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so much horror as the other fellow used to inspire, because he hasn't quite so much pluck."

'Isn't it true, then, about his riding about the country at night, and fright-ening people by the leaps he takes? And driving a motor-car till it looks like a comet rushing through the air?" asked Edna.

He hesitated. Then he passed on as if he had not heard her question: "And who next?"

ho next?"
She did not like to ask any more.
The said after a long pause: "You

who next?"

She did not like to ask any more. So he said, after a long pause: "You haven't asked about Lady Lockington. Don't you want to hear about her? Oh, she's a very great personage indeed, is Lady Lockington."

"She's very handsome, isn't she?"

"Well, you must ask her maid and her perruquier that question. But she's very lively, and fond of gaiety and excitement. And—she doesn't like pretty young girls, doesn't like 'em at all. If you should ever meet her, you'll know much on that head, certainly."

Edna locked down again, blushing. His meaning was perfectly clear, so that it was affectation to ignore it: he meant that, if Lady Lockington should arrive at the Hall while Edna was there, then that unfortunate young person would have a "rough time."

"And now whose portrait do you want sketched for you? The vicar's? A solemn and reverend man, not without a sense of humour, an excellent preacher, and a good specimen of his class in every way. Vicaress? Well, vicaress with a strong dash of house-keeper and a still stronger dash of censor of morals and manners. Harmless and estimable person of mediaeval information. Has perhaps heard of Browning, Spencer, and Swinburne, but it's unlikely. Has certainly never heard of anyone more modern."

"And Sir George Wyngall?" asked Edna.

"Why, what do you know about him?"

"Why, what do you know about him?"
"I met him on the journey here."
"One of the fossil inhabitants of "One of the fossil inhabitants of Lancashire. Species very little the more valuable for being nearly extinct. And how, pray, did you know that he was Sir George Wyngall?"

"He spoke to me. He was with an old lady."

"Old your on historic old lady. That

"Oh, yes, an historic old lady. That was Lady Wyngall."

"He was very kind when we had to change trains."

"And did you tell him where you were coming to?"
"Yes."

"And did he look shocked?"
Edna laughed, but without saying

anything.

"And now, as your silence has sufficiently answered my question, tell me if there is anything else you want to

Edna drew a long breath. "Why, yes, there is," she said, her voice trembling. "Only it seems so ungracious—that I don't quite like to say it."

"Fire away."

say it.

"Fire away."

"I am very grateful to Lord Lockington for his kindness to me, and I think the beautiful things he has given me are the handsomest presents I ever regived. But——"

"Oh, I know. Prudery, my dear child, prudery. If you think you ought not to receive little presents from a relic of humanity, you run the risk of being dreadfully shocked presently, I can tell you. I suppose it was that old figurehead of a housekeeper put these ideas into your head?"

"I haven't got any ideas in my head except that I'm very grateful, but that it makes me uncomfortable to be over-

except that I'm very grateful, but that it makes me uncomfortable to be overpaid," said Edna.

"Let your little heart rest. You are not overpaid. You will never be overpaid. You have no need to be grateful: it is Lord Lockington who is grateful to you. You've brought a breath of youth and freshness into the musty old place, and if you'll only be content to live quietly and shut your ears to gossip and foolish old women, you will never regret having come here. Now I know you want to get away, don't you? Take your books and go back to your fire and your piano. Goodnight."

The tone was kind and gentle, and

The tone was kind and gentle, and Edna said with a smile "Good-night."
But when she got back to the White Saloon she was alarmed, for she saw





