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TORONTO, CANADA
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**The Lost Will;
OR,
LOVE TRIUMPHS
AT LAST.**

CHAPTER XXIV.

"Why should I lie down?" said Nora, with a laugh. "I'm not in the least frightened. It is such a small affair. You should see a prairie in flame! That's something like a blaze, and appalling. The panelling caught fire through a missing brick, or something of the kind, in the stove in the bill-room."

"Ah, yes!" said Mrs. Feltham, shaking her head. "Strangely enough Jack was saying that fireplace should be removed and a new one put in. He was in there one day and, I suppose, he thought of everything—poor Jack!"

It was always Jack! A trumpety fire could not take place without his being dragged into the matter. Nora frowned.

"Why 'poor' Jack?" she asked, with a smile that masked her irritation. "Pshaw! How the place smells! This room will have to be done up. I think I shall alter it." She looked round thoughtfully. "It is one of the best rooms in the house, and I should like to have it for my own."

She was silent again for a moment or two. She was thinking of the time when Jack and his patron had spent so many hours there.

"No, I won't have it altered. I'll keep it just as it is. It has a nice, comfy look. Yes, I'll have it for my own; but nothing shall be altered. Look, my hands are quite black! I helped them move that safe, and tremendously heavy it was! It gave Forbes and the rest of them the first bit of real exercise they've had for years, I imagine. I'll go up and wash my hands."

She went up to her room, and, while turning up the sleeves of her blouse, her hand brushed against the paper she had thrust in her belt.

"I wonder what that is?" she asked herself. "It must have slipped behind the safe."

She took the paper from her belt and opened it. For a moment or two she read with an idle curiosity; then suddenly the colour rushed in a rich crimson to her face, to leave it perfectly white. With strained eyes she gazed—glared would be the better word, perhaps—at the paper; then she dropped into a chair and stared before her vacantly, her brows knit, her lips compressed tightly.

For the paper which she had found lying behind the safe was Mr. Chalfont's will, and it left everything to Mr. John Chalfont—in other words to "Jack."

CHAPTER XXV.

THOUGH, in Jack's eyes, Nora was an angel, she was really human, and, like the rest of us, knew the value of money, and realised to the full the difference between wealth and poverty; and it must be confessed that for the moment she was smitten by dismay at the loss of the fortune which had been snatched away from her so suddenly. It did not occur to her to ask herself if the will she held in her hand were later than the one which had given her Mr. Chalfont's vast riches. She knew nothing about wills. All she knew was that she held in her hand Mr. Chalfont's written desire that his

money should go to Jack Chalfont. For a second or two she was overwhelmed by this dismay; then her heart rose, for her reversion to her old condition of poverty meant freedom, relief. Now she could tell Lord Ferndale that she did not love him and would not marry him; for now, by the breach of her engagement, she would not be depriving him of the money which would restore the fallen fortunes of the Abbey. The colour returned to her face, and she breathed a sigh of genuine relief as she went straight to Mrs. Feltham's room.

"See what I have found," she said quite calmly, but with an anticipatory pleasure in Mrs. Feltham's amazement. "It's something I found behind the safe when we moved it."

"Something behind the safe? What is it, dear?" asked Mrs. Feltham.

"Only a will of Mr. Chalfont's, leaving everything to Jack—I mean Mr. John Chalfont," replied Nora, with a faint smile.

Mrs. Feltham stared at her aghast, the outstretched document mechanically, and perused it with knit brows.

"Great heavens!" she exclaimed under her breath. "Yes, I suppose it is. It's—it's quite plain; even I can understand it. Jack!" Then she grew pale, and murmured, as she put her arm round Nora's waist, "Oh, my dear!"

Nora allowed her head to rest on the sympathetic bosom for a moment or two, then she looked up and laughed softly, and her eyes were actually sparkling.

"Yes, isn't it like something out of a novel? Indeed, it would make quite a pretty story for one of the magazines. I always thought that things like this occurred only in fiction."

"But wait a minute," interrupted Mrs. Feltham, who had been studying the short but pregnant document. "This may not be the last will; yours may be later. If so, I think—Oh, dear, I'm so confused—"

At this moment, Nora, who had gone to the window, saw Mr. Horton coming up the drive.

"Here is Mr. Horton," she said. "We will go down and tell him."

She took the will from Mrs. Feltham and went away downstairs.

"What's this about a fire?" began Horton. But Nora did not reply, and led the way into the den.

"Here it is—or was," said Nora, quietly. "But it is all over, and not much harm has been done. But I

who witnessed them. They remembered signing twice."

He went towards the bell, but Nora held up her hand and checked him.

"It does not matter," she said decidedly. "I do not care which was signed last. The estate is Mr. John Chalfont's; I do not mean to hold it from him. I intend to surrender it."

"One moment! Listen to me, Miss Norton," said Horton, frowning. "You really must not act rashly, do anything on the impulse of the moment. I cannot allow you. I am your solicitor, you must remember. It is my duty to protect your interests."

"Thank you very much," said Nora. "But what about Jack—Mr. Chalfont?"

"Mr. Chalfont must protect his own interests," responded Mr. Horton curtly, his lips straight. "It is my duty to protect yours. Another thing; you must remember that Mr. Chalfont made a will in your favour because he was under a great debt, some obligation the nature of which we do not know."

He from mere quixotic motives. If your will were signed last, you have every right, legal, and moral, to benefit by it and remain in possession of the estate. I beg you to receive this as the opinion not only of a lawyer, but, if I may say so, an honest and upright man. In a word, I cannot permit you to rob yourself of that which really belongs to you for the sake of gratifying some absurd—absurd and romantic—I beg your pardon—some sentimental, self-sacrificing impulse. Permit me to ring the bell, Miss Norton, and examine the servants who witnessed the will."

Thomson and James were sent for and came in.

"Are those your signatures?" demanded Mr. Horton.

Both men declared that the signatures were theirs.

"Now look again, very carefully, and think before answering my question. You, Thomson, can you tell me whether this paper was the one signed before or after the other?"

Thomson, with his face about six inches above the will, spoke his head doubtfully.

"I think it was the last, sir. I seem to remember that it was a darker colour, stiffer and thicker like, than the other; but it was lamp-light, and not a good light at that, and 'tis difficult for me to swear."

"Good," said Mr. Horton. "Now you, James; look at it carefully. Take your time, and tell me exactly what you think."

James examined the will nervously, then looked up with an expression of decision, and said:

"This is the last paper I wrote my name to, sir."

"How do you know?" demanded Mr. Horton sharply.

"Because of the little blot there," replied James, pointing a stubby finger to a small smudge of ink.

"There was a hair or something in the pen, and it made that mark as I was beginning to write. I remember wiping the pen on my sleeve, and Mr. Chalfont saying, chaffingly, with that pleasant smile of his, 'That's my coat you're spilling, James.'"

"Why didn't you tell me this when I asked you some months ago?" said Mr. Horton angrily. "Thank you; you may go," he added in a dry voice.

There was silence for a moment or two, then Nora laughed softly, and drew her shoulders back as if she were throwing off a burden.

"Are you satisfied?" she said. "Oh, come, Mr. Horton, you know that the money is Mr. Chalfont's, and not mine."

"I reserve my opinion," said Mr. Horton stubbornly. "You say you found this will behind the safe; you suggest that it slipped down from the top; or do you say that Mr. Chalfont, wishing to conceal it, thrust it behind the safe? That is not likely."

(To be continued.)



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Vision, for a moment, those far off ports beyond the trackless seas—
From Arctic ice, to the torrid land beneath the Southern Cross—
From towns tucked in the mountains, to the busy river's mouth—
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The Flavour Lasts!

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H.P. SAUCE

is British absolutely
Is made in England—
every drop,
but used
all over the
world.

Of all Sires.

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(To be continued.)

Tunics which droop in points at the side are very graceful.

Transparent material panels a heavy dress with much effect.

Many coat vests are merely rich pieces of Chinese embroidery.

Solid embroidery is very appropriate for frocks of tricolette.

A striking sort is of black tulle faced with metal tissue.

Fashion Plates.



Comprising Coat Pattern 2556, and Skirt Pattern 2442. This will make a splendid suit in Jersey cloth, gabardine broadcloth, serge, satin, velvet or corduroy. For separate skirt and coat one could have plaid or check suiting for the skirt, and serge for the coat. The collar of satin or velvet or of the material of the skirt. The pockets are a new feature. The vest of the coat may be omitted. The Coat Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires 4 1/2 yards of 40-inch material for a 38-inch size. The Skirt is cut in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 24 will require 2 1/2 yards of 44-inch material. The skirt measures about 1 1/2 yard at the foot.

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

A SMART DRESS FOR MANY OCCASIONS.



2535—Black satin was employed for this design with self-covered buttons for decoration on the peplum. One could have a touch of color in binding or piping, on the free edges of the dress. The skirt is mounted on a body lining. The peplum waist is finished separately. This is nice for serge with matched silk or satin, in some pretty contrasting shade. Jersey cloth, suiting, gabardine and velveteen are also suitable.

The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 requires 5 1/2 yards of 40-inch material. The skirt measures about 1 1/2 yard at the foot.

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

Beaver is used for collar and belt of a tan velour coat.

Pockets are shirred at the top so as to appear very full.

Dark tailored dresses are relieved by colored silk piping.

MINARD'S LINIMENT RELIEVES NEURALGIA.

FURNITURE!

There is no need for us to go into detailed description with regard to the quality or quantity of Furniture we stock, it is already well known all over the Island.

Here we announce the opening of new shipments. We are ready to furnish your Bedrooms, Dressing-rooms, Bathrooms, Dining-room, Drawing-room, Den, Library, Living-room, Halls and Kitchen with everything necessary to make your home absolutely perfect in every detail.

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**Parcel Post for
Mild Expeditionary Forces!**

The attention of the public is drawn to the very urgent necessity of strictly observing the regulations published by this Department from time to time concerning the despatch of parcels to members of the Regiment overseas and the following particulars should be strictly observed:

- (1) Parcels must not exceed eleven pounds.
 - (2) Parcels should be addressed with the Regimental number, rank, name and surname of addressee, followed by the last known address of the Unit with which the individual was serving; for example:
No. 0978 Cpl. John J. Kent,
2nd Battalion
The Royal Newfoundland Regt.,
Hazeley Down Camp,
Winchester,
Hant's Camp,
England.
 - (3) Parcels should bear the name and address of a second addressee to whom the parcel may be delivered or forwarded, if it should prove impossible to deliver to the first. The Original address should be written on the FRONT of the parcel where the postage stamps and customs declaration are affixed, and the second or alternative address should be written on the BACK of the parcel.
 - (4) If second address is not furnished at the time of posting and delivery cannot be effected, the contents of the parcel, unless of exceptional value or of a personal nature, will be turned over to the Military Authorities for distribution.
 - (5) Parcels containing articles of personal nature or of special value will be returned if request for their return, in case of non-delivery, is made by the sender, such request to be written on the cover of the parcel at the time of posting.
 - (6) The procedure outlined in (4) and (5) is adopted at the suggestion of the British Post Office, to prevent the waste of a large quantity of perishable food stuffs which form the contents of 90 per cent. of parcels sent to soldiers.
 - (7) Parcels should be packed securely.
 - (8) Attention is drawn to the Notice concerning Christmas parcels recently published by the Postmaster General. All Christmas mail for B. E. F. should be posted in time to arrive at the Pay and Record Office, London, not later than the end of November.
- J. R. BENNETT,
Minister of Munitions.
- oct29,eod,tf

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Get a supply of our

Reliable Rubbers and Gaiters

and avoid wet or cold feet. We carry a full line of Men's, women's and Children, and are offering them at our usual prices.

WILLIAM FREW, Water St.

Forty Years in the Public Service--The Evening Telegram

Has Kais Deprived

New Austrian Note Plight--Great Suffering--33,000 Prisoners

WAR REVIEW.

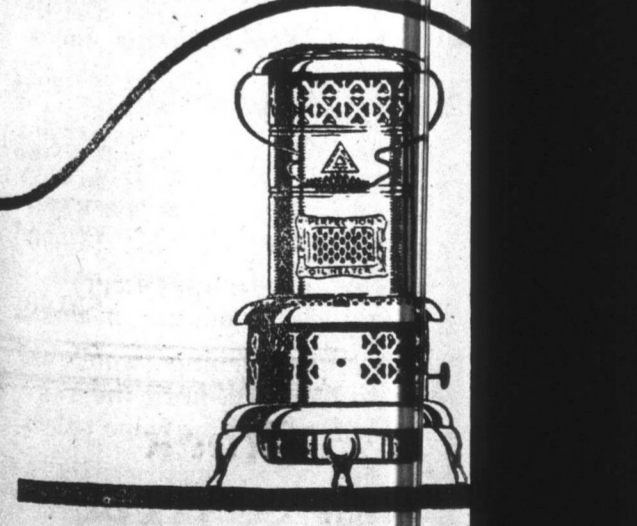
Over a front of some sixty miles from the Brenta River in the Northern Italy to the vicinity of the Adriatic Sea the Austro-Hungarians are being violently attacked by Italian, British, French and American troops. In the mountain region the enemy is resisting desperately and holding his ground fairly well, but east of the Piave River he is in flight across the plains of Treviso shaping his course over the same territory through which he drove the Italians a year ago and reached the eastern edge of the plains of Venetia. Already numerous towns have been liberated, 33,000 prisoners have been taken and large numbers of guns and machine guns and huge quantities of stores have fallen into the hands of the Allied troops. Far behind the lines Allied aviators are heavily bombarding enemy columns in dense masses which are in retreat over the badly congested roads leading eastward toward the Austrian frontier. Judging the situation from the rapid advance the Allies are making it would appear that the entire enemy front has broken east of the Piave, and that with the cavalry operating far in advance of foot troops the enemy forces will be unable to reform their battle line until the Austrian border is reached. It is not unlikely that many of the Austro-Hungarians are doomed to capture or extermination by the Allies. On the Western front in France and Belgium there has been a marked diminution in the intensity of the infantry activity. Along the British line there have been only patrol encounters and reciprocal bombardments.

AUSTRIAN RETREAT.

AT ITALIAN HEADQUARTERS ON THE PIAVE, Oct. 29.—Austrian forces are retreating under ever increasing pressure, and it is felt that the attack against the enemy will become overwhelming as soon as the entire Allied force can enter the action. With three successive days of fine weather an extremely large body of troops with supplies have crossed the Piave. It is expected that the Austrian munition supply will give out. There are indications that the enemy's heavy artillery is being withdrawn in an effort to save the big guns.

ALLIES' BIG BAG.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 30.—Thirty-three thousand Austrian troops, hundreds of guns and innumerable machine guns have been captured by Italians and Allied forces on the Italian front, said an official despatch to-day from Rome. The 32nd American Infantry Regiment has gone into action and the fighting now extends practically all along the course of the Piave River. The Aus-



PERFECTION OIL HEATER

Nov. 2 to Nov. 9

Dealers in Newfoundland have arranged demonstrations of Perfection Oil Heaters Saturday.

Stop at one of the many stores where Perfection display windows and get better acquainted with the handy, home-heating device that burns kerosene and gets all the heat from every drop.

Ask your dealer about Perfection Oil Heater economy. Have him light a Perfection Oil Heater instantly heats up and see how handsome and well-worked.

The cold days will soon be here. Make "Comfort assurance" by ordering your Perfection heater.

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SAVE THE OTHERS' COAL