

Sweet Eva!

CHAPTER XXIX.

"It's rather a long journey just for a day, isn't it?" he said casually. "It's going to be wet, too. . . I shouldn't go to-day if I were you. Wait till I come to town and we'll get Philip to run us both down in the car."

"Philip!"

"Yes." He steered his heart to the bitterness with which she echoed her husband's name. He went on hardly knowing what he said.

"Yes. We'll make a day of it. Phil and I used to think nothing of running down there to tea and back. I've never told you what good times we used to have. I must some day. He's one of the best, you know. Takes a bit of understanding, of course—we all do—but I've never known him to a mean or a shabby thing—never!"

He stopped. He had been on the tip of his tongue to add "until now," but he checked the words in time.

"And that's more than I can say of any other man I know," he went on. She knew why he was saying all this; knew that he understood as well as if she had told him the cause of her tears.

"Mrs. Winterdick was always awfully good to me, too," he went on. "She's aged shockingly since the old man died. . . She adores Philip, of course; he's all she's got."

He stopped. He wondered if Eva would ever guess what it had cost him to defend her husband; if she would think that he was blaming her even in the very slightest for what had happened. But he was a man of the world, and he knew that if Eva left the flat to-day in her present mood she was taking the first step towards irretrievable disaster.

He took up a book from the table, looked at it and put it down aimlessly. "So I shouldn't go to Apsley to-day," he said, presently. "Eh?—what do you think?"

Their eyes met across the room, and for a long moment there was a significant silence; then Eva impulsively held out her hand.

Calligan took it and held it hard before he let it go.

"Bless you!" he said rather huskily. He turned to the window to hide a sudden mistiness in his eyes. "You see, I was right, and it's raining cats and dogs," he said, lightly.

"You get them to make up a fire, and stay indoors—eh?"

"Yes." Her moment of madness had died, leaving her inert and coldly indifferent. When Calligan had gone, she went to find her husband. He was sitting on the arm of a chair in the dining-room, an unlit cigarette between his lips, staring at the floor.

He looked up with a gleam of hope in his miserable eyes when she entered; he rose to his feet.

She spoke without looking at him. "I am not going to Apsley to-day."



Headache

Recurring headaches usually come from an exhaustion of the nervous system, and they do not disappear until the vigor of the nerve cells is restored by such up-building treatment as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Temporary relief by use of powders is often obtained at an enormous expense to the nervous system and the general health.

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THE FLAVOR LASTS

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she was afraid that Peter would wonder at his absence.

Life had been a strange thing lately. Philip kept out of her way save when appearances demanded his presence. She did not know how he spent his time, and never asked, and neither of them had ever again referred to what had happened.

But neither of them had forgotten it. It was a nightmare memory to Philip. Though the bruise had faded from his wife's cheek, whenever he looked at her he seemed to see it still.

He had never asked what had made her change her mind about leaving him, but in his heart he knew it must have been Calligan's influence.

Though outwardly the two men were the same to one another, the old friendship no longer really existed. A thousand times it was on Philip's lips to forbid Calligan the house, but something always prevented him.

He knew that Eva's tolerance towards himself was worn to a thread, and he had long since given up all hope of a reconciliation with her.

His vision was too distorted by jealousy to recognize that Calligan was still the best friend he had—that it was Calligan, time and again, who had stepped into the breach and averted utter disaster.

But Eva knew how much she had for which to thank this man; knew that it was only the knowledge of his presence and faithful friendship that saved her from despair.

There was no man in the world for her but Philip, or ever would be.

"And what's the programme for to-night?" Calligan asked presently. "Are we going to be gay and giddy, or stay at home?" He looked apologetically at Peter. "You see, I consider myself one of the family," he said laughing. Peter nodded. He was thinking it rather odd that Calligan should so evidently have the run of the house, but he supposed it was all right—he knew that Philip and Calligan had been almost inseparable.

(To be continued.)

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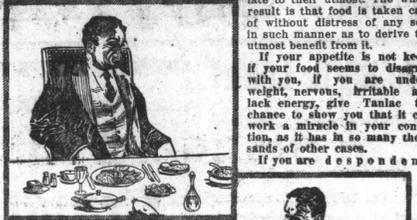
Mob Monday in London.

A great demonstration of unemployed in Trafalgar Square on Monday, February 8, 1886, was made use of by the leaders of the Revolutionary Social and Democratic Federation to repeat their most violent denunciations of the proprietors of the classes and of the existing organization of society; and practical effort was given to their inflammatory harangues by a mob of roughs to whom the demonstration afforded an excuse for assembling. An hour before the procession of the unemployed—lined for 3 p.m.—arrived, Trafalgar Square and its approaches became crowded by a multitude, estimated at from fifteen to twenty thousand in number. The Social Democratic leaders appeared on the scene with a red flag, taking up their positions in front of the National Gallery, whilst three Imperial Colon were occupied by the organizers and orators of the legitimate demonstration of the day. The latter supported a resolution in favour of providing the unemployed with remunerative labour on useful public works, and proposals of a Fair Trade tendency; while the Social Democratic orators denounced capitalists, ministers, and others with impetuous vehemence. Mr. John Burns declared that at their next meetings the bakers' shops in the West End would be sacked. About four o'clock a large body of roughs, with the Social Democratic leaders, made for Pall Mall, where they smashed the windows of the Carlton Club and, encouraged by their own numbers, and the paucity of policemen to be seen on their route, they smashed the windows of the Club-houses in St. James's Street, up which they went, turning into Piccadilly on their way to Hyde Park. They indulged their predatory instincts, and diversified their smashing of windows and hurling of missiles at the inmates of passing carriages, by stopping these, dragging from them their lady occupants to be robbed of their ornaments, and by looting several shops, notably a jeweller's and a wine and spirit shop, of which the contents were specially congenial. In Hyde Park they halted to hear a few speeches from their leaders, ostensibly in deprecation of their proceedings, but so little effective in restraining them that on making their way to South Audley Street—smashing the windows along their line of route—they attacked and plundered almost every shop in it; using as missiles such heavy articles as they did not care to carry away with them, and altogether comprising themselves like infuriated savages, venturing to offer any resistance. Proceeding through Grosvenor Square to North Audley Street, they plundered right and left, and reaching Oxford Street, stormed and looted the establishments of several jewellers. Meanwhile, however, a body of police, strong enough to confront them had been collected at Marylebone Lane, and to prevent much further depredation the Oxford Street shopkeepers as yet unassailed hastily closed their premises. Then the ruffianly mob gradually melted away, leaving behind them memories of brutal violence and infamous rapine which was not easily effaced.

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Tanlac Makes Each Bite a New Delight.

WHEN your digestive system is working efficiently and smoothly, extracting from your food abundant stores of vital energy and piling up a reserve force of vigor to meet any emergency, every bite is eaten with keen zest and appreciation. If your meals are not a real treat, if you do not approach the table



of digestive fluids, it then promotes energetic action of all the bowel muscles and glands, and enables the food to pass through the digestive canal in the normal time. Each of the thousands of little glands whose duty it is to pick up nourishment from the food and send this to all parts of the body are stimulated to their utmost. The whole result is that food is taken care of without distress of any sort in such manner as to derive the utmost benefit from it.

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There is another side to the movement. A great evangelical upheaval of this nature is almost inevitably bound to prove harmful to some individuals unable to undergo without injury the emotional strain involved. Already five persons have been certified for admission to mental hospitals, three from Calcutta, St. Combs, and Fraserburgh having been removed to the Aberdeen Royal Asylum, and two from places farther north to institutions in Edinburgh and Perth.

Zaghul Pasha, scholar, orator, Minister and Extremist, died during the war, been Egypt's strongest proponent of independence. After Lord Alenby became High Commissioner in 1919 and allowed him to return to Cairo, Zaghul threw himself with vigour and energy into a campaign for the abolition of the British Protectorate. He came to London as the head of a Nationalist delegation and discussed with Lord Mar, the head of the British Mission to Egypt, his plans for the future relationship between the two countries. Failing, however, to get his dreams and hopes realized, he returned to Egypt an embittered man, and shortly afterwards quarrelled with Adly Pasha, then Prime Minister, respecting the sending of another delegation to London. Zaghul insisted that this was a reflection of his energies to create a possibility which he as Prime Minister should himself undertake. From this quarrel dates Zaghul's large following.

Revival Tragedy.

SCENES IN THE NORTH—PEOPLE BECOMING DEMENTED.

The revival movement started recently in the fishing villages north of Aberdeen continues, and it is estimated that the number of converts now total 10,000. In many places the revivalists believe that the Second Coming of Christ and the end of the world are imminent.

In the mission hall at Calcutta, a village near Fraserburgh, and one of the scenes of the revival, a curious miscellany of objects has been built up on the top of the organ. The pile are about a hundred pipes and tobacco pouches, numerous packs of playing cards, large quantities of cigarettes, draught-boards and several pairs of dancing shoes. Practically all the men in the place have given up smoking, and have surrounded their worldly "gains" so that a bonfire may be made of it in scheme for the future relationship between the two countries. Failing, however, to get his dreams and hopes realized, he returned to Egypt an embittered man, and shortly afterwards

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