UNCLAIMED LETTERS, REMAINING IN G. P. O. to APRIL 10, 1911

A
Adams, Charles, Pennywell Road
Adams, Mrs. John, Cookstown Road
Ayles, Miss Lizzie
Anderson, S. J.
Aitken, Miss Lillie
Associated Mail Dealers, Blackwoo Building
Axford, Philip
B
Bannister, Miss Patience, Hospital, Forest Road
Barnes, Mrs. E., retd.
Basha, S., late Birchy Cove
Berry, Patrick, grocer
Bright, Wm. J., care G. P. O.
Bishop, R., care Gen'l P. Office
Brown, Patrick, Gower Street
Butt, George, Forest Rd.
Butt, Mrs. M. A., Duggan Street
Butler, Wm., Flower Cove Road
Bartlett, Robert, Bannerman St.
Buckley, Mrs. Wm., New Gower Street
Bursey, Mrs. Wm., card
Burke, Miss May, care Jackman's
Bemister, Albert A., Gower Street
C
Crane, Roland, care Post Office
Carter, Capt. Alex.
Carter, Edwin, Duggan Street
Carey, James, Duckworth Street
Cameron, John, Plumber
Carew, A., Mullock St.
Cooney, Mrs. James, card, Water Street
Coombs, Nellie, card
Cozens, John
Connors, P. J., Care G. P. O.
Curtis, H. V., late Grand Falls
Carnell, Bert, care Reid Nfld. Co.
Cullen, Michael, St. John's
Clarke, Mrs. E., retd.
Chatman, Miss Sarah, late New York
Carew, Miss Ellen, Duckworth Street
Criff, Miss L.
Colley, Wm. E.
Cotter, D., Neagle's Hill
D
Davis, Thomas, care Gen'l P. Office
Dawley, Miss M. J., Gower Street
Delaney, F. E., late Summerville
Delaney, Miss Bessie, Military Road
Dicks, Mrs. Wm., late Grand Falls
Driscoll, Mrs. C., Water Street
Dooley, Miss Josephine, card, Cochrane St.
Downs, Mr., Pennywell Road
Dawe, Miss W. S.
DeGrish, Sarah, Long's Hill
E
Egan, Mrs. Catherine, Cornwall Avenue
Elliott, S. G.
F
Fewer, M., card
Freeman, John, Government House
French, Wm. of Wm., Brazil's Square
Fitzpatrick, Miss Minnie, card
Fisher, Lizzie, retd., New Gower Street
Fisher, Robert, Pope St.
Fildian, Mrs. Wm., Water St.
Finney, Miss Kittie, Military Road
Ford, Miss A., George's St.
Flinn, Mrs. M. H.
Fitzpatrick, Mrs., retd.
Fifield, Lucy
G
Garland, Kenneth, St. John's
Garland, Wm.
Garner, J. A.
Graham, C. E.
Graw, John J.
Gelling, L., care Post Office
Goss, James, St. John's
Goodland, Agnes, care Gen'l Delivery
Gustaffson, Mrs. Frank
Grouchy, M., retd.
Gatherall, Ester
H
Hawley, Arthur, card
Hamilton, John
Harlyan, Mrs. Mary, retd.
Heffley, Ira L., card
Healey, R., Blackhead
Hearn, Richard, retd.
Heffrin, Wm., card
Hillier, Minnie, late St. Lawrence
Hicgey, Mrs. Patrick, Victoria Road
Howell, Miss Violet, Hayward's Avenue
Holloway, Miss M. L., card
Houlahan, Mrs. Samuel, Gear Street
Harrie, Katie, retd.
Hansem, Sansom, Lime St.
Harvey, Mrs. C. B.
Hart, Mrs. Patrick
J
Jacobs, Miss R. Jane, LeMarchant Road
Janes, James, retd.
Janes, Mrs. J., Gower St.
Johnson, Mrs. George, George's Street
ockman, Mrs. Joseph, Water St. West
K
Kahter, C. W., Rink Co.
Kennedy, Miss Francis, Duckworth Street
Keough, Miss Ella, Sebastine Street
Kehoe, Mrs. Patrick, King's Road
Kearsey, James, Pennywell Road
Knubon, Alfred
Knox, John C.
L
LeMessurier, Mrs. Alex., care General P. Office
M
Martin, Miss Alice, Queen's Road
Marshall, Wm.
Maher, Nellie, Flower Hill
Martin, Gus., card
Marks, S., care Gen'l Post Office
Marshall, Mrs., card
Meade, Miss Louisa, P. O. Box 233
Moores, Miss Annie, Bambrick or Barron St.
Morris, Mrs. W., Cochrane Street
Morgan, Wm., card, Barter's Hill
Moor, W. H., care Gen'l Delivery
Mullally, W. E.
Maitland, Miss Annie, card
Murphy & Doyle, retd.
Mc
McDonald, H., card
McMillan, A. H., care Gen'l Delivery
McGrath, Mrs. Mary
McWhite, E. R.
N
Noonan, F. J.
Nolan, Mrs. Joseph, Gower Street
O
Okley, Miss Mary, late St. Pierre
O'Neil, Miss P., card, Pope Street
Oliver, Mary
O'Rielly, Pauline, retd.
O'Neil, Peter, Blackmarsh Road
P
Patey, Richard, care Gen'l P. Office
Peddle, J. J., care W. C. Janes
Pearce, Mrs. Robert
Peyton, Geo., late Grand Falls
Pennell, Miss Emily, Bell Street
Penfold, Wm., care Gen'l P. Office
Pynn, Emma, retd.
Power, Mrs. Wm., Carter's Hill
Prowse, Arthur
Power, R., retd.
Power, Miss, Deady's Lane
Prowse, Elizabeth
Perry, Miss C.
Peck, Mrs. Thomas, Cabot Street
Pike, Mrs. A.
Q
Quinlan, Miss Mary, Barnes' Road
R
Ryan, Enos, Moore St.
Ryan, Mrs., Bannerman House
Ryan, Miss L., Barnes' Rd.
Rendell, Mrs. Carolina, Goodview Street
Rielly, Miss Maggie, late Grand Falls
Ridout, Miss Mary, Circular Road
Ridout, Miss Mary, Alaindale Road
Ross, Mrs. M., Torring St.
Rogers, Mrs. Roland, New Gower Street
Roache, Thomas, late Cobalt, Ont.
Rodgers, Enos
Rose, W. D., West End
Ryan, Anthony, Plymouth Road
S
Smallpage, C., care Gen'l P. Office
Sharpe, Miss Annie
Stewart, Mrs. D. J.
Simmons, Mrs. Ernest, Water Street
Smith, Mrs. Isabella, Circular Road
Shipman, Solomon
Sinclair, Miss Mary, Freshwater Road
Skiffington, John, or family
Sainsbury, Samuel, late Grand Falls
Smith, George, retd.
Squires, Mrs. George
Squires, John S.
Squires, B. H.
T
Taylor Charles, Casey's St.
Tracey, A., retd.
Tilley, Miss L. M., card, Bond Street
Tobin, John, slip
Thompson, Rosetta
Tolk, Noah, New Gower Street
Tucker, Mrs. E. D., (of Halifax) City
Tucker, Mrs. Wm. G., care Gen'l Delivery
V
Verge, Miss Mary, Water St.
Waterman, William, care Thos. Lidstone
Wall, Miss H., Military Rd
Walsh, John, Long Pond Rd
Walters, James, card
Whalen, Mrs., care Colonial Cordage Co
Walker, Thomas
Wallbank, Mrs., care Gen'l P. Office
Westbrook, George
Walsh, Miss Katei
Wickem, May, retd.
Winsor, Wm.
White, Mrs. John, Bannerman St.
Wright, Allan, care Post Office
Wills, John, Brazil's Field
Whalen, Joseph, Fever Hospital
Walsh, Mrs. Margaret, South Side
White, Arthur, retd.
Woodlock, Mary, retd.
Y
Younden, Rebecca, retd.
Z
Zinear, Mrs. Maud, George's Street

SEAMEN'S LIST.

A
Brenton, George, schr. Arabia
Breggar, Capt. A., schr. Anita
B
House, Gordon, schr. Bluejacket
Pike, Alfred, schr. Bella Rose
Steed, B., schr. Beatrice May
C
Olsen, John, schr. C. V. Conrad
O'Rielly, Patrick, schr. C. J. Brennan
E
Walsh, John, s.s. Ethie
Cook, Alonzo, schr. Ethie Bess
Jenkins, Obediah, schr. Ermine
Moores, Alex. L., schr. Energy
G
Mason, Joseph, schr. Gertrude L.
Diamond, Francis, schr. Gertrude L.
Pardy, Eli, schr. Gertrude L.
Haynes, Claude, schr. Gertrude L.
Blagdon, Eli G., schr. Grand Falls
H
Miller, Capt. W. A., schr. Helen Stewart
Reve, Capt. E. T., ketch Hero
Muir, Capt. A. D., s.s. Heathcote
J
Roach, Joseph, schr. Josephine
L
Ellis, Wm., schr. Lloyd Morris
M
Murphy, Wm., schr. Mary A. Whalen
Fiander, Samuel, schr. Montrase
McDonald, D. J., barqt. Maggie

G. P. O., April 10th, 1911. H. J. B. WOODS, Postmaster General.

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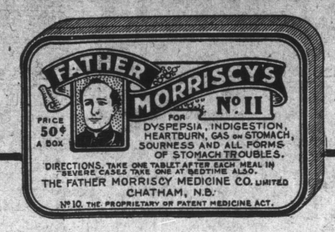

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Sacrificed
—to the—
Green-Eyed Monster.
Or the Story of St. Benet's Belfry.
(Continued.)

His voice too, was hard and stern. Hilda shivered. Never in all her life had she heard her father speak like that to her.

She turned the key in the door, and remained obstinate silent.

Presently there was a tap at the door.

'Mr. Fraser wants to see you, dearie,' said her nurse.

Hilda did not answer; the anger in her face had not died down, and she could not see him yet.

'Leave her alone, nurse. I would rather not see her.' Her behaviour has both shocked and surprised me,' she heard Donald saying.

A choking sob rose in her throat, but she changed it to a hard, bitter laugh.

'Go and comfort Thora,' she cried, as she listened to the retreating footsteps.

All the next day Donald Fraser did not come, though Hilda watched and waited for him anxiously.

Then she heard that he had called early in the morning to ask after Thora, and leave her some hot-house grapes.

Thora seemed nervous and ill; her fright had affected her system. But Hilda did not notice it; she was thinking only of Donald, and the rector preserved a chilling silence towards his daughter.

The next day, and Donald did not come. On the third Hilda saw with beating heart his familiar figure crossing the rectory lawn. She was springing to meet meet him; but suddenly she drew back, paused a minute, then rushed to her own room instead.

Thora was on the lawn with outstretched hands, crying:

'My preserver! How can I thank you?'

All that day Hilda did not go down, and her lover waited patiently, reassured by Thora's sympathy and advice.

'Leave her to herself; she will come round; don't write, don't attempt to see her; if you do so her temper will increase. If she submits of her own free will, it will cure her ever.'

She advised, and he waited.

A week passed away, and Hilda grew white and silent. The laughing bright-eyed girl had gone; the Hilda of old days had departed. Still she would not see Donald, and Thora, always quiet and gentle, comforted him, and told him how she had failed in her attempts to soften Hilda's heart.

Then Hilda took to absenting herself, and for hours no one could find her.

'Thora, my child,' said the rector, one afternoon, 'will you look for Hilda? I want to see her in the study. Do not tell her, however, that Donald is with me.'

Thora smiled sadly.

'I am afraid I do not know where she is, uncle; I have looked for her so often.'

She stood at the door for a few minutes, then she strolled in the direction of the church. She paused at the foot of the belfry tower, then very slowly she began to ascend.

She looked in at the ringer's chamber—it was empty; no bells would be rung that day. Then she ascended the next flight more boldly.

'Hilda!' she called, softly; 'Hilda!'

'What do you want?' came a sullen reply.

'Come down, Hilda, I want to speak to you.'

There was no answer.

Thora paused for a few minutes with a curious smile upon her face; then she went on up the steps.

As she gained the belfry room Hilda sprang up from the floor.

"What do you want?" she cried angrily. "Go! go away; I came here away from you; I thought you would be too frightened to pursue me here."

Thora looked up at the bells.

"It is their ringing which is terrible. You don't know how frightfully they fascinate me. If I were alone with them I should go mad, and throw myself down; I could not endure it. I do not mind them now."

"What have you come for?" demanded Hilda, fiercely.

"To talk to you about Donald," Thora answered, calmly.

"But I don't want to talk to you about him. I—I"—gasping—"don't think I want to see him again."

Thora smiled.

"He says the same thing, too. What foolish children you are."

Hilda's eyes blazed ominously.

"What is it you want?" she asked.

Thora looked meditatively at the empty air.

Hilda stamped her foot.

"Go away," she said; "I hate the sight of you. Don't you think I can see you love Donald?"

"Yes, I love him," said Thora calmly.

"And you would take him away from me?" cried Hilda.

Thora shrugged her shoulders.

"Are you trying so hard to keep him? Do you think sulking and passion likely to prove attractive?"

Hilda choked a rising sob.

"I hate you," she muttered.

"I am perfectly aware of that," answered her cousin, "and at present you are doing your best to make everyone hate you."

In the silence which followed, Hilda threw a half perplexing glance at Thora. She was fighting the passion within her. Had Thora opened her arms and let Hilda sob her rage away, the end might have been different; but she only stood with a smile upon her lips, humming Donalds favourite song.

"Then you shall stay here until I choose to let you out," Hilda cried, suddenly backing toward the door.

Closing it with an angry bang, she turned the key in the lock, and ran down the steps.

As she ran, Thora's voice reached her, screaming to her to come back, now angrily, now in terror; but she only shook her head, and it grew fainter and fainter in the distance, and at last died away.

Hilda ran down the lane by the church, and out into the open fields. She walked on with a sense of pain and misery, fighting an angry battle with herself.

"Go back and let her out," her better impulse prompted.

"I won't; I mean to punish her; she has made me suffer, let her be frightened."

"What if she should fall?" asked conscience.

"Let her—I don't care."

And Hilda quickened her footsteps.

"Do you know what she would be if she fell?" the still, small voice insisted. "A murderess."

"She won't fall; it is only nonsense on her part; I want to frighten her badly. She does not mind if the bells don't ring—I wish they would ring. Is there a service to-night? No—to-morrow. She will be all right. I will let her out before supper."

Farther and farther from home went Hilda, her anger carrying her at a rapid pace.

Suddenly she paused, and stood irresolute.

"There is a service to-night; I had forgotten," she exclaimed aloud.

Should she go back or forward? She hesitated, looked behind her, but the church was no longer in sight; then setting her teeth hard she went on again.

"You will be a murderess. You dont care? Yes, you do!" persisted conscience.

"I don't!" screamed Hilda. "How dare you say so!"

"Murderess!" said the small voice.

"I'm not a murderess; I only want to punish Thora."

She stopped again with a gasp.

"Was that a bell?"

A vision of Thora's face, still and white, arose before her; she put out her hands as if to ward it off.

Twice she went on, but stopped with a shiver, then, very slowly, she turned her face homeward.

As she did so distant bells rang out.

Hilda turned deadly white, and began to run.

"What had she done? Was she a murderess? Would she be in time? Why, oh, why, could she not go faster?"

As she ran on and on, her breath came in choking gasps, and in her ears the wind shrieked: "Murderess! Murderess! Murderess!"

She was trembling with fear and exhaustion when she reached the rectory garden. A few more steps and Thora would be free. Why had she shut her up there?

"Thora, forgive me, forgive me!" she gasped, as she looked up at the big grey tower.

She would ask Thora's pardon. Never again would she let her anger——

"Good Heaven! what is that?"

Across the lawn something was being carried on a stretcher.

Hilda bounded towards it.

It was Thora, still and cold.

Hilda clutched at the air convulsively, for the big grey tower was going round. She uttered a shrill scream, which turned to a wild, gurgling laugh, and fell to the ground insensible.

* * * * * * *

When Hilda recovered her senses she was in bed, and the room darkened. She lay still with a curious sense of lightness, regarding her fingers with a puzzled expression, they were so thin and white. Then she lifted her hand to her head; a little cry escaped her; her long black hair had gone. She tried to sit up, but fell back weakly on the pillow. Presently the sound of the organ came in through the open window. What were they playing? Thora's favourite hymn. Was someone dead? She tried to hum the air:

"When our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow."

There was a rustle behind the bedcurtains.

To be continued.

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