



The Lost Will; OR, LOVE TRIUMPHS AT LAST!

CHAPTER VI.

She seemed to be scarcely listening to him, her eyes were fixed searchingly on the road before her, her brows drawn together. Jack glanced at her, and something more than the actual beauty of the face impressed him strangely, deeply. Who was she, what was her history? For history she had, Jack, though by no means skilled in induction, was certain.

"I do not see any one," she said, after they had been walking for some little time. "I don't think my father could have gone so far; he must have turned off somewhere."

"He could not have turned off anywhere excepting at the gate," said Jack.

"I may have missed him; let us retrace our steps," she said, hurriedly, nervously. "He may have gone back to the village station."

They turned and, as they did so, Jim gave the little bark which indicated that he had heard something, and a moment or two afterwards they saw a man coming out of the gateway. He was walking unsteadily, feebly; his head was bent and his hands were clutching at the breast of his coat, as if he were trying to keep it together. Nora uttered a faint cry.

"That is my father. Oh, let us hurry!" she exclaimed in a low voice, and she began to run.

Jim got ahead of them, and ran at the bent, frail figure. Nora caught him up and laid her hand upon his arm, calling to him. He started and turned his face to her; and for a moment there was no recognition in his eyes; then he knew her, and muttering, "Nora, what are you doing here, what do you want?" he shook himself feebly from her grasp and went on, his lips moving, his hand clutching at his breast.

Nora looked over her shoulder appealingly, beseechingly, at Jack.

"He is very ill," she said in a low voice. "I don't think he scarcely knows. What shall I do? I must get him home."

"It is not far to the station," said Jack; he looked at his watch. "We shall just catch a train. But if you would like to come back to the house and wait while I get the car, I will take you up to London—if it's London you're going to; or you can remain until he is better—all night if you like."

"No, no," she said timidly. "Thank you very much; you are very kind, very good and kind. I am very grateful. But we will catch the train."

Jack nodded. They walked on either side of Norton, who appeared to be unconscious of their presence and continued to mutter to himself, his eyebrows jerking, his lips twitching. They had got to the end of the road that ran through the park, and were still some way from the station, when Norton stopped suddenly, and looking into vacancy muttered:

"Mustn't carry them about; too valuable—my word, yes!—might lose 'em. Give 'em to Nora? No; too valuable to trust to a woman. A girl; he'd get 'em away from her; too risky, too risky. I want a lawyer; a straight lawyer."

Nora glanced at Jack pitiously.

"His mind is wandering," she said.

"Oh, I dreaded this, I dreaded this! Father, you know who I am; I am Nora; I am here. This gentleman and I are taking care of you."

"Taking care," he muttered eagerly. "That's it. I want somebody to take care of me." With a cunning air of affected simplicity, he looked at Jack. "Happen to know a lawyer, a good, straight one, mister?" he inquired, the words broken by a cough.

"I'm a lawyer myself," said Jack, somewhat bewildered by this strange incident in his commonplace life.

"Oh, you are!" said Norton, with an air of partial relief. "But are you one of the straight 'uns; are you a man to be trusted?"

"I hope so," said Jack, quite gravely and without a smile. "At any rate, you can tell me anything; for instance, you can tell me what's worrying you."

"Nothing is worrying me," retorted Norton irritably. "I'm all right—now. So's Nora. What I want is some one I can trust with some valuable property; something I'm afeared to carry about with me, in case I should lose it. You understand me, don't you?"

He asked, catching hold of the lapel of Jack's coat, while with the other hand he still held his own tightly across his breast.

Jack and Nora exchanged a swift glance; there was a poignant anxiety in hers, sympathy and encouragement in his; it was as if his glance said, "Humour him; you can trust me fully."

"That's all right," he said to Norton, soothingly, and in a tone which seemed to inspire the man with confidence. "I'll take care of anything you may entrust to me."

"Right-o," said Norton. "Here you are, then. Catch hold!"

He looked round him cautiously, drew Jack aside with him; then, taking the envelope containing the bundle of notes and the will from his pocket, he pressed it into Jack's hand with a mixture of eagerness and reluctance.

"Put 'em away in your pocket," he said. "Button up your coat, like I did. There're valuable—I bet you'd never guess what they're worth. Here!" he broke off suddenly, with suspicion in his eyes. "I don't know your name; I don't know where your office is—"

He drew his hand across his brow and looked round him vaguely; it was evident that he thought himself in a lawyer's office.

"That's all right," said Jack. "My name's John Chalfont." He was about to give Chertson Hall as the address.

"Put 'em away in your pocket," he said. "Button up your coat, like I did. There're valuable—I bet you'd never guess what they're worth. Here!" he broke off suddenly, with suspicion in his eyes. "I don't know your name; I don't know where your office is—"

He drew his hand across his brow and looked round him vaguely; it was evident that he thought himself in a lawyer's office.

"That's all right," said Jack. "My name's John Chalfont." He was about to give Chertson Hall as the address.

"Put 'em away in your pocket," he said. "Button up your coat, like I did. There're valuable—I bet you'd never guess what they're worth. Here!" he broke off suddenly, with suspicion in his eyes. "I don't know your name; I don't know where your office is—"

He drew his hand across his brow and looked round him vaguely; it was evident that he thought himself in a lawyer's office.

"That's all right," said Jack. "My name's John Chalfont." He was about to give Chertson Hall as the address.

"Put 'em away in your pocket," he said. "Button up your coat, like I did. There're valuable—I bet you'd never guess what they're worth. Here!" he broke off suddenly, with suspicion in his eyes. "I don't know your name; I don't know where your office is—"

He drew his hand across his brow and looked round him vaguely; it was evident that he thought himself in a lawyer's office.

"That's all right," said Jack. "My name's John Chalfont." He was about to give Chertson Hall as the address.

"Put 'em away in your pocket," he said. "Button up your coat, like I did. There're valuable—I bet you'd never guess what they're worth. Here!" he broke off suddenly, with suspicion in his eyes. "I don't know your name; I don't know where your office is—"

He drew his hand across his brow and looked round him vaguely; it was evident that he thought himself in a lawyer's office.

"That's all right," said Jack. "My name's John Chalfont." He was about to give Chertson Hall as the address.

"Put 'em away in your pocket," he said. "Button up your coat, like I did. There're valuable—I bet you'd never guess what they're worth. Here!" he broke off suddenly, with suspicion in his eyes. "I don't know your name; I don't know where your office is—"

He drew his hand across his brow and looked round him vaguely; it was evident that he thought himself in a lawyer's office.

"That's all right," said Jack. "My name's John Chalfont." He was about to give Chertson Hall as the address.

"Put 'em away in your pocket," he said. "Button up your coat, like I did. There're valuable—I bet you'd never guess what they're worth. Here!" he broke off suddenly, with suspicion in his eyes. "I don't know your name; I don't know where your office is—"

The Farmerettes.

Whether from city or country find themselves living under an unusual strain. The unusual work necessitates the use of different muscles and this development demands a good supply of pure, rich blood.

Because it goes directly to the formation of new blood, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is of the greatest assistance in building up new cells and tissues and strengthening the muscles.

dress, but he knew that the man would be more assured with a legal one; so, as Jack still kept on his chambers, he said, "No. 9, Pump Court, Temple."

But it was evident that Norton had not heard him; his mind was straying again. As if he had forgotten all about the precious packet he had committed to Jack's charge, he put his hand in Nora's arm and, with a hollow cough, said:

"Let's get home, Nora; seems to me to be getting cold; I'll give up the search for to-night."

Jack, on the other side of him and ready to offer an arm, walked with him to the station. The train came up as they reached the platform. Still feeling bewildered, and as if the whole affair were a dream, a nightmare, Jack opened the door of a first-class compartment. Nora shook her head; but Jack insisted upon their getting in.

"I'll make it right," he said, and he beckoned to the guard. Then, suddenly, as he closed the door, it flashed upon him that he didn't know who they were, where they lived. Where were his wits wandering?

"Here!" he said quickly. "What an idiot I am! I don't know your name, address." Then, again, the remembrance of the envelope the man had thrust upon him flashed into his mind.

"Take this!" he said quickly. Nora hesitated for a moment; her father had got into a corner of the carriage, had fumbled for his pipe and was lighting it; he appeared to be quite unconscious of their presence.

"No," she said. "He gave it to you; please take care of it."

"But—" stammered Jack. She shook her head again.

"Take care of it, whatever it is; it may be of no value—please," she said hurriedly.

"Well—" said Jack, with a shrug of resignation. "But, quick—your name and address; I don't know where to find you."

"Norton, 16, Bridget Street, Lambeth," she said in a breath.

The guard came up in a leisurely way; it was a slow train, and Jack put half a sovereign in his hand and said:

"My friends have got third-class tickets; take care of them."

Then he went back to the window and held out his hand.

"I'll look you up in the morning," he said quickly, earnestly.

She gave him her hand; he could feel that it was trembling; but she said, in a low voice and calmly enough:

"Yes. Thank you. Oh, but I can never thank you enough."

The train moved on, and as it did so Jack called himself the biggest fool in the world. Why had he not gone with the girl and helped her to take care of the old man? Oh, yes, there wasn't a bigger fool in existence. Full of remorse, he stared after the train. Then he was conscious that he was holding something, and he looked down at the charge which had been committed to him. With something of the feeling of the sleep-walker, he thrust the envelope into his pocket, mechanically buttoning his dress-jacket over it, as he had been charged to do, and left the station, with Jim walking soberly at his heels, as if conscious that something important, something out of the ordinary, had occurred.

Jack was not curious as to the contents of the envelope; the only object of his intense curiosity and interest was the girl; and, as he went up the steps to the house, the thought that he should see her on the morrow struck pleasantly and warmly at his heart.

Poor girl! Was it possible that she had no one to take care of her but that insane, feeble old man? The conjecture should have moved him to pity, and pity only, but he was conscious of a shameful kind of satisfaction; for, if that were so, if she were helpless, she would not be unwilling to accept his aid, to let him be her friend.

As to the bulky envelope, Jack, as he tossed it on to his open desk, guessed that it only played a part in some hallucination of her father's, that his treasure, contained in the envelope, was probably nothing more valuable than scraps of paper.

"Poor girl!" he murmured again, as, yielding almost unconsciously to the spirit with which he had accepted the trust, he put up the lid of the desk and locked it.

CHAPTER VII.

AS he locked the envelope up in his desk, Jack remembered suddenly that the girl and he had seen her father coming through the gate; he must have been coming from the house, had perhaps been paying a visit to one of the servants, or, not improbably, to Mr. Chalfont himself, for all sorts and conditions of men paid visits to the great financier, who had so many irons in the fire.

Jack went downstairs and knocked at the door of the den; there was no answer, and, thinking that Mr. Chalfont had gone to bed, Jack was turning away, when he saw a streak of light under the door. He knocked again, and, receiving no answer, opened the door and went in. Mr. Chalfont was leaning back in his chair, his hands grasping his arms, his head sunk on his breast.

"Are you asleep, sir?" said Jack.

There was no response, and he went up to the figure and laid his hand gently on its shoulder. Even as he touched him Jack knew what had happened; he bent down and looked at the still face for a moment, then sprang to the door and called, in a voice of fear and horror. It seemed as if it were only a moment later that the room was filled with frightened men and women, who exclaimed in terror-stricken accents as they gazed at that motionless figure.

"Mr. Chalfont is ill; telephone for the doctor," commanded Jack, hoarsely.

The butler, who had gone to his master, shook his head as he looked up at Jack.

"It's too late, sir; he's dead."

"Oh, it isn't possible!" cried Jack, fighting against his own conviction.

"He was quite well an hour—a little while ago. Send them out of the room."

(To be Continued.)

Fashion Plates

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Fashion Plates. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

A VERY COMFORTABLE DRESS.



2525—This model will make an ideal play or school dress for warm weather. The bloomers are comfortable and may take the place of petticoats. The sleeve portions of the dress are cut in one with the back and front: Ging-ham, galatea, percale, chambray, seersucker, voile, repp and poplin could be used. The bloomers may be of the same material or of sat-en, linen, repp, or any other serviceable fabric.

The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 requires 3 yards of 36-inch material for the dress, and 1 1/4 yard for the bloomers. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A SMART DRESS FOR HOME WEAR.



2374—This model is nice for ging-ham, linen, seersucker, percale, galathea, serge and silk. The sleeve has a short seam at the back below the elbow, which may be finished for a closing with buttons and button-holes.

The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 6 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. The skirt measures about 2 1/4 yards at the foot.

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

No.
Size
Address in full:—

Name

European Agency.

Wholesale orders promptly executed at lowest cash prices for all British and Continental goods, including:

Books and Stationery, Boots, Shoes and Leather, Chemicals and Druggists' Sundries, China, Earthenware and Glassware, Cycles, Motor Cars and Accessories, Drapery, Millinery and Piece Goods, Sample Cases from \$50 upwards, Fancy Goods and Furnishings, Hardware, Machinery and Metal, Jewellery, Plate and Watches, Photographic and Optical Goods, Provisions and Oilmen's Stores, etc., etc.

Commission 2 1/2% p.c. to 8 p.c. Trade Discounts Allowed. Special Quotations on Demand. Consignments of Produce Sold on Account.

William Wilson & Sons (Established 1814). 28 Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. Cable Address: "Annular, Lon."

Five Reasons Why We Should Fit Your Feet

- 1—Because we know shoes.
- 2—Because our prices are right.
- 3—Because our styles are latest.
- 4—Because our stock is so complete.
- 5—Because we know feet, and can tell you how to gain complete foot comfort while wearing the kind of shoes you want to wear.

There is a **Dr. Scholl's** Application or Remedy for Every Foot Trouble

and we not only carry these in stock but we understand when and where they are needed. We have studied Dr. Scholl's methods and can give you real

Foot Comfort

through the use of his famous corrective devices.

Corns, bunions, enlarged joints, callouses, cramped toes, tender feet, burning feet, perspiring feet, "rheumatic" feet, weakened arches, flat foot, weak ankles and other troubles are given immediate and lasting relief.

Foot Advice Is Free Here

and there's no better place to buy your shoes.

Parker & Monroe, Ltd.,
The Shoe Men.

Gerard's Great Book!

"My Four Years in Germany," by James W. Gerard, American Ambassador to the German Imperial Court.

Every home, every man and woman in this country ought to possess and read this book, because in its pages stand exposed the Prussian menace to American freedom. Cloth binding, 328 pages, 24 illustrations and 20 reproductions of important documents.

Price, \$2.25. Postage 4c.

"Face to Face with Kaiserism", a later book by Jas. W. Gerard, 380 pages, illustrated.

Price, \$2.25. Postage 4c.

S. E. GARLAND, Leading Bookseller, 177-9 WATER STREET.

Choice Dairy BUTTER

Put up in one pound blocks, 25 and 50 pounds to the case.

50c. a Pound. F.O.B.—Antigonish.

This Butter is strictly fresh, it is wrapped in waxed paper and shipped in wax lined cases.

Try a Sample Case or Two.

Chisholm, Sweet & Co., Antigonish, Nova Scotia.

Price may change without notice.

Salt!

Now discharging a Cargo of

Cadiz Salt.

LOWEST Market Prices.

M. MOREY & CO.

British Closing

Allenby's Victory Liant and Com 40,000 Prisoners Captured in M Armies Sent in the Lines Abou

WAR REVIEW.

The Teutonic Allied forces in Macedonia and Turkey still are in flight before the armies of the Entente while on the highly important Quentia sector in France the British and French armies, after hard fighting, have drawn more closely their lines in the investment of the town on the northwest, west and south. The stubborn resistance of the Germans in defense and in counter attacks had been unavailing except to impede the progress of the men of the British Field Marshal Haig, and General Deney. In Macedonia the Bulgarians and German troops are still faced with disaster. In Palestine the remaining Turks seem to have scarcely a chance for escaping from the British forces and friendly tribesmen who are closing in upon them east of the River Jordan. More than 40,000 prisoners and 265 guns have been taken by the British, and the General Allenby's appetite for further emoluments for his hard campaign has not been satisfied. Gauged by the swiftness of the strokes Allenby is delivering, it is his purpose absolutely to overwhelm the Ottoman and fulfillment of his plans seems appreciably near. In a less critical situation are the Germans and Bulgarians in the Macedonia theatre. Here, except immediately on the Bulgarian frontier where the mountainous country gives them ground for strong resistance to the invasion of Bulgarian territory through the passes, the Bulgarians and Germans everywhere are in rapid retreat before the Italian, Serbian, Greeks and British. Retreating in twain at several points, the enemy forces are bewildered and operating separate units respectively on the western and eastern flanks. The Italians, Greeks and British are fastidiously endeavoring to envelop the enemy, while in the center where the Serbians have driven their sharp wedge toward

Wash Stands

The C. Corner Spr