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## The Lost Will;

### OR, LOVE TRIUMPHS AT LAST!

#### CHAPTER VII.

"No, sir," said Green. "We signed one and went downstairs—"

"To tell the other servants?" said Mr. Horton, with a faint smile.

"Well, we did mention it, sir," admitted Green, with an apologetic cough.

"Quite so. And when did you sign the other?"

The two men looked at each other, as if challenging their memories.

"Well, it might have been a quarter of an hour afterwards, or perhaps not so long, or a little longer, sir," replied Thomson gravely. "Did you happen to notice the time, James?"

"No, I didn't," replied James. "But it was about that time."

"What hour was it?" asked Mr. Horton.

"It must have been somewhere about ten; just before," said Thomson. "I know because I heard Mr. Forbes come in; and he's never much later than ten—if so late."

"I see," said Mr. Horton. There was a pause; the two servants stood exactly as they had stood when they entered the room; Jack had risen and gone to the window. Mr. Horton took up a sheet of blue foolscap paper and said, smoothly:

"What was the paper like, the first one? Was it anything like this—in size, I mean?"

"Yes, sir," said Thomson. "about that size, I think; leastways, it might have been. We didn't properly see it, because it was folded over, except just the bit where we signed."

"Yes, it would be," said Mr. Horton. "And the second one?"

"Just the same size, sir; it was folded over like the other," replied Thomson. "They were both the same colour, I remember."

"Quite so," said Mr. Horton. "What

did Mr. Chalfont say to you when he asked you to sign?"

"He said, 'This is my will,'" replied Thomson, with intense gravity and importance; "that is, he said them words the first time, but the second time he just said, 'Oh, I want you to witness another paper for me; there was a mistake in the first.'"

"A horror!" put in James.

"No, no—a mistake," repeated Thomson, severely. "I remember the word distinctly—a mistake in the other."

"Was that all Mr. Chalfont said?" asked Mr. Horton, still smoothly.

"That was all, sir, except 'Thank you,'" said Thomson. "Mr. Chalfont, sir," he added, with a little catch in his voice, "was always civil-spoken and pleasant to my servants. A hot-tempered gentleman when anything went wrong; but it didn't last long—"

"Thank you," said Mr. Horton, and, with a nod, he dismissed them.

There was silence for a full minute after they had gone. Mr. Horton's face was like a mask; his eyes were bent on the table. Jack still stood at the window, looking vacantly at Jim, who was chasing a cat across the lawn. He had been half listening only to the colloquy between Horton and the men; that there was something wrong, something gone askew, he was conscious; but the matter did not interest him very much at the moment. He was thinking of the dead man. The footman's reference to Chalfont's pleasant and kindly manner towards his servants had touched Jack, had struck a more significant note in the examination of the two men than anything else had done. Chalfont's manner to his equals and superiors had always been rather brusque and self-assertive; but to his inferiors, the servants of the house, the chauffeur, the porter at the office, he had always been pleasant-spoken and kindly. Jack was roused from his sad reverie by Mr. Horton.

"This is a strange business, Chalfont," said the lawyer, swinging round in his chair and eyeing Jack frowningly. "Of course, you see what it means; Mr. Chalfont signed two wills last night."

"Two wills!" echoed Jack, trying to fix his mind on the matter.

"Yes," said Mr. Horton shrewdly. "They were both wills; for, if the first or the second had been mere business documents, transfers of shares, and such-like, he would have waited until he got to the office—have signed them there in the usual way. They were both wills; if they were merely business papers, Mr. Chalfont would not have folded over the papers so that the witnesses should not see the contents. Now the question is—which will was signed last?"

"Yes," assented Jack, but with so little interest that Horton coloured as if he were nettled.

"My dear Chalfont, don't you see," he said, struggling with his momentary irritation, "that last night Mr. Chalfont signed the draft I had drawn up with him—it was an ordinary foolscap paper, such as this—and that he must have signed another will, probably drawn up by himself."

"Well," said Jack. "I don't see quite what you're driving at. I know that he meant to sign a will in my favour."

"Yes, yes; but where is it?" demanded Mr. Horton, with a frown.

"I don't know," said Jack, rather stupidly. "Isn't it in the safe?"

"No, it isn't," said Horton, very emphatically. "I have been over the papers there twice—three times. The will—or wills—were signed in this room; the reasonable presumption is that he placed both, or one of them, in that safe. Why not? Natural thing to do. All his other papers—leases, estate deeds, and so on—are there right enough, properly folded and endorsed in his methodical way. Do you think it's probable that he may have taken it up to his room? I say 'it,' because, of course, he must have destroyed the first will, the one he wanted to be inoperative; he was a business man."

"I don't know," said Jack again.

"Let us go upstairs," said Horton.

"Oh, hang it!" cried Jack. "I can't worry about a will; I can't go into his room and search—" His voice broke.

"I will go," said Horton.

He took the keys from the safe and left the room. Jack opened the window and called to Jim, who came swiftly and joyfully at the summons and licked his hands. Jack patted the dog with a spasmodic grief; for the dead man had been fond of Jim, who, when Jack was absent, had accompanied Chalfont on his walks about the estate. Horton returned, the frown deepened on his brow, an irritated and annoyed twist to his thin lips.

"There is no place there where anything could be hidden," he said. "Besides, why should he want to hide it? He must have drawn up the will after some consideration—short consideration, if you like; but it was evident that he had considered the matter, had taken care that the second will should be properly witnessed—My dear Chalfont, you really must pull yourself together and give me your attention. This is a most serious matter. If I cannot find a will, Mr. Chalfont, in the eyes of the law, will have died intestate."

"Yes?" said Jack, quieting Jim, and giving Mr. Horton the attention which he demanded. "And that means—"

"Means that instead of being Mr. Chalfont's heir, and an extremely wealthy man, you are—I beg your pardon, Chalfont, but I must speak plainly, the matter is serious, very serious indeed. Don't you see that, if we cannot find the will which bequeathed everything to you, or if Mr. Chalfont made a second will disposing of his property in another way, you are, in fact—"

"I'm out of it, penniless," said Jack.

"Yes, I see. It's a bit confusing, but I see, of course. The question is: Where are the wills—or the will?"

"Just so," said Mr. Horton, his annoyance now plainly expressed. "I confess I am nonplussed. The late Mr. Chalfont was the last man in the world to play tricks with any document, especially so important a document as his will. Having changed his mind—and it seems that he must have changed his mind; or he may have made a mistake in his own signature, or these two men may have witnessed the will improperly—he would not take the trouble of drawing up another will, and signing it and getting it witnessed, and not take the ordinary precautions for its safety. You see, he had only to unlock the safe just behind him here and

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Contain no Poison

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A NEAT APRON AND DRESS TO BE SLIPPED OVER THE HEAD, OR CLOSED AT THE BACK.



2526—Striped percale, with trimming of white linen, is here shown. This style is also nice for gingham, jean, chambray, lawn, sateen, or alpaca. It is cut in kimono style, and low at the throat, where it may be finished with or without a collar, in sailor style. Generous pockets are added to the front, and the short, loose sleeve is comfortable. The fullness at the waist may be free, or held in place by a belt.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. It requires 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for a Medium size.

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

### A PRETTY STYLE FOR COMBINATIONS OF MATERIAL.



Waist—3539. Skirt—2527.

This model could be developed in serge and satin, gabardine and taffeta, gingham and organdy. It is also nice for checked or plaid material combined with plain silk or cloth.

The Waist Pattern 3539 is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The skirt 2527 in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. For a medium size the entire dress will require 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. The skirt measures about 2 yards at the foot.

This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents FOR EACH pattern, in silver or stamps.

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# Bulgaria Seeking

And Turkey May Retain Failing Back  
ish Gross Canal  
---Prisoners in N  
With Many Gun

**WAR REVIEW.**

With the welding of the armies of the Entente into a compact whole under command of the inter-Allied war council, guided by the master strategy of Marshal Foch, apparently has come the first break in the United front of the Central Powers. Bulgaria, the smallest of the Teutonic allies seems to have struck her colors. Premier Malinoff has asked for an armistice to consider terms of peace. Whether he is acting upon his own responsibility as the representative of a revolutionary party or with the approval of King Ferdinand and the Government, remains in doubt. In either case, however, there is little doubt that Bulgaria has ceased to be a military factor in the war. Her armies are in full retreat and her soil has been invaded. Secession of the Balkan state from the thraldom of Germany will be almost as severe a blow to the Teutonic Allies as was the collapse of Russia to the Allies. If Bulgaria lays down her arms, Turkey, her armies shattered by the coup of General Allenby in Palestine, will be cut off from her Allies, and her line of communication will be severed, except across the Black Sea through Roumania or over the mountain peaks of Transcaucasia into Russia where the grip of the German controlled Bolsheviks is becoming steadily weaker. With her supplies of German-made munitions and raw materials, military observers believe the Ottoman Empire will have no course but to follow the example of her Balkan neighbor. But it makes little difference to the Entente whether the Turk abandons Germany and Austria. If Bulgaria quits he cannot longer be a menace to their plans. The back doors of Austria will stand ajar before the victorious British, French, Serb, Greek and Italian armies plunging ahead through the mountains of liberated Serbia. Only 20 miles ahead of their advance guards is Belgrade. Across the Danube from the plains of Hungary they already have pressed forward a quarter of this distance since the great Macedonian offensive began on Sept. 14. Once over the river they would be passing through territory occupied by the oppressed nationalities of Austria who have little love for the Dual Empire, and there would be no great natural obstacle between them and Budapest. The early winter in the Balkans, with the limited means of communications available, would present the most serious difficulty and one which could not be overcome before spring. With the defection of Bulgaria it would be necessary for hard pressed Austria to throw an army across her southern frontier, thus making another serious inroad upon her waning man power. The bulk of her forces is being the eager Italian army along the Piave and mountain region. Emperor William has already called upon Emperor Charles for help on the Western front, and Austro-Hungarian divisions are fighting beside the Germans against the steadily advancing British, French and Americans. Italy still has large reserves of men and any weakening of the Austrian front to send forces to the other fronts of the empire probably would be the signal for a general attack to recover not only the invaded Italian territory but the lost provinces as well. With Bulgaria evidently fallen by the wayside, with Turkey staggering and with Austria a welter of internal discord and discontent, the shaken armies of Emperor William are grudgingly falling back upon their own frontiers before the irresistible hosts of Marshal Foch's British, French and American troops. The French and Americans plunged forward again between Rheims and Verdun while the British attacked on a wide front in Cambria sector. Between them they already have taken more than 20,000 prisoners and many guns of all calibers. While the tide of victory was running so strongly for the gallant armies of the Entente President Wilson was again voicing the determination of the United States to battle until German militarism and autocracy is forever crushed. Speaking in New York upon the eve of the opening of the greatest popular loan ever offered by any Government, he laid down the five cardinal principles upon which Americans will stand to the last man and the last dollar. The price of peace will be impartial justice to all nations, he declared. The world does not want terms, it wishes the final triumph of justice and fair dealing.