

**GILLETT'S LYE**  
CLEANS-DISINFECTS-USED FOR SOFTENING WATER-FOR MAKING HARD AND SOFT SOAP-FULL DIRECTIONS WITH EACH CAN.

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

CHAPTER I  
He stopped suddenly, his heavy brows came together, his teeth clenched, and his mouth looked like a trap. Then suddenly he shook his head, his face cleared, and he added, in a more conventional manner:

"Well, I suppose you feel something like I felt then. Life's a surprise packet for most of us," he added, chawdly. "The thing is not to be knocked over by your luck, but to take it as it comes and use it for all it's worth—to get more."

As they walked through the park, which was an astonishingly beautiful one, considering its proximity to London, Jack felt it incumbent upon him—but perhaps Mr. Chalfont was leaving him out—to give some account of himself.

"I'm the son of a younger son, you see, sir," he said. "It's about the worst thing a man could be, because it is hampered by—well, his position."

"Lemme see," said Mr. Chalfont, as if he were recalling his remembrance, though he knew well enough. "Your father was the third son of Lord Camerford, and your uncle is the present earl?"

"That's right," said Jack. "My poor father was always hard up, and when he died there was just enough left to start me in the law game. A poor and chancy game as you said. If I had had the luck to have been the son of a croaker, I should have gone into the grocery business, married the proprietor's daughter, and been snug and comfortable for life. Perhaps it could have been better if I'd gone out to the Colonies—fruit-farming, ranching—"

Mr. Chalfont eyed sideways the superbly-built, athletic figure, thin and lithe, with the grace and strength of a greyhound—the figure which Oxford and the athletic clubs turn out, thank Heaven! so numerously—and nodded assentingly.

"Yes, I dare say you'd have done very well out there," he said; "but in a sense, you'd have been chucking yourself away. I've seen your sort out there; you do well enough, but most of you are too fine for the job. It's the horny-handed son of toil that's wanted; a man that won't stand at trifles, and will get what he wants if he has to walk over the dead body of the man between—"

He stopped suddenly, as he had stopped before, and his face grew hard. Then he went on:

"Oh, well, you're here now, and, if I'm not mistaken, this job will suit you; for, look here, I'd like you to understand that I don't want to be a drag on you; I'm giving you a free hand. What I want is a pal who'll just give an eye to me now and again, and keep me booked up in the things I'm short of. Now, for instance, there's that wood; oughtn't some of those trees to come down?"

"They ought," replied Jack. "They want thinning out."  
"Then have them felled out," said Mr. Chalfont, in a matter-of-fact way; "and if there's anything about the place you see wants doing or altering, have it done or alter it. And don't worry about the expense," he added. "I'll foot any bill you like to run up, however large it is. Why, I tell you—Jack, I don't know what to do with the money; it breeds and accumulates like—like rabbits, and it rolls in like a—like a wave. Now let's get back."

As they were returning through the wood, talking in the same strain, Jim pulled up short and backed warningly, and a woodman came suddenly upon them from a side-path. Mr. Chalfont stopped as if startled, and his hand went behind him with the gesture of a man reaching for a weapon. The woodman touched his hat. Mr. Chalfont growled a gruff response, and his manner changed back to its usual one so quickly that Jack could almost have believed that he had imagined the sudden start, and look of fear and caution, the movement of the hand towards a possible weapon.

CHAPTER II  
ABOUT a month after this sudden change in Jack Chalfont's fortunes a man was crouching over a small fire—though it was early summer—in a mean little room in the poorest part of Lambeth. The window was so small and dirty that, though it was only just twilight outside, the room was nearly dark, and the man sat conning a stained and tattered paper, which he held in his hand, by the light of a cheap candle. He was not an old man, though his figure was worn and bent, his face pallid and heavily lined; he was poorly clad, and something about his figure and his clothes gave him the appearance of a dock labourer, a ship hand, or a Colonial down on his luck. As he pored over the paper he mumbled some of the words half articulately, and every now and then he raised his eyes and stared straight before him with so

ferocious, so malignant, and yet with so pitiable an expression of impotence to gratify that malignity, that his commonplace countenance was transformed with the dignity of despair.

He was so absorbed in the reflection aroused by the paper that he was studying that he did not hear a knock at the door until it had been repeated twice; then he stumbled across the room and, opening the door, admitted a young girl. To an imaginative mind her presence would have seemed suddenly to transmute that mean and dingy room in a London rookery to a paradise. For she was the personification of fresh, untainted beauty and youthful grace, beauty and grace which were accentuated by the sombre hue of her attire—the poor are wise to choose black; it makes their poverty less conspicuous and lasts longer than sayer colours—and by that air of reserve, of patience, with which the young endeavourer to conceal the fact of that same poverty.

She was very slight, her face was almost colourless, but not of an unhealthy pallor, rather of the hue of ivory that has been lying hidden for years. Her hair was dark, but not of a dense black, and her eyes—it is difficult to describe her eyes, for they were of that indeterminate grey which changes with every passing mood; eyes that were capable of expressing intense tenderness and a passionate love, of anger, pride; but at the present moment they were pensive and thoughtful, and they wore a faint smile of encouragement as she opened a worn purse and took out three sovereigns and a few shillings.

"It is all I can get, father," she said, as the man snatched up the money and, with an expression of dissatisfaction, counted it. "It was very old-fashioned, they said, and they hoped I should redeem it. Besides, jockets aren't worn now—at least in London."

"It's not half what it's worth," he said, in the hoarse voice of a man with a weak chest and a broken constitution. "It's made out of pretty near pure gold—the first nugget I came across. I had it made for your mother; it's worth more than that to melt down. Oh, he needn't be afraid; we'll redeem it right enough. Did you bring anything to eat? No? Not that I'm hungry—a drink's all I want—I'm thinking of you."

"I'm all right, father," she said, in a low but peculiarly clear voice; not the thick or shrill husky one of London, but the voice that had found its first note in a cleaner, finer air. "I've got some tea and some ham for you. You like ham, and it may tempt you. I got quite a lot of things for the money. Everything's so cheap here in London after Melbourne. It's a fine place, father."

He peered blinking round the room, with a bitter smile.  
"Fine, you call it, do you?" he said. "Yes, I suppose it's fine enough for them that have got the coin. But it's a pretty poor place for us who haven't."

"Perhaps we'd better have stayed where we were," she said; not complainingly, but rather to herself. "I was getting together a few pupils—"  
He resumed his seat at the fire, and he looked at her over his shoulder with that same air of exasperation which had been on his face when he had been reading the paper, that was now replaced carefully in his pocket.

"Teaching brats who weren't worthy to clean your boots, and at starvation wages," he said. "But it wasn't that that drove me over here—yes, drove me. I came to London to look for something, and I mean to find it—that is, if we don't starve and rot and die meanwhile."

She was accustomed to his moods, and knew the best way of dealing with this one was to be silent. She put aside her hat and jacket and set the tea, and presently she laid her hand on his bent shoulder and, still in

silence, coaxed him to the table.  
"I think I might get some pupils here in London, you know, father," she said. "There seems to be so many children, young girls, running about the streets. They would all like to be able to play the piano, I'm sure. I spoke about it to the grocer's wife, and she said she would put a card in the window for me. I would have to go to the girls' houses, of course, for we have no piano."

"Piano!" he said, with a kind of snarl which became a cough, as his sunken eyes swept vaguely round the almost empty room. "No, we've no piano or anything else, while others—I don't mention any names, Nora—are living in palaces. We should have been living in one ourselves, maybe, if we hadn't been robbed—yes, robbed by a mean, black-hearted—"

It was not the first time by many that she had heard him inveigh against the nameless some one who had robbed, injured him. His fierce alienation had become almost a formula, and had ceased to arouse her interest or curiosity.

"Go on with your tea, father, dear," said Nora. "Don't let us brood over the past. After all, things might be worse. You're all the better for the change; the voyage has done you good, and, though you're not well enough to work, I am strong and well enough to do so. We shall get on all right. I have great faith in this idea of mine—about the lessons. I mean—and I've bought a piece of cardboard and am going to write out a plain notice for the grocer to put in his window. This amount of money I've got for the locket will last quite a long time, until I've earned some. Is your chest better to-night, father?"

"Oh? Oh, ah, yes," he said, apathetically. He ate a little of the food with a kind of sullen reluctance, turned to the fire again, and lighting a short clay pipe, closely resembling those reposing on the mantelshelf of Mr. Chalfont, the millionaire, smoked in moody silence. His heavy brows working, the gnarled, wasted hands at his side clenched and unclenched, as if the subject over which he was brooding were a bitter one.

Nora cleared away the tea-things and began on her card. In the narrow street outside a piano-organ was playing, children were dancing to the tune that was thumped out with a remorseless insistence on every note, and their shrill voices and shriller laughter penetrated the silence of the little room in which the girl, in all her fresh young beauty, looked so out of place.

(To be Continued.)

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Forty Years in the Public Service—The Evening Telegram

**United Turns**

**WAR REVIEW.**  
The United States has turned back on the Austro-Hungarian proposals. Secretary Lansing, by authorization of President Wilson, announced that the United States "can and will entertain no proposal for conference upon a matter concerning which it has made its position and purpose so plain." The British Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Lord Balfour, had also stated, though unofficially, that he was utterly unable to see that such a conference as proposed by Austria could have any effect, adding that it is incredible that anything can come of this proposal. While the German newspapers comment on the proposal, though Germany had no part in the Vienna newspapers declare emphatically that all of Austria's attention, though the action itself was Austria-Hungary's own. Meanwhile in the various theatres of the war fighting is going on steadily and added impetus in Macedonia, where the reconstituted Serbian army, operating with French forces, has stormed three strongly fortified Bulgarian positions and occupied Vetrnik, Dobropolje and Sokak, considered the most important part of the Macedonian front. French troops in their advance towards the Chemin-des-Dames have gained two-thirds of a mile on two and a half mile front to the north east and west of Nancy, where they captured an additional 600 prisoners American and German patrols are doing the major part of the work on the Lorraine front, but there are reports of a possible great attack by one side or the other. In the Vosges in the mountainous territory the artillery has developed intensely, and hostile airplanes have been unusually active. All reports indicate a marked increase in the work of the airplanes along all the fronts. The German who quite recently appeared to lack adequate air forces have now seen augmented forces into the air and there have been numerous engagements. As an illustration of the severity of the fighting the British airmen on Sunday accounted for 37 German planes, while they themselves reported sixteen missing. While the Czech-Slovaks have been courageously and successfully carrying on war against the Bolshevik organization of a Polish division under Polish officers, to wage the fight in Siberia westward to their Fatherland, as integral units in the American army. It is estimated that 100,000 trained men can be made available at once in the regions of Harbin, Nokolak and Vladivostok.

**NOT VERY ENCOURAGING.**  
AMSTERDAM, Sept. 16.  
The peace initiatives should have been left to the Entente Allies, according to the Tages Zeitung of Berlin which comments on the Austrian peace note that the fate of all previous announcements to readiness for peace and a conciliatory spirit on the part of the Central Powers, does not encourage great hopes that this offer will

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