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The Imprisoned Heiress
—OR—
The Spectre of Egremont.

CHAPTER VIII.

Lord Ashcroft was still musing upon the singular look of his betrothed when a light tap upon his door aroused him, and the Lady Lorean entered the room. She advanced to his side and sat down beside him, taking his hand in her own, fondling it as a mother might have fondled her child.

"Oh, Lionel!" she said, with a shudder, as he did not speak. "I wish we could go home in the morning. You had better forfeit any amount of money that your life. Shall we not go?"

Lord Ashcroft shook his head, and demanded: "How can I go in honor, Lorean? I came here as the sutor and betrothed husband of the Lady Alexina—"

"And you will leave this place as a corpse!" she interposed. "I feel that you will. You said that that assassin cried out, 'Better luck next time,' and that shows he has not given up his attempt to kill you. If you are so infatuated with Alexina, Lionel, why not invite the family to Ashcroft?"

"I do not intend to be driven away from Egremont," answered Lord Ashcroft, composedly. "I am not one to fly from danger."

"But the knife of an assassin is a danger that cannot be guarded against. It may strike you in a most unguarded moment. I fear you lack caution."

For a long time she remained with him urging him to unceasing vigilance and then withdrew, cautioning him to carefully lock his door.

"I will be careful, Lorean," he said, "very careful, so do not be troubled about me."

He bent over her and bestowed upon her a caress that was as much filial as fraternal, and then escorted her to the door of her chamber, returning to his own.

Forgetful of her injunction to lock his door, he stirred up his fire, supplied it anew with coals, and reum-

ed his seat, sinking into a dreamy reverie.

There was no lamp-light, but the fire gleamed over the bright carpet and played upon the walls, giving that peculiar light conducive of thought and waking dreams.

An hour thus passed. Again he leaned forward and stirred the fire. The noise made by the clashing of the poker against the bars of the grate prevented his hearing the gentle opening of the door.

But when he leaned back in his chair, in an easy attitude, he looked up and uttered a cry of astonishment. There before his eyes stood a strange being.

This being possessed a slender, girlish figure—the same that he had seen at the window of the haunted chamber—and a face that might well be deemed that of an angel.

There was something shadowy and unreal about her as she stood before the dancing firelight, but Lord Ashcroft observed how pale, and pure, and cold seemed her lovely face, what sweet serenity was enthroned upon her fair young brow, and what a sad and mournful expression dwelt upon her lips.

Her eyes fairly entranced him. They were almost supernatural in their dusky beauty, in which slumbered a world of unawakened passion and feeling, and beamed with a holy radiance that thrilled the observer to his inmost heart.

Her hair, as Lord Ashcroft noticed, was arranged in a quaint manner, such as he had observed portrayed in paintings of court beauties of a century before, and her dress, equally quaint, was made of a silvery fabric, that looked like woven moonbeams.

As his admiring gaze dwelt upon her spiritual face, a faint flush, like the tint upon a June rose, mounted softly to her clear cheeks, and her modest eyes drooped in momentary confusion.

Just so might the Lady Jasmine have looked years and years before.

It was but momentary, and then she looked up with a wild, startled glance that stirred Lord Ashcroft's pulses to quicker beating, a pleading look came into her pure, sweet face, and she clasped her hands together, as she had done at the window.

The observer noticed that her fingers were adorned with rings, set with jewels in the clumsy manner of olden times.

As he regarded her as one might a strange and lovely picture, the intruder wrung her hands in a silent, noiseless way, and her pleading look became passionate. Her eyes wandered over Lord Ashcroft's face in quick, restless glances, as if seeking to read his character, and at last met his own in a magnetic gaze.

And then his lordship attempted to rise.

Like a startled fawn, she stepped back to the half-open door.

Seeing that his rising would be a signal for her to flee, he resumed his former position, determined to allow matters to take their course.

He was not superstitious, but he could scarcely be blamed for doubting that the being before him was of flesh and blood. In her quaint, old-fashioned attire, with her pure, child-like face, she did not seem like a mortal, and it was not difficult at that moment and under those circumstances to believe that she was indeed the spectre of the murdered Lady Jasmine.

As she did not speak, his lordship said: "Can I do anything for you, lady? Speak to me as to a friend, I beseech you."

A mournful smile flitted over the

intruder's face; she seemed upon the point of replying, when she suddenly lifted her hand warningly and stood in a listening attitude.

Lord Ashcroft listened too, but he heard nothing except the roar and tumult of the wind and sea and the beating of rain against the window-glass.

A moment the strange being stood, her hand uplifted and the drapery fallen back to her elbow, revealing an arm which for contour and coloring would have delighted a sculptor or a painter, and then she placed one long taper finger upon her lips as a warning to be silent—so Lord Ashcroft interpreted it—and then she seemed to melt away into the darkness.

His lordship believed that she disappeared through the door, and he sprang up and ran to it, looking out into the dimly lighted corridor, but she was not there.

There were passages branching off the main corridor, and he made a hasty examination of these, but the specter had disappeared without leaving a trace behind.

Disappointed and mystified, his lordship returned to his fireside.

CHAPTER IX.

As the inmates of Egremont assembled in the breakfast room, next morning, it was easily to be discerned that an unusual graveness had settled over each face. There was one exception—the Lady Alexina, whose smile was rosy, her eyes sparkling, as if the world had never been so bright.

By degrees the conversation turned to supernatural visitations, and Lady Egremont assured her guests that on that very morning her old nurse, Top-lift, had mysteriously informed her that on the previous night the ghost of the Lady Jasmine had walked—that, in fact, she, the old nurse, had seen it.

This disclosure led to a description of the Lady Jasmine, whom Lord Egremont described as a girl of sixteen at the time of her death.

When breakfast was over the hostess escorted Lord Ashcroft to the picture gallery to view the portraits of the preceding Lords of Egremont. Lyle Indor followed, with the ladies leaning on his arm, and after them came the Lord of Egremont and Lady Lorean.

Lord Ashcroft was interested in looking down the long line of portraits and noting the difference in character of the successive Lords of Egremont, and wondering which of her ancestors and Lady Alexina resembled in heart—for she was very like them all in her features.

Lady Egremont gave the history of the original of each portrait as they went along, but when they came to that of the Lady Jasmine, she simply announced the fact, without alluding to her fate.

Lord Ashcroft noticed it with a paling face and heart that beat tumultuously.

Mellowed as was the painting by age, the pictured face looked as fair and as fresh as if painted upon the previous day.

It was the face of his mysterious visitor!

There was the same sweetly serene brow, the same mysterious, lovely eyes, the same gentle mouth, the same child-like purity of expression, the same saintly look over all that he had observed in his strange visitant.

Yet there was something missing in the portrait, an ineffable, nameless charm, that had belonged to his visitor, but Lord Ashcroft fancied that the fault had been with the painter, or that the grace and charm he had noticed were too subtle to be caught and impressed upon canvas.

Forgetful that Lord Egremont was watching him, or that the remainder of the party were near at hand, Lord Ashcroft studied the portrait with intensity.

(To be continued.)



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Founder of Kingston

Kingston, Ont., Nov. (Can. Press)—Few men are entitled to the credit of founding a city, but the late Capt. Michael Grass is conceded to be the founder of the historic old city of Kingston.

Capt. Grass was a British soldier during the wars between Great Britain and France on this continent. He was taken prisoner by the French and kept in captivity for two years in the old colony of Quebec. During this time he learnt of the fertile soil and other advantages of the district at the head of Lake Ontario, and the Junction of the four waters, Catarague River, Bay of Quinte, Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence. Capt. Grass suggested this to the British commander on his release, with the result that seven shipsloads of United Empire Loyalists set sail from New York on Sept. 8, 1783. On their arrival Capt. Grass selected as his portion the land where Kingston now stands. The others went further west and settled on the shores surrounding the Bay of Quinte.

Mayor W. C. Mikel, of Belleville, who is preparing a United Empire Loyalist "Book of Remembrance," has obtained possession of a letter written by Capt. Grass to the Kingston Gazette, in 1811, in a reminiscent strain:

"Seven and twenty years, Mr. Printer, have rolled away since my eyes for the second time beheld the shores of Catarague. In that space of time, how many changes have taken place, in the little circle in which fate had destined me to move. How many of the associates of my old associates are now vacant. How few of them, alas, to mourn with me the loss of the companions of our sufferings, or to rejoice with me at the prosperous conditions of this our land of refuge; yet I will not repine, they are gone I trust to a better land.

"Yes, seven and twenty years ago scarcely the vestige of a human habitation could be found in the whole extent of the Bay of Quinte, not a settler had dared to penetrate the vast forests that skirted the shores. Even on this spot now covered with stately edifices, were to be seen only the bark thicket, wigwam of the savage, or the newly erected tents of the hardy loyalist. Then when the ear heard me, it blessed me for being strong in my attachment to my sovereign and I was raised high in the confidence of my fellow subjects. I led the loyal band, I pointed out

to them the site of their future metropolis and gained for persecuted principles a sanctuary, for myself and followers, a home."

A Rotating Garage

LONDON, Nov. 14—(C.P.)—One of the chief difficulties of putting a car in a crowded garage is getting it out again several hours later. There is soon to be in the West End a revolving garage, from which any of 400 cars can be withdrawn in two minutes. J. B. Mitchell of Knightsbridge, who designed the garage in connection with which a private company is now in formation, explains the system:

"The first new garage, the site of which has been acquired, will be a four-story building. Each of the five floors will be divided by three rings into three concentric circles. On the inner and outer circles will be the stalls for cars, and the central ring will be a track which will revolve.

"When a car is driven into the garage it will be put on one of the revolving sections (taken to the upper floors by lift, if necessary) and the revolving section will turn until the car comes opposite a vacant stationary stall into which the car will be driven. The revolving floor, which will run on ball bearings, can be turned around completely by two men in 30 seconds. To get the car out the process is merely reversed."

Swans Pay a Surprise Visit

Kingville, Ont., Nov. (C.P.)—Jack Miner's bird sanctuary here was the calling place recently of a flock of about 200 wild native white swans on their way south for the winter. The manoeuvres of these birds on Lake Erie near the Miner farm, were witnessed by many interested bird lovers. White swans, which in their wild state were almost extinct in Canada a few years ago, regularly make the sanctuary a port of call on their way north in the spring, but seldom stop on their way down. It is thought that the unusually mild weather, combined with the well-known-to them—table board at Jack Miner's place induced this detachment to drop in for a day or two on an autumnal surprise visit.

Investment vs. Speculation

"To draw a distinction between intelligent investment and speculation, it should be emphasized that successful investing involves far more attention to the meaning of fundamental trends and general economic conditions than does the ordinary speculation. The person who intentionally places his capital to work for income and genuine stability of principal should be more concerned with possible changes in general conditions and with the broad underlying currents of trade and finance than the man who frankly goes into a speculative proposition for the purpose of quickly increasing his capital. The speculator is almost invariably one who is looking for quick profits. Ordinarily he does not expect or intend to keep his capital in any given thing for any great period of time. Underlying influences affect his position, of course, but if his speculation is a wise one, its strength may be so great as to offset general adverse influences should such come along.

The investor, theoretically at least, is placing his capital to work more or less permanently. He does not expect to change his holdings of securities with every month or every year. Many a man is both an investor and speculator at the same time. Many are investors for a period and then become speculators for a period. In fact, every investor who does not give proper consideration is in danger of unknowingly becoming a speculator at any time. He may buy what he thinks is a high-grade investment, but the time may quickly come when to his surprise he finds himself the holder of a speculation.—John Moody, in Forbes Magazine (N.Y.)

Would Curb Liner to Prevent Flood

COWES Eng., Nov. 15—(Associated Press)—The Harbor Board has asked the Board of Trade to curb the speed of the liner Mauretania in passing through the Solent. The last passage of the trans-Atlantic flyer caused such a wash that streets and houses were flooded and shippings damaged.

The Mauretania is the only liner which offends in this manner, the harbor board declares.

Ontario's Mental Defectives

TORONTO, Ont.—(Can. Press)—Last year there were 45 more men than women admitted to insane asylums in the Province, but there are more women than men at present confined to institutions, as the men either recover more easily and are discharged, or die from their illness more quickly than do women. These unfortunate included 14 women and 8 men who broke down under the mental worry of love affairs. 59 men and 69 women who went insane through the loss of business, money or friends, 88 men and 96 women to whom overwork and worry proved too much; 5 men and 16 women driven insane by religion, and 5 men and 7 women who fell victims of fright.

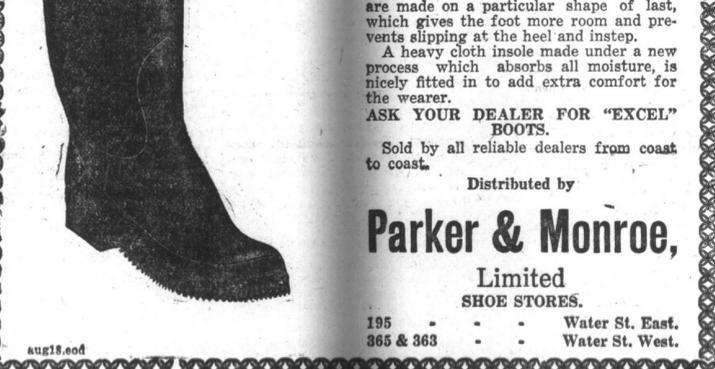
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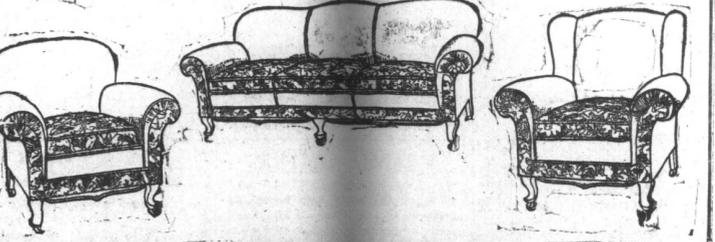
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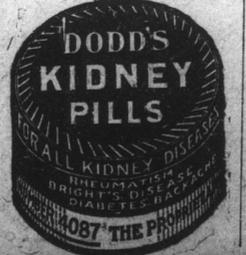


Take special care of your boy baby

Boy babies are often more delicate than girls. If you have a little son you will, therefore, want to take extra care of him. Watch his diet; for most of the ailments of babyhood are traceable to incorrect feeding.

Virol will nourish his little body, build strong bones and white teeth, make healthy blood and firm flesh, and thus see him safely through the critical years of infancy.

Many a strong man today has to thank a childhood diet of Virol for the splendid constitution that has remained with him throughout his life.



Those persons so saddened by unfortunate love affairs are indeed pathetic, but in most cases are not incurable. There is a young lady in Ontario who mumbles night and day because Thomas Meighan, the movie actor, does not come to marry her. Two others loathe the sight of men and scream in hatred if one approaches them.
Inmates of hospitals for the insane, suffering from grandiose opinions of themselves seldom, if ever, imagine themselves heroes or heroines of the opposite sex. For instance, in the asylum in Toronto is a lady of middle age who demands homage from all who approach her, for she is the "Queen of Toronto," and a right majestic figure she imagines herself to be.
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