

Oct. 15, 1908

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The rainy season is at hand. All rubbers on hand at present go at reduced prices to clear up left-overs.

New Rubbers on the way.

MEN'S HATS CHEAP.

C. McArthur

THE GHOST OF LOCHRAIN CASTLE
BY MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON
Author of "The Princess Passes," "The Lightning Conductor," Etc., Etc.
Copyright, 1908, by Mrs. C. N. Williamson.

"Have you any proof of this?" he was saying.
"It was my daughter herself who told me," replied another voice, which Elspeth knew too well. It was that of Lady Lambert. "It is disgraceful."



C. R. A.

"You must think him very changeable." I really do think that, in justice to your guests, Mr. McGowan, you should discharge such a person. She is not the one for such a position of trust as you have given her; and, besides the things which I have told you, if it's necessary to say more, she goes about the hotel retailing gossip to one person about another, back and forth; and since her coming this house has been nothing more nor less than a nest of scandal. She has contrived to set at least half a dozen persons who used to be friendly violently against each other. But, as I am the one who has suffered most, I consider that I have the right to ask you to send her away."
"I will at least think it over," replied Mr. McGowan. "If you have not been misinformed, Miss Dean must certainly go. But, of course, she must be given a chance to defend herself. I will send for her presently."
"She is here now, Mr. McGowan," said Elspeth at the door. "I couldn't help hearing the last few words."
"It is just as well," returned Mr. McGowan rather coldly. "Did you hear that Lady Lambert accused you of accepting bribes from Captain Oxford to give notes from him to Lady Hilary Vane?"
"I knew she accused me of something of that sort," said Elspeth, looking at Lady Lambert, who held up her lorgnette and stared superciliously.
"Have you ever assisted the Captain to communicate with Lady Hilary?"
"Yes. But—" began Elspeth, and faltered painfully, as she realized for the first time that she had no answer to give which could be truthful and at the same time no inculpating to herself.
Mr. McGowan, who evidently had expected an indignant denial, looked very grave.

CHAPTER XI.

"You see, I was right," exclaimed Lady Lambert. "Now, what do you intend to do?"
"I must talk over this matter with Miss Dean alone, your ladyship," said the manager.
"What? You still refuse to believe her guilty?"
"I must know from her own lips what to believe, and it would be distressing to every one concerned if the matter were discussed in public."
Discomfited, Lady Lambert swept out of the room with an air of injured dignity, and Elspeth, though deeply grateful to Mr. McGowan for giving her the benefit of the doubt and sparing her a public inquisition, trembled inwardly. She could not tell lies, yet she must not compromise Lady Hilary in any way. She must keep that idea before her, whatever happened.
"Now, Miss Dean, you have your opportunity to explain," began Mr. McGowan. "I must say that I am dismayed and annoyed to have such a story thrown at my head on a business journey. You must, to say the least, have acted with imprudence, and gone out of your place in this house, or such a suspicion against your prudence and good sense could not have arisen."
Until this moment Elspeth had received nothing but praise from Mr. McGowan, and nervous and worn as she was, this rebuke seemed almost beyond hearing.
Tears sprang to her eyes, but she choked them back, determined that the manager should not see her crying like a scolded child. In spite of her efforts at self-control, however, the girlish face betrayed something of the heart's distress, and Mr. McGowan, who was an extremely kind-hearted man, though a disciplinarian as a manager, repented his harshness. "You had better tell me everything," he said.
"I—don't think I can do that, though as far as Lady Hilary Vane

is concerned there's practically nothing to tell," replied Elspeth.
"What! You refuse to speak?" Mr. McGowan exclaimed, his vexation rising again.
"I once took a message—an absolutely insignificant message—from Captain Oxford to Lady Hilary, whom he has known for a long time."
"Is that all—on your word of honor?"
"Practically all."
"That is not a satisfactory answer."
"I'm very sorry, but I'm afraid it's the best that I can give."
"Then, Miss Dean, I must say I am very much disappointed in you."
"Would you prefer to have me go away?" the girl asked, trying with all her might to steady her voice.
Mr. McGowan had not intended matters to touch this extremity. Elspeth's work was excellent beyond his expectations, and she was well liked by every one in the hotel to whom her services had been given. She was a lady by birth and in manner, charming in appearance, and altogether the manager of the Lochrain Castle Hydro feared it would be impossible to obtain another stenographer as desirable. Still, discipline must be maintained in the hotel, and this girl must not think she could go out of her place, mix herself up in the love affairs of the guests of the house, and after behaving with grave indiscretion, escape with a mere reprimand after refusing to defend herself. He valued her services too much to have dispensed with them lightly on his own initiative, but as she had practically tendered her resignation, he did not think it compatible with his dignity or her offence to say that, in spite of all, he wished her to stay on.
"I must of course ask that you will either explain satisfactorily or else resign your position here," he said at last. "But I still hope that you will explain, and I give you till tomorrow morning to think it over."
"That will do no good, Mr. McGowan," said Elspeth, sadly. "I know myself; and I know that I can say no more to-morrow morning than I've said already, except that I did nothing which seemed to me to be wrong."
"Ah, but I must be allowed to judge whether it was wrong or not," he returned.
"Then—I see that you mean me to go. Shall it be at once, or—"
"Certainly not," Mr. McGowan cut in decidedly. "I cannot be left without any one to fill your place in the high season. Grant already has all that he can attend to, or more, and my hands are over-full. I will let you be the one to give me notice, Miss Dean, as you have been satisfactory in your work, and I do not wish to injure your future career any more than I can avoid doing. You had better give me a fortnight's notice. In that time I can get some one else; and meanwhile I expect you to be absolutely discreet in your intercourse with the guests of the hotel. Now, I shall require nothing further from you to-day. Good evening, Miss Dean."

"Good evening, and—I suppose I ought to thank you. I believe you mean to be kind," said Elspeth.
"I should like to be so, if you had made it possible for me," returned the manager.
There was nothing more for her to say or do, and bowing her head to hide the tears, she left the room.
After all, Lady Lambert had scored. A sudden flash of enlightenment told Elspeth that the elder woman could not forgive her the kindness and consideration with which Mr. Kenrith had treated her. From the very first, when she had been compelled to take a seat in the railway carriage which Lady Lambert had wished to keep for her own party, she had been unjustly disliked. Mr. Kenrith's kindness to her as his secretary and her association with Capt. Oxford had increased the feeling against her; but the climax had come to-day with the invitation from Mr. Kenrith to go out in his motor car as his equal and Lady Hilary's equal. That had placed her on a different footing. She was no longer only the secretary; she was the friend as well, and Lady Lambert had stopped at nothing to be rid of her.
In a way the enmity of a woman of the world for a humble typewriter was a compliment, but Elspeth was in no mood for that point of view. She was bitterly unhappy, horribly humiliated, and could not bear to look forward to the future.
She had been allowed, by Mr. McGowan's courtesy, to resign, but it was almost as bad as if she had been discharged after a week's trial at the Lochrain Castle Hydro, for after what had passed the manager would certainly not give her an unqualified recommendation. To-morrow, in all probability, he would write to the agency, from which she had been sent to him, say that Miss Dean was not satisfactory, and ask for some one else in her place.
What a downfall, after her high hopes, and the encouraging opinion Miss Smith had had of her ability. To be sure, she had been told that she was too young, but she had meant to show that that opinion was a mistake. Oh, she had meant to do so well, and she had believed that she was succeeding. She had borne herself as bravely as she could, through strange and trying experiences, in the hope of obtaining the success for which she strove, and this was her reward for everything.

To be continued.

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Junior III—Jackson Boyle,
Senior II—Donald McArthur.
- Part II—
Lorne Livingstone, Archie McArthur.
- Part I (a)—
Addie English, Emma McNally,
Maggie Coffey.
- Part I (b)—
Carrie Boyle, Eboran McArthur,
Elsie Brodie.
- Those present every day—
Lillie Boyle, Belle Brodie.
Average attendance 33.
E. JAY, teacher.
- S. S. No. 1, GLENELG
Class IV—
Ruth McGillivray, John McKeown,
George Hartwell, Martha Pilkey.
- Class III—
Sadie McGillivray, Tona McGillivray,
Mary McMillen, Mabel Beaton.
- Senior II—
Silas Edwards.
- Junior II—
Viola Pilkey, Allan McLean,
Emma Arnold, Nellie McFarlane,
Sadie McMillen.
- Part II—
Myrtle Pilkey, Oscar Pennock,
Matt McKeown, Edmund Poole,
Tommy Edwards, Flora McFarlane,
Arthur Pennock, John Stonehouse,
Robbie Kennedy, Vina McNab.
- Senior I—
Elsie Beaton, Angus McGillivray,
Leonard McKeown, Mary Edwards,
Clark Jackson, Willie Styles.
- Class I (a)—
Dan McArthur, Harry Styles.
- Class I (b)—
Ruby Pilkey, Annie McLean,
Margaret Jackson.
- C. D. FARQUHARSON, teacher.
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Kate McCuaig.
- Junior IV—
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Ida McCraik.
- Senior III—
Flossie Hooper, Tommy Mather,
Roy McDermid.
- Junior III—
Nellie Myers, Maggie Myers.
- Senior II—
Lily McCuaig.
- Junior II—
Magie McEachern, Minnie McEachern,
Mabel Tucker.
- Part II—
Eva Hooper, Nil Shortreed,
Malcolm McKinnon.
- Senior I—
Charlie Tucker.
- Junior I—
John Shortreed, Rodney Haines,
Arlie McCuaig.
- Average attendance 23.
LIZZIE BINNIE, teacher.
- S. S. No. 2, EGREMONT
Junior IV—
Agnes Allan, Wilfred Barbour,
Myrtle Allan, Margaret Woods,
Sara Allan, Earl Meade,
Hazel Donnet, Sam Morrison.
- Junior III—
Annie Ker, Mary Ker,
Bridget Woods, May Allan,
Willie Woods, Geo. McLaughlin.
- Senior II—
Eva McKecken, Robbie Marshall,
Howard Meade, Maggie Meade,
Willie Edin.
- Part II—
Elmer McKecken, Ben Woods,
Elsie McLaughlin.
- Junior I—
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Blanche Allan, Ruby McKecken.
- CLARA ALJOE, teacher.

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