UNCLAIMED LETTERS, REMAINING IN G. P. to JULY 18th, 1910.

Andrews, Miss Maud, card Gosse, Master Wm., Cabot Street Gosse, Mrs. T., retd. Ashburn, F. F. Haynes, W. Allan Harvey, Miss Janett Baird, Wm., Neagle's Hill Hampton, Rebecca, retd.

Hayward's Avenue Hampton, Rebecca, retd.

Harvey, L., retd. Beasley, Miss Alice, Hathaway, Miriam, Mrs. Horwood Parsons Byrne, T., care Reid Nfid. Co. Hartney, James, 1.
Bowen, Miss B., Victoria St.
Boggan, J. J., slip
Bousan, C. D. Hartney, James, York St. Bouzan, C. D. Bowen, aPtrick, card, Henebury, Mr., late Sound Island Hynes, Patrick J., care General Delivery Newell, Mrs. Michael Hynes, Mrs. J. Hodder, Angus, card

Richard, Gower St. Butler, Mr., Water St. West Hatt, Robert, teacher Hutchings, Wm., agent Campbell, John Carter, J., Belvidere St. Hustin, Joseph Henry, James Heel, Jessie, Military Road Richard, Water St. West Humby, Mrs. James, Cooper, Nemiah, retd.

Clouter Allan, care G.P.O. Irons, D. McKenzie, care General Delivery Coombs, Henry, 9 Jeans, Miss, Blackhead Cuddiby Miss Kate Jackson, Reg., late Halifax Kean, Michael Chytman, Cilley, St. John's East Kennedy, Mr. A., barber Kelly, Mr., Water St. West Kelve, Maggie, retd. King, Miss Jane, Dawe, Miss Mary, Crosbie Hotel Kushener, D.

Mansfield, Mrs. E.,

Maher, L. bank

Springfield,

Kennedy, Miss George Keene, Richard, retd. Dalais, F. O. Drodge, Mrs. Milley, c General Post Office Douglas, G. C., Prescott St. Lane, Mrs. Sarah, Donovan, James, McKay St. Adelaide Street Lewis, C. F. Doyle, Edward, card, Hoylestown Levin, Simion (slip), Lee, Thomas, Dowding, Jesse (slip), Dunphie, Miss Nellie. c G.P.O. Martin, Miss F.,

Escott, Mark. Foley, William, c G.P.O. Fleet, T. Fitzpatrick, Minnie, card Foote, R. J., Gower St. Fitzgerald, W., Queen's

Grant, Wm. T. Garland, T. H., card, Cochrane Street

St. George, Miss K., Duckworth Street Morgan, John, late Bell Island Molloy, Maggie, Samit, L.
Rennie Mill Road Sharpe, Abraham Murphy, Miss Mugford, Miss Mary G.,

Street Smith Mrs J E cottage Smith, Mrs. Chas.,
Blackmarsh Road Mc McLaren, G. S. Smith, Miss Lillie, card,
New Gower Street
Snow, Isaac, Barnes' Road
Somerton, Elizabeth, retd. McNally, Daniel McDonald, H., card York McGrath, Mrs. McCarthy, Wm McNash, Mrs. F. Squires, Miss May late New York McDougal, Ronald, Sinnott. John J., retd Steam Cooperage McGuire, Gordon, agent Scapens, J. H. Sullivan, John,

Noseworthy, Wm., Freshwater Rd. Tracey, Mamie, card, Gower Stree O'Neill, Miss Mary, O'Neill, B., P. O. box 145 Olson, Racine

Tillene, Phil Summers' Field Parrott, S. Tilley, Mrs. Jas. G., Parsons, Miss Janie, Parsons, P., photographer Thomas, M., enny, Miss Neil, New Gower Street Chompson, Mrs. Robert, carcey, Miss, care Joseph Adams Tulk, Mrs. J. A., erry, George, Scamen's Mission helin, Miss Lizzie, care John Whelan Whelan Verge, Miss Mary E.,
West End Water Street

Blackmarsh Road Way Archibald Pippy, Ethel Gower Stree Power, Miss Mary A., Way, Miss B., Prescott St. Adelaide Street Way, Kenneth,
Puddister, Miss Mary
Phelan, Miss,
Watson, Mrs. H. A. Phelan, Miss, Duckworth St. Webber, Arch, Field St. Whelton, J. J., card Wellon, J. J.

Tarrant, C. F., card

Turrell, Beniamine, card,

alte Norris' Arm

Barter's Hil

New Gower Stree

Prospect Stree

late Grand Falls

Taylor, Bertram,

Ryan, Mrs. Mary, Wells, James Thomas, late Goose Bay Branch Ryan, Mrs. Robert Road White, A. T., Clergy House, Bonavista Ryan, Michael, card, White, Capt. George, Martin, Miss F.,
Forest Road Ross, Mrs. Martin, card,
Marks, S., care Miss Butt
Casey's Street
Martin, Alfred,
Martin, Alfred,
Martin, Alfred,
Martin, Alfred,
Martin, Cape Breton
Rowe, G. A.
Roberts, Chesley, card
Rowe, Eleazor,
Inter Cape Breton
Williams, David
Winsor, Wm.
Williams, David
Winsor, Wm.
Rowe, Eleazor,
Martin, Miss F.,
Rowe, G. A.
Rowe, G. A.
Rowe, Eleazor,
Martin, Card,
Williams, David
Winsor, Wm.
Williams, David
Winsor, Wm.
Rowe, Eleazor,
Martin, Alfred,
Martin, Miss F.,
Rowe, G. A.
Rowe,

n, Alfred, late Cape care Gen. Post Office Roberts, M. C., card Maher, Miss Lizzie, Roberts, M. C., card Rossiter, Miss Alice, Hutchi White, E. A., card Woodland, Herbert late Montreal Woodworth, J. B. care General Delivery Rose, Robert card, Stagg, Miss Madge, Water Street McDouga Yoe, Mrs. Thomas, Adelaide Street

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G. P. O., July 18, 1910.

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MPOSTOR

CHAPTER XIX: WHO IS SHE.

(Continued.) With a thoughtful brow, Harold sped along, the long, bony legs of the Irish hunter getting over the ground as if the miles were inches; but Harold did not recover his cheerfulness. for all the hard exercise; the indigestion was mental, not physical, and the atmosphere of mystery and suncertainty seemed to cling about him. Still moody, he rode into Higham Higham was a little village a few miles from the fishing hamlet of Scarford-a picturesque little place, with a delicious little church, which, as an almost perfect specimen of Norman architecture, often attracted the attention of tourists and antiquariang Harold dismounted and was about to enter the inn, when a burst of loud-voiced laughter issued forth, and turned him back. He was in no numor for the boisterous tourists.

'Wash his legs,' he said to the groom, and give him some water presently; and don't let any of those noisy young gentlemen fool round him; he's rather quick with his

'All right, sir,' grinned the hostler, who knew both horse and rider, and watched Harold sauntering up the little street with undisguised approv-

Harold sauntered on to the small green, stared at the church, with which he was quite familiar, and in a listless fashion pushed open the gate and went up to the porch to rest: but, finding the door open, took off his hat and entered the church. It was deliciously cool, and quiet

and eloquent of that solemn peacefulness which seems to pervade an old, country church. Hat in hand, he wandered up the short aisle, stared at the thick, worn rafters, and the old, stained windows,

then sank into a pew and gave him self up to reverie. Harold was tired, for he had been on his feet since early morning; and presently, lulled by the hum of the bees and the twitter of the birds that

low, he fell asleep How long he slept he didn't know but suddenly he was awakened by low, soft strain of melody, that seemed a part of a dream.

floated softly through the open win

With a start, he sat up and listen ed. It was not dream music; some one was playing the organ.

He was about to rise and go for the music which was floating overhead was something different to the usual performances of country ganists. He leaned back and listen- air ed and his suspicion was confirmed. Screened behind the red curtain, in tempted to move, but the music seemed to hold him as never music had done before.

Sadly and softly the music floated down to him, as if it were an actual tongue, bearing a message of comfort and consolation, soothing him into a peacefulness in harmony with the solemn stillness of the church.

He leaned his head on his hand, and the red curtain was an effectual screen; the music was evoked by an unseen hand.

'Some musician on a holiday trip has found his way in here and is amusing himself,' he thought; but presently, as the strain continued, he lost all idea of the musician, and gave

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himself up to the enjoyment. Pres- his arm round her, and giving her a ing tempest, that sent the blood rushing through Harold's veins and then, er! Surprised to see me?" as suddenly it ceased, as a storm ceases, and, like the return of sun-

the big organ loft, was a skilled mu- must be admitted that dear, old Har- Harold!' sician. Harold felt half guilty of old was not much of a musician! eavesdropping, and once more at- that he was half persuaded that he was not yet awake; and, to assure himself, he rose to his feet and moved into the aisle.

As he did so, the music ceased, and

Harold started and smiled. 'Can it be an angel, after all, and dame and which was the chair. is that the tip of its cerulean wings?" | 'Sit down, Master Harold; and how coked round at the organ loft, but he thought; and, not wishing for an lucky that you should come in just angel, even, to find him an uninvited now, for I was just going to get tea, listener to the celestial music, he and there's the kettle boiling in the stood, with a half-confused feeling, in you, Master Harold? No, I won't put the bright glare of the setting sun. As he stood, the organ began again, bring yourself to drink it without-

this time not alone, for there rose, in but there: sit down and make your

ed to the left on leaving the church, trotted. and was sauntering along a green lane, when, raising his head, he stopped short in front of a small cottage that, half hidden by ivy, nestled pret tily under some high elms.

'By George!' he murmured, with a smile; 'I was forgetting Dame Hester. It will never do to let her hear that any of us from the Hall have been to Higham without looking her

And, lifting the latch of the little gate, he went up the narrow path, lined on either side with the cottage flowers that for perfume and simple beauty outvie the rarest of their hothouse cousins.

He knocked with his whip at the bright green door, and a bright-looking old lady, in the cleanest of chintz gowns and the neatest of white caps, appeared.

ant and pensioner of Sir Talbot's, and a faithful, devoted adherent of the house of Woodleigh. At sight of Harold the old lady

'Well, dame,' said Harold, putting

stopped her knitting, and uttered a cry of joy.

ently the harmony grew louder and kiss, as was only her due, for she had more pronounced; the little church nursed him through a long illness, was filled with the sound of a roar- and snatched him from the very grip of death. 'Young and hearty as ev-

'Come in-come in. Master Harold said the dame, holding him by the shine, the divine melody that had coat sleeve and looking up into his awoke him floated softly through the handsome face. Mind your head, It was so exquisite, so unlike any- couldn't crawl over that doorstep! thing that he had heard before—it It's my belief you grow still, Master

Harold laughed. 'Yes, uglier and worse tempered

every day, nurse.' The dame looked at him with dimmed eyes, and shook her head, as she dusted a chair-a huge chair, with there fluttered, just for one moment, the cushions covered with the same a faint touch of light blue above the | chintz as composed the dame's dress -so that, when she sat in the chair it was difficult to tell which was Who is she?"

made his way out of the church, and next room. You'll have a cup, won't any green in it, though how can you exquisite accompaniment, the tones | self comfortable, and then you'll tell me all the news. And how's Sir Tal-He waited until the hymn, or what- bot, and that lovely, darling girl, bless ever it was, ended, and then strode her! Ah, Master Harold, what a queen she be! But there's the tea

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hair and looked round him, lazily; as he did so, he noticed that the lite tle table was laid for two.

'Expect a visitor, it seems, nurse?' he said, as she appeared with the

the extra cup,' she exclaimed, laughing, 'It isn't a visitor, Master Harold; it's a lodger-a regular lodger.'

'And I've got his easy chair, doubt,' said Harold, smiling.

'Oh, no; and it isn't a he, but a she,' said the dame. 'Don't you move, Master Harold; she'll have her tea in her own room-don't'ee move, now." 'Who is it?' asked Harold. 'An old. gossip like yourself, I suppose, nurse.

Some one to cackle to of an evening. I'm glad to hear it; she'll be company 'So she is, bless her heart! But she isn't much of a gossip,' said the dame. 'I was just going to tell you about her when I heard that kettle.

She's-oh, here she comes,' she broke Harold heard a light step coming up the narrow path, and a musical voice singing, in a low, cheerful kind of way, and presently a young girl stood in the doorway, and the voice,

seeming to sing still, cried: 'Well, dame, tea ready? I know it is, for I smelled the toast at the church gate-and isn't it hot? Ishe caught sight of Harold, and, stopping short, blushed, and looked

from one to the other. Harold had risen, and stood gazing at her as one might gaze, with a bewildrered admiration, at a beautiful picture suddenly and unexpectedly

disclosed to view. And she did make a beautiful picture, framed in the doorway, with a background of scarlet geraniums and

Harold had only time, in that momentary, surprised stare, to notice that the face was beautiful generally, and the soft, brown eyes in particular, when the dame's cheery voice broke the spell.

'Miss Ethel, this is Mr. Woodleigh, my Master Harold you've heard me speak of so often. This is my 'old gossip'-my lodger, Master Harold.' The girl bowed, with a little heightened color and a smile of inquiry at

the 'old gossip.' 'I didn't know you had a visitor, dame,' she said, taking up the hat which, at her entrance, she had flung onto a chair, revealing a beautifully shaped head and a clustering coil of dark brown hair. 'I'm in no hurry for my tea,' and, with another little inclination of the head, she was gliding out of the room, when Harold said, with his frank quickness:

'I hope you will not go because I am here-I don't know that I can

'There now!' exclaimed the dame. utting her arm on the girl's. 'I shall ose you both, I see. Come back, Miss Ethel, or he'll go-I know him of old. Come, do, dear.'

'Indeed, I shall go,' said Harold, smiling. 'I could not think ing you out of the room.

She hesitated a moment; then, with a smile as faint as his own, nodded an' acquiescence.

'Please do not go: I will be back in a minute, if you wish it,' and disanpeared.

Harold looked after her, with a lively anxiety. 'Why, nurse,' he said, in a low voice, 'what a beautiful, young creature! Where did she come from?

(To be continued.)

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