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The WELL man is invariably the LIKABLE, SUCCESSFUL fellow. He works without a handicap. The sick man makes enemies, rather than friends—doesn't even get along well with HIMSELF.

A glass of ABBEY'S each morning will do a great deal to KEEP YOU WELL. Its gentle, refreshing, beneficial action cleanses and invigorates the whole digestive and eliminative tract. Gives you health, and keeps you "FIT."

To-day is not a day too soon to start.

Physicians and Druggists have recommended it for years in all cases of Headaches, Indigestion, Biliaryness, Constipation, Neuralgia and Rheumatism.

## The Lost Will; OR, LOVE TRIUMPHS AT LAST!

### CHAPTER III.

"The doctor and a nurse came down," said Norton in a dull voice, "and you was born. But though I tried to keep my trouble from her, your mother got it out of me, and I think it was too much for her." His voice broke, and he cleared his throat. "You see, I was well-nigh broke up, and I must have showed it. It wasn't the loss of the swag so much as the fact that my partner, the man I'd treated like a pal, had gone back on me and robbed me. Why, we worked together, ate together, sat and smoked together for weeks and months; and I'd got to trust him and to fond of him, after the way men get to like each other when they're alone and working together. It seemed as if something had turned everything black and sour for me. I held up as well as I could till your mother died; then I was took bad. They said I was raving for a fortnight. When I come to, the gulch was thronged with diggers; for, of course, the news had spread, and they'd come down like locusts. But it warn't no use; it seemed as if that devil had taken the luck with him. I never got pay dirt out of my claim after he left, and soon the diggers, cursing the place as a fraud, up and left. I stayed on alone."

There was a pause; the tears were running down Nora's cheeks; she could not utter a word. The picture of the lonely man, bereft of his wife, betrayed by his comrade, alone there in that wild place, with a motherless child to care for, wrung her heart with pity, with a just anger.

"One day, while I was sitting on the edge of the claim, with you on my

knee, a sheriff with a body of Vigilantes came riding down the valley. They were after Bradshaw. He hadn't got that hunted look for nothing. It 'peared that, when he joined me, he was flying from justice. They told me the story; it was robbery and shooting, and he'd killed his man. They gave me a paper describing him. I've got it here."

He took out from the wrapper a worn but tenderly-cared-for paper, the paper he had been brooding over earlier in the evening.

"Here it is, all set down; everything; height, breadth, colour of his hair and eyes, and the rest of it. And, mind you! though he might disguise himself, there was one thing they'd always be able to tell him by, the mark of a red-hot poker on his left forearm; they'd branded him at some camp back away. I—of the sheriff to give me the paper, though I said I couldn't help them to find him; I didn't even tell them that he'd gone off with the gold. I think they thought I was lunny, for I could tell them nothing; and all the while I was listening to them I was thinking of how I'd go in search of him and what I'd do when I found him."

He paused and relit his pipe, which had been out for some time; his hand was quite steady now, a baleful light was gleaming in his hollow eyes.

"I up stakes next morning and started with you in my arms. Thank Heaven, I'd got you, or I think I should have gone real lunny!"

Nora stretched out her hand and laid it on his knee; she had wiped the tears from her face, but could not command her voice yet.

"He seemed to have taken the luck with him all through; perhaps he'd killed the prospector's instinct in me. I never came across gold again. I dragged my way from camp to camp, working at anything just for a tin of milk for you and a crust of bread for me; and wherever I went, my first thought was for him. In a cunning, cautious way, I made inquiries everywhere; but I never heard of him. At

Swallow Camp they'd found the horse and cart in a dry gulch; but the man had disappeared. I went to Melbourne and got work in a stable; and all the time I hung about the big hotels and swell restaurants watching for my man; 'cause you see, he was rich now, and when one of us diggers has got his pile, he likes to spend it—it's natural. One day I come across his tracks; a shipping clerk I made friends with on purpose told me that a man like what I described to him had left by ship for England. He was quite certain about him, and remembered the kind of hunted look and the trick he'd got of looking sideways. The shipping clerk gave me the name of the vessel; she was bound for the Port of London, and I made up my mind to cross and follow him. It was hard times for us while I was scraping together, coin by coin, and money enough for the passage and to give us a start here. I worked late at night and I got ill; it was then I got this cough and weakness of the chest."

Nora rose and drew his head to her bosom. He suffered the caress, but was too absorbed to respond; he seemed to have forgotten her presence.

"They said I was going to die; but I knew better. I knew I shouldn't die till I'd run him down and stood face to face with him; and I fought hard for life. When I got enough money together we started. Nora, when I see this big place and thought of the millions of people in it, and how impossible it seemed to get my man—well, it's that as has made me so bad. There's been times when I've been inclined to chuck up the sponge; thinking it better you should be alone without a sick man dragging on you."

"Father! father!" she exclaimed. "But somehow I'd always got a kind of feeling, a presentiment, as they call it, that I should run him down." He paused and stretched out his arms. "And I've done it; I've done it to-night!"

There was so terrible a light in his eyes, something so malignant in the thin lips drawn on the clenched teeth, that Nora shrank back for an instant.

"Father! father!" she pleaded again. "You'll make yourself ill."

"I've found him to-night," he said, with an unnatural calmness. "I knew his figure the moment my eyes rested on it; but when he turned his face—his cursed face!—with that smile in his eyes, as if he'd bought the world, I was sure. This great Mr. Chalfont, in his store clothes, with the diamond in his shirt-front, as we say coming out of that swell hotel, going to his grand motor-car, is Bradshaw, the murderer, the thief, the man who robbed me—and killed your mother!"

He stopped suddenly, his head dropped, and his hands gripped his knees. Nora went back to her chair and bent forward, her elbows on her knees, her hands covering her face. There was silence. Presently she looked up, and asked, in a voice so low as to be almost inaudible:

"What are you going to do, father?"

"I dunno; I dunno," he replied, knitting his brows. "I'd got my plan all ready; all along I've mapped out what I was going to do when I found him. If it was in some lonely place, where me and him was together, by ourselves, I meant to shoot him like a dog. If it was in a town, like this London, I'd thought as how I'd spring at his throat, and tell him, with my face close to his, that I was going to leave a hold until the police had got him."

Nora shuddered.

"But now," Norton went on slowly, and scratching the back of his rough hand, "while I was standing there a-looking at him—he paused a moment—"it seemed to me that, if I was to do that, I'd be playing the fool. He'd hang right enough; for I've got the papers which describe him, and it's different nowadays from what it was in the rough old times. Then, a man could shoot his man, do the things Bradshaw had done, and get clear off; but what with the telegraph and the detectives, and the law generally, they can rake up a man's past, and make him pay."

He paused and bit at his lips.

"Make him pay! That's what I want to do." He looked up with sudden fury. "Look at you and me—oh, well, I don't matter. My time's short. But look at you, a young girl, starting in life, poor, half-fed, in them clothes; and think of him rich and well-fed; a great man, a great man!" He laughed a horrid laugh. "I want to change things round; and—and I don't see

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quite how to do it." There was something grimly pathetic in the admission of weakness. "I must think I must go over it all. Strangely enough, the sudden meeting with him, the sight of him, though I've been looking forward to it all these years, has upset me, put my brain awlirl. I must think."

He rose slowly, painfully, clasping his brow with his hands, and looked about him in a confused fashion. Nora went up to him and laid her hand on his shoulder tenderly.

"You must go to bed, father," she said, trying to keep her voice steady. "You want rest, you must have it. Don't try to think till to-morrow; try to forget this dreadful, horrible business and get to sleep."

"Yes, yes," he said, pulling himself together. "That's what I want, to sleep on it, for I'm all muddled to-night. I shall see my way clearer to-morrow."

Nora led him to the door of the adjoining room. Here he paused, and, looking straight before him, began to laugh hideously; then he checked himself, and with a muttered, "I've got him! I've got him!" he went into his own room.

(To be Continued.)

If bread moulds in the breadbox it is probably because there is not sufficient ventilation in the box. A strip of chamolis skin wound around the head under the bedding cap will save the hair from wetting.

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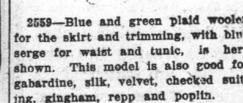


2559—Blue and green plaid woolen for the skirt and trimming, with blue serge for waist and tunic, is here shown. This model is also good for gabardine, silk, velvet, checked suiting, gingham, repp and poplin.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 requires 5 yards of 36-inch material.

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

A COMFORTABLE SUIT FOR THE LITTLE BOY.



2330—For this model, the blouse could be of drill, madras, linen or flannel, and the trousers of serge, chevrot, or of wash fabrics. The suspender portions are a new feature. They could be omitted.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. Size 4 requires 1 1/2 yard of 44-inch material for the waist and 2 1/2 yards for the trousers.

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- COLOURED MERCERISED POPLINS at 65c. and 85c. yard and upwards.
- SHEPHERD CHECKS from 40c. yard.
- FANCY COTTON AND CHEAPER WOOL TWEEDS.

## HENRY BLAIR.

## The proper care of wet shoes

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## Serbian T Route Bu

And British Inflic ties on the West 000 Huns Made F est British Advan

WAR REVIEW.

Thursday saw both the British and French armies in Picardy materially develop their plans for the eventual enveloping of St. Quentin and Cambrai. The British made further gains round Gouzeaucourt and east of Epehy, while the French striking southeast of St. Quentin brought the southern part of their nipper into a still better position for the squeeze against the town which daily seem to be growing nearer. More than 10,000 prisoners and in excess of sixty large guns fell into the hands of the British during the big operation begun by Field Marshal Haig, Wednesday, northwest of St. Quentin. In addition extremely heavy casualties were inflicted on the Germans in the frontal attacks and during violent counter attacks made by them in an endeavour to recoup their losses of ground. So badly was the enemy hammered during this fighting that he did not attempt on Thursday to stir from his trenches, except near Epehy and Gouzeaucourt, and to give listless battle on isolated sectors to the south. North east of Soissons the Germans are counter attacking viciously against the Allied forces holding strategic positions, which are threatening the high ground along the Chemin des Dames which the enemy hopes to save as a temporary haven of refuge in the event of a forced retirement from the west and the south. Notwithstanding the strength of the onslaught the French everywhere repulsed the enemy. Likewise south of the Aisne in the region of Courland the Germans endeavoured to beat back the French, and again met with defeat the French artillery cutting the attacking waves to pieces. On the Lorraine front there has been considerable mutual artillery shelling, but no big infantry engagements. A Serb raid attempted by the Germans against General Pershing's men north west of Pont au Mousson came to naught. In the Macedonian theatre the Bulgars are still in full flight before the Serbians who have recaptured numerous towns taking large numbers of prisoners and great quantities of war stores. Following the mo

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