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 "Garden of Scotland". Try any of these fine HOME MADE JAMS.

Strawberry Raspberry
Black Currant Wild Bramble Jelly

Packed in 4, 7, 14 and 28 lb. tins.

W. A. BAXTER,

The Northern Jam Works, Fochabers, Scotland
Telegraphic and Cable Address, "Jam Fochabers, Morayshire." Code used A.B.C. (5th edition).
Agent wanted for Newfoundland.

THE Phantom Lover.

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

CHAPTER XIX.

Esther unconsciously put out her hand and grasped June's arm; she woul have given anything had it been possib.e to run away. She saw Mrs. Ashton turn and look towards where they were standing, and in another moment she had crossed the lounge and was shaking hands with June.

"I was just inviting Mr. Mellowes to come and dine with us," she said. "But he tells me he already has an engagement." Her eyes smiled at June. "I suppose you are the engagement?" she submitted.

June laughed.

A string band was playing a ragtime tune when they entered the restaurant. To Esther's unaccustomed eyes the room with its flowers and many lights was the most wonderful place she had ever seen. She kept close to Micky as he threaded his way through the small tables till he found their own, rather at the end of the room and away from the noisy band.

He put Esther into a comfortable chair, and himself took her cloak.

"You don't mind being left while I go back for June?" he asked hurriedly; "she seems to have got lost."

Esther looked after him as he went quickly back down the length of the room. She liked him in evening dress. If only it had been Raymond instead!—she stifled a little sigh; she meant to enjoy herself this evening; she was not going to allow one single despondent thought.

June and Micky rejoined her almost at once.

"I thought some one had eloped with you," June said laughingly. "Where did you get to? Micky, how hot this room is—I'm just stifling!"

She threw off her wrap and snatched up a paper fan from the table. Micky sat down between the two girls.

"Miss Shepstone didn't want to see Mrs. Ashton, I rather fancy," he said coolly. He looked at Esther with a slight smile in his eyes. "I believe she was afraid Mrs. Ashton would demand a reason for having had her kind offer so cavalierly refused," he went on banteringly.

Esther laughed.

"Yes, I believe I was," she admitted. "I'm an awful coward over explaining things to people."

"So am I," said Micky drily. He was wondering how he was ever going to explain the most difficult occurrence of his whole life, and if, when he had done so, it would ever be believed.

He looked at Esther a great deal during dinner; he had never seen her so animated; her eyes were sparkling, and her cheeks were flushed; she talked a great deal, and was particularly friendly to him; he was quite sorry when it was time to go on to the theatre.

As they left the restaurant he noticed that she kept close to him again, and that she looked anxiously round for Mrs. Ashton.

"It's all right," he said. "She's upstairs in the gallery."

She smiled. She thought he was very quick to understand her. Raymond had never seemed to understand things without an explanation. She wished he had been rather more like Micky in some ways; she wished—she looked up at Micky guiltily; how could she compare the two men?—the one whom she loved, and the other whom she did not even like!

They were late, and the curtain had risen when they were shown into their seats. The theatre was dark, and Esther could hardly see her way. She put out her hand with a smothered laugh and felt for Micky's. "I can't see," she said.

His fingers closed about hers; such a little hand it felt. He wondered why she was being so kind to him to-night. He did not realise that she was enjoying herself so much that she felt on good terms with the whole world.

Esther sat between him and June, and Micky hardly looked at the stage at all. His eyes turned again and again to her rapt face and the eagerness of her eyes.

She had been to theatres lots of times, so she told him in a whisper, but never in the stalls before. She asked him if he didn't like some of the frocks worn by the people close by.

Micky's eyes flashed.

"Not so well as yours," he said.

She drew away from him a little, and he wished he had not said it. In that one moment he felt that he had broken down all the friendliness she had shown him that evening. She did not speak again for some time.

In the interval June leaned over to him.

"Are you bored, Micky? You look bored to death."

Micky stifled a sigh.

"No," he said rather wearily.

His eyes wandered round the crowded house. There were several people in the stalls whom he knew. He noticed that people were looking at Esther, and he felt a little thrill of pride.

They were wondering who she was, of course. He wished with all his heart that he could stand up in his seat and announce to an interested world that she was the woman he intended to marry.

When the light went down again Esther leaned a little closer to him.

"Mr. Mellowes——" she said.

"Yes." Micky bent his head towards her eagerly. He could hear her agitated breathing, hear too the little quiver in her voice when she spoke.

"Did you see who was in that box on the right?—the lower box. . . . I thought it was Mrs. Ashton."

Micky answered casually that very likely it was.

"Odd, eh," he said, "that we should dine at the same place and have tickets for the same show?"

Esther said "Yes—yes" twice in nervous hurry.

There was something strained and unnatural about her, and though Micky could not see her face clearly he knew that something had happened to distress her.

"What is it?" he asked anxiously. "Is anything the matter?"

She shook her head.

"No. . . . No."

She sat very still till the curtain fell again, but Micky had the feeling that she was not paying the least attention to what was going on on the stage, and he knew that her eyes turned again and again to the stage box. What was she afraid of, he asked himself in perplexity, even if Mrs. Ashton did see her and recognise her, surely—then in a flash he knew . . . the light had been turned up suddenly, and in that moment he saw the figure of a man move quickly from the front of the box to the screen of the curtains.

Micky gripped the arms of his seat; for the moment he could not move.

It was Raymond—he knew it as certainly as if he had been told.

No doubt he had seen Esther, whilst she . . . poor child! Had she seen him too?

He looked down at her; she was sitting up stiffly, her hands clasped in the lap of the new frock of which she had been so innocently proud; her face was as white as the soft tulle of her sleeves, and her eyes were fixed on the box with its velvet curtains where Mrs. Ashton sat laughing and chatting with a girl in a pink frock.

They both turned from time to time to some one who stood behind them in the shadow; once the curtains moved a little and a man's hand and arm showed distinctly.

Micky could bear it no longer; he touched Esther's clasped hands.

"Are you ill?—would you like me to take you out?"

But she shook her head.

"No, no . . . please leave me alone."

June had discovered a friend in a seat a row or two ahead with whom she was trying to carry on a conversation; she had no eyes for Micky or Esther. Micky gave a sigh of relief when the lights were lowered again; he could feel all that Esther was suffering, he could put himself in her place so thoroughly.

If he went round to the box and made sure if it were Ashton, perhaps that would be the best way; he could manage to give him the tip then to keep out of the way. He half rose in his seat, but Esther moved at once, laying her fingers on his arm.

"Oh, don't go—don't leave me here," she said tremulously.

It was not the man himself she wanted, but his presence somehow gave her a feeling of confidence; if, indeed, it was Raymond up there in the box. She tried to argue herself out of the fancy; he would have let her know if he had come to London—surely she would have been the first to whom he would have come; she was mad to ever think the man up there in the background could be Raymond.

But the conviction was there in her mind.

"It is he—I know it's he," something in her heart was saying over and over again obstinately.

The rest of the play seemed endless; she rose with a quick breath of thankfulness when it was over.

"You are in a hurry," June said. "Haven't you enjoyed it?"

"Yes, oh yes, but it's hot—I want to get out."

Micky was deliberately being as slow as he could—he blocked the way out obstinately; the stalls were almost empty when at last they left them.

June touched his arm.

"Micky—is—Esther ill? Look how white she is."

Esther was some little way ahead of them; she seemed to be trying to get out as quickly as possible.

"I's too hot for her, poor darling!" June said. "Micky——"

Micky laughed savegely.

"It's not that," he said, "but Ashton was up in the box with his mother, and she saw him.'

"Micky——" He stienced her with a frown. He followed Esther as quickly as he could, but she was outside in the cold night air before he overtook her. There was a crowd here too—rows of cars and carriages outside, and women in thin evening frocks and furs shivering in the cold wind.

Micky drew Esther's hand through his arm.

"We shall find our cab this way, I think," he said evenly.

He had seen Mrs. Ashton only a few yards away, and he dreaded every moment that Esther would see her, and see, too, who was with her.

A sudden block in the crowd momentarily hindered them, and in that second a man's light laugh rang out above the noise and chatter of voices.

Micky felt the girl beside him give a convulsive start. She tried to drag her fingers from his, but he held them fast.

The crowd was moving again now; a second, and Raymond and his mother were lost to sight.

Micky had slipped an arm round Esther; he was white to the lips. He knew now how near he had been to discovery and the wreck of all his hopes. He tried to pretend that he did not understand the cause of her agitation. He looked down at her.

"Better now you're in the air?" he asked. "It was hot in the theatre. I—Esther——"

She had swung heavily against him, and looking down in sudden alarm, Micky saw that she had fainted.

(To be continued)

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 oily 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.
GEO. KNOWLING, Water St. & Duckworth St.
JAS. WISEMAN, Top Carter's Hill.

Price $1.00 bot.; postage 20c. extra.

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 a silken thread. It coaxes rather than forces the dirt from the clothes.

LUX
FOR DAINTY FABRICS

Packets (two sizes) may be obtained everywhere.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT, ENGLAND.

Torpid Liver

By keeping the liver active by the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, you have no trouble from constipation, indigestion, etc. One pill a dose. 25c. a box, all dealers.

Dr. Chases Kidney & Liver Pills

GERALD S. DOYLE,
Water Street, St. John's,
Distributing Agent.

The BRUNSWICK

GRAMOPHONE
with its wonderful ULTONA
and its magnificent TONE AMPLIFIER.

Hear its recreations with your own ears and compare it with any other Gramophone imported.

CHARLES HUTTON,
The Home of Music.

CRASH!!

You've dropped your glasses and the lenses are smashed beyond all use. Consternation comes over you as the result of this accident and you are worried; for you need your glasses to work in comfort. But the accident need not worry you as much as you imagine, for our Optical Repair Dept. is at your disposal, with a reputation for quick work and prompt service. If it's at all possible, we give you back your glasses, with lenses replaced and ready for wear again, in a couple of hours. Isn't service such as this worth something to you?

T. J. DULEY & CO.,
Limited,
The Reliable Jewellers and Opticians.

m,w,f,tf

RED CROSS LINE!

New York—Halifax—St. John's.

Route your freight by this Line, the only all year service between the above ports from Newfoundland.
WINTER SERVICE—Sailings about every three weeks.
For speed and comfort travel by the Red Cross Line.
Excellent accommodations for First and Second Class passengers.
The S. S. ROSALIND will probably leave New York on April 16th next.
Through rates quoted to any port.
For further information re passage, fares, freight rates, etc., apply to

G. S. CAMPBELL & CO., Halifax N.S., Agents.
BOWRING & CO., Agents, Whitehall Bldg., 17 Battery Place, New York, U.S.A.

HARVEY & COMPANY, LIMITED.
St. John's, N.F.

eod,tf

Wills Should be Kept in a Safe Place

A will should be kept in a place where it will be easily found on the death of the Testator, yet where it will not be subject to the hazard of destruction by fire or by agencies interested in its disappearance.

THE MONTREAL TRUST COMPANY will hold in safe-keeping, free of charge, all wills appointing it as Executor. Access can be had as frequently as desired.

Montreal Trust Company

Sir Herbert S. Holt, President. A. J. Brown, K.C., Vice-Pres.
F. G. DONALDSON, General Manager,
11 Place d'Armes Square, Montreal.
St. John's, Nfld., Branch, Royal Bank of Canada Building.
C. E. JUBIEN, Manager.

sep28,1yr,eod

The Big Eye

I have erected for the benefit of my many customers an Electric Sign, which will enable them to find more readily NEWFOUNDLAND'S LEADING EYESIGHT SPECIALIST, who is now giving his attention solely to the

Optical Business

thereby guaranteeing a service second to none.

Karl S. Trapnell, Opt.
Eyesight Specialist, 307 Water Street.
(Over Kodak Store.)

Forty-Two Years in the Public Service--The Evening Telegram.

Pure Ceylon Tea,
—AT—
HENRY BLAIR'S.

SUNNY PEAK CEYLON BROKEN ORANGE PEKOE TEA, very fine, only

50c. per lb.

MOUNT VIEW FINEST BROKEN ORANGE PEKOE TIPPED TEA, rich, fragrant, delicious; best value in town, only

65c. per lb.

Put up in 1 lb. Sealed Packages.

Direct from the Hill Tea Gardens of Sunny Ceylon, where the

BEST TEA is grown.

HENRY BLAIR

f,m,w,tf

A Suit or Overcoat at Maunder's, selected from a splendid variety of British Woollens, cut by an up-to-date system from the latest fashions, moulded and made to your shape by expert workers, costs you no more than the ordinary hand-me-down. We always keep our stocks complete and you are assured a good selection. Samples and style sheets sent to any address.

John Maunder,
Tailor and Clothier, 281-283 Duckworth Street

Raybestos BRAKE LINING

Guaranteed by the manufacturers to give one year's satisfactory service from the date it is applied to the brakes or they will furnish new lining without charge.

It gives

SECURITY

and control at all times in any emergency.

MARSHALL'S GARAGE,
WATER STREET WEST.

feb21,m,w,f,tf