

The Finest Green Tea you can buy is undoubtedly "SALADA" GREEN TEA

It is pure, fresh and wholesome and the flavour is that of the true green leaf.

BAIRD & CO. WHOLESALE AGENTS
ST. JOHN'S

Sweet Eva!

CHAPTER XX.

"You're wasting your sympathies, my dear," he said. "Eva knew quite well what she was doing; she was very frank about it all. I give her credit for that! She told me that she'd never cared for me, and she told me."

"He stopped with a gesture of passionate intolerance. 'Oh, why talk about it! The thing's done, and it can't be undone. After all, we're only like dozens of other people we know. I'm not the only man who has married a woman for her money. I . . . He stopped."

Married her for her money, had he? when his love for her was an unceasing torment that would not let him rest day or night; when it cut him to the soul with jealousy every time he saw her laughing and happy with Calligan. He squared his shoulders and laughed.

"Don't you worry yourself, my dear," he said more quietly. "We shall shake down all right. I shouldn't be surprised if we're not pointed at all round the country before long as being a model couple!"

And then—because he felt so utterly wretched that he hardly knew how to bear himself—he walked out of the room, whistling as if he had not a care in the world, and shut the door behind him.

The front door stood open to the dusky night, and, remembering that he had left the car standing in the drive, Philip went out to take it round to the garage.

As he was leaving the yard, he heard the sound of voices, followed by a laugh.

He hesitated and listened; then he turned. From an open stable door a light shone out, a long yellow shaft in the darkness, and by that light he could see his wife, with her arm round the neck of one of his father's horses, talking to a groom.

She made a pretty picture standing there, bareheaded, and with the inefficient light shining all about her. Philip caught the gleam of a diamond on the hand that caressed the horse's neck and heard her voice distinctly as he stood outside, uncertain what to do.

"We used to keep horses at home, you know, Williams—no, I don't mean here at Apsley—this never really

seems home to me, somehow. We only came here—and I'm not very fond of motoring. But at home—our real home, I mean, before we got rich—we had an old brown cob. Dandy his name was, and he used to come when I called him, and—"

Philip had moved forward and was standing in the doorway. Eva's arm slipped down from the horse's neck and she fell back a step. Williams hurriedly grabbed up the harness he was cleaning and bolted. There was a moment of silence.

"I thought you had a headache," Philip said. "My mother told me that you were in bed with a headache. 'I wasn't in bed; my head ached, and I didn't want any dinner, that was all.'"

His eyes sought hers suspiciously, but she stood with her back to the light, and her face was in shadow. "Do you often come here and make a confidant of Williams?" Philip asked then.

There was a sneer in his voice, but it was not intended; he was holding himself in a grip of iron, and his heart was burning with jealousy—jealousy even of his own room, a slip of a lad with a freckled face and slow tongue, with whom this girl preferred to talk.

She answered him quite calmly, though she had blushed a little at his tone. "I do sometimes . . . He loves horses, and so do I."

"You mean that I don't?" "I have heard you say a great many times that you prefer a car."

She moved past him to the door. She was quite mistress of herself; she walked quietly and naturally; she hummed a little snatch of song under her breath as she went.

The little sound of indifference and composure maddened young Winter-dick; his hands were clenched into fists as he followed her.

"Mr. Calligan has gone, I suppose," she asked casually.

She half looked over her shoulder as she spoke, and for the first time Philip could see her face distinctly in the yellow light from the candle, and he saw that her eyes were red and swollen with crying. The little unformed suspicion that had stirred in his heart many times of late woke again; the smouldering fire burst into a flame as he caught her arm in a rough grasp.

"So that's why you wouldn't come down to dinner," he said brutally. "Because you've been crying your eyes out for him?"

Eva did not answer; she looked past her husband into the darkness of the garden beyond, and something very like despair settled on her heart. Every day seemed but to add to the estrangement between them; she wondered dully how much longer this state of things could go on.

"Please let go my arm," she said quietly. "You hurt me."

Philip gave a stifled exclamation and released her, but when she turned to walk away he followed.

"I want to speak to you," he said; his voice was still rough and angry; her very composure maddened him. "We shall have to come to some arrangement. I'm sick to death of going on as we are. It's an intolerable situation for me."

She interrupted wearily. "If you about so all the grooms will hear."

"I don't care if they do—everyone will know sooner or later." He was walking beside her now, and they had gone beyond the yellow glow of light from the stables, and were in darkness again. "What is it you want me to do?" he broke out passionately. "You never speak to me if you can help it—you seem to spend your time avoiding me."

"I thought you would prefer it. I have tried not to be a tie to you."

Her voice shook a little. "You were crying to-night because Calligan has gone," said Philip violently. "You can't deny it."

"I don't want to deny it. He was very kind to me."

"I dare say he would have stayed if he had known you were so keen on his staying if you had asked him."

"I did ask him—"

"You asked him . . . Philip's voice was furious.

Eva stood still. She felt as if she were at the end of her tether. It was agony to be with Philip and keep up the pretence; she could hardly believe that it was her own voice speaking as she broke out:

"I am not going to be ordered about by you. I am not going to be dictated to as to my choice of friends. I

haven't bothered you—I never ask what you do, or who you spend your time with. I've kept my share of the bargain, and you've no right to expect anything more."

"You're my wife, and I've a right to object to your allowing Calligan or any other man to make love to you. If I'd known this before he left the house . . ."

"How dare you?" Eva was trembling all over, her hands were clenched; she felt as if she could have struck him; to add insult to injury like this. He was not content with having wounded her to the quick once, but must needs strike again.

Her voice rose in passionate trembling. "If you ever dare to say a thing like that to me again," she said sobbingly, "I'll leave you and never come back again as long as I live . . ."

Her voice broke, and she turned and ran blindly from him into the darkness. There was no intention in her mind except to get away; to put distance between herself and Philip; but she ran on and out of the gate and down the road until breathless and worn out she had to stop. A sudden dread of the Highway House and everything to do with it overwhelmed her. She had looked forward to so much happiness within its walls, and the few days that she had spent there had seemed like an eternity of desolation.

Presently she went on again blindly sobbing as she went. It was unconsciously that her feet carried her towards her father's house. She went round the garden to a side door which she knew was generally unfastened. As she reached it it was opened from inside and Peter came out.

He did not see his sister, but she called his name faintly as he would have passed her.

He pulled up shortly. "Eva! Good heavens!" he groined through the darkness and found her hand, drawing it through his arm.

"I was thinking about you," he said; and now there was a sort of self-consciousness in his voice. "I want to tell you something—you so seldom come over . . ."

He seemed struck by her silence. He bent towards her, trying to see her face. "Is anything the matter?" he asked, quickly.

"No . . . but I wanted to see you, too, Peter. Why don't you ever come over to us?"

He laughed rather constrainedly. "I never feel at home with the Winter-dicks," he said candidly. "They're too grand for me . . ."

Oh! I know Philip's all right—I've nothing against him, but—well, I don't think he cares very much about me."

"It's just imagination."

"Is it?" He hunched his shoulders. "Perhaps it is. Anyway, I should always feel out of things over there."

"You might come—if only for my sake."

He gave her head a squeeze. "Poor old Bonnie!"

Her lips quivered. "Why do you say that?" she asked. She tried to laugh. "Most people are busy envying me."

"Are they?"

A subtle note in his voice sent a little thrill of apprehension through her heart; she drew her hand away.

"Peter, what are you thinking? Why do you say I was poor?"

"I didn't mean it—I don't know why I said it. Don't let's argue." He almost sounded as if he were trying to change the subject. "I've got something to tell you—something—very—important."

(To be continued.)

Headache

Recurring headache is a very common complaint, and is usually due to a nervous system, or to a disorder of the digestive system, or to a combination of the two.

Temporary relief may be obtained by the use of powders, but an enormous expense to the nervous system and the general health.

Get the nerves right and the headaches will not return.

Mrs. W. J. Pearce, Nunn St., Cobourg, Ont., writes:

"My system became run-down and I suffered greatly with pain in my head. This was so severe that I would have to bind a cloth tightly about my head so that I could get my work done. A friend advised me to use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and after taking the first box I found quite an improvement in my condition. I continued using them until I had taken about seven boxes, and they completely relieved my system of all pain, and completely relieved the pain in my head."

At All Dealers.

Distributor:

GERALD S. DOYLE.

Be sure
you get



The Sale of a Skull.

The impending sale by auction in London of a silver-mounted skull, used as a drinking cup, once the property of Lord Byron, the poet, has aroused much comment in the press of the metropolis.

It is alleged in some quarters that the poet, finding a skull of peculiar whiteness during the course of some building operations in his ancestral home, Newstead Abbey, caused it to be mounted in silver, converted into a drinking cup, and then founded an order at the Abbey entitled "The Order of the Skull," in the ritual of which the skull cup filled to the brim with port played a leading part.

The real story is entirely different. The conversion of the skull into a drinking-cup was done at the instance of the fifth (the "Wicked") Lord Byron and grand-uncle and immediate predecessor of the poet and the slayer of his guest and neighbor, Squire Chaworth of Annesley Hall, a crime for which he was tried for his life by the House of Lords, escaping, however, with a fine.

The skull was not that of some nameless friar, but one of the principal abbots of the Abbey at Newstead, whose tomb was purposely opened and ghastly desecrated by the fifth Lord Byron in order to obtain the skull for use at the orgies of the Order of the Skull, founded and organized by him and which was composed of men of the same evil character as himself.

This fifth Lord Byron's two sons predeceased him and he was succeeded by his grandnephew, the poet. The latter endeavored to repair the wrong done to the Chaworths by offering to marry the murdered squire's lovely daughter, with whom he was infatuated. But, because of the manner of her father's death, felt compelled to refuse his advances.

During the unhappy life of the poet the drinking-cup disappeared, not, however, before he had caused to be engraved on the silver mount one of his poems in six verses beginning:

"Start not! Nor deem my spirit fled. In me behold the only skull. From which, unlike the living head, Whatever flows is never dull."

Byron, when overtaken by financial reverses, was obliged to sell Newstead Abbey to his old Harrow school-mate, Col. Wildman, who in turn disposed of it to the late Col. William Frederick Webb of the Seventeenth Lancers.

Col. Webb, while passing by a London bric-a-brac shop in Bedford street, Covent Garden, one afternoon caught sight of skull in the window, mounted in silver. On examining it he dis-

Dyed Her Draperies and a Faded Skirt

"Diamond Dyes" add years of wear to worn, faded skirts, waists, coats, stockings, sweaters, coverings, hangings, draperies, everything. Every package contains directions so simple any woman can put new, rich, fadeless colors into her worn garments, or draperies even if she has never dyed before. Just buy Diamond Dyes—no other kind—then your material will come out right, because Diamond Dyes are guaranteed not to streak, spot, fade, or run. Tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton or mixed goods.

A simple frosting is made by adding fruit juice to powdered sugar, and beating until smooth.

A six-pound electric iron is the best to choose for laundry work because it holds the heat longer.

Add boiled rice, macaroni rings or noodles to chicken or meat broths to make them more interesting.

If a lump of camphor is placed near silverware which is not in use, the silverware will not tarnish.

Dates chopped and mixed with orange marmalade and nuts make a delicious filling for sugar cookies.

"Butcher" aprons for the kitchen are uncomfortable if the tape goes around the neck. A better plan is to run a

Pattern 3739 was used for this pleasing model. It is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 36-38; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size will require 5½ yards of 36 inch material. For sack length 4½ yards will be required.

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

No.

Size

Name

Address in full:—

NOTE:—Owing to the continual advance in price of paper, wages, etc., we are compelled to advance the price of patterns to 15c. each.

JAMS!

Alaska
SALMON
1-lb. Tin
20c. Tin.

BRAN (cooked) 20c. package

Shredded Wheat Biscuits, 25c. pk.

GRAPE FRUIT MARMALADE, 16 oz. glass jar, 40c.

Bowring Bros. Ltd., Grocery.

Libby's in 20-oz. Tins

Raspberry 70c.
Strawberry 70c.
Loganberry 70c.
Blackberry 60c.
Apricot 60c.
Peach and Plum 50c.

Bird's Custard Powder, 12 oz. tin, 50c.

Bouillon Cubes, jar of 200, \$4.30.

GRAPELADE, 14 oz. tin, 33c.

tape from one front corner to the opposite corner in the back, having the two tapes cross in the back.

Slices of hard-boiled eggs and thin slices of lemon add to the interest and flavor of black bean soup.

A simple and delicious desert is slices of loaf cake served with lemon, chocolate, vanilla or maple sauce.

Just before baking a chocolate cake, cut up a raw potato into ¼-inch cubes, and add these to the batter.

To procure a soft, rich shade when dyeing, add one package of black dye to a package of the color desired.

To clean a photograph wipe with a soft cloth wrung out in warm water and a little ammonia. Dry with another cloth.

Make small hollows in the centers of cup cakes and fill with a mixture of nuts, minced marshmallows and whipped cream.

Hot mayonnaise is good with corned-beef hash. Beat yolks of 2 eggs, add 2 tablespoons oil, 1 tablespoon vinegar, ¼ cup water, and seasoning. Cook in double boiler until mixture thickens.

covered it to be the famous drinking-cup of the "Wicked" and fifth Lord Byron, and having bought it he caused it to be bricked up in the walls of the ancient chapel of the Abbey.

How the curse resting on the Abbey dogged the footsteps of its several subsequent owners and even of its lessees has been too frequently told to need repetition. The Abbey, indeed, won for itself such a name for ill-luck that it was found impossible either to sell or to rent it. The consequence was that its contents were dispersed by a public sale last winter and that the buildings are now being razed.

Indeed, to-day scarcely anything is left of the Abbey, which was built and endowed by Henry II. in expiation of his instigation of the murder of St. Thomas-a-Becket in the Cathedral of Canterbury.

Presumably the wreckers, in tearing down the Abbey, stone by stone, came across the skull cup bricked up in the walls of the chapel. That, indeed, is the only way by which its reappearance, and its being offered for sale by public auction in London, can be explained.

Pattern 3739 was used for this pleasing model. It is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 36-38; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size will require 5½ yards of 36 inch material. For sack length 4½ yards will be required.

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

No.

Size

Name

Address in full:—

NOTE:—Owing to the continual advance in price of paper, wages, etc., we are compelled to advance the price of patterns to 15c. each.

No.

Size

Name

Address in full:—

NOTE:—Owing to the continual advance in price of paper, wages, etc., we are compelled to advance the price of patterns to 15c. each.

No.

Size

Name

Address in full:—

NOTE:—Owing to the continual advance in price of paper, wages, etc., we are compelled to advance the price of patterns to 15c. each.

No.

Size

Name

Address in full:—

NOTE:—Owing to the continual advance in price of paper, wages, etc., we are compelled to advance the price of patterns to 15c. each.

Why waste your beauty
in the wash-tub?
Let 'MAGICAL' do the work.



Gossage's
Magical
Soap

JOB'S STORES, Ltd.
Agents.

Information leading to the whereabouts of the next of the following will be thankfully received by the Department.

W. F. RENDELL, Lieut.-Col.
Chief Staff

No. Rank. Name. Last Known Address.

2/Lieut. Brown, Alpheus Gae

3302 Pte. Brushett, Leander Haggerty

5908 Pte. Bursey, Reuben Old Perle

1049 Pte. Benson, Fredk. Sains

3866 Pte. Bailey, Herbert White

4591 Pte. Carter, James Flat

5818 Pte. Collins, Joseph Goulds Road, St. John

5218 Pte. Cox, Wm. Gams

5728 Pte. Davis, James King George V. St.

4068 Pte. Godfrey, George Botwood

3892 Pte. Greene, E. J. Maddox Cove, P.E.I.

90 Pte. Hann, Jacob New

4164 Pte. Hannaford, Patk. Torment

5706 Pte. Harnett, John Masonic Terrace

588 Pte. Humphreys, Wm. Sault St. Mar

2508 Pte. King, Thomas 128 George

553 Sgt. LeMessurier, Frank Oydent

718 Pte. Magannam, Chas. Brooklyn Ave., N.Y.

637 Pte. Michellin, Joseph 60 Mallick

2109 Pte. Mugford, John 16 Brennan St.

3461 Pte. McDonald, John Leading Tickler

1778 Pte. O'Donnell, Ed. Great

820 Sgt. Penny, Arthur N. 60 Mallick

2024 Pte. Poole, G. R. St. Catherine's Street, Mon

4248 Cpl. Pottle, Fredk.

1063 Pte. Power, Patk. J.

2808 Pte. Price, Harry

5060 Pte. Read, Bertram

4201 Pte. Rose, Nicholas

5349 Pte. Rowe, Simeon

5289 Pte. Squires, James

5654 Pte. Starks, Eli

618 Pte. Stewart, Henry

2701 Pte. Taylor, Matthew

2004 Pte. Terry, John

634 Pte. Tibbo, Geo.

3204 Pte. Tucker, Arthur

Lieut. Williams, John

No. Rank. Name. Next of Kin. Last Known Address.

938 Pte. Bowman, Chas. Particulars re

1526 P