Be sure you get Bovril

Sweet Eva!

CHAPTER XXXV.

"It can make no difference, I can't lose more than I have done already. Oh, Mr. Calligan, can't you see that it's the only hope I have? Other women have done it—I've heard of it often . . ."

Calligan smiled rather sadly.

"In books?" he asked.

"And in real life, too," she insisted excitedly. "After all, there's no risk to anyone but me."

She tried to read his face, but it was dark.

"Mr. Calligan!" she said pleadingly.

He roused himself with a stifled sigh.

"Very well . . . I'll agree on one condition. You must think it over for to-night—give him another chance . . . and then . . . then . . . if to-morrow . . ." He could not go on

The taxicab stopped outside the flat and Calligan opened the door.

"Shall I come in?" he asked.

She laughed nervously.

"Oh, please!"

She waited while he paid the driver; as he turned to her again she asked him a timid question.

"Do I look as if I have been crying?"

He glanced at her and hurriedly away again.

"Only a little—go and bathe your eyes . . ."

Eva escaped to her room quickly; she could hear Kitty's laugh in the drawing-room, and Philip's voice.

She took off her coat and hastily bathed her eyes; her pulses were jumping and she had to wait for a moment to calm herself; when at last she went to the drawing-room she was greeted by Kitty—

"So you have come at last! We were beginning to think you and Mr. Calligan had eloped."

Philip was standing by the mantelshelf, and through the glass above it he saw the quick way in which his wife looked at Calligan.

"We had to wait for the rain," Eva said. "We went back to the lounge and had some more coffee. There were ever so many other people waiting, too—it was a dreadful business to get a taxicab."

Her voice sounded a little mechanical.

Kitty laughed.

"It must have been," she said dryly. She threw away the cigarette she had been smoking and rose. "Well, now you have come I must go home. I must go home. My people will be wondering what on earth has happened to me."

"There's no hurry," Eva protested. "It must be quite early."

Kitty walked across the room and pointed to the clock. "Half-past one my dear! That's the time," she said, dryly."

There was a little silence. Philip laughed.

Eva had flushed from chin to brow.

"Oh, but that can't be right—surely? . . . Peter!"

"Yes it is," said Peter. "You'd better put your coat on, Kitty . . . I'll take you home."

Eva followed Kitty from the room. Her whole body felt flushed with shame. She avoided Kitty's searching eyes.

"I had no idea it was so late," she said. "I am so sorry——"

"My dear, there's no need to apologise," Kitty assured her, lightly. "I think Mr. Calligan is charming."

The hot blood rushed to Eva's face.

"I don't know what you mean?" she began, angrily, then stopped.

After all, was not this what she wished them to think? What she wished Philip to think? She forced a laugh.

"Well, I had no idea it was so late, certainly!" she said, lightly.

Calligan made an effort to leave with Kitty and Peter, but Philip stopped him; he might be suffering torments of jealousy, but he would rather have died now than allow Calligan to guess it.

"Nonsense—you must have a drink first," he said. "Peter will be back directly, you must stay. Eva, tell him he must stay."

Eva pretended not to hear; already in her heart the pendulum had swung back, and she was telling herself that she could never go on with this thing; she was consumed with shame when ever she looked at Calligan.

When Kitty had gone she followed the two men back into the drawing-room.

"Well, I hope everyone has enjoyed the evening as much as I have," Philip said flippantly. He was mixing whisky and soda. He laughed suddenly. "Poor old Peter! If anybody was the old man out, I am afraid it was he . . . His voice was a little loud, and his face flushed.

"For which he has you to thank," Eva said quickly.

She would have given her life to recall the words as soon as they were spoken; she clenched her hands in her lap and waited for the burst of passion which she was sure would come from Philip, but he only laughed again.

"The pot mustn't call the kettle black, you know," he said indifferently. "And, after all, it's 'for one night only,' as I'm going to Apsley to-morrow."

Eva tried to speak, but no words would pass her lips; she just sat and stared at her husband.

She had never seen him look so excited, she thought—or so lovable, her heart added in aching parenthesis; he raised his tumbler and looked at her with mocking eyes.

"Well—here's luck!" he said carelessly.

"Apsley! Why are you going to Apsley?" Calligan asked.

His pallor was in strong contrast to his friend's flushed face; he looked like a man who was undergoing some severe strain.

Philip refilled his glass before he answered.

"I promised the mater to go down for the week-end," he said carelessly. "I want to tell her about Rhodesia, too."

Eva closed her eyes for a moment.

"I thought you told me you hadn't decided anything," she managed to say at last. Philip just glanced at her.

"I hadn't then . . ." He turned to Calligan. "I suppose, Eva has told you about Faulkner's offer?" he asked.

"She said something—yes. But, of course, you're not serious! My dear Philip, it's—it's absurd!"

"Is it? I'm going, all the same."

"But why in the world?" Calligan protested desperately.

Philip laughed.

"Now, I should have thought you would approve of it," he said. "You were always a globe-trotter. You used to tell me that I stayed at home too much."

"Yes, but now . . ."

"Now is the appointed time," Philip interrupted, flippantly.

"Have another Scotch? No! All right."

Calligan rose from his chair.

"Well, I'll be saying good-night," he said stiffly. You'll be wanting to make an early start to-morrow, Mrs. Winterdick."

"Why don't you call her by her Christian name?" Philip asked boisterously. "She won't mind, and I'm sure I don't."

Eva had risen, too. She was as white as her wedding dress.

"I'm not going to Apsley to-morrow, Mr. Calligan," she said clearly. "Philip is going alone. I would far rather stay here."

"There's a compliment for you!" Philip said, recklessly.

Calligan swung round.

"Philip," he began harshly, but gS"'.Jy-ia"hmh'rgzMc shrdl hrdlinlu Philip only laughed. "Silly old owl! I'm only joking," he said. He let Eva see Calligan to the door. As they left the room they heard him break into the rollicking chorus of a song.

Calligan looked at Eva, and suddenly she covered her face with her hands—

"You see——" she said faintly. He caught her hand.

(To be continued.)

Got No Sleep

But now the neuritis has gone, the pains have ceased, the nervous system is restored and the writer of this letter pays a grateful tribute to the medicine which made him well.

Mr. John Woodward, P.T.O., Lucan, Ont., writes:

"It gives me much pleasure to recommend Dr. Chase's medicines, especially the Nerve Food. I was a sufferer from neuritis for several years, and tried all kinds of remedies, yet never seemed to get any better. At last my nerves and whole system seemed to give way through not being able to get any rest or sleep at nights for pain, which mostly used to take me in all parts of the limbs and feet. My nerves would twitch till my whole body would seem to jerk right up as I lay in bed. Almost at the point of despair, I decided I would get Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, which I did, and after taking twenty boxes I believe myself almost normal again. I also keep a box of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills on hand, and for the past year I seem to enjoy my usual health."

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3831-3377. A frock like this may be worn at formal and informal "functions." Made of velvet and brocade it is smart as a dinner gown. In gabardine, with floss silk embroidery, or in serge with braid trimming, it is fine for street or afternoon wear. The blouse has the new wide sleeve. The lines of the skirt are straight, but provide graceful fulness. This design is fine for remodeling. The cape may be omitted.

The Waist Pattern, 3831 is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The Skirt 3377, in 7 Sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inches waist measure. The width of the skirt at the foot is 54 inches. To make this dress for a medium size of one material, will require 6 yards of 36 inch material. To make as illustrated will require 3⅞ yards of plain, and 3⅜ yards of figured material, 27 inches wide.

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.

A COMBINATION OF COMFORT, PRACTICAL STYLE AND UTILITY.

3822-3795-3838. What could be more desirable for sports use or general wear, than a suit as here depicted. Comfortable knickers to which a simple blouse is joined, and over which a smart skirt is buttoned, topped by a jaunty jacket, with a convertible collar, and neat pockets. Not only for golf and other sports are the knickers popular, they are filling a long felt want in general dress lines. The Skirt may be finished with a "button closing" in front, or only trimmed with buttons. Any blouse may be used with the "knickers" in place of the one attached, and the knickers are "good" to wear with any skirt or one piece dress.

Serge, velours, duvetyn or gabardine may be used for all models illustrated, or blouse and bloomers may be of silk, satin or crepe and skirt and jacket of wool or cloth, velvet or satine.

The Skirt, 3795 is cut in 7 Sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inches waist measure. The width at the foot is 2 yards. The Jacket 3838, in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 32, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The "Knickers" and Blouse 3822, cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. To make this suit for a medium size will require 5 yards of 44 inch material for the skirt, and jacket. The blouse, will require 2¼ yards, and the knickers 2⅝ yards of 36 inch material.

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"This law," men say, "forbidding drinks, was put across by locoed ginks whose belfries swarmed with bats; the other laws we will obey, but to this one we say, 'Nay, nay,' and also, 'Slush,' and 'Rats!' We'll lift no chickens from their perch, we'll rob no train, we'll burn no church, we're law-abiding guys; but we will have our forty drops in spite of all the laws and cops, and all the frantic Drys." Respect for law is growing lax; the outlaws ever bolder wax, their business never stops; they hear the moral voters say, "This one punk law we won't obey—we'll have our forty drops." The man in high, commanding place, pours booze verboten in his face, and thinks he's being smart; the merchant and the ermined judge must have their little sip of budge, some comfort to impart. The rich man treats his friends to wine that's old and elegant and fine, and cooled on costly ice, and says, while moistening his tubes, "The law is for downtrodden boobs who cannot raise the price." The man who would not swipe a hen, or take his neighbor's iron men, keeps booze in his abode; and so respect for law grows weak, and if for anarchy we'd seek, we've found the shortest road.

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HENRY BLAIR

Fads and Fashions.

Spring produces straw hats with trimming placed high in the front.

A frock of brown crepe marocain has a blouse and underskirt of tarnished silver lace.

Gray Canton crepe and black faille are an unusual and delightful combination for a suit.

Black-and-white checkerboard wool jersey makes a striking cape costume for sports wear.

An evening gown of crepe de chine has accordion-pleated panels inserted in its straight skirt.

The little mandarin coat continues to be featured. It is generally worn with a matching scarf.

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Black woven lines run in horizontal stripes on the white alpaca wool fabric of a spring sports frock.

An upturned hat of black satin has edges of narrow silver galloon and a silver sunburst placed at the back.

Sweater dresses for sports wear come in attractive heather mixtures. They are generally worn with hats of one tone.

Enormous hats have appeared for Southern wear. Many of these are black crepe de chine, with brims wider at sides and front than at back.

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The midseason coat is trimmed with a plush which resembles nutria.

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