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BAIRD & CO. WHOLESALE AGENTS ST. JOHN'S

The Lost Will;
OR,
LOVE TRIUMPHS AT LAST.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"I'm afraid I shall have to let you tell me whatever you like," said Mrs. Feltham resignedly. "But what a stupid thing to say! I suppose you would have liked Nora to have come up to London alone?"

"Well, no, I shouldn't," he admitted. "But what I want to know is why she should leave the Hall all of a sudden, as if my presence had become absolutely poisonous?"

"Oh, it was not on your account," said Mrs. Feltham, murmuring the falsehood in her sweetest tones. "You see, Nora knew she had to get her own living—she is far too proud to accept it at any one else's hands—and she felt that the sooner she began to look out for something the better."

"I've never heard of such a piece of tomfoolery in my life!" he declared, pausing at the table to thump it and, at the same time, kicking a chair out of his path.

"Well, it may be; but that's no reason why you should break up our happy little home," Jack said.

"Sorry, Mabel—beg pardon; but I feel as if I could break up Buckingham Palace. Seriously, now, don't you think I have reason to cut up rough? Doesn't it look, now? Everybody say, that I've turned you out? My feelings have some consideration for my character, if you're none for my character."

"Well, come to that," murmured Mrs. Feltham, "you didn't have overmuch consideration for her feelings when you bolted off and preferred to earn your living as a navigator?"

"Navy—navy!" interjected Jack, savagely.

"Well, isn't the same thing, dear? Anyway, it was very dreadful to see you looking like one of the men you see working on the railway line or leaning against the public-house."

"For Heaven's sake keep to the point, Mabel!" remonstrated Jack impatiently. "And there's another thing. Why the bl— I mean, why on earth

didn't you tell me that Nora's—I mean Miss Norton's and Ferndale's engagement was broken off?"

"Now, why didn't I?" Mrs. Feltham asked herself, innocently. "Oh, I remember; Nora asked me not to tell you; besides, there wasn't time; there was so much to talk about, so many other things to tell you."

Jack regarded her with an eye of open suspicion.

"Upon my word," he said, nodding at her accusingly, "you women would try the patience of a saint!"

"And no one ever accused you of being that, Jack, dear."

"How long will Nora be?"

"I don't know; I really don't know," replied Mrs. Feltham. "She answered an advertisement for a music teacher at a Council school—"

Jack uttered an exclamation, which Mrs. Feltham affected not to hear.

"Council school! To teach a lot of dirty ragamuffins—"

"They're girls, Jack, dear."

"I don't know how you propose to prevent it," observed Mrs. Feltham, shaking her head sadly. "I should like to see the person who could prevent Nora doing anything she had set her mind on. My dear Jack, talking to me on the subject of her future is like pouring water over a duck's back; only the duck doesn't get up and fly at you, which Nora does when you press her too hard. She's a very nice girl, Jack; but I'm afraid she's got a temper. I pity her husband, whoever he may be."

Love in the Abbey

OR,

Lady Ethel's Rival

CHAPTER I.

"MISS TOMBOY."

IT certainly was very hard upon Mr. Trevelyan. To most fathers of the average kind Kitty would have proved somewhat of a subject for anxiety and perplexity; but to the Honorable Francis Trevelyan she was the source of a perpetual mortification, surprise, and passive regret.

"How do you account for it?" one might be tempted to ask, as he asked himself, and all of his numerous and sympathetic friends.

"How do you account for it?" That was the question which he asked himself at least twice a day; which he had been putting to himself since the day when Kitty, the cause and chief point in the problem, had broken her first piece of crockery—the great china vase which had belonged to the Countess of Blessington, and had cost a Trevelyan five thousand pounds.

Kitty had not inherited it from him. No; the Honorable Francis, contemplating his languid figure and delicate effeminate face in the mirror which reflected his favorite chair in the rose drawing-room, could pronounce a mental but emphatic negative.

Not from him, who had scarcely for one day in his life felt the blood move through his veins at a pace greater than that of an oyster, who had been one of the cleverest specimens of the *doce far niente* school, when that school was at its height; who was now held up a type and pattern of the languid, impassable, and emotionless aristocrat. Not from him, whose chief excitement was the half-hour's world gossip, which Tapley, the valet, every morning, breathed into his ear over the soft, ivory-backed hair-brush; whose chief end and aim in life had been to maintain the character of dilettante and fashionable idler; whose chief hope was—what?

In the morning that the cook would not overbail the chocolate; in the evening that Tapley would not over-leave the mosele, and in the afternoon that no one and no thing would disturb his nap.

No; Kitty and he were the very opposite; they stood as pole and pole; she at the sweet, warm south, he at the cold, bloodless north. Had she taken it from her mother?

The Honorable Francis often asked himself that question, and though he did not answer it with such emphatic mental repudiation as when the question applied to himself, he could still put forward a negative. Mrs. Trevelyan had only been one degree less impassive, emotionless, and lymphatic than himself. He had chosen her as a fitting mate, one well able to uphold the great Rosedale character for perfect and aristocratic apathy, and she had not disappointed him.

Now these two almost perfect specimens of their class should, according to all the approved and tabulated rules and deductions, have produced a simply perfect brood of aristocratic frigidity and cold-blooded propriety.

Kitty should have been an Honorable Francis feminized, a model of languid grace and haughty insipidity. Poor Mr. Trevelyan. . . . Kitty was a tomboy.

"My daughter's name, or names," he would say, with a plaintive smile of injury and long suffering, "are Euphemia Clarissa Katherine Trevelyan; a nurse, a stupid, vulgar creature, sent in an unlucky moment, by my uncle, the Earl of Rosedale, was reprehensible enough to call the child 'Kitty'! Kitty," a sigh of patient horror, "the child, with her characteristic contrariety, took it, and—insisted upon claiming it as her own. It is scarcely necessary to say that there has never been a Kitty in our family," he always added, and with an emphasis of patrician disgust on the "Kitty" that spoke volumes.

This, and much more of the same kind, the Honorable Mr. Trevelyan would musically murmur when he made those morning calls which were the chief occupations, the serious business of his life, or when he was receiving the return visits in that rose-colored drawing-room at the Lawn, in which he, Kitty, Tapley, the cook, and two housemaids lived.

INCREASE BABY'S STRENGTH

Everybody loves a baby and everybody wants a baby abundantly robust. There are many young children to whom

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given in small portions at intervals during each day, would be an important factor in overcoming malnutrition and starting them well on the road to robustness. *Every drop of Scott's is pure, rich nourishment, the kind that builds strength and promotes healthy growth.* **Children Thrive on Scott's** Scott & Bower, Toronto, Ont. 11-13

There is no other word by which to describe her, if there had been, be sure that Mr. Trevelyan and his sympathetic friends would have found it.

The taint, as the Honorable Mr. Francis called it, with an accompanying sigh, must have been in the blood somewhere, say in that individual half way up the ancestral tree, the gentleman who was represented in the center pedigree of the Rosedale Family which hung in the library; the gentleman with his arms flung above his head in a most unbecoming manner, and it had remained hidden for generation after generation, to show itself in his daughter.

It had shown itself early in that young lady's life, too. Most of the Rosedale babies very properly and becomingly exhibited the family characteristic even in their cradles; they slept long, ate sparingly, were aristocratically thin, pale, and, so to speak, bloodless; but the unfortunate Mr. Trevelyan's baby had been restless, energetic and hungry—yes, right down vulgarly hungry, from an infant.

She crowded; a thing no Rosedale baby had been known to do; she also kicked her nurse and struck at her astonished and outraged mamma.

From such a beginning what could be hoped? As she grew up, the taint revealed itself with greater distinctness. At a very early age she began to walk, then to run and laugh—will that day ever be forgotten when Mr. Trevelyan first heard that laugh? Then came the period of tuition—of Lennie's grammar and Butler's spelling, or music and deportment. Deportment! Mr. Trevelyan never hears the word but he shudders. Himself could not have compelled that lithe, graceful, restless figure into the proper degree of fashionable stiffness and elegance; and as to music—well, perhaps Kitty did not get a fair trial, for the six white mice which she managed with awful ingenuity to conceal in the piano so effectually silenced that instrument and filled Mr. Trevelyan with despair that the lessons were abruptly and forever brought to a close.

Yes, it was terribly hard upon the Honorable Francis—and not a little hard upon Kitty herself—that we should have to expatiate upon her shortcomings, but it would not be just to start without a true and honest account of her; and it is only fair to her to say that she would be the first to disclaim against any dishonest concealment.

Then her name, Kitty! Had there ever been such a name in the Rosedale family? It was not her name, as Mr. Trevelyan never failed to inform every new acquaintance, and remind every old one.

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(To be Continued.)

Fashion Plates.

2596—Your little girl will be pleased with this style of dress. It is nice for gabardine plaid suiting, serge, galates, gingham, chambray, percale, velvet or silk. The closing is effected at the left side. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length.



The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 5, 8 and 10 years. Size 4 requires 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A SIMPLE STYLE FOR THE LITTLE TOT.



2603—This model is nice for gingham, seersucker, chambray, repp, poplin, crepe, serge, flannellette and galathea. The belt and pockets may be omitted. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 1 year, 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 will require 2 1/2 yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

No.

Size

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NOTICE.—Correspondents are requested to accompany contributions with their REAL NAMES, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. The editor refuses to accept any matter unless this rule is adhered to.

Notice to Prospective Engine Buyers.

Owing to the difficulties of transportation, unless engines are actually in stock, it is impossible for engine dealers to guarantee time of delivery. We have just received part shipment of

Lathrop Engines

which left the factory in July. While these last we can make **IMMEDIATE DELIVERY.**

The balance of shipment is "somewhere in" and is expected within a few days. We strongly advise you if you are thinking of buying a Lathrop Engine to place your order at once.

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Certainly not the misshapen one. Yet look at your shoes and see how they have lost their shape and style.

Put a pair of "FITALL" Shoe Trees in them and notice the magic change the Shoe Trees make in their appearance—in their comfort—in their wear—and in your hosiery bills.

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Hardware Dept., Sole Agents.
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Parcel Post for Mld. Expeditionary Forces!

The attention of the public is drawn to the very urgent necessity of strictly observing the regulations published by this Department from time to time concerning the despatch of parcels to members of the Regiment overseas and the following particulars should be strictly observed:

- (1) Parcels must not exceed eleven pounds.
- (2) Parcels should be addressed with the Regimental number, rank, name and surname of addressee, followed by the last known address of the Unit with which the individual was serving; for example:
No. 0978 Cpl. John J. Kent,
2nd Battalion
The Royal Newfoundland Regt.,
Hazeley Down Camp,
Winchester,
Hant's Camp,
England.
- (3) Parcels should bear the name and address of a second addressee to whom the parcel may be delivered or forwarded, if it should prove impossible to deliver to the first. The Original address should be written on the FRONT of the parcel where the postage stamps and customs declaration are affixed, and the second or alternative address should be written on the BACK of the parcel.
- (4) If second address is not furnished at the time of posting and delivery cannot be effected, the contents of the parcel, unless of exceptional value or of a personal nature, will be turned over to the Military Authorities for distribution.
- (5) Parcels containing articles of personal nature or of special value will be returned if request for their return, in case of non-delivery, is made by the sender, such request to be written on the cover of the parcel at the time of posting.
- (6) The procedure outlined in (4) and (5) is adopted at the suggestion of the British Post Office, to prevent the waste of a large quantity of perishable food stuffs which form the contents of 90 per cent. of parcels sent to soldiers.
- (7) Parcels should be packed securely.
- (8) Attention is drawn to the Notice concerning Christmas parcels recently published by the Postmaster General. All Christmas mail B. E. F. should be posted in time to arrive at the Pay and Record Office, London, not later than the end of November.

J. R. BENNETT,
Minister of MUNITION.

Y ou o v b e

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GEORGE'S CONGRATULA-

TIONS.

LONDON, Nov. 12.

King George has sent messages of congratulation to the Empire. To the King expresses his pride at the brilliant success which has crowned more than four years of effort and success. Germany, our most formidable enemy, who planned the war to gain supremacy of the world, full of pride in her armed strength and of contempt for the small British Army that day, has now been forced to acknowledge defeat. He says: "I regret that in this achievement the British forces, now grown from a beginning to the finest army in the world, have borne so many and distinguished a part. Soldiers of the British Empire, in France and Belgium, the prowess of your arms, as in retreat as in victory, has won admiration of all, friends and foes, and you, by a happy historic fate, had you to conclude the campaign capturing Mons, where your predecessors of 1914 shed the first British blood. Between that date and this you have traversed a long and weary path. Defeat has more than once stared you in the face; your ranks have thinned again and again by sickness, sickness and death; but your faith has never faltered, your courage has never failed, your hearts have never shown defeat. With your comrades you have won the day, and you have fought in more distant fields, in the mountains and valleys of Italy, in rugged Balkan ranges, under the burning sun of Mesopotamia, Africa, amid the snows of Russia and Siberia, and by the shores of the Dardanelles. I pray God, who has been pleased to bring a victorious end to the great war for justice and right, will prosper and bless our efforts in the distant future to secure for the nations to come the hard-won peace of freedom and peace."

Y ou o v b e

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