UNCLAIMED LETTERS REMAINING IN G.P.O. to APRIL 16, 1910.

A
Andrews, Miss Jessie, care P. M. G., St. John's
Aspel, Miss Mary, card
B
Blackler, Miss E., card, New Gower St.
Barnett, Miss Mary, Water Street
Barnes, W.H.
Brennan, Minnie, R. C. Teacher
Brine, John, care G.P.O.
Brown, Mrs. James, Signal Hill Road
Brown, Patrick
Bowden, Miss, card, New Gower St.
Brown, N. A.
Butt, Miss Nellie, care Mrs. Taff, Temperance St.
Burke, Annie, retd.
Button, Miss Annie, Springdale Street
Butler, K., retd.
Butler, Geo. W., George's St.
Butler, Mrs. Norah, Circular Road
Buckle, James, card
Butt, Miss May, Cochrane Street
Budden, Stephen, Gower Street
Butler, J.W.
C
Clarke, John, care Boot & Shoe Factory
Casey, M. J., card
Canning, J., card
Christian, Gilbert, care Post Office
Cooper, James, Marsh Road
Cole, George
Collins, Mrs. Mary Ann
Corcoran, Miss M., River Head
Cullen, Capt. F. F., card
Curnew, James, Duckworth St.
D
Dawe, Miss Aggie
Demcey, Miss Statia, Livingstone Street
Dempster, C. J.
Donnelly, Wm.
Doyal, Jas. J.
Dormady, Mrs. Wm.
Dunford, E. C., card
Dugmore, A. R.
E
Eavly, L., retd.
Ezekiel, Miss Hellen, card
F
Feader, David, care Mr. Parker
Frampton, Miss Annie, card, Duckworth St.
Flemming, James, card
Flemming, H.
Flynn, Miss Annie, Circular Road
Fitzgerald, Wm.
Flynn, E. J.
Foran, Mrs., Barter's Hill
Fowler, Nellie, Belvedier Street
Foote, Mrs. C. Allan's Square
Falkner, Wm., card, late Norris' Arm
Folger, Capt. K.C.
Foote, Laura, late Channel
Furlong, Maggie, retd.
Farwell, Eli
G
Grant, Miss Lilian
Gardner, Archibald, care G. P. O.
Gardner, Ambrose, care J. Kelly
Garlan, Mr., cooper
Green E., King's St.
Gillard, John, care Bishop & Sons
Goodwin, Miss G., card, New Gower St.
H
Harris, George, late Bell Island
Hartery, Eliza, retd.
Hammond, Bride, card
Harvey, S. J.
Heale, George
Hynes, W. H., Hamilton St.
Heill, Miss Medora
Hicks, David, retd.
House Herbert
Horman, Miss Susan, late Fever Hospital
Hoelieg, George
Howlett, John
Howley, John
Howard, F. B.
Hutchings, Miss Minnie, card
I
Ingraham, E. A.
J
Janes, Eli, care G. P. O.
Jenkins, Edgar, late Springhill, N.S.
Jones, Samuel, Cornation St.
K
Kelly, Miss Sarah, card
Kelly, Patrick, Neagle's Hill
Kelly, Miss Mary, Water St. West
Kavanagh, Peter, card
L
Late, F. W., card
Lander, Frank, care John Billow
Lilly, Miss Mary, New Gower St.
Life, Mrs. Robert
Lunstrom, K., retd.
Loveless, Miss Georgena, LeMerchant Road
Lovis, Master F., care G. P. O.
Loder, Harold, Prescott St.
M
Mayers, Abraham
Marks, Stanley
Maloney, Miss Nellie, care Mrs. W. P. Hamilton
Miller, Mrs. Mary A., James Street
Miles, John, Walsh's Square
Millan, Capt. F. J., card
Morris, Eleize, Queen St.
Moores, Lizzie, retd.
Milley, Miss M., Pleasant Street
Miller, Miss E.
Morris, Mrs., Spencer St.
Moss, Miss Annie, Maxie Street
Moist, Edward, late Ontario
Morris, Albert, Wickford St.
Moore, John, retd.
Morgan, Patrick
Murphy, Thomas, Casey's St
Mulcahy, John H.
Murphy, Alice, James' Street
Murphy, Rebecca, Water St
Murphy, Mrs., Convent Square
Murphy, Kitty, card
Mc
McCarthy, Miss Kittie, care G. P. O.
McMaster, Capt., Water St.
McDonald, T., Brazil's Square
McLellan, Wm. G., Water St.
McKenzie, A., care Royal Stores
McKenzie, J. A., late Burin
McDonald, Dr. M. R.
N
Nelson, Peter
Newill, Denis, late Grand Falls
Noseworthy, John
O
Oak, Shim
O'Brien, Frank
O'Nell, James, George's St.
O'Brien, Mrs. Michael
Oxley, Mrs. E. J.
O'Driscoll, Miss M., Poor Asylum
Osmond, Arthur, Cumming's St.
P
Parsons, George, Golf Avenue
Penny, Geo. F.
Pearce, Miss Lidy, Hoylestown
Penney, Miss Susie, Lime Street
Pretty, Nehemiah, Power's Avenue
Prenter, Hector, Royal Hotel
Percey, Albert, Georgestown
Pike, Arthur
Pike, Mrs. F., card, Golf Avenue
Power, Miss B., card
Poole, James, care G.P.O.
Pynn, Mr., Murray Street
R
Ryan, John
Ryan, Miss Mary, Barter's Hill
Ring, Mrs. Benjamine
Ricks, John, late James Town
S
Sparks, Matt, Casey's St.
Samson, Thomas, Mill Bridge
Skains, Miss Maggie, Barnes' Road
Sheppard, George H.
Snelgrove, Thomas
Stacey, Mrs. J. C., retd.
Sheppard, Eli
Stevenson, Mark
Smith, John F.
Simmonds, Joe, Hayward's Avenue
Smith, Mrs. C., Black M. Road
Smith, Mrs. Chas., Water St. West
Smith, W. P., care F. B. Wood Co.
Stone, Albert, Parade Street
Sullivan, Thomas, Bannerman Street
Shnte, Wm. H., Bulley St.
T
Taylor, R., Old Thorburn Road
Taylor, Geo. E., Pleasant Street
Therny, Miss Ella, Military Road
V
Verge, Mrs. Daniel, Cashmere Street
W
Warrilow, Mrs. D. G., care Mrs. H. McKenzie
Walsh, Miss Agnes, Duckworth Street
Whelan, Miss Eliza, Blackhead
Wilkinson, Evelyn, card
Wicks, Miss P., late General Hospital
Williams, Frederick, Springdale St
Wilcox, George, late Botwoodville
Williams, George, King's Road
Winsor, Fred, late Tilt Cove
Young, W. A.

SEAMEN'S LIST.

A
Morris, Mr., s.s. Adventure
Whillor, Capt. David, schr. Adava
Knudson, Ruda,
B
Witheral, George, schr. Blanche
Nolan, Frederick, schr. Bell Franklin
Des Veaux, schr. Bessie McDonald
C
Thompson, Robert, barque Clutha
Squires, Wm., s.s. Cacouna
D
King, John, schr. D. M. Hilton
Mitchell, F., s.s. Durango
G
Walsh, John, card, schr. George Rose
Brushett, James, schr. George Rose
H
McDonald, J., s.s. Home
Leroux, E. W., s.s. Home
Clouter, Allen, schr. Hetty Bess
J
Cross, John M., schr. Isabelia
L
Brown, Henry, schr. A. Larder
Norman, Nathan, schr. Laura Doone
M
Beck, Ezor, schr. Maple Leaf
Gear, Thomas, schr. Miss Ayre
Verge, Robert, schr. Maggie
R
Robinson, J., s.s. Ryhope
S
Parsons, Thomas, schr. Springbird
Moore, Roland, schr. St. Clair
W
Guptill, Angus R., schr. Wilfred M

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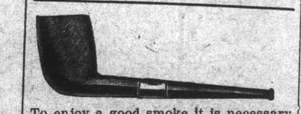

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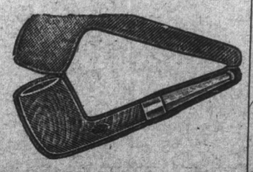

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Which Was The Heir?

CHAPTER XXX.

(Continued.)

As soon as he was able to get out, he told himself, he would go to the police-station and make his enquiries, though he had not much hope of their resulting in anything.

A day or two afterwards, the afternoon being fine—indeed, more like summer than autumn—Sir Edward had an armchair carried under the willows on the lawn, and Geoffrey sat there, drinking in the fresh air with an eagerness which showed itself in his flushed face and brightening eye.

Eva sat near him, her lovely face bent over some lace, and Sir Edward paced up and down with his usual restlessness, occasionally seating himself astride his chair and talking in his charming, debonair fashion.

'I'll drive you round a bit to-morrow, Bell,' he said. 'Show you the country — perhaps you know it, though?'

Geoffrey coloured slightly as he nodded.

'Yes; but I've not been here for years. I've been in Australia.'

Eva looked up. It was singular; it was from Australia that Ronnie had come, and to which he was so anxious to return But she thought of it only as a coincidence, and bent over her work again.

'Ah! That's a place I want to see!' exclaimed Sir Edward. 'Dash me if I don't go there some day! What do you say, Eva; shall you and I go there and rough it for a time?'

Geoffrey looked up quickly. He had been thinking of Ronnie, and his head had drooped.

'It's no place for—for a lady; that is, the parts where you rough it,' he said quickly. 'It is no place for Miss Rashleigh.'

Sir Edward laughed mockingly.

'Oh, don't you make any mistake, Bell. My sister isn't made of biscuit china, though she does look rather like a piece of crockery'

'Edward!' murmured Eva, rebukingly, but with her gentle smile and a touch of colour in her face.

'Oh, you're a fraud!' he retorted.

'Why, Bell, she's as strong as a horse. By George! she could give points to most horses if it came to a tussel! You'll say so when you see her out with the hounds; and our country's pretty stiff. Tell us about Australia, old man' For it had got to 'old man' with Sir Edward, who never liked or disliked by halves. 'What a time we two—or we three, for that matter — would have out there! You used to cackle about gold digging when you were off your balance. Done any of it?'

'Oh, yes,' said Geoffrey; and he began to tell them about it, slowly at first; but after awhile he warmed up to his theme.

He could talk well, though he was rather reticent by nature, and the brother and sister listened to him with intense interest. So deep was Eva's interest that she forgot even her lace-work, and allowed it to lie disregarded in her lap, while her gentle eyes beamed upon the speaker.

Sir Edward drew a long breath.

'Splendid! Ah, that's what I call living! By George! I can't understand a fellow ever chucking it and coming back to this played out old country, where even the foxes are running short, and every Bond Street tradesman steps in with his bloated purse and collars the best shooting and fishing. Fact, 'pon my honour! Last time I was in Scotland met my tailor with his keeper stalking the best ground in the Highlands. Enough to make you sick!'

Old Ripley came up with some message from the stables, and Sir Edward strode off with him, growling under his breath.

Geoffrey and Eva, left alone, were silent for a moment or two. They were seated near each other—for Eva had drawn up her chair so that she could hear Geoffrey without any effort on his part. In little ways like this she still kept up the invalid idea, as if she were loath to let him go completely from her charge, and both were thinking deeply—Eva of the adventures he had told her, and Geoffrey of Ronnie, whom he had, with some difficulty, left out of his narrative; and they were both so engrossed that they did not hear a light step coming across the distant lawn.

If they had—if one of them had looked round—they would have seen Cottie, and the future, not only of these three, but of many others, would have been written differently.

She was coming to say "good bye" to Eva; for she was going to start in the morning for London—and Australia. On seeing the two figures seated so closely together under the willows, she stopped short. She guessed in a moment if was the gentleman Eva had spoken of; and though Cottie was by no means shy, she was naturally reluctant to break in upon the duet—they looked so comfortable, so friendly, seated there closely, side by side. She hesitated, and was for going back, thinking that she would come up again later on, but she heard Sir Edward's voice in altercation with a groom, proceeding from the direction in which she had come, and, acting on the spur of the moment, she turned aside and entered the shrubbery, resolving to escape that way.

But, as chance would have it, as she went along the path she looked round, and, though she was hidden, she got a good view of the couple under the willows. As she glanced, indifferently enonght, something seemed to shoot through her like the stab of a knife. She stopped dead short and put her hand to her forehead.

'I'm dreaming, that's what I am!' she said to herself.

I'm either dreaming or going out of my mind.'

For the man of the pair had seemed to her, in that momentary glance, to be so like Geoffrey that he might be his twin brother.

Her heart was beating fast, her breath coming in laboured gasps; but she tried to laugh in self-derision, she drew a little nearer, and, parting the leaves of a laurel; looked again.

She had hard work to stifle the cry that rose to her lips—for she knew, at this second glance, that it was Geoffrey himself! He had turned his head as he bent forward to speak to Eva, and Cottie had thus got a distinct view of his face.

It was Geoffrey! She was about to spring forward through the laurels with his name upon her lips, her heart in her cry; then suddenly she checked herself.

If this was Geoffrey, what was he doing here, here, seated so closely to Miss Rashleigh, bending forward with such a strange look on his face? She leant against the trunk of the shrubs and bit her lips, frowning in her perplexity.

And at that moment, again as chance would have it, Eva was saying, in her low, sweet voice:

'And I suppose it seems to you as it does to my brother, Mr. Bell, that England is not worth living in. You will go back, I suppose?'

He looked before him in silence for a moment, then his eyes turned to her downcast face—and veay eloquent eyes they were! for Geoffrey had not weakened their force by futile flirtations, but had kept them honest and and straightforward; so that they were all the more dangerous, if he had but known it.

'Yes, I shall go back, Miss Eva—' he had half-unconsciously got to calling her Miss Eva. 'There is nothing else I can do. But wherever I go I shall never forget this time— and your nursing me as you have done—oh, I know; for Martha has confessed!—I am so over-whelmed by gratitude that—that— Oh, I don't know what to say; for, you see, I'm only a stupid, wooden headed man! But all the same, I'm half-distracted when I think that I shall go without trying to tell you how sensible I am of your goodness to me, how grateful I am— Oh, I'm tongue-tied, and can't speak!'

He was speaking eloquently enough, if he had know it; but he thought he was making a mess of it, and, in despair, he leant forward and took her hand, and raised it to his lips and kissed it.

And that was what Cottie saw. It was this simple, grateful action of his that burnt in upon her senses like the searching touch of a red-hot iron.

She shrank back and caught at the branches round her and fought for breath; for in the anguish of the moment it seemed to her that she was going to faint—die.

In one moment the secret of her life, the secret that had been hidden from her, was revealed. She knew, as if her heart were laid bare before her eyes, that she loved Geoffrey—not as a brother, as she had thought, not as a friend and chum, but—as a woman.

(To be Continued.)

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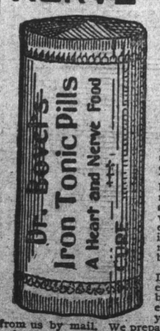

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