

The Ghost of Lochrain Castle

OR THE UNDERGROUND SYNDICATE.

BY MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON.

Author of "The Lightning Conductor," "Princess Passes," Etc.

"I can't have you doing my work," said Elsie, "less than ever after what you've said." She would have sat down at the desk, but Grant came between her and the chair, moving it away.

"You want to hurt my feelings," he said. "If you don't, you'd be willing to accept a small favor like that from me."

It was now Elsie's turn to hesitate, for, odd as his manner seemed to her, she did not wish to be ungenerous. "Oh, very well," she answered, "I will leave most of it to you, since you are so kind, if you will promise after this to act as if nothing had happened between us."

"I'll do my best," replied Grant. "Thank you. Then I'll just get things in shape here." She drew toward the desk again, but still the young man kept her back.

"If you must interest yourself in these things, take a few letters up to four rooms," said he. "I can work faster if I'm alone."

Elsie made no objection to this proposal, which indeed was a relief to her, for she was far from anxious to remain in Mr. Grant's society, especially after what passed. But she was somewhat surprised at the evident satisfaction he felt at being taken at his word. He did not express this, except by his face, yet she felt that he was wondering. Had his offer to help her, and let her rest, not been made entirely for disinterested reasons then?

Did he wish to get her out of the way, and have the room to himself, or was it in any case she had been very tired and slack, but the excitement of the little scene she had just now passed through, had stimulated her, and for the moment she felt as fresh as if she had slept well, with never a dream, throughout the night. She typed the letters which she was able to answer herself, through the knowledge of Mr. McGowan's wishes, and then, as she was not in the mood for reading, she went to her room to take a walk before it should be time to begin work for Mr. Kenith. Somehow, she wished to be feeling and looking her best when she went to him, though, of course, as she was so tired, she was less than nothing to him, and the best thought she could hope for from him was that she served his purpose as a secretary well enough.

The girl brought downstairs the letters she had finished, and as she thought, by this time Mr. Grant must have finished any work he wished to do alone in Mr. McGowan's office, she

opened the door to leave the neatly directed envelopes on the desk there. "You must work upon her ambition," were the first words she heard as she entered, spoken in a voice she knew. "Once engaged in the work she daren't."

She instantly followed the opening of the door and Elsie saw Mr. Trowbridge standing talking with James Grant. The American—if American he was—showed no confusion, but Grant started and frowned. "Where is she?" exclaimed Trowbridge. "Speaking of angels! Now the cat's out of the bag. Miss Dean will be trying to give you good advice how to win her. I do hope you don't mind, Miss Dean. You've no idea what an interest I take in love affairs, and yours?"

"I have none," said the girl coldly. "But there was a present for her, an excellent chap. He has done me no end of little favors since I arrived in this hotel, and by Jove, I'm going to make his fiancée a handsome present, when he gets one. I've more money than I know what to do with, unfortunately, so—"

"Perhaps, when Mr. Grant has a fiancée she will be willing to spend some of it on a present for her," said Elsie, "but her affairs and mine have no connection with each other."

She laid down the letters on the desk and without another word went back to her work. But there was a deeper emotion in her mind than vexation with the American millionaire's officiousness, or with James Grant for taking her name in vain.

"What could they have been talking about?" she asked herself. "It must have been of me, or Mr. Grant wouldn't have looked embarrassed; but it wasn't what Mr. Trowbridge wanted me to believe. Once engaged in the work, she daren't—were the words he was saying, and his voice sounded so eager and odd! What work was I to be engaged in which would prevent me from doing something? Oh, that scheme, Mr. Grant wanted me to go with him, but I was bound to him, first, so that my interests and his would be the same. Can it be possible that it has anything to do with Mr. Trowbridge?"

This was too intricate a puzzle to be solved easily. Elsie thought it over so hard that when she returned from her short walk she was unfreshed and more nervous than when she had started. She had gone a little farther than she had intended, and consequently was rather late for Mr. Kenith. To reach the hotel in time, she walked very fast and tore her dress. Altogether, it did seem as if everything was bent upon going wrong this morning, and when she made several mistakes in taking down from Kenith's dictation, for the first time since she had begun working for him, the last feather appeared to be added to her burden.

"She grew red and white, and the tears rose to her eyes, stinging her lids so sharply that she had to bite her lip to keep them back. Then, in the midst of her distress, she saw that Kenith was looking at her with a smile."

"My child," he said, "you are overworked. I have seen it for several days."

How different was his tone from James Grant's! This time, the girl's heart went out in gratitude, though the genuine concern of the man's manner made her long to cry comfortably. "It's nothing," she faltered. "I'm very stupid."

"You are anything but stupid. You are very brave, and clever, too. I have a great respect for you, Miss Dean."

Now the girl dared not look up at him, the unshed tears hung so heavy in her eyes, and her heart was beating fast. How good he was—how kind, and how far, far away from her in spite of his sympathy and consideration.

"Come," he went on, "is anything troubling you? And if there is, could you not let me help?"

"I—I am quite happy, thank you, only a little tired," she said.

"Not homesick?"

"Poor child. You are so young to be fighting your own battles alone in the world. You ought to have companionship and amusement. I don't believe you are out in the fresh air enough. Motoring would do you more good than anything."

Elsie laughed. "I'm not joking," Kenith went on. "Do you like motoring?"

"I've never tried," said the girl. "I am sure I should love it, but I'm not very likely ever to find out by experience."

"You shall find out by experience this very day, if you will, in my motor. Instead of taking your usual walk—I know you do walk at a regular hour, for I've often seen you going out as I sat near my window—you shall have a run in my motor. I have been lending it to Captain Oxford since he has been able to get out, but he has a friend coming to see him this afternoon. It seems, and has just now word to me, that he won't be able to use the car. You shall go instead."

"Oh, thank you!" exclaimed Elsie. "But—all alone, I?"

"No, not all alone. I'm sure Lady Hilary Vane will be delighted to go with you," said Kenith. "And in that case I should be able to be of the party."

Elsie realized quickly that for her sake he could not have gone with her alone, but with the two girls, his presence in his own car as host, could not arouse gossip in the most censorious clique. "It would be too glorious," said she. "But—but I don't think Lady Lambert would allow Lady Hilary to go."

"We shall see," replied Kenith, with a determined look in his eyes, which told Elsie that the chances were in favor of the expedition.

She finished her work with no further mistakes and left Kenith's sitting room, feeling singularly unexplainably happy.

After lunch a note came up to Elsie's room from Lady Hilary, with a heavy coat and a thick motor veil. "How nice!" said the letter.

"I am going out with you, Mr. Kenith suggested that I should look up something warm and comfortable for you, in case you might not have come prepared for motoring and chilly emergencies of that sort. I hope the things I send may do. What a talk we shall have."

Elsie's heart was very warm toward Lady Hilary as she read the friendly note and put on the pretty coat, so much handsomer than any she had ever worn. She tied the long chiffon veil over her hat and found the big fluffy bow under the chin very becoming. "I wonder if he will see me?" She was asking herself as she went downstairs, and was so absorbed in her own thoughts that she had almost collided with the Countess Radepolski before she saw her coming up.

"Ah, how pretty you look, my dear!" exclaimed the handsome woman. "You have the air of one who is to go motoring."

"I am going," Elsie answered. "I can guess," said the Countess. "You are driving down to the station in one of the hotel motors."

"No," answered the girl, smiling. "I have had a most excellent invitation than that and have accepted it."

Suddenly the woman's dark face changed, and her eyes dilated with a look of horror. "It is not you—are not going with Captain Oxford in his motor?" she asked, in an odd, low voice.

"Lady Hilary Vane is going," Elsie replied; then, remembering the conventionalities she added, "Lady Hilary Vane is going."

The Countess Radepolski's clear features seemed to freeze, and a curious glitter, like steel, lighted her eyes. "Lady Hilary is going?" she repeated. "Has—Mr. Trowbridge heard that—she is to be one of the party?"

"I don't know," Elsie said. "I don't know, I am sure," said Elsie. "Why should he have been told?"

"Why, indeed?" asked the Countess. "It is a matter of no importance. It was only a foolish little joke of mine, as he only seemed to be—rather interested in Lady Hilary Vane's movements of late. Let her go. I hope she will have a pleasant drive. But you—I wish you would give it up, and spend an hour with me instead. I am in one of my mad moods. I am lonely. I should like your society. Make an excuse. Stop with me and I will see if I can't find something pretty for you—a little trinket."

"You are too kind, Countess," said Elsie, gratefully, though she would not have given up Kenith's invitation for anything which could have been offered. "I'm so sorry you are lonely; but you see I've promised, and if I didn't go, Lady Hilary would have to stop behind."

"Oh! if you don't go, Lady Hilary would have to stop behind. Of course, in that case—I say no more. Good-bye, child. I wish you luck. It will be a good thing for you, and Lady Hilary and Captain Oxford."

"Oh, Captain Oxford isn't going today," the girl explained hastily. "Lady Hilary's sake, such a trouble should be made with Lady Lambert's going."

"Not going?" the Countess cried sharply. Then she burst out laughing. It was strange laughter, and Elsie wondered at it, just as she had wondered at the expression of the woman's face.

[To be Continued.]

HAVE GUGGENHEIMS GOT IT

Said To Have Secured the White Pass and Yukon Railway.

Vancouver, B. C., Feb. 6.—The Guggenheims have secured the railway and steamship holdings of the White Pass and Yukon Railway. Such was the report received from White Horse today. No confirmation of the story is obtainable here, but northerners say it would be a natural transaction when it is remembered that the Guggenheims have already close on \$30,000,000 invested in the north, and their industries are yet in their swaddling clothes.

The Guggenheims recently paid out thousands of dollars in freight to the White Pass Road, and, it is hoped, to own the railway, a fact of some importance to their enormous mining interests. It is also stated that the Guggenheims may establish a steamship line between Vancouver and Skagway, their boats also calling at Seattle.

A record cargo of lumber on the Pacific coast by 400,000 feet was the enormous shipment of mixed lumber which the steamer Guggenheim took from here today for Port Sanmarques, Mexico. Altogether the steamer had 4,200,000 feet. Up to yesterday's Portland had the record of the largest lumber cargo ever shipped from the Pacific coast, but the distinction now belongs to Vancouver.

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JOTTINGS FROM NEAR-BY PLACES

TILLSONBURG.

Tillsonburg, Feb. 5.—Mr. J. M. Clark has received the appointment of immigration commissioner, and will leave for England in about a fortnight.

On Sunday the C. P. R. between Ingersoll and Port Burwell, had the misfortune to have one of their coal trains come to a standstill, when three cars of coal were derailed. The auxiliary was brought into requisition, but it was only after considerable delay of the passenger service on Monday that the track was cleared.

Mr. Norman Camp and Mr. Harry Richardson took their departure from our town on Saturday last.

Mrs. A. C. Brown, who has been spending a few days here, returned to her home on Saturday.

The Ladies' Aid of the Methodist Church will give a New England supper in the near future.

Mr. Josiah Livingstone is still on the sick list.

Mr. John Teal is slowly improving in health.

Mrs. B. D. Livingstone entertained the King's daughters on Monday.

Mrs. Kline will visit for a couple of weeks in Toronto and vicinity.

Mr. Weaver, who met with a serious accident on the C. P. R. bridge, is in the hospital, and the latest reports are favorable for his recovery.

Mrs. Edgar Wilson leaves on an extended visit to Michigan and Minnesota. She will be gone for some months.

Mr. D. M. Crocker on Saturday night was aroused by the call of "Fire!" and to his dismay found that his dental office was in flames. The firemen were soon on the scene, and in a short time had the fire extinguished. Both building and contents were insured. Loss, about \$150.

WARDSVILLE.

Wardsville, Feb. 5.—Miss Janie McVicar, of Victoria Hospital, is seriously ill at her home here.

Rev. H. A. Thomas, the recently-appointed rector, preached an excellent sermon to a large congregation in St. James' Church on Sunday evening.

Mr. John McGregor still remains very ill.

Mr. Sidney Staples has left for Portage la Prairie, where he has secured a good position.

The Wardsville Dramatic Company intend giving a performance in the town hall shortly, entitled "Miles the Quondam; or Out of Bondage."

Mr. John McCreedy, who has returned from attending the county council in London, reports a busy week.

Rev. Mr. Ellison, of Bothwell, is expected to preach on Sunday next in the Methodist Church, morning and evening.

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Simpson visited in Glenora on Saturday.

Miss Haigh, Miss Campbell and Mr. A. D. Campbell, of Mayfair, and many of the social and business residents of this place for a number of years.

Mr. D. Graham, of Lebo, has moved into Mr. C. Lockwood's house.

Mr. S. B. Budge and his wife, who have been visiting in Lebo, are about to return to his house, which he intends to greatly improve in the spring.

A Women's Missionary Society was organized in the Methodist Church on Wednesday, with the following officers: President, Mrs. Budge; vice-president, Mrs. Webb; secretary, Mrs. Longfield; corresponding secretary, Mrs. J. Mitchell; treasurer, Mrs. Vanatter.

Mr. and Mrs. Budge attended the meeting of the W. M. S. in London on Thursday.

THAMESVILLE.

Thamesville, Feb. 6.—Miss Grace Sherman is visiting friends in Chatham.

Mr. Fred Thompson spent Sunday and Monday with his brother in Chatham.

A fire broke out on Sunday in the Methodist Church that might have been serious had there not been an unusual supply of long service (owing to the Lord's supper being held) and many of the members were there to put it out. The fire originated from the furnace pipes and had a good start in the partition between the basement and the auditorium. It was a very narrow escape for the church. This is the first fire that has occurred in the church. Everyone is glad to see the beautiful edifice standing through it all.

Mrs. Ambrose Walsh spent Monday in Chatham.

Mrs. P. Switzer has returned home from her visit with her son in Detroit.

The roster supper given by the C. O. F. was a successful affair. The supper was excellent and the singing and instrumental music were good.

Mrs. Carlyle spent Monday in Chatham.

Mrs. James Reid and family, of Northwood, spent the week-end with her mother, Mrs. Hubbell.

Miss Bell Luke, of Vancouver, B. C., spent Friday at her brother's, John Luke.

THAMESFORD.

Thamesford, Feb. 7.—Mr. and Mrs. Ephraim Wright, of Manteno, Ill., who have been visiting N. C. McCarty, have gone to visit G. Brown, of Arkona.

Mrs. John Durand, of Belmont, is visiting with Mrs. E. A. Dundas and other friends.

Miss Rebekah, of Carleton Place, is visiting her brother, Dr. Bab.

The funeral of William Hossack, of the twelfth line of Nissouri, took place on Monday to Embro Cemetery. The remains were followed to the grave by a large concourse of friends. Mr. Hossack was a country so much needed, and his demise, after a few days' illness of pneumonia, is sadly regretted. He leaves a widow and three grown-up children, who are married and settled near home.

The annual meeting of the Thamesford cheese factory, took place yesterday afternoon. Mr. Geo. Barr, of London, and other prominent men who are interested in the manufacture of cheese were there.

The ladies' aid of St. Andrew's Church met at the home of Mrs. E. A. Dundas yesterday for the election of officers.

The funeral of Alex. McKay, of Knox College, Toronto, is to take place today from the home of his father, 13 concession of Nissouri, and proceed to

Kintore Cemetery. Mr. McKay was a young man of sterling qualities and in his final year for the ministry. He was loved by all who knew him and will be greatly missed, both in the college and among his friends and acquaintances at his home.

The Farmers' Institute are to have their annual meeting in the Forester's Hall, Thamesford, on Saturday, when addresses will be given by Dr. Standish, of Walkerton; F. N. Paget, of Canboro; and Mrs. Backus, of Aylmer.

Mr. J. Boss reported as so ill last week is somewhat better and hopes are entertained of his recovery.

Mrs. A. W. Morrison, who has been visiting friends at Courtwright, has returned to her home improved in health, after two weeks' rest and recreation.

Mrs. Yake has received word that her sister, Mrs. Theo. Reavely, of Woodstock, had slipped on the ice and broken her arm.

Mr. and Mrs. Peleg Smith, of Rathwell, Man., expect to return to their home this week after a six weeks' visit with friends here in Ontario.

CLANDEBOYE. Clandeboy, Feb. 5.—Mr. James Pitman is putting up his ice for the summer. He is setting it at Siddall's pond, beautifully clear, and about 12 inches thick.

Mr. O'Neil and Mr. J. Patton cut, split and piled 12 single cords of maple wood for Mr. Alex. Smith yesterday.

A sleighload of boys and girls from Exeter were visiting Mr. F. Kistie yesterday, and having a good time.

Mr. Joseph Ouellette visited his grandparents a few days last week.

The late Mrs. Seel, of Lunenburg, was buried yesterday at St. James' Cemetery.

Mr. Belle Hodgson, of this place, has gone into sheep ranching. He has about 500 thoroughbred lambs wintering over. The late storms unfrosted Mrs. T. Hodgson's barn.

The cold snap has kept the farmers shut up, and business seems at a standstill. There is neither sleighing nor good wheeling here.

Lunenburg seems to be the prevailing complaint in this section.

Mr. W. J. Carter is busy delivering hay to our village people at \$10 per ton. Miss Jane Cunningham has been visiting at Mr. F. Cunningham's this week.

Mr. Tweedle and son were in London this week on business.

Mr. J. McIlhargie, of this place, now in St. Joseph's Hospital, is improving, and will soon be able to return home.

Messrs. James and John Seale were called to Detroit to see their mother, who is seriously ill.

Mr. A. Smith, of Maple Lodge, who went to Alberta for the good of his health, is improving.

LUCAN. Lucan, Feb. 7.—Very successful anniversary services, the best in years, were held in Lucan Methodist Church last Sunday, followed by an old-fashioned tea meeting on Monday night. Able sermons were preached by Rev. Dr. Warner, principal of Alma Ladies' College, St. Thomas.

A big crowd gathered on Monday night, and enjoyed a fine supper in the school room of the church, and a first-class programme in the main auditorium. A pleasant choir of the church furnished the music, assisted by Miss L. Lang, of Granville, who sang two beautifully-rendered solos. Mrs. (Rev.) R. Smith-Baker, graduate in music in Germany, and invited the crowd with the "Cuckoo Song." Spicy addresses were delivered by Rev. Messrs. Baker, of Alisa Craig; McTavish, of Granville; Goring, of Exeter; and Dr. Warner. The pastor, Rev. J. E. Holmes, and the congregation are to be congratulated on the success that marked the occasion.

WALLACE TOWN. Wallaceburg, Feb. 6.—The windstorm that passed over the town on Saturday evening blew down both smokestacks on the electric powerhouse.

Rev. Crawford and wife have moved to Moorefield.

Rev. J. R. Gillerist, of Waterloo, preached in Knox Church on Sunday.

Miss Boulton has accepted a position with a wholesale millinery firm in Detroit. The funeral of the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Evans was held on Sunday afternoon.

Very successful quarterly services were held in the Methodist Church on the 3rd inst. A large number partook of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

Anthony Hewitt, of Blenheim, is visiting friends in this place.

D. Shaw has returned from Uncle Sam's domains.

E. E. Parker, of the Bank of Toronto, is suffering from an attack of grip.

There were 78 births and 45 deaths in Wallaceburg during 1906.

Robert Tobey, of the Bank of Toronto, left for Welland a few days ago. His successor is Mr. Hay, of Galt.

The ice harvest is being gathered in.

Life's Pleasures Rest on Nourishing Blood.

Is Yours Rich, or Weak?

If your color is poor, your blood is poor.

If you lack strength, can't get fat, can't do your work, it is because your blood is too thin to nourish the body.