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The natural remedy for all common ills which so many people have at this time of the year. The Tonic is made from the curative principles of Dandelion, Mandrake, Burdock, and other medicinal herbs, which make it quite harmless.

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The Brantley Drug Co., Limited, St. John, N.B.

**THE Phantom Lover.**

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

**CHAPTER XVIII.**

"There's nothing to tell, Ashton often spoke about her to me. I know she was at Eldred's, and—well, that's all," he added lamely.

"All?" said June disappointedly. "But surely you know more than that! What do you think of him? Do you think he really cares for her? Oh, Micky, do you think he's good enough for her?"

Micky looked away. "I don't know that it matters very much what I think," he said drily. "She—she loves him apparently, and that's all that counts, I imagine."

"Yes, she loves him right enough," June admitted gloomily. "It was quite an accident that she told me his name, of course, and she made me promise not to tell any one, particularly you, I suppose because she knows that you and he were friends."

"Possibly, if she does know, I rather doubt if Ashton said much to her about me, though. He used to keep things to himself a good deal." He picked up the menu. "Aren't you going to have anything more to eat? I thought you were hungry."

"I'm not now; I'm too excited. Micky, when you saw him in Paris, didn't he say anything, ask you anything? Oh, it all seems so extraordinary!"

"My dear girl, what could he ask me?" Micky objected gently. "I never discuss—Miss Shepstone with him, and he is not in the least likely to tell me his private affairs, and I'm sure I don't want to know them."

June was silent for a moment. "Esther is laying up trouble for herself," she said then. "Don't you think she is?"

"I haven't thought about it," Micky maintained stolidly. "And if you take my advice, you won't either. It never does to meddle with other people's affairs."

"But she's my friend," June objected hotly. "And do you mean to say that I have got to stand by and see her ruin her life?"

Micky shrugged his shoulders. "She's not married yet," he said laconically. "Have some tipsy cake, will you?"

"No—I don't want any more." "Well, I do. Waitress. . ."

It was a deliberate attempt to change the conversation, and June knew it; she sat back in her chair frowning.

She supposed Micky would not talk about Ashton because he was his friend;—men were so absurdly loyal to one another.

"You love Esther as much as I do," she said suddenly, "you wouldn't stand by and say nothing while she goes and marries that man."

Micky was prodding the tipsy cake with a fork. "She hasn't married him yet," he said stolidly. "And if she's happy—"

"She isn't, my good man! at least only in theory!" June declared. "It's not Raymond Ashton she really cares for, but some wonderful person she thinks he is. She is looking at him through rose-coloured glasses."

Micky smiled. "That's what most women do, isn't it?" he asked. "My dear girl, don't get so upset; I thought you wanted to bring me out to talk business."

"This is business, my business at least, even if you're not interested. No wonder you didn't want her to go to Mrs. Ashton!"

"Micky coloured." "Well—I thought it would be better not, certainly."

June regarded him severely. "You're a deep soul," she said. "I never even guessed that you knew anything."

"Why should you? And I don't know anything. Can't we talk about something else?" he asked plaintively.

It was getting on his nerves, this constant conversation about Esther. "So you'll come along to-morrow, eh?" he asked presently. "It's a long time since we went for a little jaunt together."

"I shall love it," But June answered absently; her thoughts were still with Esther.

Silence fell. Micky had finished his tipsy cake and was leaning back in his chair, a cigarette hanging dejectedly between his lips. He had lit it, but it had gone out, and though matches stood beside him he made no effort to light it again.

June watched him across the table. He didn't look a bit well, she thought. What was the matter with him?

"You know, Micky," she said impulsively. "I had quite made up my mind that you and Esther were to fall in love with one another. It would have been ideal, wouldn't it?" she asked wickerly.

A little spasmodic crossed Micky's face, but it was gone so quickly June could never be quite sure if she had not imagined it.

"Ideal," he said quietly. "Shall we go?"

"I'll let you know about it to-morrow," June said, as they parted. "I shall have to wear the same old purple frock I wore when you took me out last time; you won't mind?"

"Not a bit, as long as you come, and let me know about Miss Shepstone. If she won't come I'll give the ticket away."

"I'll let you know," said June vaguely. She walked home deep in thought. So Micky had known all along? She was not quite sure that she was pleased with him for keeping the fact from her. They had been such pals, he and she; surely he might have trusted her and told her!

"I suppose I'm not to be trusted with a secret, though," she thought with a contented sigh. "Look how easily I gave Esther away!"

Tea was ready when she got in, and Esther and Charlie sat curled up together in the freight.

"I've got an invitation for us both to-morrow night," June said, even as she opened the door.

Esther looked up eagerly; she had had rather a dull day of it.

"A theatre," said June. "It's from Micky, I tell you at once, so you shan't throw cold water on it. He's got some seats for a first night, and asks us both to go. What do you say?"



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Right now, with the streets piled high with snow and deep slush under foot, people need Brick's Extract of Cod Liver to build up the system and strengthen the natural powers of resistance against attacks of Coughs, Colds, Grippe, Influenza, Pneumonia, etc.

Tell your friends and customers that, if they want to know the luxury of real, robust health this spring, they should take Brick's Extract of Cod Liver regularly.

Brick's Tasteless Extract of Cod Liver is sold by **DR. F. STAFFORD & SON, Theatre Hill, GEO. KNOWLING, Water St. & Duckworth St. JAS. WISEMAN, 309 Carter's Hill. Price \$1.00 bot; postage 3c. extra.**

"I haven't a dress," said Esther promptly. "I told him you'd say that," June answered calmly, "and he said it didn't matter—or something to that effect. Micky never notices what you wear."

She went on airily. "I'm going to wear an old purple rag that I've had for about forty years."

"I dare say I can buy one in time," she said; she did not intend Micky to think she could not afford a frock. "I think I should rather like to go," she added shyly. "It's kind of him to ask me," Esther said.

"Why?" June demanded. "Oh, you mean because you don't like one another? But that wouldn't trouble Micky; he'd take you out if he hated the sight of you, he's so kind-hearted."

"Thank you for a doubtful compliment," said Esther. She was making plans rapidly in her mind. Micky had never seen her well dressed.

"I had another cheque from Raymond this morning," she said flushing. "So it will come in useful. I can get a ready-made frock—I shan't look so bad."

"You'll look an angel whatever you wear," said June affectionately. "I know a little woman just off the Brompton Road who'll fix you up."

June said eagerly. "She's got the finest shop, but it's cram full of the sweetest things. She's awfully nice, too."

"I can't afford much," Esther said dubiously. "She won't charge you much," June declared. "She's a friend of mine. She has my creases on her counter. It's a fine advertisement, you see. She gets lots of actresses and smart people in, and they ask what it is, and try a jar and send for more, and there you are!"

Esther laughed. "It's her too expensive—" she protested. "But she ended by paying much more than she had originally intended."

There was such a gem of a frock—black velvet and a white transparent bodice. "You look a duck!" June declared. "Doesn't she, Fidgee?"

But the mirror told Esther how charming she really looked without any further words. "I really ought not to have spent so much," she said as they went home. "But it is rather nice, isn't it?"

"Micky will be absolutely bowled over," June declared. "I shall have to take a back seat all the evening."

And Micky apparently was "bowled over," judging by the look that crept into his eyes when he arrived and found Esther alone in the sitting-room.

June was late, as usual; she called out to him from her room that she wouldn't be half a minute.

"There's no hurry," Micky answered quickly. He went over to where Esther stood, a little flushed and shy in her new frock.

"It's very kind of you to come," he said rather agitatedly. She looked up. "It's very kind of you to ask me," she answered. She felt much more at her ease with him now. She knew that she was looking particularly pretty. "And it isn't the first time we have had dinner together, is it?" she asked.

He answered eagerly that he was glad she remembered; he had almost thought she must have forgotten. "No, I shall never forget that, though it seems so long ago since that night. I was unhappy then, but not now."

"But now?" he asked as she paused. "Now everything has come right," he told him. "You said you were sure it would, if you remember."

His face changed a little. "I am glad I was such a good prophet," he said. "I can't believe it, but it's true. I was so sure that you would be so good."

June came bustling in; she was flushed and breathless, and laden with flowers, fan, and gloves, all of which she dropped to the sofa.

"I'm quite ready, Esther, where's my cloak? Do find it, there's an angel. Oh, and my slippers—I've got everything else. . ."

But it was at least another ten minutes before they were in the taxi and racing away through the night.

She had the way into the lounge of the big restaurant; Micky was well known here apparently.

"Every one in London knows Micky," June whispered to Esther with a sort of pride. "Look at the attention he gets!"

Esther glanced at him; probably anybody with Micky's money could get the same attention, she thought.

"There were a good many people in the lounge; Esther looked at them interestedly. Some of the women were beautiful dressed, but the black and white frock held its own bravely.

"You look nicer than any of them," June told her. "I knew—hullo!—Micky's found a friend." She looked across to where he was standing, and Esther followed her gaze.

Micky was talking to two ladies—one of them was young and rather pretty, and the other—Esther's face flushed suddenly, and she bit her lip hard, for the other was Mrs. Ashton, Raymond's mother.

(To be continued)

What has happened? Are there matrimonial troubles, or have business necessities caused this fitting, or that, and the stories of individual houses. I have had an open eye for the stories that houses tell.

Here is an example of the sort of thing I mean. There is a cunning little house on a carline which I travel on when I go to visit a friend. It is the finest little house imaginable. I feel sure from the architecture and general condition that it has been built only a year or two, and it has "love nest" written all over it. I have never happened to see the people who live in it, but I have always felt as sure that a newly married couple had run up to the door. And now appears upon it a sign of "For Sale."

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**They are Happy and Well You Should Be the Same**

A LARGE number of women's ailments are not surgical ones. Serious displacements or radical changes have not yet taken place.

A tiny part in a fine clock may become loose and cause the clock to gain or lose. If not attended to in time, the part may fall from its place and cause serious trouble. So it is with women's ailments, they start from simple causes; but if allowed to continue, produce serious conditions.

When the warning symptoms are first noted, take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve the present troublesome ailment, and to prevent the development of serious trouble.

Kissack, Sask.—"My mother has taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and upon learning of my troubles advised me to try it, as I seemed all run down after the flu and had leucorrhoea very bad. I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Medicine and used the Sensitive Wash also Dr. Brown's Capsules and Prescription and am much better in every way. I am willing for you to use my letter as a testimonial as I recommend your medicines."—Mrs. IRENE NELSON, Kissack, Sask.

Hamilton, Ont.—"I have suffered for three years from a female trouble and consequent weakness, pain and irregularity which kept me in bed four or five days each month. I nearly went crazy with pains in my back, and for about a week at a time I could not do my work. I saw Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advertised in the Hamilton Spectator, and I took it. Now I have no pain and am quite regular. I keep house and do all my own work without any trouble."—Mrs. EMILY BEECROFT, 299 Victoria Ave., N., Hamilton, Ontario.

**Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound**

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. LYNN, MASS.

**Side Talks by Ruth Cameron**

**THE STORIES HOUSES TELL.**

Don't you love to listen to the stories of a town? Ever since I was a child and my father would walk with me about the old New England town in which I was brought up, and talk to me about the periods which the houses represented, and the industries which were responsible for the spread of the town in this direction or that, and the stories of individual houses. I have had an open eye for the stories that houses tell.

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**DR. LEHR, Dentist,**

329 Water Street.

**BLEEDING GUMS.**

Do your gums bleed? Do you suffer from Pyorrhea? Have you abscesses on your teeth? Listen! Painful pockets form at the roots of these teeth and poison the whole system by the discharge of virulent germs. Many headaches are due to this gradual poisoning; joint troubles, such as rheumatism, have been traced to this source; heart affections, often serious, follow this so-called "rheumatism."

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— ALSO —

200 boxes FANCY TABLE APPLES.

150 crates GREEN CABBAGE.

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20 cs. CALIF. LEMONS. 25 brls. FANCY PARSNIPS.

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— AND — 100 brls. LOCAL POTATOES.

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The Proprietors of this establishment are practical Dyers, Pressers, etc., having 12 years' experience. Our Dye House Head was formerly with Canada's Biggest Dyeing Concern—Ungar's. Knowing this, do you think we would let a half job get out. Nothing doing.

Raglans Cleaned at shortest notice.

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The little bank notes of one franc and fifty centimes, which the French Government put in circulation some months ago, have generally reached a stage of dissolution and filth that has brought a widespread demand for their replacement by a metal money until the French people stop hoarding their silver.

The Editor of Excelsior sent me to a well-known laboratory a one-franc note and two fifty-centime notes he had received on an auto-bus and asked that they be examined for germs. The laboratory reported that the one-franc note carried 236,000,000 germs, and one fifty-centime note 68,450,500, while the other 50-centime note had 90,880,000.

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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