

A Terrible Disclosure;

What Fools Men Are!

CHAPTER XIII.

"About me!" exclaimed Lela, turning pale as the vision of that awful meeting in the garden rose before her.

"Yes! I can't understand it. Shall I read it? I wish to mention a subject that I had hoped would never be referred to by either of us. I refer to my late librarian and his granddaughter, Miss Lela Temple."

Lela drew a long breath, and came gliding round to him.

"Why should he speak of me? Ah, Edgar! he has found out that we are married," and she trembled.

"No, no! Don't be frightened, my darling. Listen. Though I have made enquiries, I have failed to discover the whereabouts of these two persons. You, who, no doubt, have made enquiries on your own behalf, though I am convinced that you would not be so unwise as to ruin yourself by disobeying me, may have found them. If so, I shall be glad if you will let me know in what position they may be. I do not wish that any servant of mine should be in a condition of poverty, and shall be glad to be assured that such is not the case. That is all!" said Edgar, staring at the mate.

"What does it mean?" faltered Lela. "I don't know. I can't conjecture. If he were any one else, I should say that he was anxious that you should not be suffering from his cruel injustice and oppression, but—well, I never knew him pitiful or merciful before."

There was a silence for a moment, then she said, in a low voice:

"What will you say?"

"What shall I say? Why—why, I shall say that I know where you are, and that you are certainly not in want."

And he smiled.

"I wish—I wish he could know, Edgar," she whispered.

He frowned and bit his lip. It was a perpetual remorse to him, this life of deception—the one thorn in the bed of roses.

"So he shall," he said, firmly. "Nothing but dire necessity has kept me silent. He shall know, and very soon. If"—he stopped suddenly, for he was going to say—"if Assassin wins the race, I shall be able to send this check back, and have money enough to enable me to tell my father that I have lost the right to take money from his hands." But he stopped in time. He had just said that he would have no secrets from her, but he did mean to ride this race without telling her. He knew that the dread with which she would regard the idea of his riding a steppe-chase would be almost more than she could bear to see her suffering from.

"If a little event that I am hoping for comes off satisfactorily, Lela, I will tell him, and end this deception. There, don't say any more about it."

And he soothed her with a kiss, and took up his Times.

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Luckily for him, Lela never thought of glancing at a newspaper, or she would not have failed to have caught sight of his name in the sporting columns, which was full of a coming race, and had a great deal to say about the wonderful horse Assassin—its bad temper, and the pluck and racing capabilities of its noble owner.

It was full of it this morning, and Lord Edgar saw that the horse was a greater favorite than it had been—why, he knew not. With a little impatient sigh, he folded the paper and thrust it out of sight, and got his cigarette case.

"And what's it to be to-day, butterfly?" he asked. "London's delights are not nearly exhausted yet."

She smiled up at him, half ashamed of her delight in the sights and amusements. They had been up in town now nearly a week, and Lord Edgar had made those days a round of pleasure for her. After breakfast he would take her for a drive in the park in his tall dogcart, with the much-beloved chestnut. Then they would lunch at home, or sometimes at Blanchard's or Verey's. In the afternoon they would go to some concert, or perhaps wander round a picture gallery; then home to dinner—that delightful little dinner, so beautifully cooked and served, with Lovel to wait, not like a machine, but like a wizard guessing what they wanted before they asked for it. Ah, those little dinners! with Lord Edgar all to herself, sitting opposite her in his evening dress, so near that by stretching across the table they could touch hands, which they did often when Lovel had left the room for a moment!—with the sweet little room softly glowing in the light of the wax candles reflected in the Venetian mirrors and ancient brass repousse work; with the old china and antique bronzes; with the beautiful cabinet pictures, and the odor of crushed roses in the Etruscan vases.

She was my Lady Fane; in the future time—Lord Edgar talked of it sometimes, and she thought of it now

and again as something vague and indistinct—in the coming future she might have, would have, to preside at grand dinners, banquets, social and political; but would any of them be so perfect and delicious as those which were eaten in the dainty Albany Chambers, with her darling, her lover, her husband, for sole companion?

Then, the dinner over, they would go into the little drawing-room—her boudoir, he called it—and she would insist upon his smoking a cigar, and as sure and certain that day followed day, she would find herself seated at his feet, with her head upon his knee.

Then, Lovel would, after knocking discreetly, come in noiselessly with the tea; and it would be:

"Lela, I've got a box for the theatre in my pocket! What do you say?" And she, after artfully ascertaining whether he wanted to go, and would say "yes."

He would always place her behind the curtains of the box, and more often than not would watch her face rather than the stage, reveling in the delight depicted in her eyes and on her lips. The face was always fairer to him than that of any one behind the footlights.

Sometimes, but not often, he would see some friend or acquaintance; but he never spoke; and would give them a bow and pass on.

The time had not come when he could introduce her as his wife. Heaven knows what they thought; he cared not.

Then, the theatre over, the miniature brougham would roll off to one of the best of the restaurants, and he would choose some dainty little dish for her; he had a fixed idea that, being so slim and fairy-like, she needed a great deal of keeping up and nourishment; an idea which caused Lela no inconsiderable amount of amusement; and then they would go home to the pretty rooms again and talk over the evening.

Happy! How could they, loving each other as they did, be otherwise? "What shall it be? Any shopping to do?"

Lela shook her head laughingly.

"No! Why, there is nothing left for me to buy!" she said. "Besides, do you think I have no pity, you poor, dear boy? The hours you have waited about in the brougham for me! Oh, by the way, Edgar, I forgot to tell you. Whom do you think I saw yesterday?"

"Can't guess. Who was it?"

"Why," and she blushed a deep crimson, "the Reverend Mr. Browne."

"The Reverend Mr. Browne? Oh, ah, yes! Did you? Where?"

"Fancy your forgetting his name!" she said, with a pout. "In Pall Mall. I was sitting in the brougham outside your club, waiting for you, when I saw him walking along with a man—such a peculiar-looking man! It was the man with whom I attracted my attention, or else I should not have noticed Mr. Browne. He was a man with a face like those children, dear, do you know what I mean? without any expression. Just as if he were blind or deaf. But he was neither, for when I leaned forward and called to Mr. Browne—Did I do wrong, dear?"

"Wrong! Bless my soul, no!" responded Lord Edgar, frankly, and with a look of pleasure. "I wish I'd been there. What did he say? Did you ask him to come and see us?"

"No; I should have done so, but though he looked round—and so did the other man—he merely raised his hat, and they hurried on."

"George; that's strange. I wish he had stopped. I'll ask Clifford where I can find him. It struck me at the wedding that he was rather eccentric, but I took a great fancy to him."

"So did I," said Lela, softly. "He looked so pale and unhappy, as if he had some great trouble on his mind."

"Poor fellow. Perhaps he is poor. I wish I'd asked Clifford how much he gave him."

"It is not too late now," said Lela, gently. "But I haven't finished, Edgar. I told you I noticed the man who was with him; well, in the afternoon, while I was standing at the window here, I saw the same man waiting on the other side of the road, and when he came opposite he stopped and looked up at the window; but directly he saw me he pretended that he"—she stopped and laughed—"wanted to get something out of his eyes, and then went on."

"Oh, come!" laughed Lord Edgar. "Why should he do that? Why shouldn't he look up?"

"I don't know," she answered, laughing, too; "but I am sure he did not want me to see him. It was just the sort of thing a woman would do."

"Oh, indeed! What artful creatures women must be!"

"Well, it was. I am sure"—laughing again—"that there was nothing in his eyes."

"There was a picture of a remarkably pretty young miss, if he saw you."

"Now, Edgar, don't be foolish!"—kissing him. "I wonder who he is?"

"Oh, the parson's church warden, or—anybody; what does it matter? The question is, what are you going to do? Will you go for a drive?"

She was silent for a moment, then, as if her thoughts had strayed, she said:

"Edgar, does Edith Drayton know we are in London?"

"Yes, I suppose so," he replied. "I suppose Clifford told her."

"Why does she not call?" she asked.

He had asked himself the same question, and shook his head.

"I don't know. I'll ask Clifford. Perhaps she is out of town; everybody, excepting our bright selves, are out of town."

As he spoke, Lovel knocked and entered, first giving Lela time to glide from Lord Edgar's side and assume an absorbed interest in the flowers on the table.

"Mr. Revel, my lady."

"Speak of an angel and you hear the rustle of its wings!" exclaimed Lord Edgar, cheerily. "How are you, Cliff?"

Carefully dressed as usual, with an orchid in his buttonhole, and his pleasant smile on his face, Clifford Revel approached, Lela with extended hand.

"The tiptop of the morning to you, Lady Fane! Excuse the form of greeting, but it is such a lovely morning, and you look so bright and fresh that one is tempted to be rustic!" and he bent over her hand impressively.

Lela had confessed her distrust of him, but Lord Edgar and she had agreed that the subject should not be mentioned between them and though the same cold chill that had struck her when she first saw him revisited her now, she smiled and bade him welcome.

"On my way to my office, to the slavers of the mill, my dear Lady Fane! I've just dropped in to say 'good-morning,' and have a few minutes' chat; this pretty room, and your happiness—the sight of it—gives a flavor and a pleasant aroma to my daily toll. How are you, Edgar, luckiest and happiest of mortals?"

"All right!" exclaimed Lord Edgar, wringing his hand and gazing up into his false face with a genial smile. "We were just talking of you!"

"Unworthy subject for your thoughts or tongue!"

"What a fellow you are! Never want a word! Lela was just saying that she had met Mr. Browne."

(To be Continued.)

Fashion Plates

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

A SMART SPRING SUIT.



5422—This excellent model has a blouse finished with surplice fronts. The skirt is a two-piece model. As here illustrated, white serge was used with trimming of black and white checked satin. Gingham, chambray, linen and chantung would also be nice for this style. Skirt and blouse may be used separately.

The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inches bust measure. Size 28 requires 5 1/2 yards of 44-inch material. The skirt measures about 1 7/8 yard at the foot.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



Waist—2443. Skirt—2444. Here is a Combination that will make a pretty afternoon or calling frock. The blouse fronts are closed over a tucked vest. The square neck is trimmed with a collar cut in points over the front. The skirt is made with gathered tunic portions, and will prove a splendid style for remodeling. One could combine serge and satin or foulard in this design, or use two other contrasting materials. The Blouse Pattern 2443 is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The Skirt 2444 in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. For a medium size the entire dress will require 8 3/4 yards of 36-inch material, without the tunic 2 yards less.

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.

Size Address in full Name

Mr. Stephen G. Thwaites, Box 205, Jordan, Ont., writes: "My brother had a bad case of eczema on his legs. He was troubled nearly all one fall and winter with it, and could not work for days at a time. He tried different salves and ointments, but none cured him. One day he tried Dr. Chase's Ointment, and it gave almost instant relief. He continued its use, and in a few days he was cured. It is now about five years since then, and it has never returned. We certainly can recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment, and are very grateful for my brother's cure."

(Rev. S. F. Coffman, Vineland, Ont., states: "This is to certify that I know Mrs. Thwaites and the party to whom she refers, and her statements are correct.")

Mr. J. E. Jones, 228 University Avenue, Kingston, Ont., writes: "I had eczema in my hand for about five years. I tried a great many remedies, but found that while some of them checked it, none cured it permanently. Finally I tried Dr. Chase's Ointment, and in six weeks my hand was completely better. I would not do without a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment in the house if it cost \$9 a box. I am giving my name to this firm so that it will get to those who suffer as I did." Dr. Chase's Ointment, 50 cents a box, at all dealers or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Substitutes will only disappoint you. Insist on getting what you ask for.

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The London Times.

The following extract from an article by A. G. Gardiner, editor of the London Daily News and which appeared in the Atlantic Monthly sketches the influence of the London Times before the "Thunderer" was added to the list of Northcliffe organs. The history of the Times has been a vital part of the history of the nation for more than a century. The dynasty of the Walters had become in a very real sense a sort of fourth estate of the realm. No family could claim to have had no more powerful or more dignified influence on the life of the nation than theirs had been. They had exercised the power in an anti-social and narrow way, but they had preserved from generation to generation a tradition of dignity and responsibility that was of inestimable value.

"Walter of the Times." Their personal honour and distinguishedness were above challenge. Their incorruptibility was never questioned and they maintained a superiority and air of detachment and superiority which set them apart. They never came into the public eye, or disguised themselves under titles. It was enough to be "Walter of the Times." What peerage could gild such a name? They were not suitors of kings or statesmen. They were the trustees of the nation; kings and statesmen must wait upon their word.

The earlier, more liberal, more generous spirit of the paper grew cold with time. Property and privilege usurped the sovereignty once exercised by nobler impulses, and John Bright's saying that he was "never quite sure he was right until the Times said he was wrong" truly registered the change. But its motives were above suspicion, its authority unequalled. It commanded a respect even of those most hostile to its policy and throughout Europe it was accepted as the authentic vehicle of the national purpose.

As the forum of controversy it was inferior only to Parliament itself, for just as the main stream of advertisement had canalized itself into the Daily Telegraph, so the great argument of affairs had been canalized through the columns of the Times. Its correspondence was unique in all the world. It was not possible to keep pace with the movement of modern thought without a careful study of the letters in the Times.

We may measure its strength by the catastrophe it survived 30 years ago. There had been no parallel in English journalism to the magnitude of the catastrophe. British politics were engulfed by one tyranny theme, the subject of home rule for Ireland. The Times had throughout been the stirring and most powerful foe of nationalism. It stood for unionism, with its corollaries of supremacy for Ulster and coercion for the rest of the land, with a passion and sincerity all the more formidable because of the intellectual capacity with which they were fortified.

The launching of a Thunderbolt. When, with the enormous prestige of its name and reputation, it launched the thunderbolt of "Parliamentary

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Advertisement for Dr. Chase's Ointment, including a testimonial from Mr. J. E. Jones and a list of agents.