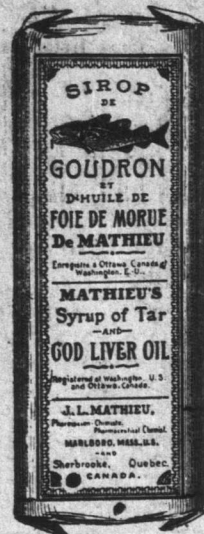


A Neglected Cold May Cause Consumption.

Thousands of people die every year from the effects of this dreaded disease, which, if treated in its first stages with...

MATHEU'S SYRUP

of Tar and God Liver Oil and other medicinal extracts, will cure the diseased lungs and give strength to the patient. Sold everywhere.



Waterville, N.S., Dec. 27, '07. Dear Sirs,—Herewith we enclose our cheque \$15.00 in settlement of our account to date.

ST. JOHN, N.B., Jan. 10, '07. Dear Sirs,—We telegraphed you to-day to ship immediately 5 Gross Mathieu's Syrup. We hope you will send it promptly, but if you are not able to send the whole amount at once, please send us some as our stock is getting low.

MATHEU'S NERVINE POWDERS are free from opium, chloral and other dangerous drugs and they are supreme against headache, neuralgia, overwork. 25 cts. per box of 18 powders. Prepared by J. L. MATHIEU CO., Sherbrooke, Can.

THE FAIR IMPOSTOR.

CHAPTER XXX.

ON THE CLIFF.

WITH a shudder, she drew her dress from his hand, and shrank from him like some guilty creature.

'No, no,' she murmured; 'I—I—you do not know. Let me go—they are down there—oh, let me go!'

'Who?' he asked, eying her with a suspicious light in his dark eyes, all the darker for the black line which pain had drawn round them.

'Lillian, I would rather lie here and die than live without you! Can you swear you do not love me?' he groaned out, grasping at her.

'With a sudden pallor, she put his hands from her. 'No, no,' she said. 'For your sake, no. It is too late. I—I—'

'Too late!' he echoed, hoarsely. Then a fierce light flashed across his face, followed by a dull, deadened despair.

'You have promised yourself to him—' Harold Woodleigh. 'Go, and—' the curse, if such he intended, died away, and he fell back, white and deathlike.

With a loud scream, Lillian sprang along the ledge and down the narrow path to the beach, crying for help at every step.

Loud shouts of alarm rose in an answer, and Harold and the rest came dashing toward her.

'When they came she could only point above her, but Harold understood, and making his way up the cliff, was soon kneeling beside the unconscious man.

'Hi, you fellows,' he shouted, leaning over, 'don't come up here—you can do no good yet. Go round to the point and hail the boat, then two of you come up—the two strongest.'

They hailed the boat and two of them went up to him.

'Why, great heaven, it's Dawson!

'A BROKEN-DOWN SYSTEM. This is a condition for disease to which do not give many names, but which few of them really understand.

VITAL STRENGTH & ENERGY. To show of these vital forces, and experience proves that as night succeeds the day this may be more certainly secured by a course of the celebrated life-giving tonic.

THERAPION No. 3. This is a condition for disease to which do not give many names, but which few of them really understand.

THERAPION. This is a condition for disease to which do not give many names, but which few of them really understand.

Lame Back, Painful Stitches Cured in Ten Days, or Your Money Back

The moment you suspect any Kidney or Urinary disorder, or feel Rheumatic pains, begin taking...

FIG PILLS

FIG PILLS are sold with a guarantee to cure all Kidney, Bladder or Liver trouble, indigestion and all Stomach Disorders.

'I sent on to get you a room in Higham, Slade,' he said; 'I was afraid that it wouldn't do to take so long a journey. There's an old nurse of ours out that way—you couldn't be in better hands.'

'All right!' was the response, given with a languid indifference, 'that will do famously.' Then he added, looking round, 'you fellows have had an awful trouble, I'm very grateful. I've frightened the ladies, too.'

'By jove, it's a lucky thing one of them, at least, was down there,' said Gerald, in his impetuous fashion.

'Slade, old man, do you know who it was found you?' it was asked by Woodleigh. 'I say she saved your life! You might have lain there for—yes, she saved your life.'

'A faint flush stole over the whole face, and he turned over on his elbow. 'Yes,' he groaned, 'she saved my life! it's not much of a salvage, however.'

'Never knew a picnic wind up satisfactorily yet,' murmured Rayburn in Gerald's ear. 'But this is worse than the rain, or the pepper in the cream.'

'Poor old Slade!' 'Going at a walking pace like a funeral,' as Rayburn remarked afterwards, they reached Higham. There one of the grooms, who had gone on with the dogcart, met them, and told them that Dame Hester had prepared a room in the cottage, and was waiting for them.

Harold looked up with a sudden start. He had not intended that they should go to her cottage, but it was too late to alter arrangements even if he had wished to do so.

'He found an opportunity, as they were carrying Slade into the cool little room, to ask for Ethel.

'Oh, she's gone into the next cottage, bless her,' said the dame. 'She offered to give up her room directly they brought us news of the accident. She would have stayed to help; but I told her that I didn't want her. Will you go to see her, Master Harold? She's a bit of a cold; was out wandering in the churchyard last night; and caught cold. Young girls will be so foolish.'

Harold muttered some excuse. He could not meet the gentle, and eyes that had looked into his so shyly, and yet so wistfully, yesterday. He was to marry Lillian Woodleigh, the heiress; he could never more look into those soft, brown eyes.

He sat down beside the bed when the nurse had got the invalid comfortable, as she called it, and waited for the doctor to come.

Slade had not spoken, excepting to deplore, and to thank them all for the trouble they were taking; and now, when they had all gone but Harold, he seemed to have sunk into a lethargic, unconscious state.

But presently he turned his white face and fixed his dark eyes on Harold, and said suddenly, in a weak voice: 'Woodleigh, I—I have to congratulate you, I find.'

Harold started and looked round at him, nodding.

'I—I heard it this morning,' said Slade, speaking with difficulty. 'I wish you joy, Woodleigh, and—and I hope you may be happy. Look here, you won't mind my saying a word, will you?'

'Go on, say what you like, my dear fellow,' said Harold, 'but I don't think you ought to talk much.'

'Only a word,' said Slade, speaking very impressively, and with a hectic flush on his white cheeks. 'Woodleigh, you have won a treasure—of course you know that, so would any fool—I beg your pardon—I mean so would anyone! But, Woodleigh, don't forget it! If at any time anything should happen, any cloud should spring up, don't let it cause you to sheer off; stand by her, man! Stand by her! she's worth fighting and fretting for.'

'My dear old man!' he cried, leaning over him as they laid him on the floor of the wagonette, 'are you much hurt? How did this happen? For the first time Slade spoke.

On regaining consciousness in the boat, Harold's face and voice had been the first to greet him, and he had turned his head away in silence; but now he explained.

'Don't alarm yourself, my dear Gerald!' he said, faintly, and with his old cynical smile. 'It was all my fault; cliff climbing is not my vocation, I find. How did I get there? By the quickest and simplest route—by falling. It beats an express train, my dear child! Oh, you mean what brought me to the cliff at all? Well, you see, I couldn't resist this picnic of yours, and when I had got halfway to the station I turned back and made straight for the Giant's Helmet, or whatever you call it.'

'But why didn't you wait for us?' asked Gerald, anxiously.

'Oh, Lord, don't ask me any more questions!' he retorted, testily. 'What does it matter? What does anything matter if it comes to that? Where are you taking me to?'

'To the Grange, of course!' said Gerald.

'No, no!' exclaimed Dawson, Slade,

ing for. There, that's all. Are you offended? 'No,' said Harold, thinking that he was growing delirious. 'Only a little puzzled.'

'All right,' said Slade, sharply. 'Puzzle it out then. Where is this confounded doctor? I can tell him as much as he can tell me, I expect. This means congestion of the brain. I shall go off my head directly; by the way, before I do, will you telegraph for my man, I sent him to town by the express; Gerald knows his address—'

and—Woodleigh—thank you—your cousin for picking me up this morning. Tell her, will you, not to mind anything I have said—half-delirious, you know. Ah! here you are, doctor;—see to my head first, the foot will do afterward.'

Slade was right, congestion of the brain was feared; delirium set in before night, and with starting eyes the sufferer was throwing his arms about, and calling to a certain Hilda Fane to come to him, to listen to him, to save him. Dame Hester was a discreet woman, and kept the door of the room closed while he raved and shouted that name. It was always that name; Hilda Fane, never Lillian. It seemed as if all time and space, since that night in San Francisco, had been wiped out from his memory, and he could only remember the beautiful young actress who confronted him and bade him leave her forever. Once in the evening Ethel North stole in, and knocked at the door, to inquire if she could help, but the dame told her no; on one could do anything for him but wait and watch, and Ethel retired reluctantly.

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

Table listing unclaimed letters with columns for names and addresses. Includes entries for Adams, Miss E. R., Gibbons, Miss G., Martin, Mrs. P. M., etc.

SEAMEN'S LIST.

Table listing seamen with columns for names and addresses. Includes entries for Goldsmith, Charlie, Willis, James, Atkinson, Capt. N., etc.

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

Abbey's Effort-Salt advertisement. Text: 'You can't enjoy life with a torpid liver. What then? Take Abbey's Salt. 25c and 60c. Sold everywhere.'

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