



FINEST SCOTCH PRESERVES

The rich flavour and fresh purity of Scotch Jams are unequalled the world over. Our Jam works in Morayshire are in the 'Gen of Scotland'. Try any of these fine HOME MADE JAMS.

THE Phantom Lover.

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

CHAPTER VII.

The thin, aristocratic-looking person who owned the "Bureau," as it was called, looked at her with coldly critical eyes, and said that she had no vacancies likely to suit her.

"But you told me to call," Esther protested.

"Certainly; there might have been something," was all the answer she received. "Call again to-morrow, if you please."

Esther went out dejectedly. There were so many girls of her own class and age in the bare waiting-rooms; she felt quite sure that they would all get berths before she had a chance.

She felt glad that she had June Mason to go back to. June was always sympathetic. She went straight upstairs to the sitting-room with the mauve cushions.

June opened the door before she had time to knock.

"I thought it was you. I heard your step. What's the matter? You sounded disgruntled as you came upstairs."

Esther laughed.

"I believe you must have second sight, or whatever they call it. But you're right this time; I am rather down on my luck. They haven't anything at the agency to suit me. I—"

She stopped, looking past June into the cosy room to where a man had just risen from a chair by the fire—a tall man—who looked across at her with eyes that were half-abashed, half-defiant. Missy Melvins.

CHAPTER VIII.

June introduced Micky and Esther with a sort of hurried self-consciousness. It was not by her invitation that Micky was here this afternoon, and

"DANDERINE"

Girls! Save Your Hair! Make It Abundant!



Immediately after a "Danderine" massage, your hair takes on new life, lustre and wondrous beauty, appearing twice as heavy and plentiful, because each hair seems to fluff and thicken. Don't let your hair stay lifeless, colorless, plain or scraggly. You, too, want lots of long, strong, beautiful hair.

but I will tell her this moment if you wish it—"

She raised passionate eyes to his face.

"I will never forgive you as long as I live if you dare to," she said stormily.

Micky frowned till his brows nearly met above his kind eyes.

"Whatever I say or offer to do is wrong, of course," he said savagely. "If I had not offered to tell her, you would probably have said that I was ashamed of knowing you. . . . oh, good Heavens! whatever have I said now?" he added as he saw the hot blood rush to her face.

He went over to her and tried to take her hand. "Do forgive me; I beg of you to forgive me—I'm a clumsy idiot—but you don't know how hurt I've felt about being turned down in this way."

"It's absurd to feel hurt—I haven't turned you down; I wish you wouldn't keep saying that I have. Why I—I hardly know you," she added with a little angry laugh.

Micky turned away; he stood staring down into the fire; neither of them spoke again till June returned.

She carried a tray of cakes and hot toast; she got it down with a thump on the round table by the fire.

"I coaxed it out of Mrs. Elders," she explained breathlessly. "I generally keep some cake up here myself, but I haven't got a bit to-day. Esther, fetch the cloth, there's a dear; and Micky, you put the kettle on—I have filled it."

She bustled about, talking the whole time; if she noticed the constraint between the other two she said nothing till tea was ready, and she sat down amongst the mauve cushions with a breathless sigh.

"Now we're going to be cosy. Well, and how have you two been getting on? Micky, I've told Esther so much about you, she's sick to death of the sound of your name."

"I never said so," Esther protested quickly.

"Have some cake," Micky said; he deposited a slice on June's plate and adroitly changed the subject. He was furiously angry; he had not believed that Esther had it in her to turn on him as she had done. But the more she snubbed him, the more determined he was not to be snubbed. As he sat there stirring his tea and listening to June's chatter he was watching Esther all the time.

She had taken off her coat now. He wondered if it was the coat his money had bought her; it was not half good enough, anyway. He thought of the folds and expensive gloves which Marie Deland wore, and he longed to be able to give some to this little girl who sat there with such angry defiance in her eyes.

He realized that this pride of hers was going to be the hardest barrier of all between them.

She could not forgive him because he was a rich man and had pretended to be poor; she could not forget that he had paid for her dinner and a saucer of milk for the cat. He looked down to where Charlie sat blinking in the freight, and a little smile crossed his face. He wondered if perhaps some day soon she would offer to repay him for that night—if she would insist on doing so, as she had insisted on paying her share of everything with June.

"You haven't," said Esther, as he paused. "I'm not at all offended."

"Then why, in the name of all that's holy," he began again, in exasperation. She cut him short.

"You didn't tell me the truth about yourself. You made out you were poor! or pretended to be some one quite different to what you are. You've a perfect right to, I suppose, if you wish, but I hate being deceived and treated like that. I suppose you think anything is good enough for me! Perhaps it is, but—"

Micky brought his fist down with a bang on the back of the big armchair.

"I give you my word of honour, Miss Shepstone, that what I said was only because it seemed the best way to make you trust me. I had absolutely no other reason for pretending to—be anything but what I am. I know you'd have gone off at a tangent if I'd said I was unfortunate enough to be rich, I know—"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"You didn't even write to me from your real address—you just put a number." She broke into an angry little laugh. "I suppose you thought I shouldn't understand that a number can also be an expensive flat."

Micky turned pale with anger.

"You're deliberately trying to make out that I'm a boonder. It's not fair—I don't deserve it; and as to thinking anything good enough for you—I suppose you'd only take it as a trash insult if I told you that there is nothing in the world I consider good enough for you. . . . I . . . oh, what's the good of arguing," he broke out with sudden rage.

"It's no good at all, and there's nothing to argue about," Esther said stiffly. She had taken off her gloves and was darning them out nervously. "You offered me your friendship, and now I decline it. I suppose I am free to do so?"

"No," said Micky violently, "you're not. . . . I—I . . ." He turned away sharply, realizing with dismay how nearly he had blurted out the truth about Ashton. After a moment he spoke more quietly.

"It is pure chance that brought me here, I have known June Mason for years; we are old friends. She has no idea that I have ever seen you before."

He shrugged her shoulders.

"You didn't even write to me from your real address—you just put a number." She broke into an angry little laugh. "I suppose you thought I shouldn't understand that a number can also be an expensive flat."

Micky turned pale with anger.

"You're deliberately trying to make out that I'm a boonder. It's not fair—I don't deserve it; and as to thinking anything good enough for you—I suppose you'd only take it as a trash insult if I told you that there is nothing in the world I consider good enough for you. . . . I . . . oh, what's the good of arguing," he broke out with sudden rage.

"It's no good at all, and there's nothing to argue about," Esther said stiffly. She had taken off her gloves and was darning them out nervously. "You offered me your friendship, and now I decline it. I suppose I am free to do so?"

"No," said Micky violently, "you're not. . . . I—I . . ." He turned away sharply, realizing with dismay how nearly he had blurted out the truth about Ashton. After a moment he spoke more quietly.

"It is pure chance that brought me here, I have known June Mason for years; we are old friends. She has no idea that I have ever seen you before."

Home-made Remedy Stops Coughs Quickly

The best cough medicine you ever used. A family remedy easily and quickly made. Saves about \$2.

You might be surprised to know that the best thing you can use for a severe cough, is a remedy which is easily prepared at home in just a few moments.

It's cheap, but for prompt results it beats anything else you ever tried. Usually stops the ordinary cough or chest cold in 24 hours. Tastes pleasant, too; children like it—and it is pure and good.

Your 2½ ounces of Pinex in a 16-oz. bottle; then fill it up with plain granulated sugar syrup. Or use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup, if desired. This you make 16 ounces—a family supply—but costing no more than a small bottle of ready-made cough syrup.

And as a cough medicine, there is really nothing better to be had at any price. It goes right to the spot and gives quick, lasting relief. It promptly breaks the inflamed membranes that line the throat and air passages, stops the annoying throat tickle, loosens the phlegm, and soon your cough stops entirely. Splendid for bronchitis, croup, hoarseness and bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of Norway pine extract famous for its healing effect on the membranes. To avoid disappointment ask your druggist for 2½ ounces of Pinex with directions and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

"More tea?" June demanded across the table, and Micky said, "Oh—er—yes, thanks," hurriedly. As long as the meal was unfinished Esther would have to stay in the room, he thought; she could not very well leave before; but in this he was mistaken, for Esther put her cup down almost at once and looked at June.

"Will you think me very rude if I run away?" she asked. "I've got to see Mrs. Elders and tell her I am staying on—I think she has been trying to let my room."

June looked disappointed. "Oh, well, if you really must go," she said. "Come back when you've seen her."

"Thank you," said Esther. She turned to Micky, who had risen. "I won't say good-bye, then," she said with an effort to speak lightly.

He held open the door for her, and a moment later she had gone. As soon as he came back to his chair June rounded on him.

"What have you said to annoy her?" she asked, very angry. "She said you are like each other. Really, Micky, you are the limit! She won't come back again, you see if she does."

"No," said Micky. "I don't think she will." He laughed a rather chagrined laugh. "I haven't said anything as far as I know," he added. "It's what you've said, I fancy. You've fed her up with accounts of what a wonderful person I am."

"So you are," said June. He frowned.

"It's kind of you to think so, but I don't know anybody else who shares your opinion."

"Well, I can't help the world being full of idiots, can I?" she demanded in exasperation. "And, Micky, why did you come here to-day? When I asked you before you said you didn't want to come; you've soon changed your mind."

"I came to tell you about Miss Shepstone. You asked me to get her a berth. . . ."

(To be continued)

Some Strong Men in History and Sport.

Hercules was a Greek divinity. Samson is a biblical hero, and to become a Sandow will always be the small boy's ambition.

The title of Strongest Man in the World is always disputed. To-day we have Warren Lincoln Travis, a real American claiming the honor.

Wilfred G. Cabana of Montreal, Lionel Strongfort of Newark, N.J., Antone Matysak of Baltimore, F. H. Franks of Cincinnati, are all more or less contesting his claim. It is probable that a strong man tournament will soon be arranged to determine the true champion. The last contest of this kind was held in Brooklyn in 1919, and was easily won by Travis, who established records bettering the performances of Sandow, Saxon and Cyr and other famous men of might.

If we can believe our history, then we must concede that the strongest man that ever lived was Maximian, emperor of Rome. This gigantic old murderer was nine feet tall, and weighed 370 pounds. He wore his wife's bracelet as a ring on his thumb, and could crush stones to dust with his bare hands. He was an excellent athlete and a remarkable foot racer. It is said he could pull a loaded wagon which two horses could not move, whip twelve of the strongest men of his empire at one time, and outrun a horse. Milo of Crotona, one of all the Olympiads, was the strongest of ancient Greece.

Athanasius, another old Greek, lives in history as being able to walk in a suit of armor weighing 1000 pounds. John Middleton was the first of many English strong men, the most remarkable of whom was Thomas Topham. Topham lived in the early part of the eighteenth century, and was nine feet three inches tall, with a hand eighteen inches long. Some boy! Two famous English strong men were the Brothers McCann of Birmingham, who were known as Samson and Hercules. Donald Dinnie of Scotland was a huge man of prodigious strength and a fine athlete.

The most celebrated strong man of history is Sandow, the German. Sandow was not only remarkably strong but very handsome and a wonderful showman. He virtually made the "strong man business." Sandow came to England when a young man and soon grew to a popularity never before attained by an athlete. His performance drew immense crowds and he was lionized by society. Sandow came to America about thirty years ago and repeated his foreign triumph.

During the war it was reported that Sandow had been arrested as a German spy and executed in the Tower of London. However, I hear that he is still very much alive and back at his old stand in London as popular as ever.

Sandow's unprecedented success brought forth an army of strong men, who masqueraded under various appellations such as Cyclops, Milo, Goliath, Apollo, Sampson, and Hercules. They all introduced many startling tricks of showmanship that are still used by strong men everywhere.

It is doubtful if the world ever saw a more powerful man than Louis Cyr, the French-Canadian, who died a few years ago. Cyr was an enormous man weighing 350 pounds, with an appetite as large as himself. He was unequalled for downright brute strength. The big Canadian could lift 987 lbs. with one hand, and lifted 4,300 pounds in harness.

Arthur Saxon of Germany, was a wonderful weight lifter, and holds many records—not the least of which was his habit of drinking forty bottles of beer each night before going to bed. Steinbach, another German, is a record holder also; and Hackenschmidt, the Russian lion, who once held the wrestling championship of the world, was one of the strongest men that ever lived. And Stanislaus Zhyzsko is no weakling, either.

Travis, the present champion, is only five feet eight inches tall, and weighs about 290 pounds. He made a back lift of 2,000 pounds 500 times in thirty-three minutes. He lifted 2,000 pounds 3,000 times in 101 minutes, and lifted 5,000 pounds in three hours and nine minutes.

Philadelphia.—Five women drawn for the March grand jury and eleven called for service on the petit jury, were excused after Judge Anderson had warned them that otherwise they would be compelled to hear evidence "not fit for the ears of women."

"A women's place is in the home and not in court, unless they are compelled to come here as a witness or otherwise," commented the judge. "We can get along very nicely without the women jurors; at least we are going to try to."

When members of the panel had assembled, Judge Anderson said to the women called for the grand jury: "If you want to hear the mysteries formerly heard by the men only, then it is your privilege to stay; but it is my advice that you do not listen to the filth involved in the cases that will be brought before you."



VOTE! Mr. Edison has had his 25 favorite tunes. Ask for a copy of "What Edison Likes in Music."

Edison does both!

YOU get two kinds of music,—when you buy a New Edison. The New Edison literally RE-CREATES music,—so perfectly that you feel you are listening to the living artist. The New Edison will also play all the needle talking-machine records.

The NEW EDISON "The Phonograph with a Soul"

Always remember this! The New Edison does all that any talking-machine can do. And,—it also does all that any living artist can do. You can pay cash for your New Edison, or you can spread out the payments. We will make a gentleman's agreement with any music-lover. Ask about our Budget Plan.

FRED V. CHESMAN, Edison Dealer, St. John's.

Household Notes.

To prevent starch from sticking to the irons, add a little borax when mixing.

For safety's sake, leave the oven of the gas stove open while lighting the burner.

When using sour milk and soda, use a pinch of baking powder to every pint of flour.

The two-piece mattress will last longer if the parts are regularly turned about.

It is best to use cotton thread with which to mend gloves, as silk cuts the skin.

Rice is delicious prepared with grated cheese, baked, and stewed with tomato sauce.

A cheese sauce is sometimes served with cauliflower; the combination is delicious.

Charts & Books on Navigation!

CHARTS—Separate sheets covering the whole Newfoundland coast line. Sheets of the Labrador Coast.

BLUE BACK CHARTS—Belle Isle to Cape Cod, Banks of Newfoundland (General) Labrador, the North Atlantic, the Southern Portion and all the popular works on navigation.

Garrett Byrne, Bookseller & Stationer.

If you wish to use candles as decoration for the dinner table, place them on ice for two hours just before using, and they will not drip.

Shocking Execution Scenes.

Reports brought to Shanghai by river craft from the Upper Yangtsé are that the Chinese authorities, in seeking to quell outlawry and suppress disorder, following the looting of the city of Ichang by mutinous troops, have adopted the most drastic methods. All captured bandits, say the reports, are executed with little or no formality. A scene characteristic of the working of Chinese justice was described by Captain T. F. Doyle, of the steamer Mai Shum, which recently arrived at Shanghai. When his steamer was at Wanshen coalings, Captain Doyle said those aboard saw 28 culprits led to the river bank. These, were forced to kneel in a line and then the executioner with his heavy two-handed sword proceeded slowly down the line, a head falling with each swing of the sword. Such wholesale executions, the captain said, became almost daily events in the winter months at centres of the river like Wanshen.

New Brunswick White Table Potatoes, DRY AND MEALY.

- "International" Brand Family Mess Pork—Small ribs. Local Cabbage. Fresh Butter—For delivery Friday morning. 2½ tins California Peaches 40c. can 2½ tins California Apricots 40c. can 2½ tins California Pears 50c. can 2½ tins Sliced "Del Monte" Hawaiian Pine-apple, 55c. Desiccated Coconut 28c. lb. "Pure Gold" Prepared Icing Sugar . . . 18c. pkt. "Pure Gold" Table Jelly Powders, asstd. 15c. pkt. Sherriff's Table Jelly Powders, asstd., 15c. pkt. Jiffy Jell Table Jelly Powders, asstd., 15c. pkt.

C. P. EAGAN, Duckworth Street & Queen's Road



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 in an instant. Gently squeeze this cleansing foam through and through the soiled texture—then rinse in clean water and hang to dry. Lux cannot harm any silk thread. It coats rather than forces the dirt from the clothes.

Packets (two sizes) may be obtained everywhere. LEXER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT, ENGLAND.



Sixteen Women Rejected as Jurors.

Philadelphia.—Five women drawn for the March grand jury and eleven called for service on the petit jury, were excused after Judge Anderson had warned them that otherwise they would be compelled to hear evidence "not fit for the ears of women."

"A women's place is in the home and not in court, unless they are compelled to come here as a witness or otherwise," commented the judge. "We can get along very nicely without the women jurors; at least we are going to try to."

When members of the panel had assembled, Judge Anderson said to the women called for the grand jury: "If you want to hear the mysteries formerly heard by the men only, then it is your privilege to stay; but it is my advice that you do not listen to the filth involved in the cases that will be brought before you."



True to name—It's tasteless. That's one reason why people stick to Brick's.

Before Brick's Tasteless Extract of Cod Liver was perfected, people took cod liver oil under strong protest. Lemon juice, coffee, vinegar, wine—all were powerless to eliminate that nauseating oil taste. But now even the children do not know they are taking cod liver oil when they are given a dose of BRICK'S TASTELESS EXTRACT OF COD LIVER.

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, Water St. & Duckworth St. JAS. WISEMAN, 77½ Carter's Hill. Price \$1.00 bot.; postage 50c. extra.

Vertical text on the right edge of the page, including "Forty w Service" and other fragments.