

THE SITTING-ROOM

Anything Amiss?

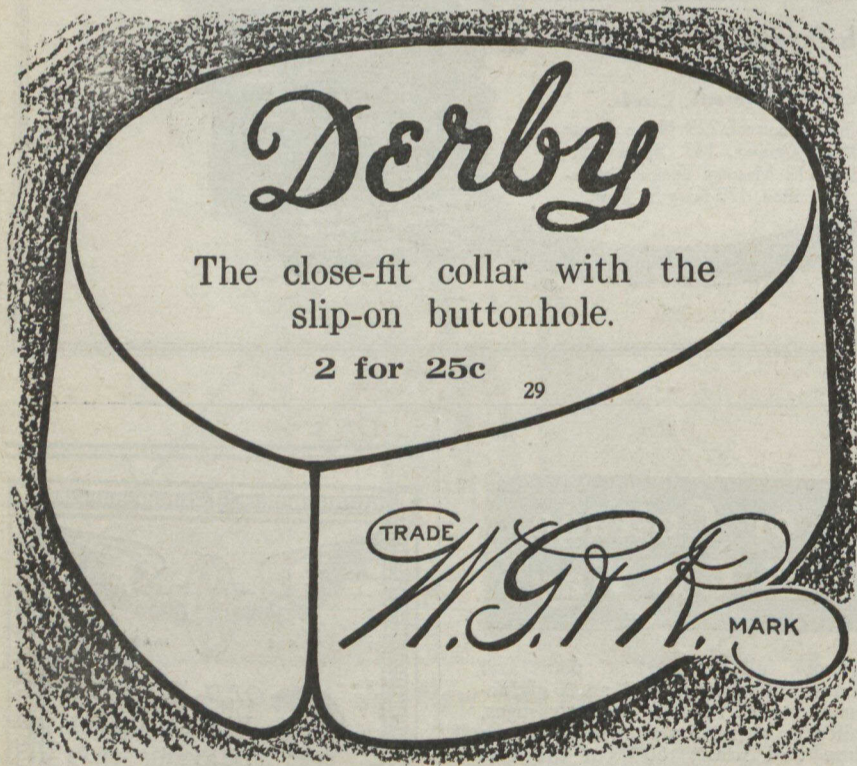
We refer to your sitting-room—the room you live in most—the “Show” room of your house!
Is the floor worn in places? The wainscoting scratched? Table and chair legs marred? Picture frames a little shabby?



will restore the original finish, and it is so easy to apply.
It dries over night, and is made in eight shades and clear. Also Silver and Gold, flat and gloss white and flat and gloss black.
It works wonders on any kind of wood.
Send for our booklet the “Dainty Decorator,” it gives you a better idea of what can be done with “Lacqueret.”
Cans contain full Imperial Measure. Don't accept a substitute!
Ask your dealer for Lacqueret.
Largest in the world, and first to establish definite standards of quality.

INTERNATIONAL VARNISH CO. Limited

TORONTO **WINNIPEG**
Largest in the world, and first to establish definite standards of quality.



BLOOD AND MUSCLE Wilson's Invalids' Port

[a la Quina du Perou]

Increases the quantity and quality of the blood and contains all the elements which serve to make muscle.

Owing to its palatability it is relished by people with the most delicate stomach.

Big Bottle

Ask YOUR Doctor



IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION THE "CANADIAN COURIER."

The room she saw when she had got used to the absence of light was neither very long nor very lofty, and the semi-darkness which reigned in it was caused by the fact that the two windows with which it was provided were filled with painted glass, which, she felt sure, from her South Kensington experience, must have been brought from some old church or abbey.

The room itself bore the strong impress of similar tastes to those which had inspired the choice of the windows. Tapestry, old and handsome, hung on the walls; quaintly carved chairs and cabinets, an old altar, and some ancient chests, all helped to give the apartment the appearance of belonging to someone deeply interested in old times and old treasures.

Edna's gaze travelled slowly round the walls until her attention was arrested by the fact that, at the end of the room where a wall divided this apartment from another one in the front of the house, there was a pair of massive wrought-iron gates, with gilt bosses, which stretched almost from wall to wall, and reached to within a couple of feet of the ceiling.

Behind these gates was the wall which separated this room from the next; but in the middle, near the top, there was an open space of perhaps five feet long and a foot wide, through which Edna could see a little light coming, and which she knew, therefore, must be a sort of window between the two rooms.

Nothing, however, could be seen of the room on the other side, as a sort of blind of some thin stuff covered the space.

Edna examined this wall in vain for any sign of a door; the magnificent gates, indeed, left no space for one, and there appeared to be no way of going from the one room to the other.

She had noted all these things when the butler's voice startled her.

"Would you be so kind as to take a seat, ma'am, and to sing any of these songs you please," said he, as he produced from one of the old chests against the wall a second old song book, much like the one from which Edna had sung the night before; and handing it to her with great solemnity, he brought forward a lofty, old, carved Spanish chair, placed it facing the great gates, and withdrew from the room by the way they had both come.

THE circumstances in which she was expected to sing filled Edna with amazement and a sort of vague alarm. To have to lift up her voice in this darkened room, and to sing her songs unaccompanied and without any more encouragement than she had had before, seemed to her a terrible thing.

The light, too, was so bad that it was only with difficulty that she was able to make out either the words or the notes on the yellow old pages of the song book. But, remembering that all this was but part of her duty, which she was bound to fulfil as best she could, she steadied herself, threw one more frightened, pleading glance up in the direction of the veiled window behind the iron gates, and, finding a ballad she knew well, began, in a trembling little voice, to sing.

She had scarcely, however, finished the first verse, singing very nervously, and not by any means well, when the swelling notes of an organ struck upon her ear, and, startled, she seized the arms of the magnificent chair in which she was seated, and, leaning forward, listened with quick-coming breath while the instrument pealed out the melody which she had been trying to render. At the end the organ stopped.

There was one moment of breathless excitement, of fear and hesitation. And then, realizing what was expected of her, Edna, with a little more courage, began again.

Her heart swelled with triumph, and she could almost have cried aloud for joy, when the sequel proved that she had guessed aright.

Instead of playing the melody again, the unseen organist played the accompaniment to her song, verse by verse, with variations suggesting the musician of experience and taste, and wound up by a swelling and brilliant finale.

Then there was another pause. Wishing, oh, so keenly, that she dared address some words to the unseen player,

but far too nervous and shy to do so, Edna wondered what she should do next, and decided that she could not do otherwise than she had previously done.

So once more she sang a verse of a song, and this time the unseen musician did as he had done before, and played the melody after her, thus helping her to find the right key, which in her nervousness and comparative inexperience she was unable to do unaided.

This second song ended, however, Edna grew bolder. And, before beginning the third, she announced boldly the name of the ballad she was going to attempt. There was a moment's pause, and the musician played the opening bars, and thus aided she was able to take it up at once and to sing it through without so much preliminary trouble.

And so an hour passed, she giving herself a little rest while the mysterious organist played variations which showed her that he was a practiced player.

AT the end of the hour the door opened, and Revesby, as if he had been a clock-work toy wound up to move when the clock struck, came in and said:

"His Lordship is much obliged to you, ma'am, and will not trouble you again till this afternoon, when he will be delighted if you will favour him by trying the organ in the hall."

Hoping that Lord Lockington was still within hearing—if indeed it was the Viscount who had been playing—she gathered up her courage and said:

"I shall be very happy to do my best. But I don't play the organ properly, and I hope his Lordship will be very indulgent."

As she ended she instinctively turned her eyes towards the window in the wall, hoping that some word of encouragement might be vouchsafed to her.

But no word was uttered by anyone but the butler, who said: "I'll take your message, ma'am."

And then he stood aside for her to pass out of the room into the dark passage where the electric light was burning.

Preceding her solemnly down this corridor, after having locked the door of the room in which she had sung, and taken away the key, Revesby opened the door at the other end, and ushered her out. Then he relocked this door also, and put the key in his pocket, while Edna, blinking in the broad light of day, made her way, shivering a little, though not with cold, across the hall.

Was it Lord Lockington whom she had heard at the organ? She could not tell. It might have been the village organist, who had been, as she knew, to the Hall on previous occasions, and whom the Viscount had dismissed on account of his grotesque attitudes.

But she had an idea that the standard of playing which she had heard was above that of most village organists, and on the whole she inclined to think that it was Lord Lockington himself who had accompanied her songs.

But in that case, how had he communicated with the butler when he wished her to leave off singing? There had been no break or pause in the playing. The moment the organ finally ceased, the door from the corridor had opened like clockwork, and Revesby had appeared with his message.

It was, however, hopeless to try to piece out any of the various puzzles presented to her mind; and Edna, with a sigh, gave up the attempt, and retired to her own sitting room, from which she was summoned, about half an hour later, by the luncheon bell.

This, the second meal which she had eaten in the state of the great dining hall, was served in the same way as the dinner on the previous evening, except that one footman, instead of two, was in attendance.

Not once did Revesby omit, at any of the repasts she thus solemnly enjoyed alone in the lofty hall, to ask her, decanter in hand, whether she would take the various wines he offered. She always declined, as she drank only water, but she wondered what became of the long array of full decanters, and whether the men-servants emptied them out of pure courtesy to a lady, lest she should be offered on the following day wine that had already been decanted some hours; or whether it was the same wine that was regularly produced.

(To be continued.)