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

CHAPTER III.

And Edith was always at home when he came. It sounds like an anomaly and contradiction; but if he had not been so wretched he would have been perfectly happy in her society. She fascinated him. Even while he sat, and thought, and longed for his darling, his innocent, dove-like Lela, he could not help feeling a deep admiration for the lovely, imperial creature whose voice fell softly when it addressed him, whose eyes grew tender and luminous when they met his.

He did not know that there was any danger to him in this admiration; he did not know that people were beginning to whisper about his frequent visits to the little house in Elton Square; all his thoughts were of Lela, and of the joy that would be his when he could take her to his arms again.

Danger! There was danger for Edith. Day by day she was drawn into closer contact with his frank and simple nature; day by day she allowed her eyes to dwell upon his manly beauty and unconscious, patrician grace; day by day the sweet and subtle passion was sinking deeper into her being, and the love which she had half dreaded, half welcomed, was developing into an all-absorbing passion.

The proud, haughty beauty found herself waiting for his footsteps, and trembling with delight when it smote upon her ear; a dull shaft of pain struck her when he left her, and she would follow him with her eyes until his tall, stalwart form had disappeared around the square.

Her dreams were full of him. Some simple speech of his—so unlike the tinselled, affected gibberish of the other men who thronged around her—haunted her. She loved to see him ride the great, raking chestnut, to see the great beast conquered by a touch of the strong hand. It was a subtle delight to her to have him lift her into the saddle, to feel his hand upon her arm, to feel his breath stirring her hair. In a word, Edith Drayton, whom the world had accused of being

heartless, was as madly in love as any bread-and-butter school miss, but with a passion that belongs to such a woman as herself.

Her mother saw and trembled; but she dared not speak. She dreaded one of the outbursts of passion which always made her feel like a reed shaken by the wind and gave her a nervous headache for half a week.

And Clifford Revel, the clever, astute schemer, did he see nothing of it—did he guess nothing of the hidden passion of the woman whom he loved and schemed for?

It sounds improbable, but it is the fact that he did not.

Clever men are apt to be too clever, and to entertain too great a contempt for other men.

He looked upon Lord Edgar as a fool, a simple, honest fool, and it never occurred to him that Edith could regard his cousin in any other light.

If any one had told him the actual state of Edith's feelings he would have laughed the idea to scorn. Edith Drayton loved Lord Edgar! It would have seemed incredible to him. If he noticed that she was particularly kind to Lord Edgar, he put it down to her cleverness, and her willingness to play his, Clifford Revel's, game.

He came to the house pretty often, and he generally found Lord Edgar there, but he told himself that Lord Edgar was only invited because Edith knew that he wished to keep Lord Edgar quiet, and he thought that it was all done for his sake.

He was a little too clever and far too self-assured to suspect that she could choose Lord Edgar before himself. He came and went, and though he never said a word more of his love, or referred to that evening in which he had let fall the mask and showed her his real nature, Edith knew what was in his mind, and she never felt his soft, smooth hand in close hers, never felt the dark, soul-piercing eyes rest upon her face, but an inward shudder passed through her.

Her sensations were those of a bird who looks at the serpent lying beneath the tree, at the shining, beautiful, dreadful thing who will fascinate it with its glittering eyes and destroy it with its cruel fangs.

It was Monday afternoon, the beginning of another week of suspense. Lord Edgar had been to Clifford Revel's in the morning and received the usual report; no clew had been discovered as yet, but the man was hopeful. He had lunched with Edith

Drayton, and was now standing in the window looking wistfully at the sky, his thoughts full of Lela, of those last few sweet moments he had spent lying at her feet in the cloister garden. Ah, Heaven, how long ago it seemed, how unreal and visionary his great happiness, and how his heart ached at the remembrance of it.

Were the weeks to roll into months, and was the great mystery of the flight and whereabouts still to remain unsolved? His brow clouded and his hands clinched, and he flung the cigarette through the window with something like a groan.

Edith Drayton was sitting in the recess of a soft, deep lounge, watching him, though he little thought it, and at the impatient ejaculation, she arose and went softly up to him.

"Of what are you thinking, Lord Edgar?" she said, laying the tips of her white fingers on his sleeve, and turning her eyes up to him with patient gentleness.

He sighed, and looked down at her with a troubled brow.

"Of the usual thing," he said, moodily. "Is it not maddening to think that, with all our boasted civilization, I should be kept in this miserable suspense day after day; that do what I will—Clifford assures me everything is being done, and you know what he is—I cannot find her. The suspense is driving me mad," he added.

She looked up at his face—it had grown thin and haggard it seemed to her in this short week—and sighed heavily.

"You know that I sympathize with you," she murmured.

He put his strong hand on her fingers, and pressed them.

"Yes, yes, thank you—I know. I do not know what I should have done but for your kindness and sympathy. But for you I could not have borne it. No! Looking back through the last week, I see how good you have been to me—how you have borne with my wretchedness."

"No, don't speak of it," she said.

Then her face paled, and she glanced up at him.

"I know how much you have suffered. Your face tells it. How—she paused, and her beautiful voice quivered—"how you must love her!"

"My poor darling!" he murmured, a flash of light glowing in his eyes.

"Yes, I do love her with all my heart. Life is just a miserable farce, worse than death, without her!—I seem to be living in the past, in that short, sweet past I have told you of."

"Yes," she murmured, and he did not read the silent agony in her eyes.

"I told Clifford that I would not leave the affair in his hands beyond to-morrow," he said. "Sometimes I upbraid myself for trusting it to him. I feel that I ought to have done something—Heaven knows what! but he over-persuaded me—rightly, I have no doubt. I cannot wait beyond to-morrow. To-morrow I shall advertise. I hate the idea, I loathe it as much as I did the employment of a detective, but I must do something! Great Heaven! she may be—be ill, or—in my want; they were not rich! There, the thought maddens me," and he turned his head aside that she might not see the anguish depicted in his face.

But she knew it was there, and the knowledge tortured her. "He would not suffer one little jot of this if it were I who was missing!" she thought.

"What can I say?" she murmured.

"Nothing, no," he responded. "And I, what can I do?"

There was silence for a moment, she drew close to him. She longed to say to him:

"See, look at me, I stand here ready to console you. She fled from you, she deserted you; forget her. I will help you to do so. I love you as much or better than she could do! Forget her and turn to me!"

But the time was not ripe—not yet. She took up the cigar-case that he had thrown down, and with her own hands drew out a cigar; she thoroughly understood men, him above all others.

"To-morrow is not yet," she said. "It is still to-day. Do not be unhappy—more unhappy than you can help. It may I say it?"

"You may say what you please," he said, gratefully.

"Well, I would say that sorrowing will do no good. Try and forget for to-night."

"Forget!" he said. "Ah, Edith, it happened sometimes that he called her, all unwittingly, by her Christian name, and her heart throbbed when

**Black as Dirt  
About the Eyes.**

Liver Was All Upset and There Was Pain Under the Shoulder-blade—Two Interesting Letters.

So many people suffer from derangements of the liver that we feel sure these two reports, just recently received, will prove interesting reading and valuable information to many readers of this paper.

Mrs. F. L. Harris, Kestley, P.O. Sask., writes: "I was suffering from liver trouble—had a heavy pain under one shoulder blade all the time, and was nearly as black as dirt around the eyes, so I concluded to try some of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I did so, and before I had taken one 25c. box the pain had left me and I commenced to gain in flesh, and by the time I had taken two boxes I was completely cured and felt like a new person. My trouble was caused by heavy work out-of-doors, and, of course, heavy drinking, excellent for liver trouble. I would advise anyone suffering from kidney or liver trouble to give Dr. Chase's Pills a trial."

Mrs. Charles Terry, Tweed, Ont., writes: "Before I was married I was troubled with enlargement of the liver, my liver became so enlarged that you could detect the swellings on either side, and it was only with difficulty that I could get my clothes on. A friend advised me to get Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and take them. I commenced this treatment, and need nine boxes, which cured me at that time. Then, about two or three years afterward I was troubled again with the swelling, but only on my right side. I secured some more Kidney-Liver Pills, and took them, which finally cured me. I have not been troubled in this way since. I can cheerfully recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to anyone having kidney or liver trouble."

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will cover the period from the  
commencement of the war or  
from the date of enlistment, as  
the case might be. Full instruc-  
tions as to claims, and regula-  
tions as to payments will be  
published within the next few  
days.

J. R. BENNETT,  
Acting Minister of Militia.  
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**FRENCH HEAVILY ENGAGED.**  
LONDON, April 18.

(Via Reuter's Ottawa Agency.)—The French are heavily in action on the northern battle area.

**FRENCH OFFICIAL.**  
PARIS, April 18.

(Official.)—We have attacked various enemy positions on the Avre on a front of four kilometres between Thernas and Mally Rainovat. East and west of it we have taken the greater part of the Concoat Wood and carried our lines to the outskirts of the forest. Further south we have taken the slopes west of the heights dominating the Avre. The number of prisoners taken by us exceeds up to the present five hundred, of whom fifteen are officers. We captured several machine guns. It is confirmed that an enemy raid last night east of Courcy was deadly for the assailants. We sent about forty German bodies on the ground, and we took twenty prisoners, including an officer. There was great activity on the part of both armies along this sector of the front. An important surprise attack carried out by the British and Hellenic troops on the Struma on April 16th had most satisfactory results and inflicted heavy losses on the enemy.

**BRITISH COUNTER ATTACKING.**

LONDON, April 18.

(Via Reuter's Ottawa Agency.)—There is a somewhat more cheerful note in the newspapers to-day, following the reports that the British are counter-attacking, and indicating such as the German attack at Rebecq, that the enemy is diverting his main effort further south, again threatening Bethune. This is probably due to the fact that French reinforcements are coming into the line, but there is still anxiety as to when General Foch will make the decisive stroke, now that the British have stood four weeks of hammering by the immense German reserves estimated at 420,000 men. It is a fashion which led the French writers to describe the British armies as "the soldiers of sacrifice." Experts do not endorse the opinion advanced in some quarters that the advance in the northern theatre has been definitely checked. It is agreed that the Germans have not obtained the decisive result aimed at, thanks to the extreme stubbornness of the British resistance. The battle, in fact, appears to have been following the course of the great series of German thrusts of October, 1914, which ended in Ypres, and failure for the enemy. There was a thin no Allied reserves. That reserve now exists and has not yet been used. There will probably be continuous

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