

UNCLAIMED LETTERS REMAINING IN G.P.O. to JUNE 7th, 1910

A Andrews, Robert, late Reid Nfld. Co. Ash, Emma, slp. Allen, Edith, late Twillingate Andrews, Miss Alice, care Water Street Anderson, Capt. Fred, Anthony, Robert, College Square	F French, John, aWter St. Fife, Edwin R., late Grand Falls Fitzpatrick, Eva Fitzpatrick, Miss Katie, care Mrs. Kelly, Duckworth St. Foot, R. Pleasant St. Frion, Mrs. Bridget, late Bell Isle Francis, Robert, retd.	L Lovelace, Miss Georgena, Springdale Street Loder, Harold Lindsay, Peter, card	R Riggs, Miss Edith, Barnes Road Rose, Harold, Mrs., late Heart's Content Rogers, R., card Ryan, Frederick, retd.
B Banville, Miss Maggie, Williams Street Baird, Wm., Neagle's Hill Byrne, Nellie, card Bell, W. T., Long Pond Road Brien, Richard, Blackmarsh Rd. Brown, Patrick, late Sound Island Brown, Eli, Coronation St. Bowering, Samuel Bellevue, Miss C. Queen St. Butler, Miss Susie Butler, Norah Mrs., Circular Road Butler, E. J., Neagle's Hill Burke, Miss Annie, Care Mrs. Fitzgerald Bullock, T. H., Barker, M. A., Miss	G Gardner, Charles Gardner, Miss J. M., Springdale Street Green, Miss Leah, LeMarchant Rd. Greenslade, Miss Lizzie Goff, Richard, Prescott St. Good, John, Pleasant St.	M Mahar, Mrs. B., card Martin, Samuel Martin, David Mahoney, Nellie, retd. Martin, Wm., late Devon Towers Martin, Mrs. Isabella Matthews, G. D. Mercer, Wm., card Melvin, John Morris, Patrick, Prescott Street Moore, David, card Moses, Mr. Moyst, Mrs. Thomas, New Gower St. Murphy, Mrs. Michael Maloney, Valentine, Allan's Square	S Sawyer, Mrs. Joseph, Monroe Street Sheppard, Miss Mary Sweetapple, Miss Mary, care Mrs. O'Driscoll, Prescott St. Stewart, Mrs. Jessie H. Smith, Mrs. Chas., Blackmarsh Rd. Smith, Miss Rose, Cochrane Street Skiffington, Miss Beatrice Smith, Leonard B. Squires, Andrew, New Gower Street
C Callahan, Miss Lizzie, retd. Carpenter, A. W., care Post Office Carter, J., Belvidere St. Clarke, Miss Rachel, Dicks' Square Creddy, Daniel Cotter, D., Neagle's Hill Corbett, Miss Jose, Prescott Street Colford, Nellie, card, Hamilton Street Connors, John Curran, John, Alexander Street Curtis, Laura, Queen St. Chafe, Lizzie M.	H Hawkins, F. C. Harvey, Herb, card Harris or Harris, Charles Head, Miss Theresa, King's B. Road Hiscock, Mrs. Diana, late Gen. Hospital Houseman, H. H., late Halifax Hogan, Mrs., South Side Hutchings, F., Hayward's Avenue Hunt, Lizzie Hawkins, Mrs. E. B., retd.	N Nell, Miss. Parnes Rd. Noel, Mrs. Bertha, Georgetown	T Taylor, Bertram, late Norris' Arm Taylor, Miss Winnie, Riverhead Taylor, Mrs. D., Southside Templeman, Miss P., card Timman, Miss Lucy, late of London, Eng. Tobin, Mrs. Helen, card, Colonial St.
D Dalton, Miss Jessie, Circular Road Drake, Miss, card, Queen's College Dicks, A. M., retd. Duggan, Miss Esther, card, Colonial Street Dunphy, Miss T., card, Dyer, Mrs. Rebecca, retd.	J Johnson, Chas. Henry Jones, Geo., Coronation St. Johnson, Patrick, Bell St.	O O'Neil, Miss Bridget, card Oer, Cecily, retd.	W Walsh, Mrs. C., card, Springdale St. Wiseman, Marlin, care Gen. Delivery Williams, Miss, Rennie Mill Road White, Orby Webber, Arch, Pennywell Road Wheeler, Joseph Wheeler, John, Young St.
E Elliott, John, Bond St.	K King Miss Fanny, Gower St.	P Parsons, Duncan Paine, Clarence Parsons, George, Pennywell Road Pearce, Robert, Gower Street Perry, George C., Power's St. Perry, Miss Dorothy, Beck's Cove Power, Thomas, Munday Pond Rd. Porter, Samuel Power, P. Victoria St. Power, Miss M. A., card Paddington, Miss Kate Power, Mrs. James, James Street Raine, Mrs. John, Pleasant St. Rendell, Miss L., care Rev. Dunfield	Y Young, Henry L. Young, H., Cabot St. Young, Miss, Littledale.

SEAMEN'S LIST.

A Kennedy, Harvey J., schr. Alberta De Camba, Arthur, schr. Arthur H. White Kennedy, Harry J., schr. Alberta Morris, Capt. Wm., schr. B. G. Anderson	F Francis, Alex., schr. B. G. Anderson Granter, Edward, schr. Britannia Wall, Edmund, schr. Beale Lennox Stuckless, B. G., schr. Grace Cameron, Washington, schr. Isabella	L Pynn, Francis H., schr. Loyalty	R Anstey, Capt. Alex., schr. Reginald Anstey Wismann, Robert A., schr. Reginald Anstey Roberts, Master, schr. Springdale Pippy, Charles, schr. Springdale Quinton, Wm., Moore St.
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G. P. O., June 7th, 1910.

H. J. B. WOODS, P.M.G.

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THE FAIR IMPOSTOR.

CHAPTER I.
BEFORE THE BEGINNING.

THE cousin shook his head and made a comprehensive gesture. 'My dear Talbot! Who knows? She has disappeared into the twilight.'

Sir Talbot did not know what the twilight meant; but he guessed that he had seen and heard the last of her, and effaced her from his memory.

Oh, ye early loves, are the ephemera that dance for an hour in the sunlight less lasting than you! But you resurrect! Yes, sometimes you resurrect!

Talbot reigned at Woodleigh. And for some years alone and unweeded; but at last Cupids smote him. He met a young girl, a certain Miss Neubolt, at a garden party—and Cupid's arrows went home.

The course of true love ran smoothly. Why should it not? For the Neubolts were poor and Sir Talbot was the lord of many acres, the owner of the Woodleigh wealth. He courted her, and not in vain. They were married, and in due time a little girl was born to them.

Sir Talbot was ridiculously happy. He was fond of his wife, devoted to his child. The gods smiled on the household of Woodleigh, and all seemed well. More thoroughly than ever Sir Talbot forgot the episode of Eve Garner and his child. He played the part of lord and squire to perfection. He was absurdly, hilariously happy. Of course, he would have been still happier if the girl born to him had been a boy; but time enough! Meanwhile, he filled the Hall with guests and treated them regally.

Among them was a connection of Lady Woodleigh's, and a friend of Talbot's. His name was Revel Brand. He had been a suitor for Lady Woodleigh before she married Sir Talbot, but, unlike most suitors, had passed from lover to friend. Lady Woodleigh liked him, liked to have him about her. Liked him better than the cousin. And the cousin was jealous. Therefore, being a bad man, the cousin sowed the seed of suspicion in Talbot's mind. Trivial incidents helped the cousin, isn't there a proverb that the devil assists his own? And Sir Talbot's jealousy was aroused.

One night Lady Woodleigh and Revel Brand met in the conservatory to discuss the details of a fancy ball. Prompted by the cousin, Sir Talbot broke in upon them, overwhelmed them by accusation and abuse, and drove his lady to flight.

She took their infant child—a daughter—with her; and Sir Talbot was left desolate. All the more desolate for the fact that he stood alone, that is to say, that there was no one to succeed to the title and the vast estates of Woodleigh but his nephew Harold.

He met Revel Brand in a duel and left him dead; then Sir Talbot was once again a wanderer on the earth. Did he think of Eva Garner and his child? Perhaps so, perhaps not. The Hall was closed, the fast estates were left to the management of the steward.

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He was absent from his native land for years; then, quite suddenly, he returned. Home sickness, we say, had attacked him. And so our story, our proper story, opens.

CHAPTER II.
IN THE PICTURE GALLERY.

ONE night, in the early part of an English July, the lights streamed from every window of Woodleigh Hall, as they had not shone forth for many a long year. All along the winding drive which led to the Hall the gravel was cut up by scores of carriage wheels; while upon the ears of the village people, who were gathered in the meadows to watch the grand folk come and go, were borne the sounds of "the fiddle and the harp, the cornet and dassoon," from the open windows of the ballroom. Myriads of colored lamps lined the avenue, and shone upon the white tents which had been erected as temporary stables for the horses of the guests. Servants in handsome liveries glided to and fro, or lounged under the marquees, drinking the Woodleigh ale and discussing the extraordinary occurrence which had brought them there; for the ball was the first entertainment of any kind which had been given in Woodleigh Hall for over twenty years.

Within the Hall itself the feeling of novelty and strangeness was as distinct, if not so plainly expressed. Crowded as were the reception rooms, there were not many who could boast of having before passed the threshold of the handsome residence of the lord of the manor, Sir Talbot Woodleigh; there were almost as many who had never met Sir Talbot himself, and who had come prompted by a devouring curiosity to see the man, and the house which had been a sealed mystery for a score of years. On the other hand, there were a few who remembered Sir Talbot when he had been known as 'Wild Woodleigh.'

If they had expected to see any extraordinary change, they were certainly disappointed.

They saw a tall, thin, old man, with a clean cut, patrician face, distinguished by the Woodleigh blue-grey eyes and well-formed mouth—a thorough specimen of English nobility, who greeted his guests and welcomed them with a courtesy which smacked of the manner of the old world that had known him as 'Wild Woodleigh.'

And on Harold Woodleigh, after all, the attention and regard of the large assembly concentrated.

It was in his honor that this entertainment had been given—to introduce him to the world of Wealthshire had Sir Talbot Woodleigh given a feast and bidden the guests.

And assuredly enough Harold Woodleigh was a pleasant enough subject for such regard. Tall and stalwart, with the Woodleigh bearing, and the Woodleigh face, with the slightest trace of the tan of foreign travel to throw up the short, yellow—golden, the women called it—hair, he was, if not the handsomest, as handsome as any man in the room.

To many, to nearly all, he was as much a stranger as was Sir Talbot; all Wealthshire knew that there was a nephew to whom the vast Woodleigh estates would descend, but few had seen him. His visits to the Hall since his boyhood had been few and far between; he had gone through the college course with a liberal allowance; and to sum up, knew as little about his uncle and benefactor as it was possible for him, under such circumstances, to know. I have said that he possessed the Woodleigh gift

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of beauty; for the rest he shall speak and act for himself.

At the commencement the ball threatened to be rather stiff. It is difficult to be merry in a house that had been shut up for twenty years, and familiar with a host whom you had never seen, and about whom the most romantic and extravagant stories have been afloat for a corresponding, and much longer, period; but as time wore on the night grew lighter; there was no lack of beauty and rank, the arrangements were as perfect as unlimited expenditure could make them, and young Harold Woodleigh, at about one o'clock in the morning, came up to Sir Talbot with a smile and a flushed face after the last waltz, to declare that the thing was a success.

'Everything going swimmingly, sir,' he said. 'The duchess says it is the best ball of the season.'

Sir Talbot inclined his head and smiled faintly.

'Her grace is very kind,' he said—that was all; and Harold looked down his programme and went off to find his next partner.

Two hours later and the guests began to weed, as it were. First went the duchess herself and her little train of satellites, and then one after another of the county notabilities, and at last the great salon was empty, and Harold Woodleigh, tired and excited, stood absently watching the servants noiselessly extinguishing the apparently innumerable lights.

Half an hour ago the vast room had been filled with music and laughter, the glitter of jewels, and the glint of satin and silk; now all was silent and subdued. Harold Woodleigh looked round him with a dreamily curious gaze, recalling the incidents of the evening, trying to realize his own position as the heir to all this grandeur and wealth; then suddenly he remembered his uncle. Like the guests he had disappeared, melted away.

'I suppose I shall see no more of

PIMPLES

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him to-night, or rather this morning, he mused. 'I'd better get to bed!'

And with a yawn he looked once more round the room and went out.

The ballroom of Woodleigh Hall opened out into the entrance hall, from which a broad staircase led to the upper rooms, joined by a corridor running round all four sides of the house.

Harold, with his hands in his pockets, sauntered slowly up the stairs and across the corridor, and was about to enter his room—the room that was always set aside for him on his rare visits—when it occurred to him that a cigar would not be at all a bad thing, and he turned and crossed the corridor on his way to a small picture gallery, in which he was always permitted to smoke; there was no apartment in the old Hall devoted to the nicotine weed.

Sir Talbot did not smoke: the extraordinary consumption of tobacco had not been one of the vices of his time; but he was tolerant, and permitted it at the Hall on condition that it was confined to the small gallery, as it was called.

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HARLIN FULTON,
Pleasant Bay, C.B.

Harold pushed open a half door that shut this gallery from the corridor; a dim light was burning, and he was going to a cabinet in which cigars were kept, when he was startled by the sound of a voice coming from the darkness of the further end of the gallery. It was Sir Talbot.

'Harold!' he said; 'is it you?'

Harold turned and peered into the darkness.

'Yes, sir, it is I,' he answered. 'I came for a cigar; I had no idea you were here.'

Sir Talbot's tall figure came slowly from the darkness, and stood in the rays of the solitary wax candle. He was still in evening dress, and looked weirdly thin in the semi-darkness; but it was not at his figure Harold stared, but his face. When he had last seen it—an hour ago—it was set with the composed smile of a host; now it was hard, and white and haggard; and the gray eyes looked grave and troubled, as the old baronet met the gaze of his nephew.

(To be continued.)