THE EVENING TELEGRAM, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, OCTOBER 29, 19184-2

live-pale face suffused by an un-

vonted colour, bent over and kissed

each hand, and held them until with

sudden rush of coldness she drew

them away. They passed through the

all into the garden, and Ferndale

chitect whom-at Nora's bidding, by

the way-he had consulted in regard

to the restoration of the Abbey, which

was to be done while they were on their honeymoon. Of course, Fern-

dale was deeply interested in the sub-

ject, and she tried to compel herself

to share the interest, succeeding so

well in persuading him that she did,

that with an unusual dispaly of feel-

ing, he took her hand and pressed it

"Of course all this gives me su

oo beautiful for my queen.

she said, almost reproachfully:

"That's far too big a word for

She blushed with guilty remorse as

dward. I'm not in the least like a

queen. Sometimes, when you are-are

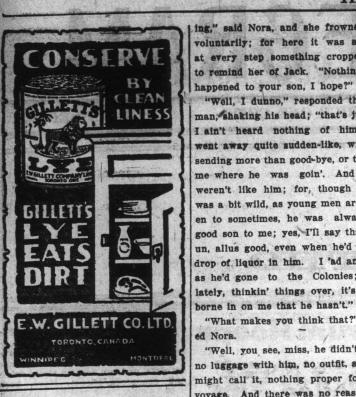
glorifying me, and exalting me above

my place, I wonder what you would

mongst a lot of rough miners; or if

his heart

to tell her of a certain ar-



The Lost Will

LOVE TRIUMPHS

AT LAST.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Oh, no," assented Mrs. Feltham

with a laugh. "No man is more cap-

111.

care of himself than

very strange that ha

and told

me

anything of that

"Well, I dunno," responded the old man. shaking his head; "that's just it ain't heard nothing of him. He vent away quite sudden-like, without nding more than good-bye, or telling vas a bit wild, as young men are giv good son to me; yes. I'll say that fo un, allus good, even when he'd got fron of liquor in him. I 'ad an idia as he'd gone to the Colonies; bu lately, thinkin' things over, it's been

horne in on me that he hasn't." "What makes you think that?" ask ed Nora "Well, you see, miss, he didn't tak no luggage with him, no outfit, as you might call it, nothing proper for the

royage. And there was no reason as should go empty-'anded; we're not poor as he couldn't 'a gone well provided for." With an effort he irew himself up with a little show of

pride. "No. miss. I'm thinkin' as he hasn't left England, an' I'm afeared he's gone up to Lunnon, an' may be in trouble there. Lunnon's a terrible place for young men, 'specially when

said the old man. they're a bit wild like my Steve."

a yearly agreement. Mr. Chalfontesomewhat absently: for she could not help thinking of the similarity be-

tween Jack's silence and Stephen Jack. No, I don't suppose he has Fleming's. "No, miss," replied old Fleming, shaking his head. "Not a word, not even a postcard. You see, miss

hasn't written where he is and what he is doing. I when he went away he weren't altohave a kind of dread that he may be gether what you might call in 'is right mind. Not luny, aggsactly, but sorely tempted to solve all topsy-turvy. Beggin' you pardon,

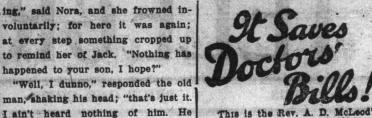
the mystery by saying, as calmy as miss. Steve was upset about a young right. Don't worry." gel in the village there. My experishe could: "Mr. Chalfonte has gone off, with Maud Delman." But she ence is that it's generally some young shrank from wounding Mrs. Feltham's goes wild. I dessay you may 'ave feelings, and, instead, she said: "Oh,

I don't think that is likely. Mr. Chal- 'eard of her-but of course you 'avefonte is very strong and healthy; I Maud Delman, the glovemaker." "I have-heard of her," said Nora, tan scarcely imagine his being too ill o write; besides, some one could almost laconically, and looking

straight before her. have written for him. as she spoke the words, she remem-"Yes, miss. A decent kind of gel "That's true." said Mrs. Feltham. bered how often she had heard them with a perplexed sigh. "Well, I don't, and one as would 'ave 'suited Steve on Jack's lips, and the colour, almost understand it: it's quite unlike Jack. right enough. As a matter of fact, I that of shame, rose to her face. Do you know, dear, I think I'll run up did think as they'd make a match of When she got back to the Hall she it: but there was some one else-" to town and see Mr. Tredgate." found Mr. Horton in the library, and "I should," said Nora; "but I am He paused in a confused and bewil- with an abruptness which startled the slave."

sure there is no cause for anxiety. dered way, as if he had remembered lawyer, if anything could have start-Why, in Australia men go off for suddenly that Mr. Chalfonte was Miss led him, she said: weeks, months, and you hear nothing Norton's agent, and therefore a kind "I have just had a talk with old Mr. them, and usually they come back of personage of whom it would not Fleming at the Upper Farm. He is in

be proper for him to speak ill. "Well, trouble about his son, Stephen." I safe and sound." "I dare say; but this isn't Australia, there it is, miss; there ain't no trying in a low and troubled voice: "I know," said Mr. Horton, with a observed Mrs. Feltham, to go agin natur; gels will be gels, "No. Nora, your past is e has disappeared-rathe shaking her head. "Yes, I'll go up to and they'll make their own choice and unblemished, Alas! I wish that I good thing for the village" follow their own whimsies. All the town this morning." "But a bad thing for his father,' could say the same of mine." After she had departed Nora went same, it was a bit hard on Steve, and He paused for a moment, then, said Nora quickly. "He needs himfor a ride. She did not go to the Ab- I do not make so bold as to maintain with another impulsive gesture, very is worrying about him. Would it not bey, but struck off across the moor for that she's the cause of his trouble." unlike his usual characteristic reticbe possible to find him?" one of the distant farms; and during There was silence for a moment; ence of movement, he continued: "Oh, quite possible," assented Mr. the whole of her solitary ride she then his thin, shrill voice went on, Horton; "or at any rate, not impos-(To be Continued.) tried to convince herself that he was still more quaveringly: sible. We have only to set a good de-"I was wonderin,' miss, if you could indeed heartless, that he was so ab-**Fads and Fashions.** tective on his track; he would soon sorbed in his own happiness as to be 'elp me to find Steve. You big and be run to earth. But I should think Brown furs are particularly fash-Indifferent to his cousin's anxiety. mighty ones o' the earth have ways he's left the country-for his counonable this winter It was a very unenjoyable ride, and and means of larnin' things which is try's good." Sleeves may be full and caught in as she was returning, tired and list- denied to us low and ignorant ones. "His father thinks not," said Nora, vith a narrow cuff. less, she was stopped by old Fleming, You see, miss, I want him back," he Tulle, we notice, is often gravely, and conscious of a determinawho was standing by his gate and had went on plaintively. "I ain't no good d in glittering jet tion to bring back the old man's son. Rustling taffetas are used for the evidently been waiting for her. He at the farm here without him, and very "I wish you would find him, or, at any heaper silk petticoats. was a very old man, with a bent fig- soon I should have to give up; and rate, find out where he has gone." White chinchilla is as mu ure and red-rimmed eyes, and the where I'm to go, 'cept the workus, the "Certainly," said Mr. Horton. "I'll ver for babies coats. hand he raised to his forehead was Lord knows. If I can get Steve back Many of the new gowns are made see about it at once. Oh, by the way, trembling with weakness and nervous- -Lord bless 'ee, miss, do 'ee help me, with front and back alike. do you chance to know where the ness. Nora had spoken to him once if 'ee can!" plans of the altreations at the Moor pr twice before, and she pulled up the Not a little touched by the old Farm are? I can't find them amongst mare and greeted him in a friendly man's misery and helplessness, Nora the papers Mr. Chalfonte gave me." nodded; then turned her head away way. "No, I don't," she replied; and, for



opinion of Zam-Buk. This clerg man, who lives at Harcourt, N.H. writing to the proprietors, remarks upon the unusual popularity which Zam-Buk enjoys in the homes of the people of his parish. He says: for, though Steve "I know of nothing that can compare with it. Having charge extensive mission, over which I travel constantly, I meet with many sick and afflicted people. and I have been amazed at the good which Zam-Buk is doing daily. I have learned, as an absolute fact, that for bad ulcers, old wounds eczema and skin diseases of all kinds the heating powers of Zam-Buk are simply marvellous. For the painful ailment, piles, also, it

pleasure, Nora," he said; "but I beg is excellent. Many a doctor's bill is saved by the use of Zam-Buk." you to believe that it is not on my For cuts, burns and scalds Zam own account only. I am fond of the Buk is equally good. Nothing ends pain and heals so quickly. 50c. box, 3 for \$1.25. All dealers or Abbey: but this restoration of the old place-which we owe to you, dear-Buk Co., Toronto. Send 1c est, to you alone!---is a delight to me stamp for free trial box. because you are going to adorn it with our presence. No shrine could l



Nigh upon two hundred, mis again trying draw himself erect. "And nothing but

have thought of me if you had met me mean, young Mr. Chalfonte-said a when I was out there in Australia, a we shouldn't be turned out while w paid the rent. Them's his very words: he was a kind-'earted gentleman-wi' all his faults-not as he's many, 'cepyou had come upon me a poor shahtin'-ah, well!-and all of us consid-

bily-dressed girl, in a back street in ered his word as good as his bond." one of the poorest parts of London?" "Yes," said Nora. with a sudden As she said the words she thought ache at her heart, "Mr. Chalfonte was of Jack, who had seen her in the days quite right. You shall not be turned of her poverty, who had treated her as out. I'll try to find your son, and he'll a lady, had displayed no sense of sucome back and everything will

periority on his part. She frowned and bit her lip, and thrust the mem-The old man raised his bleared eyes ory back from her. with the tears standing in them. "I should have admired, loved you, "God bless 'ee, miss, you've a

even then." said Ferndale. eart," he faltered. "And I do bemust have shone like a pearl amidst lieve as you'll get Steve back to me your surroundings. No. Nora, your I ax your pardon for speaking to 'e past life does not affectsme in the way "That's all right," said Nora; which I imagine you sometimes think it might. I like to think of you going

through all these years unscathed. unstained, and unflecked, retaining all your purity of mind and the indefinable charm which fascinates me and keeps me your worshipper, you

This was very well, and Nora was tunately. Ferndale, with a little gesture, as if he were yielding to an impulse of candour, went on slowly, and

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For an Asks Allies Pounding Wants to Be WAR REVIEW. While both Germany and Austria oeking to secure a cessation of Turkey also is reportfavorably disposed toward Entente Allies troops on efronts are giving ce proposals, but are con ut mercy to drive their them, and in all the ba are meeting with rked success. In France the Ger ans' hattle line is slowly disinterating under the violence of the Al d offensive. In Northern Italy the netro-Hungarians are being forced ack by the British, French and Ital. ins with heavy losses in men killed wounded or made prisoners the shores of the Mediterranean Albania the Italians are driving Austrians toward the Montenefrontier, while in Asiatic Turkey, h in Syria and Mesopotamia, the ish are fast clearing the Turks former strongholds. Alsh the Germans in France and inders are still strenuously resistthe Allied attempts to break their they are steadily giving way un of the attacks. In the theatres there apparently is not osition to offer stubborn ial of the right of way except posnountain region of Italy ere an attempt is being made by force to open the back-door Austria. South of Valenciennes in nce, Field Marshal Haig's forces, ng stiff opposition have anced their line in the general op ion which have in view the cape of Valenciennes and pressing on wards Mons and Maubege in the rement that i een Belgium and the of Verdun Furth of Rethel the French have gain-



"He hasn't written?" said Nora

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Fleming. I as she said: aope you are well? Do you want to "I understand, Mr. Fleming; you

want me to find out where your son speak to me?"

"Axin' your pardon, Miss Norton, I is? Well, I'll try. I should think it did rather," he guavered. "No, I would not be difficult to discover whebean't so well as I might be. You see, ther he has gone to the Colonies or I'm comin' on in years, and growin' a whether he is in London. And you bit feeble. And I'm summut troubled mustn't think of giving up the farm. in my mind about my boy, Stephen." Why, your family has held it for many

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not by love, in her eyes. She held out BERT S. HAYWARD, St. John's oth hands to him, and Ferndale, his Distributor for Nfld.

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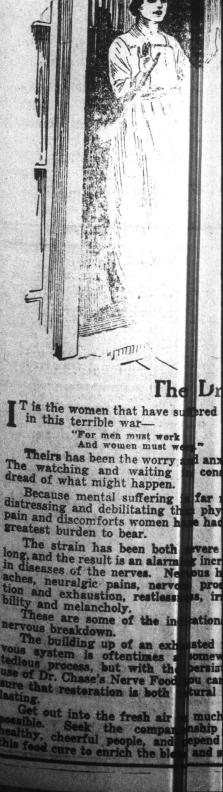
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tleman" that Nora grew furious with herself because her heart would not leap with love and pride at sight of im. Here was a man whom every ight-minded girl must admire and he ready to fall in love with, and yet his resence failed to stir within her

the life of her, she could not help ad-

ding: "Why not write and ask him

"Just so," returned Mr. Horton.

with a slight frown; "but I don't hap-

pen to know Mr. Chalfonte's address.

"No," said Nora shortly, and she

CHAPTER XXIV.

LATER on in the afternoon Nora

saw Ferndale coming up the drive. He

was on horseback, and presented so

striking a picture of the "perfect gen-

ingle warm impulse! Full of re-

norse, she ran down to him, with

ouch of colour in her cheeks and

nderness, constrained by conscience

where they are?"

Do you?"

left the room.