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## The Imprisoned Heiress

—OR—  
The Spectre of Egremont.

### CHAPTER XVII.

"But, perhaps, when Lord Ashcroft shall be gone you will come back. Why of course you will."

We will not linger upon their parting.

The poor under-forester, half choked with despair and crushed with shame, again and again declared that he would remain at Egremont, let the consequences be what they might. And then thoughts of his promised wife and his mother caused him to change his purpose, for he could not disgrace them, he said.

Jessy proved herself a true woman, breathing hopes, and prophecies, and prayers, all of which were encouraging to the poor youth. She begged him to write to her under cover of his mother, and never to lose his faith that the truth would eventually prevail.

And at last Gosman Kepp folded her in his arms and bade her farewell.

"See mother as soon as you can, Jessy," he said, as he tore himself from her embrace. "I slipped out unknown to her, and now God bless you."

He turned blindly to the door, unbolting it, picked up his bundle, bestowed a last kiss upon the girl, and struck out into the forest.

A few minutes Jessy gave to tears, and then she put on her cloak and hood and set out for Kepp's cottage.

The morning was clear and cold, the air keen and biting, and the frosty ground gave back a crisp sound under her quick tread.

Drawing her cloak closer, Jessy pressed onward, her cheeks growing red under the stinging air, and her heart gathering hope and courage from the songs of the birds that even in the winter did not cease their tunelessness.

She said to herself that she knew Gosman to be innocent of the crimes imputed to him, and surely the true criminal must be discovered and Kepp's reputation cleared. The thought caused a shiver lest her father should prove to be the real criminal, but the natural hopefulness of youth caused her to reject all ideas of such a possibility, and to hope for a bright ending to all her present troubles.

As she approached Mrs. Kepp's cottage she encountered in the avenue a gossip who lived in the little hamlet of Egremont a mile or more distant, and who had just come from a call upon the widow.

"Good-morning, Jessy," said the gossip, noticing that the forester's daughter made a movement to turn into a bypath for the purpose of avoiding her. "How's your health this morning?"

"Very good," answered the girl, without stopping.

"Wait a bit, my lass," said the woman, unable to keep the sweet morsel

that was trembling upon her tongue. "Have you heard the news?"

"Of my lady's expected marriage?" asked Jessy, with pretended carelessness.

"Something nearer us pair folk than that, lassie, something a dear sight nearer to you. It's about Gosman Kepp, that has been your lover since you wor a baby, but who will never marry, Jessy."

"And why not?" demanded the forester's daughter.

"Why not? Because he's a murdered, a stabber, and a thief. I heard it all yesterday. It's a mercy he isn't took up, and that's what I told that pair body in there, and she indicated the widow's cottage. 'She hadn't heard a breath of it, Jessy, and it took her all back. I never thought any good'd come to Gosman's books and learnings, and I told his mother, but now she ought to burn up every bit o' print. Pair weak creature! It's doubtful she'll do it. She's takin' on now, and calling him to come home, which he won't this three hours."

Jessy was relieved to learn that the story of the poisoning and intended arrest was not yet afloat, but she could hardly control herself to speak kindly to the not ill-meaning news-monger.

"You've got the wrong end of the story," she said, simply. "Gosman's no murdered nor thief, and his mother ought to know it. You that have know him always, how can you think such evil of him?"

"Then you don't believe it?"

"Of course, I don't."

"But your father does. He told half a dozen folks yesterday that he'd forbid Kepp his cottage."

Jessy colored, and then walked on without a word, throwing back her head proudly. The gossip gazed after her an instant, and then continued her way, another item added to her stock-in-trade.

The forester's daughter felt relieved from the hardest portion of the duty before her, since the ill news had been broken to the widow, and she hastened on to the dwelling, which she entered without ceremony.

She found the widow before the hearth, in a state of the wildest misery.

She looked up at the girl's entrance, and then broke forth into wails and ejaculations, motioning Jessy from her.

"I can't have you here!" she cried.

"You drove him to it. If you hadn't driven him wild he wouldn't have done it. The Kays have done harm enough to me and mine. Go home, Jessy, and don't stay here to make me mad with hatred of you!"

The girl was astonished at this outburst, but treated it as the petulant utterance of a suffering heart.

"Hush your sobs and dry your tears, Grace Kepp," she said, kindly, yet firmly. "Since you have learned part you must hear all. I have just seen Gosman, and he has sent me to you."

"Why didn't he come himself?"

"He could not. Got up and listen to me."

Frightened into silence, the widow arose and waited for the promised communication.

"The gossip told you of the two strivings after Lord Ashcroft's life, and that Gosman was suspected. But there's more to be told. Some one tried to poison his lordship last night and it's laid to Gosman, and they're coming here to arrest him."

The words stung the widow to action.

"Where is he? Where is my boy?" she cried. "He must flee. If they take him and transport him he will die, and so shall I! Oh, my poor boy!"

"He has gone already," sobbed Jessy, her fortitude giving away. "He wanted me to tell you and be a comfort to you. He will be back in a few weeks, I hope. But he is innocent!"

"I am glad he is gone!" said the dame, breathing more freely. "But he cannot be innocent. He was away all night in the storm—that very night when some one tried to stab Lord Ashcroft. I noticed how strangely he acted in the morning. I wonder I didn't suspect something when his lordship called here and showed me that knife—the very knife Gosman pretended to lose and that his lordship was nearly stabbed with. And, oh, just to think that I went and betrayed my own son to his lordship! That cuts my heart like a knife! If they transport him it'll be all my fault!" and she sobbed bitterly.

"You meant no harm, mother," said Jessy, soothingly. "And it'll all come out right yet. Only you must not think him guilty. I'm glad he didn't come home to say good-by to you, for if he had he would have been hurt dreadfully, to have you turned against him. His mother and his sweet heart ought not to be among his enemies!"

"No more they ought, Jessy," said the dame, humbly. "You're right, and I love you for standing by him. You'll make him a good wife, my lass—Ah! what is that?"

She heard the sound of hoofs upon the avenue.

Jessy ran to the window, and uttered a cry of terror.

A small cavalcade of horsemen were approaching the cottage, and behind them came on foot a group of foresters, prominent among whom was Donald Kay.

"They have come to seek Gosman, mother," she said. "Come to the porch."

Putting her arm around the sobbing dame, and throwing over her a warm plaid, she led her out upon the porch, in front of which the cavalcade had halted.

There were no ladies among them, but Jessy recognized Lord Egremont, Lord Ashcroft, Lyle Indor, and several retainers of Egremont.

The head-forester endeavored to press forward in order to get private speech with his daughter, whom he wished to send home, but he was obliged to give up the effort.

"Is Gosman Kepp at home?" inquired Lord Egremont, addressing the under-forester's mother.

"He is not, my lord," answered the dame, forbearing to speak of his flight, in consequence of a warning whisper from the girl.

"Where is he then?"

"Is he not at his duties, my lord? Perhaps Donald Kay knows," and the widow glanced at the head-forester, who hastened to deny any knowledge of his subordinate's whereabouts, but suggested that he might be hidden in the dwelling.

"We will search then for him!" exclaimed Lord Egremont, signing to two persons who seemed to be officers of the law. "He must not escape us."

He leaped from his horse and entered the cottage, and his example was followed by the others, including Lord Ashcroft and Lyle Indor.

The two women retired before them, glad to have even a few minutes employed in the search, knowing that the delay would favor the fugitive.

(To be continued.)

Baby leopard is delightful for accessories and as trimming for day-time and evening costumes.

MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR SPRAINS AND BRUISES.

## Courtship and Marriage in Zululand

When a Zulu girl goes courting, she wears her mother's kilt—for the excellent reason that hitherto she has worn no clothes at all, writes Grace L. Morrow. A few anklets and armlets, a "sporran" of beads, constituting her whole attire.

In Zululand, just north of Natal, girls must marry early to replenish the cattle kraals. The maturity of a girl is celebrated by a "coming out" party, her friends visit her, and a goat is killed and eaten. Henceforth she is an "Intombi," a marriageable young woman.

In the days of the terrible "Chaka," the Zulu Napoleon, they were a well-trained, disciplined people, and could easily exterminate the other tribes. Men were conscripted for military service, and could not marry until the chief permitted it.

When the cattle are scarce, all the marriageable "Intombi" are gathered into the chief's kraal, and set to re-hatch the huts, and make new sleeping mats. They probably have their little flirtations like girls of a whiter complexion, which all the Zulu matrons watch complacently. Meanwhile the bargaining for the brides proceeds. So many cattle down, so many to be paid hereafter.

After the marriages are arranged, all bargaining completed, the bride-elect begins the courtship. Donning her mother's kilt and accompanied by a younger girl, she goes to the hut where her "Intended" is staying and asks for him by name, but cannot be induced to enter on this first visit.

Again she visits the beehive hut, and this time, if sufficiently well bribed by presents and promises, she will enter. In this kind of advances and retreats three weeks are passed before the marriage is consummated.

In the meantime, assisted by the women of the kraal, she is growing the marriage headdress, which once on is worn for life. Into her tight curls are woven, day by day, cocoanut fibre and yellow clay, until a huge hourglass-shaped erection begins to form on her head.

For three weeks after marriage the bride is excused from all work, but after that she becomes more or less the drudge of the kraal, doing chores for everyone.

When a child is born it is named after some current event. If born on a journey it will be christened after the river, the sea, or a moorland path. But if born during a smallpox epidemic, the unfortunate child may be labelled for life with such a name as "Nomjura"—vaccination.

Child's Boots: sizes 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10, only \$2.00 per pair, at F. SMALLWOOD'S—nov15.11



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203 WATER STREET.

Choice Canadian Turkeys.  
Choice P.E.I. Geese.  
Choice Milk Fed Chicken.  
Choice P.E.I. Ducks.

Canadian Steer Beef,  
Sirloin Roasts,  
Porterhouse Steaks.

Choice P.E.I. Lamb,  
Legs, Loins and Chops.  
Choice Local Veal,  
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**Fresh Partridge.**

English Cheddar Cheese.  
Real English Stiltons.  
Gorgonzola Cheese.  
Cream Gouda Cheese.  
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6 Portion Boxes.  
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**Fresh Pork Sausages**  
**Fresh Beef Sausages**  
(Fresh made every hour.)

Fresh Sausage Meat.  
Fresh Minced Suet.  
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New York Corned Beef.  
Beech Nut Ham.  
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Choice Veal Loaf.  
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# MURPHY'S GOOD THINGS

## Fair Week Specials

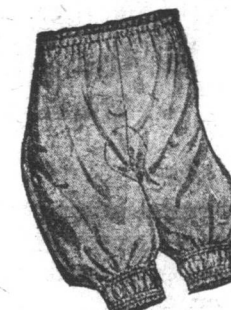
We know of no better way to make your stay in this city more enjoyable and profitable than by offering you those things you are bound to need during the coming months, at prices that are as low as the qualities are high.



### Ladies' Hats

For less than half price. Beautiful Velvet Hats, splendidly made, in many shades. Regular \$7.00.

Now, \$2.98



### Ladies' Over Pants

Made of heavy Jersey Cloth, heavy fleece, elastic at knee and waist, in Cream, Blue, Grey and Brown; all sizes.

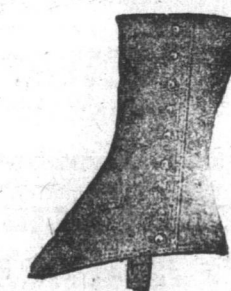
Per Pair \$1.29 to \$1.39



### Ladies' All Wool English Hose

In Fawn, Grey, Brown and Black.

Per Pair, 98c.



### Women's Over Gaiters

Made of strong Cloth, leather in-step strap, 14 buttons, splendid values.

Per Pair, \$1.75, \$1.98



### Misses' All Wool Cap and Scarf Sets

In Green, Blue and Pink

Each, 98c. \$1.49, \$1.98



### Men's All-Wool Scarfs

In Brown, Fawn and Grey.

Each, \$1.25 to \$1.98



### Men's Popular Sweater Coats

Here are garments that are particularly serviceable now, useful all the year round. If you haven't one, this is the time to get it.

Each, \$2.49 and \$3.98



### Men's Hose

We have an exceptionally good line of Hose in various makes and at various prices. Our assortment is so large and our prices so varied that you are sure to be pleased.

Per Pair, 25, 39, 49, 59, 69, 79, 89, 98c.



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This is a very popular style just now. We know that we have just the kind of a stock to give you a good selection. Stop in to-day and see them.

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Heavy all Wool Cheviots, latest make and lined inside.

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Strongly made throughout, even the buttons are carefully sewn on. Our selection includes wanted patterns and fabrics.

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A great many styles in this lot. All well made and strong. Come and get your pick of these splendid values.

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Plenty of styles and colors to select from. The men who know good shirts buy them here. Some specially priced at

Each, \$1.19, \$2.98



### Gillette Razors

The well known standard brand. Per Set of Razor, Holder and Steel Blades.

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