

**GILLETT'S LYE  
EATS DIRT**



**THE HEIR  
OF  
Lancewood**

**CHAPTER XLIV.**

Had Lady St. Just left the school three minutes later or earlier, she would have avoided this meeting, and perhaps its consequences. As it was the doctor thought there was nothing odd in what was going on. He had always admired young Dorman—he fancied there was something noble and refined about him. Dr. Lester had a great admiration for Adrian St. Just—he considered him one of the wisest statesmen and cleverest men of the day. He met him very often, and they had a mutual respect for each other. On this day the scientific meeting that he had to attend took place in one of the large west-end halls, and at its close Lord St. Just complimented the doctor on the able speech that he had made. They talked for a few minutes, and then the doctor said:

"I am happy to find that I have a protege of yours, my lord, in my school; he is a clever boy and improves rapidly."

At first Lord St. Just thought that the doctor was speaking in jest, or making some political reference.

"I do not quite understand," he replied, politely.

"I say, my lord, that I am pleased to have your young protege in my school."

"I am ashamed to say, doctor," said Lord St. Just, laughing, "that I do not believe I have a protege, in your sense of the word."

"Evidently a poor relation," thought the doctor.

"I thought he was a protege," he said aloud. "Perhaps he is related to you, my lord? He will be a clever man some day."

"My dear doctor," returned Lord St. Just, "you will think me very obtuse, but I have not the faintest idea of what you mean."

"I am speaking of young Dorman," said the doctor.

"Dorman," repeated the peer; "why, he is dead. I attended his funeral some time ago."

"Ah," said the doctor, "that would be the elder Dorman; this is the younger."

"There is no younger. I have heard Lady St. Just say that there were two brothers. One is a solitary book-worm who has an appointment as librarian on the Continent somewhere—I quite forget where; the other died, and I attended his funeral."

"There is certainly a young Dorman at my school, my lord—a clever young stripling—handsome, too. Lady

St. Just comes frequently to see him. His lordship looked up quickly.

"What," he cried—"my wife, Lady St. Just, calls at your school, you say? You must be mistaken."

"I think not," he replied. "I saw Lady St. Just at the Royal Society—and hers is a face not easily forgotten."

"I assure you," said Lord St. Just, earnestly, "that you are quite mistaken, doctor. Lady St. Just in Hammersmith! She would have told me about it."

"I hope to Heaven," thought the doctor, "that I have done no harm. Perhaps she wished all this kept secret from her husband; if so, I have betrayed her."

Suddenly it occurred to him that possibly Lady St. Just, not wishing to be known, had assumed the alias of Mrs. Smith. It struck him, now that he came to think of it, that all her visits had been rather of a strange, secret kind. What mischief had he done? The doctor was at his wit's end.

"I may be mistaken," he replied; "one ought never to be too positive as to identify. I saw the lady only for a moment, but I fancied that I recognized her as Lady St. Just."

"It is most likely my mistake," allowed the doctor; but his lordship saw that he was anxious to lessen the impression of his words, and that annoyed him still more.

"It is as well to be careful," he said, "in making an assertion of that kind;" and the doctor saw that he was cooler than usual in his manner toward him. He looked at him gravely.

"My lord," he said, "I am probably quite mistaken. I see few ladies, and am not a good judge of resemblances. May I ask a favor from you?"

"Certainly," said Lord St. Just, with his usual frank courtesy. "You will honor me by so doing."

"As I have most likely made an absurd mistake, may I request you not to mention what I have said to Lady St. Just?"

The good-natured peer smiled.

"What can it matter?" he replied, "either one way or the other?"

"Still it would oblige me, my lord," persisted the doctor.

"Then I will promise—I will not say a word to Lady St. Just. Are you satisfied now, doctor?"

"Yes," he replied. "Her ladyship would perhaps think that I was taking a liberty with her name."

They parted soon afterward, both uneasy. When he reached home, the first thing that the doctor did was to summon young Dorman to his private room. He made all kinds of inquiries about the lady who had visited him. The boy assured him that it was Mrs. Smith.

"Did you ever know a Lady St. Just?" asked the doctor.

The boy laughed.

"I do not think I have seen a 'lady'—that is, a lord's wife—in all my life," he said.

And the doctor was more puzzled than ever. The more he thought of it, the more sure he felt that the beautiful face he had seen was the face of Lady St. Just.

"I only hope," he said, "that I have made no mischief. One thing is quite certain—her husband knows nothing of the motive that brings her here."

Lord St. Just was equally puzzled—not that for one moment he suspected his beautiful wife of anything unbecoming, or of concealing anything from him—his faith in her was unbounded—yet he was puzzled. Had she been to Hammersmith or not? If she had been, why had she not told him? Why did she not speak about her visit? "Young Dorman"—who could he be? Not the secretary's son, for he had never been married. Why should his wife go to see "Young Dorman" and not tell him about it?

Was there any little matter of her dead friend's that she was keeping secret? That was like his noble Vivien, always ready to help; still it was strange that she had not shared it with him.

He thought he would try her. He was so true a gentleman that, having given his word to the doctor not to mention what he had said, he would keep it at any cost; otherwise nothing would have been easier than to go to her and put a straightforward question to her. He would try her and see if she exhibited any consciousness when he mentioned the doctor's name.

During dinner that day, several guests being present, Lord St. Just spoke of the meeting he had attended.

"The best speech," he said, "was made by Dr. Lester, of Hammersmith—one of the cleverest men we have."

Then he was startled, for his wife's face turned quite white. She was looking at him with fear and wonder in her eyes; he had never seen such an expression on her face before. He saw that her lips were pale, and trembled as she spoke.

Slowly, as from a painful dream, she seemed to rouse herself, and, turning to the gentleman by her side, began to talk; but it was an effort, and he saw it. He saw, too, that she listened if he again mentioned the doctor's name. He mentioned it purposefully, and again he saw a spasm of pain across her face.

"There is a mystery," he said to himself—"a mystery that has some pain in it—and my darling is keeping it all to herself."

He noticed that all the evening his wife was unusually thoughtful and abstracted. More than once she answered at random, not knowing what she said; and when their visitors had gone she sat quite still, looking with dreamy eyes at the pages of a book, which she did not even pretend to be reading. Suddenly she began to talk to him.

"What meeting was that," she asked, "that you attended this morning?" gradually leading up to the matter she had most at heart. "Who is this Dr. Lester I heard you mention?" she said.

"A gentleman who keeps a school at Hammersmith," he remarked.

"Do you know him?" she asked; and though she spoke so quietly, he detected the keen anxiety underlying the low tones.

"Yes, everyone in London knows Dr. Lester. He lectures admirably, and he has written two or three valuable works. He is quite a public character."

She looked relieved, and he saw it.

"Do you often see him?" she asked, after a short pause.

"Not very often. We meet at lectures and soirees. I do not remember to have seen him elsewhere."

She took up her book and said no more. But he, watching her, saw

that she did not read—that she never turned a leaf. He saw that she was so deeply, so completely engrossed in her own thoughts that she had forgotten all else. He believed that she would have sat there for hours.

What could it all mean? He had noticed the great change in his wife, her fits of absence of mind, her gloomy abstraction, the brooding thought that seemed to lie like a shadow over her. Could it be possible that the mysterious visits to Hammersmith had anything to do with the change in her manner, the engrossing care and thought that now characterized her? If so, what could there be wrong in this proud, stately wife of his?

He watched her for quite half an hour—she never moved nor spoke. Then he went to her and took the book from her hands.

"Adrian," she cried, with a start, "I—I had forgotten you were here."

"That is a poor compliment, Vivien. You had forgotten that I was here—may I ask of whom you were thinking—or of what—that you could forget me?"

Her face flushed crimson under the searching gaze of his eyes.

"You spend a great deal of time in thinking now," he said. "Pray tell me what it is all about?"

"Who can describe an unknown world?" she asked. "And thought is an unknown world."

It was an evasive answer, and he felt it. He raised her face between his hands.

"Let me look into your eyes, darling, and see if I can tell what you are thinking about."

But her eyes fell before his, the white lids closed over them, the long dark lashes lay on her cheeks.

"Why, Vivien, you will not let me see!" Then he changed his tone to one of grave, tender earnestness. "My darling wife," he said, gently, "is there any secret that you are keeping from me?"

He could tell how the words pierced her by the shudder that passed over her.

"A secret!" she cried, wildly. "Why should you say that? A secret, Adrian! What secret have I?"

"I cannot tell. Is there one? Are you keeping anything from me, darling? Have you any secret that you will not share with me?"

She seemed to recover herself by a marvelous effort. She freed herself from his arms. She raised her hand to the diamond circlet on her hair.

"See," she said, "you have spoilt my coiffure—and it was very pretty. How you have startled me, Adrian, talking about secrets! See, too, how late it is. And you have that long speech to make to-morrow! I insist upon your going to rest."

Lord St. Just felt his heart sink within him. There was a mystery, a secret, and his wife was keeping it from him. She had tried her best, but she had not deceived him.

He said no more. A keen, restless pain took possession of him. This fair, proud woman whom he had so implicitly trusted—could it be possible that in any way she had deceived him? So quietly, so true, no noble, what secret had she?

(To be Continued.)

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The General Says:  
Neither the hot winds of summer nor the cold blasts of winter can penetrate our roofing or wall board. Roofs covered with wood shingles, slate, or tile, need one or more layers of our insulating materials under them to keep the building cool in summer and warm in winter.

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CHAPTER XLV.

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**List of Unclaimed Letters Remaining in the G. P. O. to Aug. 23rd, 1915.**

- A**  
Arnaud, U. E., care Gen'l Delivery  
Anderson, T., Presbyterian School  
Andrews, Miss, New Gower Street  
Aleshworth, Miss Fannie, care General Delivery  
Andrews, J. W.
- B**  
Barnes, Thos., Newtown Rd.  
Barnes, A.  
Brannon, John H.  
Baines, Mrs. Ernest  
Bachmann, Capt. David L.  
Baines, Jessie, Miss, Harvey Rd.  
Barnes, Jacob, Water St.  
Brown, Mrs. Bridget  
Bolger, Miss M.  
Butt, T. G., LeMarchant Rd.  
Butler, Miss Minnie  
Busey, Miss Carrie  
Butler, Miss Lizzie, Water St.  
Beard, Lucy, Prescott St.  
Butt, Harry, late Adam's Cove  
Butt, G. Mrs., Monkstown Rd.  
Bell, Edward  
Barnes, Wm.  
Brennan, Mrs., Oxen Pond  
Buckley, James, Mullock St.
- C**  
Cawley, Mr., care Gen'l Delivery  
Cane, J. A., James' St.  
Cranford, Miss C., card, Water Street West  
Cassell, Miss Bridget, Harvey Road  
Campbell, Miss E., Henry St.  
C. K., care G. P. O.  
Caines, William, late Rencontre  
Clark, Miss, Whitton's Hotel  
Connolly, John J.  
Confield, Wm., Long Pond Rd.  
Coen, A., late Petty Harbor  
Collins, Mrs. H., Holloway Street  
Crocker, Joseph  
Chislett, Mrs. Wm. H., card
- D**  
Davis, Jerome, card  
Dwyer, John, Military Road  
Dunn, F. B.  
Driscoll, Miss Fanny, Prescott St.  
Dooley, Peter, late Grand Falls
- E**  
Edwards, J., Water Street
- F**  
Fraser, Miss Ethel, care Ayre & Sons  
Fieled, Harry  
Frost, J. P.  
French, Edward, Gower St.  
French, Robert, Mrs., Springdale St.
- G**  
Gardiner, Miss Annie  
Garnett, Mrs. W. K., Moore St.  
Gibbs, Mrs. W. H.  
Gibbs, Joseph George  
Grills, Michael, care Gen'l Delivery  
Greig, Mrs. A., care Gen'l Delivery  
Grove, N. H., Gen'l Delivery  
Griffiths, Wm. J., Water St.
- H**  
Hamm, W., Freshwater Road  
Hayden, Luke, care G. P. O.  
Hathaway, W. Frank  
Handruekan, Miss Lillian, care Gen'l Delivery  
Hamilton, Patrick  
Hallett and Hiseock  
Hannon, Miss Annie, Duckworth St.  
Howett, Joseph, Allandale Road  
Harrison, Rev., care G. P. O.  
Hefford, Mrs., Water St.
- I**  
Hennebury, Mrs. H., card  
Higgins, Mrs. R., 14 Water St.  
Hicks, Miss Alice, York St.  
Hodder, George, Nagle's Hill  
Holwell, Mrs. Mary, Queen's Rd.  
Hogan, F. A.  
Hutchings, Master, Spencer St.  
Hutchings, W. C., late s.s. Bruce  
Hunt, John, Duckworth St.  
Harvey, Bertha, late Halifax  
Hocken, Miss Lizzie, Water St.
- J**  
Jones, D. H., Gower St.  
Johnson, J. R., Long Pond Rd.  
Johnson, Miss Anne, Bannerman St.  
Jameson, J. R. (Elder)  
James, Jas. L.
- K**  
Kent, Rockwell, care Mrs. Oliver, Queen's Road  
King, Mrs. A.
- L**  
Lane, Miss Clarence, Cabot St.  
Lane, Miss Mary E., Bishop Spencer College  
Lemelo, Hayward, Prince's St.  
Libby, Mrs. George  
Lilly, B. D.  
Lucas, W. J.  
Lewis, C. B., Mrs.
- M**  
Martin, Jessie, care Gen'l Hospital  
Mahoney, D., Barter's Hill  
Mallam, Miss, Long Pond Rd.  
Maher, M. P.  
Malley, John, Nagle's Hill  
Malley, Mrs. Patrick, Nagle's Hill  
Mercer, James, Queen St.  
Mealey, Thomas, Casey St.  
Miller, S.  
Moore, Mrs. Wm., Balsam St.  
Moore, Fred, Long's Hill  
Moullier, Chas.  
Moir, John, Cabot St.  
Morey, Allan, Barter's Hill  
Murphy, W. E.  
Murphy, Mrs. John, George's St.  
Mullin, Daniel  
Murray, Lizzie, Springdale St.  
Martin, Miss Mary  
Maynard, Francis, Power's Pond
- N**  
Newell, Miss Lillian, 16 ——— St.  
Newell, Crowell  
Noseworthy, F. B.  
Nolan, Ida M., care Gen'l Delivery  
Noseworthy, Miss Bessie, Gower St.  
Newcombe, Miss Bertha
- O**  
Ottman, Mrs. DeWitt  
O'Neil, Jeremiah, Water St.  
O'glar, Miss L., card, Cabot St.
- P**  
Parsons, Arthur, card  
Parsons, Mrs. R. H., Hamilton St.  
Pardy, Manuel  
Parsons, Mrs. Wm., Convent Square  
Payette, F.  
Parnell, J.  
Parsons, John S., care Moses Pilley  
Peddie, Thomas, Pleasant St.  
Pelley, Miss Maggie, New Gower St.  
Pierce, Albert, Allandale Rd.  
Pike, Agnes J., Pleasant St.  
Power, Miss May, late Brigus  
Poolie, George  
Porter, James, Tessier Place  
Power, Wm. J.
- Q**  
Quinton, William, Fleming St.
- R**  
Ray, Minnie, card  
Ryan, John S.  
Ryan, Miss E., LeMarchant Rd.  
Ryan, Nellie, LeMarchant Rd.  
Reed, Mrs. M.  
Reynolds, James, New Gower St.  
Reynolds, John G., New Gower St.  
Ryder, Miss A., Parade St. & LeMarchant Rd.  
Reid, Harold, Military Rd.  
Reddy, Mrs. M., Cochrane St.  
Ring, Patrick, Water St.  
Richards, Miss Eva, Freshwater Rd.  
Rowe, Mrs. Edward, Cornwall Ave.  
Roberts, Gilbert, George's St.  
Rogers, E., Foot's Lane, West End  
Rowe, Henry J., Cornwall Avenue  
Rogers, George D.  
Rogers, Wm.  
Roberts, R., Spencer St.  
Roberts, George, Allandale Rd.
- S**  
Sharpe, Abraham, care G. P. O.  
Small, Robert, Gower St.  
Saint, Gerlie, New Gower St.  
Saunders, George, late Caplin Bay  
Sparrow, Miss Minnie, New Gower St.  
Skanes, Wm.  
Shump, Patrick  
Shea, James  
Skennes, Thomas  
Spencer, Lodge  
Stewart, W. A.  
Skinner, Edgar  
Smith, Mrs. Louis, care Gen'l Delivery  
Short, Miss C. B., Monroe St.  
Short, Chas., card  
Stott, Miss Annie
- T**  
Taylor, Gordon, Mrs., card  
Taylor, Mrs. John, Spencer St.  
Taylor, Miss Mildred, New Gower St.  
Taylor, C.  
Taylor, Alice, card, care G. P. O.  
Tavernor, Mrs. Morris, Cabot St.  
Tessier, James W. M.  
Trites, F. G.  
Tilley, Miss Katie, care G. P. O.  
Till, Thomas, Cabot St.  
Tobin, Martin, Casey St.  
Thomas, W. J.  
Tower, Mrs. M. A., Bond St.  
Tobin, Mrs. Helen  
Tubbett, Miss Mary, Forest Rd.  
Tulk, Augustus, late s.s. Bruce
- W**  
Wharam, Miss Milley, Queens Rd.  
Walsh, Mrs. M. A.  
Walsh, Miss Mary, Long P. Road.  
Waddy, R. J.  
Walsh, Thomas, Long P. Road.  
Warren, R. S.  
Ward, Bertha, care Mrs. Campbell  
Way, Miss Alice, Newtown Rd.  
Ware, Mrs., cards  
Walsh, Miss Maggie, Bond St.  
Wheeler, Miss Ella, Long's Hill  
Webber, Mrs., Pennywell Rd.  
Williams, Mrs., 28 Pleasant St.  
Wright, Mr., care Post Office  
White, L.  
Wills, Edward  
Walsh, Lizzie, 16 ——— Street.  
Windross, Thos. B.  
Walsh, William, late Topsail
- Y**  
Young, Miss Maud  
Young, Herbert F., Merrymeeting Rd.  
H. J. B. WOODS, P.M.G.  
August 23rd, 1915.

**Lazell's MASSATTA**

A NEW AND TOTALLY DIFFERENT TALCUM POWDER

Not only softer, smoother, more satisfying than any other, but distinguished by the "True Oriental Odor," a fragrance inimitable in its subtlety and charm.

In addition to Massatta, we carry a complete line of Lazell's Famous Sozocettes, including the most exquisite Perfumes, delightful Toilet Waters, superb Creams, and Powders of unquestionable excellence.

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