

TAKE IT FOR
CRAMPS-COLIC-DIARRHŒA
APPLY IT FOR
BRUISES-SPRAINS-SORE THROAT



PERRY DAVIS
Painkiller
The Home Remedy

THE Phantom Lover.

(By the Author of "A Bachelor Husband.")

CHAPTER XXIV.

June raked up another appointment for the following day. "I'm behaving like an angel to you," she told Micky. "Yesterday I tramped about the fields till I was worn out so that I should be out of the way and Esther could meet you. Oh, she didn't want to go at all," she hastened to add as she saw the look of pleasure that filled his eyes. "I had to make her go."
"Yes, I quite believe that," Micky said.
He was standing beside the car at Miss Dearling's gate, and Esther was upstairs putting on her hat. She had protested twenty times that she did not really want to go; she had begged June to take her place; she had implored Micky to take June instead; but they had both refused.
"I'm not keen on motoring when it's cold," June declared. "Besides, I've got my business to see to, and I don't want Micky. You go, Esther, and amuse the poor soul—just to please me."
Esther said "Very well," and tried to look as if she were not anxious at all, but she was really looking forward to another drive.
"Didn't you really want to come?" Micky asked as they drove away.
Esther laughed. "Of course I did; I wanted to come so badly I had to pretend that I didn't just for decency's sake."
There was a little silence.
"Did you have good news from Paris yesterday?" he asked deliberately.
He felt as if he must speak of Ashton, to in some way check the wave of joy that had filled his heart at her words; it was not to be with him that she had wished to come, but for the drive and the comfort of the car.
He saw how her face clouded at his question.
"Yes, thank you," she said, but her voice did not sound very enthusiastic. Presently, "Mr. Mellows," she said suddenly, "do you know that I have always been sorry that I did not go to Paris that day when I wanted to—I wish I had now."
"Why now?" Micky asked.
She gave a little troubled laugh.
"I don't know. I really can't explain it." She did not understand herself what she really meant, but last night when she had read Raymond's letter, it had suddenly come over her with a sickening feeling of dismay that in some indefinite way he was really getting to be what June had always called him—a phantom lover! It seemed so long since she had seen him. After all, what were letters and words? But she could not explain this to Micky.
"I think I know what you mean," he said after a moment. "You are get-

ting tired of this separation. Is that it? Letters are all very well, but they are not enough. . . ."
She looked up at him in surprise.
"Why, that is just what I do mean? How did you know?"
He laughed rather ruefully.
"Perhaps I've felt like it myself," he said.
"Have you?" There was a little note of wonderment in her voice.
"I said 'perhaps,'" he reminded her.
She changed the subject; she drew his attention to the country through which they were passing. It was bare and wind-swept, but there was a sort of rugged picturesqueness about it that appealed to Esther.
"I believe I should like to live in the country, after all," she said suddenly.
"You seem to be able to really breathe down here; it's not shut in like London is."
"Dear old London," Micky said. "We all run it down, but we're all glad to get back there when we've been away for more than a few days." He leaned forward, wrapping the rug more closely round her. "Where do you think you will live when you are married?" he asked.
"The hot colour flooded her face; she looked up at him in a scared sort of way.
"What a question! How do I know? I've never even thought about it."
"Haven't you?" said Micky. "I have, crowds of times. I've worked it all out to a nicety. I shall have a house in London and a place in the country as well, so that if my wife doesn't like to live, then I shall be able to divide our time and stay six months at each."
"We are not all rich like you are, you know," Esther said drily. "I dare say when I get married—if I ever do—I shall just have a little flat some where and stay there for the rest of my life, and be very happy too."
"Yes," said Micky after a moment. "I think I could be very happy in a flat, too, for the rest of my life—with the right woman." He looked down at her, smiling thoughtfully. "The only trouble is, that I shall probably have to marry the wrong one."
"If you do, it will be your own fault, I should think," said Esther laughing. She could not quite understand this man. Had he ever really loved her, or had it all just been a pretence?
"No," said Micky promptly. "I think it will be your fault."
Esther raised her eyes slowly. Micky was smiling.
"Yes, I mean it," he said seriously. "The first time I ever saw you I thought to myself, 'Here she is! That right woman I've been waiting for all my life'—but, of course, you didn't think I was the right man, and so that ended it," he added philosophically.
Esther did not like to hear him speak so lightly. She would have been surprised if she could have known the desperate unhappiness in his heart, the bitterness that drove him to speak so

slippantly of all that he held best and dearest.
She made no attempt to answer him, and presently he said again with change of voice—
"Are you hungry, I wonder? Because I am! And I've got a firm conviction that we're coming to a wayside inn. Do you see the chimneys through the trees?"
—He slowed the car a little.
"There's another car outside—what do you say? Shall we risk it?"
"It would be rather nice," Esther admitted. She was feeling cold; she was rather glad when the car stopped and Micky gave her his hand.
"They've got a fire anyway," he said cheerily. "I saw it through the window, and we'll ask for some coffee."
He led the way into the parlour. Two men wrapped in heavy coats stood by the fire; they moved to make way for Esther. After a moment they went out of the room, and she saw them in the road bending over the car next to Micky's.
"We can have coffee and buns," Micky said, coming back after a moment. "I don't know what they'll be like, but—"
"I shall enjoy them anyway," she told him. "I really am hungry."
He pulled off his gloves and dragged a chair up to the fire for her.
"This is fine," he said. "Have you ever thought what a novelty a honeymoon would be touring through villages like this? I should like to just start away and go on driving for miles and miles, just staying anywhere and getting meals anyhow."
Esther laughed. "I should have thought it was just the sort of thing you would hate," she said.
"That's where you're mistaken," he told her. "I live in town and in the way I do because people expect it of me, and I'm too lazy to bother to change. It's not a bit the life I should choose if I had my way. I hate dressing for dinner, and wading through six or seven courses, and being bored stiff half the time by some dressed-up woman beside me. . . ."
He looked at her with a comical expression.
Esther leaned her chin in her hand and raised serious eyes to his face.
"Well, how would you really like to live, then?" she asked.
Micky sat down on the edge of the table and stuck his long legs out before him. He kept his eyes fixed on his boots as he answered—
"Well, I should like a place in the country, as I said, and a garden—a ripping garden, with lots of roses and grass—walks like you see in old-fashioned pictures, and a high box hedge—that's one of the things I simply must have! Have you ever smelt a box hedge after a hot sun has been on it? No? Well, you ought to; it's fine!"
He paused reflectively.
"I should like to look after the roses myself, I think," he went on presently. "I dare say I should make a mess of it, but I should like to have a try, anyway. And I should like to keep lots of animals, horses and dogs and chickens. Do you know?"—he half turned to her. "I've always had a fancy for great Danes—you can't keep 'em in town, only in the country. Some people I once stayed with down in Lincoln had a couple—ripping dogs they were—almost as big as ponies, and they used to let the kids play with them and pull them about. Old Lancing had a boy, you know—a ripping little kid of five—a real sport he was, too—Uncle Micky he used to call me." Micky chuckled reminiscently. "It must be jolly nice to have a youngster of your own like that," he added.
This was a new Micky, indeed! Esther watched him with fascinated eyes. She had not known that he was fond of children; she had taken it for granted that men hardly ever were. She supposed drearily that she had got that idea from Raymond. He had always said he would not stand "kids," it was odd that, though Micky had used the same word, it had sounded somehow quite different when he said it.
Micky raised his eyes suddenly.
"What are you thinking about?" he asked.
She shook her head; her lip quivered a little.
Micky half rose to go to her, when the two men who owned the second car came back into the room again. Micky turned on his heel.
"I suppose we ought to be getting on," he said constrainedly. "I'll go and start up; you stay here."
He went out, leaving Esther by the fire.
Her thoughts were a little confused. What had he been going to say, she wondered. It seemed hardly possible that she had really had that little glimpse of the other Micky whom she had never seen before; the Micky who was not at all a man about town, but just an ordinary person, who thought it must be fine to have a home in the country and lots of roses and a little son of his own.
The two men behind her were talking together; one of them was laughing a good deal in a sneering way.
"She must be a fool, you know," he said drily. "I'm surprised at it. It was only her money he was after, of course."
"I've never seen her myself," the other said disinterestedly—he sounded rather bored—"and I only know him slightly. You met them in Paris, you say?"
"Yes—last week. There was the

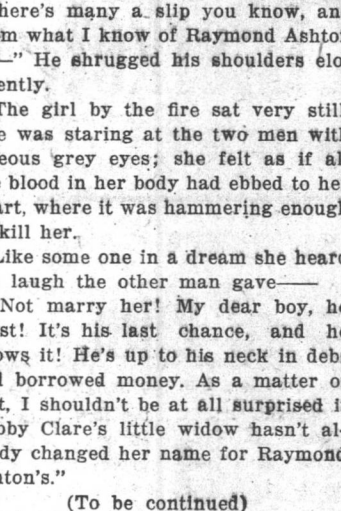


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sound of a match being struck and a little pause while he puffed at a cigarette.
Esther turned in her chair; it was odd how the mention of Paris always seemed to grip her heart. She looked at the two men, but they were both strangers to her.
"Perhaps he won't really marry her," the elder one said yawning.
"There's money in a slip you know, and from what I know of Raymond Ashton—"
He shrugged his shoulders eloquently.
The girl by the fire sat very still. She was staring at the two men with piteous grey eyes; she felt as if all the blood in her body had ebbed to her heart, where it was hammering enough to kill her.
Like some one in a dream she heard the laugh the other man gave.
"Not marry her! My dear boy, he must! It's his last chance, and he knows it! He's up to his neck in debt and borrowed money. As a matter of fact, I shouldn't be at all surprised if Tubby Clare's little widow hasn't already changed her name for Raymond Ashton's."
(To be continued)



Just Folks
Old Man Green will be missed round here.
For he was the sort of man you miss.
The quiet kind that some think queer, yet just fit into a place like this.
Like the trees an' plants an' the vines that creep.
Which you walk by all of the summer long.
An scarcely notice, as still they keep, but if one should die you'd know something's wrong.

THE MAN YOU'LL MISS.
Old Man Green will be missed round here.
For he was the sort of man you miss.
The quiet kind that some think queer, yet just fit into a place like this.
Like the trees an' plants an' the vines that creep.
Which you walk by all of the summer long.
An scarcely notice, as still they keep, but if one should die you'd know something's wrong.

Old Man Green for a stretch of years.
Has lived round here, like a friendly tree—
Just a part of the landscape, it appears.
That day by day we should wake to see;
Round about the youngsters loved to play.
An' with him the old folks sat to rest.
An' though he never had much to say,
He soothed full many a troubled breast.

Friend of us all, the great an' low,
Knew the names of the young an' old,
Greeted us all with his glad hello,
An' many a sad goodbye he told;
There's the place where he used to sit.
Tilted back in his favorite chair,
Callin' us in to rest a bit.
Or watchin' the youngsters playin' there.

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Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

DO YOU BELIEVE IN FRIENDSHIP AT FIRST SIGHT?

Not long ago I asked a friend of mine how she liked the new nurse recently acquired to look after a chronic invalid; who is a member of her family and who has had a long succession of nurses.

"I don't know," she said.

"What's the objection?" I asked.

"Liked her too well at first."

"Well, I liked her so well the very first day that I'm afraid of her. I've found that the ones I like so very well at first I seldom like so very well afterwards. While the ones I like slowly are apt to grow upon me."

Did you ever have an experience like that, Reader-friend?

I don't mean about nurses, but about any new experience in personality.

Or are your first impressions the lasting ones?

Look back over the sifted few of your friends whose adoption has been tried out by the years and see how many of them you liked at first sight.

I tried that and found that a few were the result of instant liking, but more were people who had grown up on me.

The Good Mixer Not Necessarily the Best Friend.
The qualities that make for true friendship are not necessarily the qualities that show on a first meeting. Many people who have splendid qualities entirely lack the gift of making a good first impression. And many people who are skillful at "selling themselves" on a first meeting, turn out to be shoddy when the hard wear comes. The vivacity and self-assertion that are necessary to make a vivid impression at a first meeting, sometimes become tiresome when you are in closer contact with them.

I think this is often the case in one's experience with children. I know a family in which there are three children. Strangers always like the second, a bright little girl who is quick to make friends with them and to do all her little tricks. But this same self-assertion on closer acquaintance soon becomes forwardness and a tiresome pertness. Any one who really knows these children soon shifts his preference to the oldest, a shy but thoughtful and worthwhile boy, or the youngest an adorable baby whose lovable qualities gradually unfold as you get him to include you in the select circle of friends for whom he will smile.

Which Is It With You?

I never did feel that love at first sight was apt to be a very reliable passion and I am inclined to feel the same about friendship at first sight.

True, I have, as I said before, some friends whom I did take to at once. But there are so many more friendships in which the growth was a slow one that I have more faith in the latter experience.

'For Mother's Birthday

Mother's been a good pal
She sat up nights with us
When we were sick.
She kissed our
Bumps and bruises well.

Care of us and
Spending all her
Money on us
Worrying about us
Petting us and
Praising us
All her life
That she never could
Afford to have music
Right at home
So we're going to buy her
A Columbia Grafonola

She washed and ironed
And cooked and scrubbed.
She helped us all
With our lessons
And taught us manners
And truth
And courage
And honesty
And faith.

So she can have
All the music
Of all the world
By the greatest artists
In the world
For all the rest
Of her life.

Mother likes music
But she has been
So busy taking

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DO IT NOW.

"I plan to build a nifty shack," the thoughtful voter says, "when normal times again come back, and costs don't hit the skies. I'll go about the business sharp, nor waste a golden day, when carpenters consent to carp for wages I can pay. When lumber, plaster, nails and lime are sold for what they're worth, I shall not lose a moment's time—I'll build with pep and mirth. The house I've dreamed of in the past will go up, board by board, when plasterers consent to plaster for what I can afford. A million men are talking thus, and if they'd go and build, and cease to brood and fret and cuss, with dire misgivings filled, we'd soon get back to normalcy—you've heard of that, mayhap; the normalcy that Warren G. has placed upon the map. Alas, poor dreaming, hopeful, men, what are you waiting for? You'll never see the price again you saw before the war. Far better that your coin were spent for lumber, lath and lime; than keep on digging up the rent until the

end of time. So rock your doubts and fears to sleep, and buy some brick or stone, and build yourself a donjon keep that you can call your own.

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"No-To-Bac" has helped thousands to break the costly, nerve-shattering tobacco habit. Whenever you have a longing for a cigarette, cigar, pipe, or for a chew, just place a harmless No-To-Bac tablet in your mouth instead, to help relieve that awful desire. Shortly the habit may be completely broken, and you are better off mentally, physically, financially. It's a easy, so simple. Get a box of No-To-Bac and if it doesn't release you from all craving for tobacco in any form, your druggist will refund your money without question.

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