



The Lost Will;

OR, LOVE TRIUMPHS AT LAST!

CHAPTER XVI.
Jack was frowning slightly as he sought up to Miss Maud Delman; and when she said, a little breathlessly: "You haven't told her—Miss Norton, I mean?" he replied, rather short-

ly: "Do you mean about your going on the stage? No, I haven't told anyone. I promised you I wouldn't." "I'm glad," she said, in an under-tone. "I don't want any one to know until I've made a success. Oh, by the way, I've chosen my stage-name; it's Grace Lawless. I hope you like it." "Sounds all right," said Jack absently.

He was thinking of Nora, of the coldness of her glance, the one glance only, she had bent on him; of the fact that she had been spending the morning with the Fernaldes; that Fernald had been riding with her; been free to talk with her. Had she looked at Fernald as coldly as she had looked at him, Jack? Oh, well, it didn't matter. He was a mere nobody, of no account, while Fernald—

They found Mrs. Delman hard at work on her gloves, and Jack—to whom Maud seemed to leave the brunt of the business—began rather awkwardly and stammeringly to explain to Mrs. Delman the impending change in her daughter's life. The woman listened, at first with some signs of resentment, but presently with a kind of sullen resignation.

"I expected something of the kind," she said, raising her eyes from her work for a moment. "I knew, by Maudie's manner, that something was going on, and I'm not altogether surprised; but I am rather astonished that you should have helped her in her waywardness, Mr. Chalfonte; and you mustn't be disappointed if I say that you've taken a very great responsibility on yourself."

Jack was a trifle staggered at this; but he smiled cheerfully and said, reassuringly, apologetically: "Well, you see, Mrs. Delman, your daughter evidently has a taste for the stage, and this start is certainly encouraging. For myself, I don't know, if I were a young girl, that I should choose it as a profession; but Miss Maud seems to have set her heart upon it, and—there you are, you know."

"I understand," said the mother, her lips tightly compressed. "I know that Maud has been fretting over her work for some time past; she is very willful, like her father—and must have her way, I suppose."

"Well, she can give it a trial," said Jack; "and if it doesn't pan out all right she can come back, and no harm will be done."

And the Worst is Yet to Come—



"We shall see," said Mrs. Delman, with a shrug of her shoulders. Maud went with Jack to the gate. She was elated by the success of his embassy.

"Oh, I can't thank you enough," she murmured. "You are splendid—but you always are! My mother couldn't stand up against you. She would have argued and argued with me—not that it would have been of any use."

"No, I'm afraid it wouldn't," said Jack, smiling ruefully.

"No, not a bit. I'm determined. Mr. Chalfonte—Oh, here's another favour I'm going to ask you. Will you come to the theatre on my first night? Is it too much to ask?" she inquired, as Jack's too expressive countenance fell; for he had hoped that his association with Miss Maud Delman's affairs would now terminate.

"Don't say 'no,' if you can help it," pleaded Maud. "I know I shall do ever so much better if I know that you are in the stalls, watching me. I shall feel as if I had one friend at least in that big crowded theatre. Do come, Mr. Chalfonte! I promise you that it is the last favour I shall ask you."

"Oh, well, I'll come," said Jack. "I'll come and give you a cheery start; in fact, I'll applaud furiously." "I don't want you to do that. I only want you to be there, and for me to know that you are there, to feel—Oh, Mr. Chalfonte, how good, how very kind you have been to me! You must know that, but for you, I should not have had this start. I'm very, very grateful."

"That's all right," said Jack, in his usual phrase. "Don't you bother about that. Good-bye." He held out his hand, and she put her little one into it. His was cool enough, but her soft, well-shaped paw burnt hotly, and she pressed Jack's hand with a womanly fervour that meant more than gratitude, if only he could have known it.

Jack tramped off to a distant farm, where he ate his lunch; but not with his usual zest, for he was thinking of the luncheon-party at the Hall and picturing that modern, youthful Don Quixote, Fernald, paying dignified attention to Nora. He intended going back to town; but, with a desire for self-torture which characterises your lover, he found himself at the Hall about tea-time, and the first thing that met his sight was Fernald assisting Mrs. with her tea, which had been brought out on to the lawn. The party appeared to be very happy, and Jack as he approached, heard Nora laugh lightly at something Fernald was saying; and Jack set his teeth hard, ignorant of the fact that Nora had been rather silent and distrustful during the lunch, that this was almost her first laugh, and that it was given for his benefit.

With that contrariness which is also characteristic of your lover, Jack, who had been moody enough all the morning, became suddenly light-hearted, if not actually merry, and soon he had Lady Blanche, by whom he had taken a seat, laughing at his

salutes; but they did not appear to amuse Nora, who presently rose and strolled off with Fernald. Then Jack's brightness became clouded, and after a minute or two he also rose and, murmuring something about "business," went to the house, saying, over his shoulder, to Mrs. Feltham: "Mabel, you might tell Miss Norton that I've got those papers ready for her to sign, when she's disengaged."

He went into the library, sank into a chair, and, thrusting his hands in his pockets, stared frowningly at the carpet; he heard the Fernalds depart, and a little while afterwards Nora entered. She was still in her habit; Johnson, the village tailor, put on his mottle, had not done so badly; and as Jack raised his eyes and looked up at her, her beauty and grace made his heart leap and fall back aching.

"Do you want me?" she asked; and though she tried to speak with her usual friendliness, he could not help remarking the note of coldness in her voice; for she had been thinking of Maud Delman, and of the fact that this was the second time she had seen Jack and her together; and she remembered his hesitation and something like embarrassment, when they had been speaking of Maud Delman the other day. Surely they must be great friends to be walking together so much. Nora had noticed that the girl had been talking to Jack, on the last occasion, with a marked air of familiarity, as if they were more than friends. Indeed, she had seen that Maud was excited, as if the conversation she was holding with Jack were an intensely interesting one.

The capacity for jealousy is not confined to the lower mind; ever since she had seen Jack and Maud together that morning, Nora had been as jealous as—well, Maud herself, this village girl, could have been. She told herself that she had no right to be jealous; that it was only natural Mr. Chalfonte should be attracted by so attractive a girl as Maud Delman; certainly he had every right to walk about with her, to hold confidential conversation with her; but, all the same—

"There are these papers to sign; but they'll do any time; there's no hurry about them. I hope I haven't disturbed you—I mean, taken you away from Lord Fernald?" "Lord Fernald and Lady Blanche have gone," she said, indifferently, and so engrossed in her own pain that she did not notice the jealousy betrayed in his voice and manner. "I will sign the papers."

Jack rose, arranged the documents on the table in front of the chair; and she seated herself and began to sign them. Jack stood at her elbow; but he was not watching her signature, as he should have been doing, to witness it properly, but the dark head bent over the paper. Involuntarily he sighed. The longing to kiss the soft hair, to take her in his arms, was so great that he drew a long breath.

"What a sigh!" said Nora, without raising her head or lifting her eyes. "It sounds as if you were very tired. I'm afraid you've been working too hard to-day, Mr. Chalfonte."

"Not I," responded Jack, rather brusquely. "Don't know that I've ever felt really tired in my life, and certainly a walk to the Holly Farm wouldn't knock me over."

"Never really tired! How strong you must be!" said Nora. "I've felt tired all the afternoon; but perhaps it was the riding. We went rather far, and I'm not used to it of late."

"I should have thought Lady Blanche couldn't have driven very far," said Jack, for the sake of saying something.

"Oh, we left her at a cottage and rode on up the moor for a gallop," explained Nora. "Oh!" said Jack, moodily. "Yes, it was delightful; it was the first gallop I'd had for—oh, ever so long."

A Baby's Skin

What is so beautiful as baby's soft, smooth, velvety skin? And how is it to be kept free from chafing, irritation and distressing eczema? This is every mother's question.

Many have found the answer in the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment. Applied after the bath, this soothing, healing ointment overcomes irritation of the skin and prevents the development of eczema and other annoying skin diseases.

man, she would have been indignant; but she was reluctant to leave him, to let this impalpable barrier of coldness rise any higher between them, so, with a half smile from under her long dark lashes, she said: "You haven't told me how my habit looks?"

Jack had risen and was blotting the papers, and he turned and looked at her as she leant against the table in an attitude of easy calmness, but with her eyes downcast. The blood rose to his face, his heart thumped against his ribs. He could scarcely speak for a moment; then, because of his emotion, he replied, gruffly: "Oh, I think it looks very well. He has not made a bad job of it by any means—does him credit." Then for the life of him he could not help adding, "What does Lord Fernald think of it?"

Nora turned away with a sense of disappointment and defeat. Her little overture had not been accepted. With a shrug of the shoulders, she replied, as she opened the door: "Oh, he thought it fitted very well. In fact, he admired it."

The door closed on her, and Jack, muttering something vicious, flung the pen on the table, jammed the papers in his pocket, and stalked out of the house and to the station.

(To be Continued.)

There are new silk stockings woven in links much like coat of mail. The armholes of some of the new coats truly extend down to the hips.

Fashion Plates

A POPULAR STYLE.



Waist—2611. Skirt—2605.

No woman's wardrobe seems complete without a plaited skirt, a model that is good for sports wear, for travelling as well as for business. In the combination here portrayed waist Pattern 2611 is combined with skirt 2605. Plaid suiting was used for its development, but skirt and waist may be of different material. The waist is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 2 1/2 yards of 44-inch material. The skirt has 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires 2 1/2 yards of 64-inch material. The skirt measures about 3 1/2 yards at the foot, with plaits drawn out.

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.

A SMART SPRING SUIT.



No. 2423

2423—This excellent model has a blouse finished with surplice fronts. The skirt is a two-piece model. As here illustrated, while serge was used with trimming of black and white checked satin. Gingham, chambray, linen and shantung would also be nice for this style. Skirt and blouse may be used separately. The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 5 1/2 yards of 44-inch material. The skirt measures about 1 1/2 yard at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

No. 2423

Size . . . 34 36 38 40 42 44 46

Address in full:—

Name . . .

Squirrel will be much used on copper-color satin duvetyn and velour suits. On a deep blue cloth frock heavy silk embroidery in copper is very effective.

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.
Fleeced Underwear for Men, Women, Boys and Girls.

Warm Woollen 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.

We are still showing a splendid selection of

Tweeds and Serges.

No scarcity at

Maunder's.

However, we beg to remind our customers these goods are selling rapidly, and cannot be replaced at the same price.

John Maunder, Tailor and Clothier, St. John's, Nfld.
Advertise in the "Telegram."

WARNER'S Rust-Proof Corsets



To be worn a...
A comfortable fashion...
a Corset without tearing...
When ER'S it...
New W...
Price

Marshall

Sole Agents for Nfld.

SLATTERY Wholesale D

Now offering to the Trade the following

AUTUMN C

POUND PERCALES
POUND SATEENS
DENIMS
COTTON CHECKS
POUND UNDERWEAR
TOWELINGS

EVERY DAY GOODS

SLATTERY BLDG., Duckworth

The First Principle of Business is

That is where we shine.

Good Goods well made, moderately priced, and honest effort made to deliver on time. Expert accounting and satisfactory settlements of all claims.

The biggest clothing manufacturing organization in Newfoundland backs up its claim for Superior Service.

WHOLESALE ONLY.

Newfoundland Clothing

mar6,eod,tf



The sentiment re...
THE WEDDING...
suggests the selection...
anted to be Finest Gold...
made with great care—
at—
T. J. DULEY
Reliable Jewelers

Forty Years in the Service—The Evening