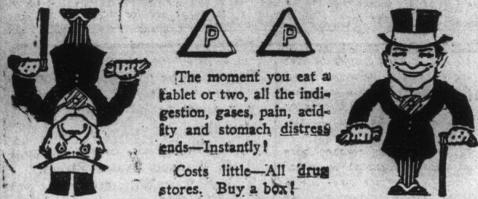


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**The Lost Will;
OR,
LOVE TRIUMPHS
AT LAST!**

CHAPTER XV.

She ran up to her room. Her cheeks were burning, her heart was beating tumultuously; she felt as if she were still in the embrace of Jack's strong arms as he had lifted her down from the saddle. As she went to the glass to do up her hair, she shrank from the reflection of her own eyes; for they seemed heavy with her heart's secret, half confessed. In the glass she saw Jack's face almost as plainly as her own. For the first time since she had known him, it had been stern and angry, the tones of his voice rang in her ears; there had been something startling in their anger and rebuke. But now there was something precious to her in this exhibition of his masculine command of her.

How anxious he must have been, how much he must have cared for her safety, that he should have lost that easy, pleasant temper of his and been forced to speak to her so harshly! Yes, his anxiety on her account was very precious to her, and she dwelt upon it with a commingling of emotions, for it revealed to her something of her inner self.

And suddenly she knew how much he meant to her. That she should be grateful to him for all he had done for her was inevitable, but now she knew that there was something warmer in her heart than mere gratitude. She knew why she felt so contented, so happy when she was near him, why there seemed to be always something wanting when he was absent, and why this lacking in her life was fully supplied when she heard his step and his voice in the hall. Her heart sang its psalm of praise of him. He was just her idea of what a man should be—so strong, so full of that strength of body and mind which a woman admires.

On his good looks she bestowed scarcely a thought, for with Nora, like most women, man's beauty did not count for much; but, all the same, she was proud of his handsome face, of the powerful, lithe figure, with its perfect ease of movement, its unconscious youthful grace. Then suddenly, as she allowed her mind to dwell

And the Worst is Yet to Come—



CHAPTER XVI.

A WEEK later, as Jack was walking from the station to the Hall, he saw Maud Delman at the corner of the lane; and it was evident to Jack that she knew the train by which he usually travelled and that she had been waiting for him. There was a blush on her pretty face, and an eager light in her expressive eyes, as she greeted him.

"I thought you would come by this," she said, in her low and vibrant voice; "and I wanted particularly to see you. I've been to London and had an interview with Mr. Telby." Jack had given Telby her address. "It's all right. I want to tell you all about it. Will you come up the lane, out of the way of the houses? Oh, I'm so happy, Mr. Chalfonte!"

"So it's all right?" said Jack, walking beside her.

"Yes, I think so," she responded, her colour coming and going, her eyes glancing up at him gratefully, her voice thrilling with suppressed excitement. "Of course, I was terribly nervous, and Mr. Telby didn't help me much; he would insist upon telling me of the shoals of girls who fancied they had a gift for the stage, and who, most of them, turned out failures—utter rotters!—were his words. He almost took away what little courage I had; but when I'd started, when I'd got through my first lines, I forgot everything, just as I did the other day with you; and I suppose I must have done fairly well; for, when I'd finished, he said, 'Not so bad for a novice, young lady; I fancy there's something in you.' And, oh, Mr. Chalfonte, what do you think he has offered me?"

"The part of Juliet and fifty pounds a week!" ventured Jack, with smiling irony.

She laughed up at him brightly. "Oh, no, no. That only happens in novels. No, he hasn't offered me Juliet, but he has promised to give me a small part—a very wee, tiny part—in his new play, *By the Wayside*. I've only got about twenty lines or so; but it is a speaking part, and at the Theatre. And now here's the most wonderful thing: Mr. Telby's going to give me three pounds a week."

"Enormous sum!" was Jack's comment.

"Not to you, Mr. Chalfonte. I dare say; but it is to me," said Maud, smoothly. "How many gloves do you think I should have to sew before I could make three pounds?"

"I dunno," replied Jack; "but it seems to me that glove-making is pretty regular, while this stage business—or, well, there's a good deal of 'resting' about it, you know."

"I know; but I don't think I shall have to 'rest' long," she said, with a confidence that staggered Jack. "If I can convince such a hard man as Mr. Telby, and repeat my lines with him staring at me with bulging eyes and half-smiling, half-jeering lips, I'm sure I can acquit myself on the stage, with the help of the excitement and the hope of applause. And now, Mr. Chalfonte—oh, I seem to be always asking favours of you—I want you to see my mother and tell her, and persuade her that I'm 'doing' the right thing in going on the stage."

It was what Jack would have called a "pretty tall order"; but "in for a penny, in for a pound." He laughed and shrugged his shoulders, complying with the words:

"Oh, very well; but I imagine I'm going to have a bad quarter of an hour. Where and how are you going to live in London? Mrs. Delman will want to know that."

"I've taken a room in Chelsea—No. 106, Garden Street. I did it directly after I left Mr. Telby's office," replied Maud, rather shamefacedly.

"You're a pretty prompt young lady," remarked Jack, not a little astonished by the girl's readiness. "You've burned your boats with a vengeance."

"What's the use of hesitating?" she said, with a toss of her head. "Mr. Chalfonte, I don't believe that you quite realise how serious I am about this business. I mean to go on with it, and I mean to succeed."

"Pon my word, you certainly do, and 'pon my word, I think you will," said Jack; then, with a sigh, "Well, let's go and see your mother; the sooner it's over the better."

They turned and walked towards the village, Maud talking all the while, eagerly, with the same suppressed excitement, her pretty face now and again turned towards him, her expressive eyes bright and eager, uplifted to his; and Jack listened,

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with a full appreciation of her capacity, and nodding now and again. At the bend of the road he saw a little cavalcade approaching them. It consisted of Lady Blanche, lying back in her pony-phæton, and Lord Ferndale and Nora on horseback on either side of her. It seemed to Jack as if he could never be in Maud's company without Nora happening on them. He told himself that there was no earthly reason why he should not be seen walking with Maud Delman, but, notwithstanding this assurance, he felt uncomfortable and there was a certain expression of embarrassment on his face as he raised his hat. He did not pause; but the cavalcade stopped, and there was nothing for Jack to do but to approach it.

"Excuse me a moment," he said to Maud, hurriedly.

She walked on slowly, and Jack strode up to the waiting group. Ferndale regarded him as impassively as usual, and Nora's face was almost as expressionless as Ferndale's, but Lady Blanche smiled and held out her hand with evident pleasure at meeting him.

"Isn't it a beautiful morning, Mr. Chalfonte?" she said, in her soft, subdued voice. "We have had such a delightful ride, and we are going home with Nora for lunch. What a very, very pretty girl you are walking with! I've seen her once or twice before, but I don't know her name. Who is she?"

"A Miss Delman," said Jack, as casually as he could; but he was conscious that Nora's eyes were regarding him with a strange coldness. "She is one of Miss Norton's tenants."

He wanted to add, "I am helping her to get on the stage, and am going to break it to her mother"; but he remembered his promise, and withheld the information.

"Oh, well, we shall see you at lunch, I suppose?" said Blanche, innocently; but Jack shook his head. He did not fancy a luncheon with the present party.

"I'm afraid not," he said. "Got business at the other end of the estate."

He stood for a moment; not awkwardly, but finding a difficulty in getting away. Nora came to his assistance with a murmur of "We shall be late," touched her horse with her heel, and the cavalcade went on towards the Hall.

(To be Continued.)

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Fashion Plates

A POPULAR STYLE.



No woman's wardrobe seems complete without a plaited skirt, a model that is good for sports wear, for traveling 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 1/4 yards of 64-inch material. The skirt measures about 2 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.



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.

Maple syrup sauce is made with 1/4 cup of maple sugar and 1 tablespoonful of corn syrup, boiled together. Four this on to the beaten white of an egg, cool and beat in 1/4 cup of cream.

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LaFere Reports Germany's Wilson's Up

Unconditional Surrender Line

WAR REVIEW.
The German battle line in France continues to bend under the attacks of the Entente Allies, but nowhere has it been broken. The enemy almost everywhere is in retreat towards new positions, but his retreat is orderly and the British, French and Americans are being compelled to fight their way forward slowly in the face of enemy machine gun detachments acting as rearguards. Highly important strategic positions have been wrested from the enemy by the British and French, while on their sector of the front the Americans have further advanced their lines on both sides of the Meuse, obtaining the objectives they sought. The British advance after days of hard fighting has brought them at last to the gates of Douai which long has held back the British forces from closing in upon its great bend in the line which has little as its centre and which has been considered by the military experts as the keystone to the German defense system through Northern Belgium to the sea. To the south the French have blotted out both LaFere and Laon and the greater portion of the St. Gobain massif standing in the elbow where the line runs eastward toward the Swiss frontier. Here also the Germans for weeks had stood fighting desperately, realizing that a successful advance by their foes would shatter all their military plans in the south and probably compel a swifter retirement than now is being carried out and possibly make untenable the entire Meuse line to which it is believed they are gradually making their way along the Aisne. In Champagne the French have forced their way across the Aisne at various points and are almost upon the important railway town of Rehel, whence it is only a step to Mezieres, while north of Vouziers they are continuing to battle their way forward toward Sedan. In the bend of the Aisne more than thirty-six localities have been liberated by the French and several thousand civilians freed from bondage. Since the offensive began 21,567 Germans have been made prisoners and 600 of their guns captured. With the situation in France and Belgium highly satisfactory to the Allies, the operations in Serbia and Albania likewise daily are being carried forward successfully. Nish, the capital of the little kingdom, after the invasion by the Austro-Hungarians, has been recaptured and the enemy driven to the hills.

READY TO ACCEPT WILSON'S TERMS.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 12.
Germany's reply to President Wilson, inquiry intercepted as it was being sent by the great wireless towers at Neuen, and forwarded here tonight in an official despatch from France, declares Germany is ready to accept President Wilson's peace terms, evacuating the invaded territory as a prerequisite to an armistice, and that the bid for peace represents the German people as well as the government. Although on its face the text of the German note seems to be a complete acceptance of President Wilson's terms, the people of the United States and the Allied countries should be cautioned against ac-

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