

# A. BELL UNDERTAKER and Funeral Director

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

## Embalming a Specialty

Picture Framing on shortest notice.

Show Rooms—Next to Swallows Barber Shop. RESIDENCE—Next door South of W. J. Lawrence's blacksmith shop.



STANFIELD'S

"Stanfield's" PERFECT-FITTING UNDERWEAR

Unshrinkable Underwear 3 grades for sale

AT GRANT'S The Best Heavy Shirts and Drawers made in the Dominion

# THE People's Mills

## ECLIPSE

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

## SOVEREIGN

our pure Manitoba flour, made from No. 1 Manitoba wheat cannot be beat 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 Rolled Oats. Also our make of Colored Cereal, the best on the market. Also Chopped Oats, Mixed Chop, Pea Chop, Bean Shorts and Feed Flour.

Special Reduction on Flour in 5 and 10 Bag Lots.

Goods delivered anywhere in town.

## Shopping Done Every Day

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

All kinds of Grain bought at Market Price

# John McGowan.

# DURHAM FOUNDRY

## C. Smith & Sons

Millwrights, Machinists, Iron and Brass Founders, and Steam Fitters. . . .

MANUFACTURERS OF Cutting Boxes, Horsepowers, Wind Stackers, Rock raisers' Feed Boilers.

## Sash & Doors

STOCK ON HAND MADE TO ORDER Engines and Boiler Repairs promptly executed.

RIGHT PRICES AND GOOD WORK

Special attention to Gasoline Engine repairs.

# SMITH & SONS

Chronicle till January, 1910, for new subscribers.

# THE GHOST OF LOCHRAIN CASTLE

BY MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON

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

Copyright, 1906, by Mrs. C. N. Williamson.

The girl shivered from 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, and then slowly, smoothly, the bed began to glide along as if sliding in a groove.

## CHAPTER XIV.

Elsbeth's eyes were wide open, but the darkness was like a dark cloth laid upon them. She could see nothing; but as the bed slowly moved, inch by inch, she felt an intensely cold air which surged round her like the wind made by a pair of giant wings. Then the bed stopped, still in thick darkness, and she heard a sound of hurried footsteps and of light breathing. There was another, curious, clicking sound, and while the girl wondered in chill terror what would come next, the bed on which she lay tilted suddenly up at such an extreme angle that she rolled off.

There was a brief instant of horror, as she tried vainly to save herself, expecting a crushing fall, perhaps into the black depths of some hideous cubbyhole; but she rolled from the bed upon a solid floor, covered with something soft, like a thick rug. And the fall was so slight that she was not even jarred.

For a few seconds there was complete stillness, and then something that moved brushed against her cheek. She believed that it was the bed being rolled away again.

"Now I am to be murdered, perhaps," was the thought that crept coldly into Elspeth's mind; but she could do nothing to avert whatever fate might be in store for her, except to cry out, and if she did that, it would probably precipitate her death.

It was by instinct rather than calculation that she lay still, scarcely breathing.

Voices whispered near her in the darkness. She could neither recognize the tones nor make out the words, but she felt her fate was being discussed, perhaps hanging in the balance.

"If only they would believe me fainting," she thought. "They will wonder that I don't make a sound, and presently they'll strike a light and look at my face. I must lie with my eyes shut and hold my breath as long as I can."

Scarcely had she formed this plan of action, when a stream of white light fell upon her closed eyelids. With all the force of her will she kept them steady, her long lashes lying on her cheeks without a flicker.

"Fainted," came a whisper, louder than before.

"Can't be sure," murmured a second voice. "She may be shamming."

A moment later Elspeth felt the pressure of a hand on her chest. "She doesn't seem to breathe," was the whispered comment.

"Well, then, let us leave her for the present. She can't possibly escape."

"She can scream."

"If she did, she wouldn't be heard."

"Yet we are whispering."

"Loud voices might rouse the girl to consciousness. It's more convenient that she should be as she is. We've no time to waste upon her now. Little wretch! if she hadn't spoiled our game down below with her yells, the fire would presently have saved us all trouble. Our two birds would have been killed with one stone."

"Too late to think of that. There must be no suspicion against us. We had better go now. But I would feel safer if I were certain she could make no noise."

"Simple enough to close her mouth."

"You mean—"

"Not what you think I do. We can't afford to risk the smallest tell-tale stain when we show ourselves downstairs among the people who've been roused by the fire, and, besides, I've another plan. The thing must be done before morning, and in such a way that she can be carried back to her bed and laid there quietly, with no one to guess that she met death by violence. A dose of laudanum is the thing; the bottle found by her side. It will be thought that she killed herself because she'd been discharged."

"You think of everything."

"I have had some experience; otherwise I shouldn't be where I am."

"Can you get hold of the laudanum?"

"Yes, I always keep plenty of stage properties. There, I've made a gag of a sort out of my handkerchief. A second's work to fit it in, and she can wake when she likes, without causing you a qualm."

Elsbeth heard every word of this conversation; and when a hand pressed down her chin to open her mouth she lay limp and motionless as before, making no resistance. A great lump of cambric was forced between her teeth, and still she feigned unconsciousness. Her hearing seemed now almost abnormally keen. She heard the breathing of the two men. She heard the soft sound of footsteps on the thick rug or carpet, and at last a faint click which seemed to come from a distance. After that all was still, and she knew that she had been left alone.

## How to Treat a Sprain.

Sprains, swellings and lameness are promptly relieved by Chamberlain's Liniment. This Liniment reduces inflammation and soreness so that a sprain may be cured in about one-third the time required by the usual treatment. 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by all drug stores.

from a wh... not have guessed the either speaker from the murmurs she had heard; nevertheless she was sure that she had guessed the name of one man. The other was still a mystery to her; she had no idea who he could be. But, after all, it mattered little. Nothing, indeed, need matter much to her now, unless she could free herself and escape.

To expect to do this seemed like expecting to perform a miracle. And yet Elspeth could not believe that she was to die to-night.

For her there was but one ray of light in darkness. She had heard one of the men say to the other that she had "spoiled their game." That must mean, she thought, that the alarm she had given had been heard; that John Kenrith and Captain Oxford had been saved. And the idea that she had been able to do this gave her courage to attempt more. She did not know where she was, but if she could only free herself she could find out; and if, afterward, she could escape, she would be able to give at least one villain up to justice.

"Oh, if I could only loosen these bands that hold my arms," she said to herself. "If I could do that, all the rest would be easy, perhaps."

Elsbeth Dean was a lithe and supple as well as a slender creature, with all the elasticity of youth and health. As a child she had been able to do all sorts of wonderful things with her lively little body, and she and her brother, two or three years older than herself, had often played a glorious play in which they were contortionists in a nursery circus. It was many years since the girl had practised any of the feats for which she had been famous among her little companions, and indeed, she had forgotten all about them until this moment.

Now, however, she suddenly remembered how well, in the old days, her body had been accustomed to obey her will. And in the desperate danger which threatened her she called up her ancient skill to her aid. So she wrote and twist her slim arms and shoulders as to loosen the bonds made to hold her supple muscles. Presently she felt a slight relaxing of the bands which held her wrists. Slowly, slowly, grudging each moment, she twisted one hand out of bondage, the fiftieth part of an inch at a time. Then suddenly it was free, and she could have sobbed in joy and thanksgiving, though she was far from being out of danger.

With one hand at liberty, it was but the work of a few seconds to tear the gag from her mouth, and to release the other hand. Then she sat up, and unwound a long, narrow strip of woolly material which felt like knitted work, from her ankles. She was free to move, free to escape—if she could but find a way.

Tremulously, tottering a little at first, she scrambled to her feet, and for the first time since she had rolled from the moving bed seriously asked herself where she was.

Gropingly, she tried to find a wall, stumbling on, catching her foot in the wrinkled folds of a rug, and saving herself from a fall by seizing an edge of some hanging drapery. Thus she steadied herself, and found behind that drapery the wall for which she had searched. Her hand touched a surface of wood, and passing her fingers along it, she discovered that it ended as a door might end, in a framing of stone.

"The tower wall!" she said to herself; and remembered how the head of the strange old carved bed in the alcove had seemed to be set in the wall.

"That was the secret of it," she thought. "It was made for a murder trap in the old, old days when people used often to get rid of their guests in the night, and no one outside ever knew what had become of them."

The girl stood still for a moment, vividly recalling the sounds which had robbed her of rest, as she lay in that curious, carved bed in the alcove of the tower room. If she were right in her guess, she must be now in some secret passage just behind the wall; and if the footsteps she had heard there were made by human beings, not ghosts, those human beings must have found their way in through some hidden entrance.

Elsbeth would have given anything now for a match, even a single match; but it was useless to wish, and she began to feel along the surface of wood for something like a spring. She could discover nothing, and, giving up hope at last, she groped farther on, until to her delight she came upon a steep, narrow stairway. It also was covered with some thick, soft material, as if to deaden the sound of footsteps, but here and there a board creaked; and the girl fancied that the noise was like some she had heard, lying in bed, in the tower room.

The stairway was so exceedingly steep as to resemble a ladder, and the girl counted thirty steps before she reached the top. Above was a floor of wood, which she tested with her hand before trusting her feet upon it.

She imagined now that she must be in the room above the one she had occupied in the tower; and as she had been told that it was in a ruinous condition, she stepped carefully; but she found no sign of loose debris as she moved cautiously along literally inch by inch; and it occurred to her that the stairway she had seen bricked up had probably been made a thoroughfare for some other reason than the one believed by Mrs. Warden, the housekeeper.

There was no time to speculate upon that now, but Elspeth could not help recalling the night when the blood-red drops had rained through the cracks between the oak rafters in her room. Now she was in the abode of mystery, yet she could guess as little at the explanation as on that night when she had started at the falling rubies as though unable to believe her eyes.

As she moved slowly along she stretched out her arms, trying to touch the wall, as she had before, when suddenly she stumbled over something which lay at her feet—something soft and heavy, over which she would have fallen if she had not recovered her balance with a quick backward step.

In the excitement of discovery and progress Elspeth had almost forgotten her fear, but now it returned upon her, like a cold, overwhelming wave.

What was this soft, heavy bundle on the floor of the hidden room in the tower? She hardly dared stoop to touch it with her hand, which grew ice-cold with fear of the coming contact. Though every moment was of the utmost importance now, and life or death might lie, for her, in the difference of a second, she bent down with slow reluctance. Her groping fingers touched something smooth and silky, like a woman's hair, and her impulse was to spring up with a shriek. But she forced the cry back, and instead of drawing away her hand, she passed it over the silky surface once again.

There was no doubt this time. She was touching a woman's hair, hair elaborately dressed in thick waves and coils. Still compelling herself to do a thing against which her flesh and blood rebelled, she touched a face so cold that it might have been carved in stone; then, when her trembling fingers had outlined the features, wandered to a marble throat and motionless breast, clothed in silk, she yielded at last, to her impulse and shrunk back, sick with horror of the thing she had found in the darkness.

Who was it who lay there, dead? Who was the perpetrator, who the victim, of this crime—since crime it must surely be? Elspeth could not guess; neither nerves nor brain were in a condition to make guesses, and her one thought was now to escape from this horrible place—wherever it might be.

She groped for the opening at the head of the stairs, and found it again, risking a fall by almost running down the steep steps; and thankful as she had felt a few minutes since, to reach the top she was a hundredfold more thankful to be at the bottom again.

Once more she searched with eager fingers for some spring on the wide panel of wood which she took to be the back of the movable bed; but finding nothing, she moved on until she came at last upon another wooden panel. There she did find a knob of metal, and pressing it the panel slipped silently, smoothly away from under her hand. Instead, an open space was left, through which her body could pass, and Elspeth flung herself into the aperture with a joyous sensation of being saved.

For an instant she stood bewildered, but the faint light which took the place of blackness seemed brighter than it really was, to eyes accustomed to the dark. Dimly she could see shapes she soon made out to be chairs and tables. She was in a furnished room, with uncurtained windows that were squares of starlit sky. "The tower room!" she said to herself, as the familiarity of the surroundings impressed themselves upon her mind.

"The tower room! And I must have come in by the entrance through which the ghost—or man—appeared the other night. That is why he vanished so quickly and so silently. He came through a secret door, and went back by the same way."

Elsbeth waited only long enough to close the door (which shut by a spring, as it had opened), made sure with an exploring finger that she could find the spring again, if need were, and then she fled to the door which was the known entrance to the room. She had feared to find it locked, and so it was, but only by a bolt on the inside, which she slipped back. Then she was in the landing which led to the tower stairway, and there the air was still thick and acrid with smoke.

It was her one way down toward safety, but she took it with fear and trembling, realizing fully that she was far from being out of danger yet.

## CHAPTER XV.

A plan was growing in Elspeth's brain as she groped her way down the stairs, usually lighted throughout the night, but in black darkness now.

"If I come safely through this," she promised herself, "the whole mystery of the house and the plots that have been going on in it shall be unravelled before morning."

As she descended the two steps which led from the tower into the corridor beyond her feet splashed down upon wet carpet, as if she had stepped into thick, damp moss. Evidently much water had been used to put out the fire, and the reek of smoke was offensive still; but apart from the acrid odor and the soaked carpet there were no other signs of the conflagration to be detected in the darkness. Whatever had happened here was all over and done with long ago.

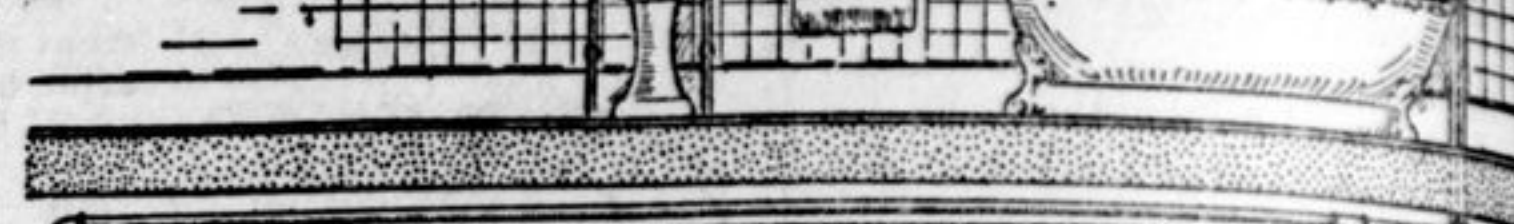
As Elspeth flitted, ghost-like, through the dark corridor a clock somewhere struck three. Only two hours and a half since she had left her room and started out upon the exploring expedition which had come so near to ending in tragedy!

The girl could scarcely believe that the clock told the truth, for it seemed that she had lived through days and nights of horror since then. "Perhaps when the light comes I shall see that my hair has turned gray," she thought, and shuddered as in spirit she touched again the marble features, the silken hair of an unknown dead woman in the dark.

(To be Continued.)

CHRONICLE FOR ALL THE NEWS.

# PANDORA Range



## What a "Pandora" Hot-Water Attachment Means to Me

"BELOW—You see how I just turn on the tap and instantly get hot water for my dishes, washing, scrubbing, preserving, etc.



"ABOVE—you see how the pipes are connected to the bath and basin—no waiting for a bath—no carrying hot water upstairs."

"Pandora" Ranges can be supplied with a hot-water attachment if you haven't already got one, and the attachment does not either take extra fuel or interfere with baking.

# McClary's

London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N.B., Hamilton, Calgary.

LENAHAN & McINTOSH, LOCAL AGENTS

## The Wallopers

Whenever a bunch of women meet At dinner or at lunch Or in a stern convective, They hand the press a punch, They look with fearsome wrath upon The Brothers of the Pen And learnedly discuss the things Which are beyond their ken.

We should not print advertisements Except for hats and dresses. We should not pay attention when A murderer confesses. We should not speak of suicides, And no one can excuse The terrible disgracefulness Of wicked Sporting News.

But after all why should we kick Or lay aside our pen? The sweet, delightful Other Sex

Takes pattern from the men. For Toris say we should do this, Grits say we are too flip. While other fellows raise a yell For Public Ownership.

The clergyman are sad and sore At our unpleasant capers. The Varsity Professor says He cannot read the papers. The literary crowd declare In language rather free Newspapers must be read to print. It is kind of poetree.

And thus it goes. Nobody thinks That journalists do right. We are back numbers, "also ran." We have not seen the light. But 'twould be folly to complain. "It is he our perpetrator. Attacks on us are good. You see They help the circulation.—Nes"

# Scott's Emulsion

of Cod Liver Oil is the means of life and enjoyment of life to thousands: men, women and children.

When appetite fails, it restores it. When food is a burden, it lifts the burden.

When you lose flesh, it brings the plumpness of health.

When work is hard and duty is heavy, it makes life bright.

It is the thin edge of the wedge; the thick end is food. But what is the use of food when you hate it and can't digest it?

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil is the food that makes you forget your stomach.

Send this advertisement, together with name of paper in which it appears, your address and four cents to cover postage, and we will send you a "Complete Handy Atlas of the World."

SCOTT & BOWNE 126 Wellington Street W., TORONTO, ONT.

# For 30 Days

To make room for our New Christmas Stock we have decided to make

## Special Reductions

on all our High-Class stock of Jewellery, Watches, Clocks and Silverware.

Now is the time to get your Christmas presents at lowest prices.

# Percy G. A. Webster

The Jeweler Graduate Canadian Horological Inst. — Expert Repairing a Specialty —

# Stupendous Shoe Sale Now On

For the next 15 Days our entire stock of Men, Women and Children's Shoes will be offered for sale at a 25 per cent. reduction.

# Prices Cut and Slashed All Over the Store

Now is your opportunity to secure your Fall and Winter Boots and Shoes at greatly reduced prices.

REPAIRING DONE QUICKLY AND SATISFACTORILY.

# THOS. McGRATH

Carafaxa St. Near the Bridge