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The Lost Will; LOVE TRIUMPHS AT LAST!

CHAPTER XVII.
ONE day Jack ran against Telby in Oxford Street.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Telby, in his staccato fashion. "Just thinkin' of you. That girl of yours, Grace Lawless, is going rather strong, Chalfonte."

"Glad to hear it," said Jack, after a moment's thought, for he had forgotten Maud Delman's stage name—had well-nigh forgotten Maud herself. "Though, by the way, she isn't a 'girl of mine.'"

"Well, your protegee," amended Telby, with a grin. "She's shapin' very well at the rehearsals, and I shouldn't wonder if she's got ability—good appearance, and a pleasant voice; that she manages very well now, and will learn to use properly some day; it gets over the stalls, you know. Oh, yes, I think she'll do. Just going to the dress rehearsal; you might as well come along and give me your opinion of the play."

"Precious little use that would be to you," said Jack, with a smile. "I should imagine you wouldn't depend on any one's judgment."

"That's so," admitted Telby, "and least of all on my own. You never can tell," as Shaw says, until the curtain's down the first night, and even then you can't be sure that there's really money in the piece. But come along, and tell me what you think of it, and see how your little girl—beg pardon; Grace Lawless—is getting on."

Jack had nothing to do that afternoon, was not in particularly good spirits, and thought the thing might amuse him, so he went on with Telby to the Theatres.

A rehearsal, even a dress one, is a dreary and wearisome business. Conducted by the manager, Jack felt his way to a seat in the stalls of the dimly-lit theatre. The orchestra, looking exceedingly bored and tired, was in its place. When the footlights were turned up, Jack saw that one or two other persons were scattered about

the auditorium, which looked dismal and melancholy in its nakedness. The curtain went up and the rehearsal commenced. Notwithstanding that it was a dress one, the actors seemed lifeless, their voices cold and affected, their movements mechanical. Something went wrong with the moon in the first scene, and Jack could hear Telby growling at the wings, while the actors stopped during the process of fitting the orb of night with its proper illumination. Then one of the players took up a wrong position, walked up the stage instead of down, and the action was again stopped that the mistake should be remedied.

Jack was beginning to feel fearfully bored, and was wondering whether if he stole out Telby would be offended; but presently the play grew more interesting, and Jack was able to follow the thread of the story. It was supposed to be a mixture of comedy and farce, with a serious scene or two. Miss Merton, the leading actress, woke up during one of these, and just gave an indication of the power she would display on the following night. The drop went down on Act I., and Jack applauded with the rest of the scattered audience. Telby came round to him.

"Well, what do you think of it?" he said.

"I think it's going very well," Jack replied, "especially for a rehearsal."

"The next act's stronger," Telby remarked. "By the way, your girl comes on in that."

"I wish to Heaven you wouldn't call her 'my' girl," remonstrated Jack, laughingly, but with a touch of annoyance.

But Mr. Telby had seen something wrong in the scenery as the drop went up, and, yelling objurgations, departed.

This act, because of its strength, went much better, and Jack became so interested that he forgot all about "his little girl," so that when Maud made her appearance it came as a kind of shock, for he was startled by the change in her. Paint and powder will work wonders sometimes; if Maud Delman, the village girl, had seemed pretty and taking, Miss Grace Lawless was simply lovely. Jack stared at her in a kind of amazement and reluctant admiration, but his surprise and, he it said, his admiration increased every moment. He had expected to see the usual kind of nervousness and uncertainty which are displayed by the novice, but this

young girl appeared to be absolutely self-possessed, and not only composed and confident, but to have that strange sense of the theatre which is born with some persons. Jack forgot that she had had the advantage of many rehearsals, and did not know that, however shy a girl may be naturally, shyness is very soon knocked out of her by the stage-manager.

Maud played the part of a sharp-witted servant, whose keen wits are employed in screening her mistress, whose indiscretion she has witnessed. She had not many lines to speak, but they were delivered with a naturalness, a capacity for expression, which Jack, taking into consideration the fact that this was the girl's first appearance, thought truly wonderful. Indeed, she played so well that there came the sound of faint applause from the audience, applause which, unwittingly, Jack himself had led, as he fancied, as she made a by no means ineffective exit, that her bright and expressive eyes shot a glance in his direction, and that the glance conveyed a sense of triumph and of gratitude; but, remembering that the auditorium was dark, and that it was improbable she should discern him, he told himself that he must have imagined the fleeting glance.

He sat out the play, and remained for the aftermath of the rehearsal, a dreary aftermath in which mistakes of omission and commission were pointed out by Mr. Telby, who lunged about the stage in a kind of suppressed fury. But though it seemed as if everybody deserved the rating he or she was getting, every one was patient, and there was no sign of resentment. Jack understood, for the first time, that the actor's life, which seemed to those before the curtain such an easy, brilliant affair, was by no means all beer and skittles.

He left the theatre while M. Telby was still prancing up and down and expressing his opinion that if ever a man had a company of fool and imbeciles, it was his, and, emerging from the semi-darkness of the theatre into the sunlight, the first thing Jack's eyes rested on was the slim, girlish figure of Maud Delman. She was openly and avowedly waiting for him, and she came forward with outstretched hand and an eager but questioning smile on her expressive face.

"Well, how did it go?" she asked rather tremulously. "Are you satisfied? No, not satisfied—but do you think I shall do?"

Now, no man with a heart in his bosom can resist the appealing eyes of a pretty girl, especially when they are glowing with the flattery implied by a desire for his favourable opinion, and Jack may be excused if he pressed the little hand with more than conventional pressure and smiled down at the upturned face with more than conventional warmth.

"I think you did splendidly," he said. "In fact, you were ripping—quite tip-top. It's wonderful to me how you've managed it. There was nothing of the novice about you, and you played as if you'd been at it for years."

She laughed, and her eyes sparkled.

"Oh, you wouldn't wonder if you knew how I've worked at it," she observed. "I've been over those lines a thousand million times; I've practiced the part in my own room till I've felt as if I'd been doing nothing else all my life but play it; so, don't you see, when I came on to the stage to-night, though it was only a dress rehearsal, I felt as if I was, just the part, and the whole thing was natural and home-like. Oh, but how tired I am!" she exclaimed, drooping suddenly.

"I should rather think you were," said Jack, noting, pityingly, the departure of colour from her face, the droop of her lips. "What you want is a cup of tea. There ought to be a place near here—yes, here we are—come on!"

They turned into one of the popular tea-rooms, and after a cup of tea Maud brightened up.

"I think it went very well," she said, "and that it will be all right to-morrow night. You'll be there, won't you? Do you know, I think it was because I knew that you were there in the stalls this afternoon that I was able to do as well as I did? You will come to-morrow night, won't you? I'll ask Mr. Telby to get you a seat as near the front as possible, so that I—I may be able to see you."

"Oh, I'll be there all right," Jack assured her. "You'll hear me clapping like mad when you make that exit of yours."

"It's a good exit, isn't it?" she said. "I've beaten that lawyer fellow at his own game, and just as I go off I drop the mask, so to speak, and do a bit of gloating over it."

"That's it," assented Jack. "You do it splendidly."

"Well, I suppose I must go," she said, a trifle reluctantly. "Till to-morrow night." She paused as they stood at the entrance and, buttoning her glove, she looked up at him under her long lashes. "I won't thank you again, Mr. Chalfonte. You don't like it, do you? Good-bye."

On the following evening Jack found himself in the front row of the stalls; the theatre was crowded with a first-night audience of dramatic critics and fashionable people; the play went well, and Maud's little bit of natural acting produced its due effect; at her exit, the applause, which Jack led, was a sure and spontaneous tribute to her natural ability. The curtain went down on a genuine success, the principal actors and the author appeared, and Mr. Telby made the little speech which was always expected from him on these occasions. Jack, as he made his way out slowly, heard expressions of approval from those who were near him, and more than one person commented favourably on the acting of Miss Grace Lawless. There was the usual crowd in the vestibule, but Jack at last reached the pavement—to find Maud waiting for him.

Despite his almost phenomenal good nature, Jack could scarcely repress a frown; but he displaced it with his friendly smile, as he reminded himself that the girl was doubtless over-estimating the service he had done her, and that it was only natural she should want a word of praise from him.

"You are not angry?" she said, as she walked beside him to a less crowded part of the footway. "I did so want to hear that you were pleased with me, that you thought I did as well to-night as I did at the rehearsal."

"Everybody is pleased with you," he said. "You did awfully well; in fact, you were a great success."

(To be Continued.)

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In making French dressing if your vinegar is very strong dilute with water.

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As illustrated plaid suitings, in green and brown tones, was used with facings of green broadcloth. Satin, tulle frays of green broadcloth. Satin, tulle. The Coat Pattern 2549 is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 22-24; Medium, 26-28; Large, 30-32; Extra Large, 34-36 inches bust measure. Size Medium requires 5½ yards of 44-inch material. The Skirt Pattern 2488 is cut in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires 2½ yards of 44-inch material. It measures 1½ yards at the foot. The garments may be developed separately in different materials.

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British

And are Within Lille—Naval Force port of Durazzo—Wilson's Unconquerer to Germany—Spreading in Canada

BELGIAN OFFICIAL.
HAVRE, Oct. 15. On the whole front the Franco-Belgians continue to advance. On the left the Belgians have progressed several miles to the north of the line Handseme Cortomarc, reached yesterday. In the centre the French have taken the plateau of Hooge, and Gilsberg. French cavalry crossed the Roulers-Thourout road, and is advancing towards Lichwilde. The Franco-British troops captured Winckhore and Lendelo, and have reached the Courtrai-Munster railway. The French and Belgians have taken 7,000 prisoners and 80 guns.

MENIN CAPTURED.
LONDON, Oct. 15. In the fighting in Flanders, the British have captured Menin, a railway centre of great importance, about four miles northwest of Turgot.

DURAZZO CAPTURED.
WASHINGTON, Oct. 15. The capture of the Albanian port of Durazzo by Italian and British naval forces was reported to-day in an official despatch from Rome. The city occupied and many prisoners and quantities of war supplies taken. The message also told of further advance of the Italian columns driving the enemy out of Albania and the occupation of several important points.

THIN A MILE OF RAILROAD.
LONDON, Oct. 15. The Allied troops in Flanders are now within less than a mile of the Thourout-Thourout railroad.

THING BUT UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER.
WASHINGTON, Oct. 15. Unconditional surrender by Germany was the interpretation of President Wilson's answer to the German offer for peace by both American and military officials here today, by absolute surrender, he said, the enemy now prevent the terminating of his defeat or the invasion of Germany. There is no doubt among those who are in the line of duty that sooner or later the enemy will be compelled to accept these uncompromising terms. Military opinion appeared to be in full agreement that in announcing the policy of absolute safeguards and guarantees of present military supremacy of American and Allied forces must constitute an armistice agreement. President Wilson had placed it beyond the power of Germany to reap any benefit from an insincere move toward

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Forty years it has been overcoming such nervous conditions as dizziness, inflammation, ulceration, irregular menstruation, periodic pains, backache, disordered stomach, and nervous prostration of all kinds, and is now considered the standard remedy for such ailments.