



## THE FAIR IMPOSTOR.

CHAPTER XII.  
A "ROMEO" ARRIVES.  
(Continued.)

"Ah!" said Gerald, joyfully, limping back; "I knew you wouldn't hold out, Slade."

"No, but look here!" said Slade, still reluctant; "can't something be done? Put it off—turn it into a ball—"

Gerald shook his head.

"No, no, no! A thousand times, no! Don't dress—I'll send up the costume—and, I say—oh, Slade, do you really remember the part?"

"There!" exclaimed Slade, "listen to that! A minute ago he was sure I did; and now he has badgered me into consenting to this folly, he is doubtful! 'Pon my word, if I wasn't such an easy-going, conscientious man, I should cut the whole matter short by declaring I didn't remember a word of it!'"

"But you do!" exclaimed Gerald, wild with delight, "and you'll play it better than Rayburn."

"All but the face," put in Slade, ironically.

"Oh, but Wigsley shall come up—the great Wigsley, you know—and he'll make you handsome enough—though you don't need him, Slade, and you know that—you're fishing for compliments. And—oh, the time—look at the time! Slade, there's only time to dress! I will go down at once—and thank you so much old fellow! I shall never be able to repay you! You don't know what a service you are doing me! Wait, I'll be back in five minutes! Hark!" he said, "it is going well! Hear how they applaud! They'll go mad over your Romeo!"

"There, that's enough soft soap, thank you, my lord marquis," said Slade grimly, "get you gone, and send up the duds in which I am to play this tomfoolery. Oh, lord; if I'd only waited until to-morrow or gone back to London."

Gerald limped downstairs, and burst into the greenroom. All was bustle and stir, the last act but one of the first play had just closed in. Laura Warner stood in the center of the room with flushed cheeks and flashing eyes; she had overcome her nervousness and played her best, and had been applauded into the seventh heaven of delight.

Close beside her, arranging the flowers in her hair, stood Lillian, a placid smile of sympathetic admiration on her lovely face.

"Did I really do it passably?" inquired Laura, eager for more, and

yet more, compliments, piled up beyond measure.

"Beautifully, admirable," murmured the group, like a chorus, from which Lillian's clear, bell-like voice rose, low and distinct.

"You played remarkably well," she said, with genuine admiration. "I have never seen an amateur play it better. Rest a little while. Go away from her, please. Remember this is the trying act."

Laura was all eagerness, and forgot her envy and rivalry, and all else in her anxiety.

"Tell me," she said, hurriedly, "you seem to know all about it, though I don't know why. Is there nothing I can alter—nothing! Do, do tell me!"

"There is one thing," she said, "you should not turn to the audience quite so much when you are speaking to any of the other characters; forget all that when before the footlights."

"Oh, but that is so difficult," replied Laura. "You," and she looked up quietly, "you will find it so when you go on. They seem like a sea of faces, and frighten one. You wait until you face them."

A faint smile played about the delicate lips, but Lillian said nothing. Then the door burst open and Gerald hurried in.

He was surrounded at once.

"Has Rayburn arrived, was that his carriage, is he dressed?"

"No, no," said Gerald, but their horror and alarm was not reflected on his face.

"Don't be afraid. It is all right. Where is Miss Woodleigh?"

Lillian looked over her shoulder. She alone seemed undisturbed by the threatening collapse.

"I am here," she said, quietly.

"Oh, Lillian," he said, "if you knew what a state I have been in! But it is all right. Rayburn has not come, but I have got some one else."

"Yes!" said Lillian, quietly; and her calm voice seemed to soothe and reassure him.

"An old friend of mine; he can play Romeo, fortunately—I've seen him do it. But you—you won't mind playing with a stranger after rehearsing with Rayburn?"

And he looked up at her anxiously. She sat down beside him, and moved her fan so that it fanned his heated face.

"No," she said; "it will make no difference, I think."

"Ah," said Gerald, "I might have known you would say so! It is like your sweet nature. Are you sure? It will seem so strange! I know a professional actress would not mind, but you—it is so different."

"Never mind; do not trouble on my account—I will do my best," she said, still fanning him.

He looked up at her with gratitude and admiration shining in his violet eyes.

"There isn't another woman in the whole world who would take things as

you do Lillian," he said. "Some would have declined, and thrown the thing up; others would have been disagreeable to it, and all would have made a fuss."

"Oh, shame!" she laughed. "What a libel on my sex! You wrong us. Listen! that is the overture just finishing. Where is Miss Warner? Let me see to this act while you rest. I—I know the play. Will you trust me?"

And she hurried off; Gerald, watching her, saw her get all the characters together—heard her low, sweet voice murmuring advice, suggestions, even distinct directions. For the moment she seemed cheerful; reserve had fled, and interest had taken its place.

And, still more wonderful, she seemed to go about everything and to be as familiar with the "business" of the act as if she had been brought up behind the scenes.

### CHAPTER XIII. "The Play's The Thing!"

QUITE ignorant of Gerald's difficulties and perplexities, the brilliant audience was in the best of humors. It had come expecting the usual, or something very little better, to it intense satisfaction, that it was being amused and entertained. The applause had been frequent and enthusiastic—the duchess was treated to a shower of congratulations.

"Really wonderful, your grace—quite like a theater. And how well they play! How hard Lord Vavasour must have worked!"

"Yes," said the duke; "and he'll be in bed for a month after this, if I'm not mistaken. But it has gone well. And the event of the evening hasn't come off yet," he added; "we've yet to see the Juliet."

To a storm of applause the curtain dropped on the last act of the first play, and the gentleman, as arranged, made a sally upon the refreshment bar.

Now it was the audience's turn to be heard, and a buzz of laughter and talking came through the baize curtain to the actors' ear.

There was to be a quarter of an hour's interval; none too long, considering the number and the character of the audience, and the general thirst the excitement and the heat had produced.

Presently Harold, without his coat, his handsome face shining with perspiration, came from "behind" into the greenroom, and sank into a chair.

"Is there anything to drink?" he said, laughing. "The popping of corks in the front has driven me beyond the last verge of patience. I am melted. Water, water!"

There was a general laugh and Lillian, who stood near a table upon which was placed a multitude of cooling drinks, filled a glass of champagne and carried it to him.

As she did so, Laura came in from the dressing room, where she had been changing her costume, and crossed the room with a huge tumbler of Badminton; and it so happened that they both, she and Lillian, stood side by side.

Harold looked up.

"Well, Miss Laura," he said; "you have distinguished yourself to-night? May a poor scenshifter congratulate you?"

"The poor scenshifter said he was thirsty," she said, bending down with a smile. "Here is some Badminton."

Lillian turned away with her champagne, but suddenly he put out his hand.

"Don't take it away, Lillian. I could drain an ocean. But shall I take first?"

Laura laughed.

"Take mine; it is the nicest," she said.

For a moment he hesitates, then he stretched out his hand to Lillian.

"Yes, too nice for a scenshifter to start on. Plain champagne first."

A hot flush stained Laura's face, and she turned away.

To be continued.

### CAPE REPORT.

Special Evening Telegram.

CAPE RACE, Yesterday. Wind E., fresh, weather dull. The steamers Wilhelms passed east and Sygna inward yesterday. Nothing in sight to-day. Good sign of fish when boats can get out, but weather very rough; traps doing nothing. Bar 29.90, ther. 50.

### Bannerman Street Fire

Yesterday forenoon an alarm of fire was sent in Box 17, for an outbreak at the residence of Mr. John Reardigan, Bannerman Street. Mr. Reardigan is a member of the Eastern fire fighting force, and his wife and other children went to Pouch Cove, Tuesday, for a holiday, leaving her daughter, a girl aged 15, to look after the house. The girl left the house for a few minutes yesterday and was supplied by a neighbour that the house was on fire. Miss Reardigan ran back to her home and found the kitchen in a blaze and the flames quickly enveloping the rest of the domicile. An alarm was turned in from Box 17, and the Eastern and Central firemen were on the scene with their usual promptness. The men worked well and had the blaze under control in a short while, but not before the interior of the house was badly gutted and most of the furniture and effects of the family destroyed. It is thought that a mantle drapery above the stove ignited and caused the blaze. Mr. Reardigan, who is a poor man, had no insurance on his property, and the loss to him is a serious one.

### The Littledale Garden Party.

In spite of inclement weather prevailing yesterday afternoon the garden party at Littledale was as successful as was expected and the receipts were ahead of those of previous years. Teas were served in the green with success. During the evening the people visited the chapel and school room and expressed surprise and delight at the improvements there. It is intended to have a dance at the British Hall to-night when the refreshments that were left over will be disposed of. The T. A. band will again be in attendance to-night and will play the dance music. No doubt there will be a large attendance.

### At Mount Dorset.

St. Andrew's Ladies' Aid held their garden party at Mount Dorset yesterday. The proceeds amounted to about \$185 in spite of the condition of the weather. There was a fairly large attendance. The grounds were beautifully decorated with bunting. Teas were served by the ladies in a bountiful manner and all enjoyed the event thoroughly. The ladies deserve to be congratulated on the success of the outing.

### Rifle Contest.

The Rifle Club shot for the senior and junior medals at the South Side Range yesterday. Mr. J. J. Murphy won the former with a score of 90, and Mr. F. Miles carried off the junior prize with a score of 79. The weather conditions were fairly favorable for shooting.

### Here and There.

BAND CONCERT. — A band concert will be held in Victoria Park this evening.

WEEKLY DRILL. — The C. C. C. will have their regular weekly drill this evening.

WABANA REGATTA. — It has been decided by the Bell Island people to have their annual regatta on Aug. 20th this year.

Apply Bearine (prepared from the grease of the Canadian Bear) and save your hair, when it begins to fall out or is brittle. 50c. a jar.

TEAS, Etc.—Tea and Cake will be served in the basement of Wesley Church this evening at 8 o'clock, for the small sum of 10c. each.—Jy21.11.

League Football, St. George's Field, 7 o'clock this evening, Casuals vs. St. Bon's. Admission, Adults, 5 cents; Boys, 2 cents; ladies, free; grand stand, 5 cents extra.

REPAIRS TO S. S. EAGLE. — The Eagle is being thoroughly repaired at Bowring's South Side premises. She will be sent to the Mediterranean with a load of fish next month.

CHINA CUPS and Sauces, Plates, Dishes, etc., Glass Preserve Dishes, Tumblers, Wine Glasses, Decanters, Vases, etc. We are always fully stocked with the above lines. At L.A.B. ACYS, 345 and 347 Water Street, opposite the Station.

A BIG DAY ON THE LINE. Fifteen hundred and sixty-four passengers went over the Reid Nfld. Co. railway yesterday. Most of those went to the garden parties being held in the country.

CHURCH ORGAN for sale cheap. A two manual Mason & Hamlin Organ with foot pedal attachment, is in splendid condition and most suitable for a small church or school. The White Piano and Organ Store. CHESLEY WOODS.—Jy18.11.

ASK FOR MINARD'S AND TAKE NO OTHER.

## 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. Hayward's Avenue Beasley, Miss Alice, Mrs. Horwood Parsons Bell, Mrs. R. card Byrne, T. care Reid Nfld. Co. Bowen, Miss B. Victoria St. Boggan, J. J., slip Bouzan, C. D. Bowen, Patrick, card, late Sound Island Bonavsky, Jos. Bussey, Henry, retd. Butler, Samuel, retd. Butler, Richard, Gower St. Butler, Mr., Water St. West Burke, W. J.	C Campbell, John Carter, J., Belvidere St. Cashin, Richard, Water St. West Cooper, Nemiah, retd. Connors, P. J. Cloutier Allan, care G.P.O. Cooper, R. F. Coombs, Henry, Street No. 9 Carter, Mrs. E. Chytman, Cilley, St. John's East Campton, Joseph, late sch. Olive	D Dawe, Miss Mary, Crosbie Hotel Dalais, F. O. Droge, Mrs. Milley, c. General Post Office Douglas, G. C. Prescott St. Donovan, James, McKay St. Doyle, Edward, card, Holytown Dowling, Jesse (slip), c. G. P. O. Dunphie, Miss Nellie, c. G.P.O.	E Escott, Mark. Foley, William, c. G.P.O. Fleet, T. Fitzpatrick, Minnie, card Foote, R. J., Gower St. Fitzgerald, W., Queen's Rd.	G Grant, Wm. T. Garland, T. card, Cochrane Street	H Hopkins, Henry, schr. Dorothy Baird Ryan, John Joseph, schr. Excelsior Stick, J., schr. E. P. Morris Dond, Walter, schr. Florence M. Smith Penny, Albert, s.s. Fiona brig Fleetwing Atkinson, Capt. N., Favorna	I Irons, D. McKenzie, care General Delivery J Janes, Miss, Blackhead Jackson, Reg., late Halifax K Kean, Michael Kennedy, Mr. A., barber Kelly, Mr., Water St. West Lee, Thomas, schr. Olive King, Miss Jane, House Square Kushener, D. Kennedy, Miss George Keene, Richard, retd.	L Lane, Mrs. Sarah, Adelaide Street Lewis, C. F. Levin, Simon Lee, Thomas, c. late Goose Bay Branch M Martin, Miss F., Forest Road Marks, S., care Miss Butt Casey's Street Martin, Alfred, care Gen. Post Office Maher, Miss Lizzie, care General Delivery Mansfield, Mrs. E., Springfield Malone, J. J., Maher, L., bank Myrden, James, card, Water Street	M McLaren, G. S. McNally, Daniel McDonald, H., card McGrath, Mrs. McCarthy, Wm., Walsh's Square McNash, Mrs. F. McDougal, Ronald, York Street McGuire, Gordon, agent Newell, Mrs. Michael Nedeam, 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	P Parrott, S. Parsons, Miss Janie, Parsons, P., photographer Penny, Miss Nell, New Gower Street Pearcey, Miss, care Joseph Adams Perry, George, Seamen's Mission Phelan, Miss Lizzie, care John Whelan West End Pike, Wm. H., Blackmarsh Road Pippy, Ethel Power, Miss Mary A., Adelaide Street Puddister, Miss Mary Phelan, Miss, Duckworth St.	R Ryan, Mrs. Mary, Plymouth Road Ryan, Mrs. Robert Ryan, Michael, card, late Cape Breton Ross, Mrs. Martin, card, Rowe, G. A. Roberts, Chesley, card Rowe, Eleazar, late Cape Breton Roberts, M. C., card, Rossiter, Miss Alice, Hutchings' St. Roberts, M. C., late Montreal Rose, Robert Stager, Miss Madge, McDougal Street	S Samit, L., Duckworth Street Sharpe, Abraham Shave, Capt. Thos. Sternburg, H. H. Smith, Mrs. J. E., cottage Smith, Mrs. Chas., Blackmarsh Road Smith, Miss Lizzie, card, McNally, Daniel Snow, Isaac, Barnes' Road Somerton, Elizabeth, retd. Short, C. L. Soper, Mrs. Joe, slip Squires, Miss May Squires, B. H. Sinnott, John J., retd. Seapens, J. H. Sullivan, John, late s.s. Bruce	T Tarrant, C. F., card Tracey, Mamie, card, Gower Street Taylor, Bertram, late Norris' Arm Turrell, Benjamin, card, South Side Taylor, A. Phil Tilley, Mrs. Jas. G., Barter's Hill Thomas, M., Webber, Arch, Field St. Thompson, Mrs. Robert, Prospect Street Tulk, Mrs. J. A., late Grand Falls	V Verge, Miss Mary E., Water Street	W Way Archibald, Gower Street Way, Miss B. Prescott St. Way, Kenneth, care Franklin & Co. Watson, Mrs. H. A. Webber, Arch, Field St. Whelton, J. J., card Wellon, J. J., Wells, James White, A. T., Clergy House, Bonavista Whino, John, Young Street Williams, David Winsor, Wm. Wilson, Rev. Edward White, Cyrus, South Side Windsor, Mrs. J. A. White, E. A., card White, C. A. Woodland, Herbert Woodworth, J. B.	Y Yoe, Mrs. Thomas, Adelaide Street
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### SEAMEN'S LIST.

A Goldsmith, Charlie, schr. Albatra Shears, Parson, schr. Albatra De Camba, Arthur, A. H. White	B Wall Emanuel, schr. Beattie Jennex Francis, Alex., schr. E. G. Anderson Morris, Capt. Wm., schr. G. B. Anderson Batstone, Capt. Thomas, schr. Bonanza	C Carter, Capt., schr. C. Randolph	D Hopkins, Henry, schr. Dorothy Baird Ryan, John Joseph, schr. Excelsior Stick, J., schr. E. P. Morris	E Dond, Walter, schr. Florence M. Smith Penny, Albert, s.s. Fiona brig Fleetwing Atkinson, Capt. N., Favorna	F Hibb, James J., schr. Gladys Whidden	G Herman, Alex., schr. Gladys Whidden Winsor, Arthur, schr. Golden-Hind Hansen, Capt., schr. Josa	H Olsen, Capt. Jac., s.s. Knudsen Seddon, G., s.s. Kanawha Grandy George, schr. Kitchener Berquet, Capt., schr. Madelma Heslop, Capt., s.s. Magda White, John, schr. Winnie Spencer	I Mason, Firth, schr. Margaret May R. Lannon, Mrs. John, schr. Northern Light Mossman, Laurence, schr. Parana Wiseman, Robert, schr. Reginald Anotey Bates, E., schr. Rose O'Hara, James, s.s. St. Vincent Petite, Henry, schr. Tobentio Rodgers, Captain, schr. Water Lilly Keeping, Wm., s.s. Wasia
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