

► Terrible Disclosure ;

What Fools Men Are!

CHAPTER X.

She colored faintly, and took a long stroke before replying.

"I meant 'yes,' Edgar," she said, quietly.

"And 'no,'" he retorted, smiling. Then his face grew graver, and he looked at her thoughtfully.

"Lela, I want to ask you a question. I know you will answer it truthfully, because you are truth itself, darling. Tell me, do you like Clifford?"

A faint look of pain and regret came into her eyes.

She would have given the world to have answered "yes," but, as he had said, she was truth itself, and not to him—certainly not to him—would she falsify a thought or a sentiment of her heart.

She remained silent, looking at the water that shone like a bar of silver in the sun.

"Come, darling!" he said, sitting up. "Why should you hesitate? There should be no hesitation between us! Tell me! Do you know, an idea has taken possession of me that—I scarcely know how to put it—that you were not favorably impressed by Clifford? Am I right?"

"It is my duty to love all whom you love and all who love you," she said, softly, and he should have been satisfied, but he was not.

"But, Clifford," he said, troubled and uneasy. "You don't like him, Lela?"

"Don't ask me!" she said, quickly, with a little imploring look in her eyes. "Let us talk of something else, Edgar. Why do you ask me? You know I can only tell you the truth! You can look into my heart and learn the truth, even if I spoke falsely."

"Then you don't like him?" he said, anxiously.

She stopped rowing and looked down at him, pained by his persistence.

"Why will you press me, dear?" she murmured.

"Because I want to know," he said. "Because if it is as I suspect I want to convince you, to persuade you that you are wrong."

"I know I am wrong," she said, quickly. "I know it, and it is a trouble and a grief to me, but—"

"But what, dearest?"

"But—ah, Edgar! why will you force me?"

"Tell me! Let there be no concealment between us, darling! You do not like him?"

"No," she said, almost inaudibly. "I am so sorry, so bitterly sorry, Edgar! I wish you had not asked me!"

He got up and sat on the seat, and leaned forward, a troubled look in his eyes.

He got up and sat on the seat, and leaned forward, a troubled look in his eyes.

He got up and sat on the seat, and leaned forward, a troubled look in his eyes.

He got up and sat on the seat, and leaned forward, a troubled look in his eyes.

He got up and sat on the seat, and leaned forward, a troubled look in his eyes.

He got up and sat on the seat, and leaned forward, a troubled look in his eyes.

He got up and sat on the seat, and leaned forward, a troubled look in his eyes.

He got up and sat on the seat, and leaned forward, a troubled look in his eyes.

He got up and sat on the seat, and leaned forward, a troubled look in his eyes.

He got up and sat on the seat, and leaned forward, a troubled look in his eyes.

He got up and sat on the seat, and leaned forward, a troubled look in his eyes.

He got up and sat on the seat, and leaned forward, a troubled look in his eyes.

He got up and sat on the seat, and leaned forward, a troubled look in his eyes.

He got up and sat on the seat, and leaned forward, a troubled look in his eyes.

He got up and sat on the seat, and leaned forward, a troubled look in his eyes.

He got up and sat on the seat, and leaned forward, a troubled look in his eyes.

He got up and sat on the seat, and leaned forward, a troubled look in his eyes.

He got up and sat on the seat, and leaned forward, a troubled look in his eyes.

He got up and sat on the seat, and leaned forward, a troubled look in his eyes.

He got up and sat on the seat, and leaned forward, a troubled look in his eyes.

He got up and sat on the seat, and leaned forward, a troubled look in his eyes.

LET US FILL YOUR ORDERS FROM FRESH SUPPLIES.

ELLIS & CO.,

Limited.

203 Water Street.

Fresh New York Turkeys.
Fresh New York Chickens.
Fresh New York Ducks.

Choice New Seasons'
Lamb and Mutton,
RECEIVED TO-DAY

New Cabbage.
Artichokes.
Carrots.
Parsnips.
Turnips.
Beetroot.
Onions.
Ripe Tomatoes.

Our own make
SAUSAGES
BEEF, PORK, TOMATO.
Made Fresh Daily.

Naval Oranges.
California Lemons.
Dessert Apples.
Bartlett Pears.
Grape Fruit.

Extra Special
Canned FRUIT

Royal Ann Cherries.
Moorpark Apricots.
Sliced Apricots.
Lemon Cling Peaches.
Sliced Peaches.
Bartlett Pears.
Egg Plums.
Greengage Plums.
Grated Pineapple.
Whole Pineapple.

Remember Our
'Phone, 482 and 786.

"I cannot understand it," he said. "You are not angry, no, not angry, dear!"

"Angry!" and he took her hand and kissed it. "How can you ask that? No, not angry, but surprised. I do not understand why you do not, he has been so kind."

She shook her head.

"Yes, yes, I know! And if you are not angry with me I am angry with myself, dear!"

"But tell me, how do you feel toward him, Lela? He was so—so—what shall I say?—so anxious to gain your good will. Why, think of it, but for him and all he did we should not be here now, man and wife."

"I know! I know!" she exclaimed, almost piteously. "But for all that—oh, Edgar, don't let us talk of it!"

"Yes, but I must! It troubles me! Why, most people like him who have no special cause—"

"And I have such special cause!" she said, regretfully, humbly. "But I cannot help it, Edgar, I do not like him. The first moment I saw him I felt—"

She stopped, as if even now she would like to remain silent.

"Go on, dearest!"

"Must I? Will you make me, Edgar, dear? Well, I felt as if it—it is cruel and unjust—as if I could not trust him!"

"Trust him! Why he is faithful—himself!" said Lord Edgar, amazed and puzzled.

"Yes, I know," she said, with a sigh. "It is the only blot on my happiness, and I would give the world to get rid of the feeling, but I cannot. I feel as if Clifford were my mortal foe—you see how fanciful and stupid a girl you have married, dear—and that he is only biding his time to work me a mortal injury!"

Lord Edgar stared at her for a moment, then burst into a laugh, and after a second she joined in; but if he had been looking at her keenly, he would have seen a gleam of fear in her eyes that belied the laugh on her lips.

CHAPTER XI.

"Haden't we better go, Edith?" said Mrs. Drayton.

The summer had nearly drawn to a close; London was emptying fast;

people who had not complained of the heat and the dust while Parliament was sitting and concerts and balls were in full swing, suddenly found that town was insupportable, and that they had been, without knowing it, pining for the country.

The whitewashers had taken possession of the clubs; some of the theatres were closed; it was possible to cross the Strand and Regent Street without risking life and limb; in short, the London season was drawing to an end, but still the Draytons remained in the little house in Elton Square.

"Haden't we better go, Edith?" repeated Mrs. Drayton, looking up from her easy-chair, where she was feebly attempting some useless piece of fancy-work, while Edith, who never made the faintest pretense of doing anything useful, was standing in the window looking out at the square with the dusty trees, and noisy, restless sparrows.

"Go! Where?" she answered, absently, without turning her head.

"Where? Anywhere, dear!" said Mrs. Drayton, helplessly. "To the seaside; anything would be better than this! London is quite empty."

"Nothing could be worse, I grant," said Edith, leaning her beautiful head against the window, and letting her hands fall to her side with a gesture of weariness. "I doubt whether anything could be better, mother."

Mrs. Drayton sighed helplessly, and let her preposterous needlework fall into her lap.

"Are you ill, Edith?" she asked, with timid irritability.

"No, mother."

"I don't know what is the matter with you, lately! You were always strange, but—lately, the last two months, you have seemed half—half lost!"

Edith Drayton smiled strangely.

"You seem to take no interest in anything; you never did much, I am aware, but lately you have been quite—quite indifferent. I am sure you are ill."

"Who can minister to a mind diseased?" murmured Edith, but inaudibly.

"What do you say?" asked Mrs. Drayton, fretfully. "I wish you would see Sir William."

"I did last night; he was at the Debenhams, and he paid me the compliment of saying that I looked the personification of health and intelligence—and—"

Mrs. Drayton sighed. She had never understood this strange girl, of whom fate had made her the mother, but she had now become a dark, unsolvable mystery.

"What do you say to Eastbourne?" she suggested, weakly.

Edith Drayton shuddered.

"To walk on the parade for two hours before luncheon, and an hour and a half before dinner; to lie on the sofa for the rest of the day with the first and third volume of the worst novel of the season before last; to do Beachy Head and Penvensey Castle, and to pay twelve guineas a week for the pleasure and privilege of being shut up in two rooms, waited upon by an idiot of a servant with a strong objection to soap and water; to live upon underdone chops and cindery chickens; to listen to the same band playing the same tunes twice a day; to walk on the pier and be stared at by the shopboys. I was wrong, mother; Eastbourne would be worse even than this!"

"You would say something of the same sort to every place I could mention," said Mrs. Drayton, with a sigh.

"I am afraid so, mother; methinks, as Hamlet says, the world is out of joint."

"We shall be left in London alone," says Mrs. Drayton, plaintively. "I don't mind—why should I? But what will people say? When Lady Debenham asked me last night where we were going, I felt fit to sink through the carpet!"

"You would not have surprised her, as nothing surprises Lady Debenham," said the cold, monotonous voice.

"Ah, Heaven! how long the afternoon is!"

"It will be longer in a week's time when there will be no chance of any one calling!" said Mrs. Drayton, pitiously. "Some one may call now, but then—by the way, Edith," and she looked at the motionless figure with an anxious glance, "where is Lord Edgar?"

The hot blood rushed to the pale face, and the dark eyes lit up for a moment, then the sudden fire went out and she replied:

"I know not. You ask as if I were Lord Edgar's keeper!"

"Well," retorted Mrs. Drayton, "you might have been, seeing how often he was here. He quite made the place his home—two months ago."

"He was welcome," coldly.

"Welcome, of course. I am sure I was very pleased to see him, and said so. But—but it did not seem as if much came of it."

"You mean that he did not ask me to be his wife," said the cold, incisive voice.

"How brusquely and abruptly you put things, Edith!" said Mrs. Drayton, irritably. "But certainly nothing came of it."

"No; men are not anxious to ask me to be their wife. Why should he be?"

"I am sure he was very attentive, and I thought—I thought that you had set your mind on it."

"Who is brusque now, mother? If I did, nothing, to use your phrase, has come of it! He has not been near us for two months, and I do not know where he is."

"And Mr. Revel, doesn't he know?"

"He says 'not,' was the calm reply. 'I have no doubt that he does.'"

"Then why—but there it is useless to ask anything about Clifford Revel. I wish he would not come here so often."

"Why not tell him so?" coldly.

Mrs. Drayton rose with a sharp sigh.

"As if I could! But you might."

"Why should I? He amuses me! There is a knock at the door. It will probably be him. Shall I tell him I will if you like?"

"Edith!" gasps her mother in a paroxysm of nervousness; but it is uncalled for; the servant opens the door and announces Lord Combermere.

It is Lord Combermere, beautifully dressed, the veriest butterfly—he is fifty and looks forty—of all the butterflies; a flower in his frock coat, a pleasant society smile on his clean-shaven face.

"I am a favorite of fortune!" he says, bowing over Mrs. Drayton's hand and holding Edith's, who receives him with cool languor. "All the way through the square I was dreading to be met with a 'Mrs. Drayton is out of town!' and yet here you are! This is sheer luck, and I am grateful."

"We were just discussing where we should go!" says Mrs. Drayton, smiling inactively. "Weren't we Edith?"

"Yes, and deciding that it was too much trouble to go anywhere."

"Exactly my case!" says Lord Combermere, smoothing his already glossy hat and straightening the gloves that have not a wrinkle in them. "For my part I think London most charming when some of the people are gone. There is room to move about; the waiters at the club are delighted to see you; you can get your 'Times' without waiting an hour for it and the Strand is passable at any hour of the day and night. But then, I am a true Cockney. I'm like Dr. Johnson, and think London first and the country nowhere! But now for my mission. My dear Miss Drayton, I am the bearer of an invitation."

Edith turns her face towards him slowly.

(To Be Continued.)

Fads and Fashions.

New Jersey sport suits are made with sleeveless slips on exactly like dresses, or with vests that copy men's vests.

There is quite a vogue for having straw hats embroidered instead of merely applying the worked motif to them.

The "tape hat" is an English innovation evolved from ordinary cotton tape, dyed and plaited as if it were straw.

Capes are great favorites, especially in Navy serge lined with novelty silk, and Hindoo turbans are frequently worn with them.

Tub frocks for 1918 are most pleasing in their simplicity—sturdy; tunic-like and chambray, linen and velvet, with all sorts of color combinations.



AN APPEAL

I am addressing this Appeal to all the people of Newfoundland, but especially to those of the Outports.

Your Government have decided to make another special attempt to obtain further recruits for the duties forced upon us by the War. I am anxious to explain to you in simple and strong words why those duties are yours.

In your sea-girt home you have, I know, your own dangers and anxieties to face. As I write this my mind is still full of the appalling disaster to the Flakel. But War you do not realise; you are beyond the sound of the guns which, in the South East corner of England, I have heard day after day breaking in upon the beauty and calmness of the summer air.

That awe-inspiring rumble of the guns which I ask you to imagine—that lurid light on the horizon which I ask you to picture are the signs of a terrible struggle for Right—a mighty effort to save from ruin, not only France, but every bit of free soil in the world, including this island of which you are so proud. The awful struggle seems to be approaching its climax now and your close kinsmen are in the middle of it.

Some may ask, What is the danger? and it is my purpose to endeavour to make it clear to you.

By some permission of Divine Providence, which we do not understand, a nation of criminals is now attacking all that is just and true in the whole world. Germany has set herself deliberately to violate every law of Right and every principle of Humanity.

Never before in History has a War been planned like this. Hitherto all wars have had some sort of pretext of right or impulse of passion. It has been reserved to the German military party to plot wilfully and wantonly a great crime against the peace of mankind.

And the hypocrisy with which Germany supports the crime makes it still more abominable. As Judas treated the Christ, Germany is treating Civilization. Under appeals to God, Germany masks the utmost malignities of the devil. The German nation to-day knows no Law except that of the pagan, the liar, the ravisher, the murderer. They are a curse let loose on the Earth. And the task demanded of all of us is to fight and conquer this curse just as in our moral life we are bound to fight and conquer Sin. The Cause is a far broader and holier Cause than that which impelled the Crusaders against the Saracens.

We may thank God that the greater nations of the World have realised the justice of the Cause; and I believe that every man in Newfoundland will one day be thankful that he was at least asked to face this question—"Is it not my higher duty to go out and save humanity from destruction?"

Remember that your wives, your children, your cottages, your boats, are in positive danger if the German breaks through France. As he is treating the foolish Russians, so he will treat every nation whom he touches—America, Canada, Newfoundland, are to him mere objectives for his greedy brutality. He is entirely evil, he has no sense of right and no feelings of Mercy.

This mass of incarnate selfishness is held back by the strong arm of the Allies in France. Will any man of British race decline to do all he can to defeat and crush it?

At this moment the need is specially great, for the Germans are now desperate. They begin to realise the truth of that dread decree "He that takes the sword, shall perish with the sword." At no horror will they hesitate if they can but escape the punishment that is their due.

Now on every man and woman among us lies the duty to bear a hand in administering that punishment a duty not only to ourselves but to posterity. If age or health prevent some of us from going they do not prevent us from following the greatest example ever set to mankind and making the sacrifice of that which is dearest to our hearts.

You young men I ask to listen carefully to the appeals which will once more be made to you in the next few weeks. Believe me that the voluntary act of a man, impelled by the high sense of duty, is far nobler than the mere obedience to the provisions of a public enactment.

One special word I say to women. Try to realise the sufferings of women and children wherever the Germans come; think of the little children starved in Belgium and slaughtered in cold blood in Armenia. Let your men folk stand out and protect you, for in helping to defeat the Germans they are protecting the honour and safety of all their dear ones at home.

C. ALEXANDER HARRIS,
Governor and Commander-in-Chief.

Government House, St. John's,
30th March, 1918.

apr6,eod,t

Mount Allison Girls

AND GREATER PRODUCTION.

Report of Greater Production Meeting at Mount Allison Ladies' College, on Thursday, April 25.

At the request of the Principal, the entire Mount Allison Ladies' College student body, comprising over two hundred girls, met together to discuss the question of greater production during the summer of 1918. The subject of the Military Service Act and the fact that the age limit has been lowered to nineteen, means that fewer men than ever will be at the disposal of the farmers during the coming season, and in order to make good, guard against famine and win the war, it is necessary not only to economize in food consumption but to increase food production. Since men are not available, the breach must be filled by the Canadian Women. College girls at many of the large American Universities and boarding schools worked on farms all last summer. The Toronto University girls as well as the girls of the various provinces and British Columbia have been serving the cause of freedom and democracy in this way, and there is no reason why Mount Allison girls should not be the first to join in the organization in Eastern Canada in the interests of greater production. Here in the East it is true that we have not any large fruit farms, such as those of the Niagara peninsula for example, but yet there are certain things which girls can do and do well. The whole difficulty is to bring the patriotic girl who wants to work into contact with the farmer or gardener who wants, or needs, to employ her.

The Principal told the girls that last year, in the vicinity of Sackville alone, 100 tons of strawberries were raised, and that some of these berries had rotted on the vines simply because there were not enough pickers to look after the whole crop. On account of the difficulty of securing pickers fewer acres have been planted this year, but yet there should be ample opportunity for organized groups of girls to secure fitting employment.

The scheme of the Mount Allison girls is to hire out during the summer during any particular season of the summer, in groups of two or three or many more as may be wanted, to the farmers either in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, or Prince Edward Island, who actually need their services.

There will be a supervisor at the College to see that the conditions under which these girls work, at the various places to which they go, are all that may be desired. Anyone wishing to secure further particulars regarding this joining up of girl-power to production, needs only to write to Miss Aida McAnn, Mount Allison Ladies' College, for such information.

The girls who attended this meeting were most enthusiastic and practically demonstrated their spirit, by college yells, loud calls of "FARMERS" and handkerchief waving. These same students, however, realize that it is hard work which they are about to undertake, and that they will need all their college enthusiasm, and all their ability "to play the game" to see them over, aching backs, blistered hands, and those 102 degrees in the shade July days ahead!

AIDA McANN.

The Highlands, St. George's, Record

Editor Evening Telegram.

Dear Sir,—Would you please insert a few lines in your esteemed paper for me. I notice a letter in your issue of April 25th from one who signs himself J.W. Chance Cove, re enlistments, wherein he states that if any place can make a better showing according to population, he would like to hear from them. With all due respect to every man he mentions, I think we can do "one better" from our obscure place on the West Coast called "The Highlands."

Our population here is 144 men, women and children and out of these there is 15 officers and 15 of them are to-day on active service, while 3 were rejected, while another family which moved from here only recently sent 3 more making in all 21 that we claim. One man named Alex. H. Gillis has 5 young men to-day serving, while a brother has more. We are represented by a 2nd Lieut., Sergeants, Corporals and Privates, besides boys in blue helping Britannia Rule the Waves. Refraining from sending names of all as am afraid of trespassing too much on your valuable space, and thanking you in anticipation.

Yours etc.,

A REJECTED VOLUNTEER.

Highlands, May 2, 1918.

When you want Steaks, Chop

Cutlets and Collops, try ELLIS

Acknowledgement

Mr. A. H. Salter, acting for the

P. A. acknowledges with thanks an additional \$5.00 from Bo

Boys Brothers sailing steamers, viz:

S. S. Ranger—Thos. Hayden... \$1

S. S. Terra Nova—Percy Strug...

S. S. Wall... 2

S. S. Viking—Anonymous... 1

S. S. Viking—Anonymous... 1

S. S. Viking—Anonymous... 1

S. S. Viking—Anonymous... 1

S. S. Viking—Anonymous... 1

S. S. Viking—Anonymous... 1

S. S. Viking—Anonymous... 1

S. S. Viking—Anonymous... 1

S. S. Viking—Anonymous... 1

S. S. Viking—Anonymous... 1

S. S. Viking—Anonymous... 1

S. S. Viking—Anonymous... 1

S. S. Viking—Anonymous... 1

S. S. Viking—Anonymous... 1

S. S. Viking—Anonymous... 1

S. S. Viking—Anonymous... 1