

Sweet Eva!

CHAPTER XXV.
(To be continued.)

That hour had come to her—once! The little golden hour on the night of the dinner party, when she and Philip had driven home together.

An aching memory of the way he had caught her in his arms and kissed her nose before her vividly. She had thought that he really cared then; but since she had often wondered bitterly if it had only been a man's ordinary treatment of a girl whom he found attractive at the moment. She hated herself for remembering that there had been a good deal of champagne drunk that night at dinner.

Mrs. Winterdick, watching her across the room with worried, trembling eyes, saw the sadness of the girl's face and the way her hands fell listlessly to her lap when she had reached the end of the song. Eva had forgotten for the moment that she was not alone. She was thinking of the night in this very room when Philip had wanted to kiss her, and wondering if she had been wrong to refuse him.

After all, surely any sort of love was better than none!

She wondered what Philip was doing—how he was spending the last evening. She turned suddenly and looked at Mrs. Winterdick, remembering her presence with a start. The elder woman said gently:—

"My dear, don't worry about me—go and see what Phil is doing."

Eva did not answer. She stood twisting her wedding-ring nervously. She wondered how much this mother of Philip knew of the tragedy of their marriage. Many, many times she had longed to tell her all about it, but she was afraid.

She had never quite conquered the feeling that the Winterdicks looked down upon her, and that they still considered the obligation entirely on their side.

She turned to the door, when Mrs. Winterdick called her back.

"After to-night," she said gently, "I shall have to leave my boy's happiness to you . . ." She took the girl's hand, and Eva could feel how her own trembled.

"Perhaps we haven't been quite fair to you, my dear," she said again, with an effort. "Perhaps we haven't considered you as much as we might have done, but . . . oh, he is so well worth loving, if only you'll try to be patient with him." She added pitiously.

Eva tried to answer, but no words would come.

So well worth loving! Did she need to be told that? She bent hurriedly and kissed the elder woman's sad face and went slowly away.

There was a wood fire burning in the hall, for the evenings were chilly, and she went across to it and knelt down before the cheery blaze, holding her hands to its warmth. But for the moment the tears in her eyes blurred everything.



Got No Sleep

But now the neuritis has gone, the pains have ceased, the nervous system is restored and the writer of this letter pays a grateful tribute to the medicine which made him well.

Mr. John Woodward, P.T.O., Lucan, Ont., writes:

"It gives me much pleasure to recommend Dr. Chase's medicine, especially the Nerve Food. I was a sufferer from neuritis for several years, and tried all kinds of remedies, yet never seemed to get any better. At last my nerves and whole system seemed to give way through not being able to get any rest or sleep at night, and I was nearly used to take me in all parts of the limbs and feet. My nerves would twitch all my whole body would seem to jerk right up as I lay in bed. Almost at the point of despair, I decided I would get Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, which I did, and after taking twenty boxes I believe myself almost normal again. I also keep a box of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills on hand, and for the past year I seem to enjoy my usual health."

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She knew just how Philip's mother must be feeling—just what pain had prompted her words. Her own love for Philip gave her understanding, and yet through it all rose the rebellious thought that nobody had considered her. Nobody knew or cared that her own heart was breaking.

"After to-night I shall have to leave my boy's happiness to you."

She could only suppose that every-one believed that she cared nothing for Philip, since even his mother hesitated to trust his happiness to her; and yet without him she felt that she would just cease to exist.

As she knelt there she heard Philip come down the stairs into the hall behind her.

She did not turn, but her heart began to race as he came close up to where she was kneeling.

For a moment she wondered if he would try to kiss her again—if . . . She closed her eyes giddily. His voice broke in upon her incoherent thoughts:—

"You don't know what's become of my tennis racket, do you? I thought I'd let Peter have it. I shan't play any more this year."

She woke from her dreaming with a start and rose slowly to her feet.

Philip was not looking at her, or he would have seen how white her face was.

"I daresay it's been packed with the other things and sent up to town," she said with an effort. "I'm sorry if you wanted it."

"Oh, it doesn't matter." He turned away, and she saw him cross the hall and take down his coat.

"I'm going out for half an hour," he said.

She followed him to the door.

"Would you like me to come to?" she asked stammeringly.

His hand was on the latch and he pulled it back with a jerk, letting in a rush of cold night air; then he said:

"It's pouring with rain—you can't come out; it's pelted."

It was quite true—the rain was teeming down through the darkness.

She drew back; she did not mind the rain, but the relief she had heard in her husband's voice decided her at once.

"Very well," she said quietly.

For an instant she wondered if he could be going to see Kitty Arlington, but she drove the thought away ashamed.

When he had gone she went up to her own room and tried to read, but the rain against the windows distracted her attention.

She put her book down and went over to the window, pulling the blind aside, but she could see nothing save the waving branches of a tree close to the window.

The night passed slowly. She heard the servants locking up downstairs, and she went out on to the landing and told them to leave the front door unwatched; then she stole down and made up the fire in the hall. Philip would be cold and wet through when he came in, she knew.

It was nearly eleven o'clock. She felt curiously restless and excited; there was a sort of dread in her mind as she thought of to-morrow. What fresh disappointments awaited her in the new life to which she was going?

Whenever she thought of the fat she thought also of Calligan; she knew instinctively that he was to have some important influence on her life, and it made her afraid.

There was no man in the whole world for whose love she cared anything if she could not have her husband's, and yet the very thought of Calligan quickened her pulses.

She paced up and down the room restlessly. Supposing Philip's jealous suspicions were correct, and Calligan did think something of her?

Philip did not want her—he had been glad that it was raining so she could not go out with him; he cared nothing for her—he never would.

And she wanted him so badly—his rebuff to-night had stirred the pain into agonized throbbing again.

She must have his love—must make him care; that was her one desperate thought; she felt wildly that it did.



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is the natural desire of every woman, and is obtainable by the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment. Pimples, blackheads, roughness and redness of the skin, freckles and various blemishes, and all dealers of Dr. Chase's Ointment, John & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample free if you mention this name.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

not matter what means she used in order to gain her end.

Supposing she went down to him when he came in to-night? Supposing she tried to make him understand . . . she flushed hotly at the mere thought. What would she do if he rebuffed her again?

Supposing she wrote him a little note and left it on the hall table?—she knew that he always took his boots off by the fire in the hall before he came upstairs.

She pencilled a note to him with shaking fingers.

"I want to speak to you—Eva."

That was all, but it would be enough, if he cared for.

She stole down through the silent house, and laid the folded note on the table beside his slippers, so that he could not fail to see it, then she flew upstairs again as she heard his tread on the wet gravel path outside and his voice speaking to one of the dogs.

She left the door of her room ajar, and stood there in the darkness trembling; she felt as if she had done something of which to be ashamed; had there been time, she would have gone down and recovered the note before he came in, but already she heard his key in the front door, heard him open and shut it.

A little silence followed; she opened the door and crept across the landing, peering down over the balusters into the hall below.

Philip was there, still in his wet coat, one foot on a chair, unlacing his boots. In another moment he would look round for his slippers . . . She stole back to her room.

She felt afraid of him now—more afraid of herself. She could not imagine what she could say to him, what excuse she could make for having written at all.

She heard him coming up the stairs two at a time, and her heart seemed almost to stop beating. But Philip passed her door and went on to his own room, and she gave a little gasp of relief, thankful for a moment or two in which to recover her composure.

But Philip did not come, though she could hear him moving about.

She waited breathlessly. A moment ago she had been afraid because she thought he was going to answer her summons, and now she was more afraid because she believed that he would not.

If he did not come she would indeed know that he cared nothing for her. Her heart seemed almost to stop beating. She stood there in the darkness, leaning against the wall for support.

Then a bar of light from his room that had streamed out across the landing was suddenly extinguished. It was followed by the shutting of his door, and then—then there seemed nothing in all the world any more but silence.

(To be continued.)

John Barleycorn and Prohibition.

The American newspapers have lately been giving to the public some figures which illustrate the immensity of the task which the enforcers of Prohibition have upon their hands and apparently the future contains little or no promise of much immediate improvement in this regard.

According to the Internal Revenue Reports, during the year 1921 the Government Forces confiscated six million gallons of alcoholic beverages and arrested 350,000 persons for offences against the Act. Property to the value of over eleven million dollars was seized by the "Dry" Agents, and included in this were 8,746 distilleries, 10,991 stills, 5,182 wineries, and 70,000 fermenters of different sorts. The largest number of arrests were in New York, Ohio, Illinois, Massachusetts, Texas and California.

The State of Delaware had only one gallon of liquor seized, and 14 persons arrested, this being the lowest limit of offence. In Florida there were seized liquor, distilleries and other paraphernalia to the value of over two million dollars, while New York fell short of this record by \$700,000. Of the liquor taken, 414,000 gallons were beer, 5,000,000 gallons of whiskey and wine and 435,000 gallons of cider. These figures seem of course enormous, but when one comes to consider the vast area of the territory, the huge population and the almost infinite possibilities of carrying on the business surreptitiously, it becomes evident that there is a task of unparalleled magnitude before the large army of officials engaged in the enforcement of a statute that, while it is undoubtedly popular as a question for public voting, is the very summit of unpopularity among a large number of people who think their rights interfered with, while the chances for making fortunes almost overnight cause men to dare any danger whatever in breaking the law—Academy Recorder.

Whooping Cough.

Mr. Robert Wilks, 9274-103rd Ave., Edmonton, Alta., writes:—

"I really believe we would have lost our two-year-old baby with whooping cough had it not been for Dr. Chase's Linseed and Turpentine. He would cough and cough until he would fall back in my arms white as death. We had a doctor for him, but his medicine did not do him any good. We got a bottle of Linseed and Turpentine and to our surprise it did wonders for him. After the second dose there was a difference in his condition, and we kept giving it to him until he was entirely well."



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Good Quality, Neat Shape, Medium High Heels.

Sizes: 3 to 7.

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The World's Mystery Animal.

When four living specimens of the duckbill platypus were sent 1,000 miles across the Australian continent for Lord Northcliffe's inspection, the two babies were the first live ones exhibited anywhere, and the two adults "nearly the first" to be seen in Sydney, writes Leslie G. Maenland in a London paper.

The platypus has earned its right to be termed the world's mystery animal. An honest description reads like a piece of diseased imagination. It lays eggs like a bird or reptile; it pounces like a kangaroo, has a flattened bill like a duck, is clothed in beautiful fur, and has webbed claws, armed, in the case of the males, with poison glands.

Mr. A. S. LeSouef, Director of the Sydney Zoo, who has just brought the record collection of Australian animals to England, showed some wonderful platypus photographs at the Zoological Society's scientific meeting in London. He showed the beast swimming under water, its nest, its eggs, and its young in all stages.

A queer recent discovery is that the platypus will not use its poisoned hind claws against man however much it is handled and however violent its struggles.

It is believed that these weapons are reserved for fights among the males themselves.

The wonderful burrow (made by the female) follows what appears to be a reasoned design calculated to make a fool of an enemy.

Following up the tunnel you come to a blind alley ending in a small chamber. Some way back is a ring of mud marking the real continuation of the burrow. Remove this and once more you come to a blind alley. Hark back to a second plug of mud and you go on to be stopped by the third and last plug, which is the door to the nest proper. (In addition to laying eggs the platypus makes a very birdlike nest.)

Burrow after burrow has been investigated and all follow this plan. The mud-plugs are moved and replaced by the platypus every time it arrives and departs.

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