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Sweet Eva!

CHAPTER VI

There was a little additional note of sweetness in her voice as she looked at Philip.

Eva watched her crossing the lawn with Peter, and her heart swelled with anger. Had she quarrelled with Philip and was this her unworthy revenge—to flirt with a boy who was too young and unsophisticated to take her at her real value?

Philip was talking animatedly to Madge Ackland. He looked very much the same as usual, she thought, and a little throb of hope went through her. Perhaps he did not really care for Kitty; perhaps she had imagined more than half the devotion she thought he had shown. She went over to him. "Are you going to play again?"

He answered at once: "Of course, we are—I'm only waiting for you. Come along, Foster; don't be lazy." He prodded Foster with his foot as he lay sprawled on the grass. "Get up, you lazy bouncer."

They were halfway through a long set when suddenly Wintredick stopped. He looked at Eva.

"I can't go on—I'm dead-beat! Do you mind if we stop?"

He stammered a little as he spoke; his lips looked pale.

Eva was all concern. "Of course, we'll stop. I dare say it's the sun. It has been hot." She stooped and began to collect the balls. She was afraid that he should see in her eyes how anxious she was for him. She told Foster and his partner that it was she who had given in.

"My head aches—you don't mind, do you? We'll finish another day."

Philip said nothing; he had thrown down his racket and was getting into a coat.

He despaired himself for his weakness, but he felt he could keep up this farce no longer.

Since Kitty left the garden his whole being had seemed centred on the gate, watching for Peter's return.

Peter was only a boy to Eva, because she had lived with him all her life and could not realise that he had grown up; but he was no boy to Philip Wintredick, and he already saw in him a rival—a man with the advantage of

To complete a good dinner—A Knox Gelatine Dessert

After the heavy dishes of a dinner, there is nothing so fitting or so appreciated as a light, sweet dessert. You will give your guests the right, delicious and satisfying morsel, when you serve one of the Knox Gelatine desserts. Try this for tonight's dinner—

Knox Spanish Cream
1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine.
1 egg.
1 tablespoonful vanilla.
1 quart milk.
8 tablespoonfuls sugar.

Beat gelatin in milk. Put on fire and stir until dissolved. Add pulp of egg and stir. Add vanilla and sugar. Remove from stove and have whites of eggs well beaten with four tablespoonfuls sugar. Add whites, stirring briskly until thoroughly mixed. Flavor and turn into mould. If desired, serve with whipped cream. This will decorate and turn into a jelly in the bottom with custard top.

With the salt sparkling, lemons are used for flavoring, but with the Acidulated, lemons come an envelope of concentrated lemon juice—a great convenience when the host is pressed for time. Both contain a tablet for coloring.

Let us send you the Knox Recipe Book and more Knox Gelatine to make one just enough to try most any one of our desserts, puddings, salads, fillings, ice creams, thickeners, custards, etc.

Recipe book free for your pleasure. Name and address for it please.

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Dennison had had laid out with such pride.

The evening air was scented with lavender now, and, as young Wintredick went on, he suddenly heard Kitty's laugh.

"Her dear, pretty laugh! Bless her! His angry heart felt as if a gentle hand had been for a moment laid on its soreness. It was all just a bad dream, this last wretched day. He rounded the hedge and suddenly stopped; his feet seemed rooted to the ground.

Kitty was there, half-lying, half-sitting in a hammock, one little foot swinging tantalizingly a few inches from the ground, her head thrown back against a blue cushion, and her eyes looking up with laughing invitation into Peter Dennison's face.

The evening was so still that every word she spoke clearly reached the man who watched them.

"Very well, then—I dare you!" she said provokingly.

There was a second's hesitancy; then Peter Dennison stooped with a determination in which there was nothing boyish, and kissed her lips.

CHAPTER VII

For one heart-broken moment Philip Wintredick saw the world red. He never knew what restrained him from rushing forward; for a little space everything was unreal and confused, and when the mist cleared away he found himself out of the garden and walking blindly away down the road.

Only yesterday she had told him she loved him and wanted to be his wife! And to-day she was fooling with another man and letting him kiss her.

Young Wintredick laughed; laughed aloud to the sunset sky and the glorious evening.

What a fool he had been. He walked miles and miles before he got home. He was footsore and worn out when at last he let himself into the silent house.

A clock chimed in the hall as he closed the door behind him and put up the chain. He counted the strokes mechanically—one! two!—two o'clock! and all these hours he had been walking the roads.

He climbed the stairs wearily and threw himself, dressed as he was, on the bed and fell into a heavy sleep.

It was his first glimpse of trouble and disappointment; and, like people to whom life has been easy and sunny, he took it badly.

He looked at his reflection grimly as he shaved in the morning.

"Never again, my boy!" he promised himself. "We'll have a better reason than love next time."

He went down to breakfast and bade his father good morning. If he did not eat very much, he made a great pretence of a hearty meal, which completely deceived the old man.

Only when they had both finished, his father cleared his throat and delivered himself of a speech which he had had stored up in his mind since last night.

"Phil, my boy—you—upset your mother considerably last night."

Philip looked his father squarely in the face.

"Yes, I know," he said. "I'm sorry, I'll make it up to her to-day."

He pushed back the chair and rose; the old man rose too.

"Philip," he began, and then stopped. "Phil," he said again brokenly, "my boy—if it isn't for your happiness . . . I'd rather be ruined a thousand times over than drive you to do anything we might all of us be sorry for in the future."

Philip stood quite still, staring out of the window.

"I've been thinking," his father went on. "It never occurred to me before, but you must know so many girls, my boy—pretty girls, too—whom perhaps . . . if there is anybody else you care for, Phil." He blundered helplessly.

(To be continued)

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Happy-go-lucky and care-free, Jack London strove to live the adventurous life for which his heart and mind craved. From his childhood he was a roamer, and even in his youth he sailed the seas and tramped the roads, all the time searching for the elusive something which he felt was lacking in his life. He found it at last in his love for his wife, Charmian.

An Oyster Pirate.

Forty-five years ago he was born, and at the age of ten he thought of "going out beyond the skyline to see the world." But his parents were poor, and a relentless fate drove him first to selling papers, and then to working long hours in a "cannery."

When he was not toiling, he pored through the pages of books. His thoughts then were away from the workaday world, and he pined for the adventures of which he read.

Then one day he found he had sufficient money to buy a small ship that was for sale, and, throwing off the shackles of his old life, he became at the age of fifteen an oyster pirate, running the gauntlet of the law along the Californian coast.

Leading this wild life, mixing with the coarse, uncouth men of the pirate gangs, Jack became a man before his time. This first taste of freedom was to him but the beginning, for he dreamed of the far seas and the wondrous enchantment of other lands. So, at the first opportunity, he was off to Japan and the Bering Seas as a sealer.

On his return there followed a variety of occupations, which he pursued as his heart dictated. He was seventeen then. He won a newspaper-essay competition, and his thoughts turned to literature. It had disappointments he discovered soon enough, and he found that manual labor was his only means of livelihood.

But nothing could hold his interests permanently. After months of toiling in the cannery, he heard again the call of adventure, and he was off to more—this time on the road, a tramp, begging his way one day and travelling on railway wagons another.

School-life followed this, and then the university. When these ties were severed, he was off with the gold-rush to the Klondyke, and on retracing his books. She was his comrade.

rise to fame was sensational. At twenty-two he was unknown. At twenty-five he was famous. At last he had found his true field. Because he had lived the life he was off to write he brought vividness and romantic charm into his work.

But even with this success in literature there was still that elusive something lacking from his life. Soon his desire for change came again, and he was off once more, this time to London, where he lived in the East-end slums and wrote "The People of the Abyss." After that away he went as a correspondent in the Russo-Japanese War.

Then into his life came Charmian Ketridge, the "one woman in a million."

Cupid's Victim.

He had met her years before at her aunt's house. He was a strikingly handsome youth, but his appearance and manner were hardly stated for the best society; so the maid, when he had called, had announced him as "only a boy in rough clothes, and he walks like a sailor."

On his return from Japan he met Charmian again, and their mutual interest in literature cemented their friendship. She helped him with his books. She was his comrade.

Charmian's beauty soon began to make itself felt, and the climax came when one day she was accompanying him on horseback a part of the way from her home. They rode side by side, and suddenly he turned and said, "Something wonderful has happened to me."

"My face must have answered," Charmian writes in her book, "Jack London" (Mills and Boon). "For I know I said no word. At the top of the pass we clasped hands and kissed good-bye, solemnly, joyfully, all in one. And there was that in his eyes that brought tears to mine. But it was the happy rain of a new day for

me, for him, and my heart ached with the joy of it."

A love scene such as this was in keeping with the life of the man. He had found the something for which he had so long searched. He was changed into the lover, ardent and strong.

The Call of Adventure.

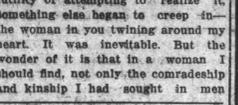
His thoughts are reflected in this letter to Charmian:—

"I shall tell you a dream of my boyhood and manhood—a dream which in my rashness, I thought had dreamt of itself out and beyond all chance of realization? I do not know, now, what my other loves have been, how much of depth and worth there were in them but this I know, and knew then, and know always—that there was a something greater I yearned after, a something that beat upon my imagination with a great glowing light, and made those woman-loves wan and pale."

"Then I met you. . . . I was convinced of the possibility of a great comradeship between us, and of the futility of attempting to realize it, something else began to creep in—the woman in you twining around my heart. It was inevitable. But the wonder of it is that in a woman I should find, not only the comradeship and kinship I had sought in men

Fashion Plates.

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Pattern 3779 is here illustrated. It is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require 5 1/2 yards of 40 inch material. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2 yards with plait extended.

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Is a Plum Pudding, and this year if you serve Libby's you will wonder why you ever toiled so long at home to make one.

Libby's Plum Pudding is prepared from choice Grecian currants, plump California seedless raisins, white kidney beef suet, pure creamery butter, fresh country eggs, flour, granulated cane sugar and blended spices—all carefully tested and mixed to make certain that the high quality of this product is maintained.

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alone, but the great woman-love as well; and this woman is You, You! Again he wrote:—

The years pass. You and I pass. But yet our love abides, more firmly, more deeply, more surely, for we have built our love for each other; not upon the sand, but upon the rock.

His roving spirit found a mate in his wife, and together these two true comrades set off for the adventures of life, once more sailing the seas and searching the far and mysterious lands of the world.

Jack London was only forty when he died. But his had been a life that knew not the bonds of time or space. It can be said of him, indeed, that although he never had a boyhood, he remained all his life at heart a boy—Tit-Bits.

LONGING FOR PEACE.

I'd gladly see the scrapping of every gun and pike, I'd see no war flags flapping, no legions on the hike; glad I'd be if I would be croning if swords in a d e hooks for pruning, or instruments for tuning pianos and the like. I see the big ships lying in San Diego Bay, their flags and pennants flying in bright and brave array; they seem in handsome fettle, but oh, what wear we get, if all their tons of metal were used for mowing hay! You cruiser cost a million, that battleship cost four; and I, a mild civilian, am taxed until I'm sore; my burden greater waxes; I'm tired of paying taxes to buy more battle-axes and implements of gore. The man who works for wages soon finds his name is Mud; the tax collector rages for money, in a flood; and nearly every shilling is spent for bygone killing or plans for future spilling of

useful human blood. The warships take our cousins, our uncles and our sons, take them away by dozens, to shoot off silly guns; and all these boys we're needing, for trapping and for seeding, and not for futile bleeding where some punk' Ocean runs. Scrap all the ships and cruisers that loiter along the wave; no nations will be lovelier when they have found their grave; it is an idle notion to think that ships in motion, upon the bridled ocean, will make the world behave.

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