

# ROYAL YEAST CAKES

Some women hold to the idea that bread-making is a long and difficult operation, but this is a mistake, for with Royal Yeast Cakes, light, sweet bread can be made in a few hours with but little trouble.

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## A Terrible Disclosure; OR, What Fools Men Are!

CHAPTER III.

Lord Edgar went down to the Temple, and found Clifford Revel waiting for him.

"Is there any news?" he demanded. Clifford Revel shook his head.

"Not yet. I scarcely expected any—so soon. Why, what time has my man had?"

"That is true," sighed Lord Edgar; "but I was hoping against hope."

There was a bottle of light wine on the table, and Clifford Revel pushed him gently into a chair.

"You have had no lunch; no breakfast, I very much suspect," he said. "My dear Edgar, starving yourself won't mend matters. Come, eat some of this pate," and he put some on a plate.

While he was doing it there came a knock at the door, and, thinking that it was the housekeeper or the servant, he said, "Come in."

The door opened, and the expressionless face and gray-clad figure of Mr. Bowen discovered itself in the opening. Lord Edgar's back was to the door, and he did not see the man for the moment that he remained there, for with a slight gesture, Clifford Revel motioned him to keep outside, and went on talking as calmly as ever.

"What can a man do, however he may be, in tracking two persons who have left absolutely no clew behind them, in so short a time? I don't want to discourage you, my dear Edgar, but I shall feel that he has worked hard if he brings any tidings in the course of a week or ten days."

"A week!" Lord Edgar groaned. "I could ransack all England in that time, Clifford."

"Well, we'll do that if it is necessary," said Clifford Revel. "My heart is as much in the work as yours—or nearly so—at any rate, I have set my heart on finding them."

Then he looked up at the clock.

"Will you excuse me for a moment, Edgar? My tailor has just looked in—did you see him, just now? It was he who knocked."

"No," replied Lord Edgar, listlessly.

"Ah, well, I'd better not keep him

waiting, or he will wait his bill, which would be awkward. Don't wait for me, Edgar. I can recommend that Chablis; you might drink the full bottle and it would not hurt you. I won't be a moment; simply a question of a frock coat." And, nodding pleasantly, he went out, taking care to close the door tightly after him.

Mr. Bowen was standing at the bottom of the stairs, looking blankly out into the Temple Gardens, as if he saw nothing and was rather too sleepy to keep his eyes open, but, though he was staring at the gardens, he saw Clifford Revel come out, and by some mysterious agency saw him beckon him.

Clifford Revel motioned him into the bedroom and closed the door.

Mr. Bowen took a careful mental inventory of the room without appearing to notice anything, and waited to be addressed.

"Well?" said Clifford Revel, in a low voice, and with a warning glance at the wall, on the other side of which Lord Edgar was seated. "Have you found them?"

"That's as may be, sir," said Mr. Bowen. "You asked me to report as I went on, and I thought I would do so. I am sorry to have intruded just now—"

Clifford Revel made a gesture of indifference.

"It is of no consequence," he said. "I have an old schoolfellow lurching with me, and did not wish him to hear anything of this."

"Just so, sir," said Mr. Bowen, with the most woodenly inexpressive countenance, then he took out his pocket-book and the stumpy pencil.

"Hem! Went down to the station to make inquiries; find that inquiries had already been made by a gentleman of the name of Lord Fane."

Clifford Revel bit his lip and looked embarrassed for a moment; then nodded, carelessly.

"Yes, quite right. I asked my cousin to step down and make the inquiries for me. He knows nothing of the case, of course."

"Of course not, sir," assented Mr. Bowen. "To continue: I failed to find any clew at Paddington, and made a note to the effect that if ever I was in the police force again I'd keep a special man to look after the station. There is one at most, you know, sir."

"I didn't know," said Clifford Revel. "Strange, how, in the after time he remembered the man's words."

"From Paddington went to St. Pancras, found no trace there; from St. Pancras to Liverpool Street, and got nothing there, no sign of a four-wheeler with a young lady and old gentleman and luggage; then I went—it was very late!—to Waterloo, and there I found a clew."

Clifford Revel nodded, and his eyes shone.

"Well?" said Mr. Bowen, striking his pencil against his book softly, "and I should have missed them there if it hadn't been for a blind beggar who saw them get out and cross to the No. 2 platform."

Clifford Revel stared.

"A blind beggar," he said, with a smile. "What do you mean?"

"What I say, sir," said Mr. Bowen, coolly. "Of course, the man wasn't blind; it was merely a plant. It's extraordinary how much notice they take; more than men who can see and own to it. I've known him for years, and I knew that if he had been

which were really very bright and pretty, but his eyes wandered from the grassplots and elaborate flower beds to the windows of Clifford Revel's chambers.

"Old schoolfellow to lunch with him! Hem! Now, why couldn't he say that it was his cousin, Lord Fane, I wonder? He's a clever man, is Mr. Revel, but the cleverest of men make mistakes. If he'd given the matter a thought, he might have remembered that I'd heard Lord Fane had been inquiring, and that I should get a description of him; and if that wasn't his lordship sitting at the table, may I never get another case! I wonder what Mr. Revel's game is? How anxious he was that Lord Fane shouldn't see or hear me, to be sure! I wonder—hem!—but I shall find out quicker than you think, Mr. Revel."

A week passed. How Lord Edgar got through that week of suspense he did not know; he never could bear to look back on it, so full of anxious doubts and fears was it.

Every morning he went down to Clifford Revel's chambers to hear tidings of the search, and always was compelled to come away disappointed.

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Made in England every drop, and enjoyed all over the world.

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there all the day and those I wanted had come within his sight he'd remember them; and he did. He told me the color of the dress the young lady wore, and how it was she took hold of the old gentleman's hand and helped him across the platform instead of him helping her. He saw the luggage, too. There was no name or label on it, and so I lost my clew for the time. I thought I'd done enough for one evening, and I went home."

Clifford Revel nodded impatiently; he feared that Lord Edgar would become restless, and get up and stride into the bedroom.

But Mr. Bowen was not to be hurried.

"I was down at Waterloo early this morning, and busy with the porters. I spent a great deal of money this morning, sir, before I could find the man who helped them into the railway carriage; but I found him at last, likewise the ticket inspector who clipped their tickets; and so, sir, if you think proper I will follow them up to-day."

"Where are they?" demanded Clifford Revel, eagerly.

"They booked for Larkworthy!"

"Larkworthy!" echoed Clifford Revel. "Why, that's no more than a score of miles from London!"

And his lips tightened.

"Barely so much, sir. Nineteen and a half is the fare reckoning. I've no doubt I shall find them there safe and sound. I thought I'd look in and take any instructions you might have. Is there anything you would wish me to do at Larkworthy? I could put a man on to watch them, if you wished it."

Clifford Revel had been thinking intently. Not twenty miles from London! Lord Edgar might run against them any day, and then—! His lips tightened.

"Go down and ascertain their exact whereabouts, and let me know. Do nothing else."

Mr. Bowen pocketed his memorandum book and pencil, and fingered his hat.

"And, by the way," said Clifford Revel, "when you call upon me, send your name by the servant on a piece of paper. You understand?"

"I understand, sir," said Mr. Bowen, impassively; "quite so. You will hear from me to-morrow morning."

Clifford Revel nodded and opened the door, and Mr. Bowen departed down the stairs as noiselessly and unobtrusively as he had ascended them.

He paused outside the house, presumably to look at the gardens, which were really very bright and pretty, but his eyes wandered from the grassplots and elaborate flower beds to the windows of Clifford Revel's chambers.

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Clifford assured him that everything was being done, that the man who was at work was one of the best in London for the purpose, and that if he could not find Lela and the professor, no man could.

"Certainly you could not," he said. "Do you think they have left England?" suggested Lord Edgar, in despair.

"No," Clifford Revel would reply, "I feel certain that they have not. My man would know because he made close inquiries at the various ports, and keeps a close watch. Rest easy, my dear Edgar, we shall find them sooner or later, if you will but have patience and keep in the background."

"Patience," groaned Lord Edgar. "My patience is nearly exhausted, Clifford, and I cannot wait much longer. If your man does not succeed by Tuesday, I will insert advertisements in all the papers, and—by Heaven! I do not know what else to do," and he went away with a downcast, moody countenance.

The week would have been perfectly unendurable, but for the Draytons. They were extremely kind to him. Oh, extremely!

No one could have been more full of sympathy than Edith Drayton. The proud beauty, whose manner was almost haughty to any one else, melted in Lord Edgar's presence; her smile became sweet and sympathizing, her voice full of gentleness.

By some kind of chance he found himself in Elton-Square every day. They made him free of the house.

"Just drop in when you please, my dear Lord Edgar," said Mrs. Drayton, laying her thin hand on his arm caressingly. "We are very simple people, Edith and I, and shall make no ceremony with you. Come in when you have a spare half hour, and Edith shall play to you; or if she is not in, you must take your cup of tea or eat your lunch with an old woman instead."

Lord Edgar was touched by their kindness. He was absolutely free from guile and deceit himself, and never suspected the existence of it in others.

If any one had said to him: "My dear fellow, they are so kind because you are Lord Fane, heir to the great marquise," he would have scouted the idea, and cut the man who suggested it. He viewed the world from his own honest standpoint, judged it by his own honorable standard, weighed it by his own integrity, and was grateful to the fashionable lady, and the beautiful creature, her daughter, who extended their hospitality and sympathy to him.

(To be Continued.)

## Nerves of the Stomach

Were Weak and Inactive as Result of Nervous Prostration — Lost Twenty Pounds — Had to Take Sleeping Powders to Get Any Rest.

Many people never realize that the movement and action of every organ of the human body is dependent on the energy supplied by the nervous system.

When the nervous system gets run down there is weakness throughout the entire body. You feel tired and languid and your stomach and other digestive organs are similarly affected. Appetite fails, digestion is poor, you do not get the good of what you eat and gradually grow weaker and weaker.

This process can only be stopped by such treatment as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, which goes directly to create new nerve force and thereby to invigorate the whole human body.

Mrs. Geo. S. Ellis, 46 Davidson Street, St. Catharines, Ont., writes: "My husband had an attack of nervous prostration, and although he doctored for some time and tried different other medicines, he could not get relief. He had to resort to sleeping powders given him by the doctor to make him sleep. The greater part of the trouble seemed to be with the nerves of his stomach. He began to lose weight, and kept on going down until he had lost twenty pounds. We had read advertisements in the newspapers for Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and noticed that it seemed to be doing a lot of good for people troubled with nervousness, so my husband decided to try it. He found benefit almost from the start, and continued this treatment until he had taken about twelve or thirteen boxes. The results were most satisfactory. He is now enjoying good health, sleeps well, and has gained back nearly all the weight he had lost. He also uses Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills occasionally, and thinks them an excellent remedy. I have also used this latter medicine for dizzy spells and liver trouble, and was completely cured of these complaints. We think a great deal of Dr. Chase's medicines, and cannot speak too highly of them."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, a full treatment of 6 boxes for \$2.75, at all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Do not be talked into accepting a substitute. Imitations only disappoint.

Black-and-white combinations are still very much favored. Some evening gowns have a high neck line and no sleeves.

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DUSTBANE.	FILLERS.	HOSE FITTINGS.

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# S. MILLEY.

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300 dozen Men's AXES,  
100 dozen Boys' AXES,  
Just Received,  
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These Axes are of the very best materials and we cannot replace them today at what we are selling them for.

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SH English and Tunic Shirts versatile cuffs, \$1.75, \$2.00.

COL just Line perfect fitting, linen finish Co 20 cents each. Wide Ends in a 30c. to Pyjama Suits, Soc

# Steer

## Poelcappelle and Langemark Re in Enemy

**WAR SUMMARY.**

Out of the chooses of the tremendous battle along the Lys River south and southwest of Ypres, the thunder of which may be heard 40 or 50 miles away, there have come during the past days, reports which are more encouraging to the Allied Powers. The British have not only held all the ground which they were defending on Tuesday but have struck back so severely that Metzereu and part of Wytschaete were retaken and held for a time. Only after heavy attacks had the British retire again from the villages. The most disturbing news has been a report from Berlin that Poelcappelle and Langemark, north of Ypres, have been taken by the Germans and the admission from London that the British have retired from certain of their lines in the Ypres salient. The retirement here was expected, for the advance of the Germans at Neuve Eglise and Bailleul had brought action against the British front line to a flank attack. It is officially stated that the attacking masses of the British have been withdrawn, and it is possible that it will have more of a sentimental than a strategic effect. Just how far the British lines have been withdrawn has not been known. It may be, however, that the German claim of taking Poelcappelle and Langemark is the result of the British retirement. The line in its fifth day has deepened in intensity at many points along the salient from Messines Ridge to Metzereu. There has been reports that the Germans have occupied the village of St. Eloi, which lies less than three miles south of Ypres, but these have not been confirmed. It was said also that the Germans have taken possession of the south slope of Mt. Kemmel, which is about two and a half miles north of Wulverghem. This has not been confirmed.

On the rest of the front from Messines Ridge south to the German wall against the great wall of the British. Official and semi-official despatches have told of the frightful machine gun fire on the southern end of the salient there have been engagements of some magnitude, northwest of Robecq, five miles west of Bethune, where the Germans were caught by the British artillery fire and scattered. The line in the west of Arras has again been the scene of fighting, but here the British have been offensive and drove the Germans out of British trenches which had been carried by the enemy. In the artillery sector there has been lively engagements between the British and Oise Rivers, but only a few encounters are reported officially. Number seven only raiding operations have been going on.

**GENERAL MAURICE TALKS.**

LONDON, April 17. The greater part of Wytschaete, and probably all of it, is in the hands of the British, Major General Maurice announced. The British 126 division far have since March provided B. battlefield, courageously which the E. and still shown by a. of Arme since March 126 division