

For Comfort Wear the famous **EASTERN CAP** with **Klinghose** INSIDE BAND Canada's National Headpiece

The Imprisoned Heiress

OR

The Spectre of Edremont.

CHAPTER III.

"Might it not belong to one of the servants or foresters?" suggested the Lady Alexina.

"A valuable suggestion, my dear! G. is the initial of George. What George is there at Edremont?" mused the earl, keeping his eyes upon the inscription, as if it might further enlighten him.

"What is the name of that young man, guardian, who lives near the Kays in the wood?" inquired the young heiress.

The earl reflected a moment; then his face lighted up, and he exclaimed:

"Alexina has guessed it. Her wit is always keener than mine. That forester's name is Gosman Kepp, and, now I think of it, he always carries a gun in his hand, and I don't doubt that this is the very one."

"The initials are certainly those of Gosman Kepp," said the earl. "I wonder we did not think of him at once."

"But Kepp could never have been his lordship's assailant," remarked the countess. "There is not a better forester or better-behaved man employed about Edremont."

"Appearances are sometimes deceptive," returned her husband, oracularly. "Kepp has served me well, has been orderly and brave, and never failed in his duty; but how can we know that his faithfulness was only a mere cloak to hide a heart of perjury?"

"I don't believe Kepp was the assassin, guardian, said the Lady Alexina, with sudden energy. "His past life ought to be reckoned in his favor. Surely, you will not condemn him unheard. He could have had no motive in assassinating his lordship."

She paused, with sudden and unwonted embarrassment, observing that Lord Ashcroft was regarding her with approbation for her defense of the forester.

Lyle Indor was looking at her, too, with a soft and gentle steadiness, as if he were surprised at her interest in her guest.

"Alexina is so tender-hearted!" said the earl. "She always defends the weak and the absent. But this time she is in the wrong. The gun is proof enough to convict Kepp."

"I think, my lord," observed Ashcroft, "that the plea of the Lady Alexina deserves attention. I have not yet

plunging back at the mansion, and then called, softly:

"Lyle, Lyle!"

As these words sounded upon the air, some one stirred, and then the form of Lyle Indor was visible.

"Lyle!" repeated the heiress, joyfully.

She glided along the edge of the cliff with a quick step, and soon stood by the side of the frank and boyish-looking nephew of Lady Egremont.

CHAPTER IV.

In the midst of Egremont Wood, upon one of the lesser avenues traversing the forest, stood the cottage of Donald Kay, the chief forester. It had been designed by the father of Lady Alexina, and was a picturesque ornament to the spot. It was simply a Swiss chalet, with some modifications appropriate to its present situation, and its verandas were entwined with ivy and a few vines, the latter being, however, now quite stripped of their leaves.

Donald Kay had lived within it for many years, and he frequently expressed a hope that there he might end his days, as his wife had already done. It was endeared to him by pleasant memories of his life, and there his only child had been born.

He had long been the chief forester, and had filled the post worthily, and gained the respect of all who knew him.

On the day subsequent to the arrival of Lady Egremont and Lord Ashcroft at Egremont, Donald Kay sat before a bright wood fire in the large kitchen of his pretty chalet, smoking his pipe.

He was a tall, stout man, with a muscular frame and iron sinews, although his hair and beard were as white as snow. His eyes were yet keen, and strangely contradicted the aged appearance caused by his hair, and his face was seamed with deep lines, which grief rather than years had traced.

His entire appearance was that of a man weighed down by a terrible sorrow or fear, which had produced upon him the effects of extreme age.

This sorrow was generally ascribed to the loss of his wife, whose death had occurred some fifteen years before, but the sorrow had existed long before her death—a fact not generally remembered.

Jean Kay had been a good wife and notable housekeeper, but she had not been a character to awaken such lasting regret in the heart of her husband. Yet, since her death, he had never offered her place to any other woman, and had shunned their companionship as if it had been a pestilence.

His only friends were his daughter and a young under-forester named Gosman Kepp, the one upon whom the suspicions of Lord Egremont had rested as the assailant of Lord Ashcroft on the previous day.

While the old man smoked his pipe in silent thoughtfulness, gazing abstractedly upon the ceiling, a pretty scene was transpiring behind him.

Near one of the windows, in a low chair, engaged in the unromantic employment of darning hose, sat the daughter of the forester, a demure look on her face. Gosman Kepp was seated beside her, looking at her with lover-like impatience.

"Answer me now, Jessy," he pleaded earnestly.

But Miss Jessy affected to be in a meditative mood, and apparently did not hear the words of her companion.

Not yet twenty, Jessy Kay was a bright, laughing creature, as wild as the fawns that lived in her native forest, and as gay and blithe as the birds that gathered about the chalet to eat the supply of crumbs she had at such times always in readiness for them.

No sorrow had ever darkened her young life, for at her mother's death she had been too young to feel her loss, and was wont to fill the cottage with the music of her voice and laughter, frequently beguiling her father from the sorrow over which he brooded so constantly.

In personal appearance she was a fair specimen of a Scotch maiden, being as pretty as a wild rose. In manner she was coquettish, delighting to torment Gosman Kepp, whom she knew loved her sincerely, to the very height of endurance.

Kepp was a tall and straight young man, with a plain, honest face, and a rough sincerity about him that pre-possessed one in his favor.

NO ESCAPE.

If we do wrong we have to pay, if not just now, some other day; if not in the accustomed shape, it cuts no ice, we can't escape; old Retribution will appear, perhaps next week, perhaps next year, and make us dig up all we owe, and show no novelties in woe. So when a catiff strews some glass along the pike where I must pass, and all my tires are running flat, I may be much incensed at that, but thoughts of vengeance do not mar my spirit while I view my car. If I beheld the scurvy knave who strewed the glass along the pike, I would not kick him with my toe, or call him down, for well I know that he'll be punished for his crime; the gods will swat him in good time. Sometime all things are evened up; the sinner drinks the bitter cup, perhaps for evil tricks he sprung long years ago when he was young. The delegate who spread the glass may thrive while many seasons pass; but Nemesis is on his trail, and soon or later will prevail. Some day his engine will break down when he is sixty miles from town, on some remote abandoned road, remote from any man's abode. The night is dark, it starts to rain; he's weeping by his busted wain; and from my airship, as I pass, I say, "Recall that broken glass!" I'll always wait and let the fates hand out revenge to erring skates.

WALT MATSON.

Pearline for Easy Washing.

Shelter in a Basement

It has been brought to the notice of the police that two men without home or friends were living in the basement of a house near the East End Fire Hall and their condition was such that it would not be unlikely if they were found dead. The police investigated the matter to-day and discovered that the men had for some time past obtained shelter by crawling under the basement. One was in such a condition that he was ashamed to venture out in the daytime, neither is he in a fit condition to work. What will be done with them has not been determined although the police are trying to have them looked after.

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Into a 16-oz. bottle, put 2½ ounces of Pinex; then add plain granulated sugar syrup to make 16 ounces. Or you can use clarified molasses, honey or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, this mixture saves about two-thirds of the money usually spent for cough preparations, and gives you a more readily effective remedy. It keeps perfectly, and tastes pleasant—children like it.

You can feel this take hold instantly, soothing and healing the membranes in all the air passages. It promptly loosens a dry, tight cough, and soon you will notice the phlegm thin out, and then disappear altogether. A day's use will usually break up an ordinary throat or chest cold, and it is also splendid for bronchitis, croup, hoarseness, and bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, the most reliable remedy for throat and chest ailments.

To avoid disappointment ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with directions and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction, or money refunded.

The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

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"Our little girl from birth was troubled with inflamed eyelids and in spite of several remedies, grew worse until at the age of sixteen months her eyes could not be opened after sleep without bleeding, a waxy discharge sticking the lids together and adhering with great tenacity. The child's grandmothers were consulted by mail, and both responded with a little sample box of Dr. Chase's Ointment. These were used as directed, and lasted until we could obtain a further supply from Edmonton. Improvement was very marked from the first application. The waxy discharge was easier removed and did not reappear. Inflammation subsided and has not returned."

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