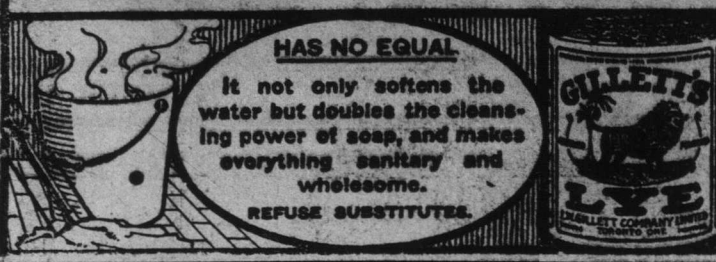


# GILLETT'S LYE



HAS NO EQUAL  
It not only softens the water but doubles the cleansing power of soap, and makes everything sanitary and wholesome.  
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

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

CHAPTER XII.

"Well?" she demanded. "What have you to say? Nothing? Then relieve me of your presence. Why do you stand there?"

"Because I am thinking," he said, calmly, his voice low but clear as the ring of silver on stone. "Because I am weighing in my mind the good and the evil of the knowledge, which your scorn almost goads me to give you, Edith."

"Not that name, please—Miss Drayton—Mr. Revel."

"Edith," he said, calmly, as if she had not spoken. "I asked you to trust me. I ask you still. For your own sake, trust me. Do not force me to speak. I can clear away the mist that seems so impenetrable to you, but I would rather not do so. For your sake! For your sake I would wish that in the future you might be able to say to your heart, 'I knew nothing of this. With him, and him alone—meaning myself—resists this thing.' Do not force me to tell you, Edith. Trust me, only trust me to the end."

"So far as I am concerned, the end has come," she said, icily. "By Lord Edgar's marriage you are vanquished; acknowledge that you are beaten, and leave me; I will never see you again after to-night."

"Edith, do not force me to explain. Though appearances seem against my success, do not believe them. Put faith in me," he said, with deep earnestness.

"Lord Edgar is married. You stand no chance of being the marquis. I promised to marry the Marquis of Farintosh, not Mr. Clifford Revel. Go, please!"

"Good," he said; "then I take it that you insist upon my speaking. Remember, remember after I have spoken, that I would faintly have kept this from you, that I would gladly have spared your innocence—I bid you remember this, Edith."

"I care nothing for your heroics; the fact is enough. Lord Edgar and Lela Temple are married."

He drew nearer, so near that his breath stirred her hair.

"No," he whispered, "Lord Edgar and Lela Temple are not married."

She started, then she laughed scornfully.

"You forget that I saw them together this afternoon, and that he confessed it to me."

"I care not where you saw them, or what he confessed. Lord Edgar and

Lela Temple are not married."

Something in his tone rather than his words startled her.

She sat upright and looked at him. Her heart gave a great leap. Her soul seemed struggling from the darkness of despair into the realms of wild hope.

"Not—married!" she echoed.

"No," he whispered.

"But—" she murmured, faintly.

He smiled.

"They are not married. Do you wish me to explain? I will do so. Remember, you forced me! There are false marriages and true, legal marriages and illegal. This marriage of Edgar and Lela took place in his rooms, and all the formalities were left to my arranging; all left to me. Ah! you see?" for she had turned ghastly white, and had sunk back in her chair with a shudder.

"All left to me! I arranged the meeting, the hour of the marriage ceremony, found the clergyman. What! Do you think that I would make them man and wife? Build up a barrier between myself and the marquisate, between you and me? No! I bribed a penniless wretch to play the part of parson, and so reduced the ceremony, which satisfied him and her, to an elaborate farce! No! There is no Lady Fane! And Lord Edgar and Lela Temple are not married!"

For a full moment she was silent. She leaned back in the chair motionless, apparently lifeless, then she drew a long breath, and the word "hideous!" passed her white lips.

"Hideous? Yes, it would have been hideous for me if a real marriage had taken place. Hideous, too hideous! For it would have wrecked my whole life, have destroyed my only chance of happiness in this world! And who am I that I should do that? I am not an angel, but a man! I prize your love above wealth, and station, and honor. I would sacrifice myself for it without a murmur; why should I not sacrifice them? I have done it. All innocently they think that they are man and wife, while you and I know them to be—"

"Stop!" she gasped. "Oh, Heaven! are you man or devil?"

"Whichever you choose to make me!" he retorted, fiercely. "I told you that nothing should stop me, nothing should come between you and me. There is no crime that I would not commit to make you mine. I alone have planned this and brought it to a successful conclusion. I would have hidden it from you, until the time came when you must have known; but you forced my hand. You know the truth now. What will you do?"

What should she do? That was the question. Storm-beaten, by a passion he never guessed at or conjectured, she lay back in the chair prostrate.

## And the Worst is Yet to Come



Horror at his crime and its victims contended in her bosom with an awful gladness at the thought that Lord Edgar was still unmarried—still within her reach. She loathed the sin and the crime, yet clung to the consequences.

"You see," he said, "I have proved that I was in earnest. There is no marriage between them. He may go on for years in the belief that there is. He may die—"

She thought of the horse Assassin which he had engaged to ride, and shuddered.

"—He may die, and then what will there be between me and the marquisate? Ah, Edith, look at me! Do not turn from me! For your sake I have done this—for your sake I would wade through any mire of sin and crime! Think—think for one moment, and recall, if you can, any man who would, who has done more for you than I have or would do!"

In his intense emotion he knelt at her feet as abject—slave, for all his intellect and genius, as the lad Lord Claxtone.

With a deep sigh, she extended her hand.

"So be it," she said. "You have proved your sincerity. They are not married? You will swear that?"

"I will swear it," he said. "I tell you the ceremony was a mere mockery. The clergyman was my hired tool. There is at present nothing between you and the marquisate but Lord Edgar, and he—"

He smiled.

"And he," she said, faintly, "he rides Assassin for the Badmore race."

CHAPTER XIII.

"And this is as good as the 'Moorhen'?" asked Lord Edgar, bending over her and taking a morning kiss, as she sat at the breakfast table in the Albany rooms. Fresh and beautiful she looked as a daisy, in her morning robe of pale saten, the faint bloom of health on her cheeks, the light of happiness in her eyes. "So it is as good, or do you miss the river and the woods, my darling? Do you pine for the cackling of the hens, and the crowing of that tremendous old cock who used to perch on the stable gate and yell by the hour together? Are you quite as happy? If not—"

"If not, what?" she demanded, putting up her white, soft hands and drawing his face down to hers. "If not, you would go back to Pangley, or to anywhere else on the face of the globe, I suppose, sir?"

"Certainly," he said, decisively; "anywhere to keep that smile on those lips of mine—by which I mean yours—anything or anywhere, so that you are happy, Lela!"

"Then there is no need to go back to Pangley," she said, "for I am just as happy here; I don't know that I am not happier. I fell in love with these rooms directly I saw them," and she looked around; "and do you know what I thought, sir?"

"No; something tremendously worth knowing, I'll be bound," he said, taking his cup of coffee and seating himself with an air of perfect contentment and lazy enjoyment.

"What was it?"

"Why, that they were miles too good for a bachelor! They are too pretty, miles—there! I've said that twice! What would grandpapa say if he heard it? I don't know how it is, but I seem to have caught all your slang words, Edgar," with a smiling gravity of reproach. "It is a pity you have not taught me something useful! But as to that, I have quite degenerated. I have done absolutely nothing in the shape of work since—we were married! But I mean to begin today. I am going to dust the room. I want you to buy me a little feather brush such as I used to have at the Cloisters."

"And break Mary's heart," Mary was the landlady's niece. "Lela, you are the sort of woman who brings about revolutions. Already you have cut Lovel to the quick by insisting that he shall not wait at breakfast—"

"And listen to every word we say," she put in, with a smile.

"My darling, Lovel is deaf and dumb; he is faithful itself. If he heard you confess that you had committed a forgery, he would carry the secret to his tomb!"

"I know; but, all the same, it is nicer to be by ourselves. I don't want to be waited on, and if you do, why, I'll wait on you; I'm quite as pretty as Mary, and I can hand the coffee and toast as well as Lovel."

"Ah!" he said, comfortably. "I see, I am to be a suspected husband! All right, have it your own way!" with

## Where Quality Does Count!

**B**ECAUSE an egg, aged in cold storage, has lost its flavor; has nothing to do with the eggs which the farmer brings fresh from the barn.

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that fond smile which sits so well on his handsome face. "And what's that letter about? I see it comes from the professor."

"Yes, dear grandpapa! He is so happy. They are making quite a fuss about him over there, and insist upon it that he has been wasting all his learning on the desert air all these years! He sends his best wishes to you, Edgar, and— But there's the letter," and she held it out.

"No, you shall tell me," he said. "Dear old fellow!—He is awfully good, and I'll try and make him admit that I'm not such a bad sort of fellow when he comes back. But as for reading his letter, my dear child, I couldn't read a line of it to save my life!"

Lela laughed, and slipped the letter in her pocket.

"And what have you got?" she asked, peering wistfully and prettily round the coffee urn.

"Oh, bills and, yes, a letter from the marquis."

"Ah!" and she grew suddenly grave.

"Yes," he looked at it. "There's not a kind word in it. I send you a check for the amount you ask—"

"Ah, yes!" and he sighed. "Any amount of money he will send me, but not one word such as most fathers have to say to their sons! Ah! what's this?" and he stared at the postscript written on the last page. "Why— and he flushed and smiled.

"What is it, Edgar?" anxiously.

"No, don't tell me if you don't wish to!"

"But I do! I'll have no secrets from you," he said. "And—and—besides, it is about you!"

(To be Continued.)

## Rheumatism Entirely Gone.

After Twenty-seven Years of Suffering—Swelling and Puffiness Has Disappeared—Not a Pain or an Ache Left.

A most astonishing cure of rheumatism and eczema has been reported here, and Mrs. Ray is enthusiastic in telling her many friends how cure was effected.

Rheumatism and eczema frequently go together, and in this case caused the most keen distress imaginable. All the swelling and puffiness resulting from many years of rheumatism have disappeared, and there is not a pain or an ache left.

Mr. G. H. Ray, R. R. No. 1, Kin-cardine, Ont., writes: "Mrs. Ray has been using your Kidney-Liver Pills. She was very bad with rheumatism and eczema, and had had that fearful fit for twenty-seven years. It was simply terrible what she suffered. I persuaded her to try \$1.00 worth of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. She is now on the last box, and let me tell you she scarcely knows herself, she is so free from both these diseases. All the swelling and puffiness caused by the rheumatism has gone away, and she has gone down in weight 15 1/2 pounds. She never has an ache nor pain, biliousness nor sick headache all these months. She often raves herself 'How glad I am that I know 'what to do instead of paying doctors so much to make me worse.'"

There is only one way that the poisons in the blood can be cleaned away and the cause of pains and aches removed, and that is by the healthful action of the kidneys, liver and bowels. Because Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills act directly and specifically on these organs and insure their activity they remove the cause of rheumatism and other dreadfully painful and fatal diseases. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, all dealers or Edmanston, Bates & Co. Limited, Toronto.

Look for the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase M.D., the famous Receipt Book author, on the box you buy.

## Fashion Plates

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Fashion Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

A SMART SPRING SUIT.



2423.—This excellent model has a blouse finished with surplice fronts. The skirt is a two-piece model. As here illustrated, white serge was used with trimming of black and white checked satin. Gingham, chambray, linen and chantung would also be nice for this style. Skirt and blouse may be used separately.

The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 22, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 5 1/2 yards of 44-inch material. The skirt measures about 1 7/8 yard at the foot.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



Waist—2443. Skirt—2444.

Here is a combination that will make a pretty afternoon or calling frock. The blouse fronts are closed over a tucked vest. The square neck is trimmed with a collar cut in points over the front. The skirt is made with gathered tunic portions, and will prove a splendid style for remodeling. One could combine serge and satin or foward in this design, or use two other contrasting materials. The Blouse Pattern 2443 is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The Skirt 2444 is cut in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. For a medium size the entire dress will require 8 1/2 yards of 36-inch material, without the tunic 2 yards less.

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.

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Three Crown Calif. Raisins, 50 lb. bxs.  
Calif. Seeded Raisins, packages.  
Evaporated Apricots, 25 lb. boxes.  
Evaporated Peaches, 25 lb. boxes.  
Evaporated Apples, 50 lb. boxes.  
"Midget" Raisins, packages, the great substitute for high priced Currants.

California Tinned Apricots.  
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It is the best Corset we sell. You may be stout or extremely slender, but we can fit you with a Warner's—fit you comfortably, too, with a Corset that we guarantee not to

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## Filling the

The Regimental Recruiting Officer has been offered up in response to the Veterans' Appeal for 1,000 men by May 24th!

Remember This Will be the Last Battalion Composed Solely of Volunteers. When You Are Called up Later in one of the Drafts You Cannot be Regarded as one of the "Glories of the Regiment" who Jumped in the Breach When the Call for Help Came From Our Brave Regiment in France.

More Than 400 Men are Needed to Complete the Regiment.

The Battalion is Waiting for You. Waiting to Start for France, Waiting to do Their Splendid Duty and Win Immortal Glory.

Don't Keep Them Waiting. Enlist Now.

"THE CARIBOU."

They held the Death and Glory trench. They lived and the dead. A handful of undaunted men. When help and hope had fled. In the waves of German infantry. Rolled over them in vain, Had not their smoking pieces barked defiance o'er the slain.

## House of Assembly

At yesterday's afternoon sitting much business of a routine nature was disposed of, the rules of the House having been suspended so that all matters were put through speedily.

Petitions were presented by Mr. Stone, Mr. Trinity, Mr. Downey, from St. George's, and Mr. Bennett from St. John's fishermen re trap berths. This petition was supported by Messrs. Morine, Higgins, Walsh, Stone, Lloyd and Grimes.

On motion of the Finance Minister, the House resolved itself into Committee of the Whole to consider the War Tax on Incomes resolutions. (Explained elsewhere).

On motion of Minister of Marine and Fisheries the House went into Committee of the Whole to consider "An Act to Amend the Shipbuilding Bounty Act," which provides that no bounty will be paid for vessels built since October 1917, of over 120 tons.

The House was also moved into Committee of the Whole by the Prime Minister to consider certain resolutions relating to the taxation of Telegraph and Cable Companies. The chief object of this Bill is to place all such Companies on the same footing in the matter of taxation. The Western Union, Direct and Commercial Cable Companies will now have to pay the tax and as the Bill is retrospective, these will have to pay as from July 1st, 1910. \$200,000 back duties is anticipated to be realisable from this source.

House then went into Committee on motion of Minister of Finance, on Ways and Means, and the Public Service Act was subsequently introduced. Bills giving effect to the new Revenue proposals were adopted. After putting through, without amendment, "An Act to Amend the War Pensions Act, 1917," the House took recess till 8 p.m.

NIGHT SESSION.

House in Committee to consider certain retiring allowances. Mr. Morine criticised the Poor Relief Bill and the House adjourned until 8 p.m.

The Minister of Shipping gave the House some information re Coal and Salt supplies. With 6,000 tons of the latter, en route, the country will have, providing the ship arrives safely, 23,500 tons on hand. 3,000 tons have been purchased at Liverpool, England, and arrangements are being made to get another ship to bring a cargo of 6,000 tons. Should this be secured, there will be enough to meet needs until the end of June. After that period it was a matter of speculation. The coal situation did not look too promising. The sailing steamers were unable to bring within 25,000 tons of the necessary supply, even if all of them were put into the trade. Other help was hoped for. If two steamers were chartered to do the New York service, the coastal boats would be able to keep the route open between St. John's and Sydney and the Reid Co. are putting on some new machines and 50 extra box cars, to handle increased freight. A steamer would be secured for one coal trip, 3,000 tons of which will have to be given to the Reid Co. to operate the road from St. John's to Sydney.

The House then adjourned until to-morrow at the usual hour.