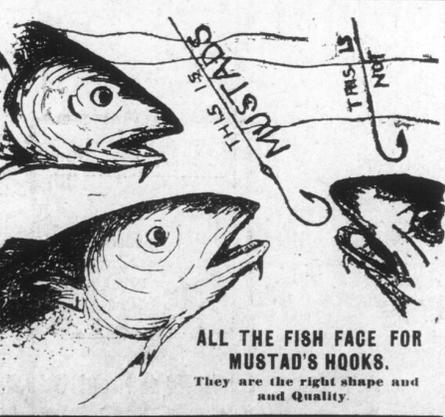


UNCLAIMED LETTERS, REMAINING IN G. P. to FEB. 23rd, 1911

- Adams, John, Duckworth Street
Armstrong, Beaverley, Alexander, Archibald
Baird, Wm, Nagle's Hill
Bauvian, Norah, LeMarchant Rd
Bryan, Thos, Blackmarsh Road
Barrett, Arch, ret.
Bran, Miss Jamie, Brine St
Bradbury, E. J., ret.
Blake, Miss Beatrice, Barron, Mrs. Frank
E-enas, Mary Joseph, South Side
Bennett, T. P., Cochrane St
Benson, J. J., ret.
Brien, Thos., Blackmarsh Rd
Bugden, Frederick, care G. P. O.
Buckley, Miss Alice, French, Wm.
Buckley, Mrs. Wm., Fitzpatrick, Miss Minnie
Bruce, Richard, Flower Hill
Buras, Miss T., Street, 23
Byrne, Geo. T., ret.
Buddon, Mrs. L., ret.
Greening, Mrs. A., slip
Bergman, Ben
Butler, Mr. and Mrs. John
Brien, Miss, Silms' St.
Brown, Miss E. B.
Cutt, Mrs. George, Forest Road
Caines, John
Clarke, Ella, card
Clarke, F. S., Water Street
Caine, John, late Badger Brook
Cain, John, Water St. West
Chafe, Frederick, Plymouth Road
Chaplin, Miss G., care Wm. Chapman
Sarrall, Capt. James
Clarke, Edith, Gower St.
Collins, Miss Lizzie, care Mrs. Lynch
Conroy, Mrs. James, card
Coady, John, Lime Street
Croker, Samuel, late s.s. Invermore
Cooke, Miss, Baisam St.
Cosman, Otto, late Sydney, C.B.
Cooper, Miss Rose, care Miss Dwyer
Costello, Master Martin, card
Cooper, Mr. care Wm. Frew
Crockwell, Lawrence, George's St.
Croker, Samuel, late Port aux Basques
Cunningham, J. M., care Post Office
Croker, Miss Anne, York Street
Cummings, Mrs. John, Duckworth Street
Canning, A. J., Blaine, Beatrice, Forest Rd.
Cooper, Miss, late Royal Stores
Connelly, Patk.
Dwyer, Miss Lizzie, Rennie Mill Road
Devine, Dan, Driscoll, Sarah, ret.
Dillon, Mrs. Mary, Ferguson Place
Downton, Mrs. Sarah, card
Doyle, Wm., late Bonavista Branch
Dixon, J. F.
Emerson, Mrs. Wm., card
Scott, Mrs. Mark, ret.
Edmonds, Miss Mary, John Street
Ezakiel, Thos., ret.
Fry, Joseph, care Bishop & Sons
French, J., St. John's
Fitzpatrick, Miss Minnie
Fitzpatrick, H.
Forsyth, Mary, ret.
Flynn, Blanche, New Gower Street
Gahan, Miss Elsie
Gallagar, Frank
Greening, Mrs. A., slip
Long's Hill
Gillis, J. A., late Bonavista Branch
Good, Mrs. Lizzie, ret.
Gorley, Mon. Joseph, slip
Gush, Wm., care G. P. O.
Hannon, John A.
Halliday, Miss, Mt. Scio
Harris, Mrs. Wm.
Hall, Miss M., P. O. Box 139
Healey, W. J.
Healey, Miss Mary, care Thos. Healey
Hillyer, Miss Jane, LeMarchant Road
Hynes, Thos., card
Hutchings, Mr. & Mrs. J. F.
Hutchings, Leonard, late Woods' Island
Hob, Mrs. Wm.
Hart, John G.
Holman, Edward, Brazil's Square
Jones, G. A., Dunford St.
Johnson, Mrs. John C., ret.
James, Miss Mary, care Miss Dwyer
Johnson, Conrad, card
James, Jack, Adelaide Street
James, Rev. E. R., card
Kennedy, James J., North Side
York Street
Kavanagh, John, card, late Norris' Arm
Kavanagh, Mary Ann, ret.
King, H., ret.
King, Mrs. M., care G.P.O.
King, Jack J., card
King, Mrs. Matthews, care of Kent & McFarlane
Lake, Mrs. J., Langton, Edward
Lawlor, Francis, card
Lewis, R., Little, Dr. John
Lacey, Roland, care Gen'l Delivery
Marks, S., card
Martin, Eric, card
Williams' Lane
Layor, C., card, Duckworth Street
Miller, John, Hutchings' St.
Morrisey, Thos., care Gen'l Delivery
Molloy, Michael, ret.
Molloy, J. J., Casey's St.
Mourie, Mrs. Mary
Murphy, Wm., Adelaide St.
Munnac, Hugh W., St. George's St.
Mullowney, John, late Trinity
Murphy & Doyle
Gallagar, Frank
MacKay, Miss Maggie, card
McBean, W., card
McCliffey,
McCliffey, Miss Minnie, Water St. West
McLarn, Mrs. Lottie, Duckworth Street
McDonald, Edward, Water St. West
McBean, W., card
Newhook H., card
Newberry, Miss Annie
Newworthy, Alice, Prince's Street
O'Neil, J., card.
O'Brien, Miss Mary E., Water Street
O'Keley, Mrs. James, late Trinity
O'Keley, Mrs. Ellen, ret.
O'Brien, W. J., card.
O'Brien, Miss Ellen, card
O'Neil/O'Neill, eter, Blackmarsh Road
Perrin, Lizzie, card.
Phelan, E. W., Water St.
Phelan, James, slip
Penny, J. W., care G.P.O.
Penny, Mary, ret.
Penny, Sarah, King's Bridge Road
Pike, Miss M. H., slip
Piddigrew, Wm., ret.
Pitcher, Constable, Police Station
Pike, Miss M., slip
Phillips, Mrs. James A., North Side
Walker, Arthur B., Prince's Street
Power, Miss Martha, LeMarchant Road
Pike, Capt. John
Prowse, Mrs. James W., Water St. West
Ryan, Miss Gertrude, ret.
Rush, Hugh
Rells, Harry, rince's St.
Reid, Mr., care G. P. O.
Reynolds, T. W., Y.M.C.A.
Ring, Susie, Goodview St.
Rodgers, Mrs. S. A.
Rock, Martin
Ruel, Johanna, card
Read, S. E.
Rodgers, Mrs., Golf Avenue
Richards, Rev. J.
Sansom, Miss LeVina, Gower Street
Stevenson, D., card
Shears, Miss Sophie
Stewart, Margaret, care Gen'l Delivery
Steed, Benjamin, Carter's Hill
Smith, Miss Emily, Neagle's Hill
Smith, Mr. & Mrs. R.
Sivert, J. G.
Scott, Miss Anna
Shorty, Gerty, card
Stowe, John G., late Bonavista
Snow, Mrs. E., care Post Office
Scott, Miss Annie, Circular Road
Strong, Margaret, care Gen'l Delivery
Strong, Alice & B.
Imms, Mrs.
Quires, H. E.
Stratten, Miss A.
Taylor, Harvey B., care G. P. O.
Taylor, E., LeMarchant Road
Taylor, Thos., card.
Taylor, Thos., Water Street
Taylor, Lemuel B., Young Street
Thomson, H. C., ret.
Luff, Mrs. ret.
Tubbe, Capt., card
Tucker, Mrs. James, card
Taff, Edmund
Verge, Master Max, card
Way, Mrs. Prince's St.
Waterfield, J., card
Wage, Albert, King's Road
Walters, Joseph
Wheeler, Elizabeth, card
Whelton, J. J., card
White, Jacob
Wiseman, George, card
Winston, Ernest, care Parker & Monro
White, Robert, King's Road
Woodford, Philip, Prince's Street
Walker, Arthur B., Prince's Street
Yale, Geo. W. L., care Gen'l Delivery

SEAMEN'S LIST.

- Penwill, Jacob, schr. Arabia
Brenton, George, schr. Arabia
Bragger, Capt. A., s.s. Anita
Benjamin, Chas., schr. Ethel E.
Petrie, Harold, schr. Arnold
Kelly, J. C., s.s. Beatrice
Randel, John, s.s. Bonaventure
Pike, Alfred, schr. Bella Rose
House, Gordon, schr. Blue Jacket
Steed, B., schr. Beatrice May
O'Reilly, Patrick, schr. C. J. Brennan
Williams, Eugene, bargt. Charlotte Young
Smith, M., bargt. Charlotte Young
Hann, Jesse, schr. Climax
Sharpe, Peter, bargt. Cordelia
Wrixon, Mr. Joseph, schr. Commander
Thornhill, Isaac, schr. Howard Young
Rive, Capt. E. T., ketch Hero
I
arks, Capt. Almon, schr. Inga
J
Roach, Mrs. Joseph, schr. Josephine
L
Ellis, W., schr. Lloyd Morris
Lamond, Geo. W., schr. Llewellyn
M
Kennedy, Capt. W. J., schr. M. S. Ayre
White, Charles, schr. Mildred
Rossiter, George W., schr. Golden Hind
Haagerson, Carl, bargt. Gaspe
H
Miller, Capt. W. A., schr. Helen Stewart
Flander, Samuel, schr. Huronic
Miller, W. A., schr. Helen Stewart
Saunders, Abel, schr. Maggie
Power, Patrick, schr. Norman O.
Hicks, Capt. Richard, schr. Nellie Burns
Lawrence, Edward T., schr. Nellie M.
Walters, James T., schr. Oriental
Maurice, W., schr. Perceverance
R
Rickey, Milton, schr. Roma
Young, Herbert, schr. Robin
Sheppard, Walter, schr. Ruby
Flander, Capt. John, schr. Sisters
Simms, Wm. G., schr. St. Elm
T
Pette, Capt. H., schr. Toboati
Y
Adams, Richard, schr. Victory
Hobbs, Robert J., vaudeville
Horwood, Capt. Cyril, schr. Waterwitch
Woodcock, E., schr. Western Lass



ALL THE FISH FACE FOR MUSTARD'S HOOKS. They are the right shape and Quality.

New Valentines and Valentine Post Cards.

Just arrived from New York ex. S. S. Florizel. Comics Trades Jokers, 5c. and 8c. doz. Fault Finders and Long Jokers, 10, 15 and 25c. doz. The New Elite Comics, 10c. per doz. Fancy Valentines, 1, 2, 4 and up to 25c. each. Valentines daintily perfumed, 15 and 25c. each. Novelty Valentines, from 25c. to 50c. Valentine Post Cards, Comic, from 2c. Valentine Post Cards, Sentimental from 2c. Very handsome embossed, satin finish and floral post cards, without mottoes, 5 to 30c. Envelopes and mailing wraps given "free" with all "valentines" at 5c. and upwards. A nice line of booklets and illustrated novels very suitable for St. Valentine's Gifts.

Garland's Bookstore, feb 4, 11 177-254 Water St. JOB PRINTING



JOHN MANSFIELD'S WOOING A Delightful Canadian Romance.

MARY COUDERT walked down the road leading from St. Maurice into the heart of the Canadian forest. She was the prettiest girl in the parish—a little pertulant, a trifle spoiled, and a good deal of a coquette. She had taken a lonely road. There was not a house in sight, nor a sound to be heard; but she was accustomed to silence and loneliness, and walked unconcernedly. After a time there was a sound of wheels behind her and the clatter of horses' hoofs. Apparently she had no curiosity to know who was coming, for she did not look behind, but went on with the same even grace as before, and demurely held her sunshade before her face. A man was driving a pair of sleek bay horses slowly down the road. They were powerful brutes—supple, strong, and well-groomed. A pair of ordinary Canadian ponies would have seemed like a pocket edition of these animals. They were harnessed to the running gear of a heavy wagon. The wagon box had been removed, and a board had been thrown across the two axle-trees. The driver was seated upon this plank much as a woman would have sat in a side-saddle, and as he was a tall man, his feet barely cleared the ground. He had a piece of sheepskin for a cushion, and, altogether, this turnout was as unpretentious as can be imagined. He was on his way to the saw-mill for a load of boards. John Mansfield was as powerful a specimen of the human race as his horses were types of the equine. He was twenty-eight years old and a farmer. He owned more stock and more land than any other man in the community, and this was not the result of inheritance, but of actual shrewdness and industry. Mansfield was a more progressive man than any of his neighbours. Although he was in his shirt-sleeves and wore a soft felt hat that had done long service, he was a good looking young giant, was clear-eyed, strong featured, and well formed; but as he drove up to Marie Coudert's side there was a mocking expression in his eyes which would have incensed her had she turned to look at him. She did not turn. She kept on looking straight before her, her little tip tilted nose in the air, her parasol held resolutely over her head. He held in the great brutes he was driving, and kept provokingly close to her side. She endured this situation for some time, although the heightened colour in her cheeks, and certain little nervous twitching of her hands, expressed her wrathful consciousness of his presence. He noted these indications with wicked satisfaction. He peeped under her parasol, and laughed softly, but gleefully, at the contemptuous air she had assumed. She felt his ridicule, and grew more cross every minute. It seemed to her that he was having the best of the situation. He did not have to make any effort at all. He could sit unconcernedly on that old board and keep at her side while she walked down the dusty road, and perspired because the weather was warm, and because her temper was a great deal warmer. She stopped at last, and confronted him. 'I wish you would either go before me,' she said, with much dignity, 'or stay behind.' He bowed with exaggerated ceremony, drew in his horses until their pace was extraordinary slow, and calmly followed her. This arrangement was less satisfactory than ever. Again she stopped. 'John Mansfield,' she said, 'I will not have you mocking me behind my back. I want you to go before.' 'Haden't you better get on this board and ride with me?' he asked. 'There is plenty of room on this sheepskin. And, beside, we had better come to some understanding. You have been avoiding me for a week. Suppose you get up here and tell me what is the matter.' He had no idea that she would do anything of the sort. There were no fine equipages in St. Maurice, and the people there were not much given to style; but Marie Coudert was what the country people called 'a bit stuck up,' and it was not to be expected that she would go riding upon a board. She gave a surreptitious look around to see if anyone was witnessing her action, and then seated herself with great dignity upon the sheepskin, behind John Mansfield. 'You know what the matter is,' she said, when the horses were started again. 'You told my father stories against Jules Lamartine. You made my father suspicious of him—cruel to him.' 'I am nobody's spy and you know it,' he said, curly. 'I have no interest in Lamartine, and no spite against him. But! respect your father, and I am his friend. For his sake I told him what I did. I gave him an opportunity to protect you from a scoundrel, and was bold enough and rash enough to risk your sovereign displeasure.' 'I know that you care nothing for my displeasure or pleasure,' she answered, quickly. 'You have done nothing but displease me ever since I can remember.' He made no reply, but suddenly received the reins and allowed his

horses to break into violent speed. The board bounded up and down in a manner that was disconcerting to the young lady. She was filled with wrath, yet was speechless because she was compelled to devote all her attentions to her efforts to remain on the board. Her plumage and her temper were greatly ruffled. She made little grabs at her hat to keep it from flying off. She could not keep her parasol over her head, for both hands were needed to help her maintain her position. When she could catch her breath, she protested against his mode of driving. 'I don't want to be killed,' she said. 'If you must drive like a madman, let me off this board. I prefer to walk.' The horses were intently checked. John Mansfield was in her sight a most provoking object. In St. Maurice she was greatly admired, and, like most coquettes, she was cognisant of all her power and influence. She knew that when she was ready to marry she could choose her husband from a score of suitors. All the men she knew, except John Mansfield, showed some pleasure in her society; but he did nothing but plague her. She decided, therefore, that she would be his enemy, for it was difficult to stand upon neutral ground with a man of his provoking and positive character. 'You have gossiped about M. Lamartine, and induced my father to forbid him to enter our house,' she said at length. 'You have made some mysterious charge against him which my father has chosen to believe without requiring you to prove it. There seems to be a general hatred of Jules in this place, and I fancy you are the author of it.' 'I have mentioned him to no one but your father.' Mansfield had drawn his brows together and was the picture of stern displeasure. 'People here dislike Jules because he wears kid gloves and patent leather shoes,' Marie continued. 'As he doesn't ask anybody to pay for his fine clothes, he might be allowed to dress as he pleases. I don't follow the hobnail fashions of this place, and see no reason why anyone should be required to do so. I should not like M. Lamartine any letter if he wore an ugly old felt hat and rode about in his shirt sleeves.' She was severely criticizing Mansfield's costume, and he turned and confronted her scrutiny. He was of too stolid a nature to be sensitive on the question of his appearance, and he laughed. 'Yes, he's a beauty when he's fixed up,' he said, sarcastically. 'Bless his little boots, the girls are all fighting for him. But' with sudden gravity, 'he's not fit company for honest Eugene Coudert's wilful daughter.'

She did not answer him immediately, and he gave his attention to his horses. He was saying to himself that Marie must have cared considerably about M. Lamartine's company or she would not be so gravely concerned at the prospect of losing it. Mansfield knew a story about the Frenchman which she would not have cared to hear, and which she would not have believed if she had heard it. Jules had lived in St. Maurice for two years. He was an artist, and in summer he had passed a great deal of his time out of doors, sketching at times, and occasionally settling down to hard work, and painting very well indeed. He was a novelty in the list of Canadian handi, where the fine arts were not cultivated, and he interested the inhabitants greatly. He found much to interest him as well. St. Maurice had a local beauty, who was unique, and Lamartine had painted her portrait. She was a half-breed named Zephyr, and her appearance was as fantastic as her name. Her father was an Indian, her mother a French-Canadian, and the girl had lived the savage, nomadic life characteristic of her father's tribe. Naturally the painter wished her for a model. He had noted her impassioned and dangerous face, her firm, smooth limbs, her sun-brown skin, her restless disposition; and he had said to himself that if he could reproduce her strange beauty upon canvas, his reputation as a clever artist would be established. In time, by various devices and a liberal amount of flattery, Lamartine had succeeded in making her portrait. He lingered in St. Maurice after he had sent the picture to the Paris Salon, for he was courting M. Coudert's pretty daughter. He believed he was progressing well in his suit, when John Mansfield interfered. To be continued.

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. "Nothing seemed to build up my nerves until I made use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. After having used about \$12.00 worth of this medicine I feel like a new man. I can walk all right, do a great deal of work, have a good appetite and sleep well every night." When you have tired of experiments you can turn to Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food knowing that persistent treatment is bound to be rewarded with lasting beneficial results. But you must get the genuine, bearing portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M. D., 50 cts. at all dealers or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Write for free copy of Dr. Chase's Recipes.

The Effect OF Scott's Emulsion on thin, pale children is almost magical. It makes them plump, rosy, and active. Scott's Emulsion contains no drug, no alcohol, nothing but the purest and best ingredients to make blood, bone and solid flesh.

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Bovril. Comprises all that is good in beef and that only. It has for many years been used as a beverage or pick-me-up by the traveller, the athlete, the business man and housewife; on the principle that it is wise to take it and keep well rather than to wait until you are ill. Supplies may be had from T. J. EDENS, Sole Agent for Nfld. 10 cases just in by Shenandoah. 1 oz. bottles. 2 oz. bottles. 4 oz. bottles. 8 oz. bottles. 16 oz. bottles. Violol, Marrol, Vimbos, Invalid Bovril and Bovril Wine, in all sizes.

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