

## The Great Impersonation

BY E. PHILIPS OPPENHEIM.

(Continued from yesterday.)

There was a cloud on Seaman's good-humored face as he walked in their footsteps, and he had his hat held over his eyes. The next morning, after the departure of Mr. Managan, he disclosed his mind a little abruptly.

"In a few minutes," he said, "I shall come to the great purpose of my visit. I have great and wonderful news for you. But it will keep."

"The time for action has arrived," Dominey asked curiously. "I hope you will remember that as yet I am scarcely established here."

"It is with regard to your establishment here," Seaman explained drily, "that I desire to say a word. You have seen much of one another since we met in Cape Town. The passion and purpose of my life you have been able to judge. Of those interludes which are necessary to a human being, unless his system is to fall to pieces as dry dust, you have also seen something. I trust you will not misunderstand me when I say that apart from the necessities of my work, I am a man of sentiment."

"I am prepared to admit it," Dominey murmured a little idly.

"You have undertaken a great enterprise. It was, without doubt, a miraculous piece of fortune which brought the Englishman, Dominey, to your camp just at the moment when you received your orders from headquarters. Your self-convinced plan has not met with every encouragement from us. You will be placed in a unique position to achieve your final purpose. Now mark my words and do not misunderstand me. The very keynote of our progress is ruthlessness. To take even a single step forward towards the achievement of that purpose is worth the sacrifice of all the scruples and delicacies conceivable. But when a certain course of action is without profit to our purpose, I see nothing in it. It distresses me."

"What the devil do you mean?" Dominey demanded once more.

"I sleep with one eye open," Seaman replied.

"Well?"

"I saw you leave your room early this morning," Seaman continued, "carrying Lady Dominey in your arms."

There were little streaks of pallor underneath the tan in Dominey's face. His eyes were like glittering steel. He was only when he had breathed once or twice quickly that he could command his voice.

"What concern is this of yours?" he demanded.

Seaman gripped his companion's arm.

"Look here," he said, "we are too closely allied for bluff. I am here to help you fill the shoes of another man, so far as regards his estates, his position, and character, which by the way, you are rehabilitating. I will go further. I will admit that it is not my concern to interfere in any ordinary manner your right undertakings, but I shall tell you this, my friend, to your face—that to deceive a lady of weak intellect, however beautiful, to make use of your position as her supposed husband, is not, save in the vital interests of his country, the action of a Prussian nobleman."

Dominey's passion seemed to have burned itself out. He was silent, and he showed not the slightest resentment at his companion's words.

"Have no fear, Seaman," he enjoined him. "The situation is delicate, but I can deal with it as a man of honor."

"You relieve me," Seaman confessed. "You must admit that the spectacle of last night was calculated to inspire me with uneasiness."

"I respect you for your plain words," Dominey declared. "The fact is, that Lady Dominey was frightened of the storm last night and found her way into my room. I was sure that I treated her with all the respect and sympathy which our positions demanded."

"Lady Dominey," Seaman remarked meditatively, "is a remarkably intelligent and charming young woman. I have been here all these years."

"In what way?"

"The common impression in the neighborhood here is that she is a Danish chiefly upon the subject of her ideas. There was certainly nothing of the murderer in her demeanor towards you last night. Cannot you see that a too friendly attitude on your part might become fatal to our schemes?"

"In what way?"

"If ever your identity is doubted," Seaman explained, "the probability of which is, I must confess, becoming less every day, the fact that Lady Dominey seems to have so soon forgotten all her enmity towards you would be strong presumptive evidence that you are not the man you claim to be."

"Ingenious," Dominey assented, "and very possible. All this time, however, we speak on what you yourself admit to be a side issue."

"You are right," Seaman confessed. "Very well, then, listen. A great moment has arrived for you, my friend."

"Explain, if you please."

"I shall do so. You have seen proof during the last few days, that you have an organization behind you to whom money is drawn. It is the same in diplomacy as in war. Germany will pay the price for what she intends to achieve. Ninety thousand pounds was yesterday passed to the credit of your account for the deduction of certain mortgages. In a few months or a few years' time, some distant Dominey will benefit to that extent. We cannot recover the money. It is now an item in our day by day expenses."

"It was certainly a magnificent way of establishing me," Dominey admitted.

"Magnificent, but silent in the long

run," Seaman declared. "If you had returned a poor man, everybody's hand would have been against you; suspicion, now absolutely unkindled, might have been kindled; and, more important, perhaps, than either, you would not have been able to take your place in society, which is absolutely necessary for the furtherance of our scheme."

"Is it not almost time," Dominey asked, "that the way was made a little clearer for me?"

"That would have been my task this morning," Seaman replied, "but for the news I bring. In passing, however, let me promise you this. You will never be asked to stoop to the crooked ways of the ordinary spy. We want you for a different purpose."

"What must be the greatest desire in your heart," Seaman said solemnly, "is to be granted. The Kaiser has expressed a desire to see you, to give you his instructions in person."

Dominey stopped short upon the terrace. He withdrew his arm from his companion's and stared at him blankly.

"The Kaiser?" he exclaimed. "You mean that I am to go to Germany?"

"We shall start at once," Seaman replied. "Personally, I do not consider the proceeding discreet or necessary. It has been decided upon, however, without consulting me."

"I consider it suicidal," Dominey protested. "What explanation can I possibly make for going to Germany, of all countries in the world, before I have had time to settle down here?"

"That of itself will not be difficult," his companion pointed out. "Many of the mines in which a share has been bought in your name are being run with German capital. It is easy to imagine that a crisis has arisen in the management of one of them. We require the votes of our fellow shareholders. You need not trouble your head about that. And think of the wonder of it! If only for a single day your sentence of banishment is lifted. You will breathe the air of the Fatherland once more."

"It will be wonderful," Dominey murmured.

"It will be for you," Seaman promised, "a breath of the things that are to come. And now, action. How I love action! That time-table, my friend, and your chauffeur."

It was arranged that the two men should leave during the morning for Norway by motor-car and thence to Harwich. Dominey, having changed into travelling clothes, sent a messenger for Mrs. Unthank, who came to him presently in his study. He held out his hand to her, which she declined, however, to take.

"Mrs. Unthank," he said, "I should like to know my wife's attendant for the last few days of her life."

"Are you serious?" she asked.

"Mrs. Unthank has needed me," she answered, after a moment's pause. "Do not consider," he asked, "that you have been the best possible companion for her?"

"She has never been willing to accept any other," the woman replied, "and you very devoted to my wife."

"I am glad," he said, "that you have been here all these years."

"I scarcely see," he continued, "what particular claim my wife has had upon you. I understand, moreover, that you are one of those who firmly believe that I killed your son. Is this attendance upon my wife a reward for your services?"

"I am glad to do this," Dominey replied, "that I am determined to bring about my wife's restoration to health. For that reason I am going to have specialists down here, and above all things, I want for a time her place of residence. My own feeling is that she will stand a much better chance of recovery without your attendance."

"You would dare to send me away?" she asked.

"That is my intention," Dominey confessed. "I have not spoken to Lady Dominey yet, but I hope that very soon my influence over her will be such that she will be content to obey my wishes. I look upon your future from the financial point of view, as my care. I shall settle upon you the sum of three hundred pounds a year."

"The woman showed her first sign of weakness. She began to shake. There was a curious look of fear in her eyes."

"I can't leave this place, Sir Everard," she cried. "I must stay here!"

"Why?" he demanded.

"Lady Dominey couldn't do without me," she answered sulkily.

"That," he replied, "is a lie. In her to do as she pleases."

"I have made, I believe that you have encouraged in her that ridiculous superstition about the ghost of your son, also believe that you have kept alive in her that spirit of unreasonable hatred which she has felt towards me."

"Unreasonable, you call it?" the woman almost shouted. "You, who came home to her with the blood on your hands of the man whom, if only you had kept away, she might one day have loved? Unreasonable, you call it?"

"I have finished what I had to say," Mrs. Unthank declared. "I am not compelled by important business to leave here for two or three days. On my return I shall embark upon the changes with which I have acquainted you. In the meantime," he added, watching a curious change in the woman's expression, "I have written this morning to Doctor Harrison, in asking him to attend up this afternoon and to keep Lady Dominey under his personal observation until my return."

She stood quite still, looking at him. Then she came a little nearer and leaned forward, as though studying his face.

"Eleven years," she muttered, "do change many men, but I never knew a man made out of a woman."

"I have nothing more to say to you," Dominey replied, "except to let you know that I am coming to see my wife in the space of a few minutes."

The motor-bus was already sound-

ing below when Dominey was admitted to his wife's apartment. She was dressed in a loose gown of a warm crimson color, and she had the air of one awaiting his arrival expectantly. The passion of hatred seemed to have passed from her pale face and from the depths of her strangely soft eyes. She held out her hands towards him. Her brows were a little puckered. The disappointment of a child turned her mouth into a little frown.

"You are going away?" she murmured.

"In a very few moments," he told her. "I have been waiting to see you for an hour and listen, and it doesn't seem to me that you have anything to say to me."

"You are not fond of Mrs. Unthank?" he asked anxiously.

"I don't think so," she answered, in a perplexed tone. "I think I am very much afraid of her. But it is no use, Everard! She would never go away."

"When I return," Dominey said, "I shall see you."

"I am so sorry that you are going," she murmured. "I hope you will soon come back. Will you come back—my husband?"

Dominey's nails cut into the flesh of his clenched hands.

"I will come back within three days," he promised.

"Do you know," she went on confidentially, "something has come into my mind lately. I spoke about it yesterday, but I did not tell you what it was. You need never be afraid of me any more. I understand."

"What do you understand?" he demanded eagerly.

"The knowledge must have come to me," she went on, dropping her voice into a little whisper almost in his ear, "at the very moment when my dagger rested upon your throat, when I suddenly felt the desire to kill die away. You are very like him some times, but you are not Everard. You are not my husband at all. You are another man."

Dominey gave a little gasp. They both turned towards the door. Mrs. Unthank was standing there, her hand, hard face lit up with a gleam of something which was like triumph, her eyes glittering. Her lips, as though involuntarily, repeated her mistress's words.

"Another man!"

## MARINE NEWS

PORT OF ST. JOHN.

Arrived Friday.  
Cometwise—Sir Grand Manan, 179, Hervey, North Head; str. Tuxedo, 1141, MacDonald, Louisburg, N. B.; str. Frances, 104, Tuxedo, Weymouth, N. B.; str. Keith, 177, McKinnon, 146, Rosalie, Windsor, N. B.; str. Keith, 177, McKinnon, 146, Rosalie, Windsor, N. B.; str. Keith, 177, McKinnon, 146, Rosalie, Windsor, N. B.

Cleared Friday.  
Cometwise—Sir Grand Manan, 179, Hervey, North Head; str. Tuxedo, 1141, MacDonald, Louisburg, N. B.; str. Frances, 104, Tuxedo, Weymouth, N. B.; str. Keith, 177, McKinnon, 146, Rosalie, Windsor, N. B.; str. Keith, 177, McKinnon, 146, Rosalie, Windsor, N. B.

Shipping Notes.  
Nagle & Wigmore report the following: Tuxedo, 1141, MacDonald, Louisburg, N. B.; str. Frances, 104, Tuxedo, Weymouth, N. B.; str. Keith, 177, McKinnon, 146, Rosalie, Windsor, N. B.; str. Keith, 177, McKinnon, 146, Rosalie, Windsor, N. B.

## CUNARD ANCHOR

ANCHOR DONALDSON

MONTREAL-GLASGOW

Aug. 7, Sept. 11, Oct. 16, Cassandria  
Aug. 21, Sept. 25, Oct. 30, Saturnia  
N. Y. GLASGOW (Via Mervia)  
Sept. 11, Oct. 16, Nov. 4, Columbia  
N. Y. GLASGOW (Via Mervia)  
Sept. 25, Oct. 30, Nov. 4, Columbia  
N. Y. PLYMOUTH, CHERBOURG & LONDON.  
Oct. 25, Dec. 4, Jan. 8, Caronia  
N. Y. CHERBOURG, SOUTHAMPTON  
Aug. 12, Sept. 9, Oct. 7, Imperator  
Aug. 25, Sept. 22, Oct. 13, Aquitania  
N. Y. NAPLES, DUBROVNIK AND TRIESTE  
Aug. 28, Sept. 13, Oct. 23, Pannonia  
Via Queenstown  
For rates of passage, freight and forwarding particulars apply to  
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GENERAL MANAGERS  
140 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET  
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From London To London  
Via Halifax To Halifax  
July 21—S. S. Comino—Aug. 20

## Manchester Line

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

## FURNESS, WITHEY CO., Ltd.

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## GRAND MANAN S.S. CO.

DAYLIGHT TIME.

Commencing June 1st, 1920, the Grand Manan S.S. Co. will run as follows: Grand Manan Mondays, 7 a.m. to St. John via Campbell 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.  
Saturdays leave Grand Manan, 7:30 a.m. for St. Andrews, via intermediate ports, returning 1:30 same day.  
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## NEW THROUGH SERVICE BETWEEN EASTERN AND WESTERN CANADA

OPTIONAL ROUTES VIA

## Canadian National Railways

MARITIME PROVINCES TO WINNIPEG VIA QUEBEC.

Train	Time	Days	Days	Days	Days	Days	Days	Days	Days
1st Sydney	7:00 a.m.	A.T.	Sa.	M.	Tu.	W.	Th.	Fr.	Sa.
1st Halifax	7:10 a.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
1st Charlottetown	7:20 a.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
1st St. John	7:30 a.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
1st Moncton	7:40 a.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
1st Miramichi	7:50 a.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
1st Fredericton	8:00 a.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
1st St. John	8:10 a.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
1st Moncton	8:20 a.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
1st Miramichi	8:30 a.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
1st Fredericton	8:40 a.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
1st St. John	8:50 a.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
1st Moncton	9:00 a.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
1st Miramichi	9:10 a.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
1st Fredericton	9:20 a.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
1st St. John	9:30 a.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
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1st Miramichi	9:50 a.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
1st Fredericton	10:00 a.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
1st St. John	10:10 a.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
1st Moncton	10:20 a.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
1st Miramichi	10:30 a.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
1st Fredericton	10:40 a.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
1st St. John	10:50 a.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
1st Moncton	11:00 a.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
1st Miramichi	11:10 a.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
1st Fredericton	11:20 a.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
1st St. John	11:30 a.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
1st Moncton	11:40 a.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
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1st Fredericton	12:00 p.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
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