

# THE FAIR IMPOSTOR.

CHAPTER XVIII.  
A MODERN BONDAGE.  
(Continued.)

**D**AWSON Slade lost no time in taking advantage of the permission which he had so generously won to paint Miss Woodleigh's portrait.

Immediately he got back to the Grange he dispatched Louis, to town for the necessary tools, and urged him to use all speed.

'Look here, Louis,' he said, 'I want these things quickly, you understand.'

Louis understood perfectly, and before half an hour had passed from the moment of receiving his orders, was on his way to the station. Mr. Slade's quickly meant very quickly, indeed; and Louis, accustomed to minister to his master's whims, reasonable or unreasonable, with implicit obedience, lost not a moment. Mr. Slade's easel and another artistic appliances arrived the next day, and Louis carried them into his master's room, with a calm countenance, as if to travel night and day, and go without sleep, and with scarcely a meal, were matters of course.

But, although such haste had been made in the preparations, Dawson Slade was too wise to be guilty of forcing himself too precipitously; he did not go near the Hall for some days, and when Sir Talbot and his daughter came over to the Grange to see the duchess and Gerald, he put on his hat and went out of the way.

Day and night, however, he pondered and mused over the strange mystery which surrounded her; that there was a mystery he was more convinced than ever since the incident of Lady Woodleigh's portrait. It was Lillian Woodleigh who kept that portrait hidden and concealed from prying eyes; why did she do it? What was it that she feared?

This secrecy and mystery would have cooled most men's love, but not a Dawson Slade's. His love for Lillian Woodleigh was even more passionate than his love for Hilda Fane. The vague atmosphere of romance that clung around her only heightened her charms in his eyes, and rendered the prize more worth the fighting for.

She had dismissed him once with a single word and a gesture of scorn, but this had not slain the all-absorbing love which he had borne about, and which leaped into flame again at the sight of her.

On the third day he went up to the Hall, with Louis carrying the easel and other implements, and was welcomed by Sir Talbot, who was standing sunning himself on the terrace.

He smiled as he saw Louis' burden and nodded with satisfaction. 'I was beginning to think that you had forgotten your little commission, Mr. Slade,' he said, shaking hands. 'I hope Miss Woodleigh hasn't forgotten her promise.'

## Poor Digestion?

This is one of the first signs of stomach weakness. Distress after eating, sour eructations, sick headache, bilious conditions are all indicative that it is the stomach that needs assistance. Help it to regain health and strength by taking

## BEECHAM'S PILLS

for they are a stomach remedy that never disappoints. They act quickly and gently upon the digestive organs, sweeten the contents of the stomach, carry off the disturbing elements, and establish healthy conditions of the liver and bile.

The wonderful tonic and strengthening effects from Beecham's Pills, make them a safe remedy—they

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## "BEAVER FLOUR"

makes ideal bread and pastry, because it is a perfect blend of Manitoba Spring wheat and Ontario Fall wheat. You don't need to keep two kinds of flour for bread and pastry. Beaver Flour makes both—a pure, white, nourishing, light loaf that "stands up" in the oven, and pastry that is crisp and appetizing. It is more economical than other flours, and appeals to all thinking women. Order it to-day from your grocer.

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'She will be the first Woodleigh to do such a thing,' said Sir Talbot. 'No; I'll answer for that. Come, sir, and we will find her.'

They had not far to seek, for Lillian, hearing Sir Talbot's voice, came down the stairs.

At sight of Dawson Slade, a faint flush stole over her face, that had looked somewhat pale before, and she paused, with her hand on the ebony balustrade, against the blackness of which it shone like white marble.

Then, as Sir Talbot, looking up at her said:

'Here is Mr. Slade, Lillian, with all his weapons. I was telling him that we thought that he had forgotten—'

'I said that I hoped he had forgotten,' she corrected, with a faint smile playing about her lips.

Dawson Slade looked at her.

'Why, hoped, Miss Woodleigh?'

'That you might be spared the trouble,' she answered; and—and I shall be a bad sinner.'

'I am patient myself,' he said, in a low voice; 'and you have but to say that you are tired for the brush to drop from my hand.'

'I hold you to that bargain,' she said, quietly.

'And now, about the studio?' said Sir Talbot, cheerily. 'You want a good light, Mr. Slade—what do you say to the gallery?'

'Admirable!' assented Dawson Slade.

Louis was directed to set up the easel by the oriel window, and then dispatched to the servants hall to refresh himself, after his portage.

With quiet self-possession, Dawson Slade arranged his palettes and brushes; and little tubes of color; Sir Talbot watching with that gentle smile which had come so recently to his face, his tall figure slightly bent, his hands clasped behind his back.

Standing by the window, with the light falling on her face, Lillian watched also; watched almost against her will, almost as if her eyes were drawn by a species of fascination to the dark, handsome face, with the calm air of power revealing itself in the leisurely, graceful way, he moved to and fro, pausing only to exchange a remark with Sir Talbot.

It did not seem possible that this placid, softly careful man could be one with the passionate being who kept her in the dark street, while he poured out the story of his love. She an actress! Her power paled to insignificance beside his.

Suddenly he looked up.

'Are you ready, Miss Woodleigh?' he asked, awakening her from her reverie.

She moved away from the window as if to a command, although no tone could have been more full of reverential respect than his.

'What am I to do?' she asked. 'And what about the dress; is it suitable, Mr. Slade?'

He looked at her, as she stood with downcast eyes in the morning light, as though he had not already inwardly noted every particular of the simple dress of soft, white silk, with its graceful curves and sweeps.

'Nothing could be better,' he said,

and turned his eyes away quickly lest they should see the sudden light of passion in them. 'Nothing—except, if I might suggest—' and taking a yellow rose from a bowl that stood near them, he offered it to her.

'What am I to do with it?' she asked, with a smile.

'If you will put it in your hair,' he said, quietly, 'it will give the shade I want to complete the picture. You see, Sir Talbot, if I am no artist, I have learned some of their tricks.'

'I confess it's an improvement,' she said, looking at the lovely face under the wealth of dark hair, all the darker for the yellow rose—'I begin to believe in you, Mr. Slade.'

'Do not, I implore,' said Dawson Slade, lightly, 'or the greater will be your indignation when you see the libel I shall produce on Miss

Woodleigh.' As he spoke, he wheeled forward an antique chair of carved oak.

'Will you sit, Miss Woodleigh? Thus far the proceedings are as bad as those which take place in a photographer's den; but from this moment all likeness ceases. I shall not run an iron instrument of torture into the back of your neck, or ask you to smile, or frown, or twist your head into excruciatingly unnatural positions.'

'I am thankful for even small mercies,' she said, with a smile. 'I am afraid you cannot take your portrait instantaneously.'

'And I am glad,' he said. 'Half the pleasure of a portrait painter's work lies in the slow growth of details—the touch upon touch which produces the result—happy or otherwise. You have never sat for your portrait before?'

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'I am thankful for even small mercies,' she said, with a smile. 'I am afraid you cannot take your portrait instantaneously.'

Instantly there flashed across her memory the numerous imploring requests which had been addressed to her in the past time—the buried past—for a sitting, a single sitting.

'No,' she said, 'never. Am I doing anything wrong?'

'On the contrary, you have fallen into the very attitude I wanted.'

'And the expression?' asked Sir Talbot.

'I shall get directly,' was the quiet answer.

She looked up, then her eyes drooped, and with her hands folded loosely on her lap, she sat dreamily silent.

With a few quick touches, which proved him a facile draughtsman, Dawson Slade sketched the outline of the lovely head in black chalk, looking aside now and then to talk to Sir Talbot, who stood eagerly watching the work.

To be continued.

## Flirting With Death.

Brighton Beach, N.Y., July 24.—C. S. Bragg, the amateur driver who has defeated Barney Oldfield, took by sheer grit Saturday afternoon one of the most daring auto races ever seen at Brighton Beach. In the sixth event of the programme a five mile, open to amateurs only, on the turn into the homestretch, Bragg driving his own Fiat skidded, slewed broadside into the fence, crashed through it into the green, turned on his power when he found himself still on four wheels, broke his way through the fence on to the track again, and then, by furious driving, regained all his lost distance and finished first in the phenomenally time of 4 minutes, 46 3-5 seconds. He was cheered to the echo every time he passed the grand stand.

**A BROKEN-DOWN SYSTEM.**  
It is a condition for disease which does not give many names, but which few of them really understand. It is simply weakness—a break-down, a failure, of the vital forces that sustain the system. No matter what may be its causes (for they are almost numberless), it is the same in its nature, 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 a **restoration of vitality.**

**VITAL STRENGTH & ENERGY**  
to those of these morbid lines, and experience proves that as night succeeds the day, the day may be more certainly secured by a course of the celebrated **Therapion** tonic.

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

A Andrews, Miss Maud, card Anderson, Miss Sophia, Flower Hill St. Ashburn, F. F. B Barrett, H. O. Baird, Wm., Neagle's Hill Barnes, D. Beasley, Miss Alice, Mrs. Horwood Parsons Bell, Mrs. R., card Byrne, T., care Reid Nbd. Co. Bowen, Miss B., Victoria St. Boggan, J. J., slip Bouzan, C. D. Bouzen, a Patrick, card, late Steam Cooperage Bonavsky, Jos., late Sound Island Buses, Henry, ret'd. Butler, Samuel, ret'd. Butler, Richard, Gower St. Butler, Mr., Water St. West Burke, W. J.	G Greenfield, J. G. Gillette, James Gosse, Master Wm., Cabot Street Gosse, Mrs. T., ret'd. Gourie, Wm. H Haynes, W. Allan Harvey, Miss Janet Hampton, Rebecca, ret'd. Harvey, L., ret'd. Hathaway, Miriam, late New York Hartney, James, York St. Herbert, S. E. Henson, Miss M., late New York Henebury, Mr., late Steam Cooperage Hynes, Patrick J., care General Delivery Hynes, Mrs. J. Hodder, Angus, card Howell, Irestis Hunt, Robert, teacher Hustin, Joseph Hustin, James Hutchings, Wm., agent Humbly, Mrs. James, Summers' Field	M Morgan, John, late Bell Island Molloy, Maggie, Rennie Mill Road Murphy, Miss Mugford, Miss Mary G., Queen Street Mc McLaren, G. S. McNally, Daniel McDonald, H., card McGrath, Mrs. McCarthy, Wm., Walsh's Square McNash, Mrs. F. McDougal, Ronald, late York Street McGuire, Gordon, agent N Newell, Mrs. Michael Neddam, J., card Noseworthy, Harry Noseworthy, Wm., Freshwater Rd. O O'Neill, Miss Mary, George's St. O'Neill, B. P. O. box 145 Olson, Racine	S St. George, Miss K., Duckworth Street Samit, L. Sharpe, Abraham Shave, Capt. Thos. Sternburg, H. H. Smith, Mrs. J. E., cottage Smith, Mrs. Chas., Blackmarsh Road Smith, Miss Lillie, card, New Gower Street Snow, Isaac, Barnes' Road Somerton, Elizabeth, ret'd. Short, C. L. Soper, Mrs. Joe, slip Squires, Miss May Squires, B. H. Stinott, John J., ret'd. Spencas, J. H. Sullivan, John, late s.s. Bruce
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## SEAMEN'S LIST.

A Goldsmith, Charlie, sch. Albatra Shears, Parson, sch. Albatra De Camba, Arthur, A. H. White B Wall Emanuel, sch. Beezie Jennex Francis, Alex., sch. E. G. Anderson
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