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**MOOSE JAW SASK.**

## Which Was The Heir?

(Continued.)  
CHAPTER XLIV.

**N**EVER mind! she retorted, doggedly. "You have your secrets from me, and I have mine from you; but if you think I am helpless and unprotected you make a mistake. I want the question of my marriage settled, and made plain. In fact, I don't mean to remain as I am any longer. I tell you plainly I intend to announce my marriage to-morrow, to let the earl and all the world know that I am your legal wife. I don't care whether he leaves you his money or not. You're the heir to the title and estates—I know enough to know that—and I'll be satisfied to be the future Countess of Starborough. I'd rather let any amount of money go than go on living as I am under suspicion. Why, the very servants and landlady here suspect me of being—or being—not your wife. Do you think I am going to stand that? No; I go to Starborough to-morrow to tell the earl—everybody—who I am!"

He thought for a moment and rapidly; then he forced a smile and shrugged his shoulders.

"Perhaps you are right, my dear," he said. "As you say, money isn't everything; anyway, we'll risk it; we'll go to the earl together in the morning, and perhaps he won't be as hard as we were afraid he would be. Is that champagne there? Give me a glass, will you? I'm half knocked up with the worry of it all, and with travelling at night."

He went up to her and put his arms round her and kissed her. She suffered the caress, took it coldly, and with a gesture of dislike and disgust, but little guessing what a Judas kiss it was. His touch, his presence, was abhorrent to her; for there had been less love or passion on her part

as on his; and her faint liking for him had vanished weeks ago.

He opened another bottle of champagne and filled a glass for her and himself. She had already had enough and the full glass made her drowsy and stupid. He watched her covertly.

"Now you lie down a little while," he said. Here let me put the cushions comfortable for you. I'll ring for the servant to put some supper on, while I go and have a wash—I want it badly enough. I'll find that certificate for you, too. I think it is in my dressing bag."

She looked at him suspiciously through her half-closed eyes, and muttered something like a threat; then her eyes closed, and she fell into a drowse.

Sidney looked back at her from the door and drew a long breath of relief.



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She might sleep till morning. He went up to their bedroom, hastily slipped his face and hands, then went to the jewel-box, and wrenching it open, collected its contents and stowed them away in his pocket. There were some bracelets and rings and small trinkets on the dressing-table; he took every one, even the most trifling and least expensive, and pocketed them. In his present mood he would have taken the furniture if he could have stowed it away; for there was nothing but hatred for her in his heart.

As he went softly down the stairs and took up his hat, the servant passed him with the supper-tray.

"Oh, tell Mrs. Richards that I am just going for a stroll on the parade," he said, "and to get some cigars. I sha'n't be gone more than five or ten minutes."



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He put on his hat and overcoat quickly and passed out. Outside he paused a moment to consider. It would not do to go to the railway-station, for he might have to wait for a train, and, while he was waiting, Rachel might follow and catch him. A policeman was standing by the area-step—doubtless waiting for an interview with the cook—and, disconcerted by the man's regard, Sidney turned to the right and walked off towards the cliff—perhaps it would be wiser to walk along the coast and take a train at the next station.

The maid laid the supper, glancing suspiciously at the sleeping woman on the sofa. With a shrewdness, a knowledge of evil, peculiar to her kind, the girl suspected something was wrong. When she had laid the supper she went down stairs; but when a quarter of an hour had elapsed and Mr. Richards had not returned she went upstairs again and woke Rachel.

"Supper's ready, ma'am," she said. Rachel rose and pushed her hair from her face in a dazed fashion.

"Where is Mr. Richards?" she asked.

"Tell him."

"He's gone out, ma'am," replied the servant.

Rachel looked at her, suspicion suddenly awoke. She pushed past the girl and darted upstairs. The first thing she saw was the jewel-case with its lid wrenched open. Her eyes flew to the dressing-table; not a single jewel, or ornament, remained. As swiftly as a flash of lightning the truth darted across her mind—Sidney had taken flight, had left, deserted her; there was something wrong about the marriage; she had been deceived and betrayed! With a cry, a cry of fury and despair, and of hate and loathing, she screamed to the maid; but before the girl had got to the room Rachel had snatched up her hat and cloak.

"Oh, whatever is the matter, wherever are you going, ma'am?" exclaimed the servant, aghast and terrified at Rachel's appearance.

But Rachel, like one distraught, pushed past her, tore down the stairs and out into the night. She paused outside, as Sidney had done, and—

"My husband—where is he?" broke from her quivering lips.

The policeman was still there.

"Are you asking for Mr. Richards, ma'am?" he asked. "He has gone up the cliff walk."

Rachel sped past him. A fly was crawling along the roof, and she hailed the man and got in.

"Drive on—straight on," she said. There was a nearly full moon, some times obscured by light clouds, and the wretched woman leant forward, her long, ungloved hands gripping her knees, her distended eyes scanning the faces of the men she passed. It was late, and the passers-by grew less frequent. Suddenly, as the moon was for a moment unobscured, she saw a tall, thin figure silhouetted against the sky. It was Sidney. With a cry of satisfaction—a vindictive cry—she rose to stop the flyman, paid him, and got out and followed Sidney slowly and stealthily.

The flyman watched her for a moment or two, then, with a shrug of his shoulders and a "Going to be a row, I should say!" turned his horse and drove back towards the town.

Rachel stole after Sidney for some distance without attracting his attention. She was half mad with fury—for robbing her of her jewels, her dearly loved jewels, was like robbing the leopardess of her cubs. Even the greater wrong she suspected he had done her dwindled, in her confused and ill-balanced mind, to insignificance besides this actual theft of the things she loved better than her own soul. She hated him—she hated him! As he strode on there before her he was so absorbed in thought, so little suspicious of being followed, that he did not hear her, did not look round; and he reached a point of the narrow walk along the edge of the cliff where a road diverged; there he hesitated for a moment, and in that moment she overtook him and was upon him.

"You thief!" she gasped. "You mean bound! you thief! I thief! I thief! Give them back to me!"

He shrank back and gazed at her, his face white, his lips working.

"What do you mean by following me?" he stammered. "Go back! I've business—"

"You shall go back with me!" she exclaimed, hoarsely. "You've de-

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ceived me—you have lied about our marriage. I know it—I can see it in your face."

Her own face at that moment was distorted by her fury, and the sight of it roused all his hatred.

"Our marriage!" he said, defiantly, even tauntingly. "There was no marriage. You were fooled, my good girl, and not only by me, but by your own father. The clergyman—he laughed derisively—'was your own father. He played the part well, didn't he? Your own father! A pretty father—a scoundrel, a convict! Yes, you've followed me here to bully and browbeat me when I'm in trouble, and you shall hear the truth. Your long-lost father has turned up. It was he who performed the ceremony. He's a convict. I daresay the police are on his heels at this moment.'"

"It's a lie!" she shrieked.

"It's true!" he retorted, with a heartless laugh. "You were a fool not to have seen through it—the pretended marriage, I mean. What! do you think I should marry you? I, the heir to Starborough, marry the daughter of a common jail-bird!"

Her long hands had been working convulsively at her side; they darted forward and curled round his throat.

(To be continued.)

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<b>A</b> Andrews, Robert, late Reid Hfd. Co. Ash, Emma, slip, Willis Range Allen, Edith, late Twillingate Andrews, Miss Alice, Water Street Anderson, Capt. Fred, Frong, Mrs. Bridget, College Square	<b>B</b> Banville, Miss Maggie, Williams Street Baird, Wm., Neagle's Hill Byrne, Nellie, card Bell, W. T., Long Pond Road Brien, Richard, Blackmarsh Rd. Brown, Patrick, Greenalald, Miss Lizzie Browning, Samuel, Coronation St. Bowering, Samuel, Queen St. Bursley, Miss Susie, Butlerf, Norah Mrs., Circular Road Butler, E. J., Neagle's Hill Burke, Miss Janie, Care Mrs. Fitzgerald Bullock, T. H. Barker, M. A., Miss	<b>C</b> Callahan, Miss Lizzie, ret'd. Carpenter, A. W., Post Office Carter, J., Belvidere St. Clarke, Miss Rachel, Dicks' Square Creddy, Daniel Cotter, D., Neagle's Hill Corbett, Miss Jose, Prescott Street Colford, Nellie, card, Hamilton Street Connors, John, Curran, John, Alexander Street Curtis, Laura, Queen St. Chafe, Lizzie M.	<b>D</b> Dalton, Miss Jessie, Circular Road Drake, Miss, card, Queen's College Dicks, A. M., ret'd. Duggan, Miss Esther, card, Colonial Street Dunphy, Miss T., card, Lynch, David Dyer, Mrs. Rebecca, ret'd.	<b>E</b> Elliott, John, Bond St.	<b>F</b> French, John, aWter St. Fifield, Edwin R., late Grand Falls Fitzpatrick, Eva Fitzpatrick, Miss Katie, care Mrs. Kelly Footo, R., Pleasant St. Frong, Mrs. Bridget, late Bell Isl Francis, Robert, ret'd.	<b>G</b> Gardner, Charles, Springdale Street Gardiner, Miss J. M., Springdale Street Green, Miss Leah, LeMerchant Rd. Gear, Nellie, ret'd. Greenalald, Miss Lizzie Good, John, Pleasant St.	<b>H</b> Hawkins, F. C. Harvey, Herb, card Harris or Hallis, Charles Head, Miss Theresa, King's B. Road Hiscock, Mrs. Diana, late Gen. Hospital Houseman, H. H., late Halifax Hogan, Mrs., South Side Hutchings, F., Hayward's Avenue Hunt, Lizzie Hawkins, Mrs. E. B., ret'd.	<b>J</b> Johnson, Chas. Henry James, Geo., Coronation St. Johnson, Patrick, Bell St.	<b>K</b> King Miss Fanny, Gower St.	<b>L</b> 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	<b>Lovelace, Miss Georgena, Sprigdale Street Loder, Harold Lindsay, Peter, card</b>	<b>M</b> Mahar, Mrs. B., card Martin, Samuel Martin, David Mahoney, Nellie, ret'd. Martin, Wm., late Devon Towers Martin, Mrs. Isabella Matthews, G. D. Mercer, Wm., card Melvin, John Morris, Patrick, Prescott Street Moore, David, card Moyst, Mrs. Thomas, New Gower St. Murphy, Mrs. Michael, New Gower Street Maloney, Valentine, Allan's Square	<b>Mc</b> McManders, Mary Mann, ret'd. Pope Street	<b>N</b> Neil, Miss, Barnes Rd. Noel, Mrs. Bertha, Georgetown	<b>O</b> O'Neill, Miss Bridget, card Oer, Cecily, ret'd.	<b>P</b> Parsons, Duncan Paine, Clarence Parsons, George, Pennywell Road Pearce, Robert, Gower Street Perry, George C., Power's St. Perry, Miss Dorothy, Beck's Cove Power, Thomas, Munday Pond Rd. Porter, Samuel Power, P. Victoria St. Paddington, Miss Kate Power, Mrs. James, James Street	<b>R</b> Raine, Mrs. John, Pleasant St. Rendell, Miss L., care Rev. Dunfield	<b>Riggs, Miss Edith, Barnes Road Rose, Harold, Mrs., late Beat's Content Rogers, R., card Ryan, Frederick, ret'd</b>
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### SEAMEN'S LIST.

<b>A</b> Kennedy, Harvey J., schr. Alberta De Camba, Arthur, schr. Arthur H. White Kennedy, Harry J., schr. Alberta	<b>B</b> Morris, Capt. Wm., schr. B. G. Anderson Francis, Alex., schr. B. G. Anderson Granter, Edward, schr. Britannia Wall, Edmund, schr. Bessie Lennex Stuckless, B. G., schr. Grace Cameron, Washington, schr. Isabella	<b>L</b> Pynn, Francis H., schr. Loyalty	<b>R</b> Anstey, Capt. Alex., schr. Reginald Anstey Wiseman, Robert A., schr. Reginald Anstey Roberts, Master, schr. Springdale Pippy, Charles, schr. Springdale Quinton, Wm., Moore St.
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G. P. O., June 7th, 1910.

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

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View of St. John's West.  
Iceberg off the Narrows, St. John's.  
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