

UNCLAIMED LETTERS REMAINING IN G.P.O. to JUNE 1st, 1901

Table with columns A through S listing names and addresses of unclaimed letters. Includes names like Andrews, Robert; French, John; Lovelace, Miss Georgena; Riggs, Miss Edith; etc.

SEAMEN'S LIST.

Table with columns A through S listing names and addresses of seamen. Includes names like Kennedy, Harvey J.; Francis, Alex.; Pynn, Francis H.; etc.

CHEAPER THAN POST CARDS. Our new Souvenir Album of Nfld. Views, series 1, size 6 x 8 in., contains 20 views in Brown Colotype as follows: Water Street, Harbor Grace. Suburban Residences, St. John's. Grand Bank—Headquarters of the Bank Fishery. R. C. Church, Placentia. Railway Station, St. John's. The Narrows, or entrance to St. John's. St. John's, as seen from the R. C. Cathedral. View of St. John's West. View of St. John's East. Iceberg off the Narrows, St. John's. Iceberg, 200 feet high, aground outside St. John's. Dry Dock, St. John's. Waterford Bridge and River. Waterford Valley, Suburbs St. John's. Quidi Vidi, Typical Fishing Village. Mannel's River. Railway Bridge, Mannel's River. Petty Harbor. Logy Bay, Placentia. Only 20c. per Album of 20 Views. (See Chronicle for No. 2 series.)

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Which Was The Heir? ETH MINT

CHAPTER XLIII. COTTIE met the doctor driving on the Starborough road and painted out her request that he would go to Mrs. Farren's cottage at once; and when he had gone, she sank on the bank by the roadside, gasping for breath and covering her face with her hands. She was almost too confused to think; but presently she realized what had happened. Her impersonation of her dead brother, Ronnie, had borne strange fruits. The earl—all the world presently—would proclaim her heir to Starborough. The tears sprang to her eyes as she thought of all poor Ronnie had lost—did not know that Geoffrey had been recognised and that his legitimacy had been proved. Ronnie lay there under the Australian pines, and she was in his place. The thought almost drove her mad. She had only one desire—to cast aside her boy's clothes forever, to get back into woman's attire, to be a woman. With a hot flush of shame, she sprang to her feet and hurried down the road, casting fearful glances round her, lest Geoffrey should have come after her. What she should do she did not know. She was alone in her plight. If only Mrs. Sefton were here—at any rate she could wire for her. She turned aside to the village post-office and sent the telegram: 'Please come at once. C.'

Then she hurried on. She was turning into the lane which led past the Hall gates to Betty's, when she saw Eva coming out from the drive, and at the sight of her she stopped dead short, with her hand to her heart, breathing painfully. Eva saw her, and stopped short too, then she hurried towards Cottie. 'Ronnie!' she exclaimed. 'Where did you come back? Have you seen him—Mr. Bell?' 'Ronnie is dead?' repeated Eva in a puzzled tone. 'How can he be dead? Are you not Ronnie?' 'No; it was Ronnie who died that night we got to Geoffrey's hut; and I took his place and deceived Geoffrey—have deceived everybody all along. Eva sank into a chair and tried to grasp the fact. 'Then who are you?' she asked. 'I am his sister—Constance,' she said, almost inaudibly. 'I am Cottie—I am a—woman. Oh, why have you never guessed it?' White and red by turns, Eva sprang to her feet and stared at the boyish figure, with its head bent with shame. 'A woman—a girl!' she breathed. 'Yes,' said Cottie, making a clean breast of it. 'I know what you think—that I was alone with him all that time—that I have been going about as a boy; that I am not fit to be in the same room with you, to breathe the same air. But I meant no harm. I was alone in the world and helpless and friendless, and just a girl alone in that wild place, and I was afraid. I meant no harm; and after it was done—I told him the lie and said I was Ronnie. It was too late to go back. I could not—you'll see that, understand why. But have I been so very wicked? No one but you and Mrs. Sefton knows the truth—not Geoffrey, not anyone.' 'Mrs. Sefton!' Eva started. 'Then you are—you are the Constance Sefton—the young lady—Mr. Bell is in love with?' Cottie made a gesture of assent, her eyes full of tears. 'Yes,' she said. 'I meant to tell him—I don't know how—but I meant to tell him. Oh, I think I better go away and never see him again! Yes that is what I'd better do! And I—oh, I love him so!' A sob broke her voice, and the sob more than anything else, won Eva's heart. She caught the trembling form to her and soothed the weeping girl. 'Hush, hush!' she said. 'You must not think of going away, of leaving him. He loves you very dearly—has, I fully believe, loved you all the time without knowing it—yes, when you were out with him alone there in Australia.' Cottie quivered with a delicious thrill. 'Oh, do not think so!' she murmured.

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'Yes! I am sure of it,' replied Eva. 'Now, stop crying, and let us—we two women—put our heads together and think what we had better do. First of all—' Cottie broke in before she could finish. 'Yes!' she whispered. 'These clothes. Oh, I have still more to tell you; I stole some of your clothes from that basket at Betty's.' A light broke in upon Eva. 'Oh, now I understand how you got away! It was very clever. But they were old clothes, and you shall have better than those. They must have fitted you very well. Yes, we are nearly of the same height; and yet you always seem much shorter. Oh, how wonderful, how incredible it all seems! But come with me—come with me!' She took her hand and drew her into the adjoining dressing-room and hurriedly looked up some clothes. 'Oh, how pretty you are!' she exclaimed, when Cottie hastily made the exchange. 'I don't wonder at his being in love with you. Why, I was almost in love with you myself—when you were a boy. But we won't speak of that; we will forget it. Now, what shall we do?' 'They said me to go straight back to the castle,' said Cottie, helplessly. 'They will be waiting for me there.' Eva thought for a moment, then she said: 'And you shall go. We will both go. Don't be afraid,' for Cottie had shrunk back, and the colour which excitement had brought to her face began to fade. 'No one shall harm you; and no one shall say a word which shall make you ashamed. See, dear, I was going to say 'Ronnie' again—I shall be with you. You shall stay with me, and I shall stand by you like a sister—if you will have me for one, she added, in her sweet and gentle voice. The two girls embraced, and while the carriage was being ordered, Cottie told her strange story fully to Eva; so strange, indeed, that Eva felt as if she were listening to a romance woven by the most famous novelists; so true is it that truth is always more wonderful than fiction. She held Cottie's hand as they drove towards the castle, and both the girls were silent, or nearly so; but one remark broke unwittingly upon Eva. 'If you are not the heir—and you are not—then Mr. Sidney Bassington is still the next heir to Starborough.' Cottie shook her head dolefully. 'I don't know, I suppose so. I'm so ignorant of all such things. But I wish he weren't, for I dislike and distrust him. I wish that poor Ronnie were alive, and that it was I who had died. Oh, no, no, I don't! I can't wish that—for there is Geoffrey. But perhaps he will not love me any longer—'

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