



The Foundation of Good Cookery

Add a Spoonful of BOVRIL

It makes the whole dish more nourishing.

Sweet Eva!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"If you are trying to insult me," she began.

"Insult you!" he raved. "Insult you—when I saw you with my own eyes—I saw you coming out of the theatre with him . . . He broke off choking.

There was a little silence, then—

"I saw you—too," said Eva very quietly.

The hot colour rushed to his face.

"You saw me . . . Well! and what if you did! I can explain what I was doing—it was the merest accident . . ." The contempt in her eyes stung him.

"You don't believe me," he demanded savagely.

She did not answer, but her silence was eloquent.

"It was the merest accident," Philip said again agitatedly. "I went to dine with Featherstone, I told you—I'd no more idea than the dead that he knew Kitty Arlington—at appears they're second cousins or something. She's staying in town—and he'd promised to take her to a theatre—there was a ticket to spare and he asked me to use it. He never told me his cousin's name—I'd no more idea than the dead who she was till we met her. I couldn't back out then—it would have been too absurd . . ." He stopped.

Eva moved a little closer to the fire; she was shivering, but not with cold.

"There is no need to offer me any explanation. I have not asked you for any. I don't want any."

"You mean that you don't believe me?" he demanded stormily.

Again no answer.

"I've told you the simple truth, it matters what physical violence he used, he could never master her."

"Not your master!" he said again chokingly. "We shall see. I forbid you to go out with Calligan—f forbid you, do you hear?" He shook her in his blind rage; he saw her wince under the steel pressure of his fingers, and it gave him a fierce sort of joy.

She threw back her head, and laughed at him.

"Forbid me—you!" she said cuttingly.

She had never looked more desirable to him than she did in that moment; her eyes were blazing, her cheeks crimson; one slender strap of her frock had slipped, showing her firm, white shoulder, and in the midst of his passionate rage it suddenly came over him with desolating force that he could never have her—that she cared nothing for him, that she would go on laughing at him, defying him, caring nothing for his love, and for a moment he went mad—the events of the evening had turned his blood to fire, nobody would ever know what he had suffered since he saw his wife with Calligan, laughing and looking happier than she had ever done since their marriage—and goaded by her mocking eyes and defiant words, he raised his hand and struck her across the face . . .

The shock of it sobered them both, and for a moment there was a terrible silence in the front room.

Philip had released his wife and had fallen back against the table, panting and gasping.

"See what you've made of me," he said at last hoarsely. "You drove me to do it . . . you drove me mad—Eva—oh, for God's sake . . ."

He dropped into a chair and hid his face in his shaking hands.

He was horrified at what he had done; horrified to think he could so



Could Not Eat

Constipation is caused by a torpid condition of the liver. Dosing with salts, castor oil, etc., to move the bowels, cannot afford more than temporary relief.

If you are to rid yourself of this ailment and the scores of annoying symptoms and diseases which come in its wake, it is necessary to get the liver right by such treatment as is suggested in this letter:

Mrs. Alvin Richards, R. R. No. 1, Sealey'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 laxative 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."

At All Dealers

Distributor:

GERALD S. DOYLE.

far have forgotten himself as to strike a woman, and that woman his own wife.

He had always prided himself on his chivalry; he was afraid of the storm of passion that had swept away his self-control.

Eva was standing like a statue; the red mark made by his hand stood out accusingly against the marble white of her face; presently she moved in a queer, jerky way, almost as if she was walking in her sleep. She did not look at Philip; she reached the door and put her fingers on the handle; then she spoke in an odd, choked voice of finality:

"This—this—finishes—it . . ."

And then again: "This—this—finishes—it . . ."

She waited a moment, not in the least because she expected him to answer her, but because she could not believe that she would not wake up and find that this horror was only a nightmare creation of sleep; then she dragged the door open and walked across the dark hall to her own room.

She shut the door, but she did not look it; she turned on every light and walked over to the looking-glass.

She stared at her reflection with dazed eyes—the pretty evening gown had been torn by Philip's ruthless hand, and the red, angry mark of his hand on her face; her hair was a little dishevelled, and she mechanically raised a hand to straighten it.

For the moment she was only conscious of a dull sort of misery. Philip had struck her—he hated her so much that now he was not merely content with neglect and indifference—he had struck her.

For the first time in her life there was no softening in her heart towards him; for the first time in her life she did not try to make any excuses for him; it was irrevocable now, and final. Her own words, "This—finishes—it," summed up the only emotion in her heart.

She would stay with him no longer; she would put an end to this marriage that had been no marriage at all.

She had adored Philip with all the strength and energy of her being, but now she remembered nothing save what she had endured at his hands.

She found herself speaking aloud in the silence.

"If I stay I shall only suffer misery and shame and jealousy; if I go I shall suffer, too, but at least I shall keep my self-respect."

It sounded almost as if she were arguing with someone as she stood there, a tragic figure in the brilliantly-lit room.

She thought of her wedding day and the moment when she had trampled her dress underfoot; she should have gone then, she told herself wildly—she ought never to have set out on this impossible journey.

She walked away from the glass and sat down on the couch at the foot of the bed, clutching its sides with both hands as if to keep herself from falling.

The clock out in the hall struck one, and then half-past, but she did not move. She was chilled through and aching in every limb, but she was not conscious of it.

Presently she closed her eyes giddily; there was a throbbing pulse in her head that seemed to be driving her mad; she opened them again with a little moan of pain to find Philip standing beside her.

He was as white as a ghost, with contracted brows and miserable eyes. (To be continued.)

Fashion Plates.

A UNIQUE STYLE.



3666-3828. The graceful draping of this model is not the only attractive feature. The sleeveless long shoulder blouse and jumper portions are unique and very attractive. As here shown, broadened chiffon and velvet are combined. One could use serge and taffeta, or Canton crepe and figured silk together.

The blouse 3666 is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The Skirt 3828, is cut in 6 Sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. To make this smart gown for a medium size will require 4 1/2 yards of 40 inch material, or if made as illustrated, 1 1/2 yard of figured material and 3 1/2 yards of plain material, 40 inch wide. The width of the skirt at the foot is a little over 2 yards.

This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

AN EXQUISITE STYLE.



3839. For afternoon or dinner parties, this model is "just the thing to wear." It has new and pleasing lines, and not the least among its features is the uneven-hem effect, produced by the inserted panels at the sides of front and back. It crepe de chine and satin, crepe de meteor and organdie either in matched shades or contrasting colors, this style will be very attractive. One could also have soft tricotine or serge, taffeta or velvet with satin.

The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require 5 yards of 40 inch material. The width of the skirt at the foot is a little more than 2 yards.

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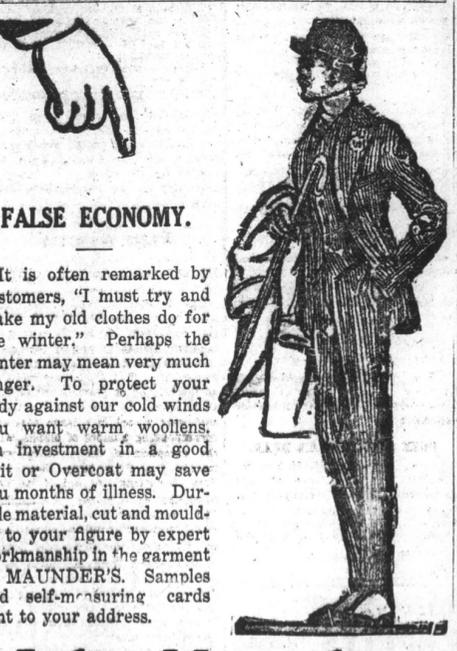
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Fashions and Fads.

Coat dresses promise to lead for spring. Many hat brims turn up sharply in the front. Afternoon dresses are longer, although street costumes are still short. Vertical rows of braid are popular as trimming. The latest sports cape has a shawl over skirt. All white is becoming almost smart as all black.

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