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ALL GROCERS

The Ghost of Lochrain Castle

OR THE UNDERGROUND SYNDICATE.

BY MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON.

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

CHAPTER VIII.

An Amateur Detective.

Number 33 was a small and commonplace room, such as might have been given to a lady's maid, and Elspeth reflected, when she saw it, that Mr. McGowan would not have offered it to her had she not been going to leave his employ. Now, it did not matter to him whether she was satisfied or not at Lochrain Castle; she would have to stay on through her fortnight, and then some other girl would arrive to take her place, to be treated with all the kindness and consideration that had been hers at first.

But, after all, she said to herself, such unimportant things mattered no more to her now than they did to Mr. McGowan. She was unhappy both for herself and for Lady Hilary Vane that little details of physical comfort were too insignificant to be thought of twice.

She was miserable because she was going to be turned out into the world again, where she would be worse off than ever, because she had failed—of it she had not really failed, it was the same as if she had. She was miserable because she knew that she had been foolish enough to fall deeply in love with a man as far removed from

Advertiser Patterns

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A PRACTICAL WORK APRON—6863.

A very practical apron which is popular with housewives everywhere is given here for the benefit of our readers. The apron is fitted by means of gussets, which extend the entire length, and afford the wearer a trim appearance. Two generous pockets are placed conveniently at the sides of the front, and are found indispensable for holding the necessities of the housewife. The apron may be made of any fabric of durable texture, percale, gingham, searsucker and crash being much used. For the medium size 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material are needed.

6863—Sizes, 32 to 42 inches, bust measure.

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

Name

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Measurement: Bust..... Waist.....

Age (if child's or misses' pattern)

CAUTION—Be careful to inclose above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is bust measure you need only mark 22, 24, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure, representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years." Patterns cannot reach you in less than one week from the date of order. The price of each pattern is 10 cents in cash or in postage stamps.

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PATTERN DEPARTMENT, ADVERTISER, LONDON, ONT.

her as the sky is from the earth—a man who thought of her, when he thought of her at all, as a clever child in a different class from her own, a poor little creature to whom one must be kind out of sheer pity for her loneliness. She was miserable because that man would perhaps marry Lady Hilary, who was doing all she could to secure him, and who—if she succeeded—would sooner or later induce her lover to believe the young stenographer a scheming pretender.

These were Elspeth's own personal griefs, but she had others. She was very sorry for Captain Oxford, whom she liked and admired, and whose cause she would have championed if she could. She was wretched in sympathy with Lady Hilary, who would probably be forced into accepting a man she did not love; and she feared much that her friend was still in danger from the secret plottings of two jealous women.

As for the letter which Hilary had asked her to give Mr. Trowbridge, she had not handed it to him during their short conversation in the morning, and when several hours had passed without her seeing him again, she had inclosed the letter in an explanatory note and returned it to Lady Hilary. What had happened since—whether the note had been sent once more; whether the girl had given her answer by word of mouth instead of writing, or whether the question was still in abeyance, Elspeth did not know, for she had heard nothing.

None of her regular work went on that day, except with Mr. McGowan; for she was informed by him that neither Mr. Kenneth nor Captain Oxford would need her services, and she could not guess whether this was because of her disgrace or because the theft of Mr. Kenneth's jewels had upset the ordinary routine.

Later, when the time came for her to go to Lady Ardcliffe, she was informed that she would not be wanted that afternoon; therefore she would have been idle during most of the day, had not Mr. McGowan had plenty of work to give her in the office to replace that which she usually undertook outside.

Altogether, she was in a strange state of mind—a state which she could not endure very long. Toward evening, as she tried to make the ugly new room habitable, she decided that she would pay a secret visit to the tower that night, and discover, if she could, the reason for her banishment. She knew nothing of Lord Lochrain, and could not suppose that he had any connection with the mysterious occurrences of the tower; indeed he had not been in the hotel when they had taken place. But she believed that his desire to have the room was only an excuse to get out of it.

Perhaps it was really to be given to him, perhaps not. Perhaps it would not be occupied at all, at any rate immediately; but one thing Elspeth was obstinately certain. Something was to happen in that room, at all events in the tower, that very night, or she would not have moved out so hurriedly.

Elspeth did not even say to herself that, if she were not right in her surmises, it was nothing to her. She had come to have the idea—though but dimly and vaguely—that many mysteries were moving shadow-like about the hotel, and that all these dark shapes were controlled by one hand, perhaps aided by others; but somehow there was a connection between all the gliding shadows.

Kenrith was concerned, if the motor car accident was a part of the plot. Captain Oxford was concerned; Lady Hilary was concerned; and behind the veil which was impenetrable still, Elspeth seemed to see Trowbridge and Radepolski. Maybe, after tonight that veil would not be impenetrable. In any case the girl resolved to do her best, even if she risked much to find out what was on the other side.

Elspeth remained in her room all the evening, as she had remained in the old one; but she did not go to bed at the usual hour. She sat up, trying to read, and once in a while glancing at the stairs and faded sketch of the boy in old-fashioned clothes, which she had brought away from the other room, between the pages in a book of her own.

The face was so like Captain Oxford's that she half-intended to show it to him some day, and though she did not wish and had no right to take it with her out of the house when she left Lochrain Castle, she had been disinclined to leave it in its old place. If she did so, and the tower room was really occupied, she could not get the sketch if she should make up her mind to let Captain Oxford see it.

The guests of the Hydro, those who were there for pleasure, as well as those who were there for health, went to bed early, and by midnight, unless there were a dance or theatricals, the great house was quiet, the hall and drawing-rooms deserted, even by the men. Elspeth knew this, and so when the half hour after midnight had well passed, she opened her door and looked out.

The dimly-lighted corridor was silent as a grave. Even the man who

collected the boots had come and gone, and would not return till early morning. She tip-toed downstairs, and was not disturbed by a sound. On the ground there was a grandfather clock solemnly ticking, and the hands pointed to the quarter before one. Elspeth told herself that she was safe now. She would meet nobody—unless some person wandering for as strange a reason as her own.

To go from this part of the house to the tower where Elspeth had lived, it was necessary to pass the doors of Mr. Kenneth's and Captain Oxford's rooms. They were in the same corridor, just beyond which was the entrance to the tower; and their corridor could be shut off from a small, square hall (on which several private sitting-rooms opened) by a heavy, sliding door.

This door Elspeth had never seen closed, and so far as her knowledge extended, it was never closed by night or day; but now, to her astonishment, it was shut.

"It is sure to squeak and wake somebody up," the girl thought ruefully, as she tried cautiously to push the door back. But for some time she tried in vain, and it was only when she discovered an odd, old-fashioned catch, which held down the latch as she tried to turn the handle, that she was able to open the door.

"Supposing anyone on the other side had wanted to come through," she said to herself, "he could not have got out of the corridor this way." And then the thought sprang into her mind that the closed and locked door was perhaps part of the mystery she was hoping to unravel.

The idea frightened her, as it made the plot—whatever it was—appear so elaborate and formidable, she felt that the elucidation might prove to be beyond her powers, or that she might be destroyed in the attempt she was about to make.

Still, she persevered, and slowly pushed back the sliding door, which, so far from being closed, was only smoothly along its groove that Elspeth wondered if it had not been lately oiled.

As the door slid back a wave of acrid smoke rushed into the girl's face. She could see no light in the corridor, except a dim yellow gleam faintly visible through a thick brown smoke cloud.

Instantly the tears started to her smarting eyes, and she kept herself from coughing only by covering her mouth and nose with a handkerchief. "Something on fire here," she said to herself, and with a start of terror, her thoughts turned to Mr. Kenneth. His room was in the corridor. What if it should be burned? What if he slept? What if the same person who had stolen the jewels wished him now to die by fire?

Her eyes and lungs stinging with the acrid smoke, Elspeth felt her way down the corridor, and was about to stop before Mr. Kenneth's door when she saw a red light glimmering through the keyhole opposite.

"Captain Oxford's room!" the girl gasped, "it's on fire."

For a few seconds she lost her presence of mind, and ran to the door of the tower, knowing what she did. But the fact that this door was locked as the other had been, recalled Elspeth to herself. Never had it been locked before; never had it been shut. It could not be that both these doors were closed tonight by accident; that this was a mere coincidence. No, they had been locked for a purpose, and that purpose could be no other than to prevent the escape of someone whose person who had kindled that red light had locked the doors as well; and the person who had thus planned the destruction of Captain Oxford had attempted his life once before.

All these thoughts flashed through the girl's brain in a fraction of a moment, which carried her back from the tower door to the door behind which the red light flickered. There, she bent upon the panel, shrieking, "Fire! Fire!" and crying Captain Oxford's name.

No sound came in answer, though again and again Elspeth rained blows on the heavy oak; and she turned to Kenneth's door on the opposite side of the hall. There was no red light there and Kenneth was not in the deadly peril which threatened his friend. If she could wake him he would be safe from peril afterward, and would help her rouse Captain Oxford.

With all her force she struck upon the door, calling, "Mr. Kenneth—Mr. Kenneth!" But there was no movement, no reply.

"Have they been murdered already?" she asked herself, trembling with horror now. "No, it can't be. The heavy smoke of the fire has dragged them, I must and the night watchman and get him to break the doors in. It's a wonder he or some one else hasn't heard me before."

She turned to turn toward the door which led into the great hall, but she was seized round the waist from behind and at the same time a hand was pressed over her mouth. She felt that she had been lifted off her feet, and that she was being borne away, away toward the corridor in the direction of the tower.

There could be no doubt that the hand that pressed her lips was the hand of the would-be murderer. She had interfered with the success of his work and she was to be removed, perhaps, from this world. But, strangely enough, there was no fear for herself in Elspeth's heart at that instant. She thought only of Kenneth and Captain Oxford, but especially of Kenneth, whom she loved.

She could not let them die a terrible death. If she could but save them she would be willing to die in their place. Let the murderer revenge himself upon her as he chose.

With the fierce strength that only desperation gives, the girl tore at the hand which covered her mouth, and regaining her liberty for a second's space, uttered such a shriek as she could not have given in a moment of less peril. It rang wildly through the corridor, and was terrible, even in the girl's own ears. It seemed to her that it might almost make a dead man turn in his grave to be called thus. But would it wake John Kenneth and Captain Oxford?

She could but pray that it might be so, for the scream was stifled in the midst by the hand which crushed her face again, with an iron grip under her chin, and a pressure so savage over her lips, that it seemed the blood must spring through the delicate skin. Her neck was bent so roughly that her muscles were strained, and her breath

choked back on her lungs. A shower of sparks seemed to rise and fall before her eyes, smarting and raining tears in the thick smoke. She struggled again, but vainly, and in the agonizing struggle of body and mind against the unseen, compelling force, lost breath and consciousness.

When it awakened, it seemed as if she was lying on a bed—a bed at the same time comfortable and familiar. No other bed could be just like that. And then, if she were not there, why should she be in bed at all? What about the fire shining behind the closed door in the corridor, her frantic knockings, her scream, and the hand that had choked away her breath? Had she only gone through that fearful scene? Oh, she could not doubt it. Perhaps, even at this minute, Mr. Kenneth and Captain Oxford were being burned to death. Somehow she must save them. She tried to sit up, but something held her down. Her arms were crossed behind her back and tied together at the wrist; she could feel as if they were bound. And her feet were bound also. She was powerless to move, but at least could cry out.

Suddenly she remembered how near to the corridor of the burning room was the tower. If the fire spread it would reach the tower; and if in reality she were lying on her old bed in the tower room, it was only the question of a little time before the fire should reach her and she would be burned to death.

Elspeth Dean was young and strong, and the tide of life was high in her veins. The physical repulsion to death was intense in her, and the cry on its way to her lips was rendered even more piercing by the quick horror of this thought.

She screamed long and shrilly, but a voice within her seemed to say with the echo of her own shriek that rang in her ears: "If you are in the tower, no one will hear you. You might die a hundred deaths before anyone would come to you."

The girl shivered from head to foot, and lying there helpless, waiting the horror that was to come, she felt that the bed had begun to move. There had been a click, like the sharp sound of a released spring, and then, slowly, smoothly, the bed began to glide along as if sliding in a groove.

[To be Continued.]

CURB ON JAPANESE CERTAIN TO COME

Coolie Exclusion Brought a Step Nearer by Conference at Washington.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 13.—Exclusion of the Japanese seems to be actually in sight. Judging from the fact that Secretary Root visited the capital today and held conferences with Speaker Cannon and members of the senate for the purpose of arranging a plan whereby, by an amendment excluding Japanese coolie labor can be added to the immigration bill which is now pending in congress.

This visit of Secretary Root shows plainly enough that the administration is sure of its ground in regard to the Japanese, and all that remains is to assure the California people that their surrender on the school question will be followed by immediate action on the part of congress within the next week or two.

Both President Roosevelt and Secretary of State Root have been firm friends of the Japanese. They would take no steps to insult or humiliate them. Secretary Root would not suggest the adoption of an exclusion clause if he had not received positive assurances from the Japanese government that it would not be looked upon as an unkind or unfriendly act.

The legislative situation in regard to the immigration bill is a peculiar one, and it may be found easily possible to get the Japanese paragraph in because the immigration question itself is a matter of serious dispute between the two houses. If the Japanese exclusion paragraph cannot be put on this bill, however, an agreement may be reached by the senate to some other measure just before it goes to the senate and goes into the conference committee.

When the California people left the White House yesterday they were assured that the administration would deal more than fairly with them and would give them as much of a pledge of the passage of an exclusion act as it is possible to furnish. As a matter of course, President Roosevelt cannot guarantee the passage of an act of congress. He can negotiate a treaty, but he cannot ratify it, and he cannot approve an act of congress, but he cannot originate it.

With the fierce strength that only desperation gives, the girl tore at the hand which covered her mouth, and regaining her liberty for a second's space, uttered such a shriek as she could not have given in a moment of less peril. It rang wildly through the corridor, and was terrible, even in the girl's own ears. It seemed to her that it might almost make a dead man turn in his grave to be called thus. But would it wake John Kenneth and Captain Oxford?

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[To be Continued.]

TROUBLE FOR THE EARTH

Scientist Says Sun Spot May Cause Serious Electrical Disturbances.

Pittsburg, Feb. 14.—Professor John A. Brashear, of the Allegheny observatory, announced today the discovery of one of the greatest sun spots ever called to the attention of astronomers. He says as a result of electrical disturbances will be experienced throughout the country within a few hours.

These disturbances, he further declares, may take the form of a display of the Aurora Borealis or telegraph and telephone communication may be seriously affected. The present spot is so large it can be seen through smoked glass, and the scientist adds, is one of the most active of solar spots. In his statement of the discovery Professor Brashear says: "A very large and beautiful sun spot

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The Lowest Prices Ever Offered On Ladies' and Children's Underwear

Never before do we believe the ladies of this city were offered such extremely low prices on Underwear as will be given you here tomorrow. It's a big "clear-up" of the odds and ends left over from our great Mill End Sale of not long ago. Not a really large quantity but plenty to make one huge day of fast and furious selling.

Prices Good for Saturday Only

The following amazing prices are good for Saturday and Saturday only, so tie a string around your wrist so that you cannot possibly forget the day. Prepare to lay in your next winter's underwear supply now, for it will be next to impossible to again provide you with such an extraordinary lot of bargains. Underwear materials are climbing higher and higher. Dear knows where prices will be next year. So buy now, and largely. Following is a short, condensed statement of the bargains.

Ladies' Gray Drawers and Vests, regular 50c. Ladies' Black Drawers, regular 50c. Ladies' Knitted Corset Covers, regular 35c. Your choice of the lot at the ridiculously low price of..... **29c**

Ladies' very special White Wool Fleece Drawers, regular 75c, for.... **39c**

Ladies' Gray and White Drawers and Vests, regular \$1.25. Ladies' Gray and White Vests and Drawers, regular \$1.00. Ladies' Black Drawers, regular \$1.00. Ladies' Red Wool Vests and Drawers, regular \$1.00. Any garment in the lot for **59c**. Ladies' Extra Heavy Gray Vests and Drawers and Ladies' White Vests, in sizes 3 and 4. Special at..... **25c**

Children's Underwear

Clearing garments for the little folks at astonishingly low figures. See these Union Vests at..... **10c, 12c, 15c, 20c** And these Union Drawers at..... **15c, 20c and 25c** Other lines too numerous to mention here.

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



Sowing Dollars

That is what the baker is doing who buys "FIVE ROSES" or "HARVEST QUEEN" FLOUR, even if he has to pay a little more for it than for an ordinary flour. The extra price paid is one of the best investments he can make.

"FIVE ROSES" and "HARVEST QUEEN" are milled from selected Manitoba Hard Wheat, by the best processes known, and therefore excel in uniformity, strength and nutritive value.

By reason of their uniformity, baking with them is quick and easy, and the results are uniformly the best. Working expenses are cut down, and there is no spoiled bread.

On account of their strength, they will absorb more water, and therefore will make more bread per barrel than any ordinary brands.

Bread made from them, besides being sweeter and tastier, is richer and more nutritious than that made from cheaper flours. The public is quick to appreciate these qualities in bread, and the use of "Five Roses" and "Harvest Queen" will bring to any good baker a steady and permanent increase in trade. He will reap a rich harvest from the dollars he has sown when he bought these brands.

Lake of The Woods Milling Co.,

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Limited.

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or solar disturbance is now crossing the face of the sun and is approaching the central meridian. This is the largest spot that has been seen for several years and its approximate length is 18,000 miles and 20,000 miles wide, covering an area of about 3,500,000 square miles.

"There is considerable activity in the spot and there may be some electrical disturbance occur on the earth, but this is rather difficult to predict on account of the position of the disturbance in relation to the earth."

ELECTION WRIT REFUSED

British Commons Decides to Administer Punishment to Constituency.

London, Feb. 14.—Against the advice of the Government, the House of Commons today decided by 192 to 190 votes to refuse a new writ for the election of a member of Parliament to represent Mr. Williamson, Conservative and Tariff Reformer, who was unseated, following charges of corruption by his agents. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Asquith, and the attorney, Sir J. Lawson Walton, supported the motion to grant a new writ, but many Liberals considered that the period of the disfranchisement of the constituency should be prolonged, and Mr. Asquith announced that the Government would leave the question to the judgment of the House. In this manner the Ministry avoided a direct defeat, though the vote indicated a spirit of independence in the Liberal ranks.



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