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The Lost Will;

OR, LOVE TRIUMPHS AT LAST!

CHAPTER VIII.

She looked at him with tear-laden eyes, and Jack thought that never in his life had he received such a look, and might never again.

"I don't know what to say," she said. "In all my life I have never met any one so kind as you; it would be churlish to refuse to let you help me, though I don't know how you can. I mean—she blushed—that I have some money, enough to go on with. I think I shall be able to earn my living. I used to give music lessons in Australia, and I dare say I can get some pupils here. I was going to try to do so, but my father—"

Jack rose, though he was reluctant enough to do so; but he felt that he had no right to intrude any longer, on her grief.

"I'll take myself off now," he said; "you'd like to be alone. Oh, I know well enough how you feel. But you must let me come again, and soon. I am sure I could help you to get some pupils; I know a lot of people with kids. Good-bye, Miss Norton."

She rose and gave him her hand, and he pressed it with that mysterious, magnetic pressure which conquers so much to the woman—the strength, the tenderness, of the man.

Jack had reached the door; then, with an exclamation of penitence, he said:

"By George! I was forgetting what had brought me here. I beg your pardon; I'm awfully sorry. Here is the packet your father entrusted me with last night." He laid it on the table and she glanced at it listlessly.

"You don't know what it is, I suppose?" said Jack, making the question an excuse for lingering.

"No," she replied. "I do not imagine it is of any importance. You see, last night he was wandering in his mind, imagining all kinds of things."

"All the same, you'd better see what it is," said Jack.

She took up the envelope and opened it; then she changed color and looked from Jack to the things she had drawn from the envelope. There was a startled expression in her

And the Worst is Yet to Come—



eyes; the color had faded from her face and left it white again.

"I—don't understand," she faltered. "These—these are bank-notes, are they not? English bank-notes." She held out the roll and Jack took it.

"Yes, they're English notes right enough, and for a large amount," he said, and he was almost as surprised as she was.

"But where did they come from?" she asked in a low voice. "My father was poor. We had only a little money—Oh, I don't understand! I'm afraid—frightened. It's—it's so strange."

"There's nothing to be afraid of in bank-notes," said Jack, encouragingly. "What's that paper you've got there?"

She opened the folded paper and looked at it; then her brows drew straight and she raised her eyes with a puzzled, bewildered expression.

"It looks like—a will," she faltered. "Oh, please—"

He took the paper and read it; then he dropped into a chair and stared straight in front of him.

"Oh, it's a will right enough," he said, in a curious voice. "Shall I read it to you?"

"No," she replied; "I—I shouldn't understand—my brain is in a whirl. Please just tell me what it means—though perhaps I have no right to hear?"

"Oh, yes, you have," said Jack, with a little laugh, so strange and peculiar that she started slightly and gazed at him half fearfully. "It means that you are immensely rich. You are the heiress to Mr. Jesse B. Chalfont's fortune—my friend's. He made this will last night, and he left every penny he'd got to you."

CHAPTER IX.

THREE weeks later Jack, followed by Jim, went slowly up the steps of Chertson Hall. After Mr. Chalfont's funeral, which had been attended not only by the major part of the villagers, who had lost a good landlord and friend, but by a number of prominent City men, philanthropists, and so on, Jack had returned to his chambers. For Miss Norton, his mistress, had been duly installed at the Hall.

It had been a strenuous time for Jack, for not only had he been occupied in assisting Mr. Horton in the arrangement of the late Mr. Chalfont's affairs, but he had played the part of guide, mentor, and friend to the lonely girl who had suddenly become the heiress of Mr. Chalfont's vast wealth.

And he had played the part well and with all his heart; he had tried to comfort her in her distress; had, with Mr. Horton's assistance, made the way of her great change smooth for her, had seen to everything great and small, and, lastly, had procured for her a chaperon in the person of a Mrs. Feltham, a middle-aged lady who could act as companion and chaperon to the heiress. Mrs. Feltham was a distant connection of the Chalfonts, a woman of the world, kindly and gentle, and she had at once taken the lonely girl to her heart.

In fact, Jack's mind had been so fully engaged with the affairs of the dead man and his heiress that he had not had time to think of himself—which, perhaps, was just as well.

As he entered the hall of the house which had been so nearly his, Mrs. Feltham, hearing his voice, came out of the morning-room to meet him. With her white hair, aristocratic face

and figure, she looked a model chaperon, and Jack, as she pressed his hand, congratulated himself upon having secured her.

"I am so glad you have come, Jack," she said.

"How is she?" he asked.

"Better, I am glad to say," replied Mrs. Feltham, in her soft, clear voice. "I have made her take plenty of rest, and, though she is still very pale—I should think she never has much colour—she has evidently got over the shock of things."

Jack nodded thoughtfully. "She's a good plucked one, I know," he said. "Poor girl!"

"She is in the library with Mr. Horton," said Mrs. Feltham. "He wants to have a moment with you before you see Miss Norton. Oh, yes; Nora is growing stronger, more cheerful and resigned, every day. Of course, she doesn't yet realise the great change that has befallen her; but presently I am going to take her amongst the people of the estate, and perhaps up to London for the day. She wants very careful treatment, and tender treatment, Jack."

"And she'll get that from you, I know, Mabel," said Jack. "You like her?"

"My dear Jack, I love her; indeed, it would be very difficult not to do so; she is so sweet and modest—and yet there's nothing of the shrinking flower about her. I dare say you've noticed that little air of quiet dignity which is natural to her?"

"Oh, yes," said Jack; "there were few things about Miss Norton which he had not noticed.

"What I mean is that she has nothing of the nervousness, the gaucheness, which one might reasonably have expected in a girl in her position who has been raised suddenly from poverty to great wealth; indeed, she has stepped into her place so naturally, and yet so modestly, that every now and then I forget that she was not born in the purple, so to speak."

"Oh, yes," said Jack; "there were said Jack. "She'll fill the bill to perfection. Ah, here's Horton!"

Mrs. Feltham, murmuring an excuse, left the two men together.

"Well," said Jack, "how goes it?"

"Things are going very well," replied Mr. Horton—"better even than I expected. Miss Norton is easy to get on with, and I must say I am surprised at the little difficulty I find in explaining matters to her; and, of course, there's a good deal needs explaining."

"Just so," said Jack. "There was a pause; then he added, with his eyes on the carpet, "she does not suspect—I mean, she has no idea of how matters stood between poor Mr. Chalfont and me?"

"No," replied Mr. Horton. "That is—I think not. She is extremely intelligent, and, of course, when she came to think things over, she was surprised that Mr. Chalfont had left everything to her and had not made any bequests; she was evidently disappointed that there were no relations to whom she could give some of the money. And she mentioned your name."

"Oh!" said Jack, uneasily.

"Yes, I suppose she discovered that you were not only Mr. Chalfont's secretary, but a friend to whom he was very much attached, and she ask-

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ed-me why you had not been mentioned in the will.

"Of course, you told her there was no reason why I should be?" said Jack, quickly.

"Yes; and I mentioned casually that you were a barrister—had your own profession." Jack grinned ruefully. "She appreciates all you have done for her, and is very grateful; in fact, she seems to rely on you and to regard me"—he smiled—"as quite a secondary individual; not that she isn't grateful to me, too, and she expressed her gratitude very prettily."

"Have you warned Thomson and Green, and the other servants, to keep their mouths shut?" asked Jack gravely.

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. Horton, "and threatened them with all sorts of pains and penalties. She is not at all likely to hear anything of the other will."

"That's all right; let's forget it," said Jack cheerfully.

"Easier said than done," said Mr. Horton, with a frown. "That will worry me, Chalfont. I want to know which will was signed last, and what he did with the one we drew up—the one in your favour. He did not burn it, for there was no fire and there were no charred remains, ashes, anywhere in the room; I searched carefully."

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter," said Jack philosophically. "As I say, let's forget it. I'll go to her now, unless you've anything more to say."

"Only this," said Mr. Horton, somewhat hesitatingly. "I don't want to pry into your private affairs, Chalfont, but I've an idea—forgive me!—that you are not particularly well-off. I know what an uphill struggle it is for a man in your profession. If there's anything I can do—"

"Oh, rather," said Jack, with a laugh, but colouring. "You can send me some briefs, if you've pluck enough to trust me. I've got a pal—Tredgale, 'Jiggles,' you know—in the chambers below me, and I know he'd help me and keep me straight."

Mr. Horton nodded. "Yes, yes," he said. "I'll see what I can do." He paused a moment. "See here, Chalfont, I've not yet had an opportunity of telling you how much I appreciate the way in which you have taken this disappointment, and I know it must have been a very great one. Allow me to do so now."

He held out his hand, and Jack, shaking it, said:

"That's awfully decent of you, Horton; but, come to think of it, what else could I do?"

He crossed the hall and knocked at the library door, and Nora's low, clear voice bade him enter. She rose from her chair to meet him with her hand outstretched, and just the faintest colour in the ivory of her face.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come," she said, as she motioned him to a chair; but she herself went to the fireplace and stood, leaning one arm on the mantelshelf. "There is so much I want to ask you. I am almost ashamed to say so, after all you have done for me." The colour had left her face again, but her eyes rested on him gravely, gratefully. "Don't suppose that any woman ever met with such a friend. You have been like a brother to me, Mr. Chalfont." Her voice broke for a moment, but she steadied it. "I do not know what I should have done without you. You came to me—Oh, I can't express what I feel!"

"Oh, that's all right," said Jack, awkwardly. "Are you better? You're looking more fit."

"Oh, yes," she said, stifling a sigh. "There has been so much to do that I have not had time to think, to brood. Mr. Chalfont, Mr. Horton has been explaining things to me. Have you any idea of the amount of money which has come to me so suddenly? It is so vast that I feel confused, bewildered."

(To be continued.)

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German Circulars in Fruit Basket.

A few weeks ago, says the St. John N.B. Telegraph, several circulars arrived at a certain business office in this city. These circulars contained a list of prices for fruits for preserving. The prices seemed fair and even attractive and the result was that several of the gentlemen in the office, including the manager, decided to order some of the fruit offered for sale.

The next day an order went in to this Ontario firm for several baskets of the fruit advertised in the circulars. The goods arrived yesterday in good condition and on opening the baskets the gentlemen agreed that they had secured a bargain. When the manager arrived home with his fruit he emptied the basket and underneath the fruit he found a second circular. This circular, however, was not written in English as the other had been and was in the German language. It is now being translated and the gentlemen will soon know the purport of the message in the circular.

It is understood that each basket of fruit received contained a similar circular printed in German. These gentlemen have a suspicion that the firm selling the fruit or some agency unknown to the firm is using the goods to circulate German literature. It is understood that the matter is now being investigated by the proper authorities and if there happens to be anything amiss in the message contained in the circular the Ontario firm will be asked to explain the presence of these pamphlets in the fruit which they are exporting to this province.

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This illustration calls for two separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10c FOR EACH pattern, in silver stamps.

A DAINTY DRESS.



2540—Just the style for soft crepe, satin, charmeuse, voile, marquisette, batiste, gabardine and taffeta. The waist closes at the left side. The sleeves may be finished in wrist or elbow length. In crepe de chine, with collar and cuffs of organdy, the model will be very pleasing.

The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 5 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. The skirt measures about 2 yards at the foot.

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

Bulgaria Surrender Unconditional

German Connected, and Turkey Allied Victory Hun Now

Speaking at the Guild Hall Law, the Chancellor of the convention had been signed by noon to-day. Bulgaria, by giving up completely the control of the cellor stated. By this convention, East in that direction has been a man dream of a German midwinter forever.

A Salonika despatch states D'Esperry, the Allied Commander signed for the Allies, and the Government. Instructions have been given that General D'Esperry the execution of the conditions

The armistice concluded with the Allies is a purely military provision of a political character. Serbia, to demobilize her army, will surrender her boats and Danube and concedes to the Bulgaria for the development of

WAR REVIEW.

Bulgaria is definitely out of the war and Turkey virtually cut off from communication with her allies and almost with annihilation in Palestine. A cessation of hostilities against the Entente Allied forces from Belgium to Verdun on six battle fronts are registering victory after victory over the Teuton arms, and of the enemy front almost everywhere is crumbling; notwithstanding the desperate resistance that is being offered on various sectors. Seeing even the defeat starting her in the face through the swift progress of the Serbians, Italian, British, Greek and French troops in the reclaiming of Serbia, and the invasion of Bulgaria territory, the Bulgarians begged for an armistice reserving to themselves no conditions. All the territory now held by King Ferdinand's men is to be evacuated, the Bulgarian army is to be immediately demobilized, and all means of transport in this kingdom even along the Danube is to be given over into Allied hands. Thus, in addition to the isolation of Turkey, the back door to a direct invasion of Austria-Hungary is flung wide open to the Allies, and doubtless the time is not distant when advantage to the Allies will be taken of the new avenue through which the enemy can be reached. With the debacle in Serbia and Bulgaria complete, the Aus-

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