

**ROYAL**  
MADE IN CANADA  
**ROYAL EAST PAKE**  
MAKES PERFECT BREAD  
**YEAST**  
**THE HEIR**  
OF  
**Lancewood**

CHAPTER XXII.

Lady Neslie longed for the hour when the blinds should be drawn up. She had never left her room—no creature living had a greater dread of death and everything belonging to it than this gay-hearted lady. She paid no visits to the darkened room where lay the dead man who had loved her; she never saw him after he was dead; and the time seemed long to her while the house was all in gloom. She sat in her own room with her maid while Sir Arthur was buried and she was restless with excitement. A widow's cap lay on the toilet table—not the somber head-dress that sorrowing wives usually wear, but a pretty coquettish cap. Miladi took it in her hands.

"I shall not mind this so much," she said. "You have really made it very cleverly, Marie; it will not hide my hair."

She laid it on the glossy brown coils of hair, and viewed herself with great satisfaction.

"It is positively becoming," she said. "Marie, you are a perfect treasure. Hark! That tiresome child is screaming still. He must have a black suit on—for a time at least. We have to go to the library, Mr. Dorman says, to hear the will read."

"I only hope he may behave himself, but I do not think he will," observed the maid. She had not much heart herself, but miladi's total want of it disgusted her.

Lady Neslie walked restlessly to the window. She drew up the blind and looked out on the cold, cheerless scene.

"What a day!" she said. "The very earth and sky are full of funeral gloom. Ah, this foggy, miserable England, it has nothing to recommend it but its misery!"

"England has been a good foster-mother to you, miladi," remarked Marie.

"I do not deny that, but look at the mist, the rain, the drizzle, the leaden sky—such a day for a funeral! If ever I am buried, I hope it may be when the sun shines."

"If ever!" repeated the maid. "You will have to die, miladi, just as well as the rest of the world."

"That will not be for many years yet," she said, laughing. "Now, Marie, I am going to enjoy my life. I did not care much about Sir Arthur, you know; he was all very well as regards worldly advancement—I knew that I should never do better than in marrying him."

ter," observed the maid; "I have often wondered that he had patience with you."

Valerie laughed. "I have behaved very well," she said, "but now I am mistress—only imagine, mistress of this great house and grand estates. I never dreamed years ago, that that would be my lot."

"Do not be too sure about being mistress. There is Miss Neslie—you cannot tell what the will says about her."

"It can say nothing. I am the mother of the heir of Lancewood. No one can displace me. This is what I have been working and toiling and planning for. Think what a grand time I shall have of it. It will not belong to the boy until he is twenty-one, and I shall be mistress all that time. I hope Miss Neslie will have the good sense to go away."

"Where is she to go?" asked Marie, abruptly.

"Where? Anywhere she likes—if she will only go, and leave me to do as I like. She should get married."

"Well," said the maid, thoughtfully, "if you will take my advice, you will be civil to Miss Neslie. If anything happened to the boy, miladi, you would be in her power."

"Nothing is likely to happen. The boy will live. He is too naughty to die. It is the good boys like the children in the story books who die. His temper will keep him alive."

"As it keeps everyone near him alive," said the maid, with a shrug of her shoulders. "Miladi, I hear them returning. You must get ready for the reading of the will."

"I do wish," remarked Lady Neslie, "that I looked just a trifle paler. I am not at all like a widow."

Indeed, a brighter personification of grief was never seen. There was a faint flush on her face that enhanced its beauty, and the coquettish cap was like an ornament to the glossy brown hair.

Marie followed her mistress anxiously to the door.

"Miladi," she said, "do remember the occasion—you will shock every one so if you laugh."

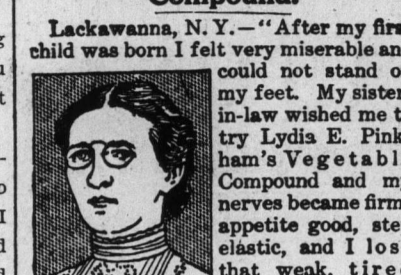
"I am not likely to laugh," she replied, pettishly; and then, seeing the head nurse, she asked—

"Has Oswald his black frock on?"

"No, miladi—he would not let me touch him."

"Then he must remain in the nursery," she said—"he cannot come with me."

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her. She had evidently suffered terribly. No one who looked at her could fail to remark it.

Then, the whole of his audience being seated, Mr. Greston, with formality, opened the will.

Sir Arthur had been a generous master; he had not forgotten the meanest servant on his estate. There were legacies to each one, and a handsome one to Mr. Greston, with a request that he would continue to occupy his present position until the child Oswald was of age.

There was a very handsome bequest to Gerald Dorman, whom the baronet desired to remain at Lancewood, in his present position, until the young heir was of age. Lady Neslie opened her bright eyes when she heard that, but she said nothing.

"After all," she thought, "it will rather be a convenience than otherwise." To his beloved daughter Vivien the testator had bequeathed a large fortune, which, with the money she inherited from her mother, made her quite an heiress. He directed that until her marriage, Lancewood was always to be her home. If she never married, then, when the heir came of age, she was to live where she would—but his wish was imperative that until the heir came of age she would never leave Lancewood unless she married. To these directions were added the significant words—"I leave the honor of my house in her hands." Again miladi opened her eyes with a look of wonder.

To his wife Valerie—and more than one present noticed the omission of the word "beloved"—he left the income arranged in the marriage settlements and a further sum of two thousand pounds. She was guardian of her son, and was advised to remain with him at Lancewood until he came of age; then he and his mother could arrange as they pleased. His son Oswald inherited both title and estates. If he died before attaining his majority, then Lancewood would revert to his daughter Vivien.

Every detail was fully entered in and arranged.

"That is a just will," said Sir Henry Lane—"the will of a good and warm-hearted man."

Directions were left for the education of the child. Miladi did not listen to them; she was not pleased with the sentence—"I leave the honor of my house in her hands." It seemed like a reflection upon herself. But after all, what did it matter? She had gained the object of her wishes. She was, and would be, for many years, mistress of Lancewood.

CHAPTER XXIII.

It was all over now; the ponderous iron door of the vault had been closed, the tablet telling of Sir Arthur's birth and death had been or-

ected, the gloom of the Abbey had given way to cheerfulness and sunshine. The contents of the will had been discussed and generally approved, and a new life had begun at the Abbey.

There had been one conversation between miladi and the secretary not quite harmonious in its character. It was the morning after the funeral, and Valerie had risen earlier than usual—she had many little matters to arrange. Her habits were, as a rule, of the most luxurious description. It was seldom she appeared before midday, except when self-interest of some kind or other affected her. Early morning though it was, miladi had donned the full insignia of woe. She wore a plain black crepe dress, with the pretty cap. For the first time she entered the morning-room with a feeling of firm security—she was mistress and without a rival.

"I shall have most of this dark furniture taken away," she thought. "People may call it in good taste if they like. I do not care for it. I shall have something lighter and more elegant."

Then she rang, and bade the servant who answered her summons say that Lady Neslie awaited Mr. Dorman in the morning room.

He came in soon afterward, looking rather surprised at the summons. Lady Neslie had generally-treated him with good-tempered indifference. She had never been positively rude to him, nor had she considered him of sufficient consequence to seek to conciliate him. She had discovered his secret. She knew that he loved Vivien Neslie with all the force of his heart, but she was too much afraid of Vivien to make any allusions to his love. There was very little good emper now in the face turned to him, and Gerald wondered what she had to say. "Is she going to tell me," he thought, "that I cannot remain here? If she does—but then I could not live away from my love!"

Miladi seated herself in the luxurious depths of a velvet rocking-chair. She played with the diamonds on her white fingers.

"I have sent for you, Mr. Dorman," she said, "because I wished to speak to you, and I wanted no time to be lost before we understood each other."

He bowed, not knowing what to say; miladi continued—

"I was surprised by the terms of Sir Arthur's will. I have no desire to speak unkindly of him, but I think he might have consulted me before asking you to remain at Lancewood."

Gerald bowed again; her ladyship went on—

"I am now mistress here. I have no interference to dread, no rival to fear. Until my son is of age, I am to all intents and purposes mistress of Lancewood. Now, if I choose to make or to raise any objection to your remaining here, of course you must go, admit that, Mr. Dorman."

He reflected for a few minutes, and then he replied—

"If you wished or desired me to leave Lancewood, Lady Neslie, I do not certainly see how I could remain."

"You admit it," she said, smiling. "I require no more. I am going to speak to you very frankly, Mr. Dorman. There are times when frankness is folly, but I shall be frank with you. I am mistress now of Lancewood, and I intend to enjoy myself. I will not have any one near me who is in any way likely to prove troublesome. I will not have my authority disputed, my ways interfered with. I shall do exactly as I like in every respect."

"I do not see," he observed, quietly, "that this has anything to do with me, Lady Neslie."

(To be Continued.)

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(Signed),  
**JOHN SULLIVAN,**  
Inspector General Constabulary,  
**W. H. RENNIE,**  
Captain (in charge of Musketry) Jly6.m.s.t.f

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LONDON, July 20th, 1915.  
**KING GEORGE'S JOURNEYS.**  
The King's round of visits to the troops in France, to the workers in shipyards, docks, and engineering shops, and to the sailors of the Grand Fleet have been undertaken in that practical spirit which is characteristic of His Majesty. The absence of State formality, or "royal progress" has greatly enhanced the value of the visits not only in the eyes of those with whom the King was specially concerned at the moment but the public generally. His Majesty had the most cordial reception on July 18th when he returned from the Grand Fleet. His last visit to the Grand Fleet took place at the end of February, but on that occasion he was only able to see a portion of it, though he was on board representative ships of all classes.

LONDON'S FOURTEENTH OF JULY.  
London has had many flag days since war began, but not one more hearty and unanimous than French Flag Day which was held on July 14. While the men of France were celebrating Quatorze Juillet in the trenches by singing the "Marseillaise" we over here were doing what we could for France, if it were only by buying a buttonhole tricolor. The French colors glowed everywhere in the overcast streets. In some West End streets one walked under a sort of canopy of flags. Twenty thousand women sellers were let loose on London in the morning. Having got your flag you could then invest in the medals of a 75 gun, or a beautiful medal—a million had been sent over from France for sale in this country—showing charity feeding the homeless women and children. Actresses in motor-cars were scouring London and seeing that every car had a big flag to show on its bonnet. Indeed you saw the tricolor on nearly everything on wheels, from the biggest Rolls-Royce down to the coster's barrow. The he-ribbed car of Gaby Deslys made a bright streak as it rushed about, and it was one of the amusements of the day to see the alert Parisian actress radiant in pink slippers coaxing gold out of returned officers, but by no means refusing "any leedie."

TEN VICTORIA CROSSES.  
Heroes by the score went to Buckingham Palace on July 12th to receive their decorations from the King at the first big investiture held since the war. For the crowd the greatest moment, the climax of hours of patient waiting, was the emergence from the courtyard of nine V.C.'s in a line, all wearing the shining cross with the crimson ribbon where it had been placed by the King. They came across the empty courtyard, sticking close together, as if to support one another in the ordeal that was to come upon them as soon as the hero-worshippers outside were let loose upon them. The tenth V.C. had made good his escape, or was lurking somewhere in the Palace until called to the scene. The nine had prepared a little manoeuvre with a green motor-car, but it was a failure. The car was waiting across the road to rescue them, but before it could get to their side the hero-worshippers were upon them. Two girls rushed up and gave the V.C. hearty kisses, and he bore them heroically, but the friendly mobbing that followed from all sides tried to shake hands at once; those who could not get hold of a hand slapped a hero on the back. The V.C.'s struggled through the crowd to the motor, one of them remarking "I'd rather have the Germans." Eight of them swarmed into and upon it, and the car backed into the courtyard, where the worshippers could not follow it. The cab made a dash for the other side entrance, but it was quite an embarrassing manoeuvre, and finally the cabful of heroes got away at a snail's pace through a crowd of people.

LETTERS FROM SOUTH WEST AFRICA.  
Letters which have been recently received in this country from members of the force which has been operating in West Africa, throw into high relief the strong character of this great enterprise which has been crowned with success. Both's moral influence over his men has something paternal about it. In these letters he is

**JAMES STOTT**