# Apollinaris

"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."

Its pure Natural Carbonic Acid Gas acts as a Gastric Stimulant and Tonic and promotes the Digestion and Assimilation of even the Richest Food.


# THE FAIR IMPOSTOR.

CHAPTER XXXII.

**Miss North's Story.**

Then he leaned back, and covering his face with his hand, seemed lost in deep thought. Presently he rose and looked down at her. She, meeting his gaze, saw that a change had come over him. All the languor, apathetic indifference had vanished, and in its place was the expression of a man who saw before him some great difficulty which he had resolved to conquer.

She rose, too, and so they stood.

'Miss North,' he said, slowly and calmly, 'you have trusted me—will you trust me still further?'

She hesitated a moment.

'Yes,' she said, 'I will trust you, but to what end?'

'That, time will show,' he said. 'I want you to promise that you will not tell to anyone what you have this night told me, until I give you permission. It is such a presumptive, an unreasonable request, but—will you grant it?'

'I will,' she said, looking hard at him; and as he held out his thin hand, she put hers into it.

'Thanks,' he said, calmyl. 'What strange fate was it,' he said, still holding her hand, 'that brought about our meeting that afternoon in the park? What fate was it that prompted me to refrain from asking your name?

Save Money AND DRESS WELL. Simple as A.B.C.

DY-O-LA

ONE DYE FOR ALL KINDS OF GOODS.

You don't even have to know what kind of cloth your goods are made of. SAME Dye for ALL. Mistakes are IMPOSSIBLE. Fast and Beautiful Colors. Don't fail to try it. All colors 10 cents from your Druggist or Dealer. Sample Card and Booklet Free The Johnson-Richardson Co., Limited, Montreal.


You woul dhave told me then all that you have told me now? Is it not so?'

'Yes,' she said; 'I should have told you.'

'Would to Heaven I had asked you!' he breathed. 'How much could have been prevented.'' Then, as she drew her hand from his, and turned toward the door, he said: 'You are going? You trust me? You are right. More depends upon your trust than you imagine. I have something to live for now, and you have supplied that motive. I shall not betray your trust.'

'No,' she said, in her gentle voice; 'I do not think you will,' and she was gone.

'Oh, my love, my love!' he moaned, 'how shall I save you?—how shall I save you?' for he knew that the woman he loved was Hilda Fane, and that she was an impostor and a criminal, and that the true Lilian Woodleigh was the girl who had just left him.

'Oh, my love, my darling! how shall I save you?' he wailed, for he was still very weak.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

**Those Beastly Carriages.**

IT was the day before the wedding. No expense and no pains had been spared to hasten the preparations. The heir to the baronetcy, and the daughter of the powerful and wealthy Sir Talbot Woodleigh, could not be married like common folk, and, although Lilian had begged that the ceremony might be as quiet as possible, and Sir Talbot's state of health rendered any great fuss inappropriate, still there was a great deal to be done.

Invitations to the wedding breakfast had necessarily to be numerous; Sir Talbot was anxious that all their neighbors and friends who had so heartily welcomed his daughter into their midst should witness her marriage.

When both Harold and Lilian remonstrated at the formidable aspect which the affair was assumed and reminded him that he was still weak and ailing, he put their pleading aside with the assurance that he was growing stronger every day, and that he only needed to see his dearest with fulfilled to effect a perfect cure.

And indeed it seemed that the near approach of the realization of his heartfelt desire was hastening his recovery.

He left his room and joined them at meals, and showed the greatest eagerness in the preparations. Nothing was too minute to escape his notice. One morning he actually insisted upon seeing the new dresses which had arrival, and, sitting in Lilian's room, inspected and admired each of the handsome costumes Worth had sent over.

He criticised the wedding dress.

'The lace is too new, my dear,' he said, shaking his head. 'I can give you some better than that,' and going to his room he retutned with a roll of costly antique point, and threw it over her white shoulders.

'There,' he said, 'that is better. 'It was your mother's, my dear! There is no finer lace in the county. I think. You see I am getting quite an old woman!' and went out with his eyes moist.

Among the arrangements had been the selecting of bridesmaids. Lilian had been asked to name them, but seemed unable to do so; but Gerald had come to her assistance. There was a niece of the duchess staying at the Grange, and he had begged that she might act as one.

'Why not ask Laura Warner for another?' suggested Harold, innocently.

Lilian acquiesced at once. 'Two would be quite sufficient,' she said, and Laura was asked.

In the first moment of surprise she refused, staring at Lilian with something like alarm in her face, which went sudden'y pale; but Lilian quietly pressed her request, she co sented.

'Does—does Harold know that you are going to ask me?' she said, with downcast eyes.

'Yes,' said Lilian; 'it was he who suggested that I should do s.'

Laura Looked up, with a sudden flush.

'It was very kind of him,' she said, in a constrained voice. 'Yes, I shall be very glad, dear Lilian.'

But when Lilian had gone, she stood with white face and clinched hands, and with anything but g adness gleaming in her eyes.

'Her bridesmaid!' she breathed, pacing the room 'And he—he told her to ask me! It is an insult! And they will be married—I know it, I feel it! And what will anything that man Green can do matter after they are married? She will be Lady Woodleigh, and able to laugh at us. He has deceived me, but why—but why?'

To be continued.


# My Lady Beautiful

Health is true beauty. The charm of bright eyes, rosy cheeks, rounded figure, buoyant and elastic step is within the reach of every woman.

Reasonable care in diet, regular exercise and due amount of sleep with an occasional dose of

**Beecham's Pills**

will keep most women in health. The timely use of these pills will strengthen the system, renew the supply of blood and relieve nausea and depression. The beneficial effects of Beecham's Pills on the bowels, liver, stomach, blood and complexion, make them women's greatest aid to health and in a true sense

**Nature's Cosmetic**

Prepared only by Thomas Beecham, St. Helens, Lancashire, England. Sold by all Druggists in Canada and U. S. America. In boxes 25 cents.


# An Ocean Balloon Trip.

**Big Airship Almost Ready for its Long Atlantic Voyage—Expect to Cross in Four Days— Will Carry Six Passengers and Lifeboat With Provisions for a Month.**

ATLANTIC CITY, Sept. 1.—A serious attempt to fly across the Atlantic Ocean will be made from this city within the next two weeks. The public has hardly realized the seriousness of this attempt and the elaborateness of the preparations are a revelation to all who see them. Walter Wellman is at the head of the enterprise and has associated with him Mr. Vanniman, a skilled engineer of high repute, and a corps of assistant engineers, mechanics, etc. The balloon is now being inflated here with hydrogen gas, and this process has been in progress for nearly a week The gas works are attached to the hangers and sonsist of a series of cylinders containing sulphuric acid and iron filing, whch when brought in to contact, produce hydrogen gas. This is drawn into the balloon by its own suction at a very perceptible rate The balloon on Sunday was apparently three-quarters full of gas, and this week will be filled.

The buoyancy of the balloon is made apparent by the extraordinary efforts needed to keep it down, although it is less than three-quarters inflated. Bags of sand in clusters of five are suspended by ropes from each side of the balloon. Already nearly ten tons of this ballast are hanging from the partly filled envelope to restrain it from rising through the roof, and it will probably require 30,000 pounds of sand to keep the balloon in the hanger when it is fully inflated.

The car, in the unscientific language, is made of drawn steel, about 150 feet long. It will be fitted with seven compartments, wide at the bottom to gangway of wood.

Underneath the car is a long tank pointed at each end like a torpedo about 150 feet long and nearly two feet in diameter. It is made entirely of drawn welded steel and will be filled with gasoline. There will be two engines of eighty horse-power each similar to those used in motor boats They will drive four immense propellers, two on each side, which resemble the fins of a fish. They are made of wood, and have a tremendous thrust that can propel the airship at twenty miles an hour.

Underneath the gasoline tank a life-boat will be suspended, equipped with supplies for thirty days. It is now arranged that five persons will accompany Mr. Wellman on the trip Besides Mr. Vanniman, the chief engineer, there will be three assistants and a wireless telegraph operator. The passengers will probably sleep in the lifeboat.

The distance from Atlantic City to Europe is about 3000 miles. The trade winds at this time of the year are steady and continuous from the American shores to the European coast, and follows almost the course of the Atlantic liners. It is believed that they will blow at an average rate of about twenty miles an hour which would give the ship a speed of forty miles. If this can be maintained the voyage from Atlantic City to the European coast would require about four days.


## THE WOES OF THE WEAK-STOMACHED MAN

**Relieved by Father Morriscy's "No. 11"**

Did you ever see a happy dyspeptic? Or a man cheerful over his indigestion?

No wonder you didn't, for the man who cannot digest cannot enjoy very much. When the stomach refuses to work the whole system goes wrong, and there follows heartburn, headache, constipation, bad breath and severe pain. Then the mind is affected; a person becomes irritable, sarcastic, surly—in fact, almost unbearable.

Father Morriscy gave this matter special study, and devised a tablet now known as "Father Morriscy's No. 11," which relieves the misery. Each tablet is capable of digesting 1½ pounds of food—a good square meal. One tablet after eating, with a half tumbler of water, insures perfect digestion, providing reasonable care is taken to avoid foods that have been found especially disagreeable to the stomach.

If you have suffered from a weak stomach, why not do as thousands have done—take Father Morriscy's No. 11 Tablets and be cured? 50c. at your dealer's, or from Father Morriscy Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N.B. 50


# Robbed in Woods and Shot to Death

Hudson, N.Y., Sept. 3.—The brickmakers of the Atlas yards, north of this city, were waiting at lunch time to-day for three weeks pay, a little over $6,000, which young Dent Fowler, treasurer of the Atlas Building and Material Company, was bringing up from the bank at Newburgh. They were to have been paid a week ago, but a delay in getting the rolls straightened out made it necessary to bunch three weeks envelopes.

Young Fowler was due to arrive with the bagfuls of cash a little after noon as the men knew. They were impatient to get their pay and knock off work, and as they sat in the sheds they expected any minute to see Geo. Ragsdale, Fowler's negro driver, whipping his horse along the private road from the woods above the Firemen's Home.

Rain was drizzling and it was very quiet in the neighbourhood of the brickyards. The pistol shots that startled the employees out of their after lunch gossip sounded like the reports of small cannon. The sound of firing came evidently from the woods through which Dent Fowler and George were bringing the money. The brickmakers jumped up, listened for more shots and then ran by ones and twos toward the thick timber and brush north of the Firemen's Home.

Suddenly a frightened horse burst from the woods at a plunging gallop dragging a covered buggy which bounced and rebounded from side to side as it struck stones and stumps along the edges of the rough, little used road. The lines were trailing and the brickmakers saw instantly that there was nobody in the buggy A dozen men caught the horse and examined the vehicle. There were bullet holes in the side curtains and the laprobe was stained with blood.

The employees hurried down the road and entered the woods. Less than half a mile from the Atlas yards at a point where the trees and underbush were so dense that it was impossible to see a dozen yards on either side they found Ragsdale, the driver, and Denton Fowler. They lay a few feet apart. The negro was dead he had been shot three times in the head and chest. Mr. Fowler was unconscious and bleeding terribly. There was a wound in his abdomen and he had been beaten over the head with a club or an iron bar.

Of the money that he had brought from Newburgh in an Oxford bag there was not a trace, and the tangled brush furnished no signs of the direction the bandits had taking in escaping. But the brickmakers knew that the murder and robbery had occurred less than half an hour before the bodies were discovered. A hundred of them hastily organized into four parties and without weapons began to beat up the woods. Two men ran to a telephone to notify the Hudson police and the hospital, and the others remained with Mr. Fowler trying to stanch the flow of blood.

Dr. Collins, of the Hudson Hospital came with Supt. Luke Van Etten, of the Atlas Company. Dr. Collins realized in a few minutes that young Fowler was a dying man. A bullet had torn through his stomach, cutting an artery, and had punctured the larger intestine in passing downward

About 2 o'clock he regained consciousness. He was able to tell Sheriff Lane, Deputy Sheriff Jeffords and the Coroner what had happened. His weakness caused frequent interruptions and it appeared likely that he would die before he finished the story Bit by bit, though, he described the killing of Ragsdale, his own wounding and the desprate attempt the plucky negro had made to dash through the robbers. He was not able to give a description of the men who held him up. He thought there were four or five of them and he was sure that all were masked, but there had been no time, he said, to form any impression of their appearance.


**A BROKEN-DOWN SYSTEM.**

This is a condition (or disease) to which doctors give many names, but which few of them really understand. It is simply weakness—a break-down, as it were of the vital forces that sustain the system. No matter what may be its causes (for they are almost numberless), its symptoms are much the same; the more prominent being sleeplessness, sense of prostration or weariness, depression of spirits and want of energy for all the ordinary affairs of life. Now, what alone is absolutely essential in all such cases is *increased vitality*—vigour—

**VITAL STRENGTH & ENERGY**

to throw off these morose feelings, and experience proves that as night succeeds the day this may be more certainly secured by a course of the celebrated life-reviving tonic

**THERAPION No. 3**

than by any other known combination. So surely as it is taken in accordance with the urgent directions accompanying it, will the shattered health be restored.

**THE EXPIRING LAMP OF LIFE LIGHTED UP AFRESH,**

and a new existence imparted in place of what had so lately seemed worn-out, 'used up,' and valueless. This wonderful medicament is purely vegetable and innocuous, is agreeable to the taste—suitable for all constitutions and conditions, in either sex; and it is difficult to imagine a case of disease and disorganisement, whose main features are those of debility, that will not be speedily and permanently benefited by this never-failing restorative, whose virtues which is destined to cast into oblivion everything that had preceded it for this wide-spread and numerous class of human ailments.

**THERAPION** is sold by all medicine vendors throughout the world. Price in England 2/9 and 4/6. Purchasers should see that the word THERAPION appears on the British Government Stamp, in white letters on a red ground, affixed to every package by order of H. M. Inland Revenue Commissioners, and without which it is a forgery.

**Theraplon may now also be obtained in Dragee (Tasteless) form.**


# UNCLAIMED LETTERS, REMAINING IN G. P. to SEPT. 1910. 3rd,

A

Adams, Miss E. R., card, Prescott St.
Andrews, Katie
Atwood, Matilda, Duckworth St.

B

Baird, Jack, care W. E. Bearns
Biggs, Mrs. James, Charlton Street
Bishop, Laura, card, Belvidere Street
Brooking, Almira, Bond Street, care J. LeDrew
Brown, Ralph, card
Brostrom, F. W., care Mrs. S. Rabbits
Butler, John
Butler, E. J., Mt. Scio Road
Butler, Michael
Butler, Miss A. T., card
Burnell, H. J., Water St.
Button, Levi, Water St.
Butler, Alice, card
Butler, Richard, Lime St.
Burridge, John, slip

C

Crane, Miss Etta, Pleasant Street
Clarke, Dawson J.
Campbell, Mrs., Power St.
Clifton, Walter
Conrad, Herbert
Coady, J. J., card, Pleasant Street
Coady, Miss Mary, card, Gower Street
Cooper, Mrs. John, card, Lime Street
Cosh, Philip, South Side
Conrad, Malcolm, card
Corkum, S.
Collier, Miss Emily, Springdale Street

D

Day, Geo. E.
Dahl, Karl, care G.P.O.
Dwyer, Michael, Mundy Pond Road
Driscoll, Mrs. Willis, Gower Street
Dicks, Winsor, late Grand Falls
Dugmore, A. R.

E

Effert, Mrs. Annie C.
Ellis, J. C., late General Hospital, Patrick St.

F

Flemming, James
Fitzgerald, Thomas, late Grand Falls
Fitzpatrick, T., Pleasant St.
Fowler, Bride, Water St.

G

Gibbons, Miss G.
Gilbert, Mrs. Arthur, George's St.
Gillingham, Thos.

H

Haliday, Miss, Long Pond Road
Healey, James, Blackhead
Hilcher, Roy
House, Miss Bridget
House, Mrs. Robert, Lower Battery Rd.
Hughes, H. V.
Hart, Wm., care Mrs. Whitten Water Street
Hutchinson, Ledgemoor

I

Ingram, Neilie, card, Rennie Mill Road
Ivany, Andrew, LeMarchant Road

J

Jackson, Archibald, Springdale St.
Jones, Mrs., LeMarchant Rd.

K

Kennedy, Mrs. F., card, Brazil's Square
Kelly, Elizabeth, care Mrs. Snow, Brazil's Square
Kenny, Wm., late s.s. Home
Kelly, Josephine Miss, New Gower Street
Kelly, Mrs. Jas. A., Gower Street
Kelly, Winnie, retd., Brazil's Square care Mrs. Ennis,
Kelly, James, care General Delivery
Kent, Wm., late Bell Island
King, Robert P.
King, Joshua, George's St.

L

Lamb, Mrs., Brazil's Square
Larder, Capt. J. G.
Lamb, Patrick, Gower St.
Lanigan, Miss Johanna, Patrick St. West
Lundrigan, Mary A., Gower Street
Lane, W. H., LeMarchant Road

M

Martin, Lar, card, Lime St.
Martin, Capt. Frank
Martin, Rebecca, retd.
Martin, Hannah
Martin, Mrs. P. M., New Gower Street
Miller, John, card
Morgan, Jacob, card, Bannerman St.
Moran, Janie, card, Springdale Street
Morgan, John, late Bell Island
Morgan, Wm. T., late s.s. Portia
Murphy, P., Larkin's Square
Murphy, D. M.
Matthews, Miss Emma
Maloney, Mrs., card
Murphy, Mrs. M., late Goose Bay, King's Road

Mc

McEwen, Mrs. W. E.
McCarthy, Miss Fannie, card, Quidi Vidi Rd.
McLoughlan, Mr.
McBean, W.
McMillan, Professor
McKillop, D. J.
McKenzie, Andrew, Water Street

N

Newman, Lillian, card
Nelson, John, late Bonavista Branch
Newhook, W. H., card

O

O'Neill, Jane, card, Circular Road
O'Brien, Mrs. Agnes, Quidi Vidi Road
O'Brien, Sylvester, Colonial Street
Oldford, Samson, care G. P. O.

P

Perry, Jethro
Pritchet, Wm., Freshwater Bay
Pincault, Rev. Peter
Piercey, John, care Mrs. White, Monroe St.
Power, Miss May, Gower St.
Powers, Elizabeth, Mrs.
Power, W. A., card
Power, Richard, card, Bond Street
Power, B.
Publicover, Purvis
Parsons, Jas. J., LeMarchant Rd.

R

Ryan, Mike, General Hospital
Ryan, Katie, retd.
Ryall, Miss J. B., Lime St.
Reid, Julia, Water St.
Reddy, Miss L., Rennie Mill Rd.
Riggs, Edward
Rogers, W. J., card
Ross, Jos. P.
Roche, Edward
Rose, Hannah, Mundy Pond Road
Rogers, T., card
Rogers, A. W., card
Russell, Miss, Queen's Road

S

Shave, Martha, Duckworth Street
Salmon, Thomas
Stamiland, Mrs. Wm., late of Cambridge
Spry, Thomas, card
Spry, J. H.
Sheehan, John
Steed, Mrs. W. J., Cochrane Street
Simms, Mr., care Reid Nfld. Co.
Simpson, Robert, card
Simms, Mrs., Cochrane St.
Simons, Mrs. Peter
Scott, George, late s.s. Argyle

T

Taylor, Miss Florence, Springdale Street
Taylor, Hattie, Queen's Road
Taylor, Miss Harriet, late Carbonear
Tilley, Miss Annie, Alexander Street

V

Verge, Charlie, card
Vickers, Miss N., Water St.
Vavasseur, Miss Alice, New Gower St.
Verge, Mrs. Julia

W

Warren, Miss Nell, Catherine Row
Way, Chas. W., card
Whelan, Miss A., late Hospital
Whelan, Miss Mat., Water Street
Wills, James
Wooldridge, Alexander, Buchanan St.
Warford, Harry, care Mrs, K. Pinn
W———, Laurence, Boggan Street

Y

Young, John, care Mr. Smith
Young Walter

## SEAMEN'S LIST.

A

Goldsmith, Charlie, schr. Alberta
Webber, Capt. George, schr. Antoinette
Devereaux, Capt. C. J., schr. Arkansas
Haines, Alfred, schr. Arkansas

B

Haynes, Capt. Wm., schr. Belle Franklin
Francis, Alexander, schr. B. G. Anderson
Morris, Capt. Wm., schr. B. G. Anderson

C

Wills, James, schr. Clara
Gushue, Stewart, schr. Crissie L. Thomey
Conrad, Capt. T. A., schr. Conrad
Jones, John, schr. Conrad

D

Hopkins, Henry, schr. Dorothy Baird

E

Smith, Capt. Darius, schr. Empire
Ryan, John J., schr. Excelda

F

Atkinson, Capt. N., schr. Favorna
Bond, Walter, schr. Florence M. Smith
Morris, Gerald, brigt. Fleetwing

G

Hibbs, James J., schr. Gladys Whidden
Winsor, Arthur, schr. Golden Hind
Henson, Alexander, schr. Gladys Whidden

H

McDonald, J. J., s.s. Home
Kansaul, Capt., schr. Harris

L

House, Avalon, schr. Lizzie H.

M

Becquet, Capt., schr. Madelina
Verge, Robert, schr. Maggie
Young, Bennett, schr. Minnie J. Hickman

N

Burke, Mark, schr. Nellie Louise

R

Bates, E., schr. Rose
Anstey, Capt., schr. Reginald Anstey
Wiseman, Robert, schr. Reginald Anstey

G. P. O., September 3rd, 1910. H. J. B. WOODS, P.M.G.


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