MADE IN CANADA

SOME OF ITS USES:

For making soap.
For washing dishes.
For cleaning and disinfecting refrigerators.
For removing ordinary obstructions from drain pipes and sinks.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO, ONT.
WINNIPEG MONTREAL

A Terrible Disclosure;

OR,

What Fools Men Are!

CHAPTER VII.

Women are not good at argument, it is pretty generally admitted, and women when they are in love lose what little knowledge of logic they originally possessed. Lela was silent.

"As for the professor," said Lord Edgar; "he will come around when he finds that it is too late to object. After all, what is his objection to me? That I am the son of the marquis? That is all! I can't help being Lord Fane! I wish to Heaven I could! I would like to be an usher in some school; then he would welcome me, I suppose!"

"What can I say?" she whispered, all quivering with fear and happiness.

"Say 'yes,' darling!" he murmured, smoothing the soft, silky hair from her face and kissing her. "Say 'yes,' and let us put an end to this suspense and secrecy."

"Secrecy," she said. "But—but—our marriage will be secret, Edgar?"

He nodded.

"Yes, for a time. Clifford thinks that it would be best."

"Your cousin," she said; "it is his advice?"

"Yes," he said, heartily, "and his advice is worth having, dearest. He knows more of the world than I do, and he is deeply attached to me. You will like him for my sake, and your own, when you see him. He has been everything that is kind! He has arranged everything."

"Arranged?" she said, with a troubled look in her limpid eyes.

Lord Edgar nodded.

"Yes!" he said. "Clifford is not the man to do things by halves! He asked me to-day if my happiness was set upon you, and I said that I could not live without you."

"Ah, Edgar!" and the trusting heart beat against his own.

"That I could not live without you, and he put into words a thought I had cherished in secret. He said, 'Why live without her? why not marry her?'"

"Ah! no, no!"

"But it must be yes—yes!" he said, ardently. "There is no reason against it! See what unhappiness we two have endured this last week! Who knows but that something else might not turn up to separate us—and I could not bear that, and I do not think if I know you, dearest, that you could."

"No," she murmured; "anything but parting again, Edgar; I could bear anything but that!" and she clung to him.

He kissed her.

"You see!" he said, pursuing his advantage, "once we are married, nothing can part us! And think how happy we shall be! Think of it, darling! We shall be always together, and you will be my wife"—oh, sacred name, what magic lies in your two simple syllables! "My wife!" he repeated, as she smiled and blushed with pride and happiness. "And we will have rooms in town, jolly little rooms, in London, or a little way out—say, Richmond. I haven't decided yet! I! It is you who shall decide! And when it is all over, and I can call you mine, we will go to the professor and say: 'Forgive us! It is too late to do anything else, seeing that you can't separate us!' And we will have him to live with us—"

"Ah, Edgar!"

"Yes, and we will be the three happiest individuals in the world! And why shouldn't we be? You and I will enjoy ourselves! I long to take you to see all the sights of London—to take you to the theatres, and to the concerts—we will go everywhere together! And the professor shall have all the books he wants, and he can go and read in that big reading-room at the British Museum, where there are a million or two of books—ah, we'll be happy, I'll warrant you! Come, my darling, what do you say?"

I ask any woman confidently, what could Lela say?

Trembling still—it was so sudden, and his onrush of words was so swift, and hurried, and masterful—she clung to him in deep silence, which the poet says is equivalent to "yes."

"But, Edgar," she said, at last, her thoughts flying, womanlike, to the ceremony, "my—my dress! I haven't any dress, you know!"

"No dress!" and he looked down at her with man's stupidity. "Why—what's this?"

"A black dress!" she murmured in great horror.

He laughted softly.

"Get another. There will be plenty of time, dearest."

"And — and — bridesmaids?" she whispered, blushing.

"Oh, bridesmaids!" he echoed. "Well, I don't think we shall want them."

"Not bridesmaids!—not one?" she faltered, with a faint smile; she did not care much, but she had to make a feint of it.

"No," he said, thoughtfully. "You see, it will be quite private. Clifford has been explaining it all to me. You won't want a bridesmaid, Lela; there will be no fuss, no ceremony."

"No ceremony?" she said, puzzled. "Why, how can it be a marriage, Edgar?"

"By no ceremony I mean that there will be no coaches and white satin rosettes; we shall be married by special license. I don't quite know how it is worked, not having been married before, you see!" He made the little joke with a laugh of happiness. "But it is all right. I shall leave it to Clifford, who has promised to see to everything."

"And no one will know?"

"No one until it is over, and very few then," he replied. "We'll tell the professor, but no one else for a little while. When we come back from our honeymoon all the world shall know it."

"And the marquis? Ah, what will he say?"

And she sighed and shuddered.

Lord Edgar kissed her in lieu of answering, and there was a pause for a moment; then she murmured:

"And you are sure you will be happy, Edgar—that you will not repent? What is that they say, 'Marry in haste, and repent at leisure'?"

"That doesn't apply, darling. Rather say, 'Part in haste, and be wretched at leisure.' As to being happy, the prospect of great happiness seems to make me afraid."

"Ah, yes," she murmured. "Grandpapa says that the gods grow envious when we are too happy, and wreak their malice by bringing trouble. And I am so happy I cannot sleep at night for thinking of it."

"Which all proves that we had batter make sure of our joy," he said, confidently. "Come, say the little word; it is not a difficult one. Lela Temple, will you marry me the day after to-morrow?"

And he held both her hands, and looked into her eyes.

The day after to-morrow! It was soon, awfully soon, to change her life—to step forward blindfold—to leap, rather, on to a road of which one is totally ignorant—the day after to-morrow!

But she had used up all her arguments and remonstrances, and, lifting her eyes to his, she whispered, "Yes."

* * * * *

"And now you must go," she murmured.

"Yes," he said; "I shall take the train from Kingston. I shall have plenty to do to-morrow. By George! I shall feel like a wild schoolboy with the prospect of a year's holiday before him. To-morrow I shall make all the preparations—everything! and the next day I will come down by nine o'clock, and you must meet me here."

"Oh, Edgar! and what am I to bring?"

"Bring yourself, darling," he answered, swiftly; "never mind about anything else."

"But—but clothes?"

"Never mind them," he replied, lightly, smiling into her dazed eyes; "you can get all you want after—after we are married. Well, well"—seeing the trouble in her face—"at any rate, only bring a small bag—I can manage that—there is no occasion for more. Why, it will be the most delightful thing to go shopping with you! I shall be splendid at shopping, you'll see! I shall fancy all the pretty things as they will look when you wear them; though the ugliest bonnet that ever was built would look pretty if you wore it! There! I am getting light-headed, and no wonder!"

He looked like an Apollo Belvidere clothed in happiness, his handsome face flushed, his eyes glowing with love and the anticipation of his joy, and she caught a reflection of his bliss.

"Ah, it is all so sudden, so swift!" she murmured, with a sigh, but not of fear or pain.

"But it will last!" he whispered, ardently. "We shall look back at it and smile over it all, dearest! Must you go? Remember, here at nine o'clock. If you were not to come, I don't know what I should do."

"I shall come," she whispered. "Yes, I shall come."

One long, lingering kiss, and they parted. She sped homeward and entered the cottage, pausing at the door to gain her breath, and wait for her heart to throb a little less wildly.

The professor was seated at the table, reading. He looked older by years, since one short week—you cannot tear moss that has been growing to an old wall for years with impunity; the moss will fade, perhaps die!

Lela glided up to him, and knelt beside him, and laid her face upon his arm, so that her glowing cheeks and eyes were hidden from him.

"Why, where have you been, Lela?" he asked absently.

"To the churchyard, dear," she answered, faintly, quickly.

"It is late," he said, stroking her hair. "Late and chilly, and you have not been very strong of late. Don't go out at night again, Lela."

"No, not again!" she murmured. "Not again!"

He did not notice the significance in her tone, but nodded, and was satisfied.

"You wouldn't like anything to happne to me, dear?" she murmured.

"Happen to you!" he echoed, bewildered by the question. "My child, how can you ask? Whom else have I to depend on? We two are alone in the world; my little one, we must live for one another. You have been looking pale and ill of late"—he turned her face up—"but you are better now, are you not?"

"Yes, quite well, grandpapa!"

"Yes, yes; you look more like your old self, my dear. Didn't I hear you singing this morning?"

"Yes," she said, blushing very red. He smiled.

"That is better, much better! Did I not tell you that in time you would learn to forget—but we will not speak his name!"

"No, do not," she murmured, turning her face.

"Ah," and he smiled. "Youth! youth! what a talisman it is! It is only the middle-aged and the old who die of broken hearts. But I am glad, my dear, that you have recovered from that fitful fever of love! It is far better as fate has ordained it! He was not worthy of you—a rough, wild boy, though honest, yes, I will believe him honest, for all that his proud, mad father said of him!"

"If—if you mean Lord Edgar, dear," she said, in a low voice, "I know, and that is better than believing, that he is true and honest and good!" and then, fearful lest her hasty speech should make him suspicious, she said, quickly, "but it is time for bed, now, dear."

He arose and put up his books reluctantly, then paused and looked up as if trying to remember something.

"There is something I have to tell you, Lela. Ah! I remember! My dear, I am afraid we must leave this place!"

"Leave it, grandpapa!" and the color fled from her face.

He nodded.

"Yes; I have had an offer of a post as librarian in Germany—what is the matter?" for she shrank and had clutched a chair.

"Nothing, nothing, dear! In Germany! But you will not go; surely you will not go?"

"Why not? Why should we not?" he asked, blinking at her wonderingly. "It is a splendid offer. I had it two days ago, but—I'm very sorry, dear!—I forgot to mention it! We must go at once, if I take it, and, of course, I must take it."

"At once——" She looked at the door as if she must fly after Edgar and tell him. "But—when do you mean?"

"In a week's time," he said, calmly, as if no change that life could offer him could arouse or excite him.

Lela drew a breath of relief; she even coughed as the strain relaxed. "Next week! My dear, I thought you meant—to-morrow! Next week! Oh, there is time enough. You—you won't accept for a day or two, grandpapa?"

(To be Continued.)

And the Worst is Yet to Come—

Why Blame the Good for the Bad?

BECAUSE thin, skim milk will not nourish a baby; has nothing to do with milk fresh from a registered cow.

BECAUSE some coffee develops a bitter tang—and is not satisfactory—has nothing to do with

SEAL BRAND COFFEE

"Seal Brand" is coffee that has been selected from the world's best plantations by coffee experts, roasted and blended by those who have given a lifetime to the study of coffee.

If you like a cup of GOOD Coffee, try "Seal Brand".

In ¼, 1 and 2 pound tins—in the bean, ground, or *fine ground* for percolators.

If you want to know the true secret of a delicious cup of coffee, write for our booklet, "PERFECT COFFEE—PERFECTLY MADE". 198

CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL

DIEU ET MON DROIT

Public Notice

I am directed by His Excellency the Governor in Council to issue the following notice under Authority of Minute in Council passed 28th February, 1918.

Augmentation of the Pay of Royal Naval Reservists Newfoundland.

The Government of Newfoundland have decided to augment the pay of Newfoundland Royal Naval Reservists so as to place them on the same footing as men of the Newfoundland Regiment.

Under the provision of the War Measure Act, authority is given to the Minister of Militia to deal with the matter of augmentation of pay of the Royal Naval Reservists, Nfld., in consultation with the Senior Naval Officer, St. John's.

It is ordered that a sum of 33c. per day be placed to the credit of each Naval Reservist from the time of commencement of the war, in cases where men were then serving, or otherwise, from the time when their services began up to the time of discharge, or of death, or to the 30th of September, 1917, inclusive.

As the rate of pay of Naval Reservists was increased from October 1st, 1917, and as the difference between the amount they receive and that allowed the members of The Royal Newfoundland Regiment is 17c. per day, this difference will also be credited them from that date.

The foregoing amounts will not in any case be made a payment from Admiralty sources. The Minister of Militia, St. John's, Nfld., is solely responsible for the issue of any sums due.

Newfoundland Royal Naval Reserve men serving in any of H. M. Ships, including all members of the Trawler Reserve and those in Defensively Armed Merchant Ships etc., are eligible for the pay as set forth, and should be informed of the following alternatives as regards the method of payment:—

(a) Payment will be made on personal application to the Minister of Militia, St. John's.

(b) Payment will be made to the nominee of any Reserve man, on written application duly witnessed, to the Minister of Militia, St. John's.

(c) Sums due will be placed to the credit of Resesrve men who do not desire to avail themselves of the foregoing and can be drawn by them at the expiration of their service.

The following form is to be compiled and forwarded direct to the Minister of Militia, St. John's, Newfoundland, at the earliest possible date:—

NAME AND OFFICIAL NO.	WHAT IS DESIRED DISPOSAL OF AMOUNT DUE UNDER ORDER 1, 2, or 3. (IN CASE OF 2, FULL NAME AND ADDRESS MUST BE GIVEN.	SIGNATURE AUTHORISING DISPOSAL.

All communications of any description with regard to these payments are to be made to the Minister of Militia, St. John's, direct.

Payment will commence on 1st May, 1918.

In cases where members of the Royal Naval Reserve (Newfoundland) have been killed in action or died of wounds or sickness, or through any other cause, the amount due as Augmentation Pay will go to the Estate of the deceased. The authority to obtain the Estate of the deceased is, in case of a Will, Letters of Probate; and in case there is not a Will, Letters of Administration. Such letters are issued by the Supreme Court of Newfoundland on the Petition and Proofs of Executor of the Will, or the next of kin. If the Estate does not exceed $500.00, after the proof of the facts has been obtained the petition can be applied for by the Minister of Justice.

J. R. BENNETT,
Minister of Militia.

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BRITISH OFFICIAL.

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WAR SUMMARY.

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GERMANS HELD.

BRITISH HEADQUARTE
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CAPTURED DOCUMENT

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AMERICAN SHIPBUILDI

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BERLIN REPORT.

BERLIN, Ap
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