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MILTON, THURSDAY, MAY 20, 1926. No. 51

Travellers' Guide.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

GOING WEST.	GOING EAST
12.48 midnight	5.55 a.m.
8.12 a.m.	10.33 a.m.
8.47 a.m.	3.43 p.m.
2.57 p.m. Saturday only	5.03 p.m.
4.30 p.m.	7.47 p.m.
5.59 p.m. Except Sat. & Sun	

—SUNDAY—
Going West—12.48 a.m.; 4.30 p.m.
Going East—7.25 a.m., 3.43 & 9.44 p.m.

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAY

GOING SOUTH.	GOING NORTH.
11.48 p.m ; 8.06 p.m.	7.28 a.m ; 4.23 p.m.

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DR. STANLEY BRAUND
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COUNTY OF HALTON
LOCAL COURTS CALENDAR
FOR 1926

Holding	Day of Sitting	Hours of Opening	Jan	Mar.	May	June	Sept.	Nov
Milton	Friday	10.00 a.m.	8	5	7	25	10	5
Oakville	Tuesday	10.00 a.m.	5	2	4	22	14	2
Georgetown	Wednesday	10.00 a.m.	6	3	5	23	8	4
Milton	Thursday	10.00 a.m.	7	4	6	24	9	6
Milton	Saturday	10.00 a.m.	9	6	8	26	11	8
Milton	Monday	10.00 a.m.	11	8	10	21	13	1

ADDRESSES OF CLERKS—1. Wm. Panton, Milton. 2. W. S. Savage, Oakville; 3. Georgetown. 4. Geo. B. Agnew, Acton; 5. Wm. Fraser Campbellville; 6. Burlington.

Courts of the Peace and County Court Sittings with or without Jury, 5th Tuesday, on opening days at 1 p.m., and so often as Sittings, without Jury, 5th April and 5th October, 10 a.m., and so often as may be required for the despatch of business.

Surrogate Court Sittings, 5th January, 2nd April, 2nd July, 1st October, 10 a.m.

Court of Justice Accounts, 5th January, 2nd April, 2nd July, 1st October, 10 a.m.

By order W. L. DICK, Milton,
Clerk of the Peace.

THE GHOST OF LOCHRAIN CASTLE

BY MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON

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

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CHAPTER I.

Elspeth Dean was almost ashamed to go again into the Agency to ask the same question: "Is there anything for me?" and to hear the same answer, "Nothing to-day." She hesitated at the door a moment, but she had come out on purpose to make the call, and it was a confession of failure to steal away discouraged.

Elspeth hated to fail, so she summoned up her courage and marched in.

The same young woman sat at the same desk, with the same rather waspish expression on her face. Elspeth would have envied her a little for her secure position in life, if it had not been for that expression. But Elspeth would not willingly have changed hers (which was attractive, even in a greenish lodging house mirror, with a crack across the middle) for that other, in spite of the material advantages which might go with it.

"Good morning. Is there"—— she had begun as usual, when the young woman with the expression cut her short.

"The manager will see you in her private room," she said, with a nod toward the door, succeeded instantly by a fishlike gaze of discouragement for the applicant who followed on Elspeth's heels.

A small boy in livery, sitting by the door in question, knocked, mentioned the name of Miss Dean, and after a murmur from some one unseen, invited Elspeth to pass through.

Miss Smith, the manager of the Agency, looked up from a pile of letters.

"Ah, Miss Dean, it's you, is it? I was expecting you," she remarked. "You generally come in about this time. How would you like to go up to Scotland, and be a kind of secretary in a big Hydro?"

Elspeth's gray eyes opened. She had dreamed of nothing more exciting than a place in a London office, and it had appeared enormously difficult to get even that. But Scotland—dear, beautiful Scotland in August, and a big Hydro! It seemed too good to be true. She was almost sure it would end in nothing, but she did not show her lack of faith in her attainments and her luck; she was far too shrewd a girl in spite of her inexperience, to make such a mistake.

"I should like it, I think," she said with creditable calmness. "Exactly what would I have to do?"

"Well, it's not quite an ordinary secretarial position," replied Miss Smith. "You would have to take down the manager's letters from dictation, of course. Let me see, what's your rate per minute?"

"A hundred and thirty words is my average speed. I can do a hundred and fifty for a spurt."

"Good. But I believe you have only had home practice as yet."

"I used to work from my brother's dictation. He could hardly speak too fast for me."

"One doesn't lose one's head with one's brother. Whereas with strangers, and a great many strangers at whose beck and call you'd have to be you'd find it different."

"If you think I am too inexperienced for the place" began Elspeth flushing.

"Frankly, I do think you too inexperienced, but you seem a quick-witted, sensible girl, who ought to get on; and the manager of Lochrain Castle Hydro makes it a point that the person engaged shall be Scotch, well-educated, a lady, not over twenty-five, and—er—prepossessing. You happen at this moment to be the only young Scotchwoman I have on my books as a stenographer. Otherwise I should have preferred some one more experienced and nearer the age limit mentioned," said Elspeth.

"I'm twenty-two," said Elspeth.

"And look nineteen, but it can't be helped. Mr. McGowan wants some one at once. If you'go, you'll have to start to-morrow. Can you do that?"

"Easily," replied Elspeth, who lived in one room, and whose worldly possessions would all go into a box not too large for use as a cabin trunk.

"You say it isn't an ordinary place. What is there to do besides attending to the manager's correspondence?"

"His correspondence would probably be the least part of your work, as there's already a young man who helps with that; but he has other duties, bookkeeping and so on, and can't devote his whole time to correspondence. A local young woman was tried, but failed, and a new person is wanted in a hurry, because there are guests in the hotel who need secretarial work done, and haven't brought their own secretaries. That is why I said you would have to be at the beck and call of a good many strangers; authors, clergymen, politicians, financiers perhaps—oh, all sorts of people."

"I think that would be very interesting," said Elspeth.

"Yes, but distracting and confusing. Perhaps that sort have odd ways, and are often impatient, and hard to please. You would need tact as well as presence of mind. However, it's a great chance. You couldn't have hoped for anything half as good, with your inexperience. Lochrain Castle Hydro is new as a hotel, opened only this season, and one of the finest in Scotland. The salary is two guineas a week, and you're sure to have presents. But mind, you must do us credit. I don't want Mr. McGowan to think I've made a mistake. That would be a bad advertisement for the Agency."

"I will do my best," said Elspeth, to whom a weekly two guineas seemed a fortune. She had lived on fifteen shillings a week for two years, since her father had died, and her brother (now in Australia seeking his fortune) had insisted on giving her the whole. In the Seventieth Scottish Borderers, London, and her training as a shorthand writer and typist, had strained her resources, and for months she had been trying in vain for work, calling every day at several agencies.

In a few minutes everything was settled, but Miss Smith was obliged to send a satisfactory telegram to the manager of the Lochrain Castle Hydropathic Hotel. Elspeth went home to her lodgings, packed up her typewriter, which she had bought on the "instalment plan," and all her other belongings. Her railway ticket was paid for by her new employer, and the next morning she was at Euston Station, one small unit in a crowd for the Scotch express.

When Elspeth was a little girl, she had been taken once to Scotland to see the place where she was born, but she had not been there since. Her father's people had never forgiven him for marrying a pretty girl somewhere beneath him in station, and absolutely penniless, therefore Elspeth knew nothing about them. Major Dean had left his son and daughter at school in a suburb of London when they were small, and later he could never afford to take Elspeth out to India. She had done very little traveling in her life, and was much excited this morning. She had not dreamed that there would be so many people going by train, though—she told herself she might have thought of it, as Town was now "dead," and everybody running up to Scotland for what was left of August and September.

Elspeth had a third class ticket, but the crush was so great that no place could be found for her. Neither was there anything left in the second class compartments; by the time the porter who had registered her box and taken charge of her handbag began to search for a seat.

"You'll have to go first class, Miss," said he.

The girl demurred.

"But they won't let me, and I can't afford" – she had begun, when the porter broke in reassuringly.

"That's all right, Miss; they'll have to let you. There's no room in the thirds or seconds, and they're bound to carry you."

They hurried from door to door, but everything was full, until at last they came to a compartment occupied only by two ladies. To be sure the remaining seats were covered with small luggage, a couple of smart dressing-bags with gold monograms four of them surmounted with a coronet and a dust-coat or two. But the porter was not easily beguiled.

They hurried from door to door, but everything was full.

"These places all taken, madam?" he asked briskly of the elder lady, a very handsome woman, whose admirers would have pronounced her thirty-three, whose enemies would have placed her past forty.

She glanced up from reading a letter, and stared haughtily at Elspeth and the porter.

"Yes—" she began, when the girl who was with her interrupted:

"Oh, mother, it is only one seat beside ours that is engaged, and we aren't quite sure about that."

The other frowned with vexation, and she did not look half so handsome, or nearly so young, when she frowned.

"You are ridiculous, Hilary!" she snapped, in a low but angry voice. Then, to the porter: "There is no room here. Don't you see, the racks are already full of luggage, and we need the disengaged seat for our bags."

"Very sorry, madam, but this is the only compartment with a place free, and this lady must ride somewhere," replied the man, already beginning to find space for the gorgeous dressing bags in the racks.

"Impudent creature!" exclaimed the lady, flushing deeply under a delicate film of liquid powder, and a veil which heightened its flower-like effect. "I am the Coun—"

"Oh, mother, don't!" implored the girl, her face—which Elspeth thought the prettiest she had ever seen—scarlet with humiliation and distress. "See, he is making room. We can't expect to have the whole compartment to ourselves."

The elder woman bit her lip and was silent, realizing, perhaps, that it was she who was on the point of making herself ridiculous. But she twitched aside her dress with such an air of disgust as Elspeth meekly passed to the seat which had been cleared by the porter that the unfortunate newcomer felt that she was regarded as some inferior sort of animal.

"I am sorry," she said, looking straight at the girl.

"Please don't be. It doesn't matter in the least," answered the beautiful creature, with a smile so charming that Elspeth's heart warmed to her. "I'm sure she's as nice as she's pretty," the typist said to herself, "though how she can be, with such a mother, is a miracle."

The intruder smiled a grateful answer, and then tried to appear oblivious to her traveling companions. She opened her handbag, which she had on her lap, and pretended to be deeply interested in its contents, but she could not help hearing their conversation. It was all but time for the train to start now, and the elder of the two ladies, apparently forgetting the unwelcome third in the compartment, did not attempt to conceal her excitement.

"What a shame! I believe he's not coming," she exclaimed, looking eagerly out of the window. "Another minute, and it will be too late. I do hope Lady Melton's news wasn't a mistake or made up out of the whole cloth, and our time wasted. It would be like her. I always did think Maud Melton a cat."

"Mother, do be careful," whispered her daughter.

"What do I care for a person of that sort?" asked the other, with a quick glance of contempt at pretty, plainly-dressed Elspeth. "It's bad enough having her stuffed in with us, without having to think about her, with every word one speaks. She doesn't matter any more than one's maid matters; indeed, she is probably someone's maid. What is the use of spending a lot of money to travel first-class, if third-class creatures are to be squeezed in, without paying a penny?"

"Here comes Mr. Kenrith," broke in the girl, as if thankful to make a diversion.

Instantly an extraordinary change came over her mother. The handsome, though rather sharp features, were softened with a charming smile, which irradiated them as the rose of a sun-set glow irradiates a bleak landscape in the north. The dark eyes sparkled, the frown that had drawn the straight black brows together was smoothed out. She looked suddenly almost girlish and prettily feminine as she patted her beautifully undulated auburn hair.

Elspeth, though angry, was interested, wondering what sort of man would appear. The name, Kenrith, sounded faintly familiar, as if she had heard it before, but if so she could not remember where.

In another second her curiosity was satisfied. A tall, broad-shouldered man of about forty, with a nice brown face, was at the door.

"Here I am, just in time," said he in a pleasant voice, which proclaimed him from the north country. "May I really travel with you, Lady Lambart and Lady Hilary?"

"We are delighted. You won't let us be dull," replied Lady Lambart.

The new comer glanced at Elspeth, as if expecting to find that she was an acquaintance also, saw she was a stranger, and begging her pardon as he passed took the unoccupied seat.

By this time the young typist knew why the name of Kenrith had sounded familiar. She had never heard it, but she had read about it in the papers. There was a millionaire named John Kenrith, who was very charitable, and whose good works she had seen mentioned. If she remembered aright, he came from Lancashire, and she wondered if this nice, brown, rather ugly man were he. "If he is, I do believe this horrid woman is being sweet to him on account of his money," thought the girl. "For he doesn't seem her sort at all. I do hope he sees through her. He looks clever, but I suppose men never do see through handsome women, especially countesses, and this evidently is one, because now I come to look at it, that's a Countess's coronet on her dressing bag."

Elspeth had brought a novel, and she tried to absorb herself in it, as the train rushed her on toward ex- or rather citing new experiences; but the talk of her traveling companions would entangle itself with that of the characters in the book.

"It was such a pleasant surprise to hear, after we had made up our minds to go to Lochrain, that you were going," said Lady Lambart. "I couldn't resist writing you a line, when I heard you were at the Carlton, to ask if there were any chance of your traveling by our train. Then, when I didn't get an answer"——

"I was away from town all yesterday, and only found your note when I got back to the hotel at midnight, too late to wire, but of course I sent a messenger the first thing this morning"——

"We must have already left. It is such a long drive, you know, and Hilary and I have heaps of luggage. But all's well that ends well. Who would have dreamed of your going to Lochrain? I thought of it because the air is so good, and it's been such a tiring season that it will be more restful for us, both than a round of Scotch visits."

"I think I'm in great luck," said Mr. Kenrith.

"You poor fellow, I suppose you really do think so," mused Elspeth. "Surprised, indeed! I wonder she dared say that, after what she must have known I heard when I first got into the carriage. What a scene there would be if I told!"

This idea struck her sense of humor so comically that she almost laughed aloud; but nobody was paying any attention to her. Kenrith looked her way occasionally, to be sure, but not curiously to see if she were listening. He was not saying anything that he need mind all the world hearing; and his glances toward Elspeth expressed only the interest that a warm-hearted man of an unusually kind and sympathetic nature would feel in a pretty young woman traveling alone, almost shabbily dressed, when her beauty ought to have been set off by charming things, such as Lady Hilary Vane wore. If he thought of her consciously, it was to say to himself: "Poor child! Girls like her have a right to everything that's brightest and best in the world. What an awful shame they can't all have it."

"You must have had dozens of invitations for this month and next," remarked Lady Lambart.

"I had a few, but I'm not much of a hand for visiting," replied the millionaire modestly. "I know the man who has turned the old castle of Lochrain into a hotel. Indeed, I was able to help him a little, as he's a good fellow, and deserves success. That's one reason I'm going, and another is, I thought it would be a good quiet place for me to try my hand at writing a book I've had in mind for some time; a dull thing you'd think it, but interesting to me; a new idea in socialistic schemes I want to work out."

"You are always thinking of others," exclaimed Lady Lambart.

"I'm afraid I don't forget myself," smiled Kenrith. "I've just been making myself a big present. You know the Radepolskio diamond? Well, I've got it—got it on me at this moment, if you"——

"Oh, Mr. Kenrith, you forget, walls have ears, even walls of railway carriages!" cried Lady Lambart. "You oughn't to speak out such state secrets, except when you are quite, quite alone, with your most trusted friends and even then in a whisper."

Kenrith laughed. "I rather think I'm able to look after my property. This isn't the first jewel I've carried about, and even now it isn't the only one I——"

"You really mustn't," she broke in. "You must send your valuables to be locked safely up in a bank directly we arrive at our journey's end, or I shall not have an easy moment by night or by day."

"You are very kind, to take an interest," said the millionaire.

Elspeth's ears tingled. "She said before I was of no more consequence than a servant, and now she takes me for a spy—or a thief," the girl thought. "I hope I don't look like either, but then, I suppose, it is imprudent of him to talk like that."

She remembered that among other things she had read of John Kenrith was the fact that he collected rare jewels, his one piece of self-indulgence. Now she had no longer a doubt of the identity of this Mr. Kenrith.

"By the way, you'll find another friend at Lochrain," remarked the Lancashire man, changing the subject. "Captain Oxford, whom I happened to run across a day or two ago, told me he was starting last night and meant to spend a fortnight or longer at the hotel. That old wound in his arm is troubling him, it seems, and he thought the Hydro—"

"How very vexatious!" exclaimed Lady Lambart.

Her tone was so tremulous with surprise and annoyance that Elspeth glanced up in spite of herself.

Lady Hilary's lovely face was scarlet, and, though her big violet eyes were gazing at the flying landscape, Elspeth was to feminine not to be sure the girl felt the angry, suspicious flash her mother's eyes darted at her. The atmosphere of the carriage had suddenly become mysteriously electric.

"I thought he was a friend of yours," said Kenrith, innocently.

"Not at all. I consider him a most undesirable young man," returned Lady Lambart. "I hope, dear Mr. Kenrith, if he tries to force himself upon us at Lochrain, as he is almost sure to, that you will help me to—er—keep him in his place."

"What is his place?" Kenrith asked bluntly. "He's an officer and a gentleman, and a very good fellow as well as a brave one. That's my opinion of him."

"Well enough, from a man's point of view," said Lady Lambart, more gently. "But I'm a woman, and Hilary is a young girl, with no one to watch over us. We must be careful. Captain Oxford is dreadfully pushing, and of course he is nobody."

"So am I nobody."

"How like you to say that! But you had a name, even before you made it, whereas Oxford isn't his name, you know, or Laurence either. Really, old Miss Laurence, who adopted him when he was a wretched little foundling in some foreign place or other where she was visiting, gave him his surname because she lived in Oxford. And he hasn't a penny except the few wretched hundred a year she left him. I wonder how he manages to scrape along in the army——"

"It's much to his credit that he's got on so finely," said Kenrith.

"In his profession, yes; but of course he could never dream of marrying, at all events, any girl in the station to which he seems to aspire," replied Lady Lambart.

Elspeth began to feel as if she had got into a story book far more interesting than the one she was trying to read. "What will they do when they see me at Lochrain?" she wondered. But she soon decided that the Countess of Lambart was not a woman to care much for the opinion or thoughts of a humble typist, even if she remembered that she had seen the face before.

The journey did not seem long to the girl, for her brain teemed with all sorts of interesting fancies, from the beginning to the end. The station at which passengers descended for Lochrain Castle Hydropathic Hotel was that of a small town, popular among tourists, and so there was no reason why it should occur to her fellow travelers that her destination was the same as theirs. Lochrain was five or six miles distant, and Elspeth saw her three late companions go away in a very smart motor car, so exactly like several others at the station that she guessed that they were sent by the management of the hotel. There were evidently a number of other guests for the new and fashionable Hydro, and eight or ten of their maids and valets departed in a bunch in a big motor omnibus. Everything was so quickly done that Elspeth had not time to wonder what was to become of her, before a voice spoke her name.

"Are you Miss Dean, engaged as secretary for Lochrain Hydro?"

"Yes," said Elspeth, turning quickly, to see, not a servant, but a pale-faced, black-eyed young man, very well dressed in dark blue serge.

"I am Mr. Grant, Mr. McGowan's assistant," he announced, with his hat off. "Mr. McGowan wished me to meet and drive you back, so that on the way I might prepare you for some of your duties, and save time."

"It will be very kind of you," said the girl.

"I shall be glad to help you in any way I can," he answered, and looking up, Elspeth caught a flash in the dark, deepset eyes which contradicted the white coldness of the face.

"I wonder whether I'm going to like Mr. Grant or not!" she thought. The look in his eyes told her that the pale man was not unaware of the fact that she was a pretty girl.

The drive to Lochrain was a wild and beautiful one, but Miss Smith's eulogiums had not half prepared her for the magnificence of the place itself.

"Why, it's like a great castle, and has the air of being hundreds and hundreds of years old!" she exclaimed in intense admiration, when the dogcart Mr. Grant drove had passed through a park, and brought them into sight of a huge, gray stone pile on a slight grassy elevation. But even before her companion replied, she remembered how Mr. Kenrith had spoken of "turning the old castle into a hotel."

"How delightful," the girl went on. "This is even better than I expected. It's always been my dream to live in a place like this. I do hope it's haunted?"

Mr. Grant smiled rather grimly.

"There are more gruesome stories told about Lochrain as it used to be in the past than about almost any of the feudal houses, which is saying a good deal, especially in Scotland. Aren't you afraid of ghosts?"

"Not in the least. I don't believe in them, though I love ghost stories dearly," she said.

"Here we are at the door," said Mr. Grant.

"Very well, then. I'll tell you what I wouldn't have told you otherwise. It will no doubt please you to hear that your room is in the 'haunted tower,' as it used to be called. The Hydro is crammed for the season, and if you hadn't been put there, you would have had to be tucked away in an attic. You'll find the room a nice one, so nice that Mr. McGowan would have had to keep it for guests, if it hadn't been for the ugly old stories which, if any one got to know—as they most certainly would one way or another—would have led to rows with the management. So you see, an ill wind has blown you some good—especially as you're fond of ghost stories."

"What are the stories about my tower?" asked Elspeth.

"Here we are at the door," said Mr. Grant, and she could not guess from his tone if the evasion of her question was deliberate or not.

A queer little thrill crept through her veins, such as she had never felt before. Something seemed to whisper in her ear that experiences—whether ghostly or not—would come to her at Lochrain, strange enough to try the bravest spirit. And yet it was a fashionable Hydro, full of gay, pleasure-seeking people, and she was only an insignificant little typist, come here to work for her living in a prosiac way, at two guineas a week. Reason said that imagination was flying away with her good sense; and yet the thrill and the presentiment remained.

Elspeth had only just time to be impressed with the magnificence of the great stone-pillared hall, with its vast fireplace, its tapestries and its ancient armor, when she was led down a connecting corridor into a small room, where she found herself in Mr. McGowan's presence.

He was a clever-looking, middle-aged man, evidently a gentleman, with a worried, over-worked air, and such kind eyes that Elspeth did not wonder the millionaire had liked and wished to help him in his ambitious venture.

"But you are a mere child," was his first exclamation on seeing the new stenographer. Still he did not seem wholly disappointed in her appearance, Elspeth could not help thinking, and when, to prove what she could do, she had taken down a few rapidly dictated sentences, without an instant's delay or hesitation, he expressed himself satisfied.

"You will do very well, Miss Dean," he said pleasantly. "To-morrow morning your work will begin. What remains of to-day you will have to yourself; but some time this evening, when you are rested after your journey, I should like you to come here again, to learn what your work is to be."

"I am not tired," said Elspeth lightly. "I should be glad to hear everything now, unless you prefer"——

"That will be better. If you are equal to it. Well, from 9 in the morning till 10.30 I shall be obliged if you will be alone, as I dare say there will be answer letters, as Mr. [illegible] at is expected then, and can only help me in the evening. From 10.30 until 12.30 I have promised your services to Mr. Kenrith, who has arrived today; that I wired him I would have an efficient stenographer to work with, for which was the principal reason why I wanted you in such a hurry."

"I beg your pardon, may I come in?" [illegible] a voice at the door, which was slightly husky. It was a manly voice, and spoke with a marked American accent.

"Come in, Mr Trowbridge," replied the manager politely, and a person of striking appearance entered; a man of thirty-two or three, perhaps, tall, clean-shaven, with thick, dark hair parted in the middle, dark brows, and black-lashed, narrow, yet bold, gray eyes. He was handsome, exceedingly well dressed, with an air of wealth and prosperity which was almost aggressive. His glance dwelt for a few seconds with flattering admiration upon shabby little Elspeth, yet the girl was ungrateful enough not to like the newcomer.

"So sorry to interrupt, but I'm badly in need of your help, Mr McGowan," said he, laughing in a friendly way. "I'm a busy man and can't let everything slide, even [illegible] here, while I'm taking a vacation. My correspondence has run [illegible] ahead of me. Can you recommend anybody in the neighborhood who can write pretty well from dictation?"

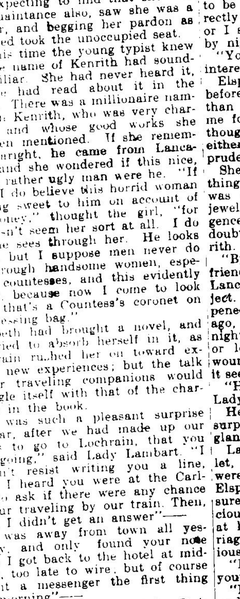
"This young lady will be able to help you, I think. She has just come to act as my secretary, but I can spare her for some hours a day. Guests of the hotel who want her services?"

"What an odd coincidence, and lucky one for me. Introduce me, please," said Mr Trowbridge, and the stenographer could have been no more than ever flattered thus to be unintentionally doubt that it was intentionally raised to a footing of social equality by a young and handsome man, evidently a person of importance in the world.

Mr. McGowan obeyed, and Mr Trowbridge made himself agreeable to Miss Dean, looking at her with an expression which seemed to say, "What a surprising thing to find such a pretty girl in your position! I admire you immensely, and want you to like me."

Still, Elspeth did not like him. "There's something that doesn't ring true," she said to herself. And she did not believe that it was a coincidence that Mr. Trowbridge had happened to ask for a secretary, at a very moment when she had arrived

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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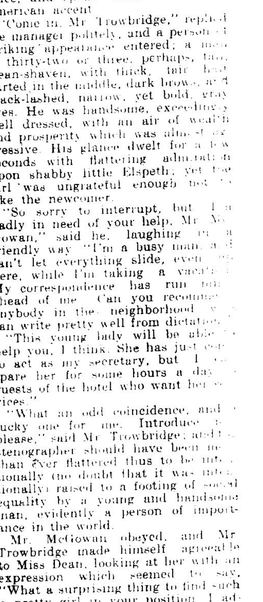

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