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Accounts for its

Ever Increasing Popularity

THE FAIR IMPOSTOR.

CHAPTER VII.

"I Never Heard of Her!"

Wealdshire, as everybody knows, is a county rich in its resident nobility. Noble seats dot its undulating hills and verdant valleys; its scenery is of the most exclusive and exalted kind, having for its center a semi-royal duchess, who moved as the reigning star in a perfect milky way of constellations. And her grace struck the keynote.

'The girl,' she had said, 'spring she from where she might, is unexceptionable. Her beauty goes for little with me, saving that it proves her identity; all the Woodleighs were handsome; look at Harold, and I can remember Wild Woodleigh in his young days, and he is a picture now. But the girl is simply lovely—that I don't make so much of—but it is her tone, my dear,' she said, nodding impressively to Lady Warner, of the Priory, to whom she was expressing her opinion. 'Her tone, it is perfect, and one must admit that this is a trying ordeal for her. I was prepared to make allowances; but when she came in so calm and graceful, with that little smile upon her beautiful lips, I was taken aback. No wonder the old man is proud of her.'

'Proud isn't the word,' murmured Lady Warner; 'he worships her.'

'Yes; it touched me to see the old man. His eyes scarcely left her face, excepting when he glanced at me with a sort of a challenging triumph, as if he said, 'Is she not perfect? This is my daughter—mine!' and her grace touched her eyes with her dainty lace haidkerchief.

Lady Warner looked tearful, too—of course; but there was a faint, uneasy curve about her thin lips.

'How does Laura like her?' asked her grace.

Lady Warner looked down, but answered with suspicious alacrity:

'Oh, quite smitten—they are fast friends already. Laura thinks her positively lovely.'

The duchess, who was shrewd as well as good-natured, looked rather amused.

'That is very nice of Laura,' she said. 'I am afraid Lilian Woodleigh's arrival will spoil our little schemes, will it not? It is very good of Laura to take it so well.'

Lady Warner flushed slightly.

'Oh, I don't think it would have come to anything, and I am sure Laure did not. Harold was so much about the Priory that she began to regard him as a brother.'

'Hem!' said her grace, dubiously. 'I suppose it is a settled thing that Lilian is to marry him? Mind, I haven't heard anything about it.'

'Nor I,' said Lady Warner, slowly. 'It would be the best arrangement for him,' said her grace, thoughtfully.

'The entailed estate is small, and of course Sir Talbot's money will go to his daughter. He is immensely rich.'

'Of course,' said Lady Warner. 'She ought to be a happy girl!' and she looker rather curiously at the duchess.

Her grace looked at the carpet thoughtfully.

'You mean that she doesn't look quite happy now?' she said, shrewdly. 'Yes, I noticed it. There is a something about her face and manner that is curious. There is a strange sadness, a vague kind of mournfulness about her eyes. It haunted me for a whole day after I had seen her. And yet she was cheerful enough, gay even. Did you notice it?'

Lady Warner nodded.

'Yes,' she said, in a low voice. 'Perhaps her past life——'

'Which we known nothing about, by the way,' said her grace, breaking in. 'I have twice broached the subject to Sir Talbot, but each time he has waived the subject aside—you know his way.'

'And Lilian herself as carefully avoids it,' murmured Lady Warner. 'Poor girl!'

'Her,' said her grace; 'I don't think we need pity her—now, at any rate. And we must do our best to make her forget the past, if it has been unpleasant. And that reminds me; I have asked them for Wednesday; you will all come, won't you?'

'We shall be delighted,' said Lady Warner. 'And you will meet them on the Tuesday following at the Priory, will you not, dear duchess? It is too hot for a formal dinner, and we thought of making it a sort of garden party. The gentlemen are always so glad to sit down to dinner without evening dress.'

'It is very good-natured of you, dear, said her grace. 'I'll bring the duke, if I can. By the way, he is quite smitten with Lilian Woodleigh!'

Lady Warner's lips closed tightly, but she managed to smile sweetly, as she murmured:

'Dear duke.'

The ducal dinner had passed and gone; at it Lilian had been introduced to, and formally accepted into, the great Wealdshire clan, and accepted with acclaim. For years after, they remembered with what exquisite, graceful modesty she had borne herself, amid the general an d lavish admiration and attention.

And now the garden party at the Priory has come round, and Sir Talbot and Harold stand waiting for her majesty's appearance and decision as to how they shall go.

Harold comes in with the white umbrella in his hand, and puts it up for Sir Talbot's approval.

'That will shade her, eh!' he says, as if he was responsible for the safety of a wax image. 'I can hold it over her, whichever way we go.'

'Quite so,' says Sir Talbot. 'It will be cooler than a close carriage. We mustn't let her fatigue herself, Harold; she has been worked very hard lately, and there seems no end to it. She showed me a pile of invitations this morning; at the risk of offending people, I shall have to insist upon her refusing some. I can't have her made ill.' And they both shake their heads solemnly.

Then the door opens and her majesty enters.

No one could look more unlike a wax image, or less likely to be overcome by the heat and festive toil, as, tall and straight as an arrow, she comes in with firm, spring step, a faint color in her cheeks, a soft light in her dark eyes.

Smiling, composed, dressed with exquisite taste and care, it is difficult for Harold, at least, to remember, more than all to recognize in her, the dusty, travel-stained, haggard-faced girl who crouched at his feet a bare six weeks ago.

'Well,' she says, coming toward them with a smile, and with none of that discomposed hurry which marks the starting moments of some women, and without that fastening of a glove, or lugging or smoothing of a ribbon, which is so irritating to the masculine mind. 'No, exquisitely dressed as she is, and as she must know she is, she looks as if the clothes grew on , and were part of herself; not a line out of drawing, not an irregularity to be seen; her graceful contour indicated, but not markedly so, by the artistic dress of cream, with its touch of ruby—her long, shapely hands gloved as if in a second skin.

'Well,' she repeats, as the two men look at her with plain, undisguised admiration, "have I kept you waiting? Blame Annie! I would have dressed myself in half the time.'

'No, no, my dear! there is no hurry; we are not waiting, are we, Harold?'

Harold shakes his head.

'You have been very quick. And now sit down and drink this.'

And the old man carries her one of those cooling cups which have become the fashion of late.

She is about to put it laughingly away with one creamy hand, but on second thoughts puts her lips to the silver-gilt goblet.

'How nice! What is it?'

'Heaven and Harold only know!' says Sir Talbot. 'He made it.'

'Then he must drink some of it,' she says, looking up at Harold, who has been drinking of her beauty for the last few minutes, and who turns his eyes away like a boy caught stealing forbidden fruit.

'Drink,' she says, holding the cup to him; 'and you, too, papa.'

Both men obey, as a matter of course, and then Sir Talbot, first touching her caressingly, says:

'And now, while you are finishing it, they shall bring something round for us. How are you going?'

'May I drive you in my pony carriage?' she says.

'The ponies, Harold,' says Sir Talbot.

And instantly Harold leaps to his feet, and springs through the open window.

It is probable, indeed, it is a fact that he helps to harness them himself, for in a very few minutes he returns wiping the perspiration from his brow, and announces that the carriage is waiting.

With the old-world courtesy, in marked distinctness, Sir Talbot hands her down the steps; Harold arranges her delicate skirts, wipes the reins on his handkerchief, though they are spotless, and seating himself opposite her, puts up the white umbrella She laughs.

'Did you think I should melt?' she says, lightly, but a swift, subtle glance strays from under her lids to the handsome, tanned face opposite her 'What a lovely day! Ah, there is nothing like an English summer!'

Sir Talbot looks pleased and gratified.

And are you going to play lawn tennis papa? You must be my partner."

To be continued.

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This preparation is unquestionably one of the most genuine and reliable Patent Medicines ever introduced, and has, we understand, been used in the Continental Hospitals by Ricord, Rostan, Jobert, Velpeau, Maisonneuve, the well-known Chassaignac, and indeed by all who are regarded as authorities in such matters, including the celebrated Lallemand, and Roux, by whom it was some time since uniformly adopted, and that it is worthy the attention of those who require such a remedy we think there is no doubt. From the time of Aristotle downwards, a potent agent in the removal of these diseases has (like the famed philosopher's stone) been the object of search of some hopeful, generous minds; and far beyond the mere power—if such could ever have been discovered—of transmuting the baser metals into gold is surely the discovery of a remedy so potent as to replenish the failing energies of the confirmed *roué* in the one case, and in the other so effectually, speedily and safely to expel from the system without the aid, or even the knowledge, of a second party, the poisons of acquired or inherited disease in all their proteean forms as to leave no taint or trace behind. Such is

THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY

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which may certainly rank with, if not take precedence of, many of the discoveries of our day, about which no little ostentation and noise have been made, and the extensive and ever-increasing demand that has been created for this medicine wherever introduced appears to prove that it is destined to cast into oblivion all those questionable remedies that were formerly the sole reliance of medical men. Therapion may be obtained of the principal chemists and merchants throughout the world.—*Diamond Fields Advertiser.* Kimberley.

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in the neighbourhood. It is well known that Warner came over with William, and one is continually reminded of that historic fact from the moment of entering the avenue of the Priory. A pair of hawks stand with extended wings upon the entrance gates, the Warner liveries are a hawk with a bleeding wood pigeon under its claws, and hawks in various attitudes put in an appearance everywhere; on the stained window of the broad hall, on the antique plate, on the backs of the chairs, and woven in the curtains, and most marked of all in the hawk nose of Lord Warner himself.

A couple of grooms, and at least half a dozen stalwart footmen, appear as Lilian pulls up her high-spirited ponies at the entrance, and presently Lady Warner herself meets them in the hall.

'My dear Miss Woodleigh—we were in despair; Sir Talbot, Laura has been inquiring for you for a partner. Harold, they have kept a corner for you most impatiently.

Murmuring these and other complimentary phrases, Lady Warner leads them through the broad hall onto the tennis lawn, which looks more like a huge flower bed, so spangled is it with brightly costumed ladies and be-flanneled gentlemen.

Good Health

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'I'm afraid I shall be compelled to renounce that pleasure to younger men, my dear,' he says; 'it will be happiness enough for me to look on. How well you manage the ponies; doesn't she, Harold? Is that seat high enough for you? You are so tall! 'I'll have it altered if it is not,' and so he goes on, in one unceasing strain of loving attention and knightly service, until they reach their destination.

Next to the ducal mansion, the Priory is the most important place

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Dated at St. John's this 28th day of June, 1910.

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UNCLAIMED LETTERS REMAINING IN G.P.O. to JUNE 14th, 1910.

A
Andrews, Robert, late Reid Nfld. Co.
Ash, Emma, slip, Wills' Range
Allen, Edith, late Twillingate
Andrews, Miss Alice, Water Street
Anderson, Capt. Fred.
Anthony, Robert, College Square

B
Banville, Miss Maggie, Williams Street
Baird, Wm., Neagle's Hill
Byrne, Nellie, card
Brien, Richard, Blackmarsh Rd.
Brown, Patrick, late Sound Island
Brown, Eli, Coronation St.
Bowering, Samuel
Bursey, Miss Susie
Butler, Norah Mrs., Circular Road
Butler, E. J., Neagle's Hill
Burke, Miss Jannie, Care Mrs. Fitzgerald
Bullock, T. H.
Barker, M. A., Miss

C
Callahan, Miss Lizzie, retd.
Carpenter, A. W., care Post Office
Carter, J., Belvidere St.
Creddy, Daniel
Cotter, D., Neagle's Hill
Corbett, Miss Jose, Prescott Street
Colford, Nellie, card, Hamilton Street
Curren, John, Alexander Street
Curtis, Laura, Queen St.

D
Dalton, Miss Jessie, Circular Road
Drake, Miss, card, Queen's College
Dicks, A. M., retd.
Duggan, Miss Esther, card, Colonial Street
Dyer, Mrs. Rebecca, retd.

E
Elliott, John, Bond St.

F
French, John, aWter St.
Fifield, Edwin R., late Grand Falls
Fitzpatrick, Eva
Fitzpatrick, Miss Katie, care Mrs. Kelly, Duckworth St.
Foote, R., Pleasant St.
Frlong, Mrs. Bridget, late Bell Isle
Francis, Robert, retd.

G
Gardiner, Miss J. M., Springdale Street
Gear, Nellie, retd.
Greenslaid, Miss Lizzie
Goff, Richard, Prescott St.
Good, John, Pleasant St.

H
Harvey, Herb, card
Harris or Hallis, Charles
Head, Miss Theresa, King's Road
Hiscock, Mrs. Diana, late Gen. Hospital
Houseman, H. H., late Halifax
Hogan, Mrs., South Side

J
Johnson, Chas. Henry
Janes, Geo., Coronation St.
Johnson, Patrick, Bell St.

K
King Miss Fanny, Gower St.

L
Lamb, Mrs., Brazil's Field
Lake, Mrs. Thomas
Leonard, Patrick
Leonard, Mrs., Casey St.
Leach, W. H., late Bay de Verde
Leary, Mrs. Mary, Blackmarsh Road
Linegar, Thomas, New Gower Street
Lynch, David
Linkletter, Miss Jennie
Long, Miss Carrie, Water St. West
Loder, Harold
Lindsay, Peter, card

M
Mahar, Mrs. B., card
Martin, Samuel
Mahoney, Nellie, retd.
Martin, Wm., late Devon Towers
Martin, Mrs. Isabella
Mercer, Wm., card
Melvin, John
Morris, Patrick, Prescott Street
Moore, David, card
Moses, Mr.
Moyst, Mrs. Thomas, New Gower St.
Murphy, Mrs. Michael

Mc
McManders, Mary Mann, retd. Pope Street

N
Neil, Miss, Barnes Rd.
Noel, Mrs. Bertha, Georgetown

O
Oer, Cecily, retd.

P
Paine, Clarence
Parsons, George, Pennywell Road
Pearce, Robert, Gower Street
Perry, George C., Power's St.
Perry, Miss Dorothy, Beck's Cove
Porter, Samuel
Paddington, Miss Kate
Power, Mrs. James, James Street

R
Raine, Mrs. John, Pleasant St.
Rendell, Miss L., care Rev. Dunfield
Riggs, Miss Edith, Barnes Road
Rose, Harold, Mrs., late Heart's Content
Rogers, R., card
Ryan, Frederick, retd

S
Sawyer, Mrs. Joseph, Monroe Street
Shepyard, Miss Mary
Sweetapple, Miss Mary, care Mrs. O'Driscoll, Prescott St.
Stewart, Mrs. Jessie H.
Smith, Mrs. Chas., Blackmarsh Rd.
Smith, Miss Rose, Cochrane Street
Skiffington, Miss Beatrice
Smith, Leonard B.
Squires, Andrew, New Gower Street

T
Taylor, Bertram, late Norris' Arm
Taylor, Miss Winnie, Riverhead
Templeman, Miss P., card
Tinman, Miss Lucy, late of London, Eng.
Tobin, Mrs. Helen, card, Colonial St.
Turpin, Mrs. William
Turrell, Miss Amelia

W
Wiseman, Martin, care Gen. Delivery
Williams, Miss, Rennie Mill Road
White, Orby
Webber, Arch, Pennywell Road
Wheeler, John, Young St.

Y
Young, Henry L.
Young, H., Cabot St.
Young, Miss, Littledale.

SEAMEN'S LIST.

A
Kennedy, Harvey J., schr. Alberta
De Camba, Arthur, schr. Arthur H. White
Kennedy, Harry J., schr. Alberta

B
Morris, Capt. Wm., schr. B. G. Anderson
Francis, Alex., schr. B. G. Anderson
Granter, Edward, schr. Britannia
Wall, Edmund, schr. Bessie Lennex

G
Stuckless, B. G., schr. Grace

I
Cameron, Washington, schr. Isabella

L
Pynn, Francis H., schr. Loyalty

M
Young Bennett, schr. Minnie Hickman
Pike, Capt. Leander, schr. Marice
Mason, Firth, schr. Margaret May R.

R
Anstey, Capt. Alex., schr. Reginald Anstey
Wiseman, Robert A., schr. Reginald Anstey

S
Roberts, Master, schr. Springdale
Pippy, Charles, schr. Springdale
Quinton, Wm., Moore St.

G. P. O., June 14th, 1910.

H. J. B. WOODS, P.M.G.