

UNCLAIMED LETTERS REMAINING IN G.P.O. to MAY 2nd, 1901.

Table listing unclaimed letters with columns for names and addresses. Includes entries for Andrews, Mrs., Gower St.; Doyle, Miss Bessie, retd.; Leonard, Mrs. Lizzie, retd.; Pike, Mrs. S.; and many others.

SIAMEN'S LIST.

Table listing names and addresses of the Siamen community. Includes entries for Morris, Mr., s.s. Adventure; Nolan Frederick, schr. Bell Franklin; and Lewis, Ralph, brig. Clutha.

Advertisement for John Mauder, 'The' Tailor, located at 251-253 Duckworth St., St. John's. Includes an illustration of a building and text describing his services.

Advertisement for Job Printing Executed, featuring a large stylized font for the text.

Advertisement for The London Directory, published annually. Text describes it as a complete commercial guide to London and its suburbs.

Which Was The Heir?

CHAPTER XXX. (Continued.) SHE did not know that Geoffrey had been unconscious for weeks, that at the very moment that she had discovered him, seeing him with Eva, he was about to speak of her. She decided, with a woman's impulsiveness, that she would not go to this Mrs. Setton. What would be the good of going? The rest of the paper had no interest for her, and she let it fall on her lap.

Advertisement for Bovril, a bouillon product. Text: 'By Appointment to His Majesty The King. BOVRIL makes delicious bouillon, rich, tasty gravies; adds flavour and strength to stews, hashes, soups, etc. BOVRIL is the true economist in the kitchen.'

her life had she felt so lonely, no, not even in the depths of an Australian forest. She went to another hotel, and was received with the same bland negative; to another, and met a refusal, blunt and discourteous; She could not understand it. Why would they not let her take a room in which to rest; why did they always ask for her luggage, and smile sarcastically when she said she had none? Mrs. Setton's advertisement haunted her; it began to assume the form of an invitation—a refuge; and, presently, overborne by her solitude in that vast crowd, her helplessness and her craving for shelter, and the sound of one sympathetic voice, she enquired her way to the Brighton station, and asked when a train would start.

No Man is Stronger than His Stomach

Advertisement for Dr. Bovell's Herb Tablets. Includes an illustration of a bottle and text: 'A strong man is strong all over. No man can be strong who is suffering from weak stomach. For when the stomach is weak or diseased, it impairs the nutrition of the body, and its associated organs, which impairs digestion and nutrition. For when the stomach is weak or diseased, there is a loss of the nutrients contained in food, which is the source of all physical strength. When a man doesn't feel just right, when he doesn't sleep well, when he has an uncomfortable feeling in the stomach, when his eating is languid, nervous, irritable and dependent, he is losing the nutrition needed to make strength. Such a man should use DR. BOVELL'S HERB TABLETS. They cure diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. They enrich the blood, invigorate the liver, strengthen the kidneys, nourish the nerves, and GIVE HEALTH AND STRENGTH TO THE WHOLE BODY. They can be had from all Druggists or Dealers at 25 cents per box. If your Dealer cannot supply you order direct from us by mail. We prepay postage on all orders. BOVELL MFG. CO., St. John's, Nfld., or Montreal, Can.'

Rheumatism Cured in 3 Weeks

By Father Morrissey's "No. 7" Tablets. Mr. James LeB. Johnstone, a prominent member of the Citizen's Band, of Chatham, N.B. writes: "I contracted Rheumatism by exposure five years ago, and was ailing for two months and in great pain all the time. I got Father Morrissey's No. 7 Tablets, and took them for about three weeks, when the Rheumatism all left me, and I have had no return of the pain since."

shoulder. He was a bookmaker going down to a race meeting. He had a big, bloated face, with a red nose and blurry eyes, and as she drank her milk he drew nearer to her. "Fine day, miss; ain't it?" he remarked, with a leering smile. Cottie looked at him, shrank back, set down her half-empty glass and fled. That decided her; and she found her way to the booking-office and took a ticket for Brighton. All the way down she was in a tremor of doubt and hesitation; and still in this condition of mind she took a fly and drove to 24 Montague Square.

Advertisement for Bovril, a bouillon product. Text: 'By Appointment to His Majesty The King. BOVRIL makes delicious bouillon, rich, tasty gravies; adds flavour and strength to stews, hashes, soups, etc. BOVRIL is the true economist in the kitchen.'

CHAPTER XXXII. SHE alighted at 24 Montague Square, and paid the fyman what appeared to her an exorbitant price. "I want to see Mrs. Setton," she said to the maid. The demure servant stared at this form of address. "Yes, miss; what name shall I say?" "Never mind the name," said Cottie. "Just tell her I want to see her." "If you'll step in, please, miss," said the maid; and she left Cottie in the hall reluctantly, and with an eye to, and a fear for, the umbrellas and other things which might be removed easily. She came down again presently, said that her mistress was in, and asked Cottie to follow her upstairs. Cottie went up with a strange feeling of doubt and uncertainty. She scarcely knew why she had come, except that she had been driven by her loneliness and helplessness in the great city. Mrs. Setton was sitting in a low chair looking out at the sea; she had a book face downwards on her lap, and she raised her eyeglass and looked at Cottie with the placid curiosity which Cottie remembered on board the "Capricorn;" and she asked her, self if Mrs. Setton would recognise her. But no sign of the recognition came into the pleasant face. "You wish to see me?" said Mrs. Setton. "Will you not sit down?" Cottie took a chair, facing the strong light, and looked at Mrs. Setton in silence for a moment; but still that lady did not recognise her. "Will you not tell me your name?" she asked. "Is it on business you have come to see me?" Of course, she thought Cottie had come to beg for some local charity; benevolent ladies in Mrs. Setton's position are always fair game. She thought, also, that the charity had chosen an extremely beautiful girl for the purpose, and that it would be hard to resist any appeal directed by such lovely eyes. "My name is Constance Lorton," said Cottie; and Mrs. Setton was struck by the musical voice and also by a vague idea that she had heard it before. "And I came to see you on

business. I saw in a newspaper an advertisement—

Mrs. Setton looked up quickly with a renewed interest. "You mean my advertisement for Ronnie Bell? Oh, yes. Can you tell me anything about him? I am most anxious to learn of his whereabouts." "Why?" asked Cottie. "Because a brother of his, an extraordinary nice man, has lost him, and came here to ask me if I could tell him anything about the boy." The colour rose to Cottie's face, then it faded away again; for indeed it must have been only a brotherly anxiety which had sent Geoffrey in quest of her. In her mind's eye at that moment she saw him sitting beside Eva, kissing her hand. "He was a remarkable nice man," said Mrs. Setton; "and the boy was as nice in his way. He was a dear lad, and I got very fond of him while I was on the vessel. He was all alone—his uncle, in whose charge he was, had missed the ship. But perhaps you know all this—you know him, and have tidings of him?" "Yes, I know—him," assented Cottie, in a low voice; "and I have tidings of him."

"Oh, I am so glad!" exclaimed Mrs. Setton. "Now I shall be able to restore him to his brother—so very nice a young man." Cottie reddened. "But he does not want to be restored," she said in a low voice. The good lady stared at her. "Not want to be restored? You don't mean to say that he has quarrelled with him? If so, it must be the lad's fault. Oh, you are not going to tell me that he has been doing anything bad and is ashamed to meet his brother?" The kind face looked so sad that Cottie's warm heart warmed, and she was overwhelmed by the longing to confide in this sweet soul who had been so kind to the "boy, Ronnie," when he was alone on the great ship. Mrs. Setton's eyes were sharp as well as kind. "You have something to tell me," she said, "and you find it difficult to begin. Come and sit near me, my dear, and try and tell me, if you want to do so. You shall take your time. Now, come!" Cottie went and took a chair beside her, and Mrs. Setton laid her hand on the girl's and felt that it was trembling.

"I don't know where to begin," said poor Cottie. "If I tell you, I must tell you all. I must tell you how a brother and sister, the brother very ill, found their way through an Australian forest to Geoffrey's hut; how he was very good, very good to one of them; how he and this one lived together for months in the hut like brothers, and how Geoffrey cared for him and looked after him and taught him to read and write, and—was like a brother and father and mother all in one." The tears welled to her eyes, and Mrs. Setton, patting her hand, said, so softly: "Yes, that is what he would be. You see, I know him, although I saw so little."

Advertisement for 'Now I Sleep Well' by Martin Hardware Co. Text: 'Nothing in life can be quite bad if one sleeps well,' says Mr. B. Bisleigh, in his interesting letter. "I was a heavy smoker and an active business man. In the lumber business one is in the air a great deal and seldom without a cigar. My doctor that unceasing smoking was destroying my nerves and mind. "Finally I got indigestion and this was the climax. It kept up such fermentation that very marked sleeplessness set in, and that if there is any worse horror than chronic sleeplessness, happily I haven't experienced it. "When I began Ferrozene to fatten and tone my nerves, I had fallen into a state of depression and melancholia that alarmed my family. I don't wonder it did, for one gets in the way of thinking of very unpleasant things when their nerves give out, and is asleep is denied. "It is all like a nightmare now, yet I shall always be careful and take an occasional course of Ferrozene which will prevent a return. It effectually restored me to health. "You can refer anyone to me that wants to know more about Ferrozene, but a trial is the best recommendation." For the nervous, those who are run-down, pale, sleepless and in poor health, there is no tonic that will rebuild so quickly as Ferrozene. It's good for men, women and children; 50c. per box, six for \$2.50, all dealers, or The Catarthozone Co., Kingston, Canada.

the of him—only a few hours. Go on, my dear; don't be afraid. See, I will not look at you."

Cottie told her all about the life of those two in the hut, the gold digging in the valley, the attack by the rangers, Ronnie's departure and his kidnapping by the man Sheneby; and Mrs. Setton listened with breathless interest. "Oh, it is wonderful!" she exclaimed; "but I don't quite understand. What became of the other one—the sister; you don't speak of her; and where is Ronnie, and what has he done that he doesn't come here, if he knows of the advertisement as you do?" "I am Ronnie," said Cottie. Mrs. Setton fell back in her chair and stared at her. "You! You! But you are a girl!" "Yes, I am a girl," said poor Cottie, her face crimson, her head very low. "It was Ronnie who died, and I—dressed in his clothes. It seemed better to be a boy—I was afraid, out there in that wild place, and alone. Ah, don't you see, don't you understand? I took Ronnie's place; I have been Ronnie all the time—that is—I have been really Cottie."

Mrs. Setton continued to stare at her agast. "And you lived there all alone with him! My child, my poor child!" (To be Continued.)

New Books!

- The Priest of To-Day, His Ideals and His Duties, by the Rev. Thomas O'Donnell, C.M., President of All Hallows College, Dublin; cloth, \$1.70. The Crucifix, the most wonderful book in the world, by the Rev. William McLoughlin; cloth, 75 cents. The Blindness of Dr. Gray; or the Final Law, by the Very Rev. Canon P. A. Sheehan, D.D.; paper, 50 cents. The Mystery of Green Heart, by Max Pemberton, 50 cents. The One Who Came After, by David Lyall, cloth, 70 cents; paper, 50 cents. A Comedy of the Unexpected, by G. W. Appleton, paper, 50 cents. I Will Maintain by Marjorie Brown, paper, 50 cents. Treasure of Israel, by William Le Queux, cloth, 70 cents. A Girl from the South, by Chas. Garvice, paper, 50 cents. The Roarer, by Nat Gould, 30 cents. The War Inevitable, by Alan H. Burgoyne, M. A., 30 cents. Twenty-five Tales of the Turf, 30 cts. Set in Authority; a study of the relation between the English Rulers of India and the educated natives, by Sarah Jane Duncan (Mrs. Cotes), cloth, 17 cents.

GARRETT BYRNE Bookseller & Stationer.

Advertisement for Martin Hardware Co. featuring an illustration of a pipe and text: 'To enjoy a good smoke it is necessary to have a good Pipe. SEE OUR WINDOW. Briar Pipes including the famous G. B. D. brands and Greaves' Patent, real Marsehaum & Calabash. A very large assortment Tobacco Pouches from 30c. to \$1.00. EUROPEAN AGENCY. INDENTS promptly executed at lowest cash prices for all kinds of British and Continental goods, including—Books and Stationery, Boots, Shoes and Leather, Chemicals and Druggists' Sundries, China, Earthenware and Glassware, Cycles, Motors and Accessories, Drapery, Millinery and Piece Goods, Fancy Goods and Perfumery, Hardware, Machinery and Metals, Jewellery, Plate and Watches, Photographic and Optical Goods, Provision and Oilmen's Stores, etc., etc. Commission 2 1/2 per cent. to 5 per cent. Trade Discounts allowed. Special Quotations on Demand. Sample Cases from £10 upwards. Consignments of Produce Sold on Account. WILLIAM WILSON & SONS, (Established 1814.) 25, Abchurch Lane, London, E. C. Cable Address: "ANNULAIR LONDON."

The Railway Passengers Assurance Co., of London, Eng.

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