



The Modern Method of Treating an Old Complaint

Nujol works on an entirely new principle. Without forcing or irritating, it softens the food waste. This enables the many tiny muscles in the walls of the intestines, contracting and expanding in their normal way, to squeeze the food waste along and out of the system. It is absolutely harmless and pleasant to take. Try it.

Nujol

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For Constipation

Nujol Booklet—"Thirty Feet of Danger." (Constipation-auto-intoxication in adults)—will be mailed gratis on application to sole agent for Newfoundland.

J. B. Orr Co., Limited, New Martin Building, St. John's, Newfoundland

THE Phantom Lover.

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

CHAPTER XXVII.

If she had hoped for anything better, it must have been a shock to her to see the bitter disappointment in Micky's face. He stammered out that he had not expected to see her, that he was in a deuce of a hurry; he hoped she would forgive him, but—

"Micky, by all that's wonderful!" said another voice, and there was Marie's father, the good-natured old man who had pretended to agree with his wife when she raved against Micky for the cavalier way in which he had treated his daughter, but who in his heart had indulged in a quiet chuckle, thinking that Micky had been rather clever to escape from the toils at the eleventh hour.

He shook hands with Micky heartily enough; he, at any rate, had no grudge against him. He asked Micky a hundred questions.

"Are you going over, my boy? Come with us. I've got a reserved carriage on the Paris express. Delighted to see you. Marie and I are just off for a little holiday by ourselves."

"He touched his daughter's arm. 'Ask him to join us, my dear.' Micky did his best to answer civilly; he was in the deuce of a hurry, he said again; he had got to meet a friend but had missed her in the crowd."

"I came off in the deuce of a hurry," he said. He was chafing bitterly at this enforced delay; each moment was so precious.

Marie touched her father's arm. "We are only keeping Mr. Mellows. Daddy . . ." Something in her voice made Micky's eyes smart. It was hard

luck that for the second time he was forced to humiliate her. He stammered out incoherently that he hoped they would forgive him, but he was in such a deuce of a hurry. . . . He went off abruptly.

Everybody was off the train now, and many people were already on the boat. Micky remembered that he had no ticket; he entered into a hot argument with an official, who listened to him sceptically, and took as long as possible to make out the ticket; even when Micky had paid he still looked suspicious.

The gangway was still down; Micky went on board and stood as close to it as he could, scanning the face of each passer.

Ether was not amongst them. "Stand away there—stand away . . ."

Micky was pushed aside, and a couple of brawny seamen hauled the gangway on the harbour. The gap of green water was widening slowly between the pier and the ship's side. Micky felt as if he were being extolled.

Supposing she was not on the boat? He turned away and searched the crowded deck. The boat was full, and most of the people were women, but there was nobody who looked in the very least like Esther.

She would be wearing the fur coat, he was sure—the coat he had given her!

One or two people stared at him curiously. Once he came across Marie and her father on the leeward side of the boat. For decency's sake he had to stop. He made an insane remark on the weather and said he thought they were going to have a smooth crossing.

Marie's brown eyes lifted to his: "You haven't met your friend?" she said quietly.

Micky had a horrible conviction that she had not believed that he had in fact come to meet. He coloured in confusion as he answered—

"No—no, I'm sorry to say I haven't."

She moved away leaving him with her father. The old man slipped a hand through Micky's arm.

"Don't notice her, my boy; women are queer cattle—and I expect she's a little sore with you still."

Micky wished it was possible to jump overboard. He found the old man's friendliness more insufferable than the look of reproach in Marie's eyes. As soon as he could he got away; he went down the companion-way and wandered round despondently.

If Esther were on the boat she must have seen him and was deliberately keeping out of his way; he glanced in at the open door of the ladies' cabin as he passed.

Several pessimistic souls who had already made up their minds to be ill, although the sea was like a millpond, had arranged themselves on the couches, with pillows under their heads; as Micky passed the cabin some slammed the door smartly in his face.

He went up deck again and stood looking out to sea, with the wind stinging his face.

It was getting dark rapidly; the lights of Dover twinkled through the greyness. Micky stood and watched till they could no longer be seen. He was chilled to the bone in spite of his warm coat; he turned the collar up round his throat and thrust his hands deeply into his pockets.

His fingers came in contact with the telegrams he had written in the train and forgotten to send. He swore under his breath.

He kept out of the 'Deland's' way when they reached Calais; he was first off the boat; he stood in the darkness trembling with excitement.

There were all sorts of people pouring past him—men, women, and children. They all seemed happy and eager—a couple of Frenchmen standing near him chattered incessantly; Micky moistened his dry lips; there was a little nerve throbbing in his temple.

Supposing he never saw her again! His hands clenched deep in his pockets . . . supposing he never met the half-shy glance of her grey eyes—supposing he never heard her voice any more—or her laugh . . .

The sweat broke out on his forehead. For a moment he closed his eyes and felt a sick feeling of hopelessness, and when he opened them again he saw Esther standing there not half a dozen paces from him.

The glare from a huge arc lamp shone full on her slim figure and golden hair.

She was looking round her in a scared, apprehensive way as if not knowing where to go.

A wave of such utter relief swept through Micky's very soul that for a moment it almost turned him faint.

She was quite alone, but as Micky watched her he saw a French porter in a blue blouse go up to her and start chattering away, pointing to the small suitcase she carried and gesticulating violently. Esther shook her head—Micky remembered that she knew no French—but the man persisted, and she shook her head again in a frightened sort of way.

Micky covered the distance between them in a couple of strides. "Esther, my dear," he said, in a queer, choked sort of voice.

She turned with a stifled scream, and a most unwilling relief swept her face.

"Oh, Micky!" she said breathlessly. She put out her hand as if to grip his arm, then drew it away, moving back.

"How did you come here . . . oh, how dare you follow me . . .?" she said passionately.

Micky took her arm very gently. "We found your note," he said. "I had to come . . . June said . . ." Then suddenly his calmness broke. "Oh, thank God I found you—thank God!" he said hoarsely.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Esther seemed arrested by the emotion in Micky's voice.

She stood looking up at him with wide eyes and parted lips; then suddenly she broke out again—

"I don't know what you mean. I'll never forgive June if she sent you after me. I'm going to Paris. I'm not a child to be followed and looked after like this. . . . Let me go."

Micky released her arm at once. When he spoke his voice was quiet and rather stern.

"Please don't make a scene. I have followed you for your own sake. I know how to begin. She sat there so silently; she seemed to have forgotten his presence altogether.

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