like Springdale St., Duckworth St., etc.

SEAMEN'S LIST.

Table listing names and details of seamen. Columns include names like Goldsmith, Charlie, and details like 'schr. Alberta', 'schr. Antoinette', etc.

Advertisement for THE HOLLOWAY STUDIO, featuring 'PORTRAIT WORK' and 'IS THE MOST IMPORTANT BRANCH OF PHOTOGRAPHY, but Copying, Enlarging, Reducing, Landscape Work, Lantern Slide Making, Framing, Amateur Work, all require the best possible attention, and we give everything we do our best attention.'

Advertisement for JOHN MAUNDER, Tailor & Clothier, 281-283 Duckworth St. 'LATEST Style and Workmanship guaranteed. Our Ladies Department is now stocked with the LATEST shades in Costume Cloths. This department is superintended BY A CUTTER OF MANY YEARS EXPERIENCE. The Latest English, French & American Designs. Job Printing Executed!'

Advertisement for 'A GOOD AD IN A BAD PLACE WONT BRING BUSINESS'. Features an illustration of a man with a sign that says 'A GOOD AD.' and text: 'PUT YOUR ADS IN THE EVENING TELEGRAM AND GET RESULTS EUROPEAN AGENCY.'

Advertisement for 'Eczema's Tortures'. Text: 'All treatments failed for three long years—Cure complete with DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT. Mrs. Link, 32 Walker St., Halifax, N. S., writes: "After three years of miserable torture and sleepless night with terrible eczema, and after trying over a dozen remedies without obtaining anything but slight temporary relief, I have been perfectly and entirely cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment. After the third or fourth application of this grand ointment, I obtained relief, and a few boxes were sufficient to make a thorough cure. It is six months since I was freed of this wretched skin disease, and as there has been no return of the trouble I consider the cure a permanent one." Such cures are not brought about by imitations and substitutes for Dr. Chase's Ointment. It is therefore necessary for you to be certain that the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M. D., the famous Receipt Book author, are on the box you buy. 60 cts. a box, at all dealers or Edmanan, Bates & Co., Toronto. Write for a free copy of Dr. Chase's Receipts.'

Advertisement for 'QUALITY BEAVER FLOUR'. Text: 'in the flour means quality in the bread and the pastry you bake. Without quality behind your efforts, no knowledge or skill can bring good results. Better be without the skill than without the quality. "BEAVER" FLOUR is the highest development of blended wheats, embracing the rich health-giving properties of Manitoba Spring wheat and the carbohydrates of Ontario Fall wheat, which make delicate, white, light bread and pastry. Remember, it is for bread and pastry, both. With BEAVER FLOUR in the house, you only need one kind to attain the best results in every form of baking. BEAVER FLOUR means economy as well as efficiency. Ask your grocer for it to-day. DEALERS—Write for prices on all Feeds, Coarse Grains and Cereals. T. H. TAYLOR CO., Ltd., Chatham, Ont. 109'

R. G. ASH & CO., St. John's, Wholesale Agents in Newfoundland, will be pleased to quote prices

Advertisement for 'THE FAIR IMPOSTOR'. Text: 'CHAPTER XXVII. PUT TO THE TEST. (Continued.) "He will be poor," she murmured, and I rich! Oh, no, no, no that! "Yes, yes," he said, nothing. "Have I not broken down the barrier? You love him, Lillian—you will not say "no"? he pleaded, anxiously. With a long breath she drew back from him. "You—you have taken me from him, and given it to me!" she breathed. He nodded with a smile. "Yes, but you can give it back to him, my darling. You will do so." She looked up with a fixed gaze. "Would it make you happy?" she asked. "Happier than words can say," he answered. "It is the dearest wish of my life." "Then—then," she said, slowly, with a strange look, "I—I will do it." "Too moved for words he drew her to him. "Thank Heaven!" he murmured, brokenly. "Ah, if you knew how happy you have made me! It was the one thing wanting! Could I die and leave my child without a protector, leave her to buffet the world and all its pitfalls alone? No, no! Now I am content; with Harold by your side, you are safe in heaven, safe!" "Safe!" she murmured, with a sudden start. "Yes—I shall be safe!" He smoothed her hair caressingly. "Yes, I can cross the river now, darling, feeling that some atonement has been made. Lillian, I have never spoken of your mother— With a start she shrank from him, but he held her in his arms, and drew her closer to him. "It is too late now! I did her a great wrong, Lillian—no wife was more foully misjudged by her husband, but—but—I can make some atonement to her child. I have only one wish left, my darling, and that is

to be spared to see you Harold's wife, and the future Lady Woodleigh. Call him, Lillian. Let me see you join hands, and feel that my hope will be fulfilled. Go, dear, he is waiting." She rose, and, with slow, faltering steps, opened the door. Harold was in the hall and came toward her. Sir Talbot rose, and, steadying himself by the table, pointed to her. "Take her, Harold; she is yours," he said, and sank into his chair again. Harold turned to Lillian; with lowered eyes she held out her hand; Harold took it and pressed it to his lips; then suddenly she drew it from him and threw herself on her knees beside Sir Talbot with a cry of alarm. The old man's head had fallen backward, and his eyes were closed. He had fainted. Harold sprang forward to the bell, and Sir Talbot's man entered. With a comprehensive glance he took in the situation in a moment. "Send for a doctor at once," said Harold, but the man hesitated. "I don't think it's much, sir," he said, with a grave concern. "Sir Talbot has been taken like this off and on for the last ten years. He's seen the doctor, sir, and he can't do anything. There's a medicine here, sir, and he went to a small cabinet, which I always give him. Let me come, sir, and he forced some dark fluid between the thin, white lips. "For more than ten years," said Harold, agitatedly. "Why have you not told me?" "I dared not, sir," said the man, respectfully. "Sir Talbot's orders were too strict. He never liked any fuss, as he called it, and was adverse to anyone knowing of these attacks. He will be all right directly, sir, it's his heart. He's coming too now. If you will pardon me, I think you'd better leave him to me, sir; Sir Talbot don't like anyone to see him like this." Harold rose, troubled and sorrowful, but Lillian still clung to the old man's arm. Slowly he opened his eyes, looked down at Lillian with an ineffable tenderness, and then, as the valet came forward, waved him languidly aside. "No, Parker," he said, "my daughter and Mr. Harold will help me. We have—kept our secret a long while, but it is out now." Harold and Lillian raised him between them, and with an arm on each he went slowly along the corridor to his room. At the door he turned and laid his hands on their heads. "God bless you, my children," he murmured, and passed in. Harold put out his hand to Lillian, but with a strange look she sank down on the mat and leaned her head against the door. "No, no," she said, brokenly. "Leave me here." Harold stooped and raised her in his arms. "Come, my darling," he said, "you cannot stay here." "Yes, it is my place! I am his daughter!" His daughter. He hesitated a moment, but it would never do to leave her here.

"Yes," he said, "you are his daughter, but you will be my wife; you must come, my poor darling." At the word wife she started, looked at him fiercely, then, rising slowly, allowed him to lead her away. It was a strange betrothal. CHAPTER XXVIII. SKELETON KEYS. "I won't hear of it! It would make me thoroughly unhappy." It was Sir Talbot who spoke; he was sitting up in a chair in his room, Harold on one side and Lillian on the other, both trying to persuade him to postpone the excursion to the Giant's Breastplate. "Excepting that he was rather paler than usual, Sir Talbot seemed none the worse for his illness of the preceding night, and all Harold could say could not shake him from his resolve that the picnic should take place. "I am quite well, as well as I have been for years. I am accustomed to these fits, and—in a word, I cannot think of spoiling your enjoyment." "Let me stay," murmured Lillian, bending over him. He looked up at her and drew her arm round his neck. "On no account, my darling!" he said. "Why, if you remained behind, where would the picnic be? Think of Harold, my dear," he added, fondling her hair; "you'd spoil his pleasure. Besides, you are looking pale this morning; I frightened you last night. Go, my darling, and enjoy yourself, and come back with the color on your pretty cheeks, and the light in your eyes which I love to see. The sight of you will do me more good than all the medicine in the world. There! take her away Harold!" he said, and gave her a playful push with his weak hands; and they went, but reluctantly. Preparations for the start were already being made; Sir Talbot's attack had been kept secret from the guests, and they were merely told that he did not feel well enough to accompany them, but hoped to be able to meet them all at dinner. It was a large party, and still further additions were to be made to it on the road. Beside the large open landau, there was a phaeton and a wagonette; the provisions or "the grub" as a facetious guest, Lord Rayburn, called it, was to follow in Harold's dogcart. They were to pick up Laura Warner at the Priory and call for Gerald at the Grange. The duke and duchess had been asked but they had declined, the duchess urging as an excuse that they didn't want any old women, and the duke frankly declaring that meals in the open air always gave him the gout. But Gerald was looking forward to the outing with all the ardor of a schoolboy. The start occupied some time; at the last moment they were waiting for Lillian, who had gone to Sir Talbot's room to say good-by. She came down the hall presently, looking a perfect picture in her pretty morning dress of soft silk, all to match, from her embroidered shoes to the hat and sunshade. Not a man there but that looked at her covetingly. In some mysterious way, Harold's good fortune had leaked out—his manner to her at breakfast had probably done it—and he had received more than one whispered congratulation. "You are a lucky dog," said Lord Rayburn, with something like a groan. "If I had only been in time to play Romeo that night, I might have cut you out—who knows? Just my confounded luck!" Harold had saved a place beside him in the mail phaeton and stood at the bottom of the steps, waiting for her. The landau, containing Lady Myrtle, a countess, and some men, had gone on; and the bays in the phaeton were so getting to follow that Harold had almost to lift her in his arms to get her into the seat. It was a lovely morning—one of those autumn mornings which we get in England sometimes, to make up, possibly, for the short and too often disappointing summer.

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Harold looked well, quietly happy—he could scarcely have done otherwise—if his love for the sweet Ethel had been fully developed. No man could have driven such cattle, with such a girl as Lillian by his side, and felt otherwise. The pallor which Sir Talbot had remarked disappeared as they dashed through the clear, sunlit air, and neared the Priory. Harold, who had scarcely spoken, turned to her. "Are you happy, Lillian?" he asked. "It was an abrupt question, but she looked at him with her dark, calm eyes. "Happy? Is anyone perfectly happy in this world?" she said, with a faint, curious smile. Harold stroked a fly off the rear bay. "I suppose not—no, I suppose not," he said, and his lips twitched. "What strange things you say, Lillian." "Do I?" she said. "At least I mean to be happy to-day." He slipped his left hand from the reins, and laid it on her arm. "Lillian," he said, solemnly, almost too solemnly, "if I can, I will try to make you happy."

"I am sure of that," she said, in a low voice. Meanwhile Laura Warner, ready dressed, stood in the bay window, waiting for the Hall party. Never, at the best of times, an angelic temper, she does not seem in the sweetest of humors. Things had all gone wrong this morning; her maid had been clumsy in dressing her mistress's hair; the new dress, manufactured by a dressmaker in the adjoining town, was not an exact fit—not what Lillian Woodleigh's would be, direct from Worth's; as Laura had declared, repiningly, to Lady Warner; and the Hall party was already a quarter of an hour late. To be continued.