Sweet Eval

The eyes of the three men were straining through the darkness catch sight of the windows of the flat leng before they had reached it. But there was no light in any of them and Peter shivered as he moved his cramped limbs and followed his companiens to the door.

There was a faint tinge of daylight in the aky. It was an corie grey light that gave them all a wretched, ghostly appearance as Philip opened the deer with his latchkey. There was net a sound in the flat; the place had a herribly deserted look in the flood of electric light jerked on by Philip's impatient hand.

None of them spoke; Peter and Calligan stood waiting while Philip went across to his wife's room and opened the door-they heard the little click made by the switch as he turned the light on, and then it seemed an interminable silence before he came back to them.

He shook his head; he could not trust his voice: he led the way to the dining-room and the others followed

There was a dead fire in the grate and the blinds were undrawn, letting in the first grey streak of dawn; the whole room looked cheerless and de pressing.

Philip threw his coat down on chair: he knelt down by the fire and tried to fan its deadness into flame with a newspaper-there was a cur iously grey tinge in his face. Calligan stood by, silently watch-

Suddenly he spoke. "You want some sticks, old manthere used to be some kept in the log box in your study."

Philip glanced up and away again; bitter pain shot through his heart Calligan had spoken quite naturally, as if he knew everything about the workings of the flat.

"All right-you might get some." He had not even known that there

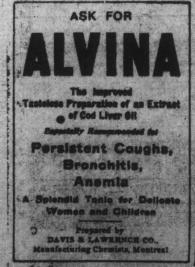
Calligan; she had no friends in Lon- her life it would soon no longer ex- children.

sharply. "All right?" he asked with

gruff sympathy. Philip scowled.

"Go and get the wood-I'm frozen." Calligan went away. He crossed the hall quietly, and opened the library door. Darkness and silence here, too, and he had spent so many happy hours in this room. Something seemed to eatch him by the throat as he thought of the past and realized that after to-night, whatever happened, it

choking cry, for there, curled up in the old town of Harbury. the big armchair, fast asleep, was At night Martin Ray dreamed of one Philip's wife





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There was an infinite tenderness in wide plain of universal equality. She was a log box himself. Calligan must his face; he leved her so well-loved loved Martin Ray with perfect love. he thought, in spite of his pretended of which he was capable, and he other creature living. There was a knew as plainly as if he had been long struggle in her heart between He threw the newspaper aside and told that this moment had been given allegiance to her father and this flung himself into a chair. Where was to him in which to bid her good-byc. swift, sweet, newborn love; but as Eva?-supposing he never saw her He had only desired her happiness, this new teacher told her, the old again? A hundred doubts and fears and he knew instinctively that she landmarks were swept away, they ex-

don to whom she could go . . . ist; greater, more complete happiness Through the sweet month of May, Where was she? Where was she? His would wipe out everything else, and while the hawthorn bloomed on the f she ever thought of him at all it hedges and the clover grew, he would be perhaps a little ashamedly trived to see her every evening. He Calligan turned; he looked at Philip when she remembered the broken found that Harbury was a good school. confession she had made to him.

Martin Ray surpassed himself this evening; the young face inspired could never come again. Though he him; and, although among his listenhad not known it, he had parted from ers were many who dissented from Eva finally last night when he urged him, who believed him to be almost have gone if he had said one word to admiring the earnest, discourse of He groped along the wall for the disagreed with him regretted that so light, and switched it on. The log hox much talent should be abused; those was close to the fireplace; he turned who believed in him gave him an towards it, then stopped with a little ovation, and feasted him royally in

face, one pair of eyes; and, when morning dawned, he felt that the seeing Eva robbed him of all power; last—he loved the fair unknown girl with a love that naught could change.

> He found out who she was; she was Doris Hatton, the only daughter of the staunch old solicitor, who would

Doris Hatton was always inclined to take a romantic view of matters. and she made of the man a perfect hero All the ideas and theories of her life were upset. She believed this thoughts, to be a prophet among the de. At his bidding, down went the afters of her youth; loyalty, obdience, reverence for superiors all

had tortured him since he had stood now on its threshold, and that isted no longer-no father had a right satisfied himself that she was not with whatever small place he had filled in to interfere with the marriage of his

MEAL

C17

found that Harbury was a good school.

He wrote to the committee of which he was the head, and said that he a society, and taught the people what were workmen's rights and wrongs. He labored honestly enough, and in Here I am beset by work,
And promises still unfulfilledthe intervals of work he scarcely And promises still unfulfilled— I have no right to-day to shirk, how this man, so gifted, so different from other men, came to love her—Oh boy of mine, with many a game Doris, who believed in his dreams and his visions, and who foresaw a time when all men would be equal, when poverty and toil would be done away with, and universal peace, charity, And yet I bade you to be harmony, and comfort reign. Martin But you som Ray, her hero, was to bring about this. She did not know then that Martin hardest of all lessons—the difference

"You have good blood in your "You have ancestors who fought and died-died, mind you-for king and

When your head is dull and heavy your tongue furred, your bowels costive; when you have no appetite for food, no strength for work and no interest in life; your atomach is at fault. You need Mother Seigel's Syrup, which contains medicinal extracts of more than ten different roots, barks and leaves, which are wonderfully ture at Manchoster, I read the wor and wondered at the patience of histeners; and you, my gentle, wellorn, well-bred Doris, you could

narry him?" "I love him-I cannot help it, papa. ou misjudge him," she answered, deairingly. "I must love him; no one derstands him but me."

"Must love him!" repeated Amos fatton "Why, child, if you could but see, it is he, and such as he, who are the greatest enemies of the people." "You do not know him!" she exlaimed. "He is a hero!"

"Hero! Nonsense, Doris: heroes do

"You are unjust, papa," she cried. I cannot help it; I love him. Oh, if you could but see how it is! he wants ne to be his wife and his helpmate. am to assist him in his work. O. napa, do you not see how grand is the nission h eoffers me? I am to be to the women of England what he is to the men."

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Amos Hatton. "I would rather, dearly as I love you, see you in your grave. I would rather," he added passionately, 'far rather see you dead than the wife of Martin Ray."

"And I," she replied, raising her pale, fair face to him, "would rather die than forsake him or give him up!" "You must choose between us, Doris," said her father, trying to speak calmly. "If you marry him, I will never look upon your face again, I will never speak to you or hear your voice; you will be no child of mine; I will cast you off from me." She uttered a low cry of pain and

"I wonder," she said, "if ever a girl had to choose between her father and her lover before?"

(To be continued.) A HEALTH SAVING REMINDER Don't Wait until you get the Spanish Influenza

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THE WASTED DAY.

We've frittered half the day away.

Unanswered, and ti's afternoon; For copy that I should supply, I ordered you to run and play, ut you somehow have lingered And I have killed another day.

Lost, would the hungry after game Declare these hours I've spent in Misers would point to them with

shame—
No single dollar have I made,
No bit of useful service done;
For all the time that we have played
Gravely the clock kept ticking on.

But you and I have closer grown Amos Hatton stormed and raved

when he received a letter from Martin Ray, asking for his daughter's hand. Nothing could exceed his wrath and indignation.

"You have good blood in your state of the sta

Hatbands.

period in England the head covering vas a hood, from which was suspand ed the diripipe or long tippet. Picture ur men walking down Broadway o Main street with sashes on their hats In the reign of Henry VIII. the hat su-perseded the hood and the long tippet took the form of the hat band. This was wider than those now in vogue and was gradually narrowed down. In fact the bands which men now wear on their hats when they are in mourning ere indentical with the very first hat

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inen. In Green, Helio, Pink, Navy

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Tweed Pants, dark shad nice stripe, 3 pockets, be loops, reinforced seams.

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Lost Tribes of Israel.

The mystery of the 'Ten Lost Tribes' terest for many centuries. And still the question of what became of this

great mass of people is unsolved. The Ten Lost Tribes broke away from the tribes of Benjamin and Judah, and went northwards, some to Samaria, others elsewhere.

About eight centuries before Christ, Sargon, King of Assyria, swept down upoh Samaria and carried many usands of its population into captivity, scattering the others throughout the kingdom so that their identity as a nation was completely lost. The emaining members of the Ten Tribes lisappeared as completely as if they had been swallowed up by the earth, and no definite trace of them has

ever been discovered. They could not all have been slain, to take it for granted that they mi-

Did the "Lost Tribes" long afterwasds appear as the Anglo-Saxons? That is a likely theory, for the origin of the Anglo-saxons is still obscure. But, then, other European nations In the story of the plain little band have also been "traced" back to the A widely-held belief is that the

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came what were later know or many scientists have found Indian

Weddings in Tibet.

aplicated and curious affairs. Early ialects containing words and phras- in the morning of the wedding day the father and mother give a fare-But, despite all the theorising and, well banquet in the house of the bride. After the banquet the priest coveries have ever been made, and preaches to the bride, standing before o-day, at any rate, no trace is to be her. When it is all over she leaves found anywhere of the missing her father's house on horseback, that is, of course, among the higher circles, and proceeds to the house of the bridegroom, when an imitation sword is thrown at her to intimidate

evil spirits. Further cerei