

# GREEN EYES

BY ASHLEY MILNER.

*Jealousy is a canker which eats into the very soul, turning love to hate and distorting the vision until the best becomes the worst and the worst becomes the best. Its malignant power is like a creeping sickness which leaves the brain numb to all thoughts save only its own dark ponderings.*

## PART I.

Lambert, with the bronze of a long sea voyage still on his face, came to a standstill as he reached the top of the stairs. The upper floor of the cafe was half filled, but he began a patient scrutiny of the faces at the tables. He missed the old man and the young, he ignored the elderly ladies and the waitresses. His gaze leaped from one table to another; then, of a sudden: "At last!" said Lambert.

He threaded a path between tables and chairs until he reached the table where a dark-haired, slender girl of five-and-twenty was gazing up from her meal. There was a flash of recognition in her gray eyes, a quiver on her lips, and a tiny shrinking from him as he held out his hand.

"I've been looking all over London for you, Marian," said Lambert, who had noticed nothing unusual in her manner and was cheerfully content that she smiled and gave him her hand. "I tracked you through an old acquaintance of ours, at the finish; she said she often saw you having tea here. But no one else seems to know what has been happening to you these last two or three years."

To finish abruptly at that remark was to ask the question almost point-blank. But the girl, with that nervous quiver still touching her lips, hesitated an instant and then evaded it.

"No one knows very much about yourself, either, for nearly four years," she countered lightly. "You've been out of reach of civilization most of the time, haven't you?"

He laughed the admission. His firm were big people in horticulture and he had been exploring the South Seas for new or rare exotics. "I came back last week," said Lambert. "It's a fact that I was outside the world, at one time, for ten consecutive months. They don't have daily posts nor newspapers in the Crozetts! It was after I left the Crozetts that I first heard how my own little world had changed. Angelica dead, and my mother gone to South America. I couldn't believe that little Angelica was gone, when the last time I saw her she was . . ."

There was pity in the gray eyes of the girl as he broke off and steeled himself against the anguish that brought a sudden quiver to his voice. Angelica had been his sister and he had come near to worshipping her. Her death was like a part of himself dying.

"Angelica was wonderful, wasn't she?" he added softly at last with Marian keeping that compassionate silence. "One of those creatures too bright and good for this nature's daily food. There was something ethereal about her; she seemed to live with her head in the skies and only her feet on earth. I felt that even when she was alive. Now that she is dead I hardly believe she was ever mortal. But it has changed my own life pretty thoroughly, especially with my mother now settled in South America. The end of the old order of things, Marian. Here is the beginning of the new."

"Where?"

"I said here. In this tearoom, if you insist on being so painfully literal." His own lighter manner had answered the levity of her interruption. "Shall I beat about the bush, Marian? You were never a girl who evaded the truth. Must I remind you in pretty words that you were my pal while you were Angelica's; and that our friendship—" The voice trailed off into a questioning silence.

"Ivor! Stop!" She had made a gesture as if she flinched from the unspoken avowal. "For pity's sake, don't go on. You don't understand."

"Don't understand what?" He glanced at her ringless hand and was frankly puzzled.

"We were pals, then; let's be satisfied by remembering that," she said, almost curtly. But the white intensity of her lips betrayed her, making mockery of her affected indifference. He bent forward with the big room around them now becoming a wilderness of empty chairs.

"I'm not satisfied with old memories, Marian," he whispered passionately. "And it's impossible to pretend I've not said everything that needs saying, already. Why should I search London for you if it wasn't that I want you? Why are you afraid?"

She flashed a denial.

"But you are afraid, Marian," he cried, hotly. "You're fencing with me now, or with love itself. And not only now, but you've been doing it these last two years. When I went out the South Seas, three years ago, it was almost understood that you would marry me when I came back. For a year you wrote to me whenever I could be found. Then your letters stopped and you disappeared."

"Something happened," she said, dully, dropping her eyes beneath his gaze. "Something that changed everything. Something that means we are best apart, you and I."

"Ah! Something that happened during the two years when not even your old friends knew where you were?"

It was a challenge that brought a sparkling resentment into her eyes. On the brink of a retort, she hesitated for a single instant. Then she shrugged her shoulders.

"Yes," she confessed. "No one knows where I was during those two years. No one ever will know it. . . . I'm going now, Ivor. I've told you that we are best apart. Good-bye."

But he hung at her side, followed her into the street, kept a dogged escort until she left the quiet suburban station as darkness was taking the color out of the world and only the red west remained.

"I've searched for a week for you, Marian," he said, almost menacingly, when the sound of their footsteps was hushed by the common over which they were walking. "I'll not be shaken off, now that I've found you. Will you marry me when I tell you that I've been working and living for this moment? I'd be making a fool of myself if I just told you that I love you. You're this much to me, Marian, that you've got out the rest of the world. The craving for you all these years I've been away hasn't been love. It's been my very self, body and soul. And you loved me?"

"How could I promise to marry you, when two years of my life are a blank to you?" she said quiveringly. "I'll marry you, Ivor, if you ask it. But never till the very end will I tell you where I was or what I was doing those last two years. . . . Would you marry me with that unexplained gap in my life?"

"Yes, I'd marry you, no matter what the two years hide," he declared, in a savage abandon of his reason to his mad craving for her.

"You promise that? It is your word of honor to me, Ivor? You'll never ask me where I was, nor whom I lived with, nor anything that happened? You'll think of me as if the two years had never been?"

"The two years never happened," he vowed, with his arms round her and his breath upon her brow. "You are the girl who loved me before I left England two years ago. Just the same girl, and not a day older. Whatever happened in the last years I forgive."

"Forgive!" she breathed.

But his lips were upon her own, crushing out speech until the long moment of ecstasy was gone. Then as she released herself with a tremulous smile the straining tension slackened. He knew that he possessed her, that she would marry him, that he had won.

He felt dimly afraid, like one who starts at a shadow. Love, which had played the laughing Cupid a moment ago, loomed up vaguely as a possible monster, a devourer, a pitiless tormentor.

It was an article of their betrothal that the unexplained gap in her life should never be spoken of. Yet it became an invisible something that made a third party with them when they were alone together. It flickered and danced and made its mute mockery of their vows. But it was always a silence.

It was at the altar with them, like some imp of evil, when they were made man and wife. That blank, that nothingness, that two years of life locked away in the woman's heart. It became, by slow degrees, more real to him than Marian herself. It obsessed him, bringing the very sweat of pain to his brow when he was fool enough to let his imagination chase after it.

If he could have loved Marian less, the pain would have tormented him less. Cankrous jealousy may at least be cured by cutting away the love it feeds upon. But he could not free himself of his love for her. Despite himself, she held him. The very gentleness with which she tried to compensate him for the wound she knew he suffered made her doubly and trebly dear to him. Her womanly beauty bewitched him afresh; the wholesome sweetness of her care for him made him wince with pain afresh.

If he could have believed that the whole truth about Marian was all that he needed to give him back his peace of mind, he might have broken his promise to her by questioning her. But he was afraid. If the last two years contained nothing abhorrent, Marian would surely have explained them. Yet the tiny element of doubt was his tiny need of comfort; his one resource when the leaping imagination of his brain brought him near to madness.

He became more and more silent, sitting for minutes together with his half-closed eyes intent upon her face. She had begged that she might be to him just the girl she had been when he left England almost four years before. She had exacted his promise that he would not ask where she had spent those years—nor with whom she had spent them. With whom? He felt his nerves drawing taut and bit his lips to keep himself from crying out.

Love that could hate; hate which could love. He worshipped her for the speaking tenderness of her gray eyes; then asked himself what other man had sat and gazed at her in rapt delight as he did now. He felt the soft caress of her hand upon his

shoulder and thrilled to feel it; then he flinched and shook it from him, knowing that some other man had shared that same rapture.

Where was he now—that other man? Lambert pictured him as some swaggering gallant who had turned the girl's head, laughed at her trust in him and had left her. How far had Marian herself forgotten him? Lambert lay sometimes and listened to her regular breathing; was she dreaming, perhaps, of him?

And from that Lambert arrived gradually at a certainty which was still no more than imagination; a wearied suspicion which must pin itself to something definite at last. He knew that he himself was no more than a puppet in her life; a safe and dependable husband who served his purpose in her life now that the wild glamour of romance had faded out of it. He held but the half of her; that other half had been spent when she came back to life again after the two last years.

He began to treat her with a scornful coldness, which left her pitifully eager to double her love for him and her care of him, so that she might repair the breach which was growing between them. And at last, in a mood which he mistook for calm deliberation but which was actually the desperation to escape from himself, he decided to leave her.

He wondered, vaguely, whether she guessed. It seemed strange that she should keep her two warm hands so long upon his shoulders when she gave him farewell that morning of his decision. He looked down into her shining eyes; they begged him to believe in her, to trust her, to take her love again. It was Marian herself who pressed the long kiss which changed a simple parting into a new pledge of passionate love.

Lambert called to see his lawyer and was surprised that the matter could be arranged so easily, supposing that Marian herself was a consenting party. A separation by mutual consent; yes, Marian could hardly refuse that, when it was her own silence that had damned their marriage. And Lambert would be generous to her, splendidly generous. In his disordered mind he found himself anxious to be lavishly generous in the settlement, so that she might know the measure of his love for her.

Every man knows that there are odd moments in his life when he forgets the maxims of honor which ordinarily bind him. As if honor itself has its blind spot. Thus Lambert acted the cad that afternoon with a curious detached inclination to be deliberately callous.

He saw Marian by chance in the West End. And he followed her. She came from a big shop and hired a taxi from a rank in the centre of the road. Lambert, in that same deliberate intention to act outside his normal self, instantly hired the next taxi and told the man to follow Marian's.

They reached a northwestern suburb before Marian's taxi stopped. Lambert waited and watched her from the window of his own cab. He noted the house she entered; then he paid his man and kept a tireless watch upon the house until Marian came away and drove home again.

(To be concluded.)



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## Heroes of the Ice Lands.

The belated return of Captain Roald Amundsen from his aeroplane trip to the North Polar regions recalls many dramas of the Arctic and the Antarctic. Sir John Franklin's expedition in 1847 might be regarded as the greatest of these. Every member of the expedition perished, and although fifteen search parties were sent out, it was not until two years later that a record of Franklin's discovery of the North-West Passage was found in a tin box.

In 1912 Captain Scott planted the Union Jack at the South Pole, but perished on the homeward journey, when within eleven miles of One Ton Camp and safety. "These rough notes and our dead bodies must tell the tale," he wrote in his diary. He left the Pole only a few days after Captain Amundsen, who, it will be remembered, started at the same time but took a different route.

The fate of the Swedish explorer, Andre, has remained a mystery since 1897. In July of that year he and two companions set out on the bold venture of an Arctic exploration by balloon, but except for the discovery of certain wreckage and a vague Eskimo story of "a house that fell from the skies," no particulars are known.

Disastrous also was the Russian expedition of 1900, when Baron Edward Toll and every member of his party perished. Many lives, too, were lost in the 1881 expedition headed by Lieutenant Greely, an American. The leader himself returned safely after having reached a point within 455 miles of the Pole—a record at that date.

Altogether nearly one thousand lives have been sacrificed in the cause of Arctic and Antarctic exploration.

## Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

I have known hours built like cities, House on grey house, with streets between,

That lead to straggling roads and trail off Forgotten in a field of green.

Hours made like mountains rising White crests out of the fog and rain. And wovens of forbidden music— Hours eternal in their gain.

Life is a tapestry of hours Forever following in tone. Where all things blend even the long—

For hours I have never known.

Quite True. "I go through my work," reprovingly said the needle to the idle boy. "But not till you're pushed through," triumphantly replied the boy to the needle.

Minard's Liniment for Burns.

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## OVERSEAS TOURIST TRAFFIC FOR CANADA

A DEVELOPMENT GREATLY TO BE DESIRED.

Europeans Have the Capacity for Enjoying That Unique Charm Possessed by Canada.

The recent session of the Canadian Parliament has brought up for serious consideration a matter which quite pertinently demands attention at the present time—the desirability and possibility of Canada's developing a tourist traffic from Europe. The question has been brought sharply to a head by the report of the Wembley Exhibition Commissioners, who apparently feel strongly on the subject and make some actual and pertinent recommendations. The report reads:—

"Canada's participation in the British Empire Exhibition, insofar as it affects tourist traffic, has been fully justified. It is a well-established fact that immigration and commerce follow the tourist, and we believe fully that an intensive development of the tourist business for Canada would mean not only immediate benefits that would accrue from that travel, but would also be the means of interesting the right kind of investor and settler to our country.

"Canada possesses practically all attractions that tourists can desire. She has the mountains and lakes of Switzerland; the hills, valleys and lakes of Scotland; coast resorts on both Atlantic and Pacific, the equal of any on the continent of Europe or in the United States; and, in addition, wonderful forests and prairie lands to an extent which no other single country possesses."

## Need of Greater Advertising.

"With the exception of some work done by the Canadian railways, little has been done in Canada in the way of developing a world-wide tourist business. Switzerland and Italy practically live on the revenue derived from tourists, and France and several other countries in Europe look upon them as one of the largest sources of revenue. This exhibition has aroused a keen interest among the leisured class of Europe as to opportunities afforded in Canada to sportsmen, hunters, and those desiring travel, and hundreds of inquiries have been made by people who have never looked on Canada as a country for holiday-making, and we are sure that next summer travel from Europe to Canada will increase considerably.

The mere idea opens up tremendous possibilities. It is only of comparatively recent years that Canadians in general have been brought to anything like an adequate realization of the enormously valuable resource and potential source of revenue dormant in the Dominion's scenery and holiday attraction, and this, to some extent, was forced upon them. Whilst Canada has been exerting strong effort to enhance her revenue along industrial and agricultural lines, Americans, in search of diversion, have, with considerably less inducement, insisted in crossing the border in ever increasing numbers and incidentally leaving much wealth behind them.

Development of U.S. Traffic Great. The great possibility to Canada, in tourist and holiday traffic is well illustrated in this United States development. Regarded retrospectively, there was scarcely and essentially holiday traffic from the United States to Canada in the days before the war. It is a very difficult matter to pin down with

figures the volume and accruing revenue from this resource, but a good idea of the general trend may be gleaned from the number of touring automobiles crossing the border, of which record is taken by the Customs' Department. The traffic began to develop in the war years when holidaying in Europe was seriously affected, and Canada required merely to be known to induce an increasing volume of travellers annually. In 1919, after the traffic had been growing for five years, the total number of United States cars entering Canada to tour was 273,953. In 1924 the number was 1,899,210, or nearly eight times as great. At a conservative estimate last year a total of more than 7,500,000 United States citizens visited Canada, in this manner leaving \$143,500,000 behind them. It can safely be said that at least as many came to Canada by train, placing total visitors in the neighborhood of 15,000,000, and the revenue accruing from them about \$300,000,000.

## Europe Knows Little of Canada.

There is no reason to suppose but that a tourist movement once started from Europe would gather the same impetus and develop as rapidly and beneficially. Canada and Canadian holiday attraction require simply to be known to bring this about, and, unfortunately, Europeans know too little of the Dominion's possibilities in this regard. As pertinently cited by the Exhibition Commissioners, Canada has in one realm greater and more diversified holiday possibilities than probably any country. To-day the continents are, with the great developments in steamship travel, drawn very close. So many people in Europe have not only the leisure and money which would enable them to holiday in Canada, but a peculiar capacity for enjoying that unique charm the Dominion possesses.

Could but sufficient people be brought to know the virgin freshness of the great Canadian open spaces, the glories of the Western Rockies, the magic lure of the great lakes, the silences of the untamed woods, the superb hunting and splendid fishing the country affords in every section, and advertise these to others, there is no doubt a movement would start which, once under way, would gather force as that from the United States has done, and result in a vast revenue for Canada.

## Sun's Temperature.

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