

POOR COPY

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THE CAMPBELLTON GRAPHIC, CAMP BELLTON NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1924

The Great Impersonation

A stirring story of love and adventure.
By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM
One of the famous author's best.
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(continued from last week)
"And I suppose that every one else has the same idea?"

"The mystery," Mr. Mangan admitted, "has never been cleared up. It is well known, you see, that you fought in the park and that you staggered home almost senseless. Roger Unthank has never been seen from that day to this."

"If I had killed him," Dominey pointed out, "why was his body not found?"

The lawyer shook his head. "There are all sorts of theories, of course," he said, "but for one superstition you may as well be prepared. There is scarcely a man or a woman for miles around Dominey who doesn't believe that the ghost of Roger Unthank still haunts the Black Wood near where you fought."

"Let us be quite clear about this," Dominey insisted. "If the body should ever be found, am I liable, after all these years, to be indicted man-slaughter?"

"I think you may make your mind quite at ease," the lawyer assured him. "In the first place, I don't think you would ever be indicted."

"And in the second?"

"There isn't a human being in that part of Norfolk who would ever believe that the body of a man or beast left within the shadow of the Black Wood, would ever be seen or heard of again!"

CHAPTER IV
Mr. Mangan, on their way into the grill room, loitered for a few minutes in the small reception room, chatting with some acquaintances, whilst his host, having spoken to the maître d'hôtel and ordered a cocktail with a passing waiter, stood with his hands behind his back, watching the inflow of men and women with all that interest which might be supposed to feel in one's fellows after a prolonged absence. He had moved a little on one side to allow a party of young people to make their way through the crowded chamber, when he was conscious of a woman standing alone on the top-most of the three thickly carpeted stairs. Their eyes met, and hers, which had been wandering around the room as though in search of some acquaintance, seemed instantly and fervently held. To the few loungers about the room, ignorant of any special significance in that studied contemplation of the man on the part of the woman, their two personalities presented an agreeable, almost a fascinating study. Dominey was six feet two in height and had to its fullest extent the natural distinction of his class, together with the half military, half athletic bearing which seemed to have been so marvelously bestowed to him. His complexion was no more than becomingly tanned; his slight moustache, trimmed very close to the upper lip, was of the same ruddy brown shade as his sleekly brushed hair. The woman, who had commenced now to move slowly towards him, save that her cheeks, at that moment at any rate, were almost unaturally pale, was of the same coloring. Her red-gold hair gleamed beneath her black hat. She was tall, a Grecian type of figure, large without being coarse, majestic though still young. She carried a little dog under one arm and a plain black silk bag, on which was a coronet in platinum and diamonds, in the other hand. The major-domo who presided over the room, watching her approach, bowed with more than his usual urbanity. Her eyes, however, were still fixed upon the person who had just entered so large a share of her attention. She came towards him, her lips a little parted.

"Leopold!" she faltered. "The Holy Saints, why did you not let me know!"

Dominey bowed very slightly. His words seemed to have a cut and dried flavor.

"I am so sorry," he replied, "but I fear that you make a mistake. My name is not Leopold."

She stood quite still, looking at him with air of not having heard a word of his polite disclaimer.

"In London, of all places," she murmured, "tell me, what does it mean?"

"I can only repeat, madam, he said, "that to my very great regret I have not the honour of your acquaintance."

She was puzzled, but absolutely unconvinced.

"You mean to deny that you are Leopold von Ragastien?" she asked incredulously. "You do not know me?"

"Madam," he answered, "it is not my great pleasure. My name is Dominey, Everard Dominey."

She seemed with some embarrassment struggling with some emotion. Then she drew her fingers up to her nose and drew him to a more retired corner of the little apartment.

Leopold whispered nothing can make it wrong or indiscreet for you to visit me. My address is 17, Belgrave Square. I desire to see you to-night at seven o'clock."

"But, my dear lady, Dominey began, suddenly glowing with a new light, "I will not be trifled with."

"I will not be trifled with," she insisted. "If you wish to succeed in whatever scheme you have on hand, you must not make an enemy of me."

I shall expect you at seven o'clock."

She passed away from him into the restaurant. Mr. Mangan, now freed from his friends, rejoined his host, and the two men took their places at the side table to which they were ushered with many signs of attention.

"Wasn't that the Princess Eiderstrom with whom you were talking?" the solicitor asked curiously.

"A lady addressed me by mistake," Dominey explained. "She mistook me, curiously enough, for a man who used to be called my double at Oxford. Sigismund Devinter he was then, although I think he came into a title later on."

"The Princess is quite a famous personage," Mr. Mangan remarked, "one of the richest widows in Europe. Her husband was killed in a duel some six or seven years ago."

Dominey ordered the luncheon with care, slipping into a word or two of German once to assist the waiter, who spoke English with difficulty. His companion smiled.

"I see that you have not forgotten your languages out there in the wilds."

"I had no chance to," Dominey answered. "I spent five years on the borders of German East Africa, and I traded with some of the fellows there regularly."

"By the by," Mr. Mangan enquired, "what sort of terms are we on with the Germans out there?"

"Excellent, I should think," was the careless reply.

"I never had any trouble," Dominey continued, "it will all be new to you, but during the last few years Englishmen have become divided into two classes—the people who believe that the Germans wish to go to war and crush us, and those who don't."

"Then since my return the number of the 'don'ts' has been 'increased' by one."

"I am amongst the doubtfuls myself," Mr. Mangan remarked. "All the same, I can't quite see what Germany wants with such an immense army, and why she is continually siding to her fleet."

Dominey paused for a moment to discuss the matter of a sauce with the head waiter. He returned to the subject a few minutes later on, however.

"Of course," he pointed out, "my opinions can only come from a study of the newspapers and from conversations with such Germans as I have met out in Africa, but so far as her army, and why she is continually siding to her fleet."

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mouth of a professional humourist. He shook hands with the lawyer, an empressment which was scarcely English.

"Within the space of half an hour," Dominey continued, "I find a princess who desires to claim my acquaintance; a cousin," he dropped his voice a little "who lunches only a few tables away, and the man of whom I have seen most during the last ten years amidst scenes a little different from these, eh, Seaman?"

Seaman accepted the chair which the waiter had brought and sat down. The lawyer was immediately interested.

"Do I understand, then," he asked, addressing the newcomer, "that you knew Sir Everard in Africa?"

Seaman beamed. "Knew him?" he repeated, and with the first words of his speech the fact of his foreign nationality was established. "There was no one of whom I knew so much. We did business together—a great deal of business—and when we were not partners, Sir Everard generally got the best of it."

Dominey laughed. "Luck generally comes to a man either early or late in life. My luck came late. I think, Seaman, that you must have been my mascot. Nothing went wrong with me during the years that we did business together."

Seaman was a little excited. He brushed upright with the palm of his hand one of those little tufts of hair on the side of his head, and he left his plump fingers upon the lawyer's shoulder.

"Mr. Mangan," he said, "you listen to me. I sell this man the controlling interests in a mine, shares which I have held for four and a half years and never drew a penny dividend. I sell them to him, I say, at par. Well, I need the money and it seems to me that I had given the shares—five fair shares. Within five weeks—five weeks, sir," he repeated, struggling to attune his voice to his surroundings, "those shares had gone from par to fourteen and a half. To-day they stand at twenty. He gave me five thousand pounds for those shares. To-day he could walk into your stock market and sell them for one hundred thousand. That is the way money is made in Africa. Mr. Mangan, where innocents like me are to be found every day."

Dominey poured out a glass of wine and passed it to their visitor.

"Come," he said, "we all have our ups and downs. Africa owes you nothing, Seaman."

"I have done well in my small way," Seaman admitted, fingering the stem of his wineglass. "Where I have had to place—Sir Everard here has stood and commanded fate to pour her treasures into his lap."

The lawyer was listening with a curious interest and pleasure to this half-bawling conversation. He found an opportunity now to intervene.

"So you two were really friends in Africa?" he remarked, with a question and almost inexplicable sense of relief.

"If Sir Everard permits our association to be so called," Seaman replied. "We have done business together in the great places—in Johannesburg and Pretoria, in Kimberley and Cape Town—and we have prospered together in the wild places. We have trekked the veldt and been lost to the world for many months at a time. We have seen the real wonders of Africa together, as well as her tawdry civilisation."

"And you, too," Mangan asked, "have you retired?"

Seaman's smile was almost bestial.

"The same deal," he said, "which brought Sir Everard's fortune to that modest sum which I had sworn to resign. I had returned to England. It is true. I have retired from money-making. It is now that I take up again my real life's work."

"If you are going to talk about your hobby," Dominey observed, "you had better order them to serve your lunch here."

"I had finish my lunch before you came in," his friend replied. "I drink another glass of wine, and I can say in this climate one is favored, one can drink freely. Sir Everard and I, Mr. Mangan, have been in places where this is a thing to be struggled against, where for months a little weak brandy and water was our chief disipation."

"Tell us about this hobby?" the lawyer enquired.

Dominey intervened promptly. "I protest. If he begins to talk of that, he'll be here all the afternoon."

Seaman held out his hands and rolled his head from side to side.

He objected, "Just one word—so? Very well, then," he proceeded quickly, with the air of one fearing interruption. "This must be clear to you. Mr. Mangan, I am a German by birth, naturalized in England for the sake of my business loving Germany."

"I have lived in Berlin, one third of my life. I have lived in London, and I have watched the growth of commercial rivalries and jealousies between the two nations. There is no need for them. They might lead to worse things. I would brush them all away. My aim is to encourage a league for the promotion of more cordial social and business relations between the people of Great Britain and the Empire. There! Have I wasted much of your time?"

"Can I not speak of my hobby without a flood of words?" Mangan admitted. "And I compliment you most heartily upon your scheme. If you can get the right people into it, it should prove a most valuable society."

"In Germany I have the right people. All Germans who live for their country loathe for the thought of war. We want peace, we want friends, and to speak as man to man," he concluded, tapping the lawyer upon the coat sleeve, "England is our best customer."

"I wish one could believe," the latter remarked, "that yours was the popular voice in your country."

Seaman rose reluctantly to his feet.

"At half-past two," he announced, glancing at his watch, "I have an appointment with a woolen manufacturer from Bradford. I hope to join my council."

He bowed ceremoniously to the lawyer, added to Dominey with the familiarity of an old friend, and made his bustling, good-humoured way out of the room.

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The Wonderful Fruit Medicine. Anyone who suffers with miserable health; who is tortured with Headaches; and who is unable to get any real pleasure out of life; will be interested in this letter of Mrs. Martha de Wolfe of East Ship Harbor, N.S.

Mrs. de Wolfe says, "For years I was a dreadful sufferer from Constipation and Headaches and I was miserable in every way. Nothing in the way of medicine seemed to help me. Then I tried 'Fruit-a-lives' and the effect was splendid; and after taking only one box, I was completely relieved and now feel like a new person."

50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or from Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

HAD GOOD SPORT
William Walker who accompanied Harry G. Chastant on a fishing trip to the Kedgwick River, has returned home. He caught a number of salmon including several twenty-pounders. Mr. Chastant lately acquired fishing rights on the stream and also a fishing lodge—Fredericton Mail.

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(continued next week.)

PRIVILEGED BOY A PROBLEM TO-DAY

The Delegates at Rotary Convention Discuss Important Questions

Toronto, June 26.—Much has been said and done about the problem of the "under-privileged" boy, but the delegates to the Rotary International Convention here took on a new angle of interest in the youth of to-day, when David I. McCall of Pittsburgh, Pa., addressed the big gathering on what he considered a far greater problem, namely, that of the "privileged" boy. Having in mind recent revelations in Chicago, the Rotarians gave special attention to Mr. McCall's remarks and recommendations along this line.

"The privileged boy at the present time presents a far greater problem than that of the under-privileged boy, because he has not yet been recognized as a problem worthy of serious attention," said Mr. McCall. "And by the privileged boy, I mean your boy and my boy, the average garden variety of boys of Rotarians and others occupying a similar position in the social fabric of our cities."

"The problem of the privileged boy has not been recognized by our organizations and institutions for boys, and therefore like the dangerous street crossing it constitutes a grave danger and will continue to constitute a grave danger until it is recognized and steps taken to solve the problem."

Method in His Throat.
"Why do you drink so much water, Edwin?" asked a mother of her five-year-old son.

"So you won't have so much to wash me with," replied the youngster.

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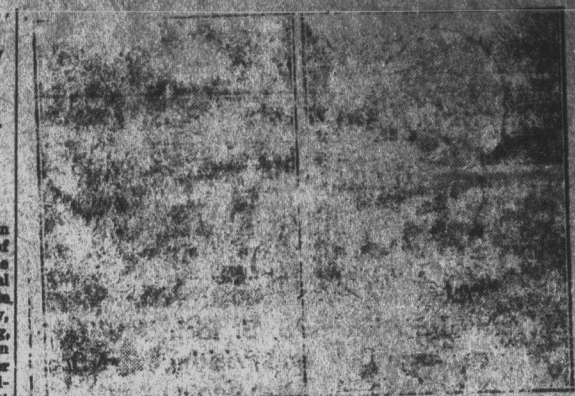
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REMARKABLE TWINS ARE IN THE YOUNG Mrs. William Shaw and her son, who were born on the same day, the 9th birthday this month, and to Canada several years ago.

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Twenty-five prizes given away to the first twenty-five people entering the store on
FRIDAY, JUNE 27th at 9 a.m.
ONE of the prizes will be a
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WORTH \$25.00 WHICH WILL BE GIVEN AWAY FREE

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JUNE 27th at 3 p.m.**
UNBLEACHED COTTON
worth 20c will be on sale, 8 yards for \$1.00, only 8 yards to a customer
This sale lasts for hours only

K. MATTA
Campbellton, N. B.

PRIZES!
Twenty-five prizes given away to the first 25 people entering the store on
SATURDAY, JUNE 28th
One of these prizes will be a ladies' SKIRT worth \$10.00 which will be given away free

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SURPRISE PACKAGE SALE TO MARRIED LADIES ON

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