

# A Terrible Disclosure;

## What Fools Men Are!

CHAPTER IV.

He smiled sadly.  
"I never see a girl about Lela's size but I am smitten with the wild idea that it may be she!" he murmured, and he flung his cigar away and went down toward the inn. Then he paused; there was nothing to be done there—it would be better to wait in the open air, in the pleasant moonlight than shut up in the little parlor. He turned back and sauntered around the church. He had traversed three sides, keeping to the path, when, as he turned the last corner, he came face to face with the figure he had seen and so suddenly lost. There was not much light, and the girl started a little and swerved aside at the unexpected appearance of a stranger. Lord Edgar raised his hat, and as he made way for her, murmured gently—  
"I beg your pardon," expecting her to pass on.

But with a low exclamation and a gesture of surprise, almost fear, she stopped, and let fall a basket which she had held in her hand.

Lord Edgar stooped and picked it up, and looked up to offer it to her, when he saw above him the lovely face of his lost darling.

For a moment he knelt motionless, speechless, fearing that his trouble had overturned his reason, and that this was the vision of a disordered brain; and in that moment she drew the hood across her face, and taking the basket turned swiftly from him.

Her movement broke the spell that bound him. With a cry of joy and amazement he sprang toward her and caught both her arms, with the one word, full of love and entreaty, upon his lips—"Lela!"

Panting and trembling, she gazed at him, her lovely face white to the very lips, her eyes suffused with a glow of passionate devotion, and—yes, sorrow!

"Lela!" he cried, drawing her near to him. "Lela! Oh, my darling, do you not know me? Why do you look like this? Why do you not speak? What is the matter? What does it all mean? Lela, Lela! Speak to me!"

Her lips opened and quivered, and she made a faint, futile attempt to draw away from his grasp. He saw the eyes bent wistfully upon him slowly fill with tears, felt her tremble like a leaf in the wind, and his heart gave a great leap of sorrowful, impatient love.

"My darling," he murmured, soothingly, "I have frightened you! No, do not speak for a moment. There!" He paused, and held her gently, firmly, for a space, and looked at her, all his honest, passionate love in his eyes.

"Now, Lela, my dear, dear love; speak to me! Tell me what it all means! Why you ran away from me? Come, have some pity on me. You owe me something in return for all the misery I have undergone. There!"

### And the Worst is Yet to Come—



You are not frightened now?"  
"No," she murmured, "not frightened, but sorry—ah, so sorry!" and her lips quivered.  
His brow knitted.  
"Sorry," he repeated, bewildered, but patient. "Sorry that I have found you, Lela?"  
"Yes," she said, looking at him, and trying to drive the tender, wistful love from her eyes, in which it would shine and glow, try as she would.  
"Yes, sorry, sorry!" she breathed, her hand pressed against her heart. "I have looked forward to this moment, dreaded it, for I knew that it must come. Oh, Edgar!"  
His heart leaped as she breathed his name.

"Yes," he said, restraining the impulse to catch her to his heart, and another the beautiful face with kisses. "Yes, you were right in that. You could not have hidden from me much longer, Lela. Now tell me why you have hidden at all! See, I am trying to be patient and calm—if you knew how hard it is you would be proud of me! But don't keep me in suspense longer than you can help. Here, come into the light. Ah, my darling, how I have longed for this moment! What a cruel week you have caused me!" and his strong voice broke.

The tears ran slowly down her face, and she turned her head aside, lest he should read her weakness in her eyes; and she meant to be so strong, so stanch!  
"Will you not go now—at once?" she said, in a low voice. "Do not be cruel to us both—Lord Edgar—"  
"Stop!" he said, and his lips twitched. "If you don't want to send me mad outright, don't call me Lord Edgar. Remember, I know nothing of your reason for deserting me."  
"Deserting! Ah, yes, yes!" she murmured.  
"Yes, deserting," he said, firmly; "that is what it was, Lela. How you could have done it I don't know. I could not have treated you so, my poor darling!"  
"Oh, don't!" she pleaded. "Have some pity on me. Do you think it—cost—me—nothing?"  
He smothered the passionate exclamation that trembled on his lips, and controlled himself with saying, quickly:  
"Why did you do it? Tell me, Lela, the truth, and all the truth."  
And he drew her hands to his heart and held them there. She looked up at him, her beautiful eyes glowing solemnly with self-sacrifice.

"I left you, Edgar, because I knew that it was for your own good that I should do so."  
A hot flush covered his face, but he kept a tight hand on the reins. He meant to learn the whole truth before he gave way to the passion which

"Grandfather had a friend at the school on the hill there"—he did not follow her glance, his eyes clung too hungrily to her face—"we came here thinking that he would help us, and he has done so. Grandfather teaches in the school. He—he is quite happy, and—" her eyes filled again. "I must go now, Lord Edgar. You will let me go?"  
He drew a long breath.  
"We shall see!" But instead of releasing her arm he drew it through his own, and taking her with him, paced slowly up and down. What could he say, what could he do to move her?  
Like most gentle women, Lela, when once her mind was made up, could be steadfast. The marquis, with his sardonic cleverness, had thrown such a glamour over her that it seemed to envelop her like a veil, to be a veritable wall between her and Edgar, a wall against which their hearts beat flutteringly on either side.

He looked down at her, at the lovely face, pale as a lily, with the tender lips half parted with the pain and excitement of the situation; he could feel her trembling on his arm. All sorts of wild ideas flew into his head.

surged in his heart and brain.  
"Because it was for my good! Not for yours?" He looked at her, and noticed how thin and pale—but still so lovely!—her face had grown. She seemed slier than ever, so slight that he could have carried her across the stream with one arm now. "Not for yours?"  
She shook her head, with a little scornful wonder in her eyes.  
"For mine? Ah, no!"  
"Good!" he said, as if he had made one point. "You left me, knowing that I loved you as I did, and do, without a word of explanation, of good-by even, for my good!" He laughed bitterly, impatiently. "For my good! Will you explain, Lela? You owe me a full explanation. I must be satisfied if I am to leave you, as you ask me, mustn't I?"  
The voice was as gentle and tender as a woman's; it was as if he were addressing a child.  
"Yes, for your good," she murmured, as if repeating a phrase she had well rehearsed. "Was I who loved you to drag you down to ruin?"  
Light was beginning to dawn upon him.  
"I see—you did not want to drag me down to ruin?"  
"Ah, no!" she breathed, and her hand clasped his hand. "I did not know. When I let you love me, when I let you make me tell you that I loved you, I did not know. But I do know now."  
"Know what?"  
"That it would be your ruin to marry me—a mere nobody—you the future marquis. You would have grown ashamed of me, and—and ceased to love me; and I should have been a weight and a clog in your way through the world. And—and—" The tears streamed down her face. "Ah, Edgar, I saw it all when he pointed it out—I saw it all, and I loved you too well to bring you harm!"  
Lord Edgar's lips closed tightly—he too saw it all now; but he controlled himself with an effort.  
She was silent, and her head drooped.

"You need not answer, Lela. I know. It was my father who told you this?"  
She was still silent.  
"—My affectionate and devoted father," he said, with the first touch of bitterness in his voice that had ever sounded in its connection with the marquis. "What else did he tell you, Lela?"  
She shook her head sorrowfully.  
"It does not matter," she murmured. "It was all true; the hard, bitter truth! I did not know—how should I!—that that day when you told me you loved me, and I knew that I loved you. I thought nothing else mattered. But now—"  
"But now the marquis has opened your eyes," he said, calmly; "you see differently?"  
"Yes, I see that my love would only have brought you sorrow and misery, and so—so I left the Abbey, Edgar, and saved you."

The sense of the cruel, wickedly cruel, wrong that had been done them both silenced the passionate outburst that trembled on his lips.  
He was silent for a moment, then he raised her hand to his lips and kissed it. She tremulously withdrew it, as if she had condoned a sin.  
"Yes, you left me—without a word; you sacrificed yourself, Lela; and then? How did you come here?"  
"Grandfather had a friend at the school on the hill there"—he did not follow her glance, his eyes clung too hungrily to her face—"we came here thinking that he would help us, and he has done so. Grandfather teaches in the school. He—he is quite happy, and—" her eyes filled again. "I must go now, Lord Edgar. You will let me go?"  
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### Had Piles for Ten Years

And Tried Nearly Everything Except a Surgical Operation Without Obtaining Relief. How Complete Cure Was Effected.

There are reported here three cures of chronic cases of piles. In all three cases many treatments were tried before it was discovered that Dr. Chase's Ointment is about the only real cure for this distressing ailment. Mrs. A. Oates, 23 Gilkinson street, Brantford, Ont., writes: "I have used Dr. Chase's Ointment as a household remedy for ever so long, and am particularly indebted to it for a cure from Piles. I had suffered from this annoying trouble for ten years, and tried nearly everything I heard of. After using Dr. Chase's Ointment a short while I was completely cured." Mrs. Wm. Shantz, 156 Albert street, Kitchener, Ont., writes: "For several years I was troubled with bleeding piles. I tried different remedies for relief without success. I read in Dr. Chase's Ointment the benefits other people were receiving from Dr. Chase's Ointment, so I sent to your office for a sample box. I found it gave me such relief that I went to a drug store and purchased a full-sized box. I have used several boxes since, and have derived more benefit from its use than any remedy I have ever used."

Mrs. F. Cussons, Victoria street, Ingersoll, Ont., writes: "About two years and a half ago I was suffering from Piles. I had tried many different remedies for this distressing trouble, but nothing helped me. Finally I got a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment, and after using it found that I was completely cured and have not been bothered in this way since. I can cheerfully recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment to anyone suffering as I did."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. There are no returns on Dr. Chase's Ointment as a treatment for Piles.

What if he caught her up and carried her bodily to the inn, and rode away with her? It would solve the difficulty in the easiest manner possible! But that could not be done, alas! Argue with her? She could beat him at argument, and give him points: her very love for him made her fearfully strong. She had become possessed of the idea that her love would ruin him, and how to disabuse her mind he knew not.

They walked up and down in the moonlight slowly, he with knitted brow and troubled spirit, she, womanlike, in a mingled ecstasy of pleasure and pain.

At last he stopped and spoke.  
"Lela, listen to me. Look at me. I have thought over all you have said. Perhaps—his voice faltered at the approach of the falsehood—"you and my father are right; might get tired of you."

A little sigh broke from her lips, and he saw her wince as if he had struck her. His heart smote him, but he persisted. "I never saw it in that light before. It may be true. So we will part."

"Yes," she murmured brokenly, and her hand slipped from his arm; he was about to catch at it, but restrained himself. "I don't know what will become of me; perhaps I shall marry some one whom you and the marquis think more suitable; perhaps I shall go abroad, to Mexico, anywhere; it doesn't matter. I know for a certainty that, whether you would have ruined my life, as you call it, it is ruined for the present."

"Ah!" she breathed. "If we had never met!"  
"Yes," he said, slowly. "But we did. And now you have convinced me we had better part, I suppose?"  
(To be continued.)

### From the Lower Deck.

Generous Recognition of Merit in the Navy.

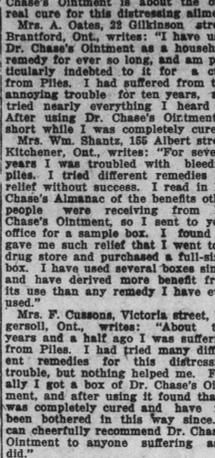
Fifty naval warrant officers—four chief gunners, 41 gunners, two chief signal boatswains and three boatswains—have been specially selected by the Admiralty and promoted to the rank of Lieutenants. This may be taken as the first instalment towards full recognition of lower deck merit. The new Lieutenants are all between the ages of 35 and 42, and the commanding officers who have recommended them have been required to prove their confidence by agreeing to employ them as watch-keepers in their own ships. Five D.S.C.'s are among the new Lieutenants, including Gunner Harry Morgan, who did fine work with the torpedo tubes of the Liberty in the first Heligoland fight, and was awarded a bar last year. The junior promoted goes over the heads of about 300 seniors, and in the ordinary course of routine would not have become a Lieutenant for 15 years or more. A committee presided over by Rear-Admiral E. Hyde Parker is now investigating the general condition of the warrant ranks, and it is expected that one result will be a considerable acceleration in the routine advancement to lieutenantcies. Under present conditions, a senior man has to serve more than 20 years as a warrant officer before a commission comes.

And he drew her hands to his heart and held them there. She looked up at him, her beautiful eyes glowing solemnly with self-sacrifice.

### Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Fashion Plates. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

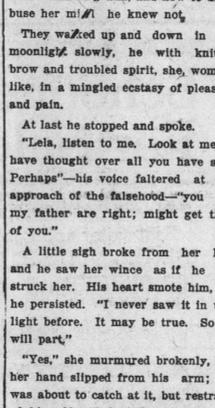
A VERY PLEASING MODEL.



2441—This style is very nice for foulard, organdy, lawn, batiste, plain and figured voile, also for taffeta, satin and linen. The fronts are finished with a shaped plastron. The closing is at the side. The tunic may be omitted.

The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 requires 8 3/4 yards of 27-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.

A PRETTY MODEL WITH OR WITHOUT BOLERO.



2424—This is a good model for combinations of material. Gingham and organdy, voile and lawn, foulard and crepe could be used. The style is nice also for linen, percale, dimity and other lingerie fabrics. The bolero may be finished separately. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 3 yards of 36-inch material for the dress, and 3/4 yard for the bolero. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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april 17, 1922

### Enemy Campaigns Showing Up Weak Resolution Opposed

BRITISH OFFICIAL.  
LONDON, April 21. The text of the statement from the British headquarters this evening says: There was local fighting to our advantage this morning in the neighborhood of Robecq, where the enemy troops were successfully ejected from some of their advanced positions. The hostile artillery has shown considerable activity in this part. Comparatively quiet on the other parts of the British front.

### THE GERMAN PLANS.

LONDON, April 21. (Via Reuter's Ottawa Agency.)—Telegraphing from British headquarters in France last evening, Reuter's correspondent says: Captured maps show that when the enemy broke off his attack south of Arras to develop an unexpected success at Arras, he was calculated on breaking through, but he has been held now for almost a week. He will probably be assaulting chosen positions with masses of men and guns. The evidence is that the chain of hillocks running from Mount Kemmel will be successfully attacked. The enemy may revert to his original plan of separating the Anglo-French armies, but it is no longer possible for him to reach the Channel ports. Prisoners admit the task set them when the offensive was launched has been much more bitter than they imagined. The fighting of the past week has created such a numerical superiority yielded to the enemy the slightest success. The line shakiness of a week ago which is now variegated with blue French uniforms, will much less likely yield to any sudden stupendous thrust.

### TROUBLE BREWING.

WITH THE BRITISH ARMY IN FRANCE, April 21. (By the Associated Press.)

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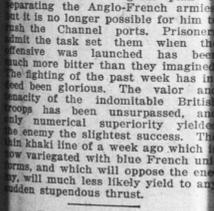
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