



The Foundation of Good Cookery

Add a Spoonful of **BOVRIL**

It makes the whole dish more nourishing.

Sweet Eva!

CHAPTER XVII.

The glorious summer sky had clouded over when Philip started for the Dennisons. There was a distant rumble of thunder, and now and then large drops of rain pattered down on the hood of the car.

Philip was in evening dress, and had not troubled to put on an overcoat.

"I shan't be gone half an hour," he objected, when his father asked where he was off to. "I'm only going to fetch Eva. I promised I would."

He drove fast, but the rain was coming down in torrents by the time he reached the Dennisons' house. From the window Eva saw the car swing in at the open gate, and her heart gave a little excited thrill.

She was quite ready to go—it never occurred to her, as it would have done to Kitty Arlington, to leave Philip to cool his heels for ten minutes or so. She came out into the hall to meet him, conscious that she was looking her best.

She was wearing one of her new dinner frocks, made of soft flimsy white tulle, and her sole ornament was a little diamond pendant which Philip had given her. She had taken great pains with her appearance; she was so sure that Philip would notice what she wore to-night.

He smiled faintly as he saw her.

"Ready! Thank goodness you're not one of those who keep people waiting." He took her cloak from her. "Let me help you."

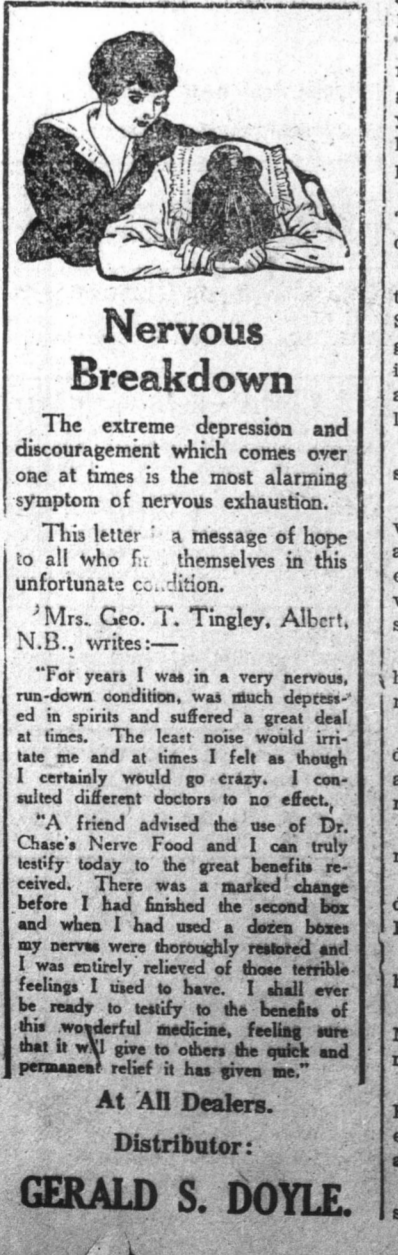
He had not noticed the frock! She tried hard to hide her disappointment. "I think we're going to have a storm," Philip said. He got in beside her and tucked the rug round her knees.

"There was a wire from Calligan this afternoon. He is coming down on the 5.45. You wouldn't care to go round that way and pick him up, I suppose?"

For the barest second Eva did not speak. She felt a sort of bleak disappointment. What had she hoped for from this drive together? She hardly knew. She turned a smiling face to him.

"I should love to! I'm longing to see him."

"Good!" Philip looked pleased. He had forgotten that he had proposed this drive together because he wanted



Nervous Breakdown

The extreme depression and discouragement which comes over one at times is the most alarming symptom of nervous exhaustion.

This letter is a message of hope to all who fit themselves in this unfortunate condition.

Mrs. Geo. T. Tingley, Albert, N.B., writes:—

"For years I was in a very nervous, run-down condition, was much depressed in spirits and suffered a great deal at times. The least noise would irritate me and at times I felt as though I certainly would go crazy. I consulted different doctors to no effect.

"A friend advised the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and I can truly testify today to the great benefits received. There was a marked change before I had finished the second box and when I had used a dozen boxes my nerves were thoroughly relaxed and I was entirely relieved of those terrible feelings I used to have. I shall ever be ready to testify to the benefits of this wonderful medicine, feeling sure that it will give to others the quick and permanent relief it has given me."

At All Dealers.

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to have her to himself for a few moments.

He looked much more cheerful as they drove off. It was still raining heavily. The wheels of the car sent a little squasy stream of muddy water in their rear.

"Warm enough?" Philip asked. He stretched an arm in front of her and tucked the rug in more securely. "You'll want a warmer one than this when we come back to-night."

Her eyes brightened. "Are you going to drive me home?" she asked.

"Of course," he laughed. "If you'll trust yourself to me after all the champagne I dare say I shall have to drink before the night's over."

"I'm not afraid," he looked away from her.

There was a little silence. "What were you wishing that night when I saw you talking to the moon?" young Winterdick asked suddenly.

She flushed sensitively. "I can't tell you now—some day, perhaps . . ."

"When we're married?" he asked.

She did not answer. They were in sight of the station.

"I hope you'll like Calligan," Philip said. He was peering eagerly ahead of him. "The train's in, I think . . . There's Banks with the runabout."

"I'll take Mr. Calligan—you see to his baggage." He stopped the car and got out.

Several people stared at him interestedly. He looked a fine figure of a man, and Eva's eyes followed him with wistful pride as he went on and into the station.

She was glad to do as he wished, and pleased to meet the much-talked-of Calligan, but she had looked forward—oh, so much—to this little while alone with him. She had thought . . . she was half ashamed of her thoughts now as she sat there alone, with the rain beating down on the hood of the car.

And all in another two days she would have him to herself. She need not be selfish and grudge him his friends, but he might have said something about her frock, she thought.

Philip was already coming back. He was followed by a square-shouldered man in a long coat, who was laughing a great deal. She could hear his cheery voice. He was chipping Philip, she was sure.

"Here we are," Philip said. "Eva, this is Tom—hom, let me introduce you to Miss Dennison."

"Delighted!" Calligan hastily swept off the soft felt hat he wore. He looked at Eva with undisguised eagerness. He held out a hearty hand.

"Delighted!" he said. "I'm going to reverse the order of things and congratulate you. Phil's my best friend, you know." His eyes twinkled. "Perhaps, later on, I shall be able to sympathize with you, but now . . ."

Philip gave him a playful kick. "Dry up, you old idiot, and get in. And don't crush Eva's frock . . ."

Eva laughed. She moved up closer to Philip to make room for Calligan. She looked at him interestedly. Not good-looking, not nearly so good-looking as Philip, but she liked his face, and she knew that she was going to like the man himself.

"I've heard such a lot about you," she said.

"Really! I only heard about you when I got the invite to the dinner and wedding." His brown eyes searched her face critically. "Phil was always a lucky dog," he said, with a sort of irrelevance.

They were laughing and talking happily together by the time they reached the Highway House.

There was a strip of carpet laid down to the gravel walk and a striped awning overhead. The footman hurried out when he saw the car.

Eva's heart gave a little thump of nervousness.

This was the beginning of her ordeal. She hesitated and looked at Philip.

He smiled, meeting her eyes. He held out his hand.

They went into the house together. Mrs. Winterdick came into the hall to meet them.

"My dear boy—you haven't brought Eva through all this rain in that open car—and Tom, too! How did you all manage to squeeze in?"

Eva laughed. "It was great fun," she said. She looked back at Philip,

but he had already moved off with Calligan.

"I've always said you were a lucky dog," Calligan said when they were out of earshot. "But I've never really felt vitally envious of you until to-night."

Philip raised his brows. "Because I'm getting married?" he asked with faint irony.

"No! Because you've found the girl I've been looking for all my life," said Calligan.

Philip stared. "You like her?" he asked.

"Like her! I'll tell you one thing already, you old stoic, you," Calligan said, "and that is that she's a thundering sight too good for you."

Young Winterdick laughed.

"I'm not denying it," he said somberly.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Afterwards, looking back on that evening, it all seemed to Eva like a panorama of light and colour at which she had only looked on and in which she had never really participated.

There were so many speeches—so many toasts to drink—so much laughter and popping of corks—so many good wishes, so many pretty women—she felt herself lost in a sea of noise and excitement.

She sat between Philip and Tom Calligan at the head of the table, and if she had been asked afterwards she would probably have said that Tom talked a great deal and Philip hardly at all, but she could never be sure.

She knew that her father made a long and rather boring speech, in which he gratuitously dropped some hints and made the fact more noticeable by his frantic endeavours to recover them. She knew that her mother was intended to be thankful because she thought it was the right thing to do. But nothing was real, though here and there a little cameo picture seemed to stand out clear-cut against the confused background.

Philip—first of all—he looked so flushed and excited, and when he spoke his voice was rather loud, as if he were not enjoying himself quite as much as he felt people expected him to be and was anxious to hide the fact. He had never looked more handsome, she thought. She was so proud of him. Her whole heart was full of love and gratitude to him for caring for her.

Then there was Peter—Peter, who drank a little too much champagne and who looked at Kitty Arlington the whole evening, and Kitty herself, very young and pretty in her blue frock and with a white rose in her dusty hair.

Philip seemed to avoid Kitty. Eva noticed that fact, and somehow it did not please her.

Then there was Mrs. Winterdick, smiling steadily, but often with the tears in her eyes as she looked at her son—and Mr. Winterdick, handsome and dignified, who called her "My dear" whenever he spoke to her, and did his utmost to make her feel at ease.

But the worst moment of all was when somebody called for a speech from Philip, and he rose reluctantly in his chair and a sudden hush fell on the noisy room.

Eva looked round at the many faces. At the back of the room the menseservants were standing in a solemn row, and beyond them again the grim, unsmiling portraits of dead and gone Winterdicks, and round the table there were the guests—her own father and mother, and Philip's, and many people whom she did not know, though she had been introduced to them all and had shaken hands with them, and there was Kitty Arlington and Peter . . . It was odd how Kitty's little face somehow fascinated Eva and drew her attention again and again.

She did not want to look at her. She knew that she had never really liked her; and now, in the place of her old jealousy of Philip and Kitty was a growing jealousy of Peter and Kitty.

Peter was too good for Kitty—too honest and sincere. She looked again at Philip. He was standing up very straight and stiff, his fingers clasped round the stem of his wingglass. She heard him say that he was delighted to see all his friends present—that it was the most memorable occasion of his life. Perhaps he ought to say the happiest—"So far," he added.

There was a chuckle from Calligan, and the rest of the table took up the laugh.

When it had died down Philip went on.


"I should like to thank you all—for myself . . . and . . ." He half turned and looked down at Eva. "And for my future wife . . ." He stumbled a little over the unaccustomed words, and Eva raised her head suddenly and their eyes met.

(To be continued)

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There is a tendency of brims to turn up among the winter hats. Brilliant jet buttons appear on a pagoda-like cape of black crepe. A gown of black charmeuse has a high neck-line, but no sleeves at all. The evening gown is sleeveless and draped with classic simplicity.

Fashion Plates.

A SIMPLE "EASY TO MAKE" APRON



Pattern 3751 is here illustrated. It is cut in one size: Medium and requires 1 1/2 yards of 27 inch material. Gingham, seersucker, drill, linen, lawn, sateen, chintz and cretonne may be used for this style.

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

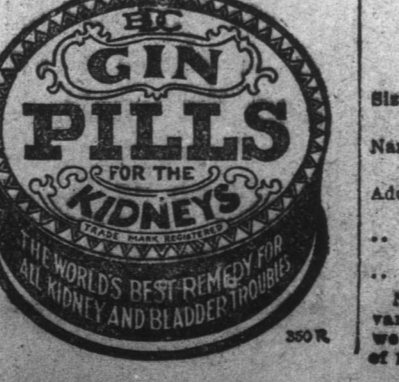
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Pattern 3753 is here attractively illustrated. The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. A 14 year size requires 2 3/4 yards of 36 inch material for the Dress and 3/4 yard of 32 inch material for the gump.

Figured gabardine is here combined with crepe de chine. Satin and serge, tricolette and organza, silk and tulle may be combined for the design.

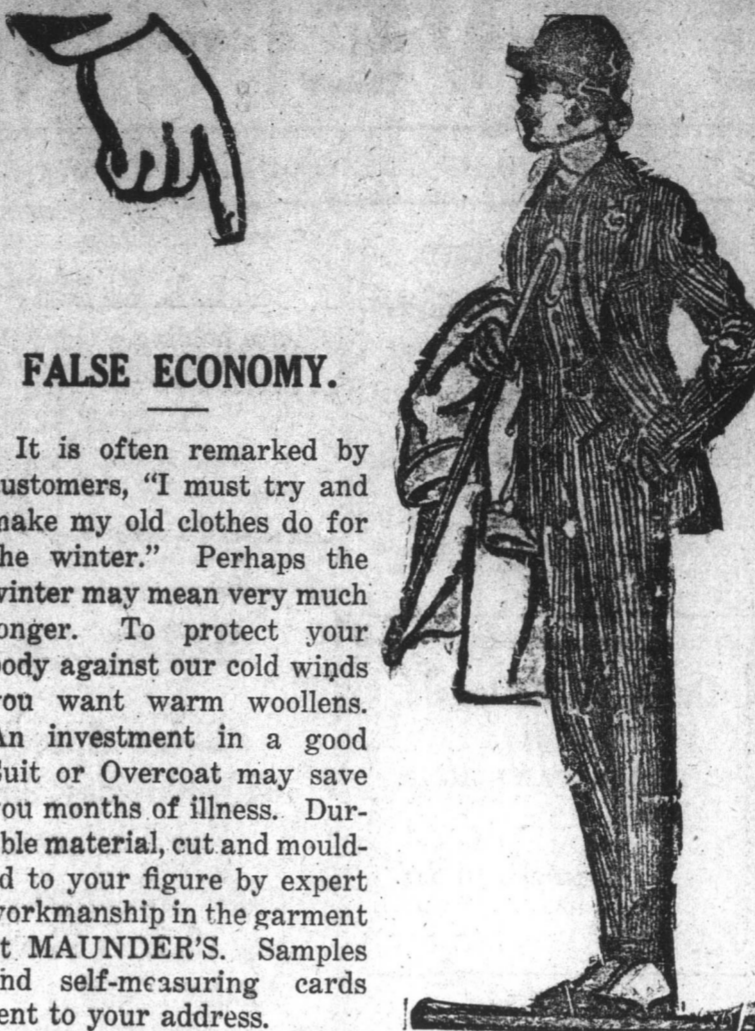
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Two Famous Paintings.

Duven Brothers, picture dealers of New York, recently bought from the Duke of Westminster two of the world's most famous paintings, one "The Tragic Muse," by Sir Joseph Reynolds, and the other "The Blue Boy" by Gainsborough, for £200,000, the nominally nearly one million dollars. picture. The pictures have not yet been offered to any buyer and will not be until after the exhibitions.

Louvre in France for £40,000. The two pictures will be exhibited in the Duven galleries in London for three weeks, in Paris for three weeks and then in New York. He is having "The Blue Boy" cleaned for it is coated with varnish which is discoloring and detracts from the brilliancy of the picture. The pictures have not yet been offered to any buyer and will not be until after the exhibitions.

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