

The Great Impersonation

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

(Continued from yesterday.)

"Now turn them all out again, except this one," she directed, "and wheel me up an easy chair. No, I choose this settee. Please seat yourself by my side."

"Is this going to be serious?" she asked, with some slight disquietude.

"Serious but wonderful," she murmured, lifting her eyes to his. "Will you please listen to me, Leopold?"

She was half curled up in a corner of the settee, her head resting slightly upon her long fingers, her brown eyes steadily fixed upon her companion. There was an atmosphere about her of serious yet of tender things. Dominey's face seemed to fall into more rigid lines as he realized the appeal of her eyes.

"Leopold," she began, "I left this country a few weeks ago, feeling that you were a brute, determined never to see you again, half inclined to expose you before I went as an impostor and a charlatan. Germany means little to me, and a patriot who took no account of human obligations left

Dominey sat as a man enthralled with silence. She watched him, marvelously awakened emotions, so cruelly and so deeply stifled through a cycle of years. The woman's passion by his side seemed suddenly tender and unreal, the seeking of her lips for his something horrible. His back was towards the door, and it was her cry of angry dismay which first apprised him of a welcome intruder. He swung around to find Seaman standing upon the threshold—Seaman, to him a very angel of deliverance.

"I am indeed sorry to intrude, Sir Everard," the newcomer declared, with a shade of genuine concern on his round, good-humored face. "Something has happened which I thought you ought to know at once. Can you spare me a moment?"

The Princess swept past them without a word of farewell or a backward glance. She had the carriage and the air of an impatient queen. A shade of deeper trouble came into Seaman's face as he stepped respectfully on one side.

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be absolutely unresponsive. I meant to go home and never to return to London. My heart was bruised, and I was very unhappy."

She paused, but her companion made no sign. She paused for so long, however, that speech became necessary.

"You are speaking, Princess," he said calmly, "to one who is not present. My name is no longer Leopold."

She laughed at him with a curious mixture of tenderness and bitterness.

"My friend," she continued, "I am terrified, to think, besides your name, how much of humanity you have lost in your new identity. To proceed, it suited my convenience to remain for a few days in Berlin, and I was therefore compelled to present myself at the opera. There I received a great surprise. Wilhelm spoke to me of you, and though, alas! my heart is still bruised, he helped me to understand."

"Is this wise?" he asked a little desperately.

She ignored his words.

"I was taken back into favour at Court," she went on. "For that I owe you my thanks. Wilhelm was much impressed by your recent visit to him, and by the way in which you have established yourself here. He spoke also with warm commendation of your labours in Africa, which he seemed to appreciate all the more as you were sent there an exile. He asked me, Leopold," she added, dropping her voice a little, "if my feelings towards you remained unchanged."

Dominey's face remained unrelaxed. Persistently he refused the challenge of her eyes.

"I told him the truth," she proceeded, "I told him how it all began, and how it must last with me—to the end. We spoke even of the duel. I told him what both your seconds had explained to me—that turn of the wrist, Conrad's wild lunge, how he literally threw himself upon the point of your sword. Wilhelm understands and forgives, and he has sent you this letter."

She drew a small grey envelope from her pocket. On the seal were the Imperial Hohenzollern arms. She passed it to him.

"Leopold," she whispered, "please read that."

He shook his head, although he accepted the letter with reluctant fingers.

"Leopold," he muttered, "it is not for me."

"Read the supererogation," she directed.

He obeyed her. It was addressed in a strange, struggling handwriting to Sir Edward Dominey, Baronet. He broke the seal unwillingly and drew out the letter. It was dated barely a fortnight back. There was neither beginning nor ending; just a couple of sentences scrawled across the thick newspaper:

"It is my will that you offer your hand in marriage to the Princess Stephanie of Eiderstrom. Your union shall be blessed by the Church and approved by my Court."

"I ask you to consider the suspensions which would be excited by such a course," Dominey pleaded earnestly.

"And further, can you explain to me in what way I, having already, according to the belief of everybody, another wife living, can take advantage of this mandate?"

She looked at him wonderingly.

"You make difficulties?" You sit there like the cold Englishman whose place you are taking, you whose tears have fallen before now upon my hand, whose lips—"

"You speak of one who is dead," Dominey interrupted, "dead until the coming of great events may bring him to life again. Until that time your lover must be dumb."

Then her anger blazed out. She spoke incoherently, passionately, dragged his face down to hers and clenched her fist the next moment as though she would have struck it. She broke down with a storm of tears.

"Not so hard—not so hard, Leopold!" she implored. "Oh! yours is a great task, and you must carry it through to the end, but we have his permission—there can be found a way—we could be married secretly. At least your lips—your arms! My heart is starved, Leopold."

He rose to his feet. Her arms were still twined about his neck, her lips hungry for his kisses, her eyes shining up into his.

"Have pity on me, Stephanie," he begged. "Until our time has come there is dishonor even in a single kiss. Wait for the day, the day you know of."

She unbound her arms and shivered slightly. Her hurt eyes regarded him wonderingly.

"Leopold," she faltered, "what has changed you like this? What has dried up all the passion in you? You are a different man. Let me look at you."

She caught him by the shoulders, dragged him underneath the electric globe, and stood there gazing into his face. The great gloom upon the hearth was spluttering and flitting. Through the closed door came the faint wave of conversation and laughter from outside. Her breathing was unobscured, her eyes were seeking to read the mask from his face.

"Can you have learnt to care for any one else?" she muttered. "There were no women in Africa. This Rosamund Dominey, your reputed wife—they tell me that she is beautiful, that she has been kindness itself to her, that her health has improved since your coming, that she adores you. You wouldn't dare—"

"No," he interrupted, "I should not dare."

"Then what are you looking at?" she demanded, "tell me that?"

His eyes were following the shadowed picture which had passed out of the room. He saw once more the slight, girlish form, the love-seeking light in those pleading dark eyes, the tremulous lips, the whole sweet appeal for safety from a frightened child to him, the strong man. He felt the clinging touch of those soft fingers laid upon his, the sweetness of those

"Lady Dominey has returned," was the quiet reply.

CHAPTER XVII.

It seemed to Dominey that he had never seen anything more pathetic than that eager glance, half of hope, half of apprehension, flashed upon him from the strange, tired eyes of the woman who was standing before the log fire in a little recess of the main hall. By her side stood a pleasant, friendly looking person in the uniform of a nurse; a yard or two behind, a maid carrying a jewel case. Rosamund, who had thrown back her veil, had been standing with her foot upon the fender. Her whole expression changed as Dominey came hastily towards her with outstretched hands.

"My dear child," he exclaimed, "welcome home!"

"Welcome!" she repeated, with a little glad catch in her throat. "You mean it?"

"With a self-control of which he gave no sign, he touched the lips which were raised so eagerly to his as tenderly and reverently as though this were some strange child committed to his care.

"Of course I mean it," he answered heartily. "But what possessed you to come without giving us notice? How is this, nurse?"

"Her ladyship has had no sleep for two nights," the latter replied. "She has been so much better that we dreaded the thought of a relapse, so Mrs. Coulson, our matron, thought it best to let her have her own way about coming. Instead of telegraphing to you, unfortunately, we telegraphed to Doctor Harrison, and I believe he is away."

"Is it very wrong of me?" Rosamund asked, clinging to Dominey's arm. "I had a sudden feeling that I must get back here. I wanted to see you again. Every one has been so sweet and kind at Fulmouth, especially Nurse Alice here, but they weren't quite the same thing. You are not angry? These people who are staying here will not mind?"

"Of course not," he assured her cheerfully. "They will be your guests. Tomorrow we must make friends with them all."

"There was a very beautiful woman," she said timidly, "with red hair, who passed by just now. She looked very angry. That was not because I have come?"

"Why should it be?" he answered. "You have a right here—a better right than any one."

She drew a long sigh of contentment.

"Oh, but this is wonderful!" she cried. "And you, dear—I shall call you Everard, mayn't I?—you look just as I hoped you might. Will you take me upstairs, please? Nurse, you can follow us."

(Continued tomorrow.)

A modern blast furnace produces about 400 tons of pig iron every day, consuming 1500 tons of solid materials and 2,000 tons of air in the process.

Philadelphia now has more than 2,500 female candy workers.

MARINE NEWS

PORT OF ST. JOHN, N. B.
Arrived Tuesday.

S.S. Governor Dingley, 2855, Ingalls, Boston, passengers and merchandise, S.S. Tafna, 2697, Hushes, Liverpool, N. B.

Coastwise—Str. Granville III, 61, Collins, Annapolis Royal, N. S.; str. Keith Cann, 177, McKinnon, Westport, N. S.; str. Ruby I, 61, Baker, Margareville, N. S.; gas ship Arthur M, 97, Hatfield, Noel, N. S.

CANADIAN PORTS.

Newcastle, Aug. 7.—Old str. Tonto Winthrop, Bathurst.

Campbellton, Aug. 7.—Ard str. Fairmare, 1947 tons, Parsons, from Cardiff, G. B., to load deal for U. K.

Montreal, Aug. 9.—Ard str. Metagama, Liverpool.

Departures—Aug. 10.—Cadravalona, London to Leth; Vesuvio, Gibraltar; Bankoku Maru, Marselles; Bay Verdun, Chebourg.

BRITISH PORTS.

Liverpool, Aug. 9.—Ard str. Canadian Rancher, Montreal.

London, Aug. 7.—Ard str. Roma, Campbellton, N. B.

Barbadoes, Aug. 7.—Ard str. Carquet, St. John, N. B.

Liverpool, Aug. 7.—Sld str. Metagama, Montreal.

Liverpool, Aug. 9.—Ard str. Baltic, New York.

Port Talbot, Aug. 6.—Sld str. Notton Parraboro, N. S.

FOREIGN PORTS.

Antwerp, Aug. 7.—Sld str. Lapland, New York.

TALLEST SOLDIER DROWNS AT REGINA

Regina, Sask., Aug. 9.—William J. Coles, a constable of the Regina City police force, was drowned Sunday afternoon at Lake Kateneva near Fort Qu'Appelle. Coles was the tallest man in the department, being six feet six inches high and joined the city police force just one year ago today. He served throughout the war as a member of the 29th Battalion, and was known as the tallest man in the British army.

Furness Line

From London To London
Via Halifax
July 31—S. S. Comino... Aug 20

Manchester Line
From Manchester To Philadelphia
Via Halifax
July 16—S. S. Man. Exchange Aug. 5

Passenger Ticket Agents for North Atlantic Lines.
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DAYLIGHT TIME.

Commencing June 1st steamer leaves Grand Manan Mondays, 7.30 a. m., for St. John via Campbellton and Eastport, returning leaves St. John Tuesdays, 10 a. m., for Grand Manan, via the same ports.

Wednesdays leave Grand Manan 5 a. m., for St. Stephen, via intermediate ports, returning Thursdays.

Fridays, leave Grand Manan 6.30 a. m., for St. John direct, returning 2.30 same day.

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Sydney	7.05 p.m.	A.T.	Sa.	M.	Tu.	W.	Th.	Fr.	Sa.
Halifax	3.10 p.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
Charlottetown	10.10 p.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
St. John	10.45 p.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
Moncton	10.45 p.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
Quebec	8.30 p.m.	E.T.	Sa.	M.	Tu.	W.	Th.	Fr.	Sa.
Cochrane	8.30 p.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
Winnipeg	6.00 p.m.	C.T.	Tu.	W.	Th.	Fr.	Sa.	M.	Tu.

TRAIN EQUIPMENT.—Standard sleeping and dining cars between Halifax and Lévis (Quebec), Observation Parlor and Dining Car between Lévis and Winnipeg; Tourist Sleeper between Cochrane and Winnipeg; Colonist car between Cochrane and Winnipeg.

Canadian National-Grand Trunk

THE MARITIME PROVINCES.—PACIFIC COAST.
VIA MONTREAL, TORONTO, NORTH BAY, COCHRANE.

Le	Ar	Le	Ar	Le	Ar	Le	Ar	Le	Ar
Sydney	8.30 p.m.	A.T.	Sa.	M.	Tu.	W.	Th.	Fr.	Sa.
Halifax	3.10 p.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
Charlottetown	7.10 a.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
St. John	7.10 a.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
Montreal	9.25 p.m.	E.T.	Tu.	W.	Th.	Fr.	Sa.	M.	Tu.
Winnipeg	10.00 a.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
Toronto	11.00 a.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
North Bay	5.30 p.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
Cochrane	5.30 p.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
Winnipeg	6.00 p.m.	C.T.	Tu.	W.	Th.	Fr.	Sa.	M.	Tu.
Vancouver	9.00 a.m.	E.T.	Sa.	M.	Tu.	W.	Th.	Fr.	Sa.

TRAIN EQUIPMENT.—Standard sleeping and dining cars between Halifax, Sydney and Montreal—Toronto and Winnipeg—Winnipeg and Vancouver. Tourist sleeper between Toronto and Winnipeg and between Winnipeg and Vancouver. Colonist cars between Toronto and Winnipeg and between Winnipeg and Vancouver. Compartment Observation car between Edmonton and Vancouver.

THE MARITIME PROVINCES.—PACIFIC COAST.

VIA MONTREAL, OTTAWA, PORT ARTHUR, FORT WILLIAM.

Le	Ar	Le	Ar	Le	Ar	Le	Ar	Le	Ar
Montreal	6.10 p.m.	E.T.	Tu.	W.	Th.	Fr.	Sa.	M.	Tu.
Port Arthur	7.15 a.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
Winnipeg	7.00 a.m.	C.T.	Tu.	W.	Th.	Fr.	Sa.	M.	Tu.
Winnipeg	9.45 p.m.	P.T.	Sa.	M.	Tu.	W.	Th.	Fr.	Sa.
Victoria	5.00 p.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"

TRAIN EQUIPMENT.—Standard sleeping and dining cars between Montreal, Halifax, Moncton and Winnipeg—Montreal and Winnipeg. Cafe Parlor car between Montreal and Sudbury, Observation car between Montreal and Winnipeg.

For the tables, passenger fares, and all further information apply nearest Canadian National Ticket Agent or

GENERAL PASSENGER DEPARTMENT, MONCTON, N. B.

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TIME TABLE

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Commencing July 7th, 1920, a steamer of this line leaves St. John Tuesday at 10 a.m. for Black's Harbor, calling at Dipper Harbor and Beaver Harbor.

Leaves Black's Harbor Wednesday, two hours of high water for St. Andrews, calling at Lord's Cove, Richardson, Back Bay and L'Etete.

Leaves St. Andrews Thursday, calling at St. George, L'Etete, or Back Bay and Black's Harbor.

Leaves Black's Harbor Friday for Dipper Harbor, calling at Beaver Harbor.

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LOST—Between Clifton House, Duke street via Britain, Prince William to Main and Fairville Corner, suitcases, initialed "E. M. C." Finder will be rewarded by returning same to 83 Prince William Street.

TENDERS FOR DREDGING.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Dredging, St. John, N. B.," will be received until 12 o'clock noon, Wednesday, August 25, 1920, for dredging required at St. John, N. B. Tenders will not be considered unless made on the forms supplied by Department and according to conditions set forth therein.

Combined specification and form of tender can be obtained on application to the Secretary, Department of Public Works, Ottawa, or from Engineer in charge P. W. D. St. John, N. B. Tenders must include the towing of the plant to and from the work.

The dredge and other plant which are intended to be used on the work shall have been duly registered in Canada at the time of the filing of the tender with the Department, or shall have been built in Canada after the filing of the tender.

Contractors must be ready to begin work within thirty days after the date they have been notified of the acceptance of their tender.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, for 10 per cent of the contract price, but no cheque is to be for less than fifteen hundred dollars. War Loan Bonds of the Dominion will also be accepted as security, or war bonds and cheques if required to make up an odd amount.

By order,
R. C. DESROCHERS, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, August 8, 1920.

SEALED TENDERS

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Heating Apparatus, Immigration Building, St. John, N. B.," will be received until 12 o'clock noon, Friday, August 27, 1920, for alterations and additions to Steam Heating Apparatus in the Immigration Building, St. John, N. B.

Plans and Specification can be seen and forms of tender obtained at the offices of the Chief Architect, Department of Public Works, Ottawa, the Superintendent of Dominion Buildings, St. John, N. B., the Inspector of Dominion Buildings, Halifax, N. S., Dominion Buildings, Montreal and Builders' Exchange, Montreal, P. Q.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the forms supplied by the Department and in accordance with the conditions set forth therein.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to 10 per cent of the amount of the tender. War Loan Bonds of the Dominion will also be accepted as security, or War Bonds and cheques as required to make up an odd amount.

By order,
R. C. DESROCHERS, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, August 3, 1920.

SALES MAN WANTED

SALES MAN WANTED to sell ribbons and hat bands on commission. Address E. F. Bornemann Corp., Paterson, N. J.

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WANTED—Second class female teacher for School District No. 7, Springfield. Apply stating salary and experience to W. P. Cosman, Secretary, Norton, R.R. 1, Kings County, N. B.

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