

THE FAIR IMPOSTOR.

CHAPTER X. Out Of The Past.

But, on the other hand, all handsome men are not bad. Now, Dawson Slade was neither a devouring lion nor a model of all the virtues; he was, like most men, a little of both, with, as the Irishman said, a great deal of the former.

"I am afraid I have caused you much trouble and annoyance," she said, in a low, musical voice.

"No," he responded, gently, and as his deep, clear tones fell upon her ear the dark eyes grew still more reassured; the voice, as well as the face, was that of a gentleman. "No, not the slightest trouble; you have not the slightest trouble; you have not been unconscious for about two minutes. I am glad that I was near to render you assistance; it has been of the slightest kind."

She inclined her head, by way of acknowledgment, and rose.

"Thank you again," she said; and good-morning."

He raised his hat, and, as gently as before, said:

"Had you not better rest a little? I think you are scarcely sufficiently recovered to walk. Give yourself five minutes."

She looked down, then, at his face, and hesitated; he could see that she was trembling with the weakness following on her faintness. With true delicacy, he motioned to the seat, and went toward the rail to pick up the roll, and remained there for a minute looking across the row. When he turned again she was sitting, with great self-possession, her hands folded in her lap, her face lit up with the faintest rose blush. But for that other face which had entered into his heart, Dawson Slade would have been impressed by her beauty.

As it was, there was a something of recognition of her beauty in his voice as he said:

"Are you better now?"

"Much," she said; "indeed, I am quite well again. It was the heat, I think, it is extreme."

"Extreme!" he echoed. "It is too hot for you; in your weak state, to walk. Will you allow me to escort you home?"

A flush passed like the wind over her face and neck, and her eyes dropped. "No, oh, no, thank you," she said, hurriedly. "I am quite able—I"

He stopped her, with a smile.

"Be candid, and say that you are afraid of me; is it not so? I assure you there is no cause for fear. To know a lady when I meet her!" and he inclined his head gravely.

She raised her eyes with a sudden hurry of apology.

"Indeed," she began, falteringly, "I was not so ungrateful, even in thought; but I could not give you further trouble."

"But if I, speaking only the plain truth, assure you that it would be a great pleasure to me?"

She shook her head.

"You add to your kindness by letting me go alone," she said, in a low voice.

He bowed.

"So be it, but not on foot. I will call a cab."

Once more the crimson tide flowed over her face.

"Not that I may learn your address, as you suspect," he said, with a smile; "you can direct the cabman where to drive when I am out of hearing."

She looked up, full of trouble and remorse.

"You—you are quick to read one's thoughts," she said.

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Cost him \$100.00 for medicines which failed—Cured by DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS.

Mr. James Clark, Maidstone, Sask., writes: "I suffered for four years with rheumatism in my shoulders and could not lift my arms above the head. I tried nearly all the advertised remedies but none of them gave me relief. It cost me at least \$100.00 for medicines before I used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills."

"With the use of this medicine, I soon found relief. I followed up this treatment for six months and was then quite free from rheumatism. While using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills I also used Dr. Chase's Backache Plaster when so stiff that I could scarcely bend. They always found the weak spot and gave relief while the internal treatment was bringing about a thorough cure."

The success of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills has been phenomenal. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Dr. Chase's Recipes will be sent free on request.

EVENING TELEGRAM FASHION PLATES.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.



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A Pretty Little Suit.
Nothing is smarter for the little boy than the pretty little tunic suits, simply finished by machine stitching or narrow braid. Such a model is here illustrated in white serge. A shaped trimming band outlines the neck and front edges, and a deep pleat is arranged at the waist length of the front and back, extending over the shoulders in a very becoming manner. The little knickerbockers are shaped by the usual outside and inside seams, the fullness at the knee being adjusted by an elastic inserted in the hem. The top is finished by an inside waist band. The mode is equally suited to the firmly woven wash fabrics, such as linen and pique, as well as the flannels and woollens. For a child of 6 years 2 1/2 yds. of 54 inch material will be required. Sizes 2, 4, 6 years.

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Please send the above-mentioned pattern as per directions given below.

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N.B.—Be sure to cut out the illustration and send with the coupon, carefully filled out. The pattern cannot reach you in less than 15 days. Price 10 cents each, in cash, postal note, or stamps. Address: Telegram Pattern Department.

"You have an expressive face," he said, without the slightest shade of a compliment in his voice. "Are you reassured now?" he went on, after a pause. "Plainly, I am, as I take it, responsible for your safety, and I cannot permit you to go alone and on foot. You must either allow me to accompany you or call a cab."

For answer, she glanced towards the cab rank, and, without a word, he strode towards it and beckoned a fourwheeler.

Then he came back, and stood beside her, silent for a moment. Suddenly he remembered the roll.

"Oh, my music!" she said. "Thank you."

"We were nearly forgetting it," he said, handing it to her.

She fidgeted with it for a moment, with downcast eyes, then raised them dewy and limpid.

"I—I shall not easily forget your kindness to a stranger," she said. "I am very grateful."

"To a stranger," he said, with a slight emphasis. "Yes, that is the worst of it. You will not forget it? May I offer you something as a slight reminder—not of my poor assistance, but of our meeting?" and he took out his cardcase.

She held out her hand.

"Thank you," she said. Then she looked up and added, simply: "My name is—"

"Stop!" he said. "Do not tell me. Let me have the satisfaction in any way, however slight. We may never meet again, but, if we do, I shall not need your name to quicken my remembrance."

Again she flushed as she inclined her head.

"Yes," she said, softly, looking him full in the face with the dark, candid eyes, "I was wrong to fear you, Good by," and she held out her hand.

With bared head, he took the little hand in his, and held it until he had helped her into the cab. He put down the window, which, of course, were closed; then, closing the door, went up to the cabman.

"This lady will tell you where to drive when you get to the end of the row," he said, so that she should hear; then, in a lower voice, he added: "And drive carefully, my good fellow. Here is your fare, and I've taken the number. Never mind the change,

for the cabman was staring at a sovereign which reposed in his open palm.

Dawson Slade went back to the window.

"He will drive you to the end of the row; you can then tell him where you wish to be driven. To save you any trouble when you get to your destination, I have paid the fare; you will not misunderstand me again; when we next meet you can pay me, if you desire to do so. Once more, good-by."

The D.L. MENTHOL PLASTER
FOR BACKACHE, SCIATICA, PLEURISY, STITCHES, CRICKS, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM
Each 25c. in air-tight tin box; yard rolls \$1.00, can be cut to any size.
Beware of worthless imitations.
DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Montreal.

She put out her hand, this time without a word, and a moment afterwards he stood looking after the ugly cab as it rolled and bumped away after the manner of its uncomfortable kind.

For just two minutes he stood; then he turned, with a strange smile of self-mockery on his lips.

"Not bad for you, Dawson! What has come to you? Is it dizziness, tremors, or the first symptoms of softening of the brain? Let her go when you were dying to know her name! Let her go without a clemency—actually refused to accept one! Oh, you must be well on the road to Colney Hatch! Or is it the first step on the road to reformation?"

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
CURES ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
GOUT, RHEUMATISM, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, BACKACHE
NUMBER 23 THE PROMENADE

There is one thing, you never can tell this story, my dear Dawson, for there isn't a man, woman or child who, knowing you, would believe it!"

Then he took off his hat, and wiped his white forehead with a dainty handkerchief.

"Pshaw! Disinterested generosity and high-mindedness is exhausting, though! Let me go and do something wicked, or this attack of goodness will be too much for me."

But it is extremely difficult for a man like Dawson Slade to do anything superlatively wicked out of season.

He called a cab and went to his club, but a whole army of white-washers met him in the hall, and he turned and fled.

At last he thought of one especially hot club—a small select gathering of the lost—where, in the deadest month of the year, the cards and the dice were moving, and having dined with Capt. Deuceace, of the Blues, and joining Lord Raff, he, by their assistance, proceeded to do the only bad thing open to him. He fell a-gambling.

But the old excitement would not come. Just as the dawn broke over the city he started home, tired, bored and disgusted, though he had won marvellous to relate, and left the Captain and little Raff drowning their curses in brandy and soda. Tired and disgusted with himself and the world at large, he climbed the stairs and threw himself into his chair.

His man had set out some wine and spirits, and had cleared the neglected and despised letters from the table—all but one. This, lying at his feet, attracted Slade's attention. Languidly, he took it up; it was one of the invitations. With one of those impulses which men term chance, but which the gods call fate, he sauntered to the writing cabinet and scribbled an acceptance.

Then he rang the bell, and when his valet entered said, without turning round:

"Bath at nine, breakfast at ten, portmanteau at twelve, Louis. Give me a cheroot and go to bed. Take this letter—ah, that is of no use, though. I shall arrive before it can do so. I forgot that. Tear it up, Louis, and go to bed; you look and sound sleepy, though I haven't seen nor heard you—and I wish to Heaven I was! Good-night!"

To be continued.

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Bloodthirsty Annan Bandits.

Lyons, France, July 2.—Feroocious bandits who torture prisoners held for ransom are not yet extinct, as some modern writers have complained. A thrilling tale of capture, twenty days of torture and death threatened momentarily, has just been brought from Annan, Asia, by Henry Volain, who has returned here to remain his health shattered as the result of his terrible experience.

M. Volain, who is employed by a French construction company, was captured nearly a year ago by a bandit and pirate chieftain named Detham, who for years has committed deeds of violence in the French protectorate and is still uncaptured. Volain is the only white man who has ever escaped from his clutches.

"I was journeying to Hanot to inspect some works," said Mr. Volain, "and was riding in a 'pushpush' cart when suddenly the coolies propelling the conveyance fled. I grasped my revolver when I saw about thirty armed Annamites with levelled guns. They fired and I answered with my revolver, retaining one bullet as a last resource. The battle was short. I was felled with two blows of a rifle butt and bound, Annamite fashion, with my elbows behind my back, the thong being then passed around my neck.

"There were hundreds of peaceful natives working in the fields nearby, but they did not interfere. I was led to a gate screened with vines, then through a dense bamboo thicket, and finally to a mud-walled fort within which fifty armed men were seated in a circle around Chief Detham. The latter's head, eyebrows, eyelashes and face were shaved. He wore khaki clothes and a broad belt of buffalo skin. I noticed a frail little woman, who was Detham's third wife. She seemed miserable and I pitied her, but before I left the fort she had demanded my head twenty times.

"When the bandits found that I was neither an official nor a soldier they consented to hold me for ransom, but until the negotiations were finished they threatened daily to put me to death, and inflicted indescribable tortures upon me. The mere memory of my terrible experience makes me feel faint."

Since Volain was ransomed a number of the bandits, including the leader's bloodthirsty wife, have been captured and sent in chains to the French military prison on the island of Cayenne.

LARACY'S have just received direct from the manufacturers per "Dronning Maud," from Antwerp, Tumblers, Glasses, Decanters, Goblets and Fancy Glassware. Selling at our usual low prices at LARACY'S 345 and 347 Water Street, opposite Post Office, may 14.1f

Henry's Uncle.

"Then I am to understand that this is your final answer, Miss Stubbles?"

"My final answer."

"Nothing can move you?"

"Nothing."

"Then my life will be a lonely one, and my fate a harsh one, for my uncle with whom I live has just died and left me—"

"That fact somewhat alters the case, Henry. I cannot be harsh to one who has sustained such recent bereavement. If I could believe that you are sincere—"

"Sincere? Oh, Miss Stubbles!"

"You have certainly made an impression on my heart. Give me time to think of it!"

"How long?"

"After all, why think of it? Henry, I am yours!"

"Oh, Genevieve!"

"Do not squeeze me so hard, Henry. Your poor uncle! Was he long ill?"

"Three days."

"It is too bad! You say he left you—"

"Yes; he has left me!"

"How much?"

"How much? I said he had left me. He had nothing else to leave. I am alone in the world now, homeless, penniless; but with you by my side—why, she's fainted!"—Til-Bits.

"This Into 'Snatching a Hasty Pipe.'"

His poetical description of a gypsy encampment as "a tipsy gent pitched in a pot of grease" was even more complicated. Of course he meant "a gypsy tent pitched in a grove of peace." His description of his baggage to a railway porter as "two rags and a bug" was simpler.

There is something forced, perhaps, in his definition of a happy evening as reading quietly by the fireside, while his dear wife was "bitting the nose" of his little one.

Dr. Spooner is an albino with the weak sight characteristic of the type. He is also undoubtedly somewhat absent-minded. These two circumstances may account for a couple of stories told of him which are believed

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The following are Every-Day-In-The-Week Bargains,—while they last.

Women's Sleeveless White Cotton Vests, sizes 4, 5 and 6. Regular 18c value, at 12c each.

Women's Short Sleeve White Cotton Vests, sizes 4, 5 and 6. Very special, at 12c each.

Women's Long Sleeve White Cotton Vests, sizes 4, 5 and 6, buttoned fronts, at 30c each.

Large Women's Long Sleeve White Cotton Vests, sizes 8 and 9, buttoned fronts, at 35c each.

Children's Short Sleeve White Cotton Vests, sizes 20 inch to 28 inch, 11c to 13c each.

Children's Tan, Ribbed Cotton Hose, guaranteed fast, size 5 inch to 9 inch, 11c to 10c pair.

Children's Black Ribbed Cotton Hose, guaranteed fast, size 5 inch to 9 inch, 10c to 14c pair.

This lot of Children's Black Hose is, we may say, a Job Lot. Please note that the largest size only costs 14c pair.

Women's Black and Tan Plain Cotton Hose, 13c and 20c pair.

Women's Black and Tan Plain Lisle Hose, 35c and 40c pair.

Women's Black Plain Cashmere Hose, 22c, 25c, 30c, 35c, 38c, 45c, 55c, 75c pr.

Women's Tan Plain Cashmere Hose, 30c, 35c, 45c, 55c pair.

Women's Tan Ribbed Cashmere Hose, 20c, 30c, 38c, 45c and 55c pair.

Women's Black Lisle Hose, Lace Ankles, 30c, 35c and 45c pair.

Women's Tan Lisle Hose, Lace Ankles, 30c, 35c and 45c pair.

Women's Black Rib Cashmere Hose.—Job—only 22c pr.

This is a lot some of which are somewhat short in legs. Would be worth 40c in the regular way.

Novelties in Women's Hose, in Black, Tan and Coloured.

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Men's Balbriggan Underwear, all sizes, only 35c garment,—price anywhere else, 40c.

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