

The Great Impersonation

BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

(Continued from yesterday.)

CHAPTER XXIII.

Seaman did not at once start on his mission to the Princess. He made his way instead to the servants' quarters and knocked at the door of the butler's sitting-room. There was no reply. He tried the handle in vain. The door was locked. A tall, grave-faced man in a sombre black coat came out from an adjoining apartment.

"You are looking for the person who arrived this evening from abroad, sir?" he enquired.

"I am," Seaman replied. "Has he locked himself in?"

"He has left the hall, sir."

"Left?" Seaman repeated. "Do you mean gone away for good?"

"Apparently, he does not understand his language myself, but I believe he considered his reception here for some reason or other, unfavorable. He took advantage of the car which went down to the station for the evening papers and caught the last train."

Seaman was silent for a moment. The news was a shock to him.

"What is your position here?" he asked the informant.

"My name is Reynolds, sir," was the respectful reply. "I am Mr. Peckham's servant."

"Can you tell me why, if this man has left, the door here is locked?"

"Mr. Peckham locked it before he went out, sir. He accompanied—Mr. Miller, I think his name was—to the station."

Seaman had the air of a man not wholly satisfied.

"It is usual to lock up a sitting-room in this fashion," he asked.

"Mr. Peckham always does it. The cabinets of cigars are kept there, also the wine-cellar key and the key of the plate chest. None of the other servants use the room except at Mr. Peckham's invitation."

"I understand," Seaman said, as he turned away. "Much obliged for your information, Reynolds. I will speak to Mr. Peckham later."

"I will tell him now that you desire to see him, sir."

"Good night, Reynolds."

"Good night, sir."

Seaman passed back again to the crowded hall and billiard-room, exchanged a few remarks here and there, and made his way up the southern flight of stairs towards the west wing. Stephanie came without a moment's delay to receive him. She was seated in front of the fire, reading a novel, in a bonnet opening out of her bed-room.

"Princess," Seaman declared, with a low bow, "we are in despair at your desertion."

She put down her book.

"I have been insulted in this house," she said. "Tomorrow I leave it."

Seaman shook his head reproachfully.

"Your Highness," he continued, "behave me, I do not wish to presume upon my position. I am only a German tradesman, admitted to circles like these for reasons connected solely with the welfare of my country. Yet I know much, as it happens, of the truth of this matter, the matter which is causing you distress. I beg you to reconsider your decision. Our friend here is, I think, needlessly hard upon himself. So much the greater will be his reward when he comes. So much the greater will be the rapture with which he will throw himself on his knees before you."

"Has he sent you to reason with me?"

"Not directly. I am to a certain extent, however, his majordomo in this enterprise. I brought him from Africa. I have watched over him from the start. Two hours are better than one. I try to show him where to avoid mistakes, I try to point out the paths of danger and of safety."

"I should imagine Sir Everard finds you useful," he remarked calmly.

"I hope he does."

"It has doubtless occurred to you," she continued, "that our friend has accommodated himself wonderfully to English life and customs?"

"You must remember that he was educated here. Nevertheless, his aptitude has been marvellous."

"One might almost call it supernatural," she remarked. "You mean, Mr. Seaman, you seem to have been completely successful in the installation of our friend here as Sir Everard."

"What is going to be his real value to you? What work will he do?"

"We are keeping him for the big things. You have seen our gracious master lately?" he asked hesitatingly.

"I know what is at the back of your mind," she replied. "Yet before the summer is over I am to pack up my trunks and fly. I understand."

"It is when that time comes," Seaman said impressively, "that we expect Sir Everard Dominey, the typical English country gentleman, of whose loyalty there has never been a word of doubt, to be of use to us. Most of our present helpers will be under suspicion. The authorized staff of our secret service can only work underground. You can see for yourself the advantage we gain in having a confidential correspondent who can day by day reflect the changing psychology of the British mind in all its phases. We have quite enough of the other sort of help arranged for. Plans of ships, aeroplanes and harbors, sailings of convoys, calling up of soldiers—all these are the A. B. C. of the secret service profession. We shall never ask our friend here for a single day, but from his town house in Berkeley Square, the host of Cabinet Ministers, of soldiers, of the best brains of the country, our fingers will never leave the pulse of Britain's day by day life."

Stephanie threw herself back in her easy-chair and clasped her hands behind her head.

"These things you are expecting from our present host?"

"We are, and we expect to get them. I have watched him day by day. My confidence in him has grown."

Stephanie was silent. She sat looking into the fire. Seaman, keenly observant as always, realized the change in her, yet found something of mystery in her new detachment of manner.

"Your Highness," he urged, "I am not here to speak on behalf of the man who at heart is, I know, your lover. He will plead his own cause when the time comes. But I am here to plead for patience. I am here to implore you to take no rash step, to

do nothing which might imperil in any way his position here. I stand outside the gates of the world which you can make a paradise. I am no judge of the things that happen there. But in your heart I feel there is bitterness, because the man for whom you care has chosen to place his country first. I implore your patience, Princess. I implore you to believe what I know so well—that it is the sternest sense of duty only which is the foundation of Leopold von Ragastin's obstinate attitude."

"What are you afraid that I shall do?" she asked curiously.

"I am afraid of nothing directly," he answered.

"Indirectly, then? Answer me, please."

"I am afraid," he admitted frankly, "that in some corner of the world, if not in this country, you might while per a word, a soothing or an angry grudge you had against a simple Norfolk squire, find a more subtle and deadly weapon in the presence of any one who knew your history and realized the bitter animosity between Sir Everard Dominey and Baron Leopold von Ragastin."

"I see," Stephanie murmured, a faint smile parting her lips. "Well, Mr. Seaman, I do not think that need have many fears. What I shall do every day with me in my heart is not for you or any man to know. In a few days I shall leave this country."

"You are going back to Berlin—to Germany?"

She shook her head, beckoned her maid to open the door, and held out her hand in token of dismissal.

"I am going to take a sea voyage," she announced. "I shall go to Africa."

"Gone," Dominey replied, looking round from the sideboard.

"Gone" every one repeated.

"I should think such a thing has never happened to him before," Dominey observed. "He was wanted in town."

"Fancy any one wanting Eddy for any serious purpose?" Caroline murmured with a laugh.

"Fancy any one wanting him badly enough to drag him out of bed in the middle of the night with a telephone call and send him up to town by the breakfast train from Norwich?" she then continued. "I thought we had started a new ghost when he came into my room in a purple dressing-gown and broke the news."

"We should have liked him," the Duke enquired. "His tailor?"

"Business of importance was his pretext," Dominey replied.

"There was a little ripple of good-natured laughter. "Does Eddy do anything for a living?" Caroline asked, yawning.

"Mr. Peckham is a director of the Chelsea Motor Works," Mangan told her. "He received a small legacy last year, and his favorite taxicab man was the first to know about it."

"You're not suggesting," she exclaimed, "that it is business of that kind which has taken Eddy away?"

"I should think it most improbable," Mangan confessed. "As a matter of fact, he asked me the other day if I knew where their premises were."

"We should have liked him," the Duke enquired. "His tailor?"

"Business of importance was his pretext," Dominey replied.

"There was a little ripple of good-natured laughter. "Does Eddy do anything for a living?" Caroline asked, yawning.

"Mr. Peckham is a director of the Chelsea Motor Works," Mangan told her. "He received a small legacy last year, and his favorite taxicab man was the first to know about it."

"You're not suggesting," she exclaimed, "that it is business of that kind which has taken Eddy away?"

"I should think it most improbable," Mangan confessed. "As a matter of fact, he asked me the other day if I knew where their premises were."

"We should have liked him," the Duke enquired. "His tailor?"

"Business of importance was his pretext," Dominey replied.

"There was a little ripple of good-natured laughter. "Does Eddy do anything for a living?" Caroline asked, yawning.

"Mr. Peckham is a director of the Chelsea Motor Works," Mangan told her. "He received a small legacy last year, and his favorite taxicab man was the first to know about it."

"You're not suggesting," she exclaimed, "that it is business of that kind which has taken Eddy away?"

"I should think it most improbable," Mangan confessed. "As a matter of fact, he asked me the other day if I knew where their premises were."

"We should have liked him," the Duke enquired. "His tailor?"

"Business of importance was his pretext," Dominey replied.

"There was a little ripple of good-natured laughter. "Does Eddy do anything for a living?" Caroline asked, yawning.

"Mr. Peckham is a director of the Chelsea Motor Works," Mangan told her. "He received a small legacy last year, and his favorite taxicab man was the first to know about it."

"You're not suggesting," she exclaimed, "that it is business of that kind which has taken Eddy away?"

"I should think it most improbable," Mangan confessed. "As a matter of fact, he asked me the other day if I knew where their premises were."

"We should have liked him," the Duke enquired. "His tailor?"

"Business of importance was his pretext," Dominey replied.

"There was a little ripple of good-natured laughter. "Does Eddy do anything for a living?" Caroline asked, yawning.

"Mr. Peckham is a director of the Chelsea Motor Works," Mangan told her. "He received a small legacy last year, and his favorite taxicab man was the first to know about it."

"You're not suggesting," she exclaimed, "that it is business of that kind which has taken Eddy away?"

"I should think it most improbable," Mangan confessed. "As a matter of fact, he asked me the other day if I knew where their premises were."

"We should have liked him," the Duke enquired. "His tailor?"

"Business of importance was his pretext," Dominey replied.

"There was a little ripple of good-natured laughter. "Does Eddy do anything for a living?" Caroline asked, yawning.

change," Dominey observed, swinging round as a single Frenchman with a dull white cravat and a hedge behind them and fell a little distance away, a crumpled heap of feathers. "Next, I think," he added, turning to his companion.

"Marvellous!" Seaman replied, with faint sarcasm. "I envy your nerve."

"I cannot take this matter very seriously," Dominey acknowledged. "The fellow seemed to me quite harmless."

"My anxieties have also been aroused in another direction," Seaman confided.

"Any other trouble looming?" Dominey asked.

"You will find yourself minus an other guest when you return this afternoon."

"The Princess?" Seaman asked.

"I did my best with her last night, but I found her in a most peculiar frame of mind. We are to be relieved of her anxiety concerning her for some time, however. She has decided to take a sea voyage."

"Where to?"

"Africa!"

Dominey paused in the act of inserting a cartridge into his gun. He turned slowly around and looked into his companion's expressionless face.

"Why the mischief is she going out there?" he asked.

"The Princess told you that," Seaman replied, "than why Johann Wolff sent over here to spy upon our perfect work. I am most unhappy, my friend. The things which I understand, however threatening they are, I do not fear. Things which I do not understand oppress me."

Dominey laughed quietly.

"Come," there is nothing here which seriously threatens our position. The Princess is angry, but she is not likely to give us away. This man Wolff could make no adverse report about either of us. We are doing our job and doing it well. Let our clear consciences console us."

"That will," Seaman replied, "but I feel uneasy. I must not stay here any longer. The Princess is angry, but she is not likely to give us away. This man Wolff could make no adverse report about either of us. We are doing our job and doing it well. Let our clear consciences console us."

"Well, I think I can be trusted," Dominey observed, "even if I am to be left alone."

"In every respect except as regards the Princess," Seaman admitted, "your deportment has been most discreet."

"Except as regards the Princess," Dominey repeated irritably. "Really, my friend, I cannot understand your point of view in this matter. You could not expect me to mix up a secret honeymoon with my present commitments."

"There might surely have been some middle way," Seaman persisted. "You show so much tact in other matters."

"You do not know the Princess," Dominey muttered.

Rosamund joined them then, tugging, bringing news of Stephanie's sudden departure, with notes and messages for everybody. Caroline made a little grimace at her host.

"You're in trouble!" she whispered in his ear. "All the same, I approve. I like Stephanie, but she is an exceedingly dangerous person."

"I wonder whether she is," Dominey mused.

"I think men have generally found her so," Caroline replied. "She had one wonderful love affair, which ended in a duel and her lover being banished from the country. Still, she was not the sort of woman to be content with a banished lover. I fancied I noticed certain signs of her being willing to replace him whilst she has been down here."

"I feel as though a blight had settled upon my house party," Dominey remarked, with bland irrelevancy.

"Pardon me," then Mr. Ludwig Miller, "and who on earth was Mr. Ludwig Miller?" Caroline enquired.

"He was a fat, black-haired German who brought me messages from old friends in Africa. He had no luggage, but a walking stick, and he seems to have upset the male part of my domestic life by accepting a bed and then disappearing."

"With the plate?"

"Not a thing missing. Parkins spent an agonized half hour, counting everything. Dr. Lewis appears to be one of those involved mysteries which go to make up an imperfect world."

"Well, we've had a jolly time," Caroline said reminiscently. "Tomorrow night, I must say, I suppose the others. I must say on the whole I am delighted with our visit."

"You are very gracious," Dominey murmured.

"I am very glad you think that," he said warmly.

"Everard," she sighed. "I believe you are in love with your wife."

"There was a strange, almost a terrible mixture of expressions in his face at the answer—a certain fear, a certain fondness, a certain almost desperate resignation. Even his voice, as a rule so slow and measured, shook with an emotion which amazed his companion."

"I believe I am," he muttered. "I am afraid of my feelings for her. It may bring even another tragedy down upon us."

"Don't talk rubbish!" Caroline exclaimed. "What tragedy could come between you now? You've recovered your balance. You are a strong, steady person, just fitted to be the protector of a slightly so sweet and charming as Rosamund. Tragedy, indeed! Why don't you take her down to the South of France, Everard, and have your honeymoon all over again?"

"I can't do that just yet," she studied him curiously. There were times when he seemed wholly incomprehensible to her.

"Are you still worried about that Unk affair?" she asked.

"He hesitated for a moment."

"There is still an aftermath to our troubles," he told her, "one cloud which leans over us. I shall clear it up in time—but other things may happen first."

"We will try a partridge for a

(Continued tomorrow.)

MARINE NEWS

PORT OF ST. JOHN, N. B.

Wednesday, August 18, 1920.

Arrived Tuesday.

Coastwise—Str Granville, Collins, 81, Annapolis Royal; sch D L Mangan, Pictou, 86, Waterville, N. B.; str Bear River, Moore, 70, Bear River, N. B.; str Keith Can, Pinnin, 177, Newport; str Ruby L. Baker, 51, Margareville; sch Ida M. Winter, 77, Little Bass River; str Grand Manan, 179, Hecsey, Wilson's Beach.

Halifax, Aug. 17.—Arrived steamer Atikokan, Louisburg, C. B.

Cleared Tuesday.

Sch Priscilla Alden, Kessler, 340, Havana, Cuba.

Coastwise—Str Granville, Collins, 81, Annapolis; str Keith Can, Pinnin, 177, Newport; str Ruby L. Baker, 51, Margareville; str Grand Manan, Hecsey, 179, Wilson's Beach; str Empress, MacDonald, 612, Digby.

Sailed—Str Atikokan, St. John, N. B.; str Roseland, St. John's, Nfld.

Governor Dingley Arrived.

The Eastern Steamship Line Governor Dingley arrived in port at noon yesterday from Boston with 375 passengers and a fair sized cargo of freight.

is at Portland.

The schooner Quaco Queen is reported arrived at Portland, Maine, from Spain. Captain McLeod is in command. The agent is R. C. Eldin, of St. John.

Cargo of Lumber.

The schooner Priscilla Alden, which cleared for Havana yesterday, takes 60,785 feet of lumber from A. C. Dunton Lumbering Company here to their branch in Havana.

A Trim Craft.

The Monarchy, the vessel purchased for the St. John Pilots, was in Lower Cove Slip yesterday, having her rock ballast discharged, and this will be replaced by iron. The new pilot boat is being highly commented on by every person who has made an inspection. She is built on beautiful lines, is only six years old, and has every appearance of being a fast

Furness Line

From London Arriving

July 31—S. S. Comino Aug. 16

Manchester Line

Sailings from

Manchester to St. John to Manchester and Philadelphia or Baltimore.

Passenger Ticket Agents for North Atlantic Lines.

Royal Bank Bldg.

Tel. Main 2616 St. John, N. B.

FURNESS, WITHEY CO., LTD.

Grand Manan S.S. Co.

DAYLIGHT TIME.

Commencing June 1st, 1920, a steamer leaves Grand Manan Mondays, 7.30 a. m., for St. John via Campbell and Eastport, returning St. John Tuesdays, 10 a. m., for Grand Manan, via the same ports.

Wednesdays leave Grand Manan 8 a. m., for St. Stephen, via intermediate ports, returning Thursdays, 10 a. m., for 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.

GRAND MANAN S.S. CO.

P. O. Box 307.

St. John, N. B.

NEW THROUGH SERVICE

BETWEEN

EASTERN AND WESTERN CANADA

OPTIONAL ROUTES VIA

Canadian National Railways

MARITIME PROVINCES TO WINNIPEG VIA QUEBEC.

From	To	Day	Time	From	To	Day	Time
Lv. Sydney	7.00 a.m.	A.T.	Sa.	Mo.	Tu.	Th.	Fr.
Lv. Halifax	8.10 a.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"
Lv. St. John	9.10 a.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"
Lv. Moncton	10.10 a.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"
Lv. Quebec	11.10 a.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"
Lv. Winnipeg	12.10 p.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"
Lv. Montreal	1.10 p.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"
Lv. St. John	2.10 p.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"
Lv. Moncton	3.10 p.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"
Lv. Quebec	4.10 p.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"
Lv. Winnipeg	5.10 p.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"
Lv. Montreal	6.10 p.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"

TRAIN EQUIPMENT—Standard sleeping and dining cars between Halifax, Sydney and Moncton; Standard sleeping and dining cars between Moncton and Winnipeg; Tourist sleeper between Moncton and Winnipeg; Tourist sleeper between Moncton and Winnipeg.

Canadian National-Grand Trunk

THE MARITIME PROVINCES.—PACIFIC COAST.

VIA MONTREAL, TORONTO, NORTH BAY, COCHRANE.

From	To	Day	Time	From	To	Day	Time
Lv. Sydney	8.30 a.m.	A.T.	Sa.	Mo.	Tu.	Th.	Fr.
Lv. Halifax	9.30 a.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"
Lv. St. John	10.30 a.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"
Lv. Moncton	11.30 a.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"
Lv. Quebec	12.30 p.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"
Lv. Winnipeg	1.30 p.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"
Lv. Montreal	2.30 p.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"
Lv. St. John	3.30 p.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"
Lv. Moncton	4.30 p.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"
Lv. Quebec	5.30 p.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"
Lv. Winnipeg	6.30 p.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"
Lv. Montreal	7.30 p.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"

TRAIN EQUIPMENT—Standard sleeping and dining cars between Halifax, Sydney and Moncton; Standard sleeping and dining cars between Moncton and Winnipeg; Tourist sleeper between Moncton and Winnipeg; Tourist sleeper between Moncton and Winnipeg.

THE MARITIME PROVINCES.—PACIFIC COAST.

VIA MONTREAL, OTTAWA, PORT ARTHUR, FORT WILLIAM.

From	To	Day	Time	From	To	Day	Time
Lv. Montreal	6.10 p.m.	E.T.	Tu.	Th.	Fr.	Sa.	Su.
Lv. Ottawa	7.10 p.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"
Lv. Port Arthur	8.10 p.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"
Lv. Fort William	9.10 p.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"
Lv. Winnipeg	10.10 p.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"
Lv. Vancouver	11.10 p.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"
Lv. Victoria	12.10 p.m.	"	"	"	"	"	"

TRAIN EQUIPMENT—Standard sleeping and dining cars between Halifax, Sydney and Moncton; Standard sleeping and dining cars between Moncton and Winnipeg; Tourist sleeper between Moncton and Winnipeg; Tourist sleeper between Moncton and Winnipeg.

For time tables, passenger fares, and all other information apply nearest Canadian National Ticket Agent or

GENERAL PASSENGER DEPARTMENT, MONCTON, N. B.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Two cents per word each insertion.
Minimum charge twenty-five cents.

WANTED.

YOUNG MAN

I am looking for a young man who has some push, a lot of pep, and is not afraid of a little hard work.

This is a position for some young chap who wants to break into the newspaper game. See Mr. Fenton at The Standard Business Office.

TO LET

TO LET—In the busy City of Montreal, one of the finest stores in the city, in the new Liberty Block; large store and location the very best. Also, Offices to let in the new Imperial Block, including a suite equipped for a dentist. Apply to L. H. Higgins, 681 Main St., Montreal.

PERSONALS.

LADIES ATTENTION—Dr. Le Freres Parlatan Complexion Cream quickly removes Blemishes, Pimples, Enlarged Pores, Crow's Feet, Wrinkles. Immediate results guaranteed. Full treatment, price \$1.50 sent on receipt of Postal or Money Order. Sole Agents: The Merchants Publicity Association, Suite 429, 430 Standard Bank Building, Vancouver, B. C.

FORTUNE TELLING

PALMISTRY, EAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE—126 King St. West, upstairs.

The Wentworth Hospital of Dover, New Hampshire, offers to young women of high school education, or the equivalent of same, a thirty months' training in a general hospital. During training, twenty dollars per month will be paid, and room, board and laundry will be furnished. The Wentworth Hospital is an accredited hospital of the State. For further information apply to the superintendent of the hospital.

GRACE P. HASKELL, Superintendent.

Dominion Express Money Order for five dollars costs three cents.

PROBATE COURT.

St. John.

To the next of kin and creditors of JAMES JACK, late of the City of Saint John, in the County of the City and County of Saint John, Carpenter, deceased, and all others whom it may concern.

The Administrators of the above deceased intestate, having filed their accounts in this court, and asked to have them passed and allowed. You are hereby cited to attend, if you so desire, at the passing of same, at a Court of Probate to be held in and for the City and County of Saint John, in the Probate Court Room, in the Pugsley Buildings, in the City of Saint John, on MONDAY, the SIXTH DAY OF SEPTEMBER next, at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon, when the said accounts will be passed upon.

Given under my hand this twenty-ninth day of July, A. D. 1920.

(Sgd.) H. O. MCINERNEY, Judge of Probate.

(Sgd.) STEPHEN B. BUSTIN, Registrar of Probate.

BOILER TUBES

Boiler tubes are almost famine scarce, and consequently, high in price.

Our stocks here have been recently replenished by the arrival of a number of shipments ordered from the mills some eight months ago.

The sizes usually in stock vary from 1 1/2 dia. to 4 in. dia. and in a great variety of lengths. Please inquire for prices.

I. Matheson & Co., Ltd. BOILER MAKERS

New Glasgow Nova Scotia

Simplest thing in the world to make America Cup races more interesting. Let the New York Yacht Club make a rule providing that the victory goes to the boat taking the longest time to cover the course.

CORNMEAL, OATS, FEEDS

Largest dealers in Maritime Provinces.

STEEN BROS., LTD.

Mills at St. John, N. B., South Devon, N. B., Yarmouth, N. S.

WANTED.

HELP WANTED

Young Men and Girls wanted to learn Cotton Mill work. Good wages to beginners.

First-class new Boarding House for girls, with meals furnished to men at reasonable rates.

Apply by letter, or at Office of Canadian Cottons, Ltd., Milltown, N. B.

WANTED Carpenter

Rate 65c. per hour. Apply at once Foundation Co., Ltd., Reversing Falls, St. John, N. B.

WANTED—Labor