

Walter Baker & Co.'s

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Branch House, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.

Vivien shivered and followed the girl into the room that she opened on the left side of the hall. She had not perceived, as Lettie did, that there vas a key on the outside of the door. was a large, bare room, dreary and chilly even on this bright May afternoon. There were two large winfaded, tattered curtain flapping idly in the wind. Lettie thrust her hand through a broken pane and pushed "Oh, look, Vixen! It is a beautiful

sight from this window. It overlooks the whole of Sunnyside!" she exclaimed; and Vixen, glad enough for a sight of anything but the bare, ghostly room, peered curiously out hrough the ivy leaves.

Lettie smiled triumphantly. Like a flash she was outside the door, the rusty key went "click!" in the lock, and she turned away, her high-heeled slippers going pit-a-pat along the un-carpeted hall

CHAPTER X.

Vixen was a prisoner in the haunted west wing. She realized it in an instant even before she flew across the room and tugged wildly at the immovable handle of the door. It was one of Lettie's miserable pranks that was always playing on her. By and by, after she had suffered agonies of dread, she would come and unlock the door and ask her if she was cured of being a little coward. This was she said to herself, not dreaming that the cruel girl meant her to pass the night here alone.

A great awe and terror fell upon her at finding herself deserted and locked in at the mercy of the Cedar-An impulse came to her to shriek out aloud, to call for help and succor, but an instinct of pride made her sternly repress it.

"They would be angry, those proud, rich people, to find me here where I no business. They would perhaps turn my old father out of his place for having such meddlesome daughters, and he would never forgive me. I ought not to have listened to Lettie, but since I did, I must pay the penalty of my rashness and wait until she chooses to release me," she

Her frightened gaze fell upon another door at the side of the room and she opened it half fearfully, hoping to find her way out. But it only led her into a suite of dreamy rooms, all of whose outer doors were locked. She passed through them until she came to a communicating door that was locked also, then leaving these doors carelessly adjar, she retraced her steps to the

first one to await for Lettie's return. Loathing the bare and ghostly room, she glued her white face against the broken panes and stared out at the blue sky and the lovely world from which she was temporarily debarred. Never had it seemed so bright, so de-

sirable to her eager heart. Lettie delayed her coming long. The hours waned till sunset. The sunset waned into early twilight. It began to grow dark in the lonely room.

She will come soon now. She will not leave me here until dark. She knows I should die of fright." Vixen moaned, looking over her shoulder fearfully into the darkening room, while a great lump seemed to rise in her throat and choke her, so that she put up her slender hand in terror. But the footsteps so eagerly listen-ed for came not. Twilight faded into night. The rising moon sent a long, white lance of silvery light through the broken panes into the darkened room. It looked so ghostly that Vixen flung herself down with chattering teeth upon the floor, and began to mumble over her prayers to keep away the evil spirits, hiding her poor, tearwet face in her trembling hands. "If I should hear or see anything

should go crazy," she sobbed. But at that very moment a sound broke the "fearsome," brooding stillness of the room. Little Vixen buried her head still lower in her folded arms, as she crouched on the floor. "The ghost is coming!" she thought, in an agony of fear, her blood grow-

It was the sound of singing that had startled her-low, weird, unearthly singing, such as might have emanated from ghostly laps indeed. It was somewhere very near to her, too; but It was not a form in ghostly whiteit was nothing but a voice of unearthly sweetness, a

Carol, mournful, holy, Chanted loudly, chanted lowly, Till her blood was frozen slowly, And her eyes were darkened wholly.

strange singing ended at last. Vixen crept up to the window and peered out at the moonlighted world

and I am left here alone all night!" the sobbed; then a sudden sob of fear shoot 'em."

and surprise burst from her lips. A swift flash of light gleamed along the dark ivy leaves, as if some one had struck a light near to this one from whose window she gazed in despair.
"It is from the window of the ghost room!" she exclaimed. "Oh, Lettie, Lettie, if only you would come!"
But Lettie had gone home hours ago, and coolly told Josepha that Vixen had stowned at Dolly Propur's and

en had stopped at Dolly Brown's, and was going to stay all night.

And while Vixen watched wit habeating heart the ghostly glimmer of light on the bright green ivy leaves, the ghost that had haunted Cedarhurst for fifteen years was coming slowly toward her through the long suite of rooms, whose doors she had left ajar-a ghostly woman, tall and fragile and white, in loosly flowing, snowy garments, with great, luminous, mournful blue eyes shining out of a face wan to ghastliness, while all around the gliding figure fell lengths of loosened golden hair clothing the

majestic figure in a halo of unearthly but, just as she passed into the ray of moonlight that streamed across Vixen's head, the girl turned and be-

One moment she gazed with dilated eyes and wildly throbbing heart; then shriek burst from her lips, she threw up her white arms wildly, staggered backward and fell unconscious to the floor.

CHAPTER XI.

The shadowy, etheral form that Vixen had thought a ghost was no spirit, but a living, breathing woman, quite as much astonished at meeting the girl as the girl had been alarmed at her entrance. A cry of distress and amazement thrilled from her lips as

Vixen fell at her feet. She knelt down and lifted the boy-ish-looking golden head on her arm, gazing eagerly into the fair, uncon-

"How came she here-this fair young girl—in my dreary prison house?" she ejaculated. "Oh, heaven, can it be that they have found my daughter and placed her here to share my gloomy fate? Cruel, cruel wretch! I could have borne my imprisonment but for this crowning deed of infamy, but I shall go mad if my child is doomed to the same lot. Yet it is, it must be she. She has golden hair like mine, a waxen skin, dainty hands, and those closed eyes must be blue like mine. Oh, my darling, wake and speak to

me, your poor, poor mother!" Kisses and tears together fell on Vixen's pale, unconscious face, but the heavy lids did not unclose, no breath stirred the pale, parted lips. The ened. She went back through the long suite of rooms to the one from which she had emerged, and brought camphor and eau-de-Cologne with which she bathed the girl's face and

"Ah, she revives!" she exclaimed happily. "Oh, my child, do not be frightened. I am not a ghost, I am a living woman-your unhappy mo-

Little Vixen struggled up to a sitting posture, very glad to know that It was not a bona-fide ghost bending over her, and answered with a look of

"Dead to the world—yes," was the strange reply, as the fragile woman pressed her hands to her heart. -ah, after all I may be mistaken. My My dear. How came you here? What

your name?' Vixen had recovered her spirits on finding that there was no ghost, but a real human being in the haunted wing, and she at once burst into a tempestuous recital of Lettie's heart-

[To be Continued.]

Light and Shade.

A Big Wash-The wash of the sea. broaden your son Henry's views and polish his manner, didn't it?" "I should say so. Instead of saying 'I'll bet you,' as he used to, he now says 'I'll lay you a wager.'

over there by the piano?"
She-Oh, that's Mme. Cosmetique, the famous beauty specialist.

"How long will it be before Higbee recoveres from his injuries?" "It will depend on when the rail-road company settles."

"Can you depend on what Jones

"If you know Jones." "But is he truthful?"
"Well, if Ananias had been a contemporary of Jones' he'd never have become celebrated."

"I suppose you see some funny things about here?" said the visitor to Niagara. "Indeed we do," replied the guide. "Why, only yesterday there was a "What if Lettie has forgotten me, Kentucky colonel here, and as soon and I am left here alone all night!" as he saw the rapids he wanted to

Are you troubled with Starch sticking to your irons? Try a package of



Your Troubles Are Over.

Many children, as they grow older, very effective. Straw applied to net are obliged to learn the rules of and lace applique on straw are speconsequence is, when they appear in Nearly every gown has a narrow society they are awkward and blun-belt made of stitched satin or taffeta dering. On the other hand, children who have been accustomed to politeness at home are at their case in the most polished circles, and are saved that confusion and bitter self-condemnation which are sure to follow any breach of the rules of etiquette.

Remains the same, Though cumbered by a hat that's One's look must go

To what's below. head. Beauty is queen-depend upon it-No matter what its gown or bonnet.

A HINT TO LETTER-WRITERS. The practice of writing private letters from the first to the third pages of a letter sheet, and then going back the second page, is a matter of taste, but it will not do to follow that course of procedure in writing legal documents. The New York courts have just disallowed the provisions of a will written in this way. The testawrote the will on three sides of a folded paper, commencing on the first at the top of which was written "second page," and completing and signing the instrument on a page marked "third page," which, in fact, was the second page of the sheet. The court the physical end, as required by the statute. The law does not contemplate going backward in order to get forward, and the will was refused probate. The New York court of appeals sustains the decision throwing out this form of will.-Boston Herald.

SHE SECURED HER HIRED HELP. "We ministers have many strange experiences in performing the marriage ceremony," said Rev. W. F. Sheridan, of Pontiac, Mich. "One of the most curious in my experience occurred not long ago. A large and heavy woman, accompanied by a comparatively small and meek-looking man, had come in and asked to be married. Everything was regular, and the ceremony was performed. After it was over the bride

explained her position.
"'You see, Mr. Sheridan,' she said hands are mighty hard to get in this part of the country, and they are even hard to keep. You get a good hired man and get him well broke in to the work around the farm, and the first thing you know he quits the job and goes off to town or somewhere else. Last spring I had a firstclass hand, about as good as I ever expect to get, but just when the season got right busy he up and quit me.

"'I just made up my mind that wasn't going to be left in the same fix this summer, so here we are.'
"The bridegroom in the case simply stood and smiled meekly. He had nothing at all to say."—Pittsburg Dis-

PERSONAL INFLUENCE.

What is the secret of personal in-Who can tell? In a voice at times; in manner frequently; in the assumption of infallibility; in sympathy and in directness; in opposition and in a shifting which is quite opposed to directness; in broadly-out lined acceptance of your views with a fine shading of dissent which shows you to be quite right in vague essen tials, but somehow all wrong in individual points; in smiles that attract confidence and in silence that gives assent; in the power of insinuating impressions without committing one self to a positive statement, and in the impetus which lies in a thunder ing assertion, let who will dispute or disprove-in all or any of these things lies that subtle gift of power which we call the influence of a man's personality; and in none of them can we find much to lay hold of.

RECIPE FOR COLD CREAM. The life of the skin is the oil which nature stores up under it and sends to the surface as required. As we grow older the supply gets less; thus the skin shrivels and the muscles relax, and if we wish to retain our freshness a little assistance should be given the skin with the proper oils. The follow-ing is good: Get one pound of fat mutton and melt it down slowly in an enameled saucepan. When thorughly melted down, pour it through a hair sieve; then stir into it as much glycerine as there is fat, add a few drops of perfume and keep stirring gently until it begins to harden, when it should be put into little jars or wide-necked bottles. Rub the face every night with this pressing it particularly into any wrinkle appearing, and rub it off in the morning. The above is said to be the secret of Mme. Patti's good com-

FRILLS OF FASHION. One revival of fashion is the white tulle bow worn at the back of the neck of light silk theater waists. The bandanna ties worn a few months ago are supplanted by the softer and lighter tones of the Parisian Gourrha aigrets, which resemble a

bunch of daisies blown by the wind, are one of the fashionable hat trim-Lace boleros, with black velvet ribbon run through them, are a useful as well as effective addition to the bodice needing a fresh touch. New spotted silk muslins in all black and mixed with accordion-plaited black chiffon form lovely mourning

vening gowns. Evening gowns may certainly be elaborate, with that curiously simple elaboration which necessitates the best taste with an almost unlimited expen-

Stitchings and tuckings form an important part of blouses and accordion-plaited mousselines and chiffons are again to the fore. When worn without a coat these look best with a high, swathed band or broad ribbon twisted deftly round the waist.
Since the tailor gown has become an accepted feature of the feminine ward-

robe, the vest is an important item for fashionable consideration. This year especially open-fronted coats will be very fashionable, and women who desire to vary their coat costumes are ordering two or three sleeveless waist-Toques are the prevailing style of hat, perhaps, but there are hats with fluted brims, hats with bell crowns,

and hats with almost no crowns at all. Polka dots of straw on black and malines formed into a toque are

drawn and fastened invisibly in the effort to secure the Parisian girdle effect, which makes the waist short and the line over the bust to the waist unnaturally long, It is these details in dress that now distinguish the smart from the dowdy woman Renaissance lace braid is used as trimming for silk waists, sewed on in

a straight line between groups of tucks and for wash dresses in a trellis lesign. Taffeta silk Eton coats in either

black or white are a very distinctive feature of fashion this season. A simliar coat in black taffeta put in an appearance more than a year ago, but was then a novelty, of course, while now at is a very evident mode. These little coats are tucked all over, or trimmed in various ways with stitched bands, and completed with an embroidered batiste collar and revers. They will be very much worn later on, with the thin gowns whenever an out-side wrap is needed, and they are considered especially swell with the pique skirts and silk blouses

STRAW BRAID TRIMMINGS. The evolution of straw from the stiff, unyielding braids to the soft, pliable, thin, satin varieties has wrought a pretty change in millinery, and besides this the lace straws are revived again and twisted like silk into the softest, lightest toques. Some of the prettiest straws, aside from the yellow tints, are woven in two shades of pale fawn color, made up and trimmed with loops and bows of the new glace ribbon in the darker shade and a fold of silk or velvet in some bright color tucked under the brim, with a bunch of flowers of the same tint at the back. Colored satin straws in light green, pink and blue and the tawny tone called khaki are very much in evidence. A hat of the last-mentioned color in crinoline straw is a three-cornered shape formed of tucks of straw alternated with tucks of tulle of the same color and trimmed with three rosettes of tulle, one of black, one of white and another of the khaki color. A wired bow of black velvet ribbon is a very effective trimming for the lightcolored toques, and especially stylish on a draped toque of cream lace, one

of the new adaptations in millinery.

A well-known leader of fashion is tiny dressed dolls that are models of the dressmaker sends home a new gar ment, she duplicates it by a tiny model on a doll. Everything must be perfect, even down to the real lace and solid silver or gold buttons and dia-mond buckles. The dolls are ranged in a glass case in their owner's dressing room, with the date of their creation underneath.

Heat a pint of stewed and sweetened strawberries and pour over five slices of crisp whole wheat toast which

STRAWBERRY ICE CREAM. Take two pounds of fresh strawberries, carefully picked, and with a wooden spoon rub them through a hair sieve, about half a pound of powdered sugar, and the juice of one lemon; color with a few drops of prepared cochineal; cream, one pint. When the sugar is dissolved, ascertain that the sweetness is correct; then freeze. This berries are not in season, take straw-berry jam, the juice of two lemons, cream, to one quart. Color, strain and freeze.

BANANA CAKE.

Cream one-third of a cupful of butter with one of sugar; add two well-beaten eggs, half a cupful of milk and one cupful and three-quarters When baked put on the top four ban anas, peeled and cut in halves lengthcover with cream filling, brown delicately; serve with hot jelly sauce.

PHURAIRR PIR Take off the thin skin, cut the stalks in small pieces, add a little flour, place it in the pie. When the paste is done, remove the top crust, and add sugar and butter, mixing it thoroughly with serve warm. A little nutmeg grated over the top of the fruit before putting on the crust, if it is relished.

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