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Full line of Catholic Robes, and black and white Caps for aged people.

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C. L. Grant

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ECLIPSE

A blend of 1/2 Manitoba and 1/2 Ontario wheat and is a strictly first class family flour.

SOVEREIGN

Pure Manitoba flour, made from No. 1 Manitoba wheat cannot be beat for either bakers or domestic use.

PASTRY FLOUR

Made from selected winter wheat, and is a superior article for making pastry, etc.

WE KEEP

Constantly on hand the best brands of Rolled Oats. Also our make of Also Chopped Oats, Mixed Chop, Pea Chop, Bean Shorts and Feed Flour. Special Reduction on Flour in 5 and 10 Bag Lots.

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TRY OUR NEW CHOPPER.

All up-to-date flour and feed and greens keep our flour for sale. If your grocer does not keep it come to the mill and we will use you right. Call us up by telephone No. 8.

All kinds of Grain bought at Market Price.

John McGowan.

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- Children's oxfords, slippers, box calf bals., dongolas & canvas.
- All kinds of boots and shoes at lowest prices.
- Fresh groceries always on hand.
- Bulk teas a specialty.
- 1,000 doz. eggs wanted this wk. Bring us your eggs.

C. McArthur

THE GHOST OF LOCHRAIN CASTLE

BY MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON

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

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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 Lambert.

"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 Lambert.

"I'm afraid I don't forget myself," smiled Kenrith. "I've just been making myself a big present. You know the Radepolsko 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 Lambert. "You oughtn'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."

"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.

Elsbeth'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 Lambert.

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 Lambert. "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—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 Lambert, merrily. "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," said Kenrith.

"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 he 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 his 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 nation to which he seems to aspire," replied Lady Lambert.

Elsbeth 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 that thought of Lambert was not a woman to care much for the opinion of a humble typist, even if she remembered that she had seen his face before.

The journey did not seem long to the girl, for her brain teemed with all sorts of interesting fancies, from beginning to the end. The station at which passengers descended on Lochrain Castle Hydro path, popular 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 wishes 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



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

"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 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 prosaic 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.

(To be continued.)

The Joke Book

O'Flannagan came home one night with a deep band of crepe around his hat. "Why, Mike!" exclaimed his wife. "What are you wearin' that mourning thing for?" "I'm wearin' it for yer first husband," replied Mike firmly. "I'm sorry Le's dead"

Some time ago an office boy answering the telephone for the first time in his life, and not knowing how to use it, was told that, when the bell rang, he was to answer it. When, therefore, he heard it ring he picked up the receiver and shouted: "Hello! Who's there?" The answer came back: "I'm one hundred and five." "Go on said the boy. "It's time you were dead."

Jim was the village ne'er-do-well; always in some scrape or other, nothing daunted by repeated thrashings administered to him by his father. At the age of fourteen he ran away to sea, but was glad enough to return home again at the end of six months, having had a very rough time of it.

On the second day after his return he was walking, or, rather, limping, through the village when he met the parson who stopped him.

"Well, Jim," said the minister, "glad to see you've come back home. Did your father kill the fatted calf?"

"No, sir," replied Jim, "but he very nearly killed the prodigal son."

Clank, clank, clank! What dreadful sounds are these breaking the stillness of the Sunday afternoon?

In haste, Mrs. Maclarty leaves the fireside and goes in search of the cause of the disturbance. In the garden she finds her husband nailing a board on the bottom of a barrow.

"Donal, man," she says "ye're makin' an' awfu' row. What'll the neighbors think?"

"Never mind them, Kirsty," says Donald. "I maun get my barra' men't."

"Oh, but Donal," says Kirsty, it's very wrong to work on the Sabbath. Ye ought ta use screws!"

A certain employer of labor had received many complaints from his foreman as to one of the hands, who, though an excellent workman, and one whom it were undesirable to dismiss altogether, could never be induced to arrive at the proper time in the morning.

So the employer, determining to expostulate with the offender personally, arrived early one morning and laid in wait for him.

In due time the dilatory one strolled in and was accosted wrathfully; "Do you know what time we begin work here in the morning?"

"No sir," was the calm reply, "I know they're always at it when I get here."

A wizened little Irishman applied for a job loading a ship says Every body's At first they said he was too small, but he finally persuaded them to give him a trial. He seemed to be making good, and he gradually increased the size of his load until on the last trip he was carrying a 300 pound anvil under each arm.

When he was half-way across the gan- plank it broke and the Irishman fell in. With a splashing and spluttering he came to the surface. "Trow me a rope!" he shouted, and again sank. A second time he rose to the surface. "Trow me a rope I say," he shouted again. Once more he sank. A third time he rose struggling. "Say!" he spluttered angrily, "if one uv you spalpeens don't hurry up an' Trow me a rope I'm goin' to drop one uv these damn t'ings!"

"It's a great help to be able to size up the men you come in contact with," said a business man to his son, "but it's more important still that you should first know yourself."

"For instance. A noise; bunch tacked out of their club late one night, and up the street. They stopped in front of an imposing residence. After considerable discussion one of them advanced and pounded on the door. A woman stuck her head out of a second story window and demanded none too sweetly: "Whst do you want?"

"Is this the residence of Mr. Smith?" inquired the man on the steps, with an elaborate bow.

"It is. What do you want?"

"Is it possible I have the honor shpeakin' to Missus Smith?"

"Yes. What do you want?"

"Dear Missus Smith! Good Missus Smith! Will you—hio—come down an' pick out Mr. Smith? The rest of us want to go home."

Serves Him Right.

A certain young man took a girl to church. The evening was warm and the young lady complained of feeling faint. The young man smiled sweetly upon her and took something out of his vest pocket and whispered to her to keep the tablet in her mouth. She shyly placed it under her tongue, rolled it over and over but it failed to dissolve. She felt much better, however. When the sermon was over she slipped the tablet in her glove, he desirous of examining the undissolvable little substance that her "steady" had given her in the house of worship. When alone in her room she pulled off her glove and out fell a trouser button. She is looking for a new fellow now.

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Wire Fencing and Wire Goods

- We are agents for the well and favorably known "Frost Woven Wire Fence"—The fence of quality and service. All horizontals are of No. 9 hard steel-coiled spring wire, and all uprights of No. 7 wire. It is a fence well worthy of inspection.
- See also our "Frost Coiled Spring Wire," "Frost Gates" in all lengths. Poultry Netting 2 ft. to 6 ft. in height. Screen Doors of different sizes and qualities, Window Screens etc., etc.

Lawn, Garden and Field Supplies

- Lawn Mowers, Garden Hose of different sizes
- Sprays, Nozzles, Taps, Scythes, Forks, Hoes
- and Rakes in abundance.

Warm Weather Goods = =

- such as Gasoline and Oil Stoves. We carry
- a high-grade of Gasoline,—use "Queen Motor"
- Gasoline and you will use no other.

Furniture

- In this we have a full line consisting of side-boards, Tables, Couches, Chairs, Bed-room suites, Spring Mattresses, etc. Among our Mattresses are the famous "Ostermoor" Mattresses fully guaranteed. They speak for themselves.

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We have opened up a funeral and undertaking business in Priceville, and have on hand a full stock of funeral supplies.

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Do not fail to call and see our beautiful display of summer millinery. We have over 50 hats suitable for the hot summer days. These hats are made of mohair braids, tulles, chiffon, laces, and trimmed with floues, plumes, ribbons, wings, etc.

We always keep a very large stock of trimmed millinery, also a special selection of black hats, suitable for mourning.

Parisian Millinery Parlors, MISS DICK Prop.



OUR SHOE BEARS the mark of quality from toe to heel. You know at a glance that they are footwear of high class. But style and good taste are not their only points.

Style is combined with Comfort

and good taste with good leather and good shoemaking. Step in and select a pair for wear when you want to look especially nice. If you feel that way always, our shoes will fill that bill, too. They retain their shapeliness until worn out and that takes a long time and constant use.

Prices down to hard pan.—Call and enquire as a great surprise awaits you at

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For Machine Oil, Harness Oil, Axle Grease and Hoop Ointment, go to S. P. SAUNDERS The Harnessmaker

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The Best in the world Everything the farmer wants in the Implement line can be found in our Ware-rooms. Sawyer & Massey Threshers De Laval and Massey-Harris Separators Rubber rings for Oxford Separators See our platform scales Machine Repairs—Cash

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