THE EVENING TELEGRAM, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, OCTOBER 31, 1921-9

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Alcoholic Experience of Patient No. 24

December 3. even the people in the street, stranno overcoat; that had been

icts of the countr hat it is the best in outports potatoe \$1.80 to \$2.00 per quality, St. \$2.50. This will c a few weeks while ess of being s winter and before h where hands and laughed. P.E.I. potatoes along and will I 50 to \$4.00. legulations.

thing in the rervone admitted was thorough and There was no the regulating tyrant Fact!" fish. It. oted some of our t nerchants to join azy ideas about m us to get h from the bottom of our fish, and sl to the markets t etitors can do. establish

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No! I knew that I must not let my ast drink. And that explains why nerves break. I must hold myself lked now so leisurely and peacethrough the biting air up the steady, because I had to see this thing street. I was numb, and through! t that I was happy. I looked doctor's room. Suddenly I knew that figures like my own. tic weather." I thought exult-"and yet the cold has no power I could stand it no longer. A numb- Then voices sounded outside. They which were two small glasses and pills

let them-poor souls! They little, stop. I knew the top of my head n the truth: that I. am, not of would float on upwards too. I was world! They do not know who holding it in place now with all the strength of my mind. But I was that I am, but I know. I am a to-night! Monarch of the realm afraid. If the doctor would only speak to nstance, lord even over the me! Or even look at me! There was the back of my brain I held a no sound but that hideous humming

securely. It was my secret; I gave up. "Doctor," I said, "I'm going to have where I was going! I knew I had promised to be there and a fit!

The dortor looked quickly at my I could not break my promise. umber of the house stood in my face and half started from his chair. "No, you're not!" he cried sharply. found myself staring at the door at you."

ed and dry. I closed my eyes side. He saw that I was awake, and "A touch!" for once more uncon stopped by my cot, grasping my thetween his thumb and index fit "That was nothing," smiled the nurse. "You slept, and your heart's He leaned over and looked closely at all right. If the patient can sleep and I was in a lonely house with din my eyes, then smiled somewhat a "You can thank your lucky st orridors leading in all direct rishment hell generally come the room where I stood, shaking with There was no sol Hon." he said. " mid kill a Christian! Do you want a oved, when a rustling and se began in the corners of the room. I could not see what things caused the sound, but I knew that they were things of evil. My heart contracted painfully, then thumped wildly for a space, then seemed to stop. The room was thick with horror. I heard footsteps approaching along one of the corridors, slow and shuff-

from staging any more acts like that

The door opened noiselessly. The one last night. You'll get another opening was lit from behind, with a drink later, however-and as many faint glow, I wanted to scream, to more as you need-till your nerver can stand alone. Then I'm going to run, to tear my eyes from the wisp of light. But I could do none of these let you suffer. You're going to fight this thing out yourself, in your own

The light faded and in the blackness mind. Then you can go out and star left there grew a face. Such a face! all over again, if you think you'd like It was large and pale and round, and to, or-not. It will be up to you!" the eyes were closed as in death. It The doctor went out. His wordsdrew nearer and the flesh melted away except the promise of whisky-meant and left a naked skull. The skull nothing to me at the time. For I my heart had stopped beating. In a vanished and left two yellow, lidless ; was full of a med longing, the longing eyes that wavered slowly towards me. of a shipwredked salior for shore, of Then at last I fainted. I was in other places and saw other But I had hope, too; for I was to get strange things. I am trying to fora drink! get them. But do not say that all this The doctor returned, bearing two did not truly happen, for I was there, small glasses. I reached forth a trembling hand to take the one he and I know!

proffered. Then both hands, lest 1 December 4. should spill a drop of the preciou I seemed to be waking to a dream of flouid that was more to me, at that reality. I knew that I was once more conscious of what we call life, though moment, than life itself. The whisky warmed my tortured nerves to a spe it seemed less vividly real than the ourtesy of Cassell's Magazine.) My feelings were hurt. I was sure weird, phantasmal life I had been cies of heattitude. I sank back on the

that I was worth thinking about. Why, living-for an eternity. I was in pillow with a deep sigh of relief. "Drink this now," said the doctor, great physical pain; but physical pain My gloves had been left in gers to whom I had not so much as was a relief. I lay with my eyes extending the second glass; "it will aloon which stood on the last weak impulse to cry came over me. A closed, perhaps a little more than half make you sleep."

my mind cleared slowly. "Do You Want, a Drift ?" I glanced about the room, with its

It seemed ages, though it was sec- double row of cots. Some of the cots onds, since I had seated myself in the were empty, others bore recumbent A white-gowned, white-capped nurse

me. I am immune. Nothing can ness was creeping from the back of drew nearer. The door flapped open and capsules of divers shapes and me. Pain, trouble, the cares of my neck upwards towards the crown and the doctor walked in, calmly im- sizes. The surse gave me some pills. I lie parses! Passers-by gaze of my head. I knew that when it reach-re curiously. pityingly, maybe. ed the crown of my head it would not narrow space between the two rows of ment," she said cheerfully.

A New Sweet for Tonight It is sometimes difficult for the house-

wife to plan the next dessert. With Knox Gelatine on hand she is never at a loss-there is always a different, easily made and economical dessert that can be quickly prepared. Try

All day I dozed and lay wal ietimes I awoke came in on her rounds. g by my bed with her inevitabl odnful of pills and the grateful glass whisky-though this grew smaller and smaller as time passed.

"Alcoholic Depression." "At seven in the evening the night nurse came in. She, too, was sm

and cheerful. It was undentably bein ful, this sanguine humour, and yet-it still struck me as indecorous! At eleven o'clock there was an extra allowance of whisky and a new sleep medicine

"That's all until to-morrow," said the night nurse. Sleep well!" Decemebr 5.

At four in the morning-the ebb-tide of one's vitality-I sat bolt upright in bed and opened my eyes. It seemed moment it fluttered spasmodically and went back to its regular rhythm. I the lost hunter for the lights of home. drew a long breath. I lay down quite cautiously, for a nervous chill crept along my spine like a cold snake. An icy sweat was on my body and limbs. chargeable to my last nightmare. I glanced stupidly about the room, dim

that I swallowed. It seemed very soothing. I had no wish now, nor any care. I floated off on a broad, still sea, and reached the shores of rest. I woke this time in a quiet room. pride, sensibility (blotted out for so

of horrible examples," she answered Somehow this levity seemed mis-

ful. I thought, if the nurse had allowed a delicate sympathy to colour her

in the subdued light I wondered where I was. Then suddenly memory awoke I seemed to have a new consciousness: this was the first moment in weeks that I was really myself. It was as if I had changed personalities overnight; a Hyde who was once more Jekyll. I seemed to have emerged from

a period and place far removed. I was like a diver rising from the floor of the sea, from among weeds and mud, and breathing pure air once more. I realized suddenly that I had bean, for a time, insane. But what I felt most was a crushing sense of shame at the knowledge. Conscience,

stood by the bed, holding a tray on long in the false consciousness created by alcohol) were alive again, and suffering. I felt that if I could kill myself, in explation of what had happened, it would be a joy.

Drinking men call this mental state remorse": medical men term it "alcoholic depression." The phrases are weak and meaningless, when the reality is known. It is a kind of hell, a

very dreadful hell." The door of my room opened softly The night nurse entered. "Awake!" she said. "How do you

"New you can have some whisky," fael this morning?" she said. "Fine!" I lied mechanically. The nurse laughed.

"Don't be a hero," she said. really want to know. To-day is the turning-point; it's part of the treatgnawing pain in my stomach vanished ment that I should know your symp-

this was to be my fighting day.



the "Chief." He was a heavy, slowmoving man, with a heart like an oak. which will clean your system of poison He had been a good friend to me. But The nurse gave me the medicine and in a few days. You feel bad now, na-



"This is the beginning of the treat-"What treatment?" I asked. "The treatment that makes men out brightly.

Decreasing Whisky Ration.

As before the liquor brought an

nstant, blessed sense of relief. The

placed. It would have been more tactvoice and words.