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A Terrible Disclosure; What Fools Men Are!

OR,

What Fools Men Are!

CHAPTER IV.

"Yes," she said, and her hands clasped despairfully, as her eyes grew hungry to his face. "Yes, now, at once. Ah, I hope, I hope we shall never meet again. I thought that I had suffered all that I could suffer in the last week, but to-night—"

His lips twitched. "Where do you live?" he asked, in a low voice.

She moved her hand heavily toward a pane at the side of the churchyard, and he inclined his head.

"Let me see you there safely?" "No," she said, almost inaudibly. "I am quite safe. I—I often come out at night alone—nearly every night. Do not come with me."

"Very well," he said. His heart beat tumultuously; he was playing a bold game. "Good-by, Lela. Good-by," and he held out his hand.

She put hers into it, and the little hand struck like fire in his. Her lips moved, though he heard no sound, and pressing her hand between his, he turned slowly and moved away.

He had not gone a dozen steps when he heard her cry his name; it was a wail, a desolate wail of entreaty and despair. The next moment she was on his breast, her slight frame convulsed with sobs, her hands clutching his arms, her eyes upturned to his with wild, helpless love.

"Oh, no! no!" she panted. "I cannot let you go! I cannot! I cannot! Oh, Edgar, my love, my love! Forgive me! I cannot lose you! Oh, what am I doing—I who had meant to be so strong and brave? But I cannot! It is like tearing the heart out of my body! Edgar, stay with me! Don't go! Ah, don't go!"

He was silent for a moment, as he pressed her to him and kissed the silken hair and the pale, passion-laden lips. She was transfixed; it was she who pleaded now by look and gesture, not he.

His artifice had succeeded. The great woman's love had conquered, and all vanished. She lay in his arms, sobbing and panting, fearing to release her hold of him lest she should lose him; her lover, her god!

CHAPTER V.

An hour passed. The moon had sailed into the heavens and poured a stream of vaporous light on the church, and on the two, as they sat on a time-worn bench beside the porch. Lord Edgar had drawn her cloak around her as she lay against his heart to shield her from the soft summer air, and she sat with her arm around his neck, her eyes upturned to his.

"And you have been so miserable; you missed me?" she murmured, her eyes glowing with solemn joy, her face "encrimsoned with love's torch." "I thought you would have forgotten me, dear."

"As you have forgotten me?" "Ah!" and she shuddered.

"There is not an hour of the day, that I have not thought of you, my

darling," he said, in his simple, outspoken fashion, "not an hour. I have been unspeakably wretched and miserable. Talk about 'ruin,' on my word of honor I think another week would have made a bad lot of me, if it had not been for my cousin and the Draytons!"

She started, and looked at him with a woman's sudden spasm of jealousy, but his clear, honest eyes met hers unflinchingly, unhesitatingly.

"They have been awfully kind. I don't wonder at you liking Edith Drayton. She has been like a sister to me. She will be awfully glad to know that I have found you; she has been as anxious as any one could be excepting myself!"

"Yes; I will thank her some day, dear."

"You shall. She will be rejoiced at the news. And I am glad that I found you myself, and not that man Clifford employed—"

"That man!—what man?" she asked, with strange wonder.

Lord Edgar frowned. He wished that he had not told her; he hated the idea so much himself.

"My darling, you know I had to leave no stone unturned. I went to Clifford in my trouble. I was almost out of my mind; and he did all he could to help me. He employed a man to go about the country and try and find you. You are not angry? What could I do? Think of the suspense, the uncertainty!"

"No, no! And you took all this trouble! Ah, I was right! Grandpa said that you would be upset for a couple of days, and then forget me?"

"Your grandfather has forgotten what love is," he said.

"And the man—what sort of man was he?" she asked, knitting her brows thoughtfully.

He kissed them straight again "before replying.

"I can't tell you. I never saw him, dear. Clifford thought that it would be better for me not to appear. He said—but what does it all matter, now that I have found you, my dear, sweet, little Lela!"

"He said? Tell me, Edgar."

"He said that if you knew I was searching for you, you would go still further off."

"He was right. I should have done. You see I knew that I could not remain firm if once I saw you! Ah, and I was right, too! But how sensible this cousin of yours must be, dear!"

"He is. Tremendously!"

"And you don't know this horrid man who finds people out?"

"No," he said. "Why?"

She was silent for a moment, then she laughed, but thoughtfully.

"Because—it is only fancy—but there was a man here, a tall, thin man in black, who wandered about the village for several days; why, I saw him this morning; and always seemed to walk away when I met him. I heard the woman at the cottage say that he was a stranger in Larkworthy."

"Is that the name of this place?" he said. "You see I didn't even know it! I came here quite by chance; heavenly chance! But it is fancy on your part, darling, for the man has not found you. He sent word to my cousin only this morning."

"Ah! and she shuddered."

"I suppose he was only some odd antiquary copying the tombstones."

and he was shy, and did not like meeting people."

"That was it, no doubt," he said. He would have agreed to any theory, on any subject, put forth by her dear lip. "At any rate, it wasn't Clifford's man. But don't let us talk any more about this horrid week. It is gone and past, and done with. The future—let us think of the future, Lela!"

"Ah, the future!" and she sighed. He drew her closer to him.

"Mr. Temple—I must see him!"

"No," she said, swiftly. "Indeed, you must not, Edgar. If he knew that you had found me, he would give up his situation and leave the place, and we should be separated again; and I could not bear that."

And only an hour ago she had implored him to leave her! Oh, wonderment is the power of love!

He was silent for a moment.

"Very well, my darling. But you must promise to meet me often. Thank Heaven, Larkworthy is near London! I shall come here every day! I can stay here! There is the jolliest little inn—"

"No, no!" she said, with tender authority, "you must do nothing of the kind. What, stop here and let grandfather find you, and take me away!"

"Well—"

"You must not think of it! You may come down—sometimes; and I will meet you—sometimes. And—perhaps in time grandpa will relent, and—"

"We shall be happy?" he said, with the confidence of youth and love with its loved one near. "Very well. I ask for nothing better. I am so happy if finding you, at having you near to me, that anything would satisfy me! Heaven! if I do not wake and find it is a dream! But, no, we will say that the past week is a dream and that this is reality."

As he spoke, the clock struck ten. She started, and raised her head.

"Edgar, did you hear that? It is ten o'clock! I must go—I must—I must!" clinging, wistfully, "Ah! how time flies when we want it to linger!"

She drew away from him, her hands clasped on her heart.

"It is so hard to go, dear!" she whispered, deprecating his handsome face with her loving eyes.

"I shall come to-morrow evening," he whispered. "I shall stay here to-night!"

"No, no!" she breathed. "Grandpa will see you. You must go back."

"Very well," he said, obediently. "I will do whatever you tell me, darling; anything, however hard, now that I have your promise that nothing shall separate us."

"Yes, you have that," she murmured devoutly. "I see now that I could not live without you. No, I know that I should have died if—if you had not come back when I called you to-night! Nothing shall separate us!"

"I am satisfied," he said, fervently. "And I will come to-morrow! Let me take you as far as I dare."

He put his arm around her, and they walked to the lane in which the cottage stood. A light was burning in the small sitting-room, and Lord Edgar saw the professor seated with a book at the table. He looked older and more worn and than he had done in the cosy room at the cloisters, but Lord Edgar's thoughts were too engrossed to notice him closely.

He gathered Lela in his arms, and kissed her, and murmuring, "to-morrow," she slowly drew from him and entered the cottage.

Lord Edgar stayed outside—saw her enter the room and come to the window and put her hand to her lips, knowing that he was there waiting, though she could not see him; then she drew down the blind, in obedience to the request of the professor, and Lord Edgar turned and walked back to the inn.

His blood was surging through his veins; a wild joy had possession of his heart. The past week seemed indeed, like a dreadful dream, a veritable nightmare. He had found his darling, and proved her love, and all was fair and bright before him.

He entered the inn—he had to knock, for they had closed the doors at ten o'clock—and, getting a light, went to the stable! The ostler was asleep on a heap of clean straw, but he hobbled up—all who have to do with horses are quick of hearing—and quite understood when Lord Edgar said that he must get back to London to-night, and had lost the train.

"Your honor will ride, then," he said, stripping the cloth off the chestnut. "Well, he'll do it, and think no—"

Letture hearts served with oil, a lettuce and grated cheese are delicious.

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thing of it. He's a fine animal, sir."

Lord Edgar re-entered the inn, drank a brandy and soda, paid his bill, and lit a cigar. By that time the chestnut had been brought around, and was waiting. He patted the great beast affectionately; he felt in love with all nature and human nature to-night, tossed the delighted and astonished ostler a sovereign, and getting into the saddle, started for London, the happiest man in or out of that great city.

The chestnut did its work well. He had had a good feed, and was a willing steed—when Lord Edgar rode it—and when he had made what his master considered ten miles, Lord Edgar got off and walked beside it to rest it. He gave it a drink at a wayside pond now and again, and so, riding with care and kindness, as an old driver has it, reached London as the clocks were chiming half-past twelve. A wild happiness possessed Lord Edgar. The ride in the cool evening air had excited and freshened him. He took the horse to the stable, where, of course, he found a man awake and alert—it is a question often propounded whether London grooms ever sleep—and was going to his rooms when the thought struck him that he would go down to the Temple and make Clifford happy with the news of the discovery of Lela!

In his impulsive and impetuous way, he hailed a hansom and drove down to the Temple, resolved, if he saw a light in Clifford Revel's windows, to go up, and if not, to return home and wait till the morning.

There was a light burning, and, telling the cabman to wait, he climbed the steep, dark stairs, and knocked at the door.

He entered, in response to Clifford Revel's "Come in," and found that gentleman seated in the easy-chair and smoking a cigarette.

He had exchanged his dress-coat for a comfortable velvet jacket, and looked exquisitely cool and comfortable, a fine contrast to Lord Edgar, with the dust of a twenty-mile ride upon him.

"Ah, Edgar," he said, rising and holding out his hand, his keen eyes noting the travel-stained clothes and happy countenance. "What has happened? Where have you been?"

Lord Edgar stood smiling, and grasping his hand.

"You'll never guess, Clifford! Never, if you try from now till doomsday! Clifford, I'm the happiest man in the world, I do think!"

(To be Continued.)

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Casualty List.

RECEIVED APRIL 22nd, 1918.

24th Gen. Hospital, Staples, April 13. 384—Pte. Percival Carter, Port aux Basques; G. S. W., left hand, mild.

58th Gen. Hospital, Boulogne, April 13. 1894—Pte. Thomas Seward, Port aux Basques; G. S. W., right buttock, mild.

2594—Pte. John M. Noah, 93 New Gower St.; G. S. W., right arm, severe.

1739—Corp. William Wheeler, Gagespond, B.B.; G.S.W., right arm, severe.

3001—Pte. Robert H. Williams, 73a Springdale St.; G.S.W., shoulder, severe.

46th Gen. Hospital, Staples, April 14. 2883—Pte. Hayward E. Pike, 24 Gibraltar St.; G.S.W., back, mild.

2257—Pte. Liwellyn Leslie, Shoal Hr., T.B.

24th Gen. Hospital, Staples, April 14. 2530—Pte. Benjamin Warren, Tack's Beach, P.B.; G.S.W., left hand, mild.

8714—Pte. Patrick Collins, Petty Hr.; G.S.W., right arm.

1739—Corp. William Wheeler, Grand Bank, Burgeo; G.S.W., back and right arm, severe.

14th Gen. Hospital, Wimeroux, Apr. 15. 2923—L. Corp. Norman Boyce, Jersey Harbor, Fortuna Bay; G.S.W., chest, neck, severe.

8th Stationary Hospital, Wimeroux, April 15th. 2024—Pte. George R. Poole, Kirby's Cove, P.B.; G.S.W., left arm, mild.

3233—Pte. Alfred Nurse, Champney's, T. B.; right thigh, fractured femur, severe.

3218—Pte. Thomas J. Lynch, 18 Carew Street; wound right hand, mild, accidental.

1st Canadian General Hospital, Etaples, April 15. 3508—Pte. Archibald Peaney, Humbermouth; G.S.W., neck, severe.

Died of Wounds, 6th Casualty Clearing Station, April 15. 3767—Pte. Wm. J. Jones, Britannia Cove, T.B.; G.S.W., abdomen, penetrating.

Died of Wounds, 6th Casualty Clearing Station, April 15. 1537—Pte. Thos. Moore, Grand River; G.S.W., chest.

King George Hospital. 2308—Pte. James Edward Hanham, Piacenta; G.S.W., left hand, severe.

3789—Pte. Ches G. Chaffer, Crabas, Bay St. George; G.S.W., right elbow, severe.

215—Pte. Geo. M. F. Pennell, Railway Station, Trepassay; pleurisy, severe.

3410—Pte. Cyril G. Stone, Fogo, N. D. B.; whitlow, left hand, severe.

3156—Pte. Heber Trask, Elliston, T. B.; fever, uncertain origin.

Dangerously Ill, April 13. 2846—Pte. Thomas Lomon, Grand Bay, Burgeo; G.S.W., chest; previously reported.

Seriously Ill, April 20. 228—Pte. Pierce Rideout, Pelly's Island; meningitis.

At Wandsworth. 3825—Pte. Alexander Parsons, Freshwater, Bell Island; previously reported.

2720—Pte. Phineas Boone, Burnt Arm, N.D.B.; previously reported.

958—Pte. Wm. R. Saunders, Carbonara; no particulars given.

553—Pte. Wm. Cook, Forest Road, previously reported.

3792—Pte. Isaac Young, Birchy Hd., Bonne Bay; G. S. W., left arm.

3227—Pte. Patrick Dwyer, Holyrood, C.B.; no particulars given.

1623—L. Corp. Herbert Strong, Clarendville, T.B.; no particulars given.

3772—Corp. William G. Cobb, Pelly's Island, N.D.B.; G.S.W., right arm.

1711—Pte. Arthur McFarridge, Main River, Bay St. George; no particulars given.

3691—Pte. Frederick Lawrence, Bonavista; G.S.W., chest.

2106—Pte. Robert Stone, Old Bonaventure; pyrexia.

1st London General Hospital, Camberwell. 3639—Pte. Donald Ryder, Bonavista; previously reported.

1860—Pte. Lawrence Horan, 367 South Side; previously reported.

3236—Pte. Clarence V. Harris, Glovertown, B.B.; G. S. W., left arm.

3702—Pte. Harry Blundon, Catalina.

3216—L. Corp. William B. Tiffin, Herring Neck, N. D. B.; G. S. W., right shoulder.

3332—Pte. Wm. Burbridge, Epworth, Burin; G.S.W., back.

2066—L. Corp. Ronald Neville, North River, C.B.; G.S.W., left knee.

3681—Pte. Hedio White, Cottle's Cove, New Bay; G.S.W., left hand.

3768—L. Corp. Whittier Holloway, Portland, B.B.

2768—Pte. Lewis Saunders, Pt. Leamington; G.S.W., shoulder, hip and hand, slight.

2706—L. Corp. Charles O'Keefe, Grove Place, Hr. Grace; sprained knee.

Fulham Military Hospital. 3558—Pte. George Pike, Whitbourne.

3760—Pte. Augustus G. Abbott, Bonavista; appendicitis.

3798—Pte. Rendell Roberts, Bonne Bay; G.S.W., left leg, slight.

1421—L. Corp. Nathan Gosse, Spaniard's Bay; G.S.W., head and back.

2489—Pte. Ernest Hull, Springdale, N.D.B.; G.S.W., left leg.

3288—Pte. Thos. Collins, 64 Cabot St.; G.S.W., right thigh.

3646—Pte. Edward Cunningham, 87 Flower Hill; G.S.W., left thigh.

3765—Pte. Ephraim Squires, Salgado Bay, B.B.; G.S.W., right arm and side.

2523—Corp. Ebenezer G. Wiseman, M.M., Boot Harbor, Hall's Bay; G. S. W., hip.

3161—Pte. Edward Neil, 99 George Street; G.S.W., thigh and buttock.

St. John Ambulance Hospital, Apr. 13. 3261—Pte. George Sheppard, Grand Falls; G.S.W., head, mild.

3604—Pte. Hubert Halleran, 13 Signal Hill Road; G.S.W., left wrist, severe.

J. R. BENNETT, Minister of Militia.

(Under the auspices of the Girls' Guild)—Don't fail to come and hear the Musical Lecture on the History of Song and Famous Songs and their Origin by Mr. F. J. King next Thursday, the 25th, at the Congregational Lecture Room at 8 p.m.

Chairman, Mr. Frank Bradshaw; Soloists: Mrs. F. J. King and Misses Curtis and Strang; Capt. Campbell and Messrs. Hutton, Ruggles and Williams.

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BRITISH OFFICIAL.

LONDON, April 22. (Official.) Early in the night a severe attack, accompanied by heavy shelling, was directed against our positions in the neighbourhood of Messin, north of Albert. A number of our men succeeded in capturing one of our advanced positions. The attack was repulsed.

On the night in the Villers-Bretonneux and Robecq sectors. A number of raids were carried out and north of the different points in the capture of prisoners and machine guns. There has been considerable artillery activity on both sides of the enemy's shell fire has been directed chiefly against our positions astride the Somme. In the neighbourhood of Festubert and the Nieppe forest.

FRENCH OFFICIAL.