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 MONREAL QUEBEC TORONTO



A Terrible Disclosure;

What Fools Men Are!

CHAPTER VI.

The girl stared in silence, and, taking it as an affirmative, he retained his cigar, and climbed up the stairs. It grew darker and dirtier and grimmer as he ascended, but he found "the second-floor back," and pushing open a door, entered the room.

It was a miserable apartment. If degrees in comparison are permissible under the circumstances, it was fearfully poverty-stricken. There was only one chair, backless and seatless; a rag of a curtain hung before the window; the ornaments on the mantelshelf were cracked and broken; there was no carpet on the floor; and the common deal table was without a cover. On the table itself were two or three books—a Greek grammar and a couple of scientific works, and a bundle of papers. A penny bottle of ink and a sheet of paper half-written on lay beside them. An atmosphere of poverty hung about the whole room.

Clifford Revel looked around, and smiled with an air of satisfaction. "Poor devil!" he murmured. "Yes, he'll do!"

Then he dropped into the chair, tilted it on its back legs, and smoked with half-closed eyes and masterly patience.

Half an hour passed; he was not idle, his acute brain was working as hard as if he had been in his own comfortable chambers, and then there sounded a man's step upon the stairs.

It was a heavy, weary, dispirited step, and Clifford Revel was not surprised when the door opened and the man who had stopped him at the Albany entered the room.

He had looked seedy and woe-begone then; he looked far more seedy and poverty-stricken now. The well-brushed black suit had grown more threadbare and rusty; the thin figure had become more gaunt; the pale face more haggard. Want is one of the most graphic artists we possess; his etchings on the human countenance are always masterpieces of execution. The man started

as his eye fell on the well-dressed figure lounging in the broken chair, and he put his right hand behind him quickly, but not before Clifford Revel had seen that it held a half-quartern loaf.

"You here!" he said, hoarsely, and with anything but pleasant surprise. "How do you do, Nagle?" responded Clifford Revel, extending his hand.

Instead of taking it, the young man drew his own hand across his forehead, and leaned against the table, keeping his eyes fixed on the cool, self-possessed, well-to-do face of his visitor.

"What do you want here?" he said, at last.

Clifford Revel smiled, and raised his eyebrows.

"That's a strange question coming from a man who has given me his address and implored me to call."

Nagle looked up with troubled frown.

"If you wanted to come, why have you not come before?" he demanded, feebly.

Clifford Revel laughed softly.

"Because I did not want to come. But sit down, my dear fellow. I've got your chair!" and he got up and sat on the table, which creaked beneath him.

"Sit down and have a cigar," and he took out and extended his dainty case.

Nagle looked at it wistfully, turned his eyes away, then looked again—and yielded.

Only those who are smokers know the extent of the temptation which that cigar case offered to the man who had not enjoyed a cigar for months, who never passed a tobacco-cist's without longing for a smoke. He took a cigar slowly, reluctantly, but he took it, and Clifford Revel smiled with satisfaction.

"A light?" he said.

But the young fellow got up and reached a match-box; he would not be indebted for more than he could help.

He smoked in silence for a moment or two. The cigar was a good one, the comfort derived from it was intense. Clifford Revel watched him also in silence, then he said:

"I am sorry to see you in such bad quarters, Nagle."

"You know the strait I was in; I told you," he said, stubbornly.

"Yes, yes, I know, and I'm ashamed that I should have let so much

time slip by; but I have been very busy. You know that I am not an idle man. I am a mere government clerk."

Nagle's eyes went over the well-cut, fashionable garments of his visitor, and then dropped to the floor.

"I am heartily sorry that I did not look you up at once; but, at any rate, here I am."

"Yes, but why?" asked Nagle, suspiciously.

Clifford Revel looked hurt.

"Because—you compel me to speak plainly, my dear fellow!—I am desirous of helping you."

"Why didn't you help me that night I accosted you—the night I told you that I was starving, and I told you the truth?"

"Because I had not a penny about me!" said Clifford Revel, promptly.

"And, besides, I was taken by surprise and you know of old how I hate that."

"Yes, I know," retorted the young fellow. "You never liked to be taken by surprise. You were always cold and calculating at college. I was a fool to speak to you that night. I might have known that you would have left me to starve, as I should have done but for—"

"But for what?" asked Clifford Revel, knocking off the ash from his cigar, and eying his companion, curiously.

"But for the man who was with you. I don't know his name. I shall never, in all probability, know it, but I shall never forget him. He had money in his pockets, and he emptied them!"

He paused a moment to stifle his emotion, then went on, more coolly. "He gave me every penny he had about him, and he wanted me to go with him to his chambers."

"But you did not!" said Clifford Revel, with suppressed eagerness.

The young fellow shook his head.

"No! I have some shame left. I did not want him to see my face, and I was more than satisfied with what he had done."

Clifford Revel puffed at his cigar.

"Then you think that he did not see you distinctly—would not recognize you?"

"No; and I am glad of it. I should know him anywhere, but he would not recognize me."

Clifford Revel drew a breath of relief.

"Well," he said, "I see you have judged me harshly."

Nagle smiled coldly.

"I remember you at college," he said, "and I do not think you have changed since then. I did not, the other night, think that you had changed; I never gave you credit for being touched by any story of distress, even that of an old college mate, and so I ask you again, why are you here? I remember in the old days that you had always some end to serve; that you never made a friend of a man unless you needed him to help you to the attainment of some object. You were always cool, and self-possessed, and clever, Clifford Revel!"

He flung the cigar into the empty fireplace as he spoke, and went to the window.

Clifford Revel turned his head to watch him.

"And yet not half so clever as you, my dear Nagle," he murmured. "You were a hard reading man; took your degree with honors while most of us were plucked, dishonored."

"And see what my cleverness has brought me to!" retorted the young fellow, bitterly, "a miserable room in a miserable slum, with nothing but a loaf of bread"—he flung the loaf on the table as he spoke—"for dinner. Dinner! I have not broken my fast to-day; while you are prosperous; a gentleman; the member of half a dozen aristocratic clubs; dressed in Bond Street clothes, smoking a cigar, and wearing a flower in your coat that would keep me for three days!"

"True, quite true!" assented Clifford Revel, pleasantly, "but I have been careful of to-day, and you have not, my dear fellow. But come, all this is at an end."

"At an end?"

"Yes, if you like. If you choose."

"What do you mean?" demanded Nagle, turning and facing him.

Clifford Revel threw the end of his cigar in the fireplace, and lit another coolly, slowly.

Then he looked at the haggard face opposite him, with a smile, confident, assured.

Too Nervous to Sleep.

Nerves Wrecked by Accident—Was Afraid to Go in a Crowd or to Stay Alone—Tells of His Cure.

Much sympathy was felt in this city for Mr. Dorsey, who met with a distressing accident when his foot was smashed in an elevator.

The shock to the nervous system was so great that Mr. Dorsey was in a pitiable condition for a long time. He was like a child in that he required his mother's care nearly all the time. He feared a crowd, could not stay alone and could not sleep because of the weakened and excited condition of his nerves.

Detroit doctors did what they could for him, but he could not get back his strength and vigor until he fortunately heard of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

It is no mere accident that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food proves to be exactly what is needed in so many cases of exhausted nerves. It is composed of the ingredients which nature requires to form new blood and create new nerve force. For this reason it cannot fail and for this reason it succeeds when ordinary medicines fail.

Mr. Laurence E. Dorsey, 39 Stanley street, London, Ont., writes: "About three years ago I got my foot smashed in an elevator in Detroit, which completely wrecked my nerves. I doctored with the doctors there, but they did not seem to be able to help me. My nerves were in such a state that I could not go down town alone, or go any place where there was a crowd. Sometimes my mother would have to sit and watch over me at night, and sometimes I could not get any sleep at all. But one day last winter I commenced using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and before I had completely used the first box I could see a difference in my condition. I continued using these pills for some time. The result was splendid. I feel so much better, can sleep well at night, can go out on the street and attend gatherings like the rest of people. I am so pleased to be able to tell you what Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has done for me, and to recommend it to other people."

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

here inspired by a charitable impulse.

"No, indeed!" ejaculated the young fellow.

"No. If I said so you wouldn't believe me, so why say so? No; I came here because I thought, and still think, that you can be useful to me."

In what way?" demanded Nagle.

"Patience, and I will tell you. First, let me say that I am prepared to pay you well for the work I want done."

The young fellow started, and the blood flew into his face, but it left it again instantly, and paler than it was before.

"Judging by your preface, it must be evil work and dangerous," said Nagle, eying him steadily.

Clifford Revel shrugged his shoulders.

"That all depends upon how one takes it. I am a philosopher, and you should be one, too, unless your misfortunes have taught you nothing, and therefore been thrown away. What one might feel inclined to call evil, I, perhaps, should be disposed to call good. Desperate diseases demand desperate remedies, desperate straits require desperate actions. I wish you would sit down, my dear fellow. I want to talk this matter over with you, quietly."

Nagle dropped into a chair, and mechanically broke off a piece of the loaf, and ate it, still keeping his eyes on the cool, impassive face opposite him.

Clifford Revel put his hand in his pocket, and drew out a sovereign.

"Don't be offended if I suggest that we take a little liquid refreshment with our talk. A bottle of wine will assist us to digest the matter."

Nagle laughed with bitter irony.

"A bottle of wine! They wouldn't understand you at the public house at the corner! Wine! They don't keep it. Brandy, beer, gin, but wine!" and he laughed again.

"Let us have the spirit which you think contains the least amount of local poison," said Clifford.

Nagle went to the door, and called the grimy one, and nodded toward Clifford.


"This gentleman wants some brandy," and he pointed to the coin; he would not touch it himself.

"A bottle," said Clifford.

The girl stared, turned the coin over in her black hand suspiciously, and clattered downstairs.

(To be continued.)

ARROW COLLARS
 FOR SPRING
 CASCO-2 1/2 in. CLYDE-2 1/2 in.




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 Reserve 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 AUTHORIZING 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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 DO NOT DEFACE THIS WALL.

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 Here's a chance for you to secure a pair of serviceable Boots for your boy, in Black and Tan Leathers, with heavy sole; sizes 9 to 13. **\$2.65** Sale Price, per pair.

CHILDREN'S BOOTS.
 In sizes 3 to 6; some with cloth tops, others all leather, finished with leather sole and heel. Regular price \$1.50 per pair. Sale Price, **\$1.00** per pair.

INFANTS' BOOTS.
 A line of Infants' Soft Sole Boots in sizes 0 and 1. They are the daintiest Little Boots you ever saw. Worth in the regular way 45c. per pair. **30c** Sale Price, per pair.

TOWELS.
 Needing Towels? Every one in a while we put this question to our customers. We have two cheap lines to offer you, viz: Huckaback Towels and Turkish Towels; both are medium size. Sale Price, each, 14c. and 16c. respectively.

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