



## IN THE TOILS;

## But Happiness Comes at Last.

CHAPTER XXI.  
HAPPINESS AT LAST.

"Do you mean to say!—great Heaven! yes, I see it now! And I never recognized you! No wonder," he added sadly, "when I failed to recognize her. But why were you down there? Did you know Adrienne at that time? What a mystery it is!"

"It is all clear now," said Katrine quietly. "No, I did not know Adrienne as Olive Estcourt. I have never been to Hawthorne before, nor have I been since. I heard that—whom I had left was down there, and I went to find him, and persuade him to leave the country and me in peace. I went to speak the truth, to bribe him. The meeting was one of a few minutes only; he took the money and promised to leave the country in a week's time. I had just left him, and, being weak from illness, fainted, as you know. If we had remained we should have prevented that meeting between him and Olive. Fate works with cruel persistence."

Charlie, pale and troubled, nodded. "Cruel, indeed," he said, "and I, too, might have prevented all that few minutes earlier. He clenched his hand. 'It all comes back to me now! I remember how Derrick persuaded me that I had been mistaken in hearing voices. Those voices were Adrienne's and—'"

"My husband's," said Katrine unflinchingly. "Now, let it all be buried, so far as we are concerned."

"Ah! so far as we are concerned, that is easy; but," he hesitated, "Katrine, the note which brought me to Grafton Street last night was given me by Florence; Florence has some spite—she has a tongue. In a few hours the story of Lady Heatherdene's visit at midnight and alone to Hestley Derrick's chambers will have been told."

He groaned. Katrine mused for a moment; then she looked up. "Will you leave Lady Florence to me, my lord?" she said. "Will I?" said Charlie gratefully. "I feel that all our hopes of happiness are bound up in you."

Katrine shakes her head with a sigh.

"I wish they were," she said; "your happiness should be insured; but," she hesitated, "my fears lay in another direction. You have forgotten Adrienne's intentions to—"

"Intentions!" he asked, puzzled and anxious.

"Yes," said Katrine. "From her delirious ravings, and from what she murmured in her quieter moments this morning, I fear that the obstacle will be with her."

"Do you mean to say," he said, "that—that—"

"That she deems herself unworthy to be your wife," said Katrine, "and that it is her duty to rid you of her presence. All night long she was moaning about the shame and disgrace she had brought on you, and longing and praying to die. Oh, my lord," and the tears welled up into the loving eyes; "it was a cruel thing to watch her and hear her talk. It was love for you and remorse for herself struggling for mastery. My poor child!"

"What shall we do?" said Charlie, with great agitation. "Could you not convince her that my love for her has deepened, not decreased; and that I trust her none the less for what has happened? I don't see my way clear, Katrine! What will Florence and the earl—ah!" he said, pursing his lips, "the earl! What is to be done with him? Florence will take care that, directly or indirectly, the story of last night's work shall reach him. What is to be done?"

"That which is honest and right!" said Katrine bravely. "From your lips the earl should first hear this story, Lord Heatherdene."

"You are right," he said, knitting his brows. "He will feel it bitterly; the more bitterly because of his love for her. Yes, the blow must come from me. It will be a blow, Katrine; you know his pride."

"Whatever comes of it, he should be told," she said gently. "It is a hard task, Lord Heatherdene."

"It is," he said; "but it is mine, and I will do it. My poor darling, it will be a bitter trial for her if the old man turns away from her. For the rest of the world we both care little—"

As he spoke, a servant brought up the Marchioness of Ellington's card.

Charlie's face flushed with momentary anger.

"You see," he said, handing the card to Katrine, "it has commenced. She is here to enjoy her triumph."

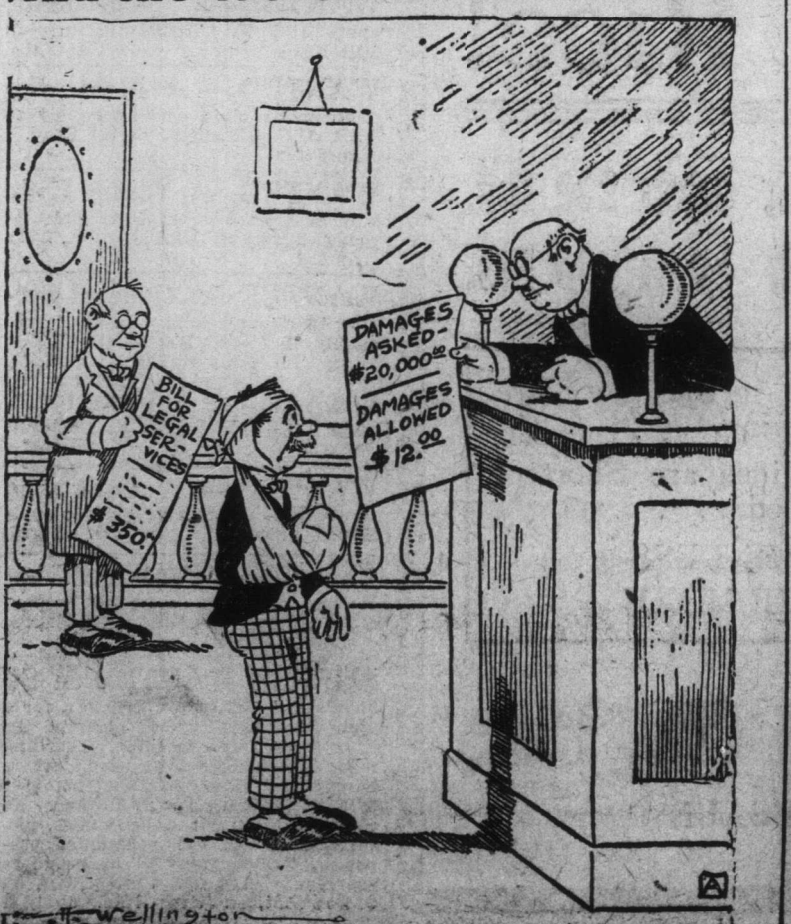
"I don't think it will be a very substantial one," said Katrine, with the quick flash of battle in her eyes.

"Shall I go, Lord Heatherdene?"

"Not if you will stay," said poor Charlie wistfully.

Katrine nodded, and the moment afterward Lady Florence entered. She stopped short on seeing Katrine and Charlie seated at the breakfast table as quietly as if nothing had happened, and the look of eager curiosity and expectant triumph was displaced by a sudden uneasy glance of doubt and uncertainty.

## And the Worst is Yet to Come—



"Good morning," she said, coming over to Charlie and giving him her hand with an earnest, sympathizing smile.

"Good morning, Florence," he returned, in his usual way. "You are early, but we are late, though. Have you breakfasted?"

"Breakfast!" she repeated in a low, reproachful voice. "Do you think I am devoid of feeling. You—you can sit here unconcerned—"

"Certainly; what's there to be concerned about?" he said, ignoring her low, hushed voice, which was meant as an invitation for him to be hushed and low also. She looked at him and then at Katrine.

(To be Continued.)

## A Terrible Disclosure;

OR,

## What Fools Men Are!

CHAPTER I.

"It is Lord Chambermere!" she said, as the old man came toward them. "I wonder if I said to him, 'My lord, I am very tired, and would rather rest, or go home, than dance with you much as I like you,' what he would say?"

"I know what I should say," responded Lord Edgar, promptly.

She looked at him; then shook her head slowly, with a smile.

"Yes! But I must not, you see! After all, we fashionable people work very hard. Have I kept you waiting, Lord Chambermere? I was asking Lord Fane about a horse."

Lord Chambermere made a courtly response, and just inclining his head to Lord Edgar, bore her off on his arm.

As she went, she just glanced back at Lord Edgar, and the half-mourning smile flitted across her face again.

Lord Edgar sank into a seat, with a sigh.

What a lovely woman she was! How queenly and gracious. No wonder Lady Fane admired her. The poor darling! Where was she now? He longed to have some one to whom he could speak of her, in whom he could confide. He had Clifford Revel, it was true, but Clifford, with all his cleverness, was a man, and lacked the tender, ready faculty of sympathy which every woman—Edith Drayton, for instance—must possess.

A sudden desire to tell her of his trouble, to confide in her, seized him and sent his blood to his face.

After all, a woman would be more sure of and quicker to understand a woman than any man would be!

Suppose he should tell her! He knew, he felt, rather, that a warm, kindly heart beat within her bosom; that, with all her loveliness and splendor, she would sympathize with him.

He looked after her wistfully as she seemed to float on the polished floor; and, as he did so, he felt that indescribable fascination which Lela had spoken of exercising its influence over him.

He got up and made his way into the room, where, with admirable judgment, Lady Debenham had provided refreshments, which any one could obtain by the mere asking. A footman approached him and waited in respectful silence, and Lord Edgar asked him for some champagne.

He was sitting on a velvet lounge, drinking this absently, when Clifford Revel came in, and, looking around, saw and approached him.

"If there was any kindness, it was mamma's," she said, carelessly. "It was she who invited you, you know."

He smiled incredulously.

"Let us say it was kind of her, then," he assented. "I have to thank you for your graciousness to my cousin; I may do that, I suppose?"

"Have I been gracious?" she said, coloring faintly, but otherwise perfectly self-possessed and on the alert. "I suppose he can express his gratitude on his own behalf!" and she glanced across the room to where Lord Edgar stood, tall and stalwart, and altogether noble in face and figure and bearing.

A cold, contemptuous smile flitted across his face.

"I don't know. I am not sure that he can express anything. He is, as you see, a sort of wild man of the woods. A good fellow—oh, yes; but like the fashionable walking-sticks—unpolished."

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"Well," he said, inquiringly; "hot, isn't it? Champagne cup! Get me some, please," to the footman.

He stood and slipped it; then looked around, thoughtfully.

"I am afraid this is tiring you, old fellow!"

Lord Edgar shrugged his shoulders. "I was afraid it would. Well, Mrs. Drayton has sent me on a message to you. They are going home; Miss Drayton is tired, it seems, and requires a cup of tea."

Lord Edgar glanced at the urn on the marble counter.

"Yes, I know," said Clifford Revel, in the same cynical tone. "But it appears that the tea is lukewarm, and Miss Drayton demands it hot, so she is going home to get it. Under the impression that you and I would also welcome hot tea, she is kind enough to suggest that we follow her. What do you say?"

He looked keenly at Lord Edgar as he spoke.

Lord Edgar rose and put down his glass.

"I shall be very glad," he replied, listlessly.

"Come on then," said Clifford Revel; "they have gone by this time."

They made their way through the crowded rooms, and went in a hansom to Elton Square.

The little drawing-room, with its aesthetic hangings and furniture, looked deliciously cool and comfortable after the hot, glaring ballroom, and Lord Edgar said so to Mrs. Drayton, who came forward in her half-nervous fashion to shake hands.

"I don't know what Lady Debenham would say, if she knew we had enticed you two gentlemen away!" she bleated, with a thin smile.

"Well," said Edith Drayton's clear voice from the other end of the room, where she sat at one of the gypsy tables, pouring out the tea; "Lord Edgar was not contributing to the general gaiety of the evening."

"No, I shall not be missed," he assented, coloring.

She glanced up quickly, reproachfully. "I did not mean that, and you know it. Will you take my mother this cup of tea?" and she handed him a cup, for there were no servants in the room. He took the cup to Mrs. Drayton, and stood talking to her for a few minutes, while Clifford Revel seated himself beside Ethel.

"That was very kind of you," he murmured.

"Kind? Of me?" she repeated, just glancing up at him.

"You know what I mean; releasing us from that terrible ball, and giving us the relief of this precious half hour."

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(To be Continued.)

## Heavy Fighting Continues On The Belgian Line

## Givenchy the Storm Centre. Captured by the Huns and Retaken by British With 750 Enemy Prisoners. Deadlock Over Irish Affairs.

### HEAVY FIGHTING CONTINUES.

LONDON, April 10.

(Official.)—On the front north of LaBassee Canal fierce fighting continued during the night. Our troops are holding the line of the Rivers Lave and Lys, and are heavily engaged with the enemy at the River crossings at Estaires and Bac St. Maur. On the southern flank of the attack, Givenchy, into which the enemy at one time forced his way, was recaptured later by a successful counter attack by the 56th Division, which took 750 prisoners in this area. Early this morning the enemy opened a bombardment of our positions east and south of Armentieres and as far as the Ypres-Comines Canal. Fighting is reported to have begun on the southern portion of this front. On the British front south of the Somme there was local fighting yesterday at certain points without changing the situation.

### STRUGGLE WAXES WARM.

LONDON, April 10.

(Via Reuter's Ottawa Agency.)—Telegraphing from British headquarters in France this evening, Reuter's correspondent says: Throughout the day the struggle north of Bethune waxed and waned. The artillery duel developed southwards to the vicinity of Wytschaete. It is clear the Germans are making a desperate effort to break through anywhere by shock tactics, which perchance discloses their weakness. During the two days of fighting the enemy pressed us back at certain places necessitating readjustments in our line. Elsewhere the enemy is flinging his main weight in an endeavor to destroy the fighting power of the British. This morning the Germans were reported to be in the village of Messines and Ploeghebeert Wood, although probably only in small numbers. The enemy obtained a footing in Estaines this morning but is reported to have been driven out later. Our troops are fighting magnificently and are well supplied by the artillery. The enemy employed at least eight divisions in yesterday's attack. The spearhead of the enemy assault was the centre of the Portuguese front. Owing to the thickness of the weather a considerable number of Germans tricked through while the alarm was being given and consequently attacked in the rear as well as in the front. Our ally, the Portuguese, was forced to retire. A brilliantly fought rear guard action averted serious menace at this point, but the retiring movement became inevitable. Givenchy, which is valuable tactically, was captured by the enemy who was driven out by a counter attack, but this was not sufficient numbers to withstand the oncoming waves and early in the afternoon the Germans carried Givenchy. It was just before dark that the 55th division, consisting mainly of Lancashire Territorials, made a fine charge, and again restoring Givenchy. To-day there has been little disposition to further attack along the southern flank of yesterday's thrust and the battle is settling northwards. The Germans are shelling all the towns and villages a long way back and also the road with steady resistance, employing to the utmost their great numbers of guns brought from other fronts.

### THE IRISH SITUATION.

LONDON, April 10.

At the conclusion of Asquith's speech in the House of Commons yesterday, Joseph Devlin moved an adjournment and warned the Government that it was entering upon a course of madness if it endeavored to enforce conscription. Ireland, he said, never had been consulted on its willingness to pay this blood tax. If the Government would do justice to the Irish people it would give them the free government of a free people. After some debate, Lloyd George asked that the motion be withdrawn, so that the bill might be presented. John Dillon, supporting Devlin's motion, asked the Premier whether he had consulted anyone before taking this decision, if he had consulted a single Irish representative. If he had he should name the man. Dillon said he hoped for the sake of the war and for the sake of the Empire that the methods of the war cabinet in dealing with the war were different from the methods in dealing with Ireland. Sir Edward Carson, the Ulster leader, asked him to name the man who was consulted on this occasion was the pressing necessities of the country in relation to the war. He said he asked himself what right he had, as an Irish member, to give his adhesion to a bill which called upon the people of Great Britain to make sacrifices most terrible in character, while Ireland

### THE CLERGY AGAINST CONSCRIPTION.

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It would soon inevitably end in defeating its own purpose. "What between mismanagement and mischief making," said the resolution, "this country already has been desperately upset, and it would be a fatal mistake, passing the worst burden of the past four years, to furnish a telling plea for desperate courses by an attempt to force conscription." The Bishops attending included some who have supported recruiting and the Government's attitude in the war.

### TO EXHAUST BRITISH ARMY.

LONDON, April 10.

On the Messines front the evening attack to-day was repulsed, Major General F. B. Maurice, Chief Director of Military Operations at the War Office, announced this afternoon. The enemy has obtained no footing on the high grounds anywhere. In the morning attack the enemy entered the British first line between the Rivers Lys and Doube, said Major General Maurice. The attack extended from Armentieres to Messines. The German gains to-day, he said, in conjunction with the results of his attack have placed Armentieres in an awkward place. Armentieres, he said, is now a little more than ruins, and its loss will not be a vital matter. It is not lost yet and we hope it won't be, but it may be. The Germans captured a considerable part of Bloegstaert Wood. In the fighting yesterday the enemy advanced in the centre to a depth of five thousand, five hundred yards. It is quite certain we lost some guns. In an advance in such a depth considerable Portuguese artillery must have been lost and probably a number of prisoners. In the retirement of the French to the line of the Allette River two French battalions were cut off, and the Germans took about 2,000 prisoners. The General said: The withdrawal of the French was made on account of an awkward corner in the line. The latest fighting, he went on, shows that the enemy is merely carrying out another chapter in his effort to exhaust the British army. His first scheme was to cut off the British from the French, that failed, now he is attacking wherever he sees a favorable chance with the idea of bleeding us white if he can.

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## Florizel' Inquiry.

ADDRESS OF MR. DUNFIELD TO THE COURT, SUMMING UP THE EVIDENCE AND STATING THE CASE FOR THE CROWN.

(Continued from yesterday.)

I now hand in a chart on which I have laid down in red the course which I am arguing that the ship must have followed. It is put forward only as a working hypothesis, not accepting the whole of the evidence as substantially true, which, as I think, are disposed to do, submit that it fits in with the proved facts. It is clear that the ship lost a certain amount of speed, and I have distributed the loss over her course as the evidence seems to require most probable. It may be that she lost a little less speed by the ice, or more midnight, than I have supposed, and a little more after midnight, the force of wind and sea against her. This would not make any difference to the result. It may be that she made somewhat less leeway than I have supposed between 10.30 and 11.30, in that case we should merely have to assume that she ran a little faster and faster to the W.S.W. in fact the operation of the bill. The Premier was referring to Ireland, the Nationalist Leader, said: "If Irish liberty were at stake, I wouldn't hesitate to support that policy. I never challenged the policy of the war. I don't challenge it. Lloyd George began, 'I don't want to cause trouble.' 'You will get plenty of trouble from an Irish member.'"

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I have heard two other theories of the wreck but have not adopted them. One assumes that the course was not changed at all, at midnight, but it still requires a great loss of speed between 4 and 4.50 when there is no reason to assume such a loss. Another assumes that the course was changed to seaward earlier than midnight, which involves the necessity of an incredible amount of leeway to bring the ship where she must have been at 4 o'clock, or else compels us to assume that she turned towards the west earlier than 4 o'clock. Both theories conflict with the details of the circumstances at several points, and also involve flat contradictions of the evidence as to times and places, and consequently cannot possibly be the same degree of probability as the theory here set forth which substantially assumes the truth of a body of consistent evidence. Now with regard to the blame, if it is to be attributed to the captain, it is submitted as follows: It would seem from the chart that the

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"A Child's Prayer for Daddy"  
"Going Up, My Dream Man!"  
"That's All One Mother Can Do!"  
"Neath the Light of the Pale Harvest Moon"  
"Every Girl That Has a Heart Loves a Soldier"  
"The Angel of No Man's Land"  
"I'm Proud to be the Sweetheart of a Soldier"  
"The Widow of a German"  
"Him Down"  
"When the Sun Goes Down in the West"  
"If They Ever Put a Tax on Love"  
"In the Dim Firelight"  
"Soldiers of the Nations"  
"I Want a Daddy Like You"  
"He Sleeps Beneath the Stars of France"  
"The Boys in Brown They're the Kaiser's Goats"  
"I'm a Devil with the Ladies"  
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"Somewhere, Sometime"  
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"America for Evermore"  
"My Dream Girl"  
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