

**REGAL**  
FREE RUNNING  
Table Salt

Never Cakes - No Waste

The handy little spout lets the salt run out

MADE IN CANADA THE CANADIAN SALT CO. LIMITED

**THE Phantom Lover.**

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

"I telephoned Micky and asked him to come and make a fourth," she admitted.

Esther flushed. She looked up eagerly. "And—is he coming?"

June shook her head.

"No, he isn't," she said with overdone indifference. "He said he'd got an engagement already, but between you and me and the doorpost," she added darkly, "I don't believe it! I think he just didn't want to come."

"Oh," said Esther faintly. "I expect he has a good many engagements," she added after a moment.

June said, "Humph!" She recalled the curt manner of Micky's refusal, and wondered if there had been a more serious rupture between himself and Esther than she was ever likely to hear about.

"So we shall have to make up our minds to enjoy ourselves without his distinguished company," she said airily. "I dare say we shall be able to manage quite nicely. Esther, aren't you going to wear your fur coat?"

"My fur coat!" said Esther rather unsteadily. "It's not mine."

"She was taking from the wardrobe the shabby jacket she had worn the first night she met Micky; it looked more shabby and unsmart than ever, but she was going to wear it whatever happened."

"She was smarting with humiliation. She had offered Micky her little olive branch when they parted two days ago at Charing Cross, and this is how he had accepted it!"

"If he's trying to pay me out, I suppose it's only what I deserve," she thought miserably, and yet it did not seem like Micky to deliberately try to wish to hurt or humiliate any one.

She did her best to push the shadow aside. She tried to laugh and talk with June as they went off to meet Mr. George P. Rochester.

"He was a big, bluff man, with a hand-clasp like the grip of a bear, and a frang that could be cut with a knife."

"They lunched at a restaurant which she had never heard of, though June seemed quite at home. There were several people at other tables, whom June knew, and Esther felt very out of it all, and unhappy."

"It was a good thing she had refused to marry Micky, she thought with a sort of anger. She knew none of his friends and nothing of the life to which he had always been accustomed. She

thing worse if I can't smoke."

She went out of the room, and Esther heard her go clattering up the stairs. There were tears in her eyes now, but she brushed them angrily away; after all, what was there to cry for! It was only that she had got to go back to where she had left off that New Year's Eve when she first met Micky; everything was just as it had been then, save that she was the poorer now by the loss of a dream.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

June's friendship with Mr. George P. Rochester grew apace.

"Micky's introductions are always a success," she told Esther. "And Micky likes him too—awfully! Mr. Rochester is round at Micky's rooms nearly every night. They're ever such pals!"

"Are they?" said Esther. The mention of Micky's name always seemed to make her heart queer. She wondered if June knew why he never came to the house now, and what she thought about it all.

In her own mind she was sure that Micky had cast her off, and the knowledge left her with a sense of desolation.

She never spoke of him unless June did so first, and she tried never to think of him. But Micky was a personality not to be lightly dismissed from memory, and he haunted her thoughts waking and sleeping.

"If I could only get some work," she told herself, "it would be better. It's so dreadful having nothing to do."

She had applied to Eldred's unsuccessfully—he had eluded the narrow stairs of the agency a dozen times only to be met with rebuff.

"You refused an excellent post I offered to you," she was told jolly. "I am not likely to be able to find you such another."

June coaxed her into helping with the "swindle."

"If you don't I'll have to pay some one else to do it," she declared. "And oh, Esther, don't be so proud!"

So Esther gave in. She filled the little mauve pots with the perfume, signed front and fastened on lids and labels till her head swam.

Sometimes Mr. George P. Rochester came to help—at least he called it "help"—but he did very little actual work, as he was always too busy looking at June and talking to her.

"Has he suggested the partnership yet?" Esther asked one night.

June flushed rosy.

"Don't be absurd," she answered, and something in her voice woke a little note of fear in Esther's heart.

"Was she to lose June too? Was there to be nothing left for her in all the world? Her hands shook as she went on mechanically filling the row of little mauve pots.

"Esther," said June suddenly, "how long is it since you saw Micky?"

There was a little pause, then Esther said constrainedly, "I've never seen him since—since we came back from Paris."

She waited a moment.

"Why?" she asked with an effort.

"June kept her eyes bent on her work."

"Because I haven't seen him myself for nearly a week," she said slowly.

"And I hear—I hear that he's running round with that Deland girl again."

She did not dare to look up as she spoke, and she went on quickly, "Of course it may only be gossip—but I've tried to correct herself, "tells me that Micky took him to their house to dinner last night."

Silence. June filled pots at random, wildly, then Esther spoke.

"I've done eight dozen," she said.

"Do you think that is enough to go on with?"

June raised her eyes guiltily, then suddenly she pushed the laden tray from her and ran round to Esther.

"Oh," she said impulsively, "it only only you could have made yourself care for him."

She put her arms round the younger girl's unresponsive figure.

"I want you to be happy too, so badly," she went on earnestly. "I didn't mean to tell you yet, but I must somehow. George—Mr. Rochester—she broke off, laughing and crying to gether.

"The man's a perfect disgrace," she protested. "I told him so, too! I've only known him three weeks, and—and—she raised her tear-drenched eyes to Esther's face. "What can you do when a man that size kisses you?" she demanded.

Esther had to laugh.

"Why, do what you did," she said.

"Kiss him in return."

June wiped her eyes and laughed, and shed more tears.

"I never meant to marry any one," she said severely. "But the dreadful creature seems to want me so desperately badly. I'm really utterly miserable, only—"

"Oh June!" said Esther.

"So I am! At least!"—June looked up and suddenly laughed. "I'm not," she said. "I'm a wicked liar! but oh, such a gloriously happy, wicked liar!"

"And it's all entirely due to me," Micky said when June rang him up the following morning to tell him the news.

"I introduced you! What do I get out of it all I should like to know?"

His voice was playful, but June took him seriously.

"O Micky! If you could only be as

**Restoring Nerve Power.**

In many people the tissues of the nerves have suffered from the strain of War and from the shortage of fats. You can restore your nerves in a natural way by eating "Skippers." The pure olive oil in which they are packed is worth its weight in gold to those who suffer from "fat-starved" nerves.

Your retailer will supply you with a tin of

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**How Can I Have Beautiful Hair And Skin?**

In most cases by making Cuticura your every-day toilet preparations. Thus you have the delicate Cuticura medication applied in a natural and wholesome way, calculated to restore clogged, irritated skin pores to health, and health means beauty and purity.

**If Your Complexion Is Marred**

by clogged pores, pimples, blackheads, freckles or roughness, gently smooth the face, on rising, with Cuticura Ointment on the end of the finger. Wash off in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water, using plenty of soap, best applied with the hands, which it softens wonderfully, and continue bathing a few minutes. Finally dust on a few grains of Cuticura Talcum, the most fragrant and healthful of Talcum Powders.

**If Dandruff Menaces Your Hair**

touch spots of dryness, dandruff or itching, on retiring, with the Ointment on end of forefinger. Cover head for night. Next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Rinse with tepid water. Repeat in two weeks if needed.

Then make these fragrant super-creamy emollients your every-day toilet preparations, and have as a result in most cases a clear, sweet, healthy skin, clean scalp, good hair and soft, white hands with little trouble and trifling expense.

Little Size, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 50c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot: Lyman, Limited, St. Paul St., St. John's, Nfld.

Cuticura Soap shaves without soap.

happy as I am," she said eagerly. Micky laughed.

"I wish you were horses, my dear," he said sentimentally. "But don't worry about me, I'm all right."

"Then, will you come to dinner to-night? No, not at the boarding house! We'll go to the Savoy—just to celebrate. We four?"

"We four!" said Micky sharply.

"Yes—I shall bring Esther, of course."

There was the smallest possible pause, then Micky said:

"I'm sorry, but I've another engagement. I promised the Delands, to go with them to the Hoopers' dance," and rang off in a huff.

Micky hung up the receiver and turned away. He was sorry to disappoint June, and yet he had not the smallest intention of meeting Esther. If she had wanted him she would have sent a note or a message—but she did not want him! More than once she had said that she hated him—it was time to learn that she meant what she said. Micky's pride had got the upper hand at last, and he would rather have died now than make the smallest overture to the girl at whose feet he had once been willing to grovel.

Driver came to the door:

"A parcel, sir. Shall I bring it in?" Micky answered absently:

"All right."

Driver went out of the room. After a moment he came back with a square box which he set down on the table.

"Shall I open it, sir?" he asked, as Micky did not speak.

Micky started.

"Yes; oh, yes—open it. What the dickens is it? I haven't ordered anything."

Driver said that he did not know—that it had been left by a messenger. He untied the knotted string with neat precision, and rolled it into a ball before he removed the paper.

Micky walked up to the table and lifted the lid with faint curiosity.

"A fur coat," he said blankly. "A fur—He stopped. For a moment he stood staring down into the box, then he let the lid fall over it again.

"All right—you can go," he said.

Driver walked to the door stoically, and Micky went back to the fire.

So she would not even keep the fur coat! She cared so little for him that she must needs send back his paltry gifts. What a fool he was to care—what a fool!

Driver, coming back for a moment, stopped petrified in the doorway. Micky was standing by the mantelpiece with his face buried in his arms.

(To be continued.)

**DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS**

23 THE

**Odd and Interesting.**

The Automobile Club of Southern California, which has a membership of seventy thousand, is behind a State-wide movement to punish by arrest motorists who discard lunch boxes, tin cans, bottles and other trash alongside the highways.

Mark Hanna Young and Gladys Beck Bukey, of Louisville, Kentucky, applied for a marriage license on the thirtieth of this month. Young is the thirteenth son in a family of twenty-one and Gladys is the thirteenth daughter in a family of thirteen children.

Center Lodge, A. F. and A. M., of Fresno, California, recently witnessed six brothers and a nephew, occupying all the stations from master to junior steward work the Master Mason's degree upon a seventh brother.

Merely to obtain practice at climbing had overcome, the fifteen-year-old boy ascended a suspension cable of Brooklyn Bridge with the skill of a sailor until he reached the tower—three hundred feet above the water. Arraigned on a charge of disorderly conduct, he was remanded to the Children's Court.

In Chicago careless motorists who park their cars over thirty minutes, in violation of the city ordinance, and then chained and locked to one of the electrolines along the boulevard. An officer leaves a card, which informs the owners that he will be glad to release the car—after the owner has arranged to appear in court the next morning.

Nearly 200 gramophone needles, pieces of tin from a sardine box and a pen nib, were found in the stomach of a girl who was operated on at Harrogate, G.B., Infirmary. When, suffering intense pain, she was seen by the family doctor; he found that she had swallowed a piece of tin. X-rays revealed a solid mass of foreign matter about the size of a match-box. The medical men were surprised at the little perforation of the internal organs. As some of the needles were rusty and others bright it is assumed they were swallowed at intervals. She has been discharged from the hospital cured.

Details of the reconitioning of the trans-Atlantic liner George Washington, which is the largest American merchant vessel ever to fly the American flag, are announced. The cost will exceed \$1,000,000. When refitted the steamer will have accommodations for 3,000 passengers. The swimming pool is to be the largest ever installed on a steamship. The installation of 3,000 art fabric has been made possible as the result of an anti-rolling device. A moving picture theatre with seats for 300 is being provided. There will also be a cafeteria open day and night. The George Washington, which was seized from the North German Lloyds' Line, is to be the flagship of the United States Mail Steamship Company.

With his neck broken as a result of being thrown off a load of hay when his horses bolted on the road, Alonzo Vanclief, aged forty-five, of Mabou Corners, Ontario, is alive. Mr. Vanclief can neither swallow nor talk. His legs, however, are not paralyzed. The victim of the strange accident landed on his head, and when discovered in the road was taken to the emergency hospital at Tilsonburg. It was discovered that two nerves which control the ability to speak and swallow had been crushed and the X-ray revealed the neck broken. Mr. Vanclief is being fed with milk through a tube. His head has been placed in an iron splint. It is doubtful if he will live very long.

**Just Folks**

By Cesar A. Guest

**THE OLD SOLEMN PARLOR.**

I want to see 'em romping on the rug and on the chairs.

And I rather like to fancy that the home we keep is theirs;

I like a house that's ready for the things they want to do.

Not one that's stiff and solemn where the furniture is new;

Let 'em hang at the piano, let 'em go it as they choose.

There is nothing here so costly that it wasn't bought to use.

There was once a house I know of, Where the parlor door was locked. And if youngsters stepped inside it all the grown-ups there were shocked.

And if sticky little fingers touched a table or a chair,

There was always trouble bawling, for all things were sacred there; And back then I made my mind up that when I were older grown, There would be no solemn parlor in the house I called my own.

Let 'em climb the chairs and rockers, let 'em wear 'em out in joy. Let the tables and the sofa show the thumbprints of a boy.

Let a little girl make merry in whatever way she will, And though furniture grows shabby, I will gladly pay the bill.

For I'd rather chairs are battered, than their hearts should know a bruise.

And I want no grand piano which the youngsters cannot use.

THE NEW FASHION COMPANY, THERAPION No. 1, THERAPION No. 2, THERAPION No. 3.

40-41 Hillside Gardens, St. John's, Nfld.

**Jumps Off Brooklyn Bridge.**

Daniel Carone, twenty-six years old, of Mount Vernon, N.Y., on April 19 jumped from the Brooklyn Bridge, landed right side up and is as well as he ever was. This is the second time Carone has leaped from the exact spot made famous by Steve Brodie, and he says he would just as soon take the leap every morning before breakfast. Carone, who has jumped from the London Bridge, the high bridge at Glasgow, Scotland, and from other high bridges, took the leap as the result of a wager that he would make the jump and remain feet downward all the way to the water. On his last jump, on June 13, 1915, Carone turned twice in the air. He made the leap feet downward this time and won the wager.

**Grandmother came to this House a Bride**

SHE came into it perhaps 60 years ago, she enriched it with all the romance of youth, the experience of maturity and, thanks to its wonderful preservation, she was permitted to spend the evening of her life amid the old familiar walls.

And to-day it still stands—a trifle old-fashioned in architecture perhaps—but in every essential, a home rich in memories and a silent tribute to the wisdom of protection against decay.

**B-H PAINT** 70% Pure White Lead (Equivalent to 80% Pure White Zinc) 100% Pure Pigment

No more chipping, cracking or peeling if you use B-H "English" Paint. The above formula stamped right on the face of every can is your guarantee of satisfaction. B-H "English" Paint is a paint that lasts as well as it looks. It covers a greater surface, gives a greater brilliance and lasts longer than ordinary paint.

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Save the surface and you save all! Paint & Varnish

**Fads and Fashions.**

Dinner gowns are without sleeves, but they are cut rather high in the neck.

A great deal of cut-out embroidery is seen on the sheer summer frocks.

A charming hat of gray fallie is trimmed with two tones of ostrich culices.

Blue-and-white foulard and white serge are combined to make a very smart suit.

A plain black satin coat has monkey fur at the bottom and around the sleeves.

A dark blue chiffon gown is trimmed with grape-like bunches of tiny blue petals.

Canton crepe dresses have Vionnet panels at the sides, giving a wide effect at the hips.

Collar and undersleeves of white hemstitched organdie are worn on a black tulle frock.

The short, puffed sleeve is worn as much as the plain strap over the shoulder for evening.

A dress of red swiss dotted with white is edged with sawtooth points of navy blue organdie.

Even bathing suits show the fashionable hip extension in the form of flaring side pockets.

Taffetas are trimmed in tulle of a matching shade. French blue and jade green, being favored.

Flame color, rose, geranium, scarlet and cerise are used for facings, trimmings and embroideries.

When Choosing the Material for a washable frock for the growing child—

**MOTHER** naturally thinks of the possibilities of the fabric shrinking in the wash. It is therefore a relief to her to know that the fabric will not shrink or lose its charm if Lux is used for its cleansing.

Durability, charm of colour, quality of texture, the freshness of newness—these are preserved to all good fabrics washed with Lux. A packet of Lux—a bowl of warm water—and dainty hands can cleanse delightful fabrics in a delightfully easy manner.

The beautiful pure Lux flakes are whisked into a creamy, bubbly lather instant. Gently squeeze this cleansing foam through and through the soiled texture—then rise in clean water and hang to dry. Lux cannot harm a silk thread. It coaxes rather than forces the dirt from the clothes.

Packets (two sizes) may be obtained everywhere.

**LUX** FOR DAINTY FABRICS

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT, ENGLAND.