

# THE HEIR Vigorol Lancewood

## CHAPTER VIII.

"It was entailed once," replied the colonel. "I remember hearing why the entail was destroyed, but I have forgotten the reason now. Lancewood, like many other large estates in England, can be inherited by son or daughter; but it must be in the direct line. No lord of Lancewood has power to will his estate from his own children. If he has sons, it goes to the eldest; if daughters, to the eldest; then the daughter retains the name of Neslie when she marries, and so the name is kept up from generation to generation."

"Then no master of Lancewood could leave his estates to his friend or his wife?" she said, slowly.

"No, that would not be possible," answered Colonel Hetley, who began to perceive a drift in these inquiries. "Take yourself, for instance," he said, "though personal applications of generalities should be avoided. Suppose an event we should all deplore—Sir Arthur's death; in that case Lancewood would belong to Miss Neslie. You would, without doubt, succeed to a very handsome fortune, but that kind of thing is generally arranged in the marriage settlement. Miss Neslie would succeed to Lancewood; and it would descend again to her son or daughter. Do you understand now, Lady Neslie?"

She tried to throw off her gravity, and looked up with a laughing air. "Yes, you have made it all plain to me. I thank you, Colonel Hetley. It seems hard at times to comprehend your English customs."

"But you have the law of entail in France. You have but to look through the history of your own family—the D'Estes—for numerous examples."

She looked slightly confused for a moment, but quickly recovered herself.

"I was but a child when I was in France. I remember nothing of such things; they had no interest for me. You have told me all about it, Colonel!"

"Yes. I do not remember any detail left unexplained. Miss Neslie is heiress of Lancewood; but, if Sir Arthur should have a son, that son would succeed him."

From that moment the one passionate desire of Lady Neslie's heart, and soul was that she might have a son. A son would inherit Lancewood—and what was her child's would, of course, be hers. What a victory, what a triumph for her, if she could only show Vivien a son of her own—the heir who would take Lancewood from her!

If you want to feel well, bright and cheery, full of ambition; be able to move about quick and smartly—VIGOROL, the Great French Tonic, will brace you up—it cleanses the whole system. If the manufacturers could only impress this upon every one who does not feel as they ought to, the world would owe them a great gratitude; but all we can do is to ask you to try one bottle and see for yourself. The change will be wonderful. You need a spring medicine—then take VIGOROL. Sold at all drug stores.

By night and by day she pondered this one idea. People began to wonder what had come over the bright, animated, vivacious Lady Neslie. She was often to be found now with a grave, almost anxious expression on her face, she was thinking how sure she would be of her fortune if she had a little son.

She began to observe Vivien more closely. She could understand now why, despite all the victories gained over Miss Neslie, she remained calmly serene, self-possessed, self-reliant. Something more like hatred than she had ever felt before crept into Valerie's heart, and she made up her mind with true feminine resolve that Miss Neslie should not enjoy more comfort than was good for her. She had once believed it wise policy to try to make Sir Arthur's daughter her friend, but she saw now that they could never be anything but enemies. She ceased all efforts at conciliation. She made irritating little speeches. She took every opportunity of exercising her authority. She never consulted Vivien in any matter, but pleased herself entirely.

The breach between Sir Arthur and his beloved daughter grew wider. Lady Neslie had a fashion of saying—"It is of no use asking Vivien; she is too grave to care about such nonsense."

Then she would twine her arms round Sir Arthur's neck, and, laying her bright head on his shoulder, ask him—

"Would you love me better, dear, if I tried to be grave and wise, like your beautiful daughter?"

"No, Valerie; I like you just as you are."

"Nonsense and gawdy included?" she asked, with a wistful smile.

"Just as you are, my darling, without change," replied Sir Arthur, fondly.

She clapped her hands with the glee of a child—such little white hands they were, all shining with costly gems.

"Now I shall never try to be wise again; after all, I am but one of the butterflies of nature. I shall spread my wings in the sunshine, and enjoy it while it lasts, without thinking of the coming rainy days."

"Do you think of rainy days, my darling?" asked Sir Arthur.

"Not often; but I could not expect to be always as happy as I am now."

"I do not see anything that could make you less happy, Valerie."

She did not say, "You have overlooked the loss of Lancewood—the fact that my rival will reign one day where I am queen now—the fact that I shall have to give way to her;" but she looked up at him with an expression of devotion in her brilliant face.

"I should be happy enough if I might always have you, Arthur; but, if I were to lose you, what happiness could I ever know again?"

"That is but a gloomy idea for a butterfly," said Sir Arthur, laughingly. "My dearest Valerie, we know how uncertain life and death are; still I hope to spend many years with you yet."

It was wonderful how solicitous she became about his health. His looks were a barometer of her spirits. When he seemed perfectly well, she was gay, happy, light of heart, full of merriment; if he looked pale or ill, if he complained even in the least, she was all anxiety and solicitude. Sir Arthur thought it concerning about his health, arising from her great joy. Vivien understood it better; she knew what it was, and called it by its right name.

"Oh, if I had but a son," exclaimed Lady Neslie, inwardly, "there would be no more cause for anxiety or dread!"

For many long years there had not been such gaiety at Lancewood. One

of Lady Neslie's wildest caprices was a masked ball; nothing else would satisfy her. In vain Sir Arthur said that a masked ball was all very well during a carnival, but that it was not a favorite amusement amongst English people.

"But I must have it," she said. "Of all balls in the world a masked ball is the most enjoyable."

"I am afraid our neighbors will not think so, Valerie. I am doubtful whether you would even find your invitations accepted. There are hundreds of English people who entirely disapprove of such things."

"We will try them," said Lady Neslie. "Masked balls are common enough in Paris."

"There are many things common in Paris, that I should be sorry to see here," put in Vivien. "Lancewood is an ancient building, but I do not think such an entertainment as a bal masque has ever been given in it."

"There is no record of one in the family annals," mimicked Lady Neslie. "Surely some of your ancestors must have had a little notion of enjoying themselves. All argument is useless, you know. Sir Arthur, you cannot refuse me; let me give a masked ball."

Sir Arthur looked at his daughter, as though he would have asked her to help him; but in the noble, beautiful face he only read contempt for his weakness and contempt for his wife.

Valerie quickly noted his glance. "It is of no use looking at Vivien, Sir Arthur; she will be quite sure to oppose me; she does it on principle, to counter-balance your indulgences."

"I think, Valerie, you must defer a little to English prejudices. I assure you the whole neighborhood would be startled by the notion of a masked ball."

"I should decline in starting it," she said—"no one more so. Now, Sir Arthur, instead of my deferring to English prejudices, let English prejudices defer to me."

She looked up at him with one of those winning smiles he was so utterly powerless to resist.

"You shall have your own way, Valerie; send out your invitations whenever you like."

She laughed aloud in the fullness of her glee.

"You are the kindest husband in the world!" she cried.

But Sir Arthur was right; the neighborhood was startled. The more serious portion of it looked grave, and said Lady Neslie was really going rather too far; but the gay young girls and gay young wives applauded the idea, and the masked ball was a success.

## CHAPTER X.

Deprived of her accustomed avocations, Vivien spent more time than usual in the library, quietly, without noise or unpleasantness. Valerie had managed to take all authority from her. The servants never went to her now for orders, having found out that, when they did so, Lady Neslie invariably countermanded them.

"Flowers always greet the rising sun," said the girl, bitterly. "They seem to forget that I am still heiress of Lancewood."

Yet, though Lady Neslie asserted her authority, and Sir Arthur upheld it, Vivien was by far the best loved. Milladi gave liberally—she was generous to her servants; but, with the quick instinct of their class, they saw that she was not a lady like their own young mistress. She lacked the high-bred manner, the innate good taste, the air of command natural to one born to rule. She was affable and courteous one day, haughty and imperious the next. She was either too familiar or too severe; she did not in

the least understand the science of governing.

There were times when she would fain have consulted Vivien, or asked her assistance, but that she feared showing her ignorance. It was a fact that the beautiful, bright, courted Lady Neslie, mistress of Lancewood, stood more in awe of Sir Arthur's daughter than of all the world besides. Those dark, proud eyes seemed to look into the very depths of her soul—they seemed to pierce through all disguises, all affectations. She felt uneasy in that fair, stately presence; her pretty airs and graces, which seemed so charming at other times, suddenly appeared vulgar. Vivien outshone her as the grand, clear light of the sun outshines the flame of a taper. It was the unconscious influence of truth over falsehood, of a noble soul over an ignoble one, of a lofty nature over a mean one.

As time passed on, and their mutual dislike increased, Lady Neslie studied how she could hurt and wound Sir Arthur's daughter. One morning, under some slight pretext, she paid a visit to Vivien's apartments. More than once she had tried to obtain an entree, but Miss Neslie would not consent. She had a suite of rooms in the eastern wing—rooms that she had chosen for herself—and she was determined that they should be sacred from all intrusion. As Lady Neslie walked along the broad corridor, she met Joan Habley, Vivien's maid.

"Is Miss Neslie in her room?" she asked. "And Joan was compelled to answer 'Yes.'"

"Shall I say your ladyship is here?" asked Joan, who knew how unwell, come such a visit, would be.

"No, I will go to Miss Neslie's boudoir," said her ladyship; and Joan looked after her with a darkening face.

"What is she going there for—some piece of mischief or of spite?" she asked herself. "Ah, well, please Heaven, it will be my young lady's turn to rule some day!"

## Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Fashion Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

1335.—A NEAT AND WELL FITTING APRON MODEL, AND SMART CAP.

1335.—A NEAT AND WELL FITTING APRON MODEL, AND SMART CAP.



Ladies' Apron With Princess Panel.

This style is nice for pretty percale, strong gingham or seersucker, for jean or drill, lawn, alpaca, saten or cambric. The princess panel is joined to side portions, that meet straps at the band at the back, holding the apron firmly to position. Ample pockets and good skirt width is provided in this style. The cap is circular in shape, and its fullness is drawn up with ribbon, tape, or elastic. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large. It requires 4 yards of 36 inch material for the apron, and 3/4 yard for the cap, for a medium size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

## 1368.—A UNIQUE AND STYLISH DESIGN.



Ladies' Costume, with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths, with or Without Over Back, with Two Styles of Collar, and Waist Fronts.

This simple but attractive model offers several style variations. It may be made with a flaring or a low rolled collar, a sleeve in wrist or short length. The fronts may be shaped in points or in straight outline, and closed at the side, or finished with revers. The skirt is cut circular and with four gores. For linen, pique, corduroy, poplin, repp, gingham, chambray, taffeta, serge, percale or lawn, this style is very suitable. The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 6 yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size. The skirt measures about 3 yards at the foot.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

## How to Grow Hair.

The French are now placing on the market a preparation containing the extract from Henna leaves, which is having a phenomenal sale.

This preparation is called Salvia and is being sold with a guarantee to cure dandruff and to grow hair in abundance. Being daintily perfumed, Salvia makes a most pleasant dressing. Sold by your druggist. A large, generous bottle for 50 cents.

## War Booms Auto Trade

More than 18,000 Cars Sent From New York, Valued at \$35,453,178, to France and Great Britain in Nine Months.

New York, July 19.—An indication to the extent of the shipments of supplies from the United States since the European war began is given in customs records available here, which show that from Aug. 1, 1914, to June 30, this year, automobiles, automobile parts and tires valued at \$41,000,000 were transported to Europe through this port.

The records of the Collector of the port show that for the period, Aug. 1, 1914, to May 31, this year, 18,451 cars valued at \$35,453,178 were cleared, mostly for France and Great Britain. Official figures for June have not been completed but conservative estimates by officials in charge bring the total up to 22,051 machines with a value of \$40,958,178. Automobile parts and tires with June shipment estimated, show a value for the eleven months of \$6,098,376.

The shipments from New York have been steadily increasing. Last August the records show that 153 automobiles were exported. During May this year 3674 were sent abroad.

The bretelle corsage is youthful and pretty, and contributes a touch of color.

Black or colored piping is used on dresses of white handkerchief linen.

## INTERESTING to LADIES

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in smart Tweed effects and Black and Navy Serges. Values Very Special and cannot be repeated.

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FACE POWDER, Limited quantity, only 25c. box. This lot is part of a Bankrupt Stock and retail in New York at 50 cts. per box.

## Henry Blair



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Opening of New C. C. C. Hall  
The formal opening of the C.C.C. Hall at the King's Beach take place next Friday evening under the distinguished patronage of His Excellency the Governor, Lord Davidson, and His Grace the Bishop. The ceremony will be held by an "At Home," which will comprise a concert and dance. The interior of the new hall is most elegantly decorated, contains all modern conveniences, is well lighted and tiled and is the result of good craftsmanship. No doubt the opening will witness a large attendance.

Fishery News  
From F. Carnew, July 17th (1915). (Source: Rencontre.)—The date is 15,880 qts. with 250 lbs. week. Prospects are good and there is sufficient bait for use. The lobster fishery is very good. From C. Rendell, July 17th (Hear's Content to Winterton). Eighteen traps, 12 dories and 250 boats are fishing. Hauls are doing nothing to date. Caplin is plentiful. The lobster cry is a blank. The majority of boats are engaged turbot fishing. There is a shortage of salt water in this vicinity. The total catch is 470 qts. and for last week was

SALT ALFOAT.—There are several thousand tons of salt in the harbor, which presents a scene as several schooners and barges are loading from the Mass and Bellerby.



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"There's...  
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