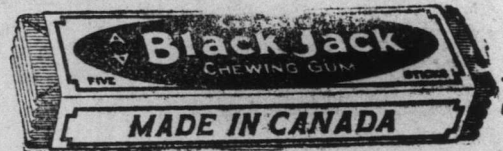


# ADAMS BLACK JACK

The only thing a soldier would rather receive than a letter is a box of Adams Black Jack. A stick a day keeps thirst away. Every time you buy it for yourself, buy it for a soldier.



# ADAMS Pure Chewing Gum

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

CHAPTER I.

"When you have found her—and you will do so quickly—ab, very quickly—you must let me know, and we, she and I, must be great friends, as we used to be."

"Yes!" he said, eagerly. "I should like that, and she would be delighted! If you had heard her speak of you with such admiration, with such pride in your friendship, I am sure you would be pleased!"

"Yes," she assented. "I am sure I should be very fond—of her." There was the slightest hesitation before the last two words, but he did not notice it. "And you are leaving it all to Mr. Clifford Revel?"

"Yes," he said, reluctantly. "He thinks it best. He is far cleverer than I am; and he thinks that if she knew I was searching for her, it would only alarm her. Heaven only knows why she has left me! But I will know soon, if I have to ransack every town and village in England." He arose as he spoke, with his eyes flashing and his hands clenched, and as she looked up at him, there came into her face an expression of admiration and almost of awe!

Clifford Revel came up with his soft step. "We must not take advantage of your good nature, Miss Drayton," he said, in his low voice. "We have had the hot cup of tea, and our pleasant rest; we will go now, and leave you to take yours, so well earned."

She turned to him with something like a look of distaste in her eyes; his voice struck on her ear like a false note, after the honest, manly one of Lord Edgar's.

"Good-night!" she said, giving him her hand, calmly. "Good-night!" and her slim fingers closed over his strong ones in a gentle pressure.

They went downstairs and out into the street in silence; then Clifford Reel paused under the gas lamp and looked at Lord Edgar's face.

"You have had a long tete-a-tete, my dear fellow," he said. Lord Edgar nodded.

"Yes," he said; "Clifford, I don't know why, but I told Miss Drayton of the misfortune that has befallen me."

Clifford Revel smiled contemptuously.

## DELICATE GIRLS IN Business or School who have thin or insufficient blood or are physically frail will find

# SCOTT'S EMULSION

a rich blood-food and strengthening tonic. It is so helpful for delicate girls it should be a part of their regular diet.

"My dear Edgar, that is no news. I saw that you had done so by your face. Well, I knew you would do it; but not to-night. Ah!"—he stopped short—"I have left my pocketbook on one of their tables. I must go back. Don't wait for me. You look tired out. Get on home and to bed. I may have some news for you early in the morning, who knows? Here!" He called a hansom, and even opened the door for him.

"Good-night," said Lord Edgar, gravely. "I shall go home, but as to bed, that is another matter."

"Take my advice and go to bed!" said Clifford Revel. "You fool!" he added, but that was not until the cab had started.

He turned at once, as if under the impulse of a sudden resolution, and entering the house—the porter had remained at the door, as porters always do until the guests have quite got out of sight—said:

"I have left my pocketbook upstairs, and, walking quickly up the stairs, pushed open the drawing-room door.

For a moment he thought that the room was empty, then he saw her lying on the couch, her white, shapely arms thrown out, and her face resting on them. The whole attitude was so full of misery and abandonment, that, startled out of his self-possession, he uttered her Christian name—"Edith!"

At the sound she rose instantly, and with indignation blazing from her eyes and with outstretched hands, exclaimed, haughtily:

"Mr. Revel!" "I beg your pardon," he said, quietly, his eyes fixed on hers. "I left my pocketbook—"

"That is not true," she said, scornfully. "You are right," he assented, quietly. "It is not. It was only an excuse for returning."

She glanced at the clock with a gesture that would have crushed most men, but, outwardly, at least, it had no effect upon him.

"And, pray, why did you return?" she asked, calmly enough now.

"I wished to speak to you," he said. "Will you not sit down?" and he moved his hand toward the couch.

She sank down slowly, and folded her hands. Her whole attitude was repelling and said plainly: "Say what you have got to say quickly, and go, please," but he did not quail. Some of the blood that ran through the great marquis' veins ran through his, and there was a trace of the marquis' lack.

"I wished to speak to you," he said, standing with his opera hat under his arm, his hands folded almost in the same attitude as her own. "I did not intend to do so to-night, but circumstances have compelled me, have forced my hand."

"You speak as if you were a conjuror. 'Forced your hand!' I do not understand you!" she said, languidly.

"I am a conjuror!" he said, with a slight smile, his eyes fixed on hers. "I have to conjure for my future fortune; my future fate. I am, as the world would politely put it, an adventurer. A man without money and without title; think, then, how I must believe in my power of conjuring

when I admit that I have come back to-night to tell you that—I love you."

He paused before the daring words, his face white, his lips set with iron resolution and courage, his eyes aflame with suppressed passion, but outwardly calm and self-possessed.

Her face paled, if it could possibly be paler than it was, and she turned her eyes to his.

"You love—is this a fitting time for a proposal, Mr. Revel?" she said, coldly, even with a smile. "Or, is this an elaborate jest? Please tell me how I am to take it that I may make the suitable response!"

"Take it as the most serious avowal that you have ever heard," he said, in his low, impressive voice. "For, believe me, it is the most serious. Edith—bear with me, I cannot call you anything but the name with which I think of you!—Edith, my love is no secret to you. You have known it for weeks, months past. Try as I would to keep the secret from my eyes, from my voice, they must have spoken, and quite plainly! You know that I love you, that I have loved you for some time past."

She made a movement with one white hand; it might have been taken for an assent or a denial.

"Knowing this, you may have wondered why I have kept my lips closed, and refrained from putting that avowal into actual words. I have put such restraint upon myself because, though I loved you—perhaps because of my love—I knew your nature."

She looked up at him, at the keen, dark eyes, that seemed to penetrate to the innermost heart, and her glance fell.

"I knew your nature, I knew that you were proud, ambitious. That you would no more dream of linking your life with—of giving your beauty—into the keeping of—a man who was neither wealthy nor noble, than you would think of wedding the beggar at your door. I knew this from the moment that I saw you. I said to myself, 'Here is a woman—you are a girl in reality, but a woman in thought and ideas—whose sole object in life is ambition. She will not be content with less than a coronet, or a millionaire.' And then I loved you. It was madness, you think. So be it, but then there was reason in it!"

He paused, and flung his opera hat on to a chair as if it encumbered him. She followed the hat with her eyes as if under a spell.

"I made a vow that night—I met you first at a ball, you would not dance with me—that I would win you. I have never made any vow in my life that I have not accomplished; I shall accomplish this."

"Indeed!" It was not scornfully said, but its quietness cut deeper than mere common scorn.

"Yes. That night I went home and sat in my solitary chambers, and thought of you. I said, 'I am a mere nobody. She is a famous beauty, worshipped and admired by all; a prince is in her train; who am I that I should lift my eyes to her?' Then I thought a man is what he chooses to make himself worth your acceptance."

He paused. He was not out of breath, but he paused that every word might sink deeply into her heart. She sat motionless as a statue, her eyes fixed on the ground, her white, jeweled fingers interlaced.

"I availed myself of every opportunity of being near you. I knew that when oil is eaten less bread is desired. Oysters fried in oil are delicious; so is fish. Don't serve fresh pineapple with anything sweet. Barley flour can be used for dumping crust. Sometimes a little plain lemon juice will relieve nausea. Strawberries are good for people of a bilious temperament. Brown sugar should be used in making chocolate nut cakes. The juice of a lemon is better than vinegar on sliced tomatoes. Succotash can be made with dried lima beans and canned corn. Lime in various forms is the best disinfectant for the household. Cornbread can be made with white cornmeal and rye meal. Young radishes should be eaten with a little of their green tips. An occasional dose of strained root-water is good for pot plants. Club sandwiches make a good luncheon dish with a simple dessert. Four boiling water over the new potatoes and they will scrape easily. If the only meat you have for a stew is too lean add a little olive oil. Baked salmon in green pepper cases in an excellent summer luncheon dish. If you skin the rhubarb before stewing it, the flavor will not be so good.

Household Notes.

Ugh! Acid Stomach, Sourness, Heartburn, Gas, Or Indigestion.

The moment "Pape's Diapepsin" reaches the stomach all distress goes.

Do some foods you eat hit back—taste good, but work badly; ferment sour, gassy stomach? Now, Mr. or Mrs. Dyspeptic, try this down: Pape's Diapepsin digests everything, leaving nothing to sour and upset you. There never was anything so safely quick, so certainly effective. No difference how badly your stomach is disordered, you will get happy relief in five minutes, but what pleases you most is that it strengthens and regulates your stomach so you can eat your food into sturbon lumps and cause a sick, favorite foods without fear.

Most remedies give you relief sometimes—they are slow, but not sure. "Pape's Diapepsin" is quick, positive and puts your stomach in a healthy condition so the misery won't come back.

You feel different as soon as "Pape's Diapepsin" comes in contact with the stomach—distress just vanishes—your stomach gets sweet, no gases, no belching, no eructations of undigested food, your head clears and you feel fine. Go now, make the best investment you ever made, by getting a large fifty cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from any drug store. You realize in five minutes how needless it is to suffer from indigestion, dyspeptic or any stomach disorder.

your mother was against me; that she thought me a nobody, without money or title; I had to stand by and watch you when you were surrounded by a mob of earls and fashionables, but I did not lose heart. I say it without egotism, I am no common man. If I set my heart on an object, I attain it if it be, within the power of man to attain. I had set my heart on you, and I waited in patience.

"You had no encouragement from me," she said, speaking almost for the first time, in self-defence.

"On the contrary, you were cold and capricious. No, you did not encourage me, but I—encouraged myself. My love grew day by day; I fed it on the sight of you, on such chance words as you could find time to speak to me, and it grew until it became the passion of my life."

She saw the dark eyes gleam, the clear-cut lips quiver, and, with a quick effort, she suppressed a shudder, for at the moment there came before her the noble brown eyes of Lord Edgar.

"I said nothing—in words—of my love, because I knew it was useless. I should have said nothing to-night, but my hand has been forced. I beg your pardon for using the expression you disliked."

She waved her hand. "My hand has been forced by the fool who has just left us."

She looked up with a flash of indignation in her eyes, but he did not see it.

"You know," he went on, "that there stands between me and a title which even your ambition will recognize, between me and wealth almost incalculable, one man. That man is my cousin, Lord Edgar Fane."

She looked up, and as her eyes met his dark, sinister ones, her heart sank.

"If he were to die," he went on, in the same low, self-possessed voice, "I should be the next Marquis of Farnintosh, with—what is it the poet calls it?—half a county beneath my feet."

"But—" She tried to smile, but the effort was too great. "But he alive! Moreover, he is young and may marry. This is what you were going to say?"

She inclined her head. He drew nearer, and leaned over the back of the settee.

"He is young, yes; but he may break his neck at any moment! What is a life—a single life? He may marry? I think not!" and a sardonic smile lit up his pale, set face for a moment, then died away again.

"I do not understand," she said, in a low voice, her eyes fixed on his in a species of fascination.

He smiled and leaned nearer, so near that his hand almost touched her white—marble white—shoulder.

"You think that he will? To-night he has confided to you the story of his love and the misfortune which has happened to it?"

She started, and glanced at him with half-fearful surprise.

"Yes, I know it; I saw that he was doing it. He is one of those honest fools who wear their hearts upon their sleeves. He told you what had happened. His pretty love"—no pen could describe the scorn with which he mumbled the words—"has gone from him."

## 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—2403. 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 plait adding width, without detracting from the narrow effect. It is a comfortable model and very stylish. The Blouse Pattern 2403 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 6 1/2 yards of 44-inch material for the entire dress. The skirt measures about 2 1/2 yards at the foot, with plait 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 NEGLIGE.



2059—This model is fine for soft crepes, lawns and organdies. It is also nice for challis, 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 6 1/2 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 water-side of South and West Rivers, Hall's Bay; apply early to

JAMES R. KNIGHT

We are still showing a splendid selection of

# Tweeds and Serges.

No scarcity at

## Maunder's.

However, we beg to remind our customers these goods are selling rapidly, and cannot be replaced at the same price.

## John Maunder, Tailor and Clothier St. John's, Nfld.

## The Approach of Spring

Is not for Newfoundland altogether suggestive of Beauty & Springing Flowers.

In fact it is mostly suggestive of dirty streets and April showers. The streets, perhaps, you and I cannot help, but there is no reason

Why you should not Get in Out of the Wet, as we can help you out there. We are showing

LADIES' and MEN'S UMBRELLAS—Reasonably priced. LADIES' BLACK RUBBER COATS and WATERPROOFS.

LADIES' SHOWER and COVERT COATS.—In these we are showing a lot of New Sample Coats in styles a la militaire and otherwise.

MEN'S GREY COVERT CLOTH COATS only \$15.00 each.—These are made in the newest style, but from pre-war cloth at a pre-war price, hence the Special Value.

# HENRY BLAIR

Nixey's BLUE, 500 Boxes Just Arrived.

Evaporated Apples. SUNLIGHT SOAP. George Washington Coffee.

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.

## Official Review of the Week

To Governor, St. John's. LONDON, April 13 (Official news, operations ended April 11.)—Fighting for Amiens a little change, the chief alteration this front being further east, where the French retired from awkward positions southward of LaFere, made by the old and new lines; but north of Amiens the enemy advanced appreciably. On the 8th April violent bombardments of the line between LaBassee and Amiens were driven on both flanks of Amiens, which made the retention of that ruined town inadvisable.

withdrawal to conform with the line north and south of Amiens, resulting in one large salient approximately twenty miles long and four deep. To destroy the British army is clearly the enemy's aim. He failed to separate the armies of the Allies and failed to take Amiens, while the soldiers of the Arras front made it imperative for him to find a weaker spot.

Vimy Ridge through Givenchy, thence to Bethune. Although there is no sign of cessation in the enemy's offensive against Amiens, which will be renewed in due course, it is clear his main effort was checked, his second effort north of the Somme defeated, and his forces, though brief attack, south of the Somme, also completely repulsed.

He is now diverting attention from the main front, to which he will ultimately return with all the force available. The rapid rotation of his divisions is calculated to allow him to keep fresh reserves a greater number of fresh troops. The more quickly he can reform them, the more temporarily, his success has available. Such a system obviously has drawbacks and can only be carried out for a limited time. It is one more sign of Germany's determination to win the war in this battle and risk all in doing so. The destruction of his own army has proceeded more rapidly, though the situation is still serious. To date the British army has been attacked by double its number of enemy divisions, supported by an enormous mass of artillery of all calibres. In these circumstances it is not surprising the enemy has gained undeniable successes but at a great price.

On other fronts there have been no operations of importance. In Italy the attack expected to develop in due course will no doubt coincide as nearly as possible with the maximum of the German effort in France and Flanders.

In Palestine, Kerak, east of the Dead Sea, was occupied on the 11th by the Arabs. A successful raid on the Hejaz railway was magnified into an enemy victory. Nevertheless the British made a further advance on a five-mile front, capturing villages.

There has been less activity in the Balkans this week on the Western front owing to broken weather. Raids on the hostile troops and transports have produced satisfactory results. Air fighting has been less intense owing to the unfavorable state of the weather, but scouts have engaged the enemy on every possible occasion, bringing down fifty-three and driving down thirty-one hostile machines out of control. Luxembourg again has been raided and a ton of bombs dropped there.

Photographic PLATES. SEED 26. SEED 27. We have just received a new shipment of Seed DRY PLATES of all the different sizes at the regular prices.

Tooton's, The Kodak Store, Headquarters for Everything pertaining to Photography.