A Terrible Disclosure;

OR,

What Fools Men Are!

CHAPTER I.

"Yes?" very shortly.

"He does not know the cause; but I do. I am the cause!"

She did not start, but she glanced at him, and then bent her gaze on the floor.

He laughed, and wiped his lips with his white silk handkerchief.

"Yet, little as he thinks it, I am the cause. Do you doubt me?"

"No," she said.

"No," he continued. "You know me too well to think that I could stand by and see my one hope wrecked by his folly. He stands between me and rank and wealth. If any man can prevent his marriage, I will do so. You know me well enough, or should do so, to feel convinced that I can prevent this."

"How?" she breathed.

He laughed. In his triumph, his insolent triumph, he permitted his tongue full scope.

"Did you ever see a puppet-show?" he said. "It is amusing. The puppets move upon the stage, dance, and walk at the will of the wire-puller. I am the wire-puller, and no less a man than the great Marquis of Farintosh is my puppet."

"The marquis?" she breathed.

"Yes, I pulled the wire of his family pride, and he danced. In other words, I sent him an anonymous letter, informing him that his son was going to marry a daughter of one of his dependents, and he danced. He danced so excellently that he caused the girl to fly. I then pulled the wire to which my puppet Lord Edgar is attached, and he is dancing to my tune. And so I hold them at my fingers' ends. And so I will hold them until no obstacle remains, and I am the Marquis of Farintosh!"

He paused, and she looked up at him. If there was fear in her heart, she showed nothing of it; she did not quail beneath the glitter of his sinister eyes.

"Come!" he said, bending over her. "See me here at your side! I offer you one of the oldest titles in Europe; I offer you wealth beyond the dream of avarice, and—mark me! by fair means or foul, I will grasp them!—I lay them at your feet with such love as comes to a man once, and once only in a lifetime. Will you accept them?"

She sat with downcast head. If she had ever thought favorably of him, if she had ever been inclined toward him, that inclination was now turned to loathing. In confessing his mean, base plots he had dragged her down to his level, and she hated him for it. Yes, hated him, for—she loved the man against whom he was plotting. She loved Lord Edgar. If she had not known it until now, she knew it now.

Compared with this man, polished and refined, with the polish and refinement of a demon, Lord Edgar stood as an angel of light. Her acute brain worked hard and fast.

"Come!" he said. "What do you say? I will not urge my love! I know that it will weigh little or nothing with you, but I appeal to your ambition. As sure as we are in this room, I shall be the Marquis of Farintosh. I offer you the coronet, the wealth, the position of a marchioness—of the first marchioness in England. Do you accept?"

In his passion he drew nearer to her and seized her hand. She flung his from her as if it were a serpent, then she turned her white face up to him.

"I accept."

He sprang to her side, all his self-possession vanquished at the words, but she put up her hand.

"Wait! I accept—when you are the Marquis of Farintosh!"

CHAPTER II.

"I accept—when you are the Marquis of Farintosh." Slowly, distinctly, though in a perfectly low voice, she gave him his answer.

Clifford Revel drew back and looked at her. She had caught him in his own toils; but he did not falter.

"When I am! Good!" he said. "I accept the challenge."

There was something so sardonic in the gleam of his dark eyes, that a terrible fear seized her. He saw it in her face and smiled.

"Have no fear! I am no villain in a melodrama; I do not intend"—he laughed softly—"to put my cousin out of the way in the fashion approved in olden times."

She shuddered.

"No! If I know him, he will save me the trouble. I would not give a hundred pounds for his life; he is sure to lose it in some foolhardy trick. He is just the sort of idiot to get thrown from his horse, or lost in his yacht. As for the marquis, he is an old man whose life hangs by a thread. At this moment he is ill—perhaps dangerously. But why do I tell you all this? It is a sorry subject for you to discuss; leave it to me. The means are for me to plan and wait for, the end alone concerns you, and, rest assured, that the end I have foretold will come to pass. Yes, Edith, my queen, my beautiful queen, I will place the Farintosh coronet on your brow, I will lay the Farintosh wealth at your feet."

He bent nearer as he spoke, and almost knelt to her.

His usual calm impassiveness had gone, and in its place was a passionate earnestness that, suppressed as it was, seemed more terrible for the suppression. Her soul shrank from him, yet she schooled herself, and summoned a smile to her face.

"I will carry out my promise, do not fear! That ambition which you have nursed and cherished so long—do I not know it?—shall be gratified by me, and all I ask in return is that you will try and love me. I will be satisfied with that. As there is a heaven above us, I care nothing for rank, or wealth, or honor, save as a means of gratifying you. If I were to lose you, then—ah, then, I care not who reigns at Fane Abbey. It is for you, for you, my beloved, that I am ambitious, for your happiness that I dream—ay, and work. Give me but a little love for the earthly dross that I may win for you, and I shall be more than rewarded."

He broke off and touched her hand. She would have given worlds to have withdrawn it, but she dared not; and he took it in his and carried it to his lips. Then he arose and took up his hat.

"Good-night," he said, and his voice quivered with emotion—his that was wont to be as cool and unbroken as an iceberg. "Good-night! If you knew how happy you have made me—but you cannot! It is beyond even imagination. Good-night, my queen," and, just touching her hand again, carelessly, he went out.

She sat for a moment as if turned to stone; then, with a low cry of self-loathing, she slipped to the floor, and lay all abased and humbled.

She lay so long—she might have lain there till the dawn—that her mother, who had been waiting upstairs for her, came down noiselessly and timidly to search for her.

"Edith!" she exclaimed, fearfully; "Edith, what is the matter? Why are you lying there? Oh, dear!" And she pressed her trembling hand to her weak heart. "You frighten me to death! Edith, have you fainted?"

She knelt down beside her, and tried to raise the imperial head, with the diamonds still sparkling in the raven hair. But Edith Drayton put up her hand.

"Don't touch me, mother. I am not fit for you to touch!"

"Fit! Edith—Edith! what do you mean? Do you want to drive me mad?"

"Look at me, mother!" she exclaimed, in a hollow voice; "look well at me! Do I look the base and vile thing I am? Is my nature so plainly portrayed in my face that men can read it at a glance, and point to me as one whose soul is sordid and besmirched with vile plans and selfish aims? Tell me, mother, do I look the vile wretch he thinks me?"

"Edith, you must be mad! What is it—what has happened?"

"Happened!" she laughed, with wild self-scorn. "It has happened, mother, that a man with a nature base and vile and treacherous as a viper's has dared to claim me as kindred with himself, as one to whom he could disclose his vileness and be sure of sympathy! I must be as bad and lost as he deems me, or he would not have dared to tell me all he did—to lay bare his wickedness and villainy. I must be! But how did he know it? How, Mother, you must be blind, or you would be able to read in my face my degraded nature! Oh, Heaven! the shame of it—the shame of it! To be loved by such a man, to be trusted by him, to be made his confidante in crime and rascality!—to be told of all his base plots and plans! Oh! mother, I was ambitious, but I did not know I had sunk so low as this. He would not have dared to have thrown off the mask before a pure and innocent girl; but before—before me—he felt no shame! He said, in as many words, 'I know that you are no better than myself, and so I tell you this, sure of your sympathy!' Oh! the shame will kill me!"

And she covered her face with her hands, and knelt, bowed down with self-scorn and shame.

Mrs. Drayton stood trembling and frightened. She scarcely caught the words as they fell in a broken torrent from the white lips—certainly did not understand them.

"I don't know what you mean, Edith! Who has been calling you these names? Who thinks that you are base and vile? Oh, dear! that I should have lived to hear you use such words! Mr. Clifford Revel came back, did he not? Was it he——"

A shudder crept over the bowed form, and one white arm was extended imploringly.

"Don't speak his name, mother! Don't utter it to me to-night. It fills me with loathing! It covers me with shame!"

"What has he said? What has he said?" demanded Mrs. Drayton, querulously, and beginning to weep piteously. "You are always upset after he has been here. I hate the sight of him. What has he said?"

"I would rather die than tell you," came from the white lips.

"Oh, dear! And we have had such a pleasant evening! And I thought Lord Fane and you were getting to understand each other so nicely!" whined Mrs. Drayton.

A wild, despairing laugh, terrible in its mockery, broke from the dry lips.

"Understan deach other! Yes, so thoroughly and nicely that he could sit and tell me of his love for another woman! and not know that every word pierced my heart like the thrust of a dagger. Oh, mother, leave me! All my ambitious schemes have come to this: that the man whom you and I have sought to entrap is in love, madly, truly in love with another, and comes to tell me of it; and that"—she shuddered—"Clifford Revel recognizes me as a kindred spirit to his own base, degraded one, and offers me his love! There! I have said it!"

"Edith! He! Clifford Revel! He must be mad!"

(To be Continued.)

A Minister's Evidence.

That Piles or Hemorrhoids, Can be Quickly Cured—A Justice of the Peace Cured Many Years Ago.

There has come to use recently these two letters from prominent men who bear unquestionable testimony in regard to Dr. Chase's Ointment as a prompt and lasting cure for piles.

These men give their evidence freely because they know what it means to suffer from the tortures of piles and then be cured. They feel it a duty and a pleasure to let others know how they, too, may be cured.

Rev. Frank N. Bowes, Methodist Minister, Priceville, Ont., writes: "In the winter of 1912 I was stationed in Cobalt. I went for a snowshoe tramp one day, and sat for only a few minutes on a cold stump waiting for some comrades to catch up to me. From sitting on the damp stump I contracted piles, and suffered so severely that it caused me great pain to walk. A friend recommended Dr. Chase's Ointment, and I immediately purchased a small box, which very rapidly effected a cure. I always keep a box on hand and find it excellent for any kind of wound or sore."

Mr. W. B. Thorne, J.P., Alderside, Alta., writes: "It was twenty-eight years ago that I became acquainted with the merits of Dr. Chase's Ointment and would not be without it on any account, as it never fails to do its work. I was first induced to try it for piles. Less than one box cured me, and I have never been troubled since. That was twenty-eight years ago, so I think the cure is permanent. It is good for sore lips and hands, chafing and, in fact, all sorts of sores. You are at liberty to use this statement for the benefit of others."

You can put Dr. Chase's Ointment to the test in any case of piles with the utmost assurance that you will obtain relief from suffering and ultimately lasting cure. 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Look for the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author, on the box you buy.

Turning Failure Into Success

BECAUSE a hundred inventors failed to make machines that would fly; has nothing to do with the hundreds of aeroplanes that dot the sky over England, France, Belgium and Canada.

Because you can't make a rich, delicious cup of coffee with the brand you are using; has nothing to do with your success with

SEAL BRAND COFFEE

Rightly chosen—expertly blended—perfectly roasted—"Seal Brand" comes to you with all its rich, aromatic flavor sealed in the tin and ready to delight you with its rare deliciousness.

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

Have you read "PERFECT COFFEE—PERFECTLY MADE"? Write for a copy. 197

CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL

Your Boys and Girls.

A pleasing way to furnish a child's room at little cost is to paint the floor a drab color two feet along the walls and cover the remainder of the floor with an art square of light matting. Paint the bed, chairs, stand and other furniture in white. Pad the chairs, back and seat, with some soft goods, then cover with white oilcloth and tack with brass tacks all about the seats and backs.

Use a small box for a footstool, cover it and you will have a rest for the feet which will be pretty and lasting. Make curtains of bleached cheesecloth, with ruffles and edged with lace if you like. On the walls have pictures of children and animals in bright colors.

Laugh often with, but never at your child. This takes self denial but it pays. Make up your mind that whatever others may say, he can depend upon you for a quick, sure understanding, without quibble or joke at his expense. This does not mean that he must not take his share of harmless fun. It is wholesome, and too much sheltering would make oversensitive, but the mother who lets her child know that she never makes fun of him will be surprised at the confidence with which he relies upon it.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DISTEMPER.

Fashion Plates.

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

A GOOD OUTING DRESS.

Blouse—2405. Skirt—2410.

Here is a style that is admirable for sports or outdoor wear. It will develop nicely in sport materials, shantung, gingham, pique, linen, voile, corduroy or repp. The blouse slips over the head. The skirt is cut on prevailing straight lines; the plaits adding width, without detracting from the narrow effect. It is a comfortable model and very stylish. The Blouse Pattern 2405 is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The Skirt in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. It will require 6⅝ yards of 44-inch material for the entire dress. The skirt measures about 2¾ yards at the foot, with plaits drawn out.

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.

A CHARMING NEGLIGEE.

2059—This model is fine for soft crepes, lawns and organdies. It is also nice for challie, silk, batiste and voile. The sleeve is cut in one with the front and side back. Panel sections are joined to the full skirt.

The Pattern is in 4 sizes: Small, for 32 and 34 inches bust measure; Medium, for 36 and 38 inches bust measure; Large for 40 and 42 inches bust measure, and Extra Large, for 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The Medium size will require 6½ yards of 36-inch material.

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

No. .. ..

Size .. ..

Address in full:—

Name .. ..

.. ..

.. ..

POSITIVE SALE!

Extensive Timber Limit, together with Freeholds, on the waterside of South and West Rivers, Hall's Bay; apply early to

JAMES R. KNIGHT

Here You Are, Gentlemen!

Sample Soft Felt Hats.

The Best Value that Money Can Buy.

Shades of Green, Brown and Navy.

TO-DAY

$2.50

EACH

at SMYTH'S.

Rice! Rice!

100 Sacks RICE, each 200 lbs.

400 Sacks RICE, each 100 lbs.

Millions of People in the World are Starving.

Hundreds of Millions are Short of Food.

CONSUME LESS PRODUCE MORE

HARVEY & CO., Ltd.,

WHOLESALE

Nixey's BLUE,

500 Boxes Just Arrived.

Evaporated Apples.

SUNLIGHT SOAP.

George Washington Coffee.

TABLE CORN MEAL (in pkts. and on retail).
POTATO FLOUR.
MIDGET RAISINS.
SULTANA RAISINS.
DROMEDARY DATES.
BONED CHICKEN.
DRIED BEEF.
ALMOND PASTE.
BEEF SUET.
BAKER'S CHOCOLATE.
CUSTARD POWDER.

BACON!

BEECHNUT, PREMIUM, FIDELITY, CEDAR RAPIDS and LOCAL. (Machine sliced)

TEA!

There will be no doubt about the quality of the Tea you drink if you use 'OUR BEST.'

BOWRING BROTHERS, Limited,

332 GROCERY, St. John's. 332

Advertise in The Evening Telegram

The CHA

"Go

A Sermon by the

...k unto the children of Israel that they go forward.
Exodus 14: 15.)

...on or go under. For the British ...re it is the one or the other. Christianity, for civilization, for ...om, it is the one or the other. ...he rights of men, for the purity ...omen, for the liberty of Labor ...the security of Capital, for the ...ity of the home, for the integ... of the State, for uprightness, for ...ur, for truth, for mutual trust... ...hness of individuals and of na... it is one or the other. There ... possible compromise. It is go ...r go under. President Wilson ...he matter in a nutshell when he "The world must be made safe ...emocracy." The world must be ... safe for Democracy—safe for ...safe for me, safe for your home, ...or my home, safe for your coun... ...safe for my country, safe for ...body's country. How? By de... ...ing root and branch that, and all ... which would make it impossible. ...destroying the principles that ...d undermine it, and the powers ... would invade it. By making it ...sible that Democracy should not ...fe, by making it impossible for ...man, or any combination of men, ...erride and overrule it.

...e world is not safe for Democracy ...y. It has an enemy pledged to ...oy it. For forty long years that ...y has been planning, preparing, ...ng to destroy it. For forty long ...s, that enemy of Democracy has ... training armies, heaping up guns ... munitions, building railways, ...ing nets of commercial mono..., exploiting other lands with un...vable trickery, craft, and cun... by wholesale spying, by hellish ... by the meanest and most das...y betrayal of confidence and hos...ity,—all for what? All to crush, ... do away with, all to destroy the ...y of Democracy. That enemy is ...any—the German Emperor, the ...an military party, the German ...e, trained from birth to abject ...ity to their military leaders. ... admit it, they glory in it,—their ...mination to destroy Democracy. ... prepared for the war, they are ...nuing the war, with that intent. ... they expect to carry on the war ...heir object is attained. They say ...ly, and they show plainly, that ... will stick at nothing, till that ob... is accomplished. Do you doubt it? ... look at what Germany has done ...elgium, and Northern France, ...Poland, and Serbia and Roumania, ...Russia. Do you know what she ...done in these countries? Why I ... not, I dare not, describe the ...s she has done. They are too ...l, too revolting for words. Do ...know that every German soldier ...ven an iron coin as a token—on ...ide of it a representation of the ... holding a sword in his right ... and labelled, "The Good Old ...an God." On that coin are these ...l words, "Smite your enemy ... The Day of Judgement will not ...you for your reasons." Under ... teaching they started their pro...me of war. Do you know what it ... "Brussels in one week, Paris in ...weeks, London in three weeks." ... they got Brussels, but not in one ...; and they have not got Paris or ...on in three years and three ...ers! But they are fighting hard ...y to get Paris and to get London. ... has kept them back? Men, gal...men,—the men of Mons, and the ...e, and the Somme; the men of ..., and Beaumont Hamel, and ...ay le Preux, and Vimy Ridge, and ...ral. Men, gallant men, North ...fishermen, Newfoundland fisher... ...there by the score, by the hun... Naval Reservists, the boldest ...en in the world. Men, gallant ...in navy blue, on big ships and lit...en of Heligoland Bight, and Jut... and the far Falklands, and the ...r Straits—the silent men of the ... Navy that has saved the world ...never talked of it. These, under ... are what have kept them back. ...r God, I say; not the "Good Old ...an God" of hate and lust and ...er, but the God of love and ... and justice. These brave men, ...he yet braver and more unselfish ...n — mothers, sisters, wives, ...hearts that have let them go ... a kiss and a prayer and a break...eart. Why I heard yesterday of ...ther in this city who said to a ..., "I am ashamed of my son, he ...not gone up to enlist." Think of ...brave woman. Think of the hosts ...men, Red Cross women, nurses, ...est, V. A. D's., and the grand ... of women workers in munitions, ... every industry where they ... take the place of men needed at ...ont; these men and these wo-