

Everybody Enjoys
a fine cup of Tea.

"SALADA"
TEA

IF YOU DRINK JAPANS TRY "SALADA" GREEN TEA Infinitely Superior to the Best of Japans.

is truly delicious at all times. 30 years' reputation for fine teas.

BAIRD & CO. WHOLESALE AGENTS ST. JOHN'S

Sweet Eva!

CHAPTER XV.

"If you please, ma'am, Mr. Winter-dick asked me to say that dinner is ready and that he is waiting."

Eva turned listlessly from the glass and looked at the smiling maid.

"Thank you—very well."

The door closed softly.

Eva glanced at her watch—a little absurdity in brilliants and platinum, which her father had given her amongst a host of other presents—nearly eight o'clock!

More than hours since they reached the hotel; two hours during which Philip had not once been near her; two hours during which she had sat almost without moving, trying to look ahead into the future and make some sort of plans.

For the moment she knew that she had succeeded in her desperate attempt to deceive the man she had married and save her own pride; but as yet only two hours of their lives had passed, and the remaining years of it lay before them both, dark and without hope. She had not shed another tear, and her heart felt like a stone.

She changed her frock mechanically and brushed her hair. It did not seem to matter in the least how she looked. She remembered how she had longed for him to notice her frock that night at the Highway House, and how disappointed she had been because he had made no comment. She smiled faintly at her own reflection. She felt an impersonal sort of sympathy and sorrow with the white-faced girl there in the mirror.

She turned out the light and opened the door. Philip had taken a private sitting-room; she wished now that he had not; things would have been so much easier and more possible with other people all around them.

The room was just opposite her own, and its door stood ajar. She could see an edge of white tablecloth and a glow of pink light from a shaded lamp.

Just for a second her courage failed her; her feet seemed chained to the ground. Then she went on and pushed the door wider.

Philip was standing by the window, his hands clasped loosely behind his back, looking out into the busy street. He turned sharply as he heard the soft sound of her entrance, and for a moment their eyes met across the room; his, hard and unhappy—hers, very quiet, but cold—cold as a stone.



Backache

Backache is the outstanding symptom of kidney disease. Women often make the mistake of attributing other causes and overlook the derangement and over-tired until serious developments have made it difficult to obtain permanent relief.

This letter points to a treatment which has been so thoroughly tried and proven so effective in the great majority of cases that you cannot afford to overlook it when cause arises for its use.

Mrs. Albert Brunet, R.R. No. 1, Ottawa, Ont., writes:

"I have used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for the past two months, having been afflicted with kidney trouble. I used two doctors' medicine previous to this, without any good result. A friend told me to use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and the second box made me feel a good deal better. I have now used about six or eight boxes, and am completely relieved."

At All Dealers.

Distributor:

GERALD S. DOYLE.

"I hope I have not kept you waiting."

"Thank you—not at all."

There was a maid in the room—an interested maid who had been told that these two were on their honeymoon; but it must have been some other couple, she decided, as she served the dishes and quietly withdrew.

The light from the shaded lamp fell full on Eva's slim figure in its dainty frock; she looked so young—little more than a child—as she sat there trying to eat.

She still wore her wedding ring—Philip had noticed that directly she came into the room; somehow, he would not have been surprised if she had discarded it; he was conscious of a faint sense of relief. He made one or two desultory attempts at conversation, but it was uphill work; only when the maid brought coffee and liqueurs, and finally withdrew, he gave a great sigh of relief and pushed back his chair.

Eva spoke first:

"Don't you think if we are going to stay here that we might as well have our meals downstairs; it would be more interesting?"

"If you would prefer it," he almost laughed as he spoke.

They had been married—how long?—four hours at the most, and already she was trying to find something more interesting than his society.

He could not believe she was the same girl who had looked at him with such shy happiness in her eyes beneath her wedding veil only that morning; the girl whose face had flushed like a rose as they drove away from the church together, and he bent to kiss her hand with its very ring; what horrible spell had been cast over them both to bring about this change? He felt as if he were struggling helplessly to free himself from a net, in which he only got more entangled as he tried to escape.

"Do you mind if I smoke?" He knew she did not; but it was something to say.

She answered him at once.

"Please do."

Philip lit a cigarette and puffed at it once or twice elaborately, then he forgot it, and allowed it to go out.

The situation grew more impossible with every moment; he pushed back his chair and rose; he felt as if he were stifling; he walked over to the window and flung it wide.

Lamps had been lit in the street below, and there was a faint breeze springing up, fanning the face of the hot earth.

What to do! What in the wide world to do. His brain felt like a fiery wheel, going round and round in small circles, from the confines of which he could not escape to freer thought or action.

How long did she mean to keep him in this—hell! He knew that he deserved it all—knew that it was a just punishment, and yet he could not quite kill the hope in his mind that soon she would be sorry—that the sweet, gentle nature he had known and grown to love would rise uppermost again, and she would forgive him and be kind to him, and tell him they would forget it all and start afresh.

He had noticed the cold pallor of her face—the dark circles beneath her eyes, and his heart ached for her. And yet, why be sorry if she really did not care? He forced himself to turn and look at her.

She had taken up a magazine from a side table and was idly turning the pages. The little casual action turned his blood to fire. He strode across the room and, snatching it from her hand, flung it into a corner. He faced her panting, with blazing eyes.

"How long is this—to go on?" he demanded.

She looked at him disdainfully, not answering.

He broke out again stammering.

"For God's sake, what has changed you so?"

"Tell me the whole truth. I can bear that, whatever it is, but not this—this damnable coldness."

"How long are you going to treat me like this?"

She moved back to her chair. She was trembling violently.

"I don't know what you mean," she said with an effort. "I have fulfilled my share of the bargain—compact whatever you like to call it. I have married you, and my father has paid over the money—as you arranged."

"It was not my arrangement. I swear on my word of honour. It was no arrangement of mine."

The grey eyes were raised steadily to his.

"You mean that you asked me to marry you because you loved me and for no other reason?"

"Yes . . . no . . ." He swung round with passionate gesture. "I don't know what I'm saying," he said shakily. He waited a moment, trying to control himself. Presently he came back. He stood looking down at her.

"I didn't love you when I asked you to marry me," he said then, with difficulty. "I'll be frank with you—I'll tell you the whole truth, so God help me. I didn't care for you when I asked you to marry me."

She interrupted gently:

"I'm not asking for any confession, and I'm not going to make any to you. You wanted my money—and I wanted to call myself your wife. Well—I moved her white shoulders carelessly—"

"—we have each got our wish—that is all; but you can't blame me if I want to go my own way. It's a pity really that we had to have a honeymoon—we were quite good friends up till to-day. You can still go your own way—I shall be exacting—and I can go mine. Lots of people arrange things like that, don't they? Lots of your blue-blooded friends, I mean."

She added deliberately:

"Twice he tried to find his voice and could not; then he broke out hoarsely:

"You are proposing, in fact, to make our marriage—a marriage at all."

He made a quick step forward; he stooped and covered her clasped hands with one of his holding them tightly. "My dear," he said, with broken gentleness, "you don't know what you are suggesting. You're such a child. I'm not trying to—preach or—influence you. I know I deserve all you can ever say to me, or make me suffer—but—at least I'm a man of the world, and I know—I know that these sort of things always spell disaster. You say you don't care for me—that you never did. Very well, I am willing to accept that for the moment. You say there is another man you prefer to me. If that is the truth, why didn't you marry him? You're not the sort of girl to throw a man over if you love him. For—the rubbishing advantage you can get from me. Eva—answer me."

He could feel how her hands shook beneath his grasp.

"He didn't care for me—that's why," she stammered at last. "I thought he did—but he didn't, after all."

She forced her eyes to meet his. There was a sort of comfort in the knowledge that she was speaking the real truth now, whatever half-truths she had spoken before. She went on:

"That night—when I was wishing to the moon . . . when you came along the road—I was wishing then . . . that—that he might care . . ."

"But he didn't—he didn't—he never cared for me at all."

"And . . . when I asked you . . ."

She moved her head restlessly.

"Oh, what does it matter? Why need we go over it all? We're married. It's done with and finished for ever. I only want you to leave me alone—to let me go my way. I shan't do anything that will shock you or hurt your name . . ."

She laughed. "I quite realize you've done me an honour by marrying me, but in every other way we're quite Philip, you're hurting my hands."

He released her instantly.

"And this is all you've got to say to me?" he said dully.

"Yes." The word was just a whisper.

He began pacing up and down the room. A dozen times he passed the chair where she sat; a dozen more he almost went on his knees to, plead with her—to beg her not to ruin his life—to try to love him—but somehow he could not.

Nothing he could say now would make her believe in him, he knew. He had brought this disaster upon himself. It was his just punishment, and, besides—she did not care!

That was the hardest cut of all. (To be continued.)

How to Make Pine Cough Syrup at Home

Has no equal for prompt results. Takes but a moment to prepare.

You know that pine is used in nearly all prescriptions and remedies for coughs. The reason is that pine contains several peculiar elements that have a remarkable effect in soothing and healing the membranes of the throat and chest. Pine is used for this purpose.

Pine cough syrups are combinations of pine and sugar. The syrup part is usually plain sugar syrup. To make the best pine cough remedy that money can buy, put 2½ ounces of Pine in a 16-oz. bottle, and fill up with home-made sugar syrup. Or you can use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, you make 16 ounces—more than you can buy ready-made for \$2.50. It is pure, good and very pleasant—children take it eagerly.

You can feel this take hold of a cough or cold in a way that means business. The cough may be dry, hoarse and tight, or may be persistently loose from the formation of phlegm. The cause is the same—inflamed membranes—and this Pine and Syrup combination will stop it—usually in 24 hours or less. Splendid, too, for bronchial asthma, hoarseness, or any ordinary throat ailment.

Pine is a highly concentrated compound of essential Norway pine extract, and is famous the world over for its prompt effect upon coughs.

Beware of substitutes. Ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pine" with directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. The Pine Co., Toronto, Ont.



Women's High-Grade Rubbers

Not seconds or Job Lot, but real first class goods, to fit medium heel only; all sizes 8 to 8; low cut style as shown in cut.

Per Pair, 98c

Ladies' Rubber Boots

Women's Rubber Boots, lightweight, high cut, fleece-lined, well made of materials of excellent quality; sizes 8 to 7.

Per Pair, 3.98



Spats

Women's Grey, Slate, Brown and Black Hi-Cut Spats of extra fine Woolen Felt, 10 button height; well stitched and bound around edges.

Per Pair, 2.19



Heavy Bloomers

A full line just in. Colors: Navy and Grey, made of Jersey Cloth, heavy fleece lined. Better get what you need for they are going in a hurry at this low pricing.

Children's, - 1.15
Navy, - 1.35
Grey, - 1.25



Sweaters

Excellent value in this serviceable, comfortably heavy Sweater; knit in chain stitch of worsted with union back, its popular belted style; collar, turn-back cuffs and pockets.

Each, 7.49

Ladies' Serge and Cloth Skirts

A Final Sale Where you can BUY TWO SKIRTS For One.

For we have cut the prices exactly in half on every one of these skirts, regardless of the fact that they are of styles that will be worn much during the coming season.

Each, 3.98

Inventory Clean Up

MURPHY'S GOOD THINGS

Here is a host of just a few of each kind on which the prices have been cut to next to nothing to clear them out before taking inventory.



Men's Work Shirts

Another shipment of those favorite Work Shirts, made of splendid blue material, and selling away below their value.

Each, 99c



Men's Rubber Boots

Ace-HI heavy vamp, white sole and heels, snag-proof and rolled edges; fine for fisherman or farmer.

Per Pair, 6.75



Men's Heavy Winter Caps

Made of heavy English Overcoating in dark patterns; fleeces linings, knit ear-bands, make this a warm comfortable cap for winter. It is reasonably priced.

Each, 1.98



Sale of Winter Hats

Never before has such values been offered in Ladies' Winter Hats; real \$5.00 values for \$1.98. Not many left now, so you better get yours before they are all gone.

Each, - 1.98



Suit Cases

Brown Leatherette Finish Fiber, 7 inches deep, 24 inches long, steel frame, heavy reinforced, good lock and bolts, japanned metal corners, leather anchor handles; worth much more than we are asking for them.

Each, 2.49



Boys' Overcoats

Lucky is the boy who gets one of these Overcoats and lucky indeed will be the parents who get one for their boy. You can measure your luck by the many dollars the prices are lowered in this January Sale.

Each, 6.98



Stanfield's Wool Underwear

for men is well known to be the very best made; we have it in 3 weights, and as cheap as the common kind.

1.98, 2.75, 3.35



All Wool Worsted Pull-Overs

Remarkably good value is this all Wool Pull-over Sweater. It will so often be just the right completion for your outdoor costume, and will be worn indoors on many a cold day. Contrasting colors are used on some nearly all shades in stock.

Each, 3.98



Men's Rubbers

Made of pure Gum Rubber.

Per Pair, 1.79



Men's Winter Overcoats

The biggest values in our January Sales are to be found in our offerings of newly shown Overcoats in fine warm materials and neat styles. But the prices are the biggest feature. Every man of every time of life will find just what is best suited to his likes, and at prices that will appeal to his common sense.

Each, 17.98



Leather Work Mitts

Made of yellow Horse Hide. We recommend them for heavy work, extra durable and rattling good values.

Per Pair, 98c



Ribbons

Another special offering of desirable ribbons. This timely sale of ribbons in all fashionable widths includes many new arrivals in Spring's earliest styles—priced especially for this sale.

Per Yard, 6c to 75c

Ladies' Silk Plush Coats

We offer one only Lady's Black Peco Seal Silk Plush Coat. Very large fancy collar and cuffs, trimmed with imitation Chinchilla; pull-through belt with ornaments; can be worn all around, lined throughout with fancy Sateen; size 36.

Only 59.00

Corticelli Yarns

Just received a new supply of Corticelli Wools in balls; a large number of shades; not all shades but a great many.

Per Ball, 25c

Boys' Pull-Over Winter Caps

Mixed Brown and Grey for men and boys, made of good quality of yarns. It can be pulled down over the face and neck; has opening for face.

Each, 1.25

Southern

France More joining

UNIONIST

The Lord Mayor Dockrell, member of the Executive Council, has summoned a meeting of the South and West Dublin branch of the Unionist League, to discuss the proposed recognition of the new government, and to cooperate with the men in this government peace may be the welfare of the country.

HOSTILE TO

British and French completely dominated. Mr. Brannan, member of the Executive Council, has summoned a meeting of the South and West Dublin branch of the Unionist League, to discuss the proposed recognition of the new government, and to cooperate with the men in this government peace may be the welfare of the country.

BRANNAN'S RES

The prevailing local circles are would be Cabinet to-day, however, were of M. Brannan, which is apparent in the vote of confidence. Deputies have a decision of feet, besides M. Brannan, in the former President with a large public. Also, a great hold, and according to should invite.

Fine Fine

2 1/2 H

LIBBY

SKIPP

CAMP

CANAD

P. E. L.

TELE

HUB

Du