



**The Lost Will;
OR,
LOVE TRIUMPHS
AT LAST.**

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"I'll order a car at once. Nurse, you must go and get some lunch. This way." She opened the dining-room door to allow the nurse to pass in, then closed it, and went to Mrs. Feltham, who had sunk into a chair, too bewildered and, it must be added, alarmed, to be able to think clearly. "You must go at once, dear," she said. "It is Jack—Mr. Chalfonte, I am sure. He has been badly wounded—is very ill. He needs you."

"But, my dear, my dear!" cried Mrs. Feltham. "I—I can't go alone."

"The nurse—" began Nora, but Mrs. Feltham shook her head.

"No, dear; you must come. I want you; I couldn't go without you. One dreadful thing has happened so close to the other that—Oh, Nora, you won't refuse!"

Nora stood for a moment irresolute, her brows knit very closely, her under-lip caught in her teeth; then she shrugged her shoulders with an air of resignation, as if Fate were too strong for her.

"Very well. Come in now and get something to eat."

A forty-horse-power car is considered by most persons a fast enough vehicle, but to Nora, though the chauffeur had been told to make the pace, there were times, at stoppages in the crowded thoroughfares, for instance, when the car seemed to crawl, and her thoughts to fly faster than the wheels.

She was thinking so hard that she was almost silent; and Mrs. Feltham respected the silence, for she began to divine something of the state of Nora's mind. And yet it may be said that Nora herself did not understand it. Here was she, having just broken her engagement with one man, going to the rescue of another who was in love with—and was supposed to have gone off with—Maud Delman. But if he had gone off with that extremely pretty village girl, how was it that he was not with her, and that he was working as a navy on this unheard-of island? Had they quarrelled? Had he—well, grown tired of her already? All sorts of solutions of the enigma were considered by Nora, to be discarded in turn. There was a mystery somewhere, but one thing stood out plainly—that Jack Chalfonte the man who had befriended her, was working as a labourer for his daily bread, had been murderously assaulted, and was now lying dangerously ill. It is not necessary to inform the reader that Nora was a proud girl; but there are times when pride has to be crushed down, and this was one of them. Besides, there was joy in the thought that he would hear from her own lips first the story of his inheritance. She was going to him with a great gift in her hand. She was going to have the delight of repaying in some measure the debt of gratitude she owed him.

At another time she would have been intensely interested in the little Essex village on the bleak mainland which they reached about four o'clock, and where the magnificent motor-car, with its liveried servants, caused quite a stir at the "nice little pub," at which Nora, notwithstanding her anxiety, insisted upon staying to get some tea for Mrs. Feltham. A small crowd collected round the door of the inn

and gaped at the car and the beautiful young lady with the pale face, who looked straight before her and over their heads, as if she had something on her mind, and not a few followed the ladies when they went down to the boat. Mrs. Feltham looked nervously at the stretch of water; for a wind had risen, and the channel was somewhat rough.

"I suppose it is all right, dear," she said, in an undertone, to Nora. "The boat seems very small, and there are quite waves."

Nora scarcely heard the question, for her eyes were fixed on the egg-shaped island which held the injured Jack Chalfonte.

"I suppose you'll be coming back?" said the boatman. "If so, I'll wait 'Tis strange to see gentlefolks in these parts, beggin' your pardon." It was evident that he was trying to account for their presence. "And there ain't nothin' particular to see on Wenfleet Island. Perhaps you've come about that murder case," he added eagerly.

Mrs. Feltham shuddered and echoed the word inaudibly.

"Well, I shouldn't be surprised if it did turn out to be murder," he said, in a matter-of-fact way. "They thought as he'd pull through; but I fear that he ain't so well—what you might call forgoin' off. 'Tis a pity, for he was a fine young fellow, as tall and straight and well-built as ever I see. I brought him over when he fust come. You do get a nasty knock with a spade, 'specially if you get it edge-ways."

"Oh, stop him, stop him!" murmured Mrs. Feltham, wringing her hands.

"Have they found the man?" asked Nora, white to the lips.

The boatman shook his head.

"Not as I've 'eard. Hang-dog-lookin' chap he was—drunk. Not that that's any excuse," he added, with a judicial air. "It don't matter whether the man as lays you out is drunk or sober, he's accountable, just the same."

"But he's not dead yet!" broke in Nora, almost fiercely.

"Well, that's so," he admitted, cheerfully, "and while there's life there's hope, as they say."

What with these Cassandra-like utterances, and the pitching and the rolling of the small boat, Mrs. Feltham was reduced to something dangerously like a faint, and Nora had to hold her hand tightly and whisper encouraging words. They reached the landing-place, and Mrs. Ryan, who had seen them land from the shed, came down to meet them.

"We've come to see—" began Nora; then she checked herself before

she uttered the name, and asked, "Will you please tell me how he is?"

"Badly, miss," replied Mrs. Ryan, shaking her head; "very weak and wilted. But there's no cause to be frightened," she added quickly, as Nora's eyes closed for a second, and her grasp of Mrs. Feltham's hand tightened spasmodically. "Of course, you've come to see Bill Jones—I mean Mr. Jones? He's up in that little hut there. Shall I tell him you are here?"

"No, no," said Nora, whose desire to reach Jack had now become a kind of torture. "We will go. This lady is a relation. I am a friend."

"You'll find him there with my little gel," said Mrs. Ryan. "He and Molly are as thick as thieves; his 'little sweetheart' he calls her." A subtle change flashed over Nora's face, and Mrs. Ryan, who was not only a woman, but an Irishwoman to boot, said quietly, "She's mine."

The cloud cleared from Nora's face as quickly as it had come, and she led Mrs. Feltham towards the hut. Outside they paused; would it not have been better, after all, to let the woman give him warning of their approach? They listened; but there was no sound of voices. Nora knocked at the door and, getting no response, pushed it open gently.

There was no one in the room. She drew a long breath and her eyes went round the rough place swiftly; and she contrasted it with Jack's luxuriously-appointed room at the Hall. Ah, well; he would soon be back there!

"He is not here, Nora, dear!" said Mrs. Feltham, with disappointment and dismay. "What shall we do?"

"He cannot be far off," responded

Nora, soothingly. "Don't be frightened, Mabel dear; it is evident that he is better, stronger, or he would not be out. Shall we go in and wait for him, or try to find him?"

"Oh, let us go in and wait," said Mrs. Feltham, shuddering slightly as she cast a look over her shoulder at one or two of the rough parvies who were in sight.

They went into the room; Mrs. Feltham sank into the chair beside the bed, and Nora went to the window, and looked out at the flat and treeless view. She could see almost as far as the landing-place, and mechanically she noticed that another boat was drawing towards it; a boat with one passenger, a woman. She turned away and looked round the room again; on that bed Jack Chalfonte had been lying, fighting death; into her heart there stole an envy of the pleasant-faced nurse who had been privileged to help him in the fight. But they had not won yet, she told herself, with a sinking of the heart.

Presently the door was flung open and a little girl burst in, crying:

"Bill! There's two ladies come to see you, muvver says, and one of them's the most bootiful lady she ever saw—Oh!" She stopped short and eyed Nora and Mrs. Feltham with a mixture of shyness and admiration. "I fought Bill was here!"

"No; he's not here, Molly," said Nora, taking the child's hand. "You see, I know who you are. Bill—is a great friend of yours; you're very fond of him, aren't you?"

"Yes," replied Molly, with unmaidenly promptitude. "Are you?"

For a second Nora's face was suffused. "Everybody who knows—Bill is fond of him, Molly," she said; "especially that lady there. Do you know where Bill has gone?" she asked, as Mrs. Feltham drew the child to her and kissed her.

"No," replied Molly, frowning Mrs. Feltham's fur cape with interest and approval. "I ran off to muvver for something and left him here; he's only gone for a walk—but I think he oughtn't to, for he's very weak; just like a baby, muvver says."

Nora turned away and went to the window again. The passenger she had seen in the boat had landed and was coming up the shore. As the figure became more clearly defined, Nora was struck by something familiar in it; and presently, as the woman approached the hut, Nora's hand closed on the curtain and gripped it tightly. The girl who was drawing nearer with every step was Maud Delman.

Nora felt as if an icy hand, colder even than her own which gripped the curtain, had closed on her heart; she could neither move nor speak. There came a knock at the door, and Molly sprang to it and opened it, and cried out:

"Why, here's another lady!"

Maud Delman stood at the threshold and opened her lips to speak; then stood stock-still and stared from Nora to Mrs. Feltham, her eyes darkening, her face crimson and white by turns.

"Miss Norton!" she said at last, breathlessly. "You here! You've heard?" She looked round the room. "Where is he? Not—not—!"

They guessed the word she did not utter, and Nora shook her head, as she turned away proudly, almost haughtily.

"You're wondering why I'm here," said Maud slowly, and moistening her lips as if she found it difficult to speak. "I only knew last night; I couldn't get away before; I had to arrange for some one to take my part to-night, if—if I didn't get back. Where is he?"

"If you mean Mr. Chalfonte—" began Mrs. Feltham, coldly.

Before she could finish the sentence, the silence outside was broken by a cry; a man's cry that was not so much an appeal for help as an exclamation of anger. For an instant, an instant only, the three women remained motionless; then Molly called out, "That's Bill's voice!" and, as if she had been suddenly released from a spell, Nora, pushing Maud Delman aside, sprang to the door and ran in the direction of the cry.

(To be continued.)

MISTER MAN.—Do you want a good Suit of Clothes or Overcoat, made as good or better than you ever wore? If you do, give us your next order, and be one of our satisfied customers and help us to advertise our good work. SPURRELL the Tailor, 365 Water Street.—oct5, eod, 1f

MINARD'S LINDEN LUMBER—MAN'S FRIEND.

Your Child's Cough

Is it nothing? Is it to be neglected until it leads to that terrible scourge consumption? Peps stands between winter coughs and colds, and serious consequences. Peps are tablets made up of Pine extracts and medicinal essences, which when put into the mouth are breathed down direct to the lungs, throat and bronchial tubes—not swallowed down to the stomach, which is not ailing.

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It's a Sic. box of Peps for your cold, your cough, bronchitis or asthma. All drug stores and stores of Peps Co., Toronto, will supply.

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MINARD'S LINDEN LUMBER—MAN'S FRIEND.

William's Toilet Preparations, Best for 77 Years and Still Going Strong.

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\$ 9.50; now \$ 8.00.	\$12.50; now \$10.00.
16.50; now 13.90.	16.50; now 14.00.
21.00; now 18.00.	19.50; now 16.00.
29.50; now 26.00.	25.50; now 23.00.
35.00; now 30.00.	32.00; now 28.00.
40.00; now 34.00.	39.00; now 34.00.

These Ladies' Coats are of the very latest design and up-to-date in style and finish.

Made with Military Collar, Belted and Patch Pockets, and are extra good value at above figures.

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Germany Left no A
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WAR REVIEW.

Germany is standing, hat in hand, at the door of Marshal Foch's headquarters, humbly begging for peace, as if she were the former ally, her great military machine in the process of destruction by the onslaughts of the Entente Allied Armies, her dream of world domination rudely dissipated. Germany begs for a cessation of hostilities notwithstanding the hardships she knows she must pay, and she has the decision of the Supreme War Council at Versailles with regard to a cessation of hostilities with Germany been made public, than Germany was speeding emissaries to which to learn what the Commander-in-Chief's terms are to be. Meantime France and Flanders the enemy forces are being given no rest. Along the whole battlefield in France the British, French and Americans have made further material gains and reclaimed numerous towns and villages, and thousands more of Germans have been taken prisoners. On all sectors under attack generally the enemy forces are in slow retreat, but nevertheless at some points they are offering sharp resistance, particularly against the Americans in the Meuse river region and the French in the Oldenburg sector. The latest gains of the British on the western side of the battlefield have been productive of the capture of several towns of great importance, the gaining of more territory east of the Scheldt Canal, where the Canadians are in the attack, and in the taking of several railway junctions of high strategic value.

POSITION OF GERMAN FORCES DESPERATE.

PARIS, Nov. 6.

Enemy forces are in full retreat on a front of 75 miles from Valenciennes to the Meuse. They are being pressed hotly by the Allies. British troops have crossed the Belgian frontier east of Valenciennes, and have

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WASTE OF SUGAR

The following bulletin was issued by the most forceful and efficient of conservation propagandists—the New York Food Show last night. It was put out by the National Refining Company of New Jersey.

"Save the waste!"

"One hundred million cups of coffee are wasted daily in United States."

"Seventy million cups of tea are wasted daily in United States."

"One hundred million cups of coffee and seventy million cups of tea are wasted daily."

"If even an average of half a spoonful of sugar per cup is saved from the bottom of cups of coffee the waste would be 170,000,000 pounds of sugar daily."

"Sixty sugar until it dissolves."

"It is estimated that one-third to one-half of all sugars used in homes is lost in tea and coffee. Think it over—how many in your home? Isn't there a chance of saving?"

From New York Times
Sunday, September 29, 1918.

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"There