

THE FAIR IMPOSTOR.

CHAPTER XXV. IN WOODLEIGH CHURCH.

WELL, he echoed, "when a man pretends to be preter naturally wise I greet him with contempt, but when a man pretends to be a fool I suspect him."

"You suspect him—of what?" He looked at her calm face with a curious expression in his handsome one.

"Of what? Who can say—in this case, at least? Possibly he may have some designs upon Sir Talbot's plate, or your jewels; he was watching you very intently at the bank the other morning."

Lilian turned to him with a smile, but her eyes faltered and fell before his steady, yet almost tenderly earnest gaze.

"Watching me?" she said. "Ah! surely you were mistaken. And as for the jewels, my maid locked them up in a safe in my room—a safe which the makers assert has resisted the most daring attacks both of fire and burglars. Mr. Green doesn't look like one of the latter, neither."

"No," he said, thoughtfully, his white hand stroking his mustache—"no, he doesn't look like a burglar. Perhaps I misjudge him, and he is the harmless lunatic Miss Warner proclaims him. At any rate, I hope I have not made you nervous."

She turned to him again, with a smile upon her exquisite face.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt. Counteract acidity and sweeten up the whole day with a morning draught of Abbey's Salt. 25c and 60c. Sold everywhere.

"Do I look nervous?" she asked. Dawson Slade looked at her almost while one would count twenty, then he shook his head.

"No, you do not look nervous. Sometimes I am inclined to ask myself if it is possible for you to be afraid of anything."

She turned to the night, and leaned lightly on the terrace rail.

"I am not afraid of much," she replied; "perhaps I am strong-minded."

"Strong-willed," he said, gravely. "That gives me courage to say that I am going to take a stroll in this delicious moonlight. They will not miss me for a few minutes."

Dawson Slade laughed. "Say, rather, that we are too accustomed to the imperial freedom of action which is your privilege and your charm. Will you permit me to accompany you?"

She shook her head, with a smile. "No; you see I exert my privilege."

"But," he urged, earnestly, "you

A BROKEN-DOWN SYSTEM. This is a condition (or disease) which doctors give many names, but which few of them really understand. It is simply weakness—a break-down, a sapping of the vital forces that sustain the system.

THE EXPIRING LAMP OF LIFE LIGHTED UP AFRESH. A new system imparted in place of what had so lately seemed worn-out, "used up," and valueless.

THE LONDON DIRECTORY. THE LONDON DIRECTORY Co., Ltd. 25, Abchurch Lane, London, E. C.

Therapion may now also be obtained in Dragee (Tasteless)

will not go into the grounds alone! Pray let me come. She turned upon him with a rapid change of manner, a look of sudden trouble in her eyes, that gleamed like those of a hunted animal, and added a weird charm to her surpassing loveliness.

"No, no!" she said, in a quick, low voice. "Let me go alone! The rooms are hot, the music rings like a peal of bells; I want a few minutes' quiet. I cannot breathe; I—"

She reclected herself, and recovered as suddenly as she had lost her composure, and broke off with a smile and a little gasp.

"You see, though I am not nervous or timid, I am inclined to be hysterical. There is nothing like cool air and solitude for hysteria. Will you let me go for a few minutes?"

Almost pleadingly she put out her hand.

He looked at her; he had gone paler even than his wont, and there was an eager, almost pitying question in his eyes. As she put out her hand he made a movement to take it, but she drew it back, and he inclined his head.

"At least," he said, "let me wrap this shawl more closely round you; this is a poor protection—the night is cold. I will get you a thicker wrap."

"No, no," she said, "I shall only saunter along the terrace, perhaps—"

With a reluctant sigh he drew the shawl round her; as he did so his hand lingered on her arm, and she could feel it burn through the thin crepe.

"For Heaven's sake be careful," he muttered in her ear; "there is danger—I feel it—"

Swift as a panther she turned her head and confronted him.

"Danger—of what sort?" With a gesture of almost angry helplessness he extended his hand.

"I do not know! Would to Heaven I did, that I might, at least, endeavour to protect you!"

She looked at him, at his face so pale and earnest, so unlike its usual impassability, and her lips moved as she murmured, inaudibly:

"No, he does not know. I am safe; then, with a little laugh, she said, banteringly:

"You cannot say that you are not nervous. Hush! They are calling for you," and before he could retort, she glided down the steps.

Dawson Slade watched her for a moment with a working face.

"What is it?" he muttered. "Something is wrong. I know it, I feel it; and yet how well she carries it. Heaven! She is a woman worth loving, with a heart of steel and a will of iron, and yet what tenderness lies hidden beneath it all, if one could but wake the love in her!"

Nervous! and he laughed uneasily. "She is right, I am nervous. A weight hangs about me, a presentiment that grows with my love, stronger each day. There she goes—I see the flash of those diamonds—confound them! Some tramp may catch sight of them. I must follow her," and he made a step forward, but as he did so, Sir Talbot Woodleigh came out on to the terrace.

"Mr. Slade, is that you?" Dawson Slade bit his lip.

"Yes, Sir Talbot." "I am like a shepherd who is always losing his sheep. Have you seen my daughter?"

"Miss Woodleigh has gone up to her room, I think," said Dawson Slade, knowing the state of alarm into which the old man would be plunged by the information that Lilian was wandering about the grounds; and the two walked back into the house.

Lilian glided across the lower terrace, holding the shawl closely to her, the moonlight falling upon her face, that showed no trace of nervousness or fear. She did not fear. Save for passing moments of sudden, fierce, mental struggles, like those of a chained and prisoned wild animal, no presentiment chilled her soul, or tempted her to swerve from the dangerous path on which she had set out.

Her life of luxury seemed so safe surrounded by Sir Talbot's watchful love, that the element of harm had almost disappeared.

Sometimes she believed that her past life was but a dream, and that she was Lilian, the legitimate daughter

Father Morrissey's Lung Tonic

Cured Miles Maroney of Serious Lung Trouble.

Blissfield, N.B., Dec. 26, 1909. Father Morrissey Medicine Co. Ltd.

As a patient of Father Morrissey's I would thank you for an opportunity of giving expression to the benefits I have received from his prescriptions and medicines, not on one occasion but at different times.

Some eight years ago I had occasion to apply to the Rev. gentleman for treatment for lung trouble which proved to be of a serious nature; so serious was my case that my friends looked upon my recovery as almost hopeless, but after his treatment I am thankful to say that to-day I am in perfect health.

On Feb. 26, 1907, I had occasion to ask his advice and treatment for a lame back. I received a prescription which gave me immediate relief.

Thanking you, I am Yours faithfully, MILES MARONEY.

If you know of a case of Lung trouble, tell the sufferer of Father Morrissey's Lung Tonic. Trial Bottle 25c. Regular size 50c, at your dealer's, or from Father Morrissey Medicine Co. Ltd., Chatham, N.B. \$1

the of Sir Talbot Woodleigh. Tonight save for that one moment of impatience on the terrace, her soul was at peace, and her whole being serene and fearless.

Even Dawson Slade's anxious eager words of warning did not move her, and she smiled as she recalled the look of eutreaty on his handsome face.

"How changed he is, too," she murmured, and a faint tinge of color rose to her face. "He does not know—never can know. No one can discover the truth. The secret died with that poor girl in the prairie hut. I am Lilian Woodleigh! Who can deny or disprove it?"

With a look of defiance she half paused, and looked round; as if to strengthen her assurance, the night lay silent as the tomb.

"How exquisite," she murmured, looking up at the sky. "I promised to confine my wanderings within the space of a few minutes, but surely I can take a peep at the church? How can they find any pleasure in sitting about those warm rooms, while all this calls to them in vain?"

Communing thus, she opened the little wicket-gate, and stood among the tombs, gleaming white in the moonlight.

As she looked round, a smile played about her lips.

"Yes; certainly I am not nervous. Are there many women with a taste like mine, who could stand here without a shudder? How quiet it all is! I wonder how the church looks inside!"

She was passing the porch, to look in at one of the windows, when she saw, to her astonishment, that the door was half open.

With a smile at the thought of the extent to which Sir Talbot's amazement and anger would have gone if he could but know it, she pushed the door open and entered.

As another had done an hour earlier, she stood in the nave admiring the weird beauty of the moonlit pillars and carving, and then, just as that other had done, walked slowly round the aisles.

A vivid ray of moonlight falling across the white tablet to Lady Woodleigh's memory attracted her attention and with folded hands she stopped in front of it.

She saw it from her pew Sunday after Sunday, and she knew its carved lines by heart, but she stood and formed the words with her lips with a bitter smile, and as if she had not read them before.

"To Lady Woodleigh," she murmured, "Yes, that is the world's way. A huge, glaring tablet of stone is

When Sleep Fails You

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD will bring rest, comfort and vitality by building up the nerves.

Mr. Jas. Wesley Weaver, a veteran of the Fenian Raid, Port Dalhousie, Ont., writes: "For years I was afflicted with nervousness and dreads insomnia, so that I never knew for three years what a full hour's sleep was, never more than dozing for few minutes at a time. Heart, pain and headaches almost drove me wild. I had spells of weakness and cramps in stomach and limbs."

"Though I tried several doctors, it was money uselessly spent. Finally Dr. Chase's Nerve Food was brought to me and eight boxes cured me. It is simply wonderful what benefit have obtained from this treatment. Sleeplessness and headaches a warnings of approaching nervous collapse. You can positively remove the symptoms and prevent prostration of vitality by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. 50 cents a box, 6 for \$2.50, at all Dealers or E. M. Bates & Co., Toronto. Write for free copy of Dr. Chase's Recipes.

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.

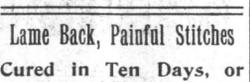
FIG PILLS are sold at all leading drug stores at 25c a box, or five for \$1.00.

McMurdo & Co., Wholesale Agents for Newfoundland.

BEST CROWN AND Riveted Back Scythes

30 to 38 in. \$6 to \$8.50 doz. American Scythes—\$5.20 to \$7.20 doz.

Best B. Y. Grass Hooks.



American Grass Hooks—Scythe Sheave. Patent Snaths, Scythe Stones, Hay Rakes, Hay Forks.

All Selling Very Cheap. Special prices to Wholesale Customers. Send for Price List.

Martin Hardware Co

THE LONDON DIRECTORY (Published Annually)

ENABLES traders throughout the world to communicate direct with English

MANUFACTURERS & DEALERS in each class of goods. Besides being a complete commercial guide to London and its suburbs, the Directory contains lists of

EXPORT MERCHANTS with the goods they ship, and the Colonias and Foreign Markets they supply.

STEAMSHIP LINES arranged under the Ports to which they sail, and indicating the approximate sailings;

PROVINCIAL TRADE NOTICES of leading Manufacturers, Merchants, etc., in the principal provincial towns and industrial centres of the United Kingdom.

A copy of the current edition will be forwarded, freight paid, on receipt of Postal Order for 25s.

Dealers seeking Agencies can advertise their trade cards for 25s, or large advertisements from 25s.

THE LONDON DIRECTORY Co., Ltd. 25, Abchurch Lane, London, E. C.

JOB PRINTING

Job Printing Executed!

UNCLAIMED LETTERS, REMAINING IN G. P. to AUG. 23rd, 1910.

Table with columns A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, V, W, X, Y, Z. Lists names and addresses of unclaimed letters.

SEAMEN'S LIST.

Table with columns A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, V, W, X, Y, Z. Lists names and details of seamen.

PORTRAIT WORK

IS THE MOST IMPORTANT BRANCH OF PHOTOGRAPHY, but Copying, Enlarging, Reducing, Landscape Work, Lantern Slide Making, Framing, Amateur Work, all require the best possible attention, and we give everything we do our best attention.

THE HOLLOWAY STUDIO,

Corner Bates' Hill and Henry St. j24,4f

JOHN MAUNDER, Tailor & Clothier, 281-283 Duckworth St

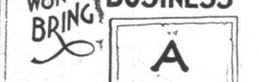
LATEST Style and Workmanship guaranteed. Our Ladies' Department is now stocked with the LATEST shades in Costume Cloths. This department is superintended

BY A CUTTER OF MANY YEARS EXPERIENCE. The Latest English, French & American Designs.



Job Printing Executed!

A GOOD AD IN A BAD PLACE WON'T BRING A BUSINESS



PUT YOUR ADS IN THE EVENING TELEGRAM AND GET RESULTS

EUROPEAN AGENCY.

WHOLESALE Indents promptly executed at lowest cash prices for all kinds of British and Continental goods, including—

Books and Stationery, Boots, Shoes and Leather, Chemicals and Druggists' Sundries, China, Earthenware and Glassware, Cycles, Motors and Accessories, Drapery, Millinery and Fancy Goods, Fancy Goods and Perfumery, Hardware, Machinery and Metals, Jewellery, Plate and Watches, Photographic and Optical Goods, Provisions and Oilmen's Stores, etc., etc.

Commission 2 1/2 per cent, to 5 per cent. Trade Discounts allowed. Special Quotations on Demand. Sample Cases from £10 upwards. Consignments of Produce Sold on Account.

WILLIAM WILSON & SONS, (Established 1814.) 25, Abchurch Lane, London, E. C. Cable Address: "ANNUAIRE LONDRE."