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'Neil, 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. Isabelin
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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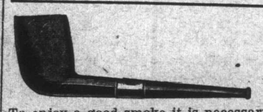

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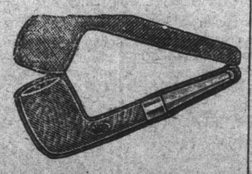

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Which Was The Heir?

CHAPTER XXX.

(Continued.)

'HALLO, old chap!' was Edward's greeting, and he held out his hand and gripped the thin and hot one of the sick man. 'Glad to see you out of the Land of Nod again! Had a jolly bad time, I'm afraid! Thought you were going to kick the bucket one time; but it takes a lot to knock one of your sort out of time! I don't suppose you want me to thank you for standing by me against thoses gipsy chaps; but I've got to do it. Finest thing I ever saw, the way you floored 'em. By George! I reckon some of 'em are licking their wounds now, the dogs! Hope you're pretty comfortable, and that you'll soon pull round and get down-stairs. Must get Eva—that's my sister; been looking after you, you know—to lay in a supply of chops and steaks. Nothing like chops and steaks when you're pulling round from an illness. Then you and I will have a high old time together, for you're one of my sort—and they aren't too plentiful,' he wound up in his cheery voice,

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and with another subdued pressure of the white, wasted hand.

'You have all been verry good to me, Sir Edward,' said Geoffrey, gravely and gratefully. 'I am a perfect stranger—'

'Perfect stranger be hanged!' cut in Sir Edward, emphatically. 'Here's a chap saves one from a bashing at the cost of his own head, and he calls himself 'a perfect stranger!' Reminds me of the story of the good Samaritan parson talks about in church. 'Perfect stranger!'

'My name is Geoffrey Bell,' persisted Geoffrey. 'And I am—'

'A right-down good sort,' broke in Edward. 'My dear sir, I don't ask you for your history and pedigree as if I and you were a pair of commercial travellers. I know a gentleman when I see him, and I'm not so thick-headed—though my sister could tell you if she liked that I'm a perfect fool in most things—not to know that a man who will stand by a fellow as you stood by me is worth sticking to.'

'Thank you,' said Geoffrey, a little thickly.

It was a long time since he had associated with his kind, and he was a little overcome by the frank voice and kindly eyes of this young aristocreat who declined any credentials or references, so to speak, and insisted upon taking Geoffrey at his highest possible value.

'Now, is there anything we—all of us—can do for you, Bell?' Sir Edward asked. 'If so, you've only to mention it, and if it's the half of my kingdom—pretty kind of kingdom!' he sighed.

'No, there's nothing, thank you,' said Geoffrey. For a moment he had thought of telling Edward of his quest, and asking him if he had seen a lad answering to Ronnie's description; but he refrained. He did not want to trouble these kind people with his own affairs—at any rate, not the moment after his return to consciousness. 'You have done quite enough for me!' 'I must have been a perfect nuisance! But I'll get well as soon as I can, and relieve you of my troublesome presence.'

'You can get well as smartly as you like,' retorted Sir Edward, 'but don't you talk of quitting, or I shall cut up rare? Too rare to let go when once we've got you. You pull yourself together and toddle down as soon as the sawbones let you, and we'll have a time! You can ride, I'll be sworn! Eh? Of course! And shoot? Yes! Why, of course! Man alive! we'll show you what we can do in these lines when you're able to sit a horse and hold a gun! Meanwhile, and afterwards, here's your home for now and as long as you like; and the longer you like the better we shall like! Eh, Eva! Oh, she's slipped away. I'll go and send her back, or else I shall talk you back into the Land of Nod again. So long, old chap!'

'His name's Bell,' he said to Eva, whom he found outside in the corridor, her beautiful face all alight with pleasure at the recovery of her patient. 'Wanted to tell me his family history, and all that; but I cut him short. Splendid fellow! Get him round as soon as you can Eva.'

He strode off, whistling with satisfaction, but stopped himself and looked up the stairs at her penitently.

'Nice chap for a sick-room, aren't I?' he said in a perfectly audible whisper. 'Ought to have my head tied in a pillow-case, or to have it muzzled.'

Now if Eva had heard the name from Geoffrey's own lips first hand, and in the quiet of the sick room, she might have remembered that it was similar to that of the lad, Ronnie; but at the moment, the coincidence did not strike her; or, if it had, she would probably only have regarded it as a coincidence.

She went back to the bedside, blushing a little—for nursing him, now that he was conscious and could look at her with intelligence in his eyes, was a very different thing to nursing him when he was ignorant of her presence. But she could not leave him until Martha came back.

Geoffrey gazed at her lovely profile with dreamy satisfaction in its beauty, and with a heart full of gratitude. She offered him a cooling drink, and he took it with a murmured word or two of humble thanks, and raised himself with the vague idea of making her slight task easier, of meeting her half-way, but had to fall back, with a sigh.

'I don't think you ought to try and sit up,' she said, in a low voice. 'I am sure you must be very weak still. I think if you would try and go to sleep it would be better.'

'I've been asleep for years it seems to me,' said Geoffrey. 'But I'll try, if you wish it. It's the least I can do for all your goodness to me, and self-sacrifice.'

'The goodness—and the bravery and self-sacrifice—are on your side,' she murmured. 'Let me put your pillows straight. That is better.'

'Oh, yes, yes,' he said, with fervent gratitude. 'That's splendid! Will you tell me your name again?'

'Rashleigh — oh, you mean my Christian name—Eva,' she said, with the simple frankness that characterised her.

'Eva,' he repeated, almost inaudibly, as if he were trying to impress it upon his still shaky mind. 'Eva.'

To Eva's intense satisfaction, he fell asleep almost as soon as he spoke the word, and as she sat beside him until Martha came, warning her of his recovery by a gesture, and a blush of pleasure.

From that day she resigned her place as nurse entirely to Martha; only coming into the room when he was asleep. He missed her, missed her very much; and he ventured to ask her if she were well, and to express a hope that her kind attention to him had not knocked her up.

Martha assured him that Miss Eva was quite well, and, once launched on the subject, sang her praises, and Sir Edward's; just as old Betty had sung them to Cottie; and Geoffrey listened with the keenest interest of the convalescent.

Notwithstanding Eva's desertion, he made rapid progress; and one day the doctor gave him permission to go down-stairs. Sir Edward made quite an event of it. The easiest chair, with the softest cushions, was ready for the invalid, and Geoffrey installed in it, and looking half ashamed of himself for causing so much trouble, and yet with a glow of joy in the effort of moving about again. Sir Edward sat by his side and talked sport, until Eva, who came into the room now and again—generally with a basin of what Sir Edward contemptuously called 'Slip-slops' — 'why don't you stand him a beefsteak, Eva?'—gently insisted upon his leaving the invalid for a quiet sleep.

In a day or two he was able to remain up for dinner—a plain dinner, in which the steak at last figured—and a very delightful meal, the most delightful he had eaten for many years, Geoffrey found it. After the dinner, Eva permitted him a cigarette, bringing him the matches with her own hand; and a little later on, he went, on Sir Edward's arm, into the drawing room, and Eva played for him—for them, that is.

Geoffrey leant back on his cushions and listened with half-closed eyes. The luxury of the old-fashioned and well-worn room, with its old furniture and faded damasks, soothed him, and Eva's soft, sweet voice at the piano completed the charm.

(To be continued.)

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