

The Ghost of Lochrain Castle

OR THE UNDERGROUND SYNDICATE.

BY MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON.
Author of "The Lightning Conductor," "Princess Passes," Etc.

"Fine looking woman, that," he said, as he ushered Elsie into the room. "Countess Radevskoi, I mean. She and I only met here a short time ago, but she's mighty kind about giving me good advice, and was just telling me I ought to be careful and not overwork myself. You wouldn't think I was delicate, would you? But I'm supposed to be here for the tonic air to pick me up after a threatened breakdown. We Americans are so apt to keep the candle burning at both ends, you know."

Elsie answered that she would not have dreamed he was out of health; but she was thinking "I don't believe the Countess was talking about overwork. If it had been anything as simple as that, he wouldn't have minded whether I overheard or not. But he did mind, for some reason or other, and went out of his way to account for her words. Perhaps he was afraid I might tell Lady Hilary that there's something between him and the Countess."

"You ought to see her jewels," Trowbridge went on, as Elsie arranged her typewriter and paper on the table. "She's rolling in money, I believe, a jolly good catch for some poor young man. By the way, she was telling me that Mr. Kenneth had bought a jewel—a diamond. I believe, which was one in her family. I don't care much about such things myself. Whenever I buy diamonds, it is to give away to some friend. But she is keen to know if he's got it here, for it seems, though it was in her late husband's family for many generations, it passed from them before her marriage, and she's never seen it. If you hear him speak of it, you might let me know, as she feels delicate about asking, and, anyhow, she hasn't met him yet. But now to work. We must get through as much as we can in the left of the hour."

By this time Elsie was sitting at the table, and he flung himself down in a big easy chair within comfortable distance for dictation. He had begun the first letter, by giving the date, and getting as far as "Dear Sir," when suddenly he spied on the table near Elsie's elbow the book which Lady Hilary had given her. The folded paper was visible between the pages, and at sight of it Trowbridge's face lit up with interest.

Advertiser Patterns

DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.



A PRACTICAL WORKDAY APRON—6820.

There is nothing so indispensable to the housewife as the big apron which may be slipped on over any frock and serve for any kind of work. The one shown is very serviceable because of its detached sleeves which may be done up when needed. The apron is in two pieces, requiring only the underarm seams to be sewed. The pocket is a convenient feature and one or two may be applied. The sleeves are of bishop style fastening snugly about the wrists so as to protect the dress sleeves. Buttonholes are worked in their upper edges, so that they may be buttoned on to the shoulder section of the apron. Percale or another material may serve, of which 4-13 yards or inches wide are needed in the medium size.

6820—SIZES, small, medium, large.

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Please send the above-mentioned pattern, as per directions given below, to

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CAUTION—Be careful to inclose above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is sent, measure your bust only mark, 32, 34, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure, representing the age. It is not necessary to write "sches" or "years." Patterns will not reach you in less than one week from the date of order. The price of each pattern is 10 cents in cash or in postage stamps.

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PATTERN DEPARTMENT, ADVERTISER, LONDON, ONT.

ward, the tall form vanished from sight, as if the shadows—no more ethereal than itself—had swallowed it up.

Stiff and straight the girl stood staring at the spot where he had been. Then, when she recovered from the first shock, half terror, half amazement, she went unsteadily and shivering, as if with cold and weakness, across to the table to light lamp and candles. All the while she could see the white face in its halo of moonlight, as plainly as if it had been photographed upon her brain; the fine forehead, the straight brows, the brilliant eyes, yes, more clearly than the things themselves, business eyes, cold, rest, those terribly brilliant eyes.

Her own breathing frightened her, and the knock, knock of her heart against her side, until she had got a kind of then it was more horrifying to find the room empty, save for herself, than it would have been to find the man where he had stood before. If he were a man of flesh and blood, he would have been there still, she said, for the door was shut, locked, and it would be impossible to enter, or escape through a window. It must be, the girl thought, that a ghost had come to prove to an unbeliever that such things were not impossible. A ghost, did not feel as if she had seen a ghost. Besides, why should a ghost have seemed startled at sight of her? Surely there had been a look of apprehension and alarm on that pale face, with its frame of dark beard, as the brilliant eyes had found hers. And then, there was another question. Why should a ghost look like Captain Oxford, disguised in a dark wig and beard?

Elsie had tried to ask herself this, for she wished to believe Captain Oxford, all that was noble, and yet there was a kind of relief in the thought that the strange visitor might have been he, bent upon some mysterious errand to the haunted tower.

There were secret entrances to rooms in some old houses—secret entrances so skilfully hidden that none save the initiated would dream of their existence. Elsie knew this very well from hearsay. But what if the man, that Captain Oxford or any other man, had been in the tower? Whoever it had been, ghost or human, the sudden revelation of her presence in the room had been unwelcome, and the apparition had hastened to avoid her by vanishing in some way, therefore she might assure herself that the visit had not been connected with her. The trick theory was equally negative, by the evident apprehension on the white face, if a ghost had come into the room to play ghosts and frighten a girl out of quarters sacred to his own purposes, he would have stopped her, and he would have attempted to look appalling, rather than apalled.

All these reasonings restored Elsie to a semblance of calmness. She took a candle in each hand, and made as though an examination as she knew how, of the wall on the right of the fireplace, into which the figure had seemed to vanish; but as far as she could tell by peering closely, and passing her hand over the surface of oak, there was no door or any means of opening the wainscot there.

When she was satisfied that, if the wall hid any secret, it was not to be found out by her that night, she sat for a time, and waited, so still, she scarcely breathed, for any repetition of the sounds. But nearly an hour passed, and all quiet. Nothing could be accomplished by waiting longer. Elsie, then, decided, and, shivering with the night chill, she crept back to bed.

[To be Continued.]

DE WITTE NOT WEALTHY

St. Petersburg, Feb. 3.—In order to destroy the impression that Count Witte has accumulated vast wealth from his Government service, one of his friends has published an account of his income and expenditure in a newspaper which is widely read among the poor here.

The writer states that Count Witte's actual salary from the Government at the present moment is only \$4,000, which he receives as a member of the Council of the Empire. He received \$250,000 from the Imperial treasury while he was president of the Council of Ministers, but this sum was largely consumed in expenses necessary to that position.

Apart from this, he has only \$75,000, which is his wife's dowry. He received only \$9,000 for his mission to the United States to negotiate the Portsmouth treaty, while his actual expenses during that occasion amounted to \$25,000.

The writer's communication concludes with a description of Countess Witte's charities. She gives 250 dinners daily to the poor of the district where they live, besides free supplies of boots and warm clothing.

Are You Dying With Heart Disease?

Sometimes you wake up, heart throbbing like a steam engine. Your breathing is short and irregular; pains shoot through the chest and abdomen and you are all a shiver.

Your trouble isn't with the heart at all.

These sensations are the outcome of indigestion which has caused gas to form on the stomach and press against the heart.

But how long can your heart stand this?

You know well enough it will soon play out.

Then remove the cause.

It can be done. Dr. Hamilton's Pills; they correct digestion, tone up the liver and kidneys, guarantee you freedom from further attacks.

Is it not your plain duty to get this grand remedy today?

Better you are sure to feel at once. Just read what happened to Isaac Maloux, of Belle River, Ont. He used Dr. Hamilton's Pills—they made a new man of him.

"Three months ago I was a weak, sickly man. My appetite was poor, food fermented in my stomach, and I suffered from risings and indigestion. At night I would often awaken with gas in the stomach and heart palpitation.

"I consulted my doctor, and used remedies that my friends advised. Nothing helped.

"One day I received a sample of Dr. Hamilton's Pills and my cure commenced. Today I have a vigorous appetite, strong heart action and no sign of indigestion. I feel younger and healthier than ever before."

Your dealer sells Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25 cents per box, or five boxes for \$1.00.

SOMETHING DOING IN EMBRO VILLAGE

Interesting Gathering at the Home of Mr. and Mrs. George McIntosh.

Embrow, Feb. 1.—Miss Winnie Williams, of Toronto, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. (Dr.) Green.

Mr. Armstrong, of Minto, Man., is visiting at A. E. Campbell's.

Miss Kate Sutherland is spending a few days in Woodstock.

Mr. John Rush and family moved to Woodstock, where he has secured employment with the Canada Furniture Company.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Kay entertained a number of their friends on Friday evening to a card party given in honor of Mr. Fred Durley, of Moose-Jaw.

Mr. Durley left on Tuesday for his home, Newburg, before returning to Moose-Jaw.

Miss Jennie Heron, of London, is visiting in Embrow.

Mrs. Hugh Munro has rented Mr. Hugh McPherson's house on John street, and will shortly move in from Company.

Mr. and Mrs. McGowan were in Thamesford on Thursday.

Miss Cook, of Amulree, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Andrew Riddle.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Stewart, of London, were calling on Embrow friends Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Abernethy, of Vancouver, B. C., who are here on their honeymoon, are at present visiting friends in Listowel and Stratford.

Mrs. James Brand entertained a large number of her friends on Tuesday evening in honor of her niece, Miss Isabel Brand, of Stanley, Alta.

Miss Maggie D. Murray and Mr. Emerson, Abernethy took part in the Scottish concert held in the Congregational Church, Woodstock, on Friday evening last.

Miss Marie Creighton sang at the Masonic banquet in Thamesford on Thursday night.

Rev. Mr. Salmon, of Toronto, will preach in the Congregational Church on Sunday next.

Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm McKenzie, of Nanticoke, Ont., were guests of honor at a large party given by the Misses Leitch and Annie McKay on Thursday evening.

Drs. Adams and Green attended the Oxford Medical Association meeting in Woodstock on Friday.

Our teachers are kept busy these days hauling ice.

Mr. Gilbert, of Ingersoll, was in the village on Tuesday.

Mrs. (Col.) Munro was in Toronto last week.

Messrs. Walter Brackstone, Charles Clayton and P. Murray left on Wednesday for Muskoka.

Mrs. Ira Hummason and son Fred are in Gowanstown, attending the funeral of Mr. James Hummason.

Miss Lena McCorquodale is visiting her sister, Mrs. Wm. Dawes.

A large audience greeted the Royal Scots' Concert Company in the town hall on Monday evening. Those taking part in the programme were Miss Flora Donaldson, soprano, of Cathness, Scotland, who delighted her hearers with several favorite Scotch songs and a couple of Gaelic songs; Mr. George Neil, tenor, and Mr. Fred. Howard, humorist. Mr. A. Bowick was the accompanist. Those who heard them declare it was the best concert ever given in Embrow, and should they ever appear again the hall will not be large enough to hold the crowd.

On Friday evening about two hundred of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. George McIntosh, of the seventh line, assembled at their beautiful home for the purpose of doing honor to Mr. and Mrs. McIntosh. Mr. McIntosh has always been a prominent part in the municipal life, both as a member of the town council of West Zorra, and as a county commissioner, and his retirement from this sphere resulted in his friends gathering at his home. Mr. E. L. Sutherland was chairman, and asked for the center of the crown in the dining-room and there explained to them the reason for the visit of their friends, after which Mr. Wm. Forbes read a very complimentary address, and Mr. Wm. Campbell and Mrs. Fred House presented Mr. and Mrs. McIntosh with beautiful gold watches, in token of esteem.

Mr. McIntosh thanked the friends for their expression of appreciation, and then declared his home open to his guests for the evening.

Short speeches were given by Col. Ross, John Sutherland, E. W. Nesbitt, D. L. Ross, Fred Bennett, Mr. McGowan, T. Holahan, W. J. Taylor, W. McKee, Robert McIntosh, D. Quinn, Geo. Campbell, O. M. Alger, Dr. Green, Dr. Sutherland and a host of others.

Dr. Sutherland's music was given by Mr. Ross and Mrs. Matheson, Dan Ross, and Mrs. James Matheson, and Mr. Wm. Campbell and Mr. Miller, which the dancers took possession of the house for the rest of the evening.

Feather Beds, Pillows and Mattresses renovated and sterilized. Also Manufacturers of Mattresses, Feather Pillows, Cushions and Spring Beds. Brass and Iron Beds, Stoves, Furniture, Camp Beds, \$5. Feather Bed, Pillow and Mattress Cleaning Factory. J. F. HUNT & SONS, 293 Richmond street, Phone 297.

A COUGH is often the forerunner of serious pulmonary afflictions, yet there is a simple cure within the reach of all in Bickie's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, an old time and widely-recognized remedy, which will invariably give relief, and, by coming the trouble, guard the system from serious consequences. Price, 25 cents, at all dealers.

There is said to be such a thing as friendly criticism, but it never looks like the part.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE... 25c.

Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower, Bickie's Catarrh Cure, which is a simple, safe, and permanent cure for Catarrh of the Bladder, Uterus, Vagina, etc. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase, 1000 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

It was decided to write the G. T. R. at once and see if the company will sell the city the water needed.

Always the Best of Everything for the Least Money.

Manufacturer's Remnants of Circular Pillow Cottons On Sale Tuesday at 8:30 a. m.

We are always keeping our eyes peeled for big bargains in reliable merchandise. And we certainly do scoop up some wonderful bargains every little while, as the wide-awake shoppers of this city can attest.

Just a few days ago we got wind of something "extra good" in circular pillow cottons, and on investigation found it was too good a thing to let pass by. And you will think the same when you've discovered how really immense are the bargains we are offering you tomorrow.

These Remnants of Circular Pillow Cottons are all of excellent, firm, good-wearing quality. Come in widths of 42, 44 and 46 inches. Regular prices 17c to 20c yard. Tuesday morning at 8:30 a. m. we will put the whole lot on sale at the one price—and a wonderfully low one at that..... **12½c**

PRETTY NEW CASHMERE TIES

Very fine quality. Firm, close twill and hard finish. No nap to rough up, they will keep their fresh, clean appearance.

Lots and lots of pretty things to choose from, principally in the spot designs, from the tiniest excuse for a spot to those as big as a five-cent piece. Grounds are cream and the spots or dots are in black, red and blue.

And the best of all, the price is only..... **12 1/2c**

NEW CHIFFON VELVETEEN, BEST EVER, AT 50c YARD

A superb quality of Velveteen with the elegant chiffon finish will be offered here this week at 50c yard. Hardly necessary to say it's the best we have ever offered at this price—an examination will convince you that it is something "extra" for half a dollar.

Shown in all the fashionable shades for ladies' and children's suits. Tan, golden brown, tabac and dark browns. Navy blues in light, mid and dark lines. Reds, cardinals and wine shades. Emerald, olive and myrtle. Cream, white and black.

Dyed by J. & Jno. M. Worrall, the most famous dyers of high-class fabrics in the world. Remember price, just..... **50c**

SHOWN IN EAST WINDOW.

150 Dundas and Carling **GRAY & PARKER** 150 Dundas and Carling



Trifles Make Perfection But Perfection Is No Trifle

It is by the most careful attention to every trifling detail in the milling of "FIVE ROSES" FLOUR that we have been able to bring this brand up to its present state of perfection, and are able to maintain it.

Every single bushel of grain which enters our mills, every single bag and barrel of flour which leaves them, is tested and re-tested at every stage of the milling, in order to insure the absolute purity and uniformity for which "FIVE ROSES" FLOUR is noted the world over.

This attention to trifles is costly, but it enables us to maintain a reputation for perfection, which is no trifle, and users of "FIVE ROSES" can rely upon getting the "flour of perfect quality" for all household use.

Ask your grocer for it.

Lake of The Woods Milling Co.

MONTREAL.

Limits: J.

Local Office, Canadian Bank of Commerce Chambers, London, Ont.

THE TRAGEDIES OF THE CUTHBERTS

Accidental Death of Lady Dorothy Latest in List of Tragic Events.

London, Feb. 3.—Lady Dorothy Cuthbert, daughter of the fifth Earl of Stratford, of the present line, Friday fulfilled the fatal destiny that has marked those of this name in the British peerage for nearly two centuries, when she was accidentally shot by her husband, Capt. James Harold Cuthbert, during a pheasant shoot at Beaumont Castle, Northumberland.

Capt. Cuthbert, formerly of the Scots Guards, had a large house party at his magnificent estate in Northumberland. He was standing not more than a yard from his wife, when his fowling-piece was discharged accidentally.

The charge entered Lady Cuthbert's head and she fell dead at his feet. He almost became insane from grief when he realized that he had killed his wife. He knelt and besought her to speak to him and covered her face with kisses.

Others of the hunting party found him chafing her hands and beseeching her to look up and speak to him. He would have slain himself when the full realization of his deed came home to him had he not been restrained.

Family Marked by Fate.

This tragic ending of the hunt has broken up the house party. In his library Capt. Cuthbert tramps to and fro, watched by two attendants. In the grand drawing-room, which has been draped in black, lies the body of Lady Dorothy, who became his bride a little more than three years ago. She then was only 25 years of age.

The tragic death of Lady Dorothy not only recalls her brave part in life before her marriage, and the succession of her father to the earldom, when she kept a shop for fine needlework in Belgrave street, but it points with sinister finger to the strange fatalities that have followed the Straffords for 256 years.

The first Earl of Stratford was beheaded on Tower Hill, and from then until now a trail of tragedies has marked the Stratford house. The title has been forfeited once. It was twice extinct, once revived and twice re-created.

Five earls have died without male issue. The Wentworths, the family that originally held the title, long has been extinct.

The Straffords of the present line took title when after the lapse of 36 years without a Stratford in the titles of the peerage, Sir John Byng, a famous soldier and a distant kinsman of the last holder of the title, was created the Earl of Stratford.

Tragedy Pursues Family.

But the terrible fate of the Straffords still pursued them, through all of the original blood were dead. It was through a tragedy that the present earl succeeded. The fourth Earl of Stratford, at an advanced age, married Mrs. Colgate, daughter of the great American soap king. By a strange freak of fate he was decapitated by a railway train a little more than a month after his marriage, in 1899, at the little station of Potter's Bar. It was just 238 years, almost to a day, from the time that the first Earl of Stratford was beheaded on Tower Hill.

The present earl formerly was vicar of St. Peter's Church in South Kensington, chaplain-in-ordinary to the late Queen Victoria and chaplain to the speaker of the House of Commons. His threats of civil procedure, when he learned in 1899 that the possibility of a posthumous child to be born to the countess, formerly Mrs. Colgate, would make it impossible for him to at once succeed to the title and estates, are well remembered.

It was at this time that Lady Dorothy was keeping her needlework shop in Belgrave street. She is a daughter by the earl's second marriage, her mother being a daughter of Lord Frederick Herbert Kerr.

It is a curious coincidence that at nearly the same time she was married to Capt. Cuthbert, in 1903, the dowager countess, formerly Mrs. Colgate, was married to M. T. Kennard, of Chandos House, London.

Many persons who think their sight perfect have a greater visual power in one eye than in the other. With regard to the respective power of the right and left eye, a well-known optician finds that a person occupied in writing all day has, as a rule, stronger vision in the left. Writing with the right hand and his left arm resting on the table, his left eye is nearer his work and his vision is more concentrated. This expert says that our race will never become so short-sighted as the German while football, tennis, hockey, etc., are encouraged in our public schools.

You cannot possibly have a better Cocoa than

EPPS'S

A delicious drink and a sustaining food. Fragrant, nutritious and economical. This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold.

COCOA

Sold by Grocers and Storekeepers in 1-lb. and 1/2-lb. Tins.

SKIN DISEASES

Salt Rheum, Pimples, Erysipelas, Ringworm, Shingles, Scald Head, Itching Sores.

All diseases of the skin are more or less directly caused by a bad state of the blood, which produces acrid humors and corrupts the secretions.

No one can expect to have a clear, bright skin when the blood is in a disordered condition, and the stomach, liver and bowels acting feebly in consequence.

All the above skin diseases, in fact, any disease arising from a bad condition of the blood, are curable by

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

through its wonderful cleansing, purifying powers on the blood, and its renovating action on the system.

Mr. A. Squire, Dominion, N.S., tells how he was cured of Salt Rheum. He writes: "For years I suffered with Salt Rheum, and was unable to find a curable remedy out of all the medicines I took, and Physicians consulted. Finally I was urged by a friend to try Burdock Blood Bitters, and after a very short space of time I was completely cured. I shall always recommend B.B.B. for such cases, as I consider it an indispensable remedy."

Price \$1.00 per bottle or 6 bottles for \$5.00.

Coal bills are a chill proposition and gas bills no light matter these days.