

In every Kitchen there should be a bottle of **LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE**

The Imprisoned Heiress
—OR—
The Spectre of Egremont.

CHAPTER XV.

Her acquaintance with mankind was exceedingly limited. With the exception of Lord and Lady Egremont and Toplift, there was not a human being to whom she had ever spoken. Her governess had taught her all the accomplishments she had acquired, and directed her reading, so that she had acquired an unusually thorough education. Toplift was also an excellent nurse, a faithful attendant, and was well skilled in the treatment of ordinary diseases. She was practiced in the use of the needle, and her hands had fashioned the quaint garments worn by her young charge after the style of those depicted in the portrait of the Lady Jasmine.

The governess, thus combining all necessary and desirable qualities, and possessing in addition a rare discretion, shared the secret of Almee's existence with her employers, and shared it alone.

With the exception of these three, no one on earth knew or suspected aught of the Lady Almee.

It was no wonder, then, that the poor young prisoner had pined for the sight of other faces, for the sound of other voices, for the fresh green fields she had never seen, for the woods of which she knew nothing except what she had read of, and for the flowers growing in the brown, damp earth, and giving forth fragrance and displaying varied beauty to the delighted senses.

As beautiful as all these, had been to her the sight of Lord Ashcroft. She had read a great deal, poetry and history, and had arrived at tolerably correct ideas of life and society. As might have been expected, she had beguiled her loneliness by sweet dreams of a brave, handsome lover, who would some time remove her from her prison, and take her out into the gay, glad world, where she might enjoy the pleasant breezes, the soft sunshine, the woods and the flowers.

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When Baby cries it is Nature's way of telling you that something is wrong—probably it is a question of food.

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VIROL

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"It cannot be, Almee," said her ladyship, resolutely. "But why not, mamma? Tell me, why not? I am not hideous or ill-formed. I like my looks better than those of the Lady Alexina." "Alexina!" exclaimed her ladyship. "Where did you ever see her?" The young prisoner looked up in surprise at the startled tones of her visitor, and answered:

"I saw her to-day in the yacht, through my glass. Can't you let me see her, mamma, and speak with her? Perhaps she would love me and be my friend."

"Do not love you, Almee, my beloved!" said Lady Egremont, with a remorseful tenderness, as she fondled the shining hair of the young girl. "You were rightly named 'beloved,' for papa and I both love you, and so does Dorcas."

"Then take me away from her—let me be free. I am like that pretty bird in a cage that I used to have, and it pined away and died. I feel almost as if I should die here, too."

"I wish you might!" muttered the countess, inaudibly.

The next moment she redoubled her caresses, with a sort of horror at her momentary thought.

"Will you not let me be free, mamma—not even to save my life?" asked the young girl, eagerly.

"I cannot—not even to save your life, Almee. You ask impossibilities!"

"Then what is to become of me? Must I remain concealed here until my hair grows like papa's, and must I die here? Will there never be any change for me?"

"Yes, child, you will soon have a change," answered the countess. "What is it to be?" cried the child, with hopeful accents.

"You looked out at the yacht to-day, Almee, and saw its occupants. Did you notice among them a tall, fair gentleman?"

"Lord Ashcroft?" "You know his name, then? Ah, I forgot to question you about your visit to his room;" and the countess spoke anxiously. "Did you enter his presence?"

"Yes, mamma." "Was he awake? Did he see you?" The maiden replied in the affirmative.

"Oh, this is terrible!" ejaculated the countess, wringing her hands. "I had not thought—Almee, tell me, did you speak to him?"

"No, I had not time," answered Almee, simply. "He looked at me and I looked at him, before I could speak. Dorcas came into the hall, and so I left him. He thought me the ghost of the Lady Jasmine. I know he did."

"It is well, then," said her visitor, recovering her calmness. "He will not see you again, and will soon forget having seen you at all."

"But what has he to do with the change that is coming to me?" "Much—everything. He is the lover of Lady Alexina, and will soon marry her. He will then be Lord of Egremont, and we shall go elsewhere. Of course, we cannot leave you behind us, Almee. The home to which we shall go will not have the advantage of haunted rooms, and papa and I feel that we must be freed from all apprehension of your discovery. So we have decided to put you into a convent, where you will be happy in the companionship of the holy sisters."

"But I will not go," declared Almee, with unexpected spirit. "I have been shut up enough. I will not go into a convent. I will escape, and appeal to Lionel."

The maiden's eyes fell before the stern, startled look of the countess. "Lionel?" repeated her ladyship. "A soft pink flush stole into the pure cheeks of the young prisoner, and her bosom rose and fell in a manner betokening extreme agitation.



Why Glasgow?

The newly-published "Dictionary of Place-names" has shed interesting light on the origin of the names of some of our cities and towns.

How many people know that Dublin is derived from dubh linn, meaning "black pool," or that Cork is a contraction of the old Gaelic word corcoch, which meant a swamp? Nottingham was once called Snottingham, the place of caves. Merthyr Tydfil was derived from the name of a Welsh chieftain's daughter who was put to death on a site that is now the centre of the busy mining town.

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New York Jury

FREES YOUNG WOMAN WHO SLAYED HUSBAND AFTER HE HAD BEATEN HER.

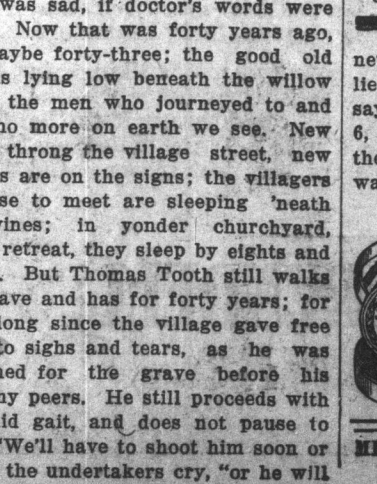
New York, Nov. 29.—(United Press)—Mrs. Antoinette Brishetti killed her husband last Thursday after he had beaten and choked her, and has been cleared of the charge by a grand jury which refused to indict her. Holding her three months old baby in her arms, Mrs. Brishetti told the grand jurymen a tale of numerous beatings, one of which destroyed her eyesight when in choking her, her husband ruptured a blood vessel in her left eye.

A week ago the husband announced he was going back to Italy. "If you and the baby want to come with me," Mrs. Brishetti said her husband told her "to go out on the street and earn some money."

When she pleaded with him to change his mind he beat her and she crept into the bedroom, got his revolver and shot him three times, and then called the police. Now freed of the murder charge, Mrs. Brishetti plans to remain here with her baby.

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DOOMED. The doctor looked at Thomas Tooth and said, "It grieves me sore to hand you out the ghastly truth but you can't live much more; within a year, O luckless youth, you'll reach the other shore." The news was broadcast through the grad, soon all the people knew; their hearts were aching for the lad whose trip would soon be through; his doom was sealed, his fate was sad. If doctor's words were true. Now that was forty years ago, or maybe forty-three; the good, old doc is lying low beneath the willow tree; the men who journeyed to and fro, no more on earth we see. Now faces throng the village street, new names are on the signs; the villagers we use to meet are sleeping 'neath the vines; in yonder churchyard, grim retreat, they sleep by eights and nines. But Thomas Tooth still walks the pave and has for forty years; for him long since the village gave free rein to sighs and tears, as he was destined for the grave before his healthy peers. He still proceeds with languid gait, and does not pause to die; "We'll have to shoot him soon or late," the undertakers cry, "or he will



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MURPHY'S GOOD THINGS

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TOYLAND



First Xmas Day For Little Tad's

Santa Claus has sent us a most pleasing lot of toys specially made for the little tots. Harmless, won't break easy, novel, and with lots of play in every one of them

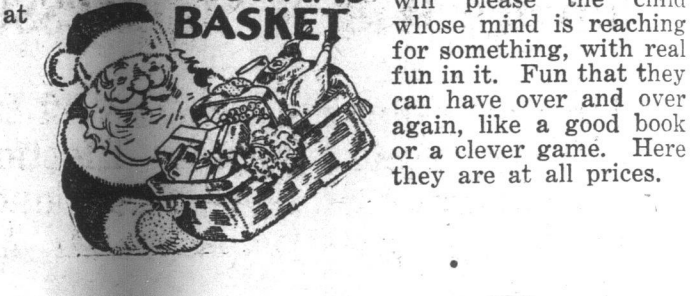
For a real thrill of pure joy, come in and see the younger folk both big and little as they wander through the wonderful land of toys that has sprung up in our great toy section. There you will find the most interesting of mechanical toys and sets as well as the laughable toys for tots, the most beautiful of dollies for girls to the rough and ready toys for boys' winter play. Everything you have in mind at just the price you want to pay.



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Books and games that will please the child whose mind is reaching for something, with real fun in it. Fun that they can have over and over again, like a good book or a clever game. Here they are at all prices.

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Beautiful styles and shades, made of the finest Canadian Wool, in Peacock.
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Popular style, White Canton Flannel with palm of No. 1 Muleskin.
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never fill a crate and in the boneyard lie." It is not safe for any dog to say, "This gent will croak on August 6, at 10 o'clock, or science is a joke;" the man thus doomed long years may walk o'er graves of younger folk.



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