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

CHAPTER XX.

Clifford Revel was pacing his room on the evening of the same day. If it had been he, instead of Lord Edgar, who had been hurled from Assassin, he could not have looked more haggard and wan. Ever since they had been uttered, those words of the woman he had loved and sinned for had rung in his ears, "I hate and loathe him!"

With all his soul, base and vile as it was, he had loved her, and she had hated and loathed him!

It was hard—it was stern punishment—and it seemed to crush him and beat him down, though he tried to fight against it.

"I will not be crushed out!" he muttered, with clinched hands. "Other men have loved and been betrayed, and have borne it! Men who were of weaker mind than I, who had not the consolation that I have! For, though I have lost her—though I know now that I never could have won her—I have reached within grasp of my ambition! Between me and the marquise are an old man and his son, both on the brink of the grave. A few weeks, months—a year, and then—I, the hated Clifford Revel, will rule master of Farintosh!"

"Come in!" he broke off sharply, passing his hand over his lurid and harassed face. "Who is it?"

He turned his head as he asked the question, for the person who had entered was Nagle.

Clifford Revel uttered an oath—he was completely off his balance that night—and then laughed, sardonically.

"You!" he said. "You have come at an opportune moment, my friend. Close the door."

Nagle made no motion to obey, but walked to the table and put down his hat, and stood eyeing Clifford Revel with calm composure and freedom.

Clifford Revel flung the door to.

"Do you remember, when last we met, the advice I gave you?" he said, contemptuously. "I told you that the game you had just played was a dangerous one, and that, if it was discovered, you would probably be sent

across the herring pond. I told you that, and advised you to go over the sea on your own account, did I not?"

"You did," assented Nagle, quietly.

"Then, it was a pity you did not take my advice," sneered Clifford Revel, "for the game has been discovered, the whole thing is known, and I imagine that at this moment the hue and cry has commenced for the man who personated a clergyman at the mock marriage of Lord Edgar and Miss Temple."

"And what about the man who concocted the scheme, and bribed the mock person," said Nagle, quietly.

"What man?" demanded Clifford Revel, scornfully.

"The man who paid the mock clergyman two hundred and fifty pounds—"

Clifford Revel laughed.

"You are dreaming! There was no such man! I defy you to find him—to prove that he ever existed! Perhaps you refer to my cousin; is that it? Eh? He was the man who employed and bribed you! Well, it has been done before, but I should scarcely have thought that the upright and honorable Lord Edgar would have been so vile!"

"I mean," said Nagle, "the man who paid me the two hundred and fifty pounds—in bank notes!" and he drew a small bundle from his pocket. "In notes! With the numbers on them! A weak stroke, that, Revel! I drove down to the bank and traced those notes as having been paid to you that morning! It was weak, Revel, was it not?"

Clifford Revel started, and blushed—blushed with shame!

"You have me," he said, coolly, and he was getting cooler each moment.

"I admit it was weak! But what then? Are you going to remain and go into the dock with me?"

"We shall see," said Nagle, quietly.

"At any rate, there will be only one charge against me. Now, as to you, there will be at least one other, and that a serious one. You are better up in law than I am, Revel; perhaps you can tell me the penalty which a man incurs who bribes a stable help to drug a race horse, such drugging resulting in the death of its rider?"

Clifford Revel stood motionless, looking at him.

"That rider happening to be the man standing between the briber and a title?"

"Why do you come here with such a feeble story as this?" said Clifford Revel, with a smile. "Say what it is

you want, and get it, if you can, and go. How much?"

Nagle never raised his eyebrows.

"That is practical," he said. "But there are two of us, Revel; the other one is outside the door. Permit me?"

And he opened the door, and in walked Mr. Bowen. He bowed to Clifford Revel, with a wooden kind of civility, and stood turning his hat in his hand, as if waiting to be questioned by anybody who chanced to care for the amusement.

"You know this gentleman, I think, Revel?" said Nagle, "and I think I can place full reliance on his word. Mr. Bowen, perhaps you will refer to your notes, and inform Mr. Revel of the results of the inquiries you have been conducting?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Bowen, in a matter-of-fact way, and he took out his pocketbook and dumpy pencil.

"22nd—Mr. Nagle called upon me, and instructed me to watch Mr. C. R. Did so. Found C. R. employed in arranging the Badmore race in the interest of Lord F.'s horse, Assassin. 23rd—Discovered that C. R., instead of backing Assassin, was laying against him secretly. Informed Mr. Nagle, who directed me to watch stables. Did so. 24th—Found that new stable help had been engaged by C. R.; that stable help and C. R. had spent an hour in top room. Stable help changed five-pound note afterward. Informed Mr. Nagle. Watched stable boy. Discovered that stable boy had bought powerful drug at chemist's. Advised Mr. Nagle to inform Lord F. Mr. Nagle decided to let plot ripen. 25th, day of race—Mr. Nagle to go down and inform Lady F. He found that Lady F. was not there. Telegraphed me to bring her—Was about to inform Lord F., when heard that he did not intend to ride. Was misinformed. Lord F. rode, and horse fell and threw him. Stable boy taxed with drugging horse; confessed, and is now in my house. If Lord F. dies, C. R. to be charged with murder! That is all," he wound up, with a calm bow.

All! As the monotonous voice had dropped out the damning evidence of his crime, Clifford Revel's heart sank lower and lower; his face grew white as death, and, as the word "murder" dropped seriously from Mr. Bowen's lips, he stared, and leaned against the table.

Nagle looked at him, with steadfast sternness.

"What have you to say?" he asked, quietly.

Clifford Revel forced a laugh; it sounded like a harsh croak in his own ears.

"Bah! A stable boy has been bribed to commit an ordinary turf fraud, and seeks to shelter himself behind me!"

"Strange coincidence that you should have bet against the horse, Mr. Revel," said Mr. Bowen, wondrously.

"Silence!" snarled Clifford Revel. "You hound. You take my money one day to betray me the next!"

"No, sir," said Bowen. "I took your money after I had earned it: I was then free to work for any one else. I have betrayed no secret of yours. I call upon Mr. Nagle to bear witness that I have told him nothing respecting you or your affairs," and a faint flush of honest indignation mantled on the detective's face.

Nagle waved his hand.

"It's of no consequence. Your own actions have betrayed you, Revel. You are caught in your own trap." As he spoke, he drew a paper from his pocket.

Clifford Revel eyed him watchfully.

"The last act in the farce," he said.

"What is it? My patience is being exhausted!"

Nagle opened the paper, and laid it on the table.

"This," he said, "is a concise account of the circumstances attending the marriage!"

"Mock marriage, if you please," said Clifford Revel, with an evil smile. "As we are so candid, let us be precise."

"As you will," assented Nagle; "and a confession of your collusion with the stable boy. You will sign it."

Clifford Revel looked at him.

"And, of course, there is no mention of a gentleman named Nagle?" he said, scornfully.

"Look and see," said Nagle. "You will find that I have concealed nothing. See for yourself."

Clifford Revel took up the paper contemptuously, and read it—Nagle had not spared himself—then threw it down, and smiled.

"And if I refuse to sign?" he said.

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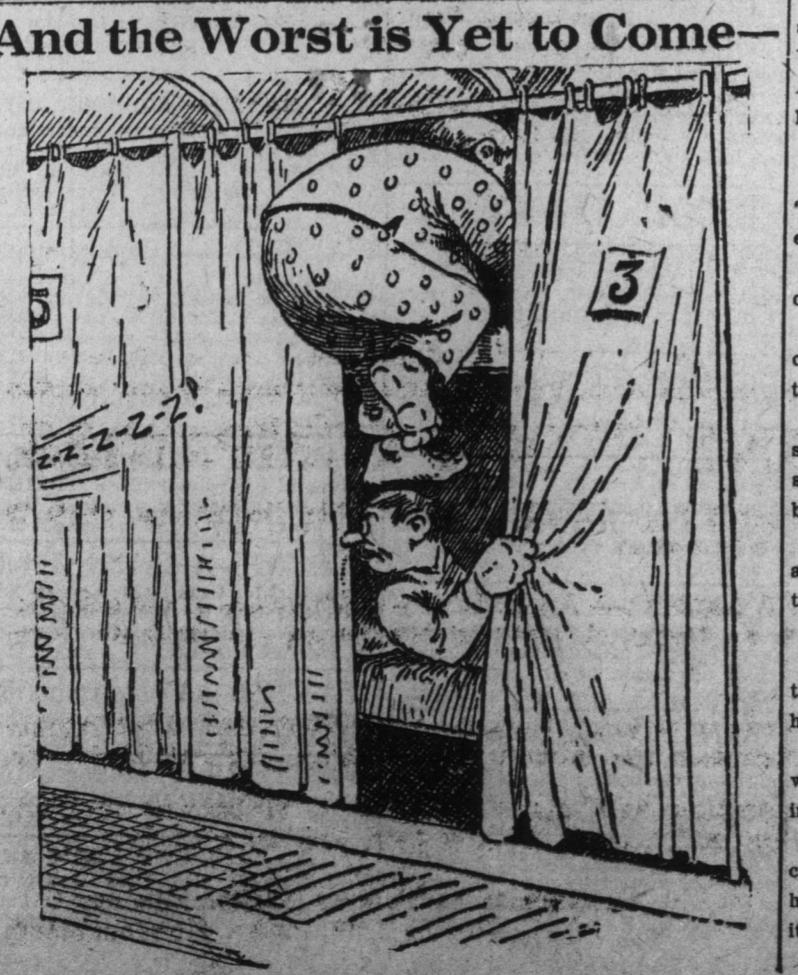
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**EARLY**

**WAR SUMMARY—GERMANY'S OFFENSIVE RESUMED.**

Germany's great offensive on the West front has been resumed only after brief artillery preparation. The blows have been struck by the Teutonic armies, which have been reorganized since disastrous losses were inflicted on them by the British and French armies during the Picardy and Flanders battles in March and April. The attack was on the line from Valenciennes to Loere, southwest of Ypres, on a 35-mile front from Picardy to the Soissons to Rheims. This front is the Alsace sector. In Flanders the Germans have gained virtually nothing, but further south Berlin report claims that the German Crown Prince's troops have carried the entire ridge of the Chemin des Dames and are now fighting on the Alsace River. The German attack in Flanders is against positions taken by the French on March 20th, when the French of Erulooze and Loere recaptured their line on the eastern side of Hill 44, which they had taken a few days before on the Alsace front. The present battle recalls a fearful fighting of last summer along the Chemin des Dames, where in a few weeks the German Crown Prince had his men against the French positions. Only to see them crushed and beaten. Last year 75 divisions were engaged. The German attack along the line alone. The attack here is really in the nature of a line straightening operation; it is being launched from Laon as a center and is aimed at the elbow in the line formed during the fighting in Picardy in March and April. Here, however, the Germans must face permanent works, which have been occupied by the French for long periods, and which can be defended quite easily. Evidence that Allied supreme command was forewarned of the new attack may be found in the fact that British troops are fighting there. Up to the present it had been believed that the British did not hold positions much south of the Somme. East of Amiens the German Crown Prince is in command in the sector, and this may indicate a serious effort to break the Allied line. Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria is the nominal command in Artois and Picardy, and the German Crown Prince for dynamic reasons will strive to outdo whatever success was attained by his colleague. Further north it is probable that American troops are engaged in the fighting in both battles on the Western front. It is known that American troops are close behind the Allied lines in Flanders, while some time ago it was reported they were near Rheims. The late official reports do quite severe fighting in various sectors, among them the Apremont forest, where the Americans are known to be holding positions at the present time. The reports say that the Germans were repulsed in all these attacks. It is officially reported from Washington that American positions in Picardy near Cantigny and Montdidier have been subjected to attack and at places the enemy penetrated them. He, however, was driven out by the Americans.

Almost coincident with the new German offensive the Italians launched a blow at the Austrian lines in the mountain range to the northwest of Lake Garda, according to a report and captured Monticello Pass, the village of Presna, Monte Zigelon at the mountain spur to the east. Before them lie parallel streams leading down into the Logarina valley, and they successfully carry out their attack there. It is possible for them to cut off the entire Austrian position in the north of Italy.

A long range bombardment of Paris has been resumed after an interval during which it was believed the German gun had been silenced.

**BRITAIN CONFIDENT.**

LONDON, May 27.

Germany's long awaited offensive on the battle front in France opened this morning at two points, where it had been expected, between Rheims and Soissons in Flanders. In the latter region it is another attempt to reach the hill positions west of Kemmel and to pinch the British holding the Ypres salient. The attack in the Rheims-Soissons sector doubtless is a formidable blow by which the Germans hope to shatter the French army, a similar attempt against the British further north having failed. That General Foch, the Entente supreme commander, anticipated Field Marshal Von Hindenburg's plans in the Champagne was disclosed in yesterday's German official statement, which announced British troops had been captured in a raid in this region. The first result of the German offensive was not disclosed in the British official communication issued this morning, but the confidence which Field Marshal Lord George of Athol at Edinburgh on Saturday gives to British public hope that it will fall far behind the previous ones.

**ATTACK SO FAR HAS FAILED WITH THE BRITISH ARMY.**

FRANCE, May 27.—Von Hindenburg's troops have thus far met with failure virtually at all points in their attack