

CASCARETS 10¢

For Constipated Bowels—Bilious Liver

The nicest cathartic-laxative to physic your bowels when you have
Headache Biliousness
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 ripple like Salts, Pills, Calomel, or Oil and they cost only ten cents a box. Children love Cascarets too.

Sweet Eva!

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"You've been—oh, such a dear to me! I don't know what I should have done without you! And it can't have been much fun for you—taking me about day after day."

"I've never been so happy in my life," Calligan said hoarsely. The words seemed forced from him. "There is only one thing that could make me happier—and that is to see you and Philip."

She broke in with a little high-pitched laugh.
"You'll never see that! There's only a fortnight left, and miracles don't happen nowadays." She brushed the tears from her eyes. "Don't desert me, Tom—you've stood by so faithfully."

She had never called him by his Christian name before, and the blood rushed to his face at the unexpectedness of it.

"You and I have done the wrong thing," he said presently. "At least I was wrong in consenting to what I did. This sort of thing never does any good. You'll only get talked about and

"Do you think I care?"

He shook his head.

"No—not now, perhaps; but I do . . . Eva—go down home—I know it sounds brutal to say that to you . . . but sometimes one has to be cruel to be kind. You say there's only a fortnight left—well—don't spend it in a way for which you may be sorry all your life. Go back to him."

"It's only of Philip you think," she said stormily. "You don't care how often I am hurt and humiliated . . ."

"It is only of you I think," he insisted gently. "And that's why I say this must stop—this . . . this make-believe of you and I going about together . . ."

"You mean you're going to desert me?" she asked in sudden terror. "Oh, don't do that. I've nobody but you—if you throw me over, too . . ."

She was sobbing. In her overwrought state it seemed the last straw that perhaps she was to lose this man as well. Calligan looked away from her. Her sobbing wrung his heart, but he knew he was doing the right thing now if he had never done it before.

"I shall always be your friend," he told her with an effort. "But there are some things in which not even a friend can help you. Go down to Apsley, my dear—don't let him put you in the wrong; don't give him an excuse to blame you—any more."

"You mean that he will blame me—for these last ten days?" she laughed. "I don't care if he does—I don't care what he says or thinks . . ."

There was a little silence, then Calligan said sadly:

"The mere fact of your saying that disproves your words, dear."

She leaned back her hands clasped in her lap.

"I'm going to tell you something now," she said, and her voice was suddenly quiet. "I'm going to tell you the whole truth!" She waited a mo-

ment, but he did not speak. "I can trust you, I know, trust you never to tell anyone. I shouldn't be telling you, only—if I don't you'll go away and leave me too, as—as Philip has—and I couldn't bear it . . . Well—well . . . Philip married me because his father had lost all his money, and they were on the verge of ruin; he married me for my money—to save his father. I didn't know at the time—he didn't tell me." Her voice was dull monotonous as if she was past feeling or caring. "I found out—on my wedding day," she went on slowly. "Just—just after we—came back—from church."

She looked at Calligan, but he sat motionless, and she went on:

"I nearly went mad—at first, but afterwards . . ." She made a passionate gesture. "Oh, can't you see now that there's no hope! No hope at all! It isn't Philip's fault; he can't make himself care for me. He married me to save his father—"

"We need not have been in such a hurry, need we? Mr. Winterdick only lived three days after the wedding."

She drew a long breath.

"So now—now I've told you everything, you won't ask me to give him any more chances, will you? It's—it's just as embarrassing for him when I try to be nice to him, as it's—it's painful to me . . . He's done his best—the first day he really did his best. He said that he loved me—he begged me to believe it—and for a moment . . . well, just for a moment I almost did . . . I'm so glad that I didn't quite give way—after all . . ."

She stopped, but Calligan did not speak, and presently she touched his arm gently.

"Well? she asked. "You're not going to tell me to go down to Apsley now, are you?"

He roused himself with an effort.

"I am—more than ever," he said firmly. "You must go! It's the only way left—can't you see it?"

"I can't see anything except that Philip doesn't want me, and that he wants to get away from me." She broke down into bitter weeping. "Oh, there isn't anybody in all the world who cares for me," she said sobbing.

Calligan did not move; his hands were clenched and he had almost bitten his lip through to try and control himself.

Presently, when she was quieter, he said evenly:

"You mustn't talk like that. Things are never so bad for any of us, but that they might be worse. Come now—"

—he took her hand and patted it comfortingly—"promise me that you will go down to Apsley to-morrow."

"I can't leave Peter."

"Peter can go with you, or stay here and look after himself."

"I don't want to go."

"We never want to do what is our duty. I'm not trying to preach to you, God knows, but—it's for—for both our sakes."

Something in his voice arrested her attention. She looked at him quickly. It was too dark in the cab to see his face at all clearly, but they were just passing a street lamp, and its yellow light shone in through the window, and

for a second she had a glimpse of Calligan's face—white and strained, with hopeless eyes.

She knew then that Peter had been right when he said that this man loved her, and she realized, too, with overwhelming shock the appalling selfishness of which she had been guilty. She had been willing to sacrifice him for her own desires; she had never given a serious thought to him, or what he might suffer as a consequence.

Her fingers tightened for a moment round his, then she drew them gently away.

He was asking a great deal of her to go to Apsley, to play the dutiful wife—to throw dust in the eyes of a world that was already wondering; to keep up the farcical pretence until Philip had really gone.

But she owed Calligan something; she was beginning dimly to realize now how much she owed him, and after all—a fortnight was such a little time!

Twice she tried to speak, but could find no words, then at last she said almost in a whisper—

"Very well—if I go, will you—will you promise me something?"

"Yes."

"That if—if I want you—if I—if I can't go on with it, if I have to send for you—or—come back—you won't send me back to him again—will you promise me that?"

"On my word of honour."

She drew back a little.

"Very well, then, I will go."

They had reached the flat, and Calligan opened the door and got out; he avoided looking at Eva.

The taxicab had rolled away into the darkness before he spoke.

"Good night—and God bless you."

She tried to answer him, but could find no words, and the next moment he was walking away down the street.

CHAPTER XL.

Eva locked the front door and put up the chain. She was turning away to her own room when Peter came into the hall. He looked at her very oddly she thought. When he spoke his voice was abrupt and unfriendly.

"Philip has been here," he said.

"Philip?" She stood quite still staring at her brother.

"Yes. There's a note for you in your room." He waited a moment, then "Good-night," he said brusquely.

He made no attempt to kiss her. He walked away to his own room and shut the door.

Eva stood for a moment where he had left her. She felt a little dazed. So Philip had come to the flat after all—and had found her out with Calligan!

Her lips twisted into a wry smile. Well, what did it matter? She put out the light and felt her way to her room in darkness. The first thing she saw was her husband's note propped up against a bowl of roses which Calligan had sent to her only that morning.

There was a sort of irony in the fact. She wondered if Philip had guessed from whom the flowers had come. Anyway it did not matter—nothing seemed to matter.

She went over and took the note up in an envelope. She wondered if Manders had had sufficient curiosity to read it.

She unfolded the paper and looked at her husband's writing. It came over her with a sort of shock that this was the first time he had ever written to her, and inconspicuously, she remembered the note she had written to him that last night at Highway House.

Philip had written in pencil—it made his big, sprawly writing look particularly schoolboyish, and for an instant her heart contracted. There is something so motherly in the love that all good women bear to a man, something that—if appealed to—never fails to respond with a thrill of tenderness, something which even now for a moment brought the tears to Eva's eyes.

Potatoes—Owing to the frosty weather of the past week no potatoes of local growth were brought to the city by the farmers. Imported stocks are again being generally used, and the price is satisfactory to the consumer in comparison with home-grown. When winter is over and cellars can be safely opened a big influx of home-grown from nearby outports will enter the market and, no doubt, will result in a drop in present prices, which are \$3.80 to \$4.00 for imported 180 lb. sacks and \$3.20 to \$3.50 for local.

Hay—The local price is firm at \$54 per ton except importers store this week, though large lots were bought at \$53.50 from the wharf. The markets of Canada are quiet but firm at \$26 to \$27 (Montreal) per ton for No. 2 Timothy in car lots, and \$28 to \$29 for

There was no beginning to Philip's note, and it was not possible to guess from his hurried scrawl that he had written and rewritten it a dozen times. (To be continued.)

Do you want your choice of a Suit or Overcoat—cut, made and trimmed in the Spurrell way—at almost your own price? We must have work, even if we don't get profit. SPURRELL the Tailor, 265, Water Street, Jan 29, 1922.

Produce and Provisions.

(From Saturday's Trade Review.)

Codfish—The exports this week were only 4,523 quintals, all from St. John's; 1,033 by the Schem from various shippers, to U.S. ports, and 3,549 quintals by the schooner Gordon E. Moulton to Fernambuco from Geo. M. Barr. The consumption has improved greatly in the Oporto market, the record sent in this week to the Board of Trade being 9,900 quintals, while the stocks of Newfoundland fish on hand had been reduced to 54,614 qts. The outlook for profitable sales of the limited quantity that is yet to go forward is very good.

Cod Oil—The export of cod oil this week was 7,574 gallons to Boston by the Schem from Tessier and Balne Johnston. The market just now seems to be improving in the New England States, as compared with Great Britain, where most of the February shipments were made via Liverpool. The quantity of fish available is down to low proportions and it looks as if there will be a clean market by the time the new oil is available.

Cod Liver Oil—A small shipment of 250 gallons was made by the Schem to Boston this week from Messrs. Job Bros. The quotation in London recently advanced to 115 shillings c.i.f., but it is too early a stage in the Norwegian fishery to forecast what direction the cod liver oil market will take. The demand is steady just now in the United States for requirements, Norwegian being quoted at \$20 to \$21 a barrel.

Flour—Wheat continued to advance steadily during the week. There were downward movements some days in the fluctuations, but in the end a steady advance was clearly the tendency. The weather for the winter wheat continues unfavorable, and the export demand has grown stronger, considerable premiums being paid in the United States for cash wheat. Leading brands are no longer easy to get here at \$10, wholesale, the general price since Tuesday last being \$10.20 per barrel. We expect to see the quotation \$10.50 next month, is not sooner. The imports this week were 1,739 barrels and 525 sacks.

Pork—The pork market continues to show strength, and products are advancing steadily in this line since New Year. Mess Pork, for example, is to-day \$5.00 per barrel, dearer than it was at the low point in December. In the local market this week the advance was one dollar per barrel over last in this grade, and Spare Ribs went from \$28 to \$29 per barrel, while Dressed Hogs in Montreal advanced 80 cents per 100 lbs. Fat Back is still quoted here at \$28; Ham Butt \$32, and Family Mess \$45, wholesale. The opinion of the future of the market is best revealed in the fact that to date the St. John's import of pork is 2,900 barrels in excess of last year.

Beef—Beef is unchanged at prices quoted this morning. However, as pork has not on gradual advance dealers say that beef, according to precedent, will ultimately follow in sympathy. We should not, therefore, be surprised to see this commodity stiffen within the next few weeks. To-day the prices are very favorable from the consumers standpoint: Bos. Plank \$26.00; Bos. Packet \$20.00; Family \$21.00; Boneless \$21.00, wholesale. The imports to date are about level with last year's record.

Molasses—The sale of new crops molasses opened at Barbados last week at 40 cents a gallon f.o.b. wine measure. The Maritime Province importers have placed limited orders for immediate shipment at this figure. A feeling prevails that the quotation will be cut later in the spring, and Quebec buyers are therefore holding off, as well as the majority of Newfoundland importers. The crop is reported to be a good one and there will likely be no rush. The local quotation for old molasses holds at 80 cents a gallon in the puncheon for Fancy, three cents additional in tierces and five cents more in barrels. Holdings are getting short.

Sugar—There is no change in the local sugar market this week, nor is there likely to be for some months, according to the opinion of exporters. Sugar is being offered for April shipment at unchanged prices. The local quotation is now \$10.25 per 100 lbs. United States market is firmer with good export demand. The imports of sugar last year was about one million tons less than in 1920.

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Fashion Plates.

A NEW STRAIGHT LINE FROCK.

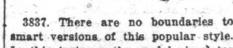
3837. There are no boundaries to smart versions of this popular style. In this instance the model simulates attractive redingote lines. The effect is becoming to slender as well as mature figures. Tricotine and satin could be here combined, or velvet and satin. Velvet with braiding would be nice, or broad cloth, with bands of trimmer. The pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The width at the foot is about 2 yards. To make the dress for a 38 inch bust measure, will require 4 1/2 yards of 40 inch material.

A PRACTICAL WORK APRON.

3811. For anything that spells service or occupation, this model will prove convenient and comfortable as a protector for the dress over which it may be worn. Gingham, percale, sateen, rubberized cloth, canvas, drill, repp, lawn, crash, cretonne and calico are all good materials for this style. The underarm closing simplifies laundering.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 24-26; Medium, 28-30; Large, 32-34; Extra Large, 36-38 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires 3 1/2 yards of 36 inch material.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.



Blair's NEW SALE SYSTEM "DIFFERENT SELLING"

MEANS BARGAIN PRICES FOR YOU.

Owing to changing and present conditions of business, we are considering this year running our merchandising and selling differently.

Part of this change will be the cleaning up of goods of which we have an overstock, or goods the season of which is passing, at prices which will not necessarily mean any consideration of the cost of these goods. Customers will however note that all such prices can hardly be expected to be held indefinitely and they will do well to seek advantage of same early.

In our "Different Selling" Campaign we also aim to achieve other results which will be unfolded later.

We open our "Different Selling" Campaign with the following Reductions and Bargains:

- CORTICELLI WOOL in balls. Regular 25c., at19c. ball
- LADIES' ENGLISH WOOL GLOVES. Regular \$1.25 and \$1.35 pair, at89c. and 99c. pair
- LADIES' BLACK FLEECE WOOL CASHMERE GLOVES. sizes 6 to 8, at the ridiculously low price of35c. pair only
- MEN'S TAN LINED KID GLOVES, as sold elsewhere at \$3.00 to \$3.50 pair. Blair's "Different Selling Price" \$1.95 pair
- LADIES' BUTTONED GAITERS—Medium heel; sizes 2 1/2 to 6. Regular \$3.60 for \$2.95 pair
- LADIES' HIGHEST QUALITY RUBBERS—Medium and high heels. Regular \$1.30 to \$1.40 pair. Now \$1.10 pair
- LADIES' WHITE CASHMERE STANFIELD COMBINATIONS. Price last year was \$7.00, this year \$5.50. Blair's "Different Selling Price" to clear only \$3.95
- WOMEN'S WHITE AND NATURAL CASHMERE "NEW KNIT" WOOL VESTS AND PANTS—Prices ranged from \$2.00 to \$2.80. Now only \$1.25 each
- WOMEN'S WHITE FLEECE VESTS AND DRAWERS. "Blair's Different Selling Price" 63c. each only
- WOMEN'S BLACK AND NAVY SERGE SKIRTS. Our price was \$9.50 each—as they were bought when Serges were high. Our price now is \$3.50

These are Wool Serge makes and this ridiculously low price is under present cost. We don't expect many will be left now.

We are also chopping the prices of all other Costume Skirts to reduce the quantity we have in stock.

WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S WINTER COATS. If you are interested in these, we are offering them at ridiculously low prices rather than carry them over till next season.

Boys' Winter Overcoats

Never Again Will You Get Such an Offer.

LONG WINTER OVERCOATS—All with good Italian linings; ages 8 to 17 years, only \$5.90 each
It is unnecessary to say these cannot be made at this price.

Men's Winter Overcoats

LONG LENGTHS, WELL LINED.

One Coat was priced last season at \$22.00. We are clearing it up now at \$7.50 each only
Other Men's Overcoats we offer you now at \$12.00 and \$15.00 each
The \$15.00 ones were priced last season at \$35.00.

IF YOU NEED AN OVERCOAT THIS IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY.

Ladies' Fur Sets, Collars & Muffs at HALF PRICE.

Owing to so many Fur Collars being worn on coats and so many Wool Scarves being used now, Fur Sales have been off the past two seasons.

We are clearing up our stock of Furs at absolutely HALF PRICE only, as our highest price. Never again will you have Fur Values like these offered you.

It hurts us, really, to have to make some of these prices, but we are out to give you values that you will always remember.

DON'T WAIT! BUY EARLY! AND AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT.

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T. H. STEVENSON. Phone 1335.

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