

The whole art of Seasoning lies in a bottle of

# LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

The Imprisoned Heiress  
—OR—  
The Spectre of Edremont.

CHAPTER IV.

He was the only son of a widow, who dwelt with him in a small cottage at the farther end of the forest. His position as under-forester had been procured for him by Donald Kay, who had from his earliest boyhood made him the object of his care. Although the Widow Kepp had managed to earn a comfortable subsistence by doing needle-work for the housekeeper at "the great house," as Egremont mansion was termed, yet Donald Kay had insisted upon sending the lad to school with Jessy, who was four years the senior of Kepp, and had always acted toward him the part of a guardian.

"Won't you give me an answer, Jessy," persisted Kepp, as the coquettish maiden pretended to count the stitches upon her needle.

In the depth of her soul Jessy loved her suitor, but she delighted to plague him. At last, seeing that he was becoming angry, she gave a half-reluctant consent to marry him, and he at once brought the matter before the girl's father.

Kay looked from one to the other of the young couple, and then deliberately arose, knocked the ashes from his pipe, laid the latter upon the wooden shelf, and said:

"This is all nonsense, Gosman. Jess don't care for you."

"How do you know that, father?" interrupted his daughter. "I know who I like, and who I don't like."

"But you don't always know what's best for you," returned her father. "I thought you cared for Gosman only as a sister cares for a brother, and here you are wanting to marry. It can't be—it can't be!"

The face of the under-forester flushed deeply as he said:

"But why not, Mr. Kay? You can't refuse me because I'm not as respectable as any young man. I've saved my wages, and have something laid by for wife and bairns when they come. I am steady—"

"I know all that, my boy. But you can't marry my Jess."

"Did I ever do anything to make you think ill of me, Mr. Kay?"

"Never. You are a lad after my own heart."

"Then you refuse me for a son-in-law because my father ran away from my mother twenty years ago, and has never come back? You blame me because he deserted his home? Perhaps you think I should run away from Jessy—"

"I will not give Gosman up for a mere whim of yours, father," said Jessy, firmly, her coquettishness vanishing. "I will wait for him for years, if need be, but I shall not give him up."

Her lover thanked her by an ardent and grateful look.

"If you marry Gosman Kepp," said the forester, sternly, raising his arm menacingly, "you will do so with my curse upon your head. There is a great gulf between you and him, which nothing can ever bridge, and so sure as you attempt to cross it, my bitterest curse shall be upon you both! You shall both be cursed in health and possessions, in the children you may have and in each other! I would a thousand times rather lay my girl in her grave than see her the wife of Gosman Kepp!"

An impressive silence followed, the young couple being too astonished and terror-stricken to speak, but it was broken at last by the forester, who took down his cap from a peg on which it hung, placed it on his head, and left the house.

"What could he mean, Gosman?" said the girl, in a frightened tone, as she crept nearer her lover.

"I don't know," answered Kepp, half stupefied. "Did you see how wild his look was? He was in earnest, and I'm afraid you'll submit to this unjust will, Jessy."

"Never!" cried the girl. "I can't marry you now, Gosman, for I can't disobey my father. But I will try to win his consent, and I'll wait for you all my life, if need be!"

"Heaven bless you for the promise, Jessy! And you will plight me your troth?"

Jessy assented and her lover drew from his pocket a bent sixpence. This he broke in half, giving one piece to the girl. She put it in her bosom, and he placed his near his heart.

This simple act was regarded by each as a solemn seal of their betrothal.

At this juncture the sound of horses' hoofs resounded upon the wintry air, and the young couple hastened to the door, and went upon the veranda, as a party of riders came up and stopped in front of the cottage.

The party comprised Lord and Lady Egremont, their ward, and their guests, followed at a little distance by several grooms.

"Your name is Gosman Kepp, is it not?" asked the earl, abruptly, of the under-forester.

"It is, my lord," was the response,



**ELLIS & CO.,**  
Limited,  
203 WATER STREET.

FRESH SUPPLIES JUST RECEIVED

- English First Prize Cheddar Cheese.
- English Wiltshire Loaf Cheese.
- Cream Gouda Cheese.
- New Gorgonzola Cheese.
- Finest Stilton Cheese.
- New Pimento Cheese in tins.
- New Roquefort Cheese in tins.
- Ingersoll Cream Cheese in packages.
- Parmesan Grated Cheese in bottles.

Fresh Smoked Finnan Haddies.

- California Navel Oranges.
- Porto Rico Oranges.
- Macintosh Red Apples.
- Roman Beauties Apples.
- Grape Fruit.
- Bartlett Pears.

Fresh Extra Eggs.

- Honey Dew Melons.
- Emporer Red Grapes.
- Almeria Green Grapes.
- Bartlett Pears.
- Cranberries.
- Dessert Apples.
- Palermo Lemons.
- Smyrna Fresh Figs.

New Crystalized Fruits.  
Rose & Violet Leaves

and Kepp shrank back a little from a superior world.

The earl beckoned to one of the grooms in advance of the rest, and he rode up with the gun Lord Ashcroft had captured, and deposited it on the veranda, and then retreated.

"Is that your weapon?" demanded Lord Egremont.

Kepp hesitated a moment, and answered confusedly in the affirmative.

"You acknowledge it, then?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Permit me to observe to your lordship," said Lord Ashcroft, in an undertone, riding up to the earl, "that the man might not have intended to take my life yesterday. It has occurred to me this morning that the shot may have been fired by accident, and that the man took to flight through fear rather than guilt."

"But that theory will not account for the obstructions."

"True, my lord. They cannot be accounted for, except upon the hypothesis that evil was intended. Still, if you please, I would like to have the young man questioned gently. He has not a bad countenance."

"Frequently the worst people are masked under the guise of virtue," said the earl, quoting one of those trite observations he admired. "Still I will act upon your ladyship's suggestion."

Lyle Indor drew nearer with the Lady Alexina, and the earl, turning to the surprised under-forester, said: "You probably know how this weapon came into my possession, Kepp. It was picked up by Lord Ashcroft when he pursued you yesterday, after you shot at him. We would like to hear any explanations you can make about the matter."

"Picked up? Pursued?" muttered the accused. "I do not understand you, my lord."

"Perhaps I had better refresh your memory," said the earl, with ironic emphasis. "You will need, perhaps, to be informed that some distinguished guests arrived at Egremont yesterday; that obstructions were placed across the road running through the corner of the wood, to impede their progress; that, when their progress was thus impeded, a shot was fired from the wood at Lord Ashcroft, who narrowly escaped with his life."

Kepp looked blankly at Lord Egremont, and Jessy gazed upon her lover as though she would read his soul.

"Perhaps, also," continued the earl, in the tone he had before used, "you would like to recall how the carriage stopped, and Lord Ashcroft sprang out in pursuit of the villain who had fired upon him; how the man fled, dropping his gun—the very gun you have just acknowledged as your own."

"I didn't fire," said the under-forester; "I did not obstruct the road. Why should your lordship suspect me?"

"Your gun convicts you. The gun has been acknowledged by you, and who should have carried it but the owner?"

The usually ruddy face of the under-forester grew quite colorless, and he faltered:

"How could I know your lordship's guests were expected? What object could I have had in shooting Lord Ashcroft?"

"That is what we wish to discover. You know very well that Lord Ashcroft was expected, for I sent word to Kay to have the wood in perfect order because of the expected arrival."

The knees of the accused shook under him, and becoming conscious of Jessy's astonishment, he turned away his face.

"What have you to say to all this?" demanded the earl, after waiting several minutes in vain for an answer.

"—I lent the gun yesterday," said Kepp, huskily.

(To be continued.)

**You Should Entrust**

the administration of your Will only to those experienced in such matters.

Administration of Estates is this Company's business, and its officers are especially trained for all duties involved and will be glad to discuss this subject with you.

Appoint this Company to act either as your sole Executor or jointly with your friends.

**MONTREAL TRUST COMPANY.**  
ROYAL BANK BUILDING

Sir Herbert S. Holt, President  
A. J. Brown, K.C., Vice-Pres.  
F. C. Donaldson, Gen. Mgr.  
F. T. Palfrey,  
10 Manager, St. John's

**London Letter**

By PANTON HOUSE for the Canadian Press.

London, Oct. 25.—After 119 years, Trafalgar Day is still faithfully kept by the British Empire in London, the heart of the Empire. Wreaths are laid each 21st of October, on Nelson's tomb in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, and on his monument in the great church above, but the Nelson Column in Trafalgar Square is the real centre of the celebration.

Probably no object in the whole of London is so impossible for the visitor to miss as is the column. In the first place, it stands in "the finest site in Europe;" in the second, it is the third highest monument in London, standing, (with the statue on its summit) 170 feet high, as compared with the Albert Memorial, 115 and "The" memorial's 202. England took her time over the erection of this tribute to her greatest sailor's memory; the column itself was not completed until 1843—38 years after his death. The bronze reliefs, one on each side of the base, were added between 1849 and 1852, and Landseer's bronze lions in 1867.

On October 21 this year the base and plinth of the column were decorated as usual with ropes of laurel, and hung and piled with flowers from all parts of Great Britain and the Empire. There were wreaths among them tied with the national colors of France and Spain, our friends of to-day and chivalrous enemies of 1805. Conspicuous among the tributes were wreaths from practically every big ship of his Majesty's Navy, in most of which a cap-ribbon was a characteristic feature; from the Dominion Governments, and from many branches, here and elsewhere, of the Navy League.

From "the government and people of Canada" and from Newfoundland came two 4-foot circles, the first of single scarlet chrysanthemums, with a great bunch of scarlet gladioli, large white incurved chrysanthemums and white heather; the second of white trumpet lilies and incurved chrysanthemums, with a bunch of scarlet carnations at each side, and a bar of smaller white flowers bearing the word "Newfoundland" picked out in violets. Sam Harris, president of the Navy League of Canada, himself brought a maple leaf of pink semi-single dahlias with a centre of pink roses and rubrum lilies.

A six-foot anchor of laurel leaves came from the descendants of officers who fought at Trafalgar. The Wellington (N.Z.) branch of the Navy League had sent a bouquet of 13 kinds of flowers and berries (called lilies predominating) gathered in New Zealand in July, and frozen in a block of ice.

**HORSE-SHOES AS RENT.**

"What I like about London," said the Canadian friend who has already been quoted in these letters, "it has live fossils." He was not being rude to the inhabitants of this imperial city, but expressing his pleasure in the many little ceremonies and institutions, which are still full of vitality although hundreds of years old. He was delighted to learn the original use of the red line on the carpet of the House of Commons, which no member is allowed to overstep when speaking from the front row. Within that line a speaker is supposed to be out of sword's reach of honourable members on the benches opposite!

This week the Corporation of the City of London sent a representative to the Law Courts, to pay to the King's Remembrancer certain "quit rents" due to the Crown, namely two bundles of faggots and six horse-shoes. The faggots are due in respect of a piece of land in Shropshire; the horse-shoes for a tenement called "the Forge" believed to have been in the neighbourhood of Milford Lane, Strand, and originally granted by King Henry III. about 1235, to one, Walter le Brun, a farmer. The exact

situation of Walter's forge has long been built over and forgotten, but the quit rent of six horse-shoes is still solemnly paid—and handed back! The shoes used in the ceremony are nearly as old as the original grant.

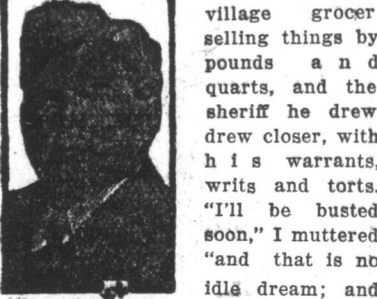
Rents even queerer than these are rendered to the Crown to this day by tenants of manors all over England. The Duke of Atholl holds certain lands on condition that he presents the Sovereign with a white rose when called upon; the Munros of Foulis are bound to tender a snowball when the King requires it.

**MONKEY VERSUS POLICE AND OTHERS.**

Camberwell, a suburb of South London, has been terrorized for some days (and the rest of London amused) by the exploits of a large monkey. Occupying a strong position among the pinnacles and recesses of a church roof, he is defying the whole of London, and living very comfortably on his thievings from shops and larders. Once he was actually enticed into a pigeon-trap, but while the owner ran for the police, the intelligent simian put out a "hand," pulled the string of the trap-door, and escaped. He has already stripped a greenhouse of its grapes, and the other night took a hand in the General Election, pelting the speaker at an open-air meeting with several old tin cans. Thrice shot at, he has escaped unhurt; but Camberwell is getting tired of the joke, and a more systematic campaign will probably be organized by the police.

**Clear The Pores Of Impurities With Cuticura Soap**  
Sole, Outmost, Taken said everywhere.

**PLACING THE BLAME.**



Once I was a village grocer selling things by pounds a n d quarts, and the sheriff he drew drew closer, with his warrants, writs and torts. "I'll be busted soon," I muttered, "and that is no idle dream; and my bread will not be buttered, and my tea will have no cream. Ruined by the Wall Street robbers I must to the poorhouse go; it would take a prince of duffers to depict my load of woe." Later on I failed at farming in the sad old days of yore, and with majesty alarming came the sheriff to my door. And I charged my tribulations to the heartless, idle rich; "Oh, those Wall Street machinations dump the poor man in the ditch. And his lot cannot be bettered while the barons scheme and prance; till the Wall Street wolves are fettered, honest merit has no chance." Having failed in all I tackled, I approached the poorhouse door, and the barons were unshackled, and the wolves kept up their roar. In a mood of deep depression I began to see the truth; Wall Street was a fool obsession that had ruined me from youth. And since then I have succeeded in whatever work I do; I have pep when pep is needed, I have vim in every throw. I have found the Wall Street sinners do not hinder me a bit; they are glad to welcome winners, glad to see one make a hit. On my industry relying, I have journeyed to success; had I guess.

**Conflicting Laws Confuse Litigant**

**OWNER OF STOLEN CAR APPEALING AGAINST JUDGMENT OF LOWER COURT.**

TORONTO, Ont., Oct. 30.—The sad tale of an American automobile owner whose car was stolen from his garage in Rhode Island two years ago and who, after recovering possession of it, is required by the Courts to pay more than it is worth in engaging the attention of the Appellate Division here.

James E. McKenna was the unfortunate owner. He discovered his car in the possession of J. H. Prieur, notary, of Alexandria who had purchased it in April, 1923 from Isaac Hope for \$1,700.

Isaac Hope had purchased it the preceding December for \$1,400 from an automobile mart in Montreal.

McKenna reprieved his car, giving security. He then entered action against Prieur and Hope to secure the return of his car and \$1,000 damages, as damages.

Last July, Mr. Justice Lennox gave judgment in which he pointed out



# GOSSAGE'S SOAP

Like the British Navy--  
The Finest Ever Put Into Water



# EXCEL Long Rubbers

THE FISHERMAN'S FRIEND  
FOR MEN & BOYS

are made on a particular shape of last, which gives the foot more room and prevents slipping at the heel and instep.

A heavy cloth insole made under a new process which absorbs all moisture, is nicely fitted in to add extra comfort for the wearer.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR "EXCEL" BOOTS.

Sold by all reliable dealers from coast to coast.

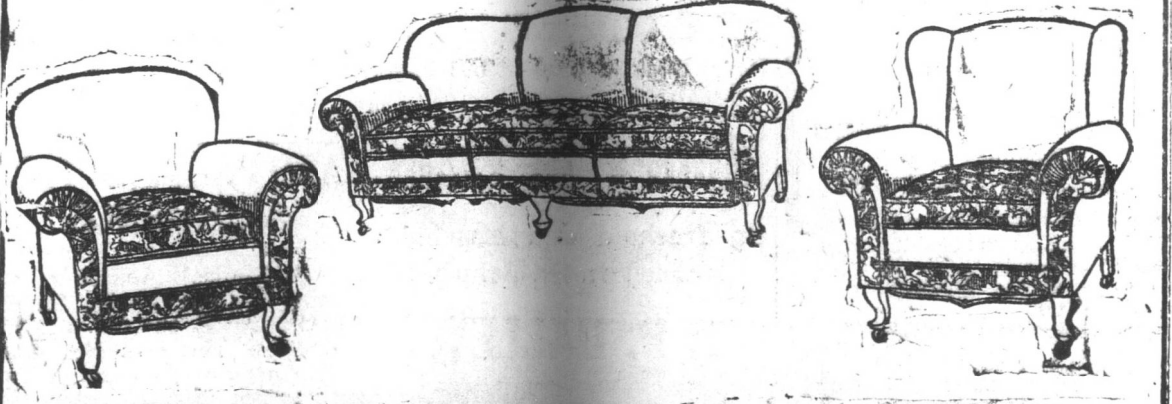
Distributed by  
**Parker & Monroe,**  
Limited  
SHOE STORES.

195 - - - Water St. East.  
365 & 363 - - - Water St. West.

**THE BEST MATERIALS — DESIGN — WORKMANSHIP!**

These are the three essentials to good Furniture.

This 3-Piece Suite for \$200.00



**POPE'S FURNITURE FACTORY**  
George and Waldegrave Streets.

# COAL!

NOW DISCHARGING:  
Cargo SCREENED NORTH SYDNEY  
BEST POSSIBLE QUALITY.

IN STORE:—WELSH ANTHRACITE  
AMERICAN ANTHRACITE

**A. H. Murray & Co., Ltd.,**  
Coal Office 'Phone, 1867. Beck's Cove.

that the law of Quebec was that, when an article stolen was purchased in good faith, in open market, the owner could not reclaim it, without reimbursing the purchaser.

Following this law, his Lordship dismissed McKenna's action and gave judgment for the recovery by Hope of \$1,400 which he had paid for the car and judgment for Prieur for the sum of which he had paid Hope.

McKenna is dissatisfied to find himself again the owner of his car on these terms and is now appealing. He urges that the law of Ontario gives the purchaser of the stolen article no title as against the owner, and that the law of Ontario and not the law of Quebec should govern, as the purchase was completed in this province. He also complains that the court should have given him the opportunity to return the car or to pay a fair price for it.

ADVERTISE IN THE EVENING TELEGRAM.