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ST. JOHN'S**

## Sweet Eva!

CHAPTER XVIII.

Things were very badly arranged, he considered. He wondered what his friend would say if he could know that thought passing in his mind at that moment. Philip certainly looked anything but a happy bridegroom, even allowing for the sudden shock of his father's death, and a gnawing anxiety grew in Calligan's heart.

He was fond of Philip. The two men had always been close friends, but Calligan knew that if he ever discovered that Philip had been the cause of the tragedy in Eva's grey eyes it would mean an end to that friendship for ever.

Later on, when they were all making some sort of pretence at a dinner, he watched them closely, these two, who had been married only three days and who yet, even to his unobservant eyes, seemed so estranged and apart.

Eva and Philip sat on either side of the pathetically empty chair at the head of the table, and both of them tried to avoid seeing it.

Nobody wanted to eat; but it was something to do, and Calligan did his level best to second Eva's nervous attempts at conversation.

It was uphill work, and all three of them were glad when the meal was ended.

Eva went back into the drawing-room and knelt down by the fire; outside she could hear the steady rain pattering against the windows, and the wind sighing in the shivering trees.

Presently Calligan joined her; she looked past him as he crossed the room, hoping that Philip would follow.

Calligan read the wishfulness of her eyes.

"Someone has called to see Phil on business," he said, quickly. "He'll be here in a moment."

He stirred the fire into a blaze.

"Do you live in London, Mr. Calligan?" Eva asked him presently.

"I do—I rent a very modest sort of bachelor flat, which is looked after by a caretaker person. It's not in at all aristocratic neighbourhood—Tottenham Court Road way."

It did not convey much to Eva.

"I am glad you live in London," she said. "You'll often be able to come and see us, won't you, when we settle down in our own home, I mean?"

"I shall be delighted, of course," he said. "But, as a matter of fact, an uncle of mine has just offered me the

house in London."

Calligan cared nothing for her; she had never felt it so acutely as just now, when he had calmly announced that he would be quite willing to go off with Calligan to British Columbia. And they had only been married three days!

She did not cry; she just lay there, her eyes hidden; she felt humbled and ashamed to the earth.

"I can't bear it, I can't," she told herself in anguish; but she knew that she had got to bear it unless she wanted the whole scandal to be made public property; unless she wished to be pitied and discussed by the whole countryside.

She did not know how the time passed as she lay there in the silent room; she only knew that when she heard Philip's voice on the landing outside. She started up then, trembling. But he was evidently only speaking with Calligan, for she heard him pass on, and then the shutting of a door on the other side of the landing and silence again.

And this was her home-coming! She wondered if any other bride in the whole world had ever had such a reception. She sat on the side of the bed, twisting her wedding ring and staring before her heart-brokenly.

She could have been so happy if only she would have let her. She could have made him happy, too, she was sure; but he did not want her. She had just been a means to an end, and

now that end was accomplished she might go.

She looked round the room listlessly. It was a beautiful room, beautiful with an old-world sort of charm which is invariably associated with quaint chintzes and old-fashioned furniture.

Someone had put a bowl of white roses on the dressing-table; she looked at them with apathetic eyes.

The roses were a little dashed by the heavy rain, but their fragrance was sweet. Tears filled her eyes as she looked at them. She had had white roses in her wedding bouquets. She thought of the moment when she had dashed them across the room, trampling them under foot.

It was beginning to get light before she thought of undring. A bird was twittering drowsily in the ivy on the house when she rose from the side of the bed and moved away to the window, drawing back the curtains.

The rain had ceased and a cool, pungent scent rose from the wet earth and dripping trees.

It was warm, too. The world seemed like some great, wonderful hot-house filled with rare and beautiful scents upon which one had just opened the closed door.

As she looked at it and the first pink glow of dawn in the face of the grey sky tears filled Eva's eyes.

She had not shed one all night, but now suddenly it was borne home to her, what a beautiful place the world really was, and how wonderfully happy one might be... if only... if only... if only...

Life had gone awry, with her so suddenly and for one apparent reason; she wondered helplessly if she herself had been to blame, and if so, in what way.

She turned away with the tears running down her face and crept into bed. And so ended the wonderful honeymoon which had promised so much and fulfilled so little.

(To be continued.)

**Why Hermits?** Whenever a person takes a solitary existence, avoiding the company of his or her fellowmen, the world at large almost immediately makes up its collective mind that there is a love of disappointment somewhere in the background.

The chances are at least three to one that the surmise is entirely wrong. Much the most common cause of this kind of voluntary exile is simply nervousness.

So he built himself a little shack in among the pine trees on his own land, and lived there with no companions, but his law books, a bulldog, and a tame squirrel.

He was an Englishman whom his people had sent to Florida to grow oranges. This man loved law and hated agriculture and he swore that nothing would ever induce him to plant an orange tree.

So he built himself a little shack in among the pine trees on his own land, and lived there with no companions, but his law books, a bulldog, and a tame squirrel.

The habit of silence grew upon him, and soon he had shut himself up altogether and refused to receive callers.

There is no need to go far afield to find hermits, for a very perfect specimen resided not many years ago in a plantation at Great Canfield, in Essex, England.

He was protected against intruders by an immense ditch and bank which he had dug. But he worked at night only, and during fourteen years only two people, besides his brother, had ever set eyes upon him.

Of a wider type was a recluse who lived until quite recently in a rough shed high on the Welsh mountains, near Llandysul.

Wearing a sort of toga of Welsh flannel fastened around him with a rope he carried a bow of yew and arrows made of the ribs of old umbrellas. With these he was a dead shot and killed nearly all his fock.

In "Great Expectations" Dickens tells the story of Miss Havisham, who waited vainly for the bridegroom who did not come.

Years after the great novelist's death a case of a French Miss, Vanisham came about in real life. Her name was Mlle. Leraut. Upset at the death of her betrothed, she shut herself up in her flat in Paris, drawing down the blinds and thickly curtaining the windows. There she lived in complete darkness for seven years, allowing no one in but a woman who, twice a month, brought her food.

At last the roof began to fall in, and the owners of the flat broke in so as to carry out the necessary repairs.

They found the poor woman in a dreadful state with the skeletons of two long-dead cats beside her. She had to be taken to the hospital in an ambulance, where she was undressed and given her first bath in seven years.

**India a Land of Many Gods.**

India is a land of many strange gods, some of them very strange indeed. They are encountered all over the country, but it is only in the holy cities that their presence in force is felt.

Of course, the grotesque shapes of the most popular gods are soon familiar, for their meditative outlines are painted on the front doors of houses or dabbed on any spare wall. There is, for instance, Ganesh, god of plucky god of mirth. His characteristics are a monstrously developed stomach and an elephant's trunk, which does undoubtedly give him a peculiar appearance.

ance. As he is also the god of learning most Indian books contain a little dedication to him on the flyleaf.

No less familiar is Hupooman, god of the monkeys, who has risen from the role of a holy monkey to being the patron of settled home life. No city of any pretensions is complete without a temple in his honor.

But the two supreme gods are Vishnu the Preserver and Siva the destroyer. Vishnu is said to have come down to earth nine times. He has had a many sided past, having taken the forms of a fish, a tortoise, a bear, and a lion, thereby increasing the popular regard for these animals.

But he is most widely known in his human shape of Krishna. As such he had countless wives and sons—amounting into hundreds of thousands—and his life was a queer mixture of feats of strength and love. He is easily identifiable, for he is painted a bright blue.

As with many other gods, his images are treated very humanly. Every day he is aroused from sleep, dressed and fed—the food being quickly polished off by the priests afterwards—and each night he is undressed, bathed and put to bed just like any human child.

Siva the destroyer, on the other hand, is rather a fearsome monster, with a predilection for burning places and graves. He has, however, most ungalantly passed his worst qualities on to his wife, the dread goddess Kali.

Rather curiously, the pair of them are worshipped as the creators, as well as the destroyers of life, so that childless women often direct their prayers to them.

There are said to be 330 million gods in the Hindu pantheon. The whole land is a maze of strange gods, varying from those that detest, the least violence to those that are still supposed to be content with nothing less than human sacrifices.

Still, it has an exciting side. The profits from shrines are enormous. Not so long ago a holy man lived near a village, and his fame attracted many pilgrims. The saint continued to grow in reputation until one night the villagers, fearful that he might lose his sanctity or move elsewhere, strangled him in order to secure his tomb forever.

**Nature's Daring Criminals.** SECRETS OF THE COCKOO DISCOVERED BY THE CINEMA.

For over a hundred years naturalists have been searching for the secret of the cockoo's egg-laying habits, and at last the puzzle which the wily bird set the world has been solved.

Hitherto the belief was that the cockoo carried her egg in her beak and deposited it in the nest of the hedge-sparrow or meadow-pipit. Films have been taken, however, which prove conclusively that this is wrong.

Mr. Edgar Chance, while carrying on his duties as managing director of more than one large industrial concern in the Midlands and elsewhere, is the man to whom credit for the discovery is due.

**Amazing Cunning.** He made prolonged studies of the habits of the cockoo, and with the aid of a cinematograph camera he secured a wonderful record, which throws light on the bird's amazing cunning.

He found that the cockoo, first of all, watches prospective foster-parents meadow pips in cases—and finds the best, focusing all her attention upon the birds, she awaits until they leave the nest unattended, and then glides down from her perch, going through a performance which was never so much as suspected before.

In her beak she takes one of the pipit's eggs, slides on to the nest head foremost, and in the space of just eight seconds lays her egg, still holding the pipit's egg in her beak. This done, she slips off the nest backwards and flies away, still carrying the egg, at an incredible speed.

With regard to the time of laying, Mr. Chance discovered that while most birds lay one egg in the morning, the cockoo lays one egg in two days in the afternoon.

The effort continues for some time, and the perseverance of the young bird leaves no doubt as to its deliberate intent. Climbing backwards up the side of the nest and using its long, naked wing processes as props, it gradually lifts and then pushes its fellow-nestling over the side to its certain doom. The blind bird even feels round to make sure the deed is accomplished, and then descends and goes through the performance again until it remains the sole occupant of the nest.

A case was under observation in which a meadow-pipit was thrown from its nest. The ejected bird was replaced, but the next morning it was found to have been pushed out again.

The same performance is gone through when the mother bird deposits her eggs in the nest of a hedge-sparrow.

On one occasion a young cockoo was seen to push out of the nest four hedge-sparrows, which afterwards were found lying dead on the ground.

In this case again the outrage was committed before the cockoo could see. If the cockoo is hatched out, it is first it is hatched out in the same manner, and although the struggle may continue for hours, the end is always the same—the cockoo remains the sole occupant of the nest.

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MRS. ANNA E. HUGHES, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Anna E. Hughes, 22 West Elm St., Chicago, an artist who enjoys a wide and enviable reputation for skill in china painting, in relating the facts of her remarkable experience with Tanlac, says: "I haven't enjoyed such good health or felt so well in every day in years as I do now. Before I took Tanlac I was so run down that half an hour at my work would tire me completely out and I was actually so nervous and weak that at times the brush would fall from my hands and I would have to quit work for the rest of the day. Every night I would lie awake for hours, miserable and nervous."

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Tanlac is sold by leading druggists everywhere.

own suits of rooms in a London, England hotel, and is practically never seen except by his own servant.

There are others who turn hermit because of some silly vow. One such I met years ago, says an English writer.

He was an Englishman whom his people had sent to Florida to grow oranges. This man loved law and hated agriculture and he swore that nothing would ever induce him to plant an orange tree.

So he built himself a little shack in among the pine trees on his own land, and lived there with no companions, but his law books, a bulldog, and a tame squirrel.

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### An Election Tale.

Here is an electioneering tale from "Lord, There and Everywhere" by Lord Frederick Hamilton that will take some beating. In the North of Ireland, where majorities are often narrow, a very uncertain voter was a railway guard. He returned every day by the fast train from Dublin, due at 7.40 p.m., giving him ample time to record his vote. Lord Frederick's nephew was the candidate, and his election committee had written off the guard's vote as hostile. But they had reckoned without the signalman:—

"This signalman was a most ardent political partisan and a strong adherent of my nephew's, and he was determined to leave nothing to chance. Knowing perfectly how the law was resolved to give the candidate no opportunity of recording a possibly hostile vote, so, on his initiative, he put the signals at the Dublin train and kept her going for twenty-two minutes, to the widening of the passenger's view of the striking of the clocks announced by her and the train rolled on terminus at 8.5 p.m., so I fear the guard was unable to record his hostile or otherwise. I think that is an example of finesse in electioneering which would never have occurred to an Englishman. My nephew's seat by over fifty votes."

By the use of stratagem in the course of his observation of a certain bird, he was able, with his knowledge that the cuckoo lays every forty-eight hours at a more or less certain time, to forecast almost exactly when and where she would next lay. Thus he was able to bring a cinematograph to the spot at a day's notice and record the whole procedure.

After it is hatched out by its foster-parent the young cuckoo lies helpless for about two days at the bottom of the nest. Then the spirit of its ancestry asserts itself and it embarks upon the destruction of its fellow nest-mates.

Three days after the hatching-out, and while the bird is still blind and devoid of feathers, it slides up to one of its fellow-occupants and proceeds to lift it on to its peculiarly-shaped flat back.

A Relentless Foe. The effort continues for some time, and the perseverance of the young bird leaves no doubt as to its deliberate intent. Climbing backwards up the side of the nest and using its long, naked wing processes as props, it gradually lifts and then pushes its fellow-nestling over the side to its certain doom. The blind bird even feels round to make sure the deed is accomplished, and then descends and goes through the performance again until it remains the sole occupant of the nest.

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### Could Not Eat

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Mrs. Alvin Richards, R. R. No. 1, Seelye's Bay, Ont., writes: "For two years I was afflicted with indigestion, and in the morning when I got up my breath was bad. I had a poor appetite, and just felt like eating certain foods. I used many different medicines as a last resort without benefit, and the doctor's medicine did not help me at all. Finally I tried Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and found them better than anything I had ever tried. I can highly recommend them to anyone troubled with constipation or kidney troubles."

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