

# The Great Impersonation

BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

(Continued from yesterday.)

"We will consult Doctor Harrison tomorrow," Dominey said. "I am very glad you came down with me, Mangan. He went on, after a minute's hesitation, "I find it very difficult to get back into the atmosphere of those days. I even find it hard sometimes," he added, with a curious little glance across the table, "to believe that I am the same man."

"Not so hard as I have done more than once," Mr. Mangan confessed.

"Tell me exactly in what respects you consider me changed?" Dominey insisted.

The lawyer hesitated.

"You seem to have lost a certain pliability, or perhaps I ought to call it looseness of disposition," he admitted. "There are many things connected with the past which I find it almost impossible to associate with you. For a trifling instance, when you went on, with a slight smile, inclining his head towards the host's untasted glass. 'You don't drink port like any Dominey I ever knew.'

"I'm afraid that I never acquired the taste for port," Dominey observed.

The lawyer gazed at him with raised eyebrows.

"Not acquired the taste for port?" he repeated blankly.

"I should have said re-acquired," Dominey hastened to explain. "You see, in the bush we drank a simple, frightful amount of spirits, and that vintages the taste for all wine."

The lawyer glanced enviously at his host's fine bronzed complexion and clear eyes.

"You haven't the appearance of ever having drunk anything, Sir Everard," he observed frankly. "I find it hard to believe the stories that were going about ten or fifteen years ago."

"The Dominey constitution, I suppose?"

The new butler entered the room, noisily and came to his master's chair.

"I have served coffee in the library, sir," he announced. "Mr. Middleton, the gamekeeper, has just called, and asks if he could have a word with you before he goes to bed tonight, sir. He seems in a very nervous and uneasy state."

"He can come to the library at once," Dominey directed; "that is, if you are ready for your coffee, Mangan."

"Indeed I am," the lawyer assented, rising. "A great treat, this wine. One thing the London restaurateur can't give us. Port should never be drunk away from the place where it was laid down."

The two men made their way across the very fine hall, the walls of which had suffered a little through lack of heating, into the library, and seated themselves in easy-chairs before the blazing log fire. Parkins, who had served them with coffee and brandy, followed them into the room. He had scarcely left the room before there was a timid knock and Middleton made his somewhat hesitating entrance.

"Come in and close the door," Dominey directed. "What is it, Middleton?" Parkins says you wish to speak to me."

The man came hesitatingly forward. He was obviously distressed and uneasy, and found speech difficult. His face glistened with the rain which had found its way, too, in long streaks down his retained coat. His white hair was wind-tossed and disarranged.

"Bad night," Dominey remarked. "It's to save its being a worse one than I'm here, Squire," the old man replied hoarsely. "I've come to you for a favour and to beg you to grant it for your own sake. You'll not sleep in the oak room tonight?"

"And why not, Squire?" he asked. "It's next her ladyship's."

"Well?"

The old man was obviously perturbed, but his master, as though of a purpose, refused to help him. He glanced at Mangan and mumbled to himself.

"Say exactly what you want to, Middleton," Dominey invited. "Mr. Mangan and I have been solicited for a date for a great many years. They know all our family history."

"I can't get rightly into touch with the past, Squire, and that's a fact," Middleton went on despondingly. "The shape of you seems larger and your voice harder. I don't wish to be so near to you as I'd wished to, say what's in my heart."

"I have had a rough time, Middleton," Dominey reminded him. "No wonder I have changed! Never mind, speak to me just as man to man."

"It was I who met you, Squire," the old man went on. "When you tottered home that night across the park with your arm hanging helplessly by your side, and the blood streaming down your face and clothes and the red light in your eyes—murderous fire, they called it. I heard her ladyship go into hysterics. I saw her laugh and sob like a maniac, and God help us! that's what she's been ever since."

The two men were silent. Middleton had raised his voice, speaking with force and excitement. It was obvious that he had only paused for breath. He had more to say.

"I was by your side, Squire," he went on. "When her ladyship caught up the knife and ran at you, and, as you well know, it was I, setting her free behind, that saved a doubtful tragedy that night, and it was I who went for the doctor the next morning, when she'd stolen into your room in the night and missed your throat by a bare inch. I heard her call to you, heard her threat. It was a madwoman's threat, Squire, but her ladyship is a madwoman at this moment and with a knife in her hand and you'll never be safe in this house."

"We must see," Dominey said quietly. "that she is not allowed to get possession of any weapon."

"Aye! Make us of that," Middleton scoffed. "With Mother Unthank by her side! Her ladyship's mad because of the horror of that night, but Mother Unthank is mad with hate, and there isn't a week passes, the old man went on, his voice dropping lower and his eyes burning. "That Roger Unthank's spirit doesn't come and dwell for your blood beneath their windows. If you stay here this night, the little room they've got ready for you on the other side of the house."

Mr. Mangan had lost his smooth, after-dinner appearance. His face was distinctly pale, his smoothly brushed hair was rumpled, and his coffee was growing cold. This was a very different thing from the vague letters and rumours which had reached him from time to time and which he had put out of his mind with all the contempt of the materialist.

"It is very good of you to warn me, Middleton," Dominey said, "but I can lock my door, can I not?"

"Lock the door of the oak room!" was the scornful reply. "And what good would that do? You know well enough that the wall's double on three sides, and there are more secret entrances than even I know of. The oak room's not for you this night, Squire. It's hoping to get you there that's leading them quiet."

"Tell us what you meant, Middleton," the lawyer asked, with ill-assumed indifference, "when you spoke of the howling of Roger Unthank's spirit?"

The old man turned patiently around.

"Just that, sir," he replied. "It's round the house most weeks. Except for me and Mrs. Unthank, there's no one who's seen a servant would sleep in the Hall for years. Some of the maids did come up from the village, but back they go before nightfall, and until morning there isn't a living soul would cross the park—no, not for a hundred pounds."

"A howl, you call it?" Mr. Mangan observed.

"That's mostly like a dog what's hurt itself," Middleton explained. "It's like a dog, that is, with a touch of the human in its throat, as we've all heard in our time, sir. You'll hear it yourself, sir, maybe tonight or tomorrow night."

"You've heard it then, Middleton?" his master asked.

"Why, surely, sir," the old man replied in surprise. "Most weeks for the last ten years."

"Haven't you ever got up and gone out to see what it was?"

The old man shook his head.

"But I knew right well what that was, sir," he said. "I'm not one for looking on spirits. Spirits there are, that walk this world, as we well know, and the spirit of Roger Unthank walks between the Black Wood and these windows, come every week of the year. But I'm not for looking at him. There's evil comes to I turn over in my bed, and I stop my ears, but I've never yet raised a blind."

"Tell me, Middleton," Dominey asked, "is Lady Dominey terrified at these—visitations?"

"That I can't rightly say, sir. Her ladyship's always sweet and gentle, with kind words on her lips for every one, but there's the terror there in her eyes that was lit that night when you staggered into the hall, Squire, and she never seen it properly quenched yet, so to speak. She carries fear with her, but whether it's the fear of seeing you again, or the fear of Roger Unthank's spirit, I could never tell."

Dominey seemed suddenly to become possessed of a strange desire to thrust the whole subject away. He dismissed the old man kindly but a little abruptly, accompanying him to the corridor which led to the servants' quarters and talking all the time about the pheasants. When he returned, he found that his guest had emptied his second glass of brandy and was surreptitiously mopping his forehead.

"That," the latter remarked, "is the class of old retainer who lives too long. If I were a Dominey of the Middle Ages, I think a stone around my neck and the deepest well would be the sensible way of dealing with him. He made me feel positively uncomfortable."

"I noticed it," Dominey remarked, with a faint smile. "I'm not going to pretend that it was a pleasant conversation myself."

"I've heard some ghost stories," Mangan went on, "but a spook that comes and howls once a week for ten years takes some beating."

Dominey poured himself out a glass of brandy with a steady hand.

"You've been neglecting things here, Mangan," he complained. "You ought to have come down and exercised that ghost. We shall have those smart misadventures of yours off tomorrow, I suppose, unless you and I can get a little ghost-laying in first."

Mr. Mangan began to feel more comfortable. The brandy and the warmth of the burning logs were creeping into his system.

"By the by, Sir Everard," he enquired, a little later on, "where are you going to sleep tonight?"

Dominey stretched himself out composedly.

"There is obviously only one place for me," he replied. "I can't disappoint any one. I shall sleep in the oak room."

"I'm not one for looking on spirits. Spirits there are, that walk this world, as we well know, and the spirit of Roger Unthank walks between the Black Wood and these windows, come every week of the year. But I'm not for looking at him. There's evil comes to I turn over in my bed, and I stop my ears, but I've never yet raised a blind."

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## MARINE NEWS

PORT OF ST. JOHN.  
Wednesday, Aug. 4.  
Arrived Tuesday.

Bark Callao, 918, New York. J. T. Knight & Co.  
S.S. Governor Dingley, Boston.  
Schr. Aviator, 211, Anderson, Perth Amboy, N. J., on passage to Nagle and Wigmore, with coal for George Dick.

Coastwise—Str Glenholme, 125, Blankhorn, Windsor, N. S.; str Valinda, 56, Lewis, Bridgetown, N. S.; str Ruby L, 51, Baker, Margareville, N. S.; str Granville III, 61, Collins, Annapolis Royal, N. S.; str Keith Cann, 177, McKinnon, Westport, N. S.; str Grand Manan, 177, Hersey, Wilson's Beach.

Cleared Tuesday.  
S.S. Lynovyn, 1306, Whicker, Belfast, Ire., via Louisburg, N. S.  
Gas sch Black Diamond, 7, Gerrish, Lunenburg, Me.  
Coastwise—Str Valinda, 56, Lewis, Bridgetown, N. S.; str Keith Cann, 177, McKinnon, Westport, N. S.; str Ruby L, 51, Baker, Margareville, N. S.; str Clarence Graham, 25, Graham, Grand Harbour, str Granville III, 61, Collins, Annapolis Royal, N. S.

CANADIAN PORTS.  
Quebec, Aug. 2.—Arr str Cassandra

## CANADIAN PACIFIC

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## Manchester Line

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July 16—S. S. Man. Exchange, Aug. 5.

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Wednesdays leave Grand Manan 8 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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MARITIME PROVINCES TO WINNIPEG VIA QUEBEC.

City	Time	A.T.	Su.	Mo.	Tu.	We.	Th.	Fr.
St. John	7:00 a.m.							
Halifax	8:10 p.m.							
St. John	9:10 p.m.							
Moncton	10:10 p.m.							
Quebec	11:10 p.m.							
Winnipeg	6:00 p.m.							

TRAIN EQUIPMENT.—Standard sleeping and dining cars between Halifax, Sydney and Moncton. Observation Parlor, Cafe Parlor and Tourist Car between Sydney and Moncton. Standard Sleeping and Dining car between Quebec and Winnipeg. Tourist Sleeper between Quebec and Winnipeg. Observation car between Quebec and Winnipeg.

## Canadian National-Grand Trunk

THE MARITIME PROVINCES.—PACIFIC COAST.  
VIA MONTREAL, TORONTO, NORTH BAY, COCHRANE.

City	Time	A.T.	Su.	Mo.	Tu.	We.	Th.	Fr.	Sa.
St. John	8:00 p.m.								
Halifax	9:00 p.m.								
St. John	10:00 p.m.								
Moncton	11:00 p.m.								
Winnipeg	6:00 p.m.								

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## Canadian National-Grand Trunk

THE MARITIME PROVINCES.—PACIFIC COAST.  
VIA MONTREAL, OTTAWA, PORT ARTHUR, FORT WILLIAM.

City	Time	A.T.	Su.	Mo.	Tu.	We.	Th.	Fr.	Sa.
St. John	6:10 p.m.								
Ottawa	9:30 p.m.								
Port Arthur	7:15 a.m.								
Winnipeg	9:45 p.m.								
Victoria	3:00 p.m.								

TRAIN EQUIPMENT.—Standard sleeping and dining cars between Halifax, Sydney and Moncton. Observation Parlor, Cafe Parlor and Tourist Car between Sydney and Moncton. Standard Sleeping and Dining car between Montreal and Sault Ste. Marie. Observation car between Montreal and Sault Ste. Marie.

## Canadian National Railways

THE MARITIME PROVINCES.—PACIFIC COAST.  
VIA MONTREAL, OTTAWA, PORT ARTHUR, FORT WILLIAM.

City	Time	A.T.	Su.	Mo.	Tu.	We.	Th.	Fr.	Sa.
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### WANTED

WANTED—Linotype operator; best wages; steady work. Apply Standard office.

WANTED—A teacher as principal of the Andover Grammar School; Write stating terms, length of service and giving references to E. H. Hoyt, Secretary School District No. 3, Andover, N. B.

WANTED—A Teacher for Myers Brook School, Westchester County. Salary \$60 per annum. Apply to David Myers, Secretary to Trustees.

WANTED—One first-class teacher for the advanced department, Jacquet River School. Apply, stating salary, to W. E. Lutes, Jacquet River, N. B.

WANTED—A Second Class Female Teacher for Mace's Bay, N. B. Apply stating salary and experience. "A. B. Small, Secretary, Mace's Bay, N. B. R. F. D. No. 2.

WANTED—A Second Class Teacher. Apply to Adam Taylor, Secretary Lepreau, Charlotte Co.

WANTED—A first or second-class female school teacher, District No. 3, New Bandon, Gloucester County. All English scholars. Apply to Horace Horsebrook, Stonehaven P. O., Gloucester Co., N. B.

WANTED—Single young man to travel with manager and solicit. Experience unnecessary. Salary and expenses or commission. Write Chas. Pricke, Woodstock, N. B.

WIFE WANTED, homely one preferred. P. Wm. Carroll, Van Buren Maine.

WANTED—Teacher, second class, District No. 5, Bridgetown, A. Co., one mile below Moncton Bridge on Hillsborough Road. Daily mail. State salary. Give phone number. Address A. Hazen Steeves, Secretary, R. R. No. 3, Moncton.

WANTED—Scrub woman wanted immediately. Apply Asia Hotel, Mill Street.

WANTED—Second Class Female Teacher for Breadtham District No. 3, Parish of St. George, Charlotte Co. Apply, stating salary to B. D. Campbell, St. George.

WANTED—Second Class Female Teacher for School District No. 5, Parish of Chipman. Apply stating salary to L. L. Langin, Secretary to Trustees, Gaspeaux Forks, Queens County.

### FOR SALE

FOR SALE—All the standing hay on Samuel Creighton's farm, Silver Falls, is offered for sale and prospective buyers can make application to Herbert E. Creighton, Silver Falls.

FOR SALE—We have several well graded cows for sale to freshen in fall and winter. Apply W. H. Reid, Bloomfield Station, N. B.

### 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.

### LOST

One Goodyear Cord Tire, size 37 x 5, between Model Farm and West St. John. Finder return to E. L. Merrithew, Victoria Hotel.

Pay your out-of-town accounts by Dominion Express Money Order. Five dollars costs three cents.

### ESTATE SALE

POTTS 1065 Acres M. or L. Containing Hard and Soft Wood in Great Quantities. Would make 50 Farms about 20 Acres M. or L. each, or sub-division, 8 miles from city, 1 mile from C. P. R. Station, Parish Lancaster.

BY AUCTION

I am instructed to sell by Public Auction at Chubb's Corner on Saturday morning, August 7th, at 12 o'clock noon, that very valuable block of land consisting of about 1065 acres M. or L., with abundance of green, hard and soft woods, also pulp wood, situate at Martinon, Parish Lancaster, eight miles from city and one mile from C. P. R. Station. For further particulars, etc., apply to

F. L. POTTS, Auctioneer.

### TIME TABLE

#### The Maritime Steamship Co. Limited

Commencing June 7th, 1920, a steamer of this line leaves St. John Tuesday at 10 a. m., for Black's Harbor, calling at Dipper Harbor and Beaver Harbor.

Leaves Black's Harbor Wednesday, two hours of high water for St. Andrews, calling at Lord's Cove, Richardson, Back Bay and L'Etete.

Leaves St. Andrews Thursday, calling at St. George, L'Etete, or Back Bay and Black's Harbor.

Leaves Black's Harbor Friday for Dipper Harbor, calling at Beaver Harbor.

Leaves Dipper Harbor at 8 a. m. on Saturday for St. John. Freight received Mondays 7 a. m. to 5 p. m.; St. George freight up till 12 noon.

Agents, the Thorne Wharf and Warehousing Co., Ltd., LEWIS CONNORS, Manager, Phone Main 2581.

### CATARRH

and DISCHARGES

SANTAL MIDY

Relieved in 24 Hours

Each Cup contains 100 Capsules

Agents, the Thorne Wharf and Warehousing Co., Ltd., LEWIS CONNORS, Manager, Phone Main 2581.

### WANTED!

#### 30,000 HARVESTERS

fare from St. John, via Valley Route, to Winnipeg \$20.20. Half a cent per mile to points beyond. Return: Half a cent per mile to Winnipeg, plus \$25.00

Special accommodation for Women. New, comfortable box lunches.

EXCURSION DATES AUGUST 6th to 13th

For information regarding Special Trains, Rates, Etc., apply to:

A. L. GIBBS, City Ticket Agent, St. John, or

F. W. ROBERTSON, General Passenger Dept., Moncton.

### Canadian National Railways

RESTORES VIM AND VITALITY FOR NERVE AND BRAIN WEAKNESS

Phosphonol for Men

Restores Vim and Vitality for Nerve and Brain Weakness. "Gray Matter" Tonic—will build you up. \$3 a box, or two for \$5, at drug stores, or by mail on receipt of price. The Sebell Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ontario.

Sold in St. John by The Ross Drug Co., Ltd., 100 King Street.

### CORNMEAL, OATS, FEEDS

Largest dealers in Maritime Provinces.

## STEEN BROS., LTD.

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