STOLEN JEWELS

"I hope you will," said Caprice, heartily. "I am certain he never committed the crime. What do you say?" turning to the detective.

"I'm beginning to be of your opinion," replied Naball, candidly. "I did think him guilty once," fixing his eyes on Villiers, "but now I don't."

"What about the knife I gave you?" asked Villiers, abruptly.

"Ah!" said Naball, musingly, "what, indeed."

"I found it on the scene of the crime," said Villiers, in a defiant manner.

"So you said."

"Don't you believe me?"

"Humph!"

At this ambiguous murmur Villiers gave a savage growl and would have replied, but Kitty stopped him by waving her hand.

"It's no good talking like this," she said, quickly. "There is some reason for you all coming here. What is it?"

"I'll tell you," said Naball, in a sharp, official tone. "Do you remember the diamond robbery at this place? Well, those diamonds were sold to old Lazarus, and he sent them to Amsterdam for sale. The person who stole those diamonds thought they were still in the safe of Jacob Lazarus; and the person who stole those diamonds murdered Jacob Lazarus to recover them."

He finished triumphantly, and then waited to see what effect his accusation would have on Kitty. To his astonishment, however, she never moved a muscle of her face, but asked calmly:

"And who is the thief and the murderer?"

"That's what I want to find out."

"Naturally; but why come to me?"

"Because, you know."

"I!" she cried, rising to her feet in anger. "I know nothing."

"Yes, you do, and so does Villiers there," persisted Naball.

Villiers glanced strangely at Kitty, and growled sullenly.

"Now, look here Miss Marchurst," said Naball rapidly, "it's no use beating about the bush—I know more than you think. You denied that you stole your own jewels, but I know you did, in order to pay the money embezzled by Malton. Lazarus's boy saw you go to his place during the week of the robbery, late at night. You did so in order to dispose of the jewels. The crescent I took from Villiers down Bourke Street was given to him by you as an accomplice; and I listened at that window to-day and heard Villiers say you were on the Russell Street premises on then night of the murder. Now, what do you say?"

Kitty, still on her feet, was deadly pale, but looked rapidly at Naball.

"You have made up a very clever case," she said quietly; "but entirely wrong—yes, entirely, I did not take my own jewels, as I told you before, therefore I was unable to pay the money for Mr. Malton. I did go to see Lazarus one night during the week of the robbery in order to get some money, but was unable to do so. I never gave the crescent to Villiers, as he will tell you; and lastly, as you overheard him state, I was at Lazarus's on the night of the murder, but did not think it necessary to state so. I went there after I left the Bon-Bon, and made no secret of my doing so, as my coachman can inform you. I found the door locked, and no light inside, so thinking the old man had gone to bed, I came away, and went home; so, you see, your very clever case means nothing."

"Is this true?" asked Naball, turning to Villiers.

"Is what true?" asked that gentleman angrily.

"What she says."

"Some of it. Well, yes, most of it."

"You'd better go a little further," said Kitty quietly, "and say all of it. Did I give you the diamond crescent?"

"No, you didn't."

"Then, who did?" asked Naball pertinaciously.

"I shan't tell you," growled Villiers.

"Oh, yes, you will," said the detective, "because if you know who stole the diamonds, you know the murderer of Lazarus."

"No, I don't," retorted Villiers savagely. "I tell you I saw her round about the place on that night, and I picked up the knife I gave you; that's all I know."

"Humph! we'll see about that."

"You are sure that the person who stole the diamonds committed the crime?" asked Caprice with a strange smile on her pale lips.

"Well, I'm pretty sure; it looks uncommon like it."

"And you think I stole the diamonds?"

"Yes," retorted Naball bluntly; "I believe you did."

"In that case, by your own reasoning, I'm a murderess," said Caprice.

"I don't say that," said the detective; "but I believe you know who did it," looking significantly at Villiers.

"I'm afraid your reasonings and your assertions are at variance," said Kitty quietly. "I don't know who committed the murder, but I do know who stole my diamonds."

"Who?" asked Ezra, in an excited tone.

"Keith Stewart!"

"Keith Stewart!" echoed all; "impossible!"

Eugenie stepped forward with a frown on her pale face, and looked at Kitty.

"I don't believe it," she said, "and you are a wicked woman to say so."

"Unfortunately, it's true," replied Caprice, with a sigh. "I have kept the secret as long as I could, but now it's impossible to do so any longer. Keith Stewart was at my place on the night of the robbery, and heard me say where my diamonds were. He was coming to the drawing-room, and saw my child descending the stairs, having got out of bed. He picked her up, and put her in bed again. The temptation was too strong to resist, I suppose, and he opened the drawer of the mirror, and took the jewels. He then got out of the window, and came round by the front of the house so as to enter by the front-door. Meg was awake all the time, and told it to me in her childish way, how he had gone to the window and got out of it. I told her not to speak of it, and kept silence."

"Why did you keep silence?" asked Naball.

"Why," cried Kitty, her face flushing with anger, "because he saved my child from death. He might have stolen anything of mine, but I would have kept silence, nor would I have betrayed him now but that you accuse me of murder."

There was a dead silence in the room, as every one was touched by the way in which Kitty spoke. Then Villiers gave a coarse laugh.

"Ha! ha!" he said harshly; "you said, Naball, that the person who stole the diamonds committed the murder also, so you've got the right man in goal."

Naball cast a look of commiseration at Eugenie, and said nothing.

"Wait a moment," cried Ezra, stepping forward "we've got to find the stolen bank-notes first. I don't believe Keith Stewart committed such a base crime; he is no murderer."

"No," cried Eugenie, springing to her feet; "nor is he a thief. I will prove his innocence."

"I'm afraid that's difficult," said Naball reflectively; "things look black against him."

"Of course they do," said Villiers coarsely. "Who knows he is innocent?"

Eugenie stepped in front of the ruffian, and raised her hand to the ceiling.

"There is One who knows he is innocent—God."

CHAPTER XXV.

All this time while his friends were trying to prove his innocence, Keith was mewed up in prison, having now been there a week. The disgrace of being arrested on such a charge had aged him considerably, and his face had changed from a healthy bronzed colour to a waxen paleness, while the circles under his eyes, and the deep lines furrowing his brow, showed how deeply he was affected by the position in which he found himself.

He steadily denied that he committed the crime imputed to him, and regarding the knife found by Villiers, could only say that, after putting it in his pocket at the club, he thought no more of it till next morning, when, having occasion to use it, he found it had disappeared.

Some time after the interview with Kitty, when she told how Keith had stolen the diamonds, Eugenie was admitted to the presence of her unfortunate lover. She had tried to see him before, but had always been refused; so when she did gain her object at last, and they stood face to face both were so overcome with emotion that they could hardly speak. Keith held out his arms to her, with a smile on his wan face, and with an inarticulate cry she flung herself on his breast, weeping bitterly

"Don't cry, dear," he said soothingly, making her sit down on the bed. "There! there!" and he quieted her as if she had been a little child.

"I can't help it," she said, drying her eyes; it seems so terrible to see you here."

"No doubt," replied Keith quietly; "but I know I am innocent, and that robs the disgrace of a good deal of its sting."

"I know you are innocent," answered Eugenie, "but how to prove it; I thought things would have turned out all right; but when we saw Kitty Marchurst—"

"She said I had stolen her diamonds," finished Stewart, with a satirical laugh. "I've no doubt she fully believes it, and I thank her for having held her tongue so long; but she was never more mistaken in her life. I did put Meg back to bed, but I came down stairs again, and did not leave the room by the window."

"But how is it the child saw you?" Of course, you know—"

"I know everything. Yes. Naball told me all. Meg says she saw a man she thought was me getting out of the window. I've no doubt she did see a man, but not me."

"But why should she think it you?" asked Eugenie, puzzled.

"Simply in this way. I put her to bed when she was half-asleep, and she knew I was in the room with her. When I left, she fell asleep, and as her slumber was fitful, as I am sure it was, seeing she came downstairs, she no doubt woke up at the sound of the window being opened, and say a man getting out. You know how an hour's sleep passes as a moment when one wakes, so I've no doubt. Meg thought she'd just closed her eyes, and opened them again to see me getting out of the window."

"I understand," said Eugenie; "but who could it have been?"

"I believe it was Villiers," observed Keith thoughtfully. "He was about the house on that night; he was in want of money, so no doubt when Caprice left him in the supper-room, he walked upstairs to the bedroom, stole the diamonds, and left the window. He could easily do this, as every one was in the drawing-room. Then Naball found that diamond clasp in his possession, or, at least, in the possession of the Chinaman to whom he sold it."

"But if he sold all those diamonds to old Lazarus, he must have got a good deal of money for them. Why did he not leave the country?"

Keith sighed.

"I'm sure I don't know. It seems all so mysterious," he said dismally. "What do you think should be done, Eugenie?"

"I think I'll see Naball again, or some other detective, and sift the whole affair to the bottom."

Keith looked at her with a pitying smile.

"My dear child, that will cost a lot of money, and you have not—"

Eugenie gave a little laugh. She was not going to tell him just yet, so she gave an evasive answer.

"I've got my salary," she said, gaily. "Some of it was paid to me the other day. See!" And taking out her purse she emptied it into his hand.

"Oh! what a lot of money," said Keith, smiling. "A five-pound note, three sovereigns, and two one-pound notes."

"Which mkes exactly ten pounds," remarked Eugenie, with a smile; "and I'm going to pay it all away to Naball, to get you out of this trouble."

Stewart kissed her, and smoothed out the notes one after the other.

"It's no use, Eugenie," said he, offering her the notes back; "it will take more than that to help me; besides, you forget I have five hundred pounds in the bank."

"Yes," she said, turning her face away. "Five hundred."

"And you'll have it—if—if I die."

She turned to him and threw her arms around his neck.

"Oh, my darling! my darling!" she cried, vehemently "why do you say such things? You will not die. You will live to be famous and happy."

"Famous!" he said, bitterly; "no; I'm not famous yet, but notorious enough. There's only one chance of escape for me."

"And that is?"

"To trace those notes that were stolen—twenty-five pound notes like this," taking up the five-pound note.

"But you haven't got the numbers."

"No; but, as I told Naball, that boy wrote something on the back of one of them." Here Keith turned over the five-pound note; and then, giving a cry of surprise, sprang to his feet. "Eugenie, look, look!"

She snatched the note from him, and there on the back were traced in ink the words "Back Flat-Iron."

"One of the notes," said Keith, hoarsely. "One of the notes stolen on that night by the person who murdered Jacob Lazarus."

Eugenie had risen to her feet and her face wore a look of horror. She looked at her lover, and he looked back again with the same name in their thoughts.

"Kitty Marchurst!"

"Good God!" said Stewart, moistening his dry lips with his tongue, "can she be guilty after all?"

"I can't believe it," said Eugenie, determinedly, "though Naball says he thinks she did it. But I certainly got this note from her."

"She may have received it from some one else," cried Keith eagerly. "God knows, I don't want to die myself, but to put the rope round the neck of that unhappy woman—horrible," and he covered his face with his hands.

Eugenie put on her gloves, and then touched his arm.

"I'm going," she said in a quiet voice.

"Going?" he repeated, springing to his feet.

"Yes, to see Naball, and show him the note."

"But Kitty Marchurst?"

"Don't trouble about her," said Eugenie, a trifle coldly. "She is all right, and I've no doubt can explain where she got this note. Wherever it was, you can depend it was not from the dead man's safe. Good-bye Keith," kissing him, "This note gives us the clue, and before many days are over you will be free, and the murderer of Jacob Lazarus will be in this cell."

CHAPTER XXVI.

When Eugenie left the prison, she went straight to Naball's office, and finding him in, told all about the wonderful discovery of the veritable five-pound note endorsed in Isaiah's writing. To say that Naball was astonished would be a mild way to state his feelings on receipt of this intelligence.

"It's an uncommon piece of luck," he said, looking at the note; "we might have searched for a twelve-month, and never come across this piece of evidence. I think we'll get to the bottom of things this time. You got it from Kitty Marchurst?"

"Yes; I got it yesterday in payment of my salary."

Naball whistled softly.

"Things look uncommon black against that young woman," he observed thoughtfully. "I didn't half believe that story of hers about Stewart's stealing the diamonds, and now this note turning up in her possesion—humph!"

"But you don't think she's guilty?" said Eugenie, clasping her hands.

"I don't say anything," replied Naball, savagely, for the difficulties of this case were beginning to irritate him. "I only say things look black against Caprice—she's as deep as a well."

"What are you going to do now?" asked Miss Rainsford in a trembling voice, as she rose to go.

The detective placed his hat jauntily on one side of his head, drew on his gloves, then, taking his cane, walked to the door of the office, which he held open for Eugenie to pass through.

"What are you going to do now?" she repeated when they were standing in the street.

"I'm going down to Toorak," said Naball quietly, "to trace this note, beginning with Kitty Marchurst as the last holder of it; she'll tell lies, but whether she does or not, I'm going to get to the bottom of this affair. Good-day, Miss Rainsford," and taking off his hat with a flourish, he left her abruptly, and strolled leisurely down the street.

Eugenie watched him with eager eyes until he was out of sight, and then turned round to walk home.

"Oh, my dear! my dear!" she murmured, "if I can only save you from this terrible danger—but not at the cost of that poor woman's life—oh, not that!"

The detective, on his way down to Toorak, went over the case in his own mind, in order to see against whom the evidence was strongest. At last, after considerable cogitation, he came to the conclusion that, after all, Villiers must be the guilty man, and that Kitty knew more about the crime than she chose to tell.

"I can't get over Villiers having had that diamond crescent," he said, looking out of the carriage windows. She denied it was hers, and then Fenton told me he gave it to her. I wonder if he had anything to do with the affair—humph!—not likely. If she thought it was him, she'd tell at once. Perhaps she really thinks Stewart stole the diamonds. Pish! I don't believe it. She's had a finger in the pie, whoever did it, and this murder is the outcome of the robbery. Well, I'll see if she can account for her possession of this five-pound note—that's the main thing."

(To be continued.)

HOW THIS NERVOUS WOMAN GOT WELL.

Told by Herself. Her Sincerity Should Convince Others.

Christopher, Ill.—"For four years I suffered from irregularities, weakness, nervousness, and was in a run down condition. Two of our best doctors failed to do me any good. I heard so much about what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for others, I tried it and was cured. I am no longer nervous, am regular, and in excellent health. I believe the Compound will cure any female trouble."—Mrs. ALICE HELLER, Christopher, Ill.

Nervousness is often a symptom of weakness or some functional derangement, which may be overcome by this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as thousands of women have found by experience.

If complications exist, write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for suggestions in regard to your ailment. The result of its long experience is at your service.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Gentlemen.—Last winter I received great benefit from the use of MINARD'S LINIMENT in a severe attack of La Grippe, and I have frquently proved it to be very effective in cases of Inflammation.

Yours,

W. A. HUTCHINSON.

Cuticura Promotes Beauty Of Hair and Skin

If the Soap is used for every-day toilet purposes assisted by occasional touches of Cuticura Ointment to first signs of pimples, redness, roughness or dandruff. Do not confound these fragrant super-creamy emollients with coarsely medicated, often dangerous preparations urged as substitutes.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address postcard: "Cuticura, Dept. N, Boston, U.S.A." Sold by dealers throughout the world.

LET a woman ease your suffering. I want you to write, and let me tell you of my simple method of home treatment, send you ten days' free trial, postpaid, and put you in touch with women in Canada who will gladly tell what my method has done for them.

If you are troubled with weak, tired feelings, headache, backache, bearing down sensations, bladder weakness, constipation, catarrhal conditions, pain in the sides, regularity or irregularity, bloating, sense of falling or misplacement of internal organs, nervousness, desire to cry, palpitation, hot flashes, dark rings under the eyes, or a loss of interest in life, write to me to-day. Address: Mrs. M. Summers, Box 8 Windsor, Ont.

A MESSAGE TO WOMEN!!

Polly Pinktights—Before he went on the stage the comedian used to be a country doctor. Tottie Twinkletoes—A regular village cut up, eh?

Drive Turkeys to Market.

In some sections of Texas turkeys are driven to market. In one instance a flock of 8,000 turkeys was driven 13 miles in two days. Twice a year a train called the "turkey special" leaves Morristown, Tenn. Carloads of turkeys are sent to Morristown from the surrounding country, and these are made up into one train and rushed to New York. Each car contains about 1,200 birds and a man is sent to care for them. In spite of all possible speed and care, however, the birds are said to lose about 12 per cent. of their weight in shipment.

Dough Saved the Ship.

"Saved by a ton of dough" might be the title for an account of the adventures of the steamship Armenia in the submarine zone. The vessel was struck by a torpedo. Aboard was an armed guard of American seamen under the command of Chief Boatswain's Mate Stief Homiak, U. S. N. The naval men made all preparations for placing the passengers in lifeboats, for the ship had a wide breach below the water line and a second torpedo was momentarily expected; but they did not intend to abandon their vessel until they were sure it was going to sink. Going below they succeeded in checking the inflow of water to some extent by a patch made of a collision mat and some pieces of canvas, but there was still a formidable leak. Thereupon the sailors proceeded to smash upon a large number of barrels of flour which they found in the hold and shoveled this material into the breach. Soon it was filled with an enormous mass of dough, which so effectually checked the leak that the ship was brought into port by her resourceful crew.

Advance Skirtery.

Wide folds.
Deep yokes.
Uneven tunics.
Hip fullness.
Bottom narrowness.
Buttons as trimming.
Straight lines generally.
Wide skirts draped in narrow effects.

$25.00 FOR A LETTER

CAN YOU WRITE ONE?

THIRTEEN PRIZES TO BE AWARDED IN A LETTER WRITING COMPETITION.

Some years ago the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., of Brockville, Ont., offered a series of prizes to residents of Ontario for the best letters describing cures wrought by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Hundreds of letters were submitted in this competition, and yet there must have been thousands of other users of the pills who did not avail themselves of the opportunity to win a prize. To all these another letter writing competition is offered. Thousands of cures through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have never been reported. These will furnish the material for the letters to be written in this contest. There is no demand upon the imagination; every letter must deal with facts and facts only.

THE PRIZES:

The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., of Brockville, Ont., will award a prize of $25.00 for the best letter received on or before the 20th day of February, 1919, from residents of Ontario, on the subject: "Why I Recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." A prize of $10.00 will be awarded for the second best letter received; a prize of $5.00 for the third best letter, and then prizes for $2.00 each for the next best ten letters.

THE CONDITIONS.

The cure or benefit from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills described in the letter may be in the writer's own case, or one that has come under his or her personal observation.

More than one cure may be described in the letter, but every statement must be literally and absolutely true.

Every letter must be signed by the full name and correct address of the person sending it. If it describes the cure of some person other than the writer of the letter, it must also be signed by the person whose cure is described as a guarantee of the truth of the statement made.

The writer of each letter must state the name and date of the paper in which he or she saw this announcement.

Fine writing will not win the prize unless you have a good case to describe. The strength of the recommendation and not the style of the letter will be the basis of the award.

It is understood that The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. shall have the right to publish any letter entered in this contest if they desire to do so where it wins a prize or not.

The contest will close on February 20th, 1919, and the prizes will be awarded as soon as possible thereafter. Do not delay. If you know of a cure write your letter NOW. Observe the above conditions carefully or your letter may be thrown out.

Address all letters as follows:

The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.,
Brockville, Ont.
Letter Contest Department.

THE ENLISTMENT OF PRAYER

A state proclamation, impressive in all its official flambuoyancy of diction, has en joined for this week a daily minute of prayer. The material forces of the country, men, munitions, money, food, have all been called upon; and now the state enlists its spiritual strength. Prayer itself is officially recognized among the win-the-war forces. How will Mr. Average Citizen meet the call? Not, we think, judging from the tone of the best representative journalism, in any scornful, sceptical, or frivolous spirit. There will, of course, be exceptions. In the congregation of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," church there were the "fools who came to scoff," and the "scoffers" are still with us. They may whisper "parturiunt montes ridiculus mus," etc. They may allude waggishly to the state-machine ponderously revolving to produce a daily output of sixty seconds of prayer. But as in the "Deserted Village," those who "came to scoff remained to pray," so it may be in our city. To parody Melancholy Jacques, it will, we trust, be true of Winnipeg each noon this week.

"All the town's a church,
And all the men and women worshippers."

There is ground for believing that the world crisis through which we have been passing has quickened the religious consciousness of the race. The war has [illegible] spiritual forces. While it is to be expected that those who claim as Master the God-man of Nazareth will recall His insistence on the potency of prayer, even the "man in the street" who makes no such claim will not lightly scorn the example of our greatest men. He will not be ashamed to follow the lead of a Nelson, or a General Gordon, or a Lord Roberts. Along with the inevitable stressing of material forces, the need of millions of men and billions of dollars, the war has awakened in many hearts the realization of an August Power who controls the destiny of nations and who leans a tender ear to the whispered petitions of his human children.

"More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of,
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
And so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

Is objection raised to the meagreness of the supplication enjoined? "A mere minute of prayer is such a little thing!" So was the stone drawn from a shepherd lad's bag that overthrew a giant. A machine-gun can do effective work in less than a minute. Who shall measure the far-reaching effect of a brief ejaculatory prayer if winged from a sincere and faithful heart? Dean Goulburn's words are worth re-reading at the present juncture: "Ejaculatory Prayer is prayer darted up from the heart to God, not at stated intervals, but in the course of our daily occupations and amusements. The word ejaculatory is derived from the Latin word for a dart or arrow, and there is an idea in it which one would be loath indeed to forfeit. Imagine an English archer strolling through a forest in the old times of Crecy and Agincourt. . . . A bird rises in the brushwood under his feet. . . . He takes an arrow from his quiver, draws his bow to its full stretch, and sends the shaft after the bird with the speed of lightning. Scarcely an instant elapses before his prey is at his feet. . . . Very similar in the spiritual world is the force of what is called ejaculatory prayer. The Christian catches suddenly a glimpse of some blessing, deliverance, relief, a longing after which is induced by the circumstances into which he is thrown. As the archer first draws the bow in towards himself, so the Christian retires, by a momentary act of recollection, into his own mind, and there realizes the Presence of God. Then he launches one short fervent petition into the ear of that Awful Presence, throwing his whole soul into the request. And lo, it is done! The blessing descends, prosecuted, overtaken, pierced, fetched down from the vault of Heaven by the winged arrow of Prayer."

Observed.

Collar bows under left ears.

Egyptian embroideries on afternoon frocks.

Quaint half-moon yokes in bodices of frocks.

Embroidered bands which are knitted into dress materials.

Slashes in narrow skirts covered by drapery or panel camouflage.

Honest Confession.

No man can ever lack this mortification of his vanity, that what he knows is but very little in comparison with what he is ignorant of. Consider this, and instead of boasting thy knowledge of a few things, confess and be out of countenance for the many more which thou dost not understand.

NURSES ADVISE

Zam-Buk, because they have proved that it does what is claimed for it.

Miss E. L. Deasy, graduate nurse of 2220 Michigan Ave., Chicago, says: "I have a patient who suffered terribly with piles. Zam-Buk is the only remedy that gave her relief.

"I have used Zam-Buk myself for the same ailment, also for sores and burns, and have the greatest confidence in it."

Zam-Buk

By Speeding the Liver Dr. Hamilton's Pills Bring Good Results

Good for Men, Women, Children

No curse seems harder to bear than the downright weariness and despondency that comes from a slow liver.

The man or woman who is pale, sallow, depressed, and out of sorts usually has Liver Complaint. Such people continually suffer from headache, constipation, ringing ears, lack of appetite and poor digestion. What a world of good Dr. Hamilton's Pills will do in such cases! In one hour this smooth working medicine changes half-sick folks into different looking and feeling people. No chance for headaches or costiveness when Dr. Hamilton's Pills get to work. Taken at night they restore normal conditions while you sleep, morning finds you fresh and hungry, headeaches all gone, cheeks rosy, eyes bright, spirits good.

Impossible to feel dizzy, to have weak back, to be nervous, depressed, sleepless or out of sorts if you tone, regulate and cleanse the system with Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Good for men, women and children. Sold every-