



"I think I like you better as BOVRIL"

Sweet Eva!

CHAPTER XLIV.
"Then—then why did you come back here last night?" Philip asked in a strangled voice.

She looked at him without answering. Then suddenly she broke into a little wall:
"Oh, I don't know—I don't know . . . I suppose I was afraid. I don't remember how I came back or why . . ."
"You came because you are my wife," said Philip agitatedly. "You came because you knew that neither Calligan nor any other man could come between us. You came because in your heart you knew that I love you—you know that I adore you . . ."
He caught her in his arms. He held her fiercely, crushing her to him, almost robbing her of breath.

"I'll never let you go till you say that you love me. I'll never let you go till you say you've forgiven me . . . Even if I were sure that you hated me I'd never let you go. You're my wife . . ."
"I don't love you—"
"I'll make you. You can't look at me and still say that . . ." He felt that this was the last desperate fight for his happiness. His love for her and the fear of losing her made him cruel. He held her so that she could not escape him or even turn her face away. It gave him a sort of exultation to see the way the colour faded from her cheeks and how for a moment her eyes closed before the passionate insistence of his.

Oh, if you'd just let me go," she whispered faintly.
Philip laughed roughly.
"If you can look at me and tell me that you don't love me you shall go," he said. He waited for a moment, but she did not raise her eyes.

"If you can look at me and tell me that you love Calligan—you shall go," he said hoarsely.

No Appetite

Nervous exhaustion leads to distaste for food. The nerves of the stomach are weak, digestion fails and you become generally upset and out of rest.

The secret of complete restoration is in getting the nervous system fully built up.

Mrs. R. Cheney, 208 Richmond St., Chatham, Ont., writes:

"I was troubled with indigestion, which caused me many sleepless nights. I would be in terrible distress at times, and would get no relief for two or three hours. For sixteen months I ate nothing but Shredded Wheat biscuits, as I dare not eat anything else. I did not know what to do, as I had tried so many different remedies, as well as doctors' medicines, without gaining permanent relief. Finally I got some of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and while on the second box noticed that I was improving. I continued the treatment until I am now fully restored, and have returned to my regular diet. My husband has also taken Dr. Chase's Nerve Food with splendid results, so we are glad to recommend it to others."

At All Dealers.
Distributor:
GERALD S. DOYLE.

She looked at him now—she felt as if her resistance was slipping from her beneath his will.
"Do you love him?" Philip demanded, between his teeth.
"No—no . . ." It was only a whisper.
"Or that other man . . ." He could hardly speak.
A little pucker of perplexity crossed her face.

"I don't know who you mean . . . I don't know who you mean . . ."
"You mean that you won't answer—won't tell me . . . That night—before we were married—when I found you in the moonlight. You told me afterwards . . . that there was some man—some man you had cared for . . . Answer me, answer me . . . Do you care for him still? Who is he? I will know! I tell you, I will!"
He shook her in his passionate jealousy. His grasp bruised her soft flesh.

For a moment it seemed as if she still meant to defy him and deny him. Then suddenly she gave in as if some giant hand had broken her frail resistance.

"It was you! You she said, laughing wildly. "It was always you, only you never guessed . . . but now—it's too late now—I don't care any more—its all gone . . . its all gone . . . oh, Philip—I'm falling . . . falling." Her voice broke off with a little strangled cry of fear as she fainted in his arms.

CHAPTER XLV.
"It's all right," said Calligan shakily. "She's coming round. Look! She's opening her eyes."

He drew back hurriedly as Eva stirred a little.
They had carried her into the dining-room, where Calligan had at last succeeded in making the fire burn, and she was lying on the couch, her head supported against Philip's arm.

It was broad daylight now. Out in the street the rumble of traffic had already commenced and long streaks of sunshine were piercing the gray clouds.

Calligan gave one last look at Eva and the man who knelt beside her, then motioned to Peter and the two went softly away.

There was a little silence. Eva tried to raise herself, but fell back again weakly. Her hair was streaming about her shoulders, her face was wet. She felt as if she had just struggled through a bad illness to an unwanted convalescence.

A long sigh of weariness escaped her. Her lids seemed weighted, but after a moment she dragged them open to find Philip bending over her.

She lay quite still looking up at him. Her heart seemed to stop beating. Her whole body felt cold and tense; then suddenly the tears came. She covered her face with shaking hands and began to sob.

"Darling—my darling . . ."
Philip gathered her into his arms as tenderly as any woman could have done. He drew her head down to his shoulder and laid his cheek to hers. He held her hand against his lips, kissing it again and again. He could not trust himself to speak. Shame, joy and a hundred and one emotions tore his heart.

Presently the sobs quietened a little and she lay still, her face hidden against his shoulder.
Philip found his voice again—
"There is so much I want to tell you—and I don't know where to begin; but first of all, I'm never going to leave you again. I'm going to take you away—somehow—and show you that I'm not—never—a brute

His voice broke, but he struggled on.
"And we've wasted all this time . . . I've been such a fool—I ought to have made you listen to me . . ."
Eva—you said . . . was it true when you said that—the man you . . . you told me about that night—was it really me?"
(To be continued.)

The Broken Circle!

CHAPTER II.
The time came when she stood appalled at what she had done—when the clap-trap sentiments that she had once thought so heroic and grand appeared to her in their true light. The knowledge brought on a severe illness, and she died, leaving her two little daughters, Leah and Hettie. But, before she died, she wrote a letter to her far-off brother, who had never seen her since she was a child, owning to him that her marriage had been a fatal mistake, and praying him to take charge of her children—to save them, to rescue them, if he could, from a fatal and unwholesome atmosphere, and do the best he could for them.

He was Colonel Hutton when he received the letter. He placed it with his papers, intending to do what she asked, and in the whirl of his busy life forgot all about it.

CHAPTER III.
No two girls ever had a stranger education and a more unequal life than Leah and Hettie Ray. Sometimes they found themselves in the midst of comfort and luxury, with apartments at the West End and at the seaside, ponies to ride, servants to wait upon them, the best of masters, for "accomplishments," and of governesses for ordinary teaching, the prettiest a home for more than three months together.

Martin Ray was very kind, loving, and indulgent to them. He loved only three creatures during the whole course of his life—his wife and his children. He shared all he had with them. When strikes were plentiful, and the masses full of discontent; when the "workman's penny" rolled in; when men invited him to come and make their discontents greater and their misery more unendurable by depicting both in their blackest of colors—then he lived in luxury, and his daughters shared it with him.

There was one thing that amid all their ups and downs was never forgotten—study. No matter what happened, they always preserved their books and never missed their lessons. It was a strange life, most unuseful for young girls; but it was the only one they had ever known. During their mother's lifetime they had been more settled, they had lived longer in one place, they had been more uniformly comfortable; but now they never had

(To be continued.)

QUEER FEELINGS AT MIDDLE AGE

Women Should Know How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helps at This Trying Period

Sheboygan, Wisconsin.—"I was run down, tired and nervous. I could not even do my own housework, could not sleep at night and all kinds of queer thoughts would come to me. Finally I gave up going to the doctor and a friend told me of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After the first bottle I could sleep better and I have kept on improving ever since. I have taken seven bottles now and am so happy that I am all over these bad feelings."—Mrs. B. LANGER, 1639 N. 3rd St., Sheboygan, Wisconsin.

For the woman entering middle age Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound can be of much benefit. During this time of life certain changes take place which sometimes develop into serious trouble. Melancholia, nervousness, irritability, headache and dizziness are some of the symptoms. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a natural restorative, especially adapted to assist nature in carrying you safely past this time. Why not give it a fair trial?

MINDARD'S LINIMENT RELIEVES DISTRESS.

CASCARETS 10¢

For Constipated Bowels—Billious Liver

The nicest cathartic-laxative to physic your bowels when you have:
Headache, Billiousness, Colds, Indigestion, Dizziness, Sour Stomach.
Is candy-like Cascarets. One or two to-night will empty your bowels completely by morning and you will feel splendid. "They work while you sleep." Cascarets never stir you up or raise like Salts, Pills, Calomel, or Oil and they cost only ten cents a box. Children love Cascarets too.

Produce and Provisions.

(From Saturday's Trade Review.)

Codfish—The exports of codfish this week amounted to 21,878 quintals, of which 4,866 qtls. were shipped by S. S. Rosalind to New York for West Indies, and 12,844 qtls. from Belleoram from Harvey & Co., as follows:—By schooner John Llewellyn, 4,657 qtls. to Oporto; by schooner Gay Gordon, 3,500 qtls. to Oporto, and by schooner Sunset Glow, 4,687 qtls. to Malaga, and Friday from Messrs. Geo. M. Barr by schooner Annie C. Warren to Bahia, 4,228 quintals. The consumption in Oporto is over 1,000 qtls. per day, and the prospects of more profitable marketing in Southern Europe are greatly improved all round. The exchange situation is getting better, and there is very little codfish left in this market now to go forward.

Cod Oil—The export of Cod Oil this week amounted to 32,170 gallons to New York by the S.S. Rosalind from Messrs. Bowring Bros., Ltd., and A. Ebbary. The leather manufacturing plants of the New England States are getting busy and will, it is expected, soon be working in full capacity. The demand has improved in consequence, and it is expected that new oil will command a much better price. The local holdings are now very small.

Cod Liver Oil—A small shipment of 420 gallons was made to Halifax this week by A. E. Hickman, Co., Ltd., by the S.S. Bornholm. The New York quotation for Norwegian Cod Liver Oil is \$21 per barrel this week, an allowance of \$2 over January price for oil of No. 1 quality ready for the Druggist. This shows an improvement and that the tendency of new oil prices is upward. Newfoundland oil is not quoted this week, but the previous week it ran from \$19 to \$20 per barrel, and will likely run within a dollar of the new Norwegian oil. Further advance is expected.

Flour—The wheat market week eleven points this week between Monday and Thursday for May Wheat in Chicago, viz: from 147 1/4 to 136 1/4. This sudden reverse was quite unexpected and many dealers believe that it is only a temporary weakening, and that general conditions are not such as to warrant a decline of this nature that will be lasting. Winnipeg quotations also dropped four cents. It is rumored that an attempt is being made by certain big speculators to corner the wheat market, and that an envoy has arrived from Australian farmers to complete the deal. Leading brands in St. John's are \$10.50 wholesale.

Pork—The market is quiet at last week's prices. The imports this week were nil, but there are fair consignments ordered for April and May shipment. The rising wave in Pork that was in evidence the past month seems to be easing off somewhat, and many dealers believe that prices will not go higher. Prices in the local market are the same as quoted last week, viz:—Fat Back \$29; Meats \$31; Ham Butt \$32; Spare Ribs \$30; Family Meats \$45; Boston Butt \$32 per barrel, wholesale.

Beef—The market continues quiet at the comparatively low prices prevailing all the season. The fact that Pork seems to be taking a downward turn after the New Year, is regarded, as a good indication that Beef will continue at the present low prices throughout the spring. The imports are, 5,140 barrels to date, showing an excess of about 2,000 barrels over last year at this date. The prices in the local market to-day are, Bos Flank \$26; Bos Packet \$20; Family Special \$21; and Boneless \$21.50.

Melasses—Very little doing in the Barbados new melasses yet, as there is a feeling amongst Canadian dealers in this product that the price must decline. The new crop is now ready and a few shipments have been made to satisfy the immediate requirements. The importers in Halifax, St. John's and Montreal seem determined that they will not operate to any extent till the price at Barbados comes down. The Czarina is now on the way from Barbados with a cargo of oil, melasses. The local price is still 50 cents for Brandy.

Sugar—The Cuban surplus is being absorbed at a much better rate than was regarded possible in sugar circles a month ago, and there is no apprehension that the coming-on crop will be likely to carry any surplus into the coming year. The world production for 1922 will be seriously short, and it is now regarded as providential that Cuba should be able to make up the shortage. The St. John's quotation still remains \$11.25 per hundred lbs. wholesale for American white granulated. The future trend of prices is so far very uncertain.

Potatoes—Imported potatoes are now holding the local market and are selling at \$3.50 to \$4.00 in sacks of 180 lbs. and \$2 for the 90 lb. sacks. Local potatoes from the nearby outlets were brought to the city this week and sold at \$3.50 per barrel, and \$1.80 the half barrel. We would advise local farmers to get forward their stocks and sell as soon as possible as big shipments have been ordered from P.E.I. and Nova Scotia.

Hay—There is no change in the market worth recording, and the firm tendency reported last week still prevails at home and in the Canadian market. The local quotation is \$54.00 wholesale per ton, and three cents per lb. in single bales. The local supply is running short, but some large consignments are due next week. The sales of car lots of No. 2 Timothy at \$29.00 and No. 3 at \$26.00 in Montreal. The price is likely to hold up at present high levels till the grazing season opens.

Oats—The market is steady at last week's quotations, viz:—\$2.90 for Mixed and \$4 for White, wholesale. No shipments arrived during the week, but some consignments are due next week by the Sable I. and Canadian Sapper. The Montreal market prices this week are slightly lower for car lots, but it is likely that these were not high grade oats. Some of the latter kind have reached the St. John's market and have been refused at the contracted price. It is generally believed amongst dealers that oats will hold around \$4.00 per sack in this market till summer freight rates are available.

Keep Your Health TO-NIGHT TRY

Mindard's Liniment for that cold and tired feeling. Get Well—Keep Well.

KILL SPANISH FLU by using the OLD RELIABLE! Mindard's Liniment Co., Ltd., Yarmouth, N.S.

Bluebeard Guillotined.

LANDRU PAYS PENALTY OF MURDER OF 11 PEOPLE AT PARIS—WALKED FREELY, NEVER uttering a word.

VERSAILLES, Feb. 25.—Henri Desiré Landru, "Bluebeard of Gambais," convicted of the murder of ten women and one youth, was guillotined this morning. His head fell into the basket as the first rays of dawn gleamed in the sky.

The triangular knife fell at 5.05 o'clock, twenty-five minutes after the time originally set for the execution. The delay causing many to express the erroneous opinion that Landru was making a confession.

Mysterious until death, Landru resembled Father Lodelles' query as to whether he had any confession to make. "It is an insult to a man like me," was his reply. "Had I any confession to make I would have made it long ago," but never did he utter the word "innocent," as he had failed to utter it during his thirty-four months of imprisonment and the twenty-one days of his trial.

The slayer refused the Sacrament, but conversed a few minutes with the priest.

The guillotine was erected only a few feet from the main entrance of the jail. Landru appeared, clad in dark trousers and white shirt. His beard, one of his most striking characteristics had been trimmed, his head was shaved, and his neck and face were deathly pale.

He walked exactly five steps before when guillotined.

Nujol is a lubricant—keep the food waste soft, and therefore prevents straining. Doctors prescribe Nujol because it not only soothes the suffering of piles but relieves the irritation, brings comfort and helps to remove them.

Nujol is a lubricant—not a medicine or cathartic—no cathartic grips. Try it today.

Nujol For Constipation

EXCEPTIONAL SAVINGS

on This List of Week-End Specials!

98c A CLEARING LINE OF HATS! In order to make room for our New Spring Stocks, we wish to clear this line of Ladies' Black Velvet Hats, Regular \$2.80 Now **98c**

LADIES' BOOTS

A line of Ladies' Heavy Boots in a full range of sizes; low heels and wide toes; a sturdy boot.
Price, per pair, \$2.98

Ladies' Sport Hose.

A special line of Heather Hose in two shades: Brown mixture and Green mixture.
Price, per pair, 35c.

Women's Underwear

A full line of Ladies' Fleece Underwear of medium weight; long sleeve vests, pants ankle length.
Price, per gar. 70c.

Women's Jersey Over Bloomers.

A late arrival of these heavy Fleece Over Bloomers. These come in Black, Grey, Brown and Cream.
Price to clear, each, \$1.15.

Ladies' Black Hose.

Fleece Lined Black Hose, good colour and heavy weight.
Price, per pair, 35c.

Child's Jersey Undershirts.

Just a job lot to clear; these will fit children ages 5 to 1; extra heavy weight; Grey in colour.
Price, each, 60c.

Ladies' Coloured Hose.

A few dozen of Ladies' Coloured Ribbed Hose. These come in Grey, Fawn, Brown, Tan and Navy.
Price, per pair, \$1.20

SMALLWARES

Grey and Black Yarn . . . 15c. sp. Brilliant Cotton . . . 10c. Safety Pins . . . 4c. card Hair Pins . . . 6c. box Writing Pads, note size, 25c. ea. Writing Pads, letter size, 25c. ea. Australian Wool . . . 25c. ball

ALEX SCOTT, 18 New Gower St.

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'PHONE 47

RUBBERS! RUBBERS!

Big shipment ex. S. S. "Rosalind."

MEN'S STORM RUBBERS. Rolled edge, red sole and heel; sizes 5 1/2 to 12.

LADIES' LOW CUT RUBBERS. Pointed toe, spool heel and military heel; Black and Brown; sizes 2 1/2 to 7.

BOYS' STORM RUBBERS. Rolled edge, red sole and heel; also Boys' Cut, full range of sizes.

MEN'S LOW CUT RUBBERS. Broad, medium and pointed toes; Black and Brown; sizes 5 1/2 to 11.

LADIES' STORM RUBBERS. Medium heel and low heel and broad toe; same styles in low cut; all sizes from 2 1/2 to 8.

GIRLS' RUBBERS. Low cut and storm; plain edge and rolled edge, red sole and heel; made to fit all styles correctly; all sizes, 5 to 10, 11 to 2.

PARKER & MONROE, LIMITED.

the executioner's assistants caught him around the wrist and levelled him on the table, which was immediately suspended; the heavily weighted knife slid down, and the whole affair was over in less than twenty seconds. Landru never faltered from the time he appeared in the door, he gave the guillotine one look, squared his shoulders, and walked erect, uttering not a word. The crowd, which had been kept at such a distance that it saw nothing of the details uttered no cry, and the silence was only broken by the bugles sounding reveille in the nearby barracks, and the Angelus bells.

landru saluted as the "mystery" went to his death.

JUST RECEIVED—Men's Dancing Pump, SMALLWOOD, Water Street, feb10.11