

"You Get a Square Deal" In Every Packet, Genuine Intrinsic Value in Sterling Tea Goodness

"SALADA"

Is positively the best and most Economical Tea to be had anywhere. BAIRD & CO. WHOLESALE AGENTS ST. JOHN'S

The Lost Will;

LOVE TRIUMPHS AT LAST!

CHAPTER XX. "I know you mean it, dear," she said; "and I can't say 'No'; at any rate, not at first."

"Nor at any time," said Nora. "Please understand that, Lady Blanche. It is a condition—yes, I make it a condition. Do you think I would turn you out of the Abbey, the place you like so much, would separate you from Lord Ferndale?"

"Lord Ferndale! Dearest, it is 'Edward' now. Do you know this is the first time you have called me 'Lady' since we made our compact? You must learn to say 'Edward.' Why, I thought that persons who loved each other called one another by their Christian names by instinct the moment they were engaged. You must not let him hear you call him anything else than 'Edward.'"

Nora inclined her head. "It's the force of habit," she pleaded, mechanically. "But you do understand, Blanche, that I make your remaining with him a condition?"

"I understand, and I thank you with all my heart, dearest; and I think Edward will be almost as grateful to you as I am. We have never been parted, and I have got to rely on him so much. But you will find that I shall not play gooseberry. I shall not intrude on your happiness; I know that, when two persons love each other as you and Edward do, their solitude is too precious to be broken. I suppose you will be married soon?" she said, after a pause, and, doubtless, musing with anticipatory delight on the getting of the trousseau.

Nora started slightly. "Lord—he did not say we have not spoken—oh, not soon! You forget I am in mourning, still. Oh, not for a long, long time!"

Blanche murmured sympathetically. "I don't think he will like to wait long, dear; but he will bow to your wishes in this as in everything else; he is always so considerate."

Ferndale came from the window and carried Blanche into the house. With infinite care, he spared Nora any demonstrations of affection; but, notwithstanding all his watchfulness, he could not help that little tone of the accepted lover's proprietorship stealing now and again into his voice; and once he touched her hand, and Nora was conscious of the lover's secret caress in the touch; but she did not

blush, there was no thrill of happiness in the contact of his slim white fingers.

As she looked round the room she tried to realize that it was part of her future home; that she would be the mistress of this stately old Abbey, that the man whose dark eyes sought hers now and again, with a glance of subdued passion, was to be her husband. The strain on her nerves grew almost unbearable; though she told herself that she owed him not only toleration, but a responsive affection. But, notwithstanding the bidding of conscience, the strain at last grew too much for her; she rose almost as soon as the meal was over and said that she must go back to the Hall. Ferndale had her horse brought round and put her in the saddle. He was too wise to offer to accompany her—something in her manner told him that she wanted to be alone; but, as he gave her the reins, he bent and touched her gloved hand with his lips—and she felt the warmth of his kiss through her glove. She rode home slowly, trying to tell herself that she was one of the most fortunate of women—and one of the happiest. Who could want more in a husband than was represented by the man to whom she had given herself? He was handsome, a gentleman to the core of his heart, and she reminded herself, a nobleman, one of the great ones in this world into which she had been thrust by a stroke of fortune. She tried to fix her mind on her future husband and to shut out all else—especially the face and figure of a certain Jack Chalfont.

When she entered the Hall she did not go straight to her room, but sought Mrs. Feltham. When one has a difficult task to perform, it is best to face it promptly. Mrs. Feltham—all the world—would have to be told, and the sooner the telling was accomplished the better. Mrs. Feltham was in her own room, writing one of the innumerable letters which her friends demanded of her. She looked up and smiled admiringly and lovingly at the girl as she entered.

sure you will be happy. Nora, this is good news!"

"I am glad you are pleased," said Nora, as quietly as before. "I know you like—Edward. Yes, I am sure I shall be happy."

"And Blanche is delighted, of course," said Mrs. Feltham, fighting her battle bravely and winning at every step, as she deserved to win. "It is a splendid match—how vulgar that sounds!—but it is true. And I don't mean because of his rank and your money, dear, but because you are so well suited to each other. Oh, it's delightful news! But you, look tired, Nora. Little wonder! Take an old woman's advice and go and lie down and rest. I know—well, I know what a tremendous thing a proposal is, especially when you accept it. Go up to your room, darling, and I'll bring you up some tea presently. Oh, I'm so glad, so glad!"

Nora went to her room and changed into an afternoon frock—and while she was doing so she saw Mr. Jack Chalfont coming up the drive. He was swinging along in his easy, graceful way, Jim, whom he had met in the park, dancing round him and uttering short yelps of delight. Jack had his beloved old briar in his mouth, his hat was a little on the back of his head; he looked—Her eyes rested on him for a moment, then her heart rose to her mouth, as the eloquent saying is; and she turned away from the window, from the sight of the man who had fallen in love with Maud Deiman, the village girl, the girl he took to supper at the Carlton.

Jack strode through the hall, calling "Mabel!" in his by no means soft voice. Mrs. Feltham, who, when Nora had left her, had sunk into a chair and had been sitting motionless, sprang up and hurried down. He must hear the news from her lips; she must break it to him as gently as she could.

"Halloo, Mabel!" he said "What on earth are you doing mooching about the house on such a ripping afternoon? You ought to be out with your doll, or playing hoop. I've got to go over to the Moor Farm—let's all go! Shall we walk or drive? Where's Miss Norton?" he added, with a would-be casual air.

"Nora is upstairs changing her habit," answered Mrs. Feltham, trembling inwardly.

"Oh, she's been riding? That's right," said Jack, with a forced cheerfulness and approval, as he walked into the library. "Just the morning for a ride. Where's she been?"

"Over to the Ferndales—the Abbey," replied Mrs. Feltham. Jack was searching for some papers on the table, and he kept his eyes down. "She stayed to lunch." Jack nodded, still without looking up. "She—she—went on Mrs. Feltham, the trembling becoming worse, the aching of her sympathetic heart growing more acute, as she looked at his bent head. "She—I have some news for you, Jack. But perhaps it isn't news—I dare say you've seen—guessed—"

He looked up quickly at this, and his eyes met hers with a look that made that pain in her heart still sharper.

"She's engaged to Lord Ferndale," she said, avoiding his eyes.

Jack stood quite still for a moment, bracing himself against the blow; the colour left his tanned face, his brows contracted, and his agony shone in his eyes, which Mrs. Feltham could not bring herself to face; then he went to the window, thrust his hands in his pockets, and gazed out; the beautiful scene, made up of flowered lawns, wide-stretching meadow, and the woods beyond, became just a blur to him.

A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

Miss Kelly Tells How Lydia E. Finkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Health.

Newark, N. J.—"For about three years I suffered from nervous breakdown and got so weak I could hardly stand, and had headaches every day. A girl friend had used Lydia E. Finkham's Vegetable Compound and she told me about it. From the first day I took it I began to feel better and now I am well and able to do most any kind of work. I have been recommending the Compound ever since and give you my permission to publish this letter."—Miss FLO KELLY, 476 So. 14th St., Newark, N. J.

The reason this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Finkham's Vegetable Compound, was so successful in Miss Kelly's case was because it went to the root of her trouble, restored her to a normal healthy condition and as a result her nervousness disappeared.

and her hand closed on the rail; but the pause was only momentary, and she came on, her face pale and set, and she eyed meeting his, steadily, proudly.

"Oh, here you are!" said poor Jack, awkwardly; and he even laughed, as if at some joke. "Glad I didn't miss you before I went out. I say—just heard the news from Mabel—want to congratulate you. Hope you'll be very happy."

His hand jerked out, and she touched it with her fingers.

"Thank you very much, Mr. Chalfont," Her tone was so cold, that was something so hard in the expression of her face, her eyes, that Jack winced as if she had struck him.

"That's all right," he said, in his usual catch-word. "I'll look in at the Abbey on my way and congratulate the other party. George! he's a lucky man!"

He fumbled at the umbrella-stand, got his cap, jammed it on his head, and strode down the hall, seeing nothing, with Jim bounding at his heels.

CHAPTER XXI. JACK went down the drive, an extremely miserable and unhappy young man. It seemed to him, as it had seemed to many another in his condition, as if he had come up against a big wall, beyond which there was no prospect; in fact, as if his life had ended. At that moment the place which he had grown to love was positively hateful to him; and the mere sight of the house, as he turned and looked at it, pained him so much that he wanted to get away from it and never see it again. At the lodge gates he remembered Jim, and bade him go back. Jim hesitated for a moment, and looked appealingly at his master's haggard face; then, doubtless consoling himself with the hope that Jack was only going up to town and would return soon, he gave a lick to Jack's hand and, with drooping tail, went back to the house slowly; and Jack felt as if indeed everything worth having had left him; for firmly fixed in his mind was the resolve never, if he could help it, to see Chertson Hall again.

Fashion Plates

A PRACTICAL HOUSE DRESS WITH LONG OR SHORT SLEEVES.



2241—This style is good for percale, gingham, chambray, seersucker, serge, repp, voile, flannel, drill, linen and galatea. The model is a one piece style, with the fullest held in place by a belt. The skirt measures about 2 1/2 yards at the foot. The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 5 1/2 yards of 44 inch material.

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



2592—A Comfortable House Dress like this will make work lighter and more agreeable. This style is becoming. It is simple and easy to develop. Seersucker, gingham, chambray, lawn, percale, drill, linen, or linen may be used. Flanellette, cotton gabardine, repp and poplin are also desirable. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 5 yards of 44-inch material. The dress measures about 2 1/2 yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to you on address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

He spared his congratulatory visit to the Abbey; for, a little distance from the lodge, he met Ferndale, who, as Jack told himself bitterly, was going to pay a visit to his fiancée. Jack pulled up and held out his hand. "I'm glad I've met you, Lord Ferndale," he said, trying to force a smile. "I was on my way to the Abbey to offer you my congratulations. I have just heard the news of your engagement; and, as I ventured to tell Miss Norton, I think you are a very lucky man. And I wish you happiness," he added gallantly.

"It is very good of you," said Lord Ferndale, in friendly tones and with a slight flush. "Yes; I am indeed a very lucky man, and I am happier than I deserve. But Miss Norton's happiness is more important than anything else. I can, at least, offer her a whole-hearted devotion." Happiness softens the heart, and he added, with evident sincerity, "I hope you and I will see a great deal of each other, Chalfont."

(To be Continued.) Calling Jim, who bounded after him, he went out of the room and into the hall—to see Nora coming down the stairs. She stopped at sight of him.

THE SPANISH INFLUENZA May Attack You

If through neglect and getting colds you allow your vitality to be lowered. You can take cold easily now through not wearing Good Warm Underwear or not wearing Good Warm Hosiery, and in this wet weather the dampness and cold strike through your feet.

Protection is Better Than Cure!

WE CAN PROTECT YOU! For your welfare we have large stocks of Stanfield Wool Underwear for Men, Women and Boys. New Knit Underwear for Men and Women. Fleece Underwear for Men, Women, Boys and Girls. Warm Woolen Hosiery for everybody. Further protection for your feet during this cold, damp spurt is afforded through our large stock of

Reliable Canadian RUBBERS and OVERSHOES.

Our prices for all the above goods are the lowest possible and in many cases Lower Than Elsewhere.

We have one of the largest stocks of Reliable Underwear in St. John's, and our sales are large as our prices are in many cases under the cost of replacement.

True Thrift HENRY BLAIR.

will impel you to get our prices.

WAR, MARINE & FIRE INSURANCE. SCOTTISH UNION & NATIONAL INSURANCE COMPANY, Edinburgh, Scotland. Fire Insurance, Assets Exceed \$75,000,000. War and Marine Insurance effected on Hulls, Cargoes and Freights at low rates. We have exceptional facilities for effecting all kinds of War and Marine Insurance. P. O. Box 1236. Write or Phone us. Phone 380. NFLD-LABRADOR EXPORT CO., LTD., Board of Trade Building.

The Emerson PIANO

is the Piano with a Newfoundland reputation of 40 years behind it. There are many of these Pianos in the Island today, standing monuments of the wonderful lasting qualities they possess. Call at our Showrooms and see and hear them. Prices the best. CHARLES HUTTON, Sole Agent for the Dominion. M. MOREY & CO. Advertise in the Telegram

British Val

OTHER IMPOR

Germany's Note Dacion—"A Clumsy Cabot Lodge---Unced by French Pres

WAR REVIEW.

The fall of Valenciennes to Field Marshal Haig's forces is imminent, despite desperate resistance of the Germans the British have entered the city on the west while to the north they have made a deep thrust into the great Bois de la Selle forest and are moving in the direction of the Scheldt. Valenciennes had been an uninterrupted French possession from 1677 until the occupation of the Germans early in the present war led them many miles into France. It is now about to be added to the rapidly growing list of towns, the redemption of which has brought joy to the French people. Although the progress of the Allied forces in Belgium and France and Flanders has slowed up somewhat in the face of the stiffening of the line of the German army, appreciable gains have been made, some of them of much importance. Holland and Bruielles in the hands of the enemy who are withdrawing towards the Scheldt. There has been sharp fighting for the crossings of this waterway. At Pont-Chin the Germans are battling hard to keep the Allies from outflanking the journal on the south. Beside the Scheldt the Germans are massed in strength. Their machine guns on the east bank are active and are receiving the support of artillery and French mortars. In the northern battle area the Belgians have reached the Ly Canal along their entire front and have captured a bridgehead with numbers of the enemy west of Meerbeke. An item of great interest appears in the latest announcement by the French war office concerning operations along the Aisne. It says the Czech-Slovaks with us retook the village of Terron.

BRITISH IN VALENCIENNES. LONDON, Oct. 22. British troops have entered the suburbs of Valenciennes, Field Marshal Haig reported from headquarters tonight.

BELGIANS WILL CELEBRATE. WASHINGTON, D.C., Oct. 22. The deliverance of half of Belgium from the Germans will be celebrated here on Oct. 26 and 27, the anniversary of the first battle of the Yser, under the auspices of the Belgian Government. An official despatch to the Belgian Legation to-day says Belgium delegates at Havre and in the surrounding territory would be present to give expressions to their great joy

Critical pleased and aroma and It goes with healthful and ties far out and tea. Postum or Postum Cereal and Instant Postum in a moment and the cost per Dec "There's POS