

Confidence in even quality has made many friends for Chase & Sanborn's Coffee.

ALL GROCERS

80

The Ghost of Lochrain Castle

OR THE UNDERGROUND SYNDICATE.

BY MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON.

Author of "The Lightning Conductor" "Princess Passes," Etc.

"My chauffeur has had a slight accident, it seems," said Kenrith, as the two girls in motor veils and coats appeared at the door. "He has hurt his hand and can't drive, so I am going to take you myself. You needn't be frightened. On the whole I think I may say, without conceit, I'm the better driver of the two."

He put the two girls together in the tonneau of the car, which was a fine one of the latest type, 60-horsepower. Having started the motor he took his place in the chauffeur's seat, and in another instant they were spinning away down the long winding avenue which led away from the castle and through the park. They had not gone far when they came in sight of Mr. Trowbridge walking leisurely toward the hotel. He looked up, saw the car, with Kenrith driving, and quickly his eyes flashed over the other occupants.

Neither of the girls wore veils heavy enough to disguise their features; they

both bowed. Lady Hilary rather coldly and mechanically. Trowbridge snatched off his Panama. But seeing Lady Hilary in the car, instead of smiling in greeting, he grew ghastly pale, and turning, shouted after the motor as it flew by him.

Elspeth caught the look of horror on his face, which reminded her of the expression she had seen Countess Radepolski wear when told that she Elspeth, was going motoring in Mr. Kenrith's car. A chill crept through her veins, and she wondered greatly; but neither she nor her two companions heard Trowbridge shouting, "Stop—stop!" In the distance a dog-cart was coming up the avenue, and Kenrith was loudly sounding a warning, so that the voice of the man who had turned to run after them was lost in the shrill noise of the horn.

The car passed the dog-cart and sped on, passing through the park gates, and out into the public road.

"I thought of taking you to see the ruins of the old castle of Lochrain," said Kenrith over his shoulder. "It will be a good spin, and there's a little inn close by where they will give us tea. Oxford and I have been there once or twice."

The girls answered that that would be delightful, and Hilary began to tell Elspeth something of the history of the ruin they would see—an old stronghold destroyed in the days of Mary Stuart. But Elspeth scarcely heard the story, which would have held her interest at any other time. She had looked forward intensely to this afternoon's pleasure given her by Kenrith, and enjoyed with him so near her; but now that the experience had begun, it was spoiled for her by the strange thoughts which would come into her head. Why had the Countess looked so startled on hearing that she was to be in the car? Why had she tried to dissuade her from going, and only ceased her arguments when told that if Elspeth stayed at home, Lady Hilary would not be obliged to do so, too? Why had she laughed as if in amusement because Captain Oxford was not to be of the party, and why had she seemed almost savage pleased to know that Lady Hilary would be in his place?

"The Countess doesn't like Lady Hilary," Elspeth said to herself. "She cares for Mr. Trowbridge, and has the air of considering him her property. Now, he has fallen in love with Lady Hilary. Any one can see that—indeed, every one does see it, and talks about it. Much to Lady Hilary's disgust, especially as her mother encourages him, because he is supposed to be so tremendously rich. I believe the Countess would be glad to have some harm come to Lady Hilary. She's a foreigner, and a strange, passionate creature, capable of evil, I believe. If it were to further her own ends or injure an enemy. Perhaps it is horrid of me to think that, as she is so kind, and seems to have taken such a fancy to me, yet I can't help feeling it's true about her. But even if she would like to harm that sweet girl, why should she have been so pleased to know Lady Hilary was going motoring with Mr. Kenrith? I suppose it must have been because she knew that now she'd be sure to have Mr. Trowbridge to herself, even if he had planned to be with Lady Hilary. That must be it. She must have known he had some idea to propose to her to be in Lady Hilary's society, and that would perhaps be enough to account for the look on his face when he saw Lady Hilary in the car just now. And yet—and yet it was more than a look of disappointment. It was actual horror. And then, the chauffeur's accident? Was that a coincidence or—something more strange? What can it all mean? Or does it mean nothing, except that my imagination has grown morbid, and is given to conjuring up sensational things?"

A voice within herself seemed to answer Elspeth's forebodings with a warning. A vague depression fell upon her. She felt a sense of responsibility, as if she ought to say something, do something, while there was time to prevent a calamity. Still, she kept silence. Mr. Kenrith would only think her foolish and cowardly if she said: "Please stop the motor. Because Countess Radepolski didn't want me to come out with you, and because Mr. Trowbridge looked distressed at seeing Lady Hilary in the car, I have a presentiment that something dreadful is going to happen." Perhaps everyone feels much the same when they are motoring for the first time," she told herself. "I have the idea that I should be glorying in it if it hadn't been for the Countess and Mr. Trowbridge; but maybe I shouldn't. Maybe this is only part of the experience." Just at that instant Kenrith half turned his head for a second to ask: "How do you like it, Miss Dean?" Then Elspeth felt that not for any-

thing in the world would she have said "Yes." "I think it glorious," she answered bravely, though still the inward monitor whispered: "Tell him to stop the car. Tell him to stop the car."

Now they were coming to a steep and winding descent, and all Kenrith's attention was needed for his driving. He spoke no more, and the girls were at liberty to be silent or talk together. "You don't look very happy," Hilary said. "I believe you are terrified, after all. As for me, I don't think I should much care, provided I had only myself to think of. If Mr. Kenrith drove straight into that wall of rock just ahead."

"How can you say that!" exclaimed Elspeth. "You, who are so beautiful and young, and so much loved—you have everything of the best that life can give."

"How little you know," answered Hilary bitterly. "What good does it do one to be young, if one has nothing to hope for, of joy in the future? What good to be loved, if one can't hope to spend one's days with those one cares for most?"

"There's always hope," replied Elspeth, "until one is old."

"I feel old, though I'm not twenty yet," Hilary said. "I know I oughtn't to talk in this way to anyone, but I am so miserable, and if it were not for you, I should have no one to confide in. I should really be glad to die, unless—unless—"

"Unless what?"

"Oh, unless I could suddenly come into a lot of money, or find a few jewels like Mr. Kenrith's, which he showed us the other day. Then—then everything would be different."

"Are things worse than you have told me before?" asked Elspeth, sympathetically.

"A thousand times worse, if that could be possible. Mother and I are in dreadful difficulties. I don't know what is going to become of us. Any day—any hour—the most awful disgrace may fall upon our heads, and we shall be ruined forever."

"Can nothing be done?" implored Elspeth, forgetting all her own anxieties.

"I could do something—something I would far rather die than do."

"You mean—"

"I see you've guessed."

"May I speak out?"

"Yes. We're friends. You have done so much for me. Oh, you can't help me now—except in sympathy. But that's a great deal, when a girl is as wretched as I am."

"Your mother wants you to marry some rich man."

"That would be nothing new. She brought me up for that. Once I didn't mind the thought so much, when I cared for no one in particular; and when it was only an abstract idea. But now, mother insists that it is my duty to say yes, at once, to a certain man."

"Mr. Trowbridge! Has he spoken already?"

"Last night he spoke to mother. She likes him tremendously. He told her all about this—these circumstances. He is very rich and he is good as told her that, if he once had my promise, he would help her in any way."

"You won't give it to him? You can't!" exclaimed Elspeth.

"I don't know what I shall do. I'm afraid—I must. There seems no alternative. Oh, I would beg or steal, I believe, if I could only get the money which could save us in some other way."

Elspeth would have answered, would have tried to hide the great heartache, and wait upon events, when suddenly the car swerved; there was a grinding crash of wood, a sensation, as if a wheel were giving way, an instant of cold fear with no desire to scream, and then—a cessation of everything. The motor stopped for her.

"Is this death? Have I died, and solved the great mystery? Am I on the threshold of a new life? Slowly, feebly, the words formed themselves in Elspeth's brain.

She was conscious of no suffering; she scarcely remembered what she had passed through, yet the impression of some tremendous experience just undergone floated dimly through her mind. Either her eyes were open, and she saw nothing but a soft green and golden light changing and pulsing, else it was an illusion, a waking dream.

"I must have died, for I seem to have no body," she told herself, "but what has happened and what is coming next?"

Then, with a flash, she remembered. Perhaps she was dead; but if she were, the last thing she had done in life was to be in a motor car with Mr. Kenrith and Lady Hilary Vane. There had been an accident. If all had been killed, it was her fault, for she had had a warning, and refused to listen. The thought that John Kenrith was dead, and that she might have saved him, made her conscious that she had still a heart to beat, still a body with warm blood to flow fast through throbbing veins. An ugly aching made itself felt in the back of her head, and she knew that the great mystery was still unsolved for her. She was alive, and lying on the ground somewhere by the roadside. The green and golden light was that of the afternoon sun playing among tall fronds of bracken which spread above her like an emerald roof.

"I must find him—I must find Lady Hilary," she whispered brokenly, half aloud, and was glad of the sound of her own voice in the silence, which was like a tragic assent to her fears.

Painfully she sat up, and would have thanked Heaven that she had the use of her limbs, if she thought of herself at all now. Her head ached horribly, and she felt bruised and shaken, but there was no unbearable pain to recall her attention sharply to her own needs. She scrambled to her feet, swaying giddily for a moment, with her sky and treetops whirling before her eyes, but in a few seconds she was able to walk, though rather unsteadily, and pushing her way through the bracken, crushed by her fall, she came out upon the road, and almost upon Hilary Vane, who was kneeling beside John Kenrith.

As she knelt there in the dust the girl's back was turned toward Elspeth, and she was so absorbed in what she was doing that she did not hear the rustling of the tall bracken. She had opened the coat of the unconscious man, who was lying close to the big, broken motor car, with his face stained with blood. Bending her little hands were searching, searching for something, and her whole heart was in the work.

[To be Continued.]

LYNX MIXES IT UP

Enraged Animal Leaps at Man Whose Trap Had Caught It.

Westminster, Vt., Feb. 6.—George Blanchard, of Putney, caught a big bay lynx in a trap this week, but he didn't succeed in killing the animal until after he had experienced considerable difficulty.

Mr. Blanchard set the trap, a steel spring affair, for skunks, and when he made his morning round up missed it. Tracks in the snow indicated that the jaws had snapped on the leg of a lynx and the farmer set out to follow the trail. He had no gun with him, but thought to locate the animal and then return for his rifle. As the woods were thick and full of second-growth scrub he believed the lynx would be found tethered by the chain. In this he was disappointed.

He had not gone far before the tracks led to a clump of small spruces, and Mr. Blanchard was cautiously peering under the low, spreading branches when he heard a chain rattle over his head. At the same instant he was aware of a movement in the thick growth just above him.

Glancing up he saw a bay lynx, with a trap attached to one of his hind legs, glaring at him and preparing to jump. He was, in fact, already leaving the limb, and the farmer had barely time to sidestep before the snarling animal hit the ground.

About ten feet away lay a stick a dozen feet long and about twice the girth of a fishpole, and seizing this Mr. Blanchard used it to repel a vicious attack. The lynx was handicapped by the trap, and when he leaped for his throat the man threw him to the snow. Next instant he jabbed him in the stomach, knocking the wind completely out of him. This was a fortunate thrust and probably saved Mr. Blanchard from severe laceration, for before the lynx could recover his breath he beat out his brains. The animal weighed 30 pounds.

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"You mean—"

"I see you've guessed."

"May I speak out?"

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Always the Best of Everything for the Least Money.

Greatest Bargains You Ever Had the Chance to Snap Up In Silk Underskirts. \$6.00 Values, Saturday, 9 a. m., \$2.98

One of the most surprising offers in Silk Underskirts that ever came our way was made to us last week. Of course, we snapped it up immediately. And, instead of pricing these at what they would be worth regularly, we have decided to share the extraordinary saving with you.

There are only 65 in the lot. Sizes 38, 40 and 42. They are in cream and pink principally—very few brown and gray. Indeed, if there had been a complete color range, the owners would never have willingly made such a sacrifice.

The quality of the taffeta is good, firm and durable. The skirts have a stylish, full sweep. Have three shaped frills, nicely shirred.

It is difficult to get a "good" silk undershirt cheaper than \$5 anywhere in town—and when we are offering you the regular \$6 kind for \$2.98 it's worth your while buying at least a couple anyway. Sale starts sharp at 9 o'clock Saturday morning, so be on time..... **\$2.98**

\$3 Silk Moirette Underskirts, \$2.50

These were also bought at a specially low figure or we wouldn't be offering you this big inducement. They have a 16-inch knife-pleated flounce, finished with frill. Shaped band at top. Up to now this identical style of skirt has been sold at \$3. Our special price tomorrow..... **\$2.50**

150 Dundas and Carling **GRAY & PARKER** 150 Dundas and Carling

LITERARY NOTES.

"Hymns and Their Stories," by J. G. Hodgins, M.A., LL.D., is a beautifully-printed booklet, containing a number of the choicest hymns in the language. (Toronto: Methodist Book Room, price 25 cents.)

The third number of the Telephone Age, a new monthly journal, inaugurated to further the popular telephone movement in Canada, has a very interesting article by Mr. A. E. Dobbs in which the writer deals with "Some Independent Mistakes, and Their Lessons for Canada." The topic is a live one for Canadians. (Publishers, Biggar-Wilson Company, Toronto.)

"Success in Life," by Emil Reich, whose "Success Among Nations" was much read and talked about last year, is announced for early issue by Duffield & Co., publishers, New York. As the title indicates, the new volume deals with individuals instead of countries, and is more a book of helpful suggestions to the man in the street than of philosophical reflections.

Dr. Leydston, well known as the author of "The Diseases of Society," has lately issued from the press of the Monarch Book Company, of Chicago, his latest success, "Poker Jim, and Other Tales." "Poker Jim" is a story of the old mining days of California. It brings vividly to mind the quaint and heroic characters of the early days of placer mining on the coast. Among the other tales is one of more than passing interest, "A Great City's Shame," which gives a delineation of the horrors of the Iroquois Theater fire by an eye-witness.

The February Canadian Magazine contains an interesting article by Professor Goldwin Smith entitled "The Stage of Former Days." Professor Smith gives an appreciation of players who have long gone from the scene, and he advocates the endowment of theaters as powerful organs of culture. Ten reproductions of old engravings accompanying the article, which forms a valuable contribution to the history of the drama, number contains also eleven other articles, nine of which are illustrated. There are five short stories, one by Mr. A. R. Canham.

In Scribner's for February, Gen. Alexander's account of "The Movement Against Petersburg," again shows him to be a masterly military critic. "Hunting the Great Alaskan Bear" is described by Andrew J. Stone. The short stories, all of them illustrated, are "A Cloth" by Thomas Nelson Page; "His Other Engagement," by Henry Van Dyke; "The Aide-de-Camp," by Mary R. S. Andrews; "Chinapods," by A. M. Davies Ogden; and "The Lady Rowena," by Robert MacLarny. Scribner's, now in its 21st year, has always been beautifully illustrated and has for years furnished the standard for color printing.

The Century's interesting series of "Heroes of Fiction" is continued in the February number with a reproduction in color of Sigismund de Ivanov's portrait of Jane Eyre, a rarely satisfying and sympathetic conception of the character. There is also a timely color page from C. D. Hubbard, "The Valentine." Fiction aside, the number devotes most of its pages to Lincoln, Washington and Longfellow interests, with reminiscences of "The Washington-Craigie-Longfellow House," by Francis LeBaron; Professor W. M. Sloane's memories of an interview with von Moltke; Bishop Potter's description of "The Graves of Three Washingtons," and "A French Officer With Washington and Rochambeau."

Dr. Edward Everett Hale, in the "Woman's Home Companion," gives a characteristic view of clubwomen and what they should do for their country's benefit. "The Club Man and the Club Woman" is discussed by Gertrude Atherton. Other articles are "The Millionaire Woman of Yesterday and Today," by "My Inherited Maid," "The Transformation of Kate," "The Sacred Fire," and "Jerry Junior." In their various departments, Grace Margaret Gould, Anna Steese Richardson, Mrs. Sangster and Fannie Merritt Farmer offer many valuable hints to women.

Trifles Make Perfection But Perfection Is No Trifle

It is by the most careful attention to every trifling detail in the milling of "FIVE ROSES" FLOUR that we have been able to bring this brand up to its present state of perfection, and are able to maintain it.

Every single bushel of grain which enters our mills, every single bag and barrel of flour which leaves them, is tested and re-tested at every stage of the milling, in order to insure the absolute purity and uniformity for which "FIVE ROSES" FLOUR is noted the world over.

This attention to trifles is costly, but it enables us to maintain a reputation for perfection, which is no trifle, and users of "FIVE ROSES" can rely upon getting the "flour of perfect quality" for all household use.

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Lake of The Woods Milling Co.
MONTREAL. Limit 1.
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LAMBTON LIBERALS

Sarnia, Feb. 7.—At the recent meeting of the Young Liberal Club of Sarnia and Point Edward, President R. E. Towers occupied the chair and opened the meeting with a spirited address, at the conclusion of which nominations were held for the offices for the present year.

F. E. Pardee, M. P., and John Cowan, were elected honorary presidents, John R. McAlpine was elected president, Dr. Henderson, Malcolm Mackenzie and Charles Heffron were nominated for vice-presidents; Edwin F. Goodison and E. P. Bucks, for secretary; Chester H. Belton, Ed Symington and John D. Mills for treasurer.

B. C. Covery and J. E. Mitchell were elected to the executive committee from Point Edward.

The following were nominated to the executive committee from Sarnia town, two to be elected from each ward: Ward 1—Wm. A. Saurwein, W. D. Griffin, Ed Symington, Malcolm Mackenzie and R. J. Towers. Ward 2—Harold Watson, John Fuller, E. T. Bucke, Gordon Wood, Arthur Parsons, K. G. Johnston and W. E. Knight. Ward 3—J. D. Mills, Patrick Tobin, Wm. Adams, John Garrett, Wm. Doherty and Dr. Henderson. Ward 4—Wm. Green, John Farquharson, Chas. Cowley, W. A. Kirkwood and James Wanless.

The election booth is to be open from 7:30 p.m. to 9 p.m. on Monday, Feb. 11, for election of officers.

RELiance BAKING POWDER

MAKES COOKS HAPPY

A trial will convince every housewife in Canada that "Reliance Baking Powder" is far superior to any other she has ever used. It is prepared from the best and purest materials that money can buy, under the direction of an expert manufacturing chemist, therefore we are able to sell it on a Cash Guarantee of Satisfaction. In order to introduce "Reliance Baking Powder" we are making wonderfully attractive premium offers to Boys and Girls. If interested drop us a postal.

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To any user of baking powder we will gladly send, absolutely free, postage prepaid, a set of four of our latest edition of picture post cards, lithographed in brilliant colors. Simply write us, answering the following questions:

1st. Name your Grocer. 2nd. Name this Paper.

International Food Company, Toronto, Canada.
"Ask for the Purple Package."

Lay the foundation of good health by giving your children

COWAN'S PERFECTION COCOA
(MAPLE LEAF LABEL)

The Purest and Best Cocoa in the world.

THE COWAN CO., Ltd., TORONTO

Advertiser Patterns

DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.



A CHIC COAT SUIT—4145.

The new coat suits for girls in their teens are most attractive, and are to be seen in great variety. One which is a bit out of the ordinary in style and decidedly smart is shown, and the home dressmaker will find it well suited to her handling. The coat is nearly box in shape, having a seam at center of the back and one under each arm, which are but slightly shaped. The fronts open several inches to reveal a most original little vest effect in lighter cloth. The collar is one of the double ones, which stands close to the neck in military style. The sleeves are in three-quarter length, and very pretty, with their deep turn-back cuffs and narrow tucks. The skirt is an eight-inch, box-pleated one, attached neatly below the hips, and rippling prettily about the feet. Serge, Panama, cheviot, or any other seasonable fabric might develop the suit. The medium size calls for 5 yards of 56-inch material.

4145—Sizes, 14, 15, 16, 17 years.

The price of this pattern is 10 cents.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THIS ADVERTISER.

Please send the above-mentioned pattern, as per directions given below.

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