

UNCLAIMED LETTERS REMAINING IN G. P. O. to MARCH 24, 1910.

Table listing unclaimed letters with columns for recipient names and addresses. Includes names like Andrews, Miss Jessie; Adams, Miss Maud; Aspel, Miss Mary; etc.

SEAMEN'S LIST.

Table listing seamen with columns for names, ship names, and agents. Includes names like Morris, Mr., s.s. Adventure; Knudson, Ruds; etc.

Advertisement for 'FREW'S NEW SPRING GOODS! Per S.S. Rosalind.' listing various goods like hats, ribbons, and oysters, and mentioning 'JAS. STOTT' for printing.

Which Was The Heir?

CHAPTER XVII. (Continued.) THE visitors began to leave the vessel, good byes were waved from the quay, a bell rang, the steam whistle hooted the signal for starting, and Cottie felt the great ship move under her.

CHAPTER XVIII. FREE—but alone! Her heart sank as she realised it. She was here, in the crowded ship, in the guise of a boy, with no Geoffrey to fly to for protection if she were discovered, with no knowledge of the land to which she was going, no protector or guardian waiting to receive and guide her when she landed.

CHAPTER XIX. She choked back her sobs as she read the letter, and gripping it tightly in her hand, hugged it against her bosom; it did not occur to her to press it to her lips, because she had not learnt the mysterious art of kissing; and before she put it in her pocket with the notes—which were to her far less valuable—she read and reread it again and again.

Sciatic Rheumatism

Unable to work or sleep—Six years of suffering—Cured by DR. A. W. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD. Mr. Alex. Ethier, Jr., Clarence Creek, Russell Co., Ont., writes:—'My nervous system was run down to such an extent that I suffered a great deal from weakness of the nerves and sciatic rheumatism, and at times was like one paralyzed. I could not work, was unable to sleep, and had no appetite.'

ACCIDENTS



ACCIDENTS will happen in every path of life, and once the tissues are lacerated, it is an easy matter for disease germs to make entry into the blood. Once they are permitted to do this for the air full of microbes all too ready to enter the body they commence their deadly work.

lad, especially when he's got that taking way of yours. Oh, you'll do well enough—I tell myself this when I feel most mad at parting with you; and Ronnie, lad, I feel bad all the time. You will never know how much it cost me to send you away, not you! And why should you? You're too young, and a boy, and lucky for them, boys have no hearts! Now, you remember me telling you about England—I mean the country part of it—the lanes and green meadows, and the big old trees, with the grand old houses in the middle of them? Well, I'd like you to see the country, and as soon as you get a chance, make for it. There's Marion Bridge, C.B., May 30, '02.

I have handled MINARD'S LINIMENT during the past year. It is always the first Liniment asked for here, and unquestionably the best-seller of all the different kinds of Liniment I handle.

one place I should like you to go and see, because—well, I know it, and all about it in fact; but never mind why I want you to go there. It's a long story, and I won't write it down. Some day, when we meet again—but you don't care whether we ever see each other again or not, do you, Ronnie—not you! Well, perhaps I may pluck up courage enough to tell you why I am an outcast and an exile from England, and especially the place I want you to go and see. It is called Starborough. You take the train from London—but there, you'll find out easily enough. Go and look at the old place, and when you do, think of me; try and fancy me longing to be with you. Be a good lad, Ronnie; use those brains of yours—they're pretty sharp, I know—and become a big man. Some day, as I say—'but there! you'll forget your old chum amidst your new friends, I darsay. But he won't forget you, laddie, or the happy days we spent together. Good-bye and God bless you! "GEOFFREY."

She choked back her sobs as she read the letter, and gripping it tightly in her hand, hugged it against her bosom; it did not occur to her to press it to her lips, because she had not learnt the mysterious art of kissing; and before she put it in her pocket with the notes—which were to her far less valuable—she read and reread it again and again. It cut her to her soul that Geoff should deem her heartless, and she stretched out her hands unconsciously and murmured his name with piteous penitence and assured of her faith and loyalty. But he both consoled and encouraged her. It was sweet to feel that he was sorry to part with her, and he had given her a destination. She would go, not to school, or not at first, at any rate, but to this place, Starborough.

Then he pondered over her situation and faced it and the difficulties which presented themselves. It seemed to her that she had no choice but to continue playing the part of a boy; she had no woman's clothes, and if she had possessed them, the transformation would be difficult on board the ship. She would have to remain as she was, at any rate, until she reached land. For three days she kept in her state-room, taking in the

Advertisement for ROBIN HOOD FLOUR, featuring an image of a flour sack and the text 'IS DIFFERENT IT HAS ROUSED THE CURIOSITY OF THE WHOLE WEST'.

food the steward brought her through the half-open door, and she waited until the evening of the third day before she ventured to steal on deck. It was a fair night, and the promenade was crowded, so that her appearance attracted very little attention. Indeed, she found a quiet corner in which she was almost concealed from the passengers who passed to and fro in the starlight, talking and laughing; and from this coign of vantage she looked with the same mixture of fear and interest which had assailed her in the city—at the women folk, wondering at their low-pitched musical voices, their beautiful dresses, and the grace with which they wore them. She, too, was a woman, a girl; but how different, she thought, with a wistful pang. What would they think, say, if they knew? The mental question sent her, blushing and trembling to her cabin, from which she could not find courage to emerge for another couple of days. Fortunately for her secret, the weather grew rough, and strange to say, she was not ill, the prevailing seasickness supplied an excuse for seclusion.

But one morning, when the weather had grown calmer, the steward brought her a message from the captain. He had just been informed that the lad was alone in consequence of his uncle having missed the ship. 'The captain's compliments, sir,' said the steward through the half-open door; 'but he hopes you're better, and he's reserved a seat at the table next him, and hopes you'll come down to dinner.'

Cottie's heart sank, but she managed to get out, 'Very well,' and with inward fear and trembling, but with a fair assumption of self-possession when the dinner-bugle sounded, she made her way to the saloon. She was dazzled for a moment, by its size and the splendour of its decorations, and still more by the men and women, 'And you are all alone here?' said the lady. 'I'm afraid you find it very dull and lonely, don't you? But no doubt your uncle will follow by the next ship. You are going to school in England, I suppose?' 'Yes,' said Cottie.

'Well, you will like that,' said the lady, whose name was Sefton, with her friendly smile. 'I have a boy at school—at Eton. Where are you going?' 'I don't know,' faltered Cottie. 'My uncle—' 'Ah, yes,' murmured Mr. Sefton. 'Well, as the captain says, we must look after you. Will you take your coffee with me on deck?' (To be continued.)

CHINA CUPS and Saucers, Plates, Dishes, etc., Glass Crews, Dishes, Tumblers, Wine Glasses, Decanters, Vases, etc. We are always fully stocked with the above lines. At LARACY'S, 345 and 347 Water Street, opposite Post Office.—Jan. 3, 11.