

THE HEIR

Lancewood

CHAPTER XI.
"How mad—how worse than mad I am!" he cried. "Dear Heaven, how is it to end, this love of mine?"
He saw no end to it but death. Well many a man had died for less; many a man had loved his life through, and met with reward. His fate was so different. "Only let me live, and, living, love her!" he would say to himself.

He had never betrayed this love of his. True, he had made her some ardent speeches. He had talked of living and dying for her, of thinking alone of her; but, then, Miss Neslie was used to compliments—she was accustomed to homage. It was nothing new for her to hear that someone was willing to die for her. There were times when she was inclined to think the young secretary presumptuous—when she thought he was using words that only those whom she considered her equals should use. It was but natural, she thought, that he should offer her what all the rest of the world gave her—praise and homage. If any one had said to her that her father's secretary loved her with a love that was overpowering in its intensity, she would have thought it an insult. As it was, she had a kindly feeling for him. She placed a certain amount of trust in him. He would be faithful to her, she thought, if ever she required fidelity. She knew that it would be a pleasure to him to serve her—no matter in what manner—but that he was presumptuous enough to love her she never dreamed.

So he kept his love in his heart, and it grew there like a fair flower. A queen might have been proud of such devotion—it was so deep, so genuine, so entire, so utterly unselfish; it was the love of an artist for his ideal, of a musician for the most cherished offspring of his brain.

He did his best to serve her. When the news of Sir Arthur's marriage came, no one felt it more keenly than he did. He would a thousand times rather have endured pain himself than have seen Vivien suffer; and he knew that nothing could cause her such intensity of pain as this marriage.

It was to screen her from Sir Arthur's anger that he had worked so hard to prepare for the bride's coming home. He had both sense and self-control. He knew that fighting against fate was worse than useless—if Vivien showed her anger it would be all the worse for her. There was no course open to her but submission.

"Had I been Sir Arthur," he said to himself over and over again, "I would rather have died than have contracted this marriage." Now that it was done all contention was useless.

He never knew whether his love gave him most pleasure or most pain. There was never a moment in which he dared indulge it. He dare not look long at the face he loved so well. If he did so, hoping that it was unnoted, Miss Neslie would say, "Did you wish to speak to me, Mr. Dorman?" She would not admit, even in the utmost depths of her heart, the faintest idea that her father's secretary presumed to love her.

Once, as she was crossing the drawing-room, a flower fell from her hair, and he, believing she had not seen it, hastened to pick it up. He took it in his hand, when she turned round with a calm face, and said—
"I will thank you for my flower, Mr. Dorman."
"Will you not let me keep it?" he asked. The proud calm deepened.

"I beg your pardon," she said, look-

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It is fully five times stronger than most remedies, not that it affects the skin unfavourably—no, its great power is due to its wonderful penetrative quality—it strikes in deeply, but never burns or blisters.

CHAPTER XII.
"Valerie," said Sir Arthur to his wife, "have you no friends whom you would like to invite over to England for a few weeks—no relatives, acquaintances—old school-fellows? I should be so pleased for you to do so."

They were sitting round the fire in the drawing-room at Lancewood, and Vivien looked up quickly at Lady Neslie's face as her father asked the question—quickly enough to detect there an expression of embarrassment. Valerie flushed and felt uncomfortable under her scrutinizing look. Then she turned with a grateful smile to Sir Arthur.

"You are always thinking of something or other kind and pleasant for me," she said; "but I really do not care to ask any of my friends here."
There was a slight infection in her voice, a slight gleam in Vivien's direction, which seemed to imply that no friend of hers would be very welcome. Vivien perceived it, but disdained to reply. Sir Arthur continued—

"Lady Smeaton asked me the other day when we should see any of my charming wife's friends. She may have thought you had some handsome young cousin who would fall in love with Dora Smeaton."

"I should be sorry for him," said Valerie, with a smile; "he would have a dreary time of it."

But Vivien was determined she should not, as she usually did, divert attention from the subject of conversation. She turned to her.

"It seems so strange, Lady Neslie," she said, "that you should have no friends or acquaintances of your own."

"I have plenty, but none for whom I have any particular affection. Indeed, just as the sun absorbs all lesser lights, so my love for you, Sir Arthur, has absorbed all other liking."

He was touched by the words. Vivien saw in them only another proof of her wily, deceitful manner.

Then Lady Neslie quitted the room. Soon afterward Vivien turned to her father.

"Papa," she said, "I am quite sure that your wife is an impostor."

He looked up with a horrified face.

"My dear Vivien, what a cruel thing to say."

"It is true, papa. She has imposed upon you. She is not a D'Este. She does not even belong to a good family. No matter what she may have told you, I am sure it is all false. She has no friends whom she can invite here. Did you ever in your whole life meet with a gentlewoman who had no friends?"

"You are so terribly hard on her, Vivien," said Sir Arthur, with a troubled look. "Why should she have called herself D'Este if she had no claim to the name? Besides, of what use is it to rouse these suspicions now?"
"Then," thought his daughter,

Just rub Nerviline into sore muscles, stiff joints, and note the glow of comfort, the ease of pain that follows.
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so acutely. She went to the least crowded part of the room when the first dance was ended, and sat down behind a great cluster of tall candelabras. The gentlemen formed a little group near her; they did not perceive her, and Vivien, not wishing to be noticed, remained quite silent behind the plants.

She was thinking with bitter intensity of the change in her position. Another dance began, and the gentleman to whom she had promised it was looking for her; but Vivien did not even remember that there was a dance—she was busy with her own sad thoughts. Presently she was roused by the mention of Lady Neslie's name; and then she found that a waltz was going on, and the gentlemen were criticizing the dancers.

"People may talk as they will," said one. "I have watched Lady Neslie dance, and I maintain that it is after the style of Mabelle, not of an English ball-room. I have my own ideas about that same lady."

"Where did Sir Arthur meet her?" asked another.
"The old story! He saw her at some hotel in Paris, fell in love with her, and married her. Unless I am very much mistaken, I have seen her lovely ladyship before."

"Where?" asked the second speaker; and Vivien listened, breathlessly for an answer.

But she did not hear it—it was whispered softly. She saw, however, the start of surprise with which it was received.

"You do not mean that? You must be mistaken!"

"I may be," was the cautious answer; "but I do not think I am. If I am right, miladi ought to be one of the finest horse-women in England."

"So she is. I heard Sir Arthur say so. She rides horses that men shrink from mounting."

"Then I am right. I remembered her face when I saw it, though she was very young then; but she had the same bright laughing expression, the same sunny look. I may be mistaken—at least, I should not like Sir Arthur to know I had said anything about the matter. Rely upon it, he knows nothing about his wife's antecedents."

"I shall say nothing—in fact, what you have asserted would be a dangerous thing to repeat," replied the other. "I vote that we say no more about the matter. Now that I look at her, there is certainly something of that kind about her style of dancing. How unlike she is in every respect to Miss Neslie! I am a great admirer of miladi, but I must say from my very heart that I am sorry for Miss Neslie. Sir Arthur had no right to marry again after bringing her up as he did. The first time I came to the Abbey she was as Lady Neslie is now—mistress; and let me tell you there was a difference in the tone of the entertainments."

Then another friend joined the little group, and they went away.

So that was how people spoke of Sir Arthur's wife! Others besides herself evidently considered her an impostor. What could they have meant? What was the whispered word she had failed to hear? She could remember stories she had read, in which low-born adventuresses had, by intrigue, gained admittance into good society and had married well; but in all the stories the impostor was found out at last, her sins were discovered, and she was punished for them. That was the course of events in fiction—what would it be in real life? If Valerie Neslie were indeed what she suspected, an impostor who had deceived her father, would a day of reckoning ever come for her? And, if it did, what effect would it produce on Sir Arthur?

Another little incident occurred that confirmed Vivien's doubts. One morning Lady Neslie brought a small writing-desk into the library. Sir Arthur laughingly asked her if she was about to commence letter-writing—she had hitherto been too indolent.

Mr. Dorman suggested that she should use the writing-table. Vivien looked up, wondering how miladi always contrived to make such a sensation wherever she went and what- ever she did.

Lady Neslie declined all offers of help.

(To be Continued.)

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

List of Unclaimed Letters Remaining in the G. P. O. to July 6th, 1915.

- A**
Also, Harry Ashman, Miss Alice M. Andrews, C. R. Hutchings St. Andrews, Samuel, care General Post Office
Atkinson, Mr., card
Astor, Max
Alcock, Wm., Notre Dame St.
- B**
Bradbury, Mrs. Jas., Military Road
Barrett, Geo. J.
Baldwin, Miss Minnie, care General Delivery
Barnes, Miss Annie M.
Barnes, Samuel, Pennywell Road
Bennett, G. C.
Boyle, V., ret'd., Newtown Road
Benning, Clement J.
Byrne, Jas., Railway Customs Dept.
Blewett, Geo. H., Flavin's St.
Briston, Miss Emily, Carter's Hill
Bailey, James, card
Bishop, Mrs. Samuel, Lime St.
Brown, William
Brothers, Miss Fanny, Gen. Hospital
Boyle, V., ret'd.
Blundon, Mrs. Robert, Lime St.
Burt, Mrs. H., Gilbert St.
Bulger, James, Newtown Road
Butcher, Miss E., care Post Office
Burns, James
Butler, Miss Bessie, care Mrs. Malone, Duckworth St.
Boone, Mrs. Samuel
- C**
Caron, Joe
C. K., care General Post Office
Callahan, Katie
Clarke, L. B., card
Cary, Miss Stella, Prescott St.
Clements, Wm.
Cuddeback, James, late Port au Port
Crocker, Miss Marion, Rossiter's Lane
Collins, Dianah, Queen's Road
Connors, J. W.
Churchill, Matthew, card
Curtis, John, care Mrs. Clarke, 36 — St.
Curran, Miss Annie, Leslie St.
Collier, Mrs. Elizabeth, Cuddihy St.
Curran, Annie, card, Leslie St.
Carew, Miss Ethel, Prescott St.
Clouston, Miss Ethel, Hayward's Ave. from mounting."
- D**
Davey, Wm., late s.s. Clyde
Daly, John, Water Street
Driscoll, Edward, Lime Street
Droide, Joseph, Gower St.
Dunn, Thomas
Dwyer, M.
Dewley, Annie M., Gen. Hospital
Dewley, Miss Annie M.
Dewley, E. J., card
Dyke, J. W., care Mrs. May, Water St.
- E**
Edwards, Mrs.
Evans, Percy B.
Edwards, Thomas
Edmondson, E., General Hospital
Evans, P. B.
Earle, Miss E., Queen's Road
- F**
Flourishing Miss Alice, Garrison Hill
Froy, T., late s.s. Meigle
Fitzpatrick, M. K.
Fitzpatrick, W., card
Frohshama, John
Forward, Ronald, Pleasant St.
- G**
Grant, James E.
Grant, Mrs. Jas. V.
Gear, J., South Side
Green, George, care General Post Office
Green, Archibald
Gibson, S., New Gower Street
Gill, Stewart, card
- H**
Godley, Mrs. Selma, Methodist College
Goss, Miss Eliza, care General Post Office
Goodwin, Nellie, care King, Queen's Road
- I**
Irving, Miss Mary
- J**
Jackson, H., P. O. Box 803
Johnson, Mrs. M. G.
Jones, H.
- K**
Kennedy, Willie
Kennell, John
Kelly, Miss Gertrude, Patrick St.
Keough, Miss Agnes, Bond St.
Keane, Mrs. Stanley
Kennedy, Captain W. J., care General Post Office
Keefe, Miss M., Madeline
Knight, Muriel, card
Keels, Miss Mary, Signal Hill Road.
- L**
Lalton, Miss Jessie, Lime St.
Laracy, Mrs. Thomas, Carter's Hill
Lamb, Mrs. Mary, Spencer's St.
Levit, S., P. O. Box 185.
Lynch, Mrs. A. D., Leslie Street
- M**
Marshall, Ensign, card, Quidi Vidi
Martin, Miss Annie, Pennywell Road
Martin, Mrs. Stanley
March, A.
March, Ebenezer, care Gen. Post Office
Maynard, Francis
Ma—, John, Signal Hill Road
Martin, C., P. O. Box 295
Merry, D.
Mercer, Mark, card
Miller, Mrs. Eliza, Carter's Hill
Miller, Miss
Miller, E. J.
Mitchell, Mrs. H. G., Gower St.
Moore, Miss Annie, Maxse St.
Moore, Christy, card, 21
Mitchell, Miss Sarah, Military Rd.
Moore, Mrs. F., 33 — St.
Murray, David, Water St.
Moorey, Mrs. J.
Miller, Miss A., Patrick's St.
Martin, Mrs. Arthur, 47 — Rd.
- Mc**
McKellop, Mrs., ret'd., Signal Hill Rd.
McCarthy, Mrs. Edward, care Mrs. Kelly
McCarthy, Miss Martha, care Mrs. Ed. Ryan, Water St.
McGillivray, J. M.
McDonald, Mary E., Power St.
McKellop, Susie, 16 — Street
McCarthy, Miss C., Carter's Hill
McGillivray, J. M.
- N**
Nelson, O. K.
Neville, Miss Bridget, care Arthur Walsh, Livingstone St.
Nicholl, Mrs. Sarah, Pleasant St.
- O**
Owen, Miss Mary, card
O'Keefe, Mrs. Philip, 5 — St.
Olivier, Miss Janet, Prescott St.
Osmond, A., care General Post Office
O'Toole, Nicholas, late Victoria
O'Donnell, Mrs. P. J., Pope St.
Osmond, Miss Della, care G. P. O.
- P**
Parsons, Miss Essie, care Captain Parsons
Parsons, Mrs. H., card, Duckworth St.
Parry, Miss Alice, Water St.
Parsley, Miss Bridget, LeMarchant Rd.
Peddell, Miss Elizabeth, Hamilton St.
Perry, Mrs. Geo. E., Hamilton St.
Phelan, Patrick
Pillely, Wm.
Pritchett, Miss Lucy
Pink, Andrew E.
Power, Bella, Allandale Road
Porter, Geo. J.
Power, Bella, King's Road
Power, Edward, Nagle's Hill
Parsons, Miss Annie
Penny, Miss G. M., card, New Gower St.
- R**
Ryan, Const. John, City
Ryan, J., Queen's Road
Reid, Miss Alice, Scott St.
Reid, Miss Gertrude, Victoria St.
Rendell, E., card, P. O. Box 161
Rogers, Miss L., Sheehan St.
Rogers, Miss Katie, Cochrane St.
Roberts, Gilbert, care S. A. Army
Roberts, John, care Gen'l Post Office
Roberts, Thomas, York St.
Rose, Mrs., care C. of E. Orphanage
Roberts, George, Allandale Road
Russell, Mrs. L., Barter's Hill
Roberts, E. W., Fleming St.
- S**
Sparkes, Miss Emma, ret'd.
Scaplin, Mrs., New Gower St.
Skeans, Miss Lilly, Military Road
Sharpe, Abraham, care General Post Office
Saunders, Miss Amy
Saunders, R., Flower Hill
Stephens, A. E. P., care General Delivery
Senors, James, Convent Lane
Spence, Harold C. E.
Stewart, George
Smith, Miss Violet, Gower St.
Sticklin, Benjamin, Coronation St.
Simmons, Isabella, Pennywell Rd.
Smith, W. F.
Smith, J. Barrett
Spencer, Max, P. O. Bx 902
Sullivan, W.
- T**
Tibbs, Richard, care Mrs. Bishop, 165 Gower St.
Thomas, Mrs. Lizzie
Tucker, Walter
Tucker, Mrs. Jim, Monroe St.
- V**
Vaughan, Miss L., ret'd., Cochrane St.
- W**
Walsh, Martin, Coronation St.
Walsh, Agnes, 15 — St.
Walsh, May, Scott St.
Wakeley, T.
Walkin, Miss Nellie, card
Walsh, Sarah A., Gower St.
Walters, W. D., Water St.
Walsh, Laura, card, Casey St.
Weir, Edward, Newtown Rd.
Wells, Wm., Hutchings St.
Winey, E. J.
Windross, Thos. B.
Wiseman, Miss C., Casey St.
Winsor, Rev. J. W., Balsam Place.
- H. J. B. WOODS, P.M.G.**
G. P. O. No. 3107, 1915.

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