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Improves the flavor and adds to the healthfulness of the food

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure

THE FAIR IMPOSTOR.

CHAPTER II.
IN THE PICTURE GALLERY.

"I thought you had gone to bed, sir," said Harold; "I was going myself, but not feeling very sleepy, I thought that I would try a cigar."

The old man interrupted him with a gesture to the cabinet. "Smoke, if you like," he said; "I do not mind."

"By no means," said Harold, quietly closing the cabinet. Sir Talbot looked at him absently for a moment or two; then, with an effort, roused himself, and, standing with folded arms, looked down at the young man as he sat on a table, stroking his mustache.

"Harold," he said; "I wanted to speak to you; I am glad you are here."

Harold looked up expectantly. Sir Talbot turned and paced slowly out of the light into the darkness, then back again, and stood with folded arms as before; stately, calm, composed, save for the thin lips that twitched occasionally and the gray eyes that glittered with some suppressed emotion.

"Harold," he said, and his voice was hard and metallic, with the effort to keep it cold and composed. "You know why I have thrown open the hall, and got these people together?"

"There was a thimble's silence. 'I am afraid you have broken through your old habits partly on my account, sir,' said Harold. 'I have brought them here to introduce you as my heir,' said Sir Talbot.

Harold looked up as calmly as the old man. "I trust you do not doubt my gratitude, sir?"

"I wished the world to know," continued Sir Talbot, "that I had chosen my nephew to be my heir, not only to be the title, which I cannot deprive you of, but to the useless wealth which has been accumulating for the best quarter of a century. With that object, I have, as you say, broken

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through my habits of seclusion and retirement and mingled with the world I loathe—and detest."

Harold looked up, startled by the sudden but suppressed bitterness of the words.

"It is not fitting," continued Sir Talbot, "that the heir to Woodleigh Hall should sneak into his position unnoticed, unknown. I have done my duty. You are my heir, acknowledged by me, announced as such to the world. Do you understand what this means?"

Harold Woodleigh thought for a moment, but before he could reply, the old man resumed:

"The estate which goes with the title is inconsiderable; the man who held them alone would be poor—miserably poor. A baronet, with a few beggarly acres, is more to be

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pitied then any class of men I know. If I chose, I could leave my money to the county hospital, or the beggar at my gates. I do not so choose. I make you my heir—on conditions."

Harold looked up quickly, and the old Woodleigh hauteur shone forth from the blue eyes.

"On conditions," repeated Sir Talbot, gravely, almost sternly. "Be silent. I know the retort which, as a Woodleigh, you are ready to meet me with. We are a proud race. You would say, with all the impetuosity of your age, that you would accept of no wealth given conditionally. I have foreseen this hour and prepared for it. To-night I have shown you what a Woodleigh, with wealth as I can give you can do. To-night, as my heir, you have had the whole country at your feet. Influence and power are within your grasp; the first place in your county awaits your acceptance—on one condition. Refuse that, and you are the heir to a beggarly title and a useless name. Before to-night you might have rejected and turned from my offer; but, if I know human nature, this night's experience will have its weight with you."

He paused.

Harold rose and with folded arms confronted him. Singularly alike, the two men stood eyeing each other, as duellists scan their opponents' faces.

It was Harold who broke the silence. "The condition, sir?" he said.

Sir Talbot took the candlestick from the table, and with a gesture he motioned to his nephew to follow him.

The faint, white light fell upon the portraits of the dead and gone Woodleighs, revealing many a knight in armor and his lady in satin and pearls; then, by degrees, the portraits of the Georgian Woodleighs, in full-bottomed wigs, limned by Reynolds and Lawrence. But Sir Talbot went slowly on until he reached his own portrait, painted when he was "Wild Woodleigh"; then he stopped, and held the candle above his head till its rays fell upon a frame inclosing a portrait hidden by a closely locked door of ebony.

Sir Talbot set down the candle, and taking a key from his pocket, unlocked the doors and slowly drew them apart, revealing a portrait of a beautiful woman scarce past girlhood.

Harold stood rapt in astonishment, then he turned to the old man; but Sir Talbot stopped him with a gesture.

"That," he said, with a grim smile, "is my wife, Lady Woodleigh. You would ask why I keep the most beautiful face in the gallery shut from human eyes? I can tell you in three words—she left me!"

The words were spoken with icy distinctness—low and clear as a church bell chiming the hour.

Harold drew back slightly, glanced at the white, set face, and then turned again to the picture upon which Sir Talbot kept his eyes fixed.

"Five and twenty years ago I married her—I was 'Wild Woodleigh' then; she, the daughter of a country squire, as ignorant of the world as a girl could be. For five years I learned to know what the word 'happiness' means. We lived here at the Hall, almost shut out from the world, forgetting and forgotten by it. In the fifth year a friend—mark the word!—came down on a visit. We had been boys together, had shared the old, wild life—were more than brothers, for I is the fashion, I believe, for brothers to hate each other. He was younger than I, and as handsome as the Apollo Belvedere. Following in the usual course of such friendship, he amused himself in a dull, country house by making love to his friend's wife. This also, I am given to understand, is the fashion nowadays, and is thought little of—twenty years ago we were less complacent. I found him on his knees to my wife one morning in July; the next, at daybreak, about this time, we went out together quietly, crossed to Calais, and I left him stretched out dead on the sands!"

Harold, as white now as the face before him, dropped into a chair and stared aghast.

Sir Talbot stretched out his thin hand, and calmly smoothed his wrist-bands.

"When I came back my house was deserted—Lady Woodleigh had gone. Harold sprang to his feet with a broken exclamation of pity and despair.

Sir Talbot glanced at him, and then turned to his calm contemplation of the portrait which, as if alive, seemed to return his gaze.

"If I had needed any proof of her guilt, her disappearance would have furnished it."

"But—but, great Heaven, sir—broke in Harold.

"I pitied then any class of men I know. If I chose, I could leave my money to the county hospital, or the beggar at my gates. I do not so choose. I make you my heir—on conditions."

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"Hear me out, Harold," said Sir Talbot, calmly. "I shut myself up, answered no questions, gave no explanations, and suffered in silence. Ten years passed. One day while wandering about this place, cursed by its association with my lost happiness, I found myself in her room, left as it had been on the night of her flight, when with my own hand I turned the key in it. Dust was thick upon everything, the hangings were faded and discolored; absent, mechanically, I turned over the trifles upon the dressing table, and suddenly, beneath a jewel case, I found a letter. It was addressed to me, and in two seconds it proved her innocence."

Harold jumped up with something that sounded like an oath.

Sir Talbot, with a gesture, silenced him.

"It was written on the night of her flight; in the few hurried lines she bared her whole soul, and it lay before me whiter than the paper, which age had yellowed and stained. For a time I was mad; then I sent north, east and west in search of her. Day and night I sought her, as a dy-

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HARLIN FULTON.
Pleasant Bay, C.B.

ing man might seek for the one thin that could restore him to life; but as if the sea, which broke and swallowed the man I lost, spread on Calais' sands had also engulfed her. I sought in vain. Then I came back to the home my own hand had destroyed, and lived amidst its ruins."

He paused.

Harold remained motionless, his hand covering his eyes; his head bent to the ground, his manliness there were dim with tears.

Sir Talbot looked at him with a set, calm regard as if he were in a dream.

"You have not heard all, even yet. My wife—she paused, and his lip twitched spasmodically—did not go alone. She took her child—my child with her."

Harold started and looked with astonishment, struggling with his emotion.

"Yes, in that fell night I thrust from me a wife and daughter. My little girl," he paused, and his hand went up to his lips, slowly, as if he still their trembling, "my little girl she took with her, and I was left to bear my double punishment."

Harold took two or three steps backward and forward, then stopped in extreme agitation.

"For Heaven's sake, sir, don't tell me any more—at least to-night!"

Sir Talbot smiled.

(To be continued.)

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A Andrews, Robert, late Reid Nfld. Co. Ash, Emma, sllp. Allen, Edith, Wills' Range Andrews, Miss Alice, late Twillingate Anderson, Capt. Fred, Water Street Anthony, Robert, College Square	B Banville, Miss Maggie, Williams Hill Baird, Wm., Neagle's Hill Byrne, Nellie, card Brien, Richard, Blackmarsh Rd Brown, Patrick, late Sound Island Brown, Eli, Coronation St. Bowering, Samuel Bursay, Miss Susie Butler, Norah Mrs., Circular Road Butler, E. J., Neagle's Hill Burke, Miss Jammie, King's B. Road Carey, Mrs. Fitzgerald Bullock, T. H. Barker, M. A., Miss	C Callahan, Miss Lizzie, ret'd. Carpenter, A. W., care Post Office Carter, J., Belvidere St. Creddy, Daniel Cotter, D., Neagle's Hill Corbett, Miss Jose, Prescott Street Colford, Nellie, card Curren, John, Hamilton Street Curtis, Laura, Queen St. Dalton, Miss Jessie, Circular Road Drake, Miss, card, Queen's College Dicks, A. M., ret'd. Duggan, Miss Esther, card, Colonial Street Dyer, Mrs. Rebecca, ret'd.	D Francis, Alex., schr. B. G. Anderson Grant, Edward, schr. Britannia Wall, Edmund, schr. Bessie Lennox Kennedy, Harry J., schr. Alberta Stuckless, B. G., schr. Grace Cameron, Washington, schr. Isabella	E Ellott, John, Bond St.	F French, John, aWter St. Finfield, Edwin R., late Grand Falls Fitzpatrick, Eva Fitzpatrick, Miss Katie, care Mrs. Kelly, Duckworth St. Foote, R., Pleasant St. Erlong, Mrs. Bridget, late Bell Isle Francis, Robert, ret'd.	G Gardiner, Miss J. M., Springdale Street Gear, Nellie, ret'd. Greenfield, Miss Lizzie Goff, Richard, Prescott St. Good, John, Pleasant St.	H Harvey, Herb, card Harris or Hallis, Charles Head, Miss Theresa, King's B. Road Hiscock, Mrs. Diana, late Gen. Hospital Houseman, H. H., late Halifax Hogan, Mrs., South Side	I Johnson, Chas. Henry James, Geo., Coronation St. Johnson, Patrick, Bell St.	J Johnston, Miss Fanny, Gower St.	K Lamb, Mrs. Brazil's Field Lake, Mrs. Thomas Leonard, Patrick Leonard, Mrs. Casey St. Leach, W. H., late Bay de Verde Leary, Mrs. Mary, Blackmarsh Road Linegar, Thomas, New Gower Street Lynch, David Linkletter, Miss Jennie Long, Miss Carrie, Water St. West	L Loder, Harold Lindsay, Peter, card	M Mahar, Mrs. B., card Martin, Samuel Mahoney, Nellie, ret'd. Martin, Wm., late Devon Towers Martin, Mrs. Isabella Mercer, Wm., card Melvin, John Morris, Patrick, Prescott Street Moore, David, card Moses, Mr. Moyst, Mrs. Thomas Murphy, Mrs. Michael	N Noel, Miss, Barnes Rd. Noel, Mrs. Bertha, Georgetown	O Oer, Cecily, ret'd.	P Paine, Clarence Parsons, George, Pennywell Road Pearce, Robert, Gower Street Perry, George C., Power's St. Perry, Miss Dorothy, Beck's Cove Porter, Samuel Paddington, Miss Kate Power, Mrs. James, James Street Raine, Mrs. John, Pleasant St. Rendell, Miss L., care Rev. Dunfield Riggs, Miss Edith, Barnes Road	R Rose, Harold, Mrs., late Hearl's Content Rogers, R., card Ryan, Frederick, ret'd.	S Sawyer, Mrs. Joseph, Monroe Street Sheppard, Miss Mary Sweetapple, Miss Mary, care Mrs. O'Driscoll, Prescott St. Stewart, Mrs. Jessie H., Blackmarsh Rd. Smith, Mrs. Chas., Blackmarsh Rd. Smith, Miss Rose, Cochrane Street Skiffington, Miss Beatrice Smith, Leonard B., Squires, Andrew, New Gower Street	T Taylor, Bertram, late Norris' Arm Taylor, Miss Winnie, Riverhead Templeman, Miss P., card Timman, Miss Lucy, late of London, Eng. Tobin, Mrs. Helena, card, Colonial St.	U Turpin, Mrs. William Turrell, Miss Amelia	V Wiseman, Martin, care Gen. Delivery Williams, Miss, Rennie Mill Road White, Orby Webber, Arch, Pennywell Road Wheeler, John, Young St.	Y Young, Henry L. Young, H., Cabot St. Young, Miss, Littledale.
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A Kennedy, Harvey J., schr. Alberta De Canda, Arthur, schr. Arthur H. White Kennedy, Harry J., schr. Alberta Morris, Capt. Wm., schr. B. G. Anderson	B Francis, Alex., schr. B. G. Anderson Grant, Edward, schr. Britannia Wall, Edmund, schr. Bessie Lennox Kennedy, Harry J., schr. Alberta Stuckless, B. G., schr. Grace Cameron, Washington, schr. Isabella	L Pynn, Francis H., schr. Loyalty	R Anster, Capt. Alex., schr. Reginald Anstey Wiseman, Robert A., schr. Reginald Anstey Roberts, Master, schr. Springdale Pippy, Charles, schr. Springdale Quinton, Wm., Moore St.
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G. P. O., June 14th, 1910. H. J. B. WOODS, P.M.G.

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