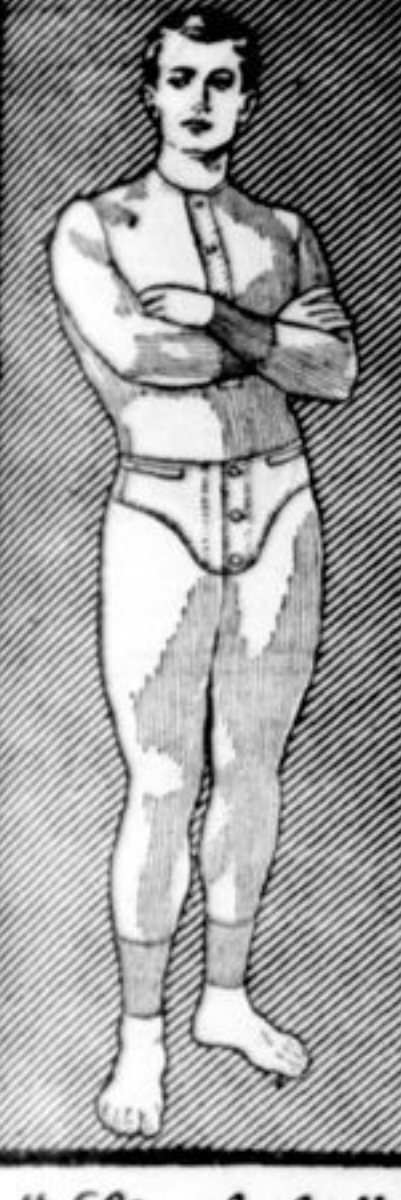


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THE GHOST OF LOGHRAIN CASTLE

BY MRS. G. N. WILLIAMSON

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

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As a matter of fact he was lying. Hilary's letter had not been given to him, and when she had learned this from Elspeth she had made the most of a headache and put off the evil moment by remaining in her room all day. Lady Lambert, however, had told Trowbridge that the girl's consent was but a question of a few hours; on the strength of this assurance Trowbridge had paid the sum of two hundred pounds to a certain man who had arrived during the morning, armed with a blue paper for Lady Lambert; and as a reward for what he had done, he considered himself entitled to all the pleasure he could glean from a somewhat premature announcement of his engagement to Lady Hilary.

As he spoke he poured out the whiskey which he wished his guests to taste, and filled up the long glasses with soda water.

Neither man answered, and Trowbridge glanced curiously at Captain Oxford.

"Are neither of you going to congratulate me?" he asked.

"You have surprised us both," said Kenrith, throwing a warning glance at Captain Oxford, who was pale to the lips. "I know Lady Hilary and her mother well, yet I heard nothing."

"You must have seen what was going on," laughed Trowbridge.

"I'm afraid I've been rather selfishly taken up with my own affairs for the last day or two," replied Kenrith anxiously to cover Oxford's emotion.

Trowbridge laughed. "There are those who say—you know what gossips there are in hotels—that we shall be hearing something of the same sort about Lady Lambert and yourself," said he.

An angry light flashed in Kenrith's clear gray eyes. "Those who say such things say what they have no right to say, and what is most unfair to Lady Lambert."

"It might save here a great deal of trouble if it were true," remarked Trowbridge. "I'm afraid the poor lady has been a good deal bothered for money, and if her creditors were sure—"

"I think we had better not discuss that subject any further," Mr. Trowbridge, "broke in Kenrith; but his heart secretly smote him, and he wondered if he were to blame for any of Lady Lambert's alleged troubles. Had anything that he had actually said or done influenced her to regrettable extravagance? If that were true, it was presupposing that she would have been willing to accept him, had he proposed, and he had never told himself that she would do that.

But, if she had believed that he intended asking her to be his wife, was he not in a way pledged to her by the half intention once in his mind, and the words and actions to which that half intention of his had prompted him?

He thought of Lady Hilary, her love for Captain Oxford and Captain Oxford's love for her. If the girl's mother had been his affianced wife, the child need not have sacrificed her inclinations. Was it not his duty to save her, even now, though, day by day, his intention of proposing to Lady Lambert had been slipping further and further away from his mind?

He had never loved the handsome woman, as he had hoped to love if he married; but until very lately he had admired her exceedingly, and she had fascinated him to a certain extent. Doubtless she had seen and known her own influence over him; and although a subtle change had crept into the relationship lately, had he not perhaps gone too far to retract?

Kenrith had not asked himself this question in so many words before; until he heard that Hilary Vane was to be sacrificed for her mother. And as he tried to answer it mentally, scarcely knowing what he did, with his burnt and bandaged hand he raised a glass of whiskey from the small silver tray which Trowbridge had placed on the table beside him.

"I beg your pardon. I mixed that for Captain Oxford. It's rather stronger than yours. I remembered hearing you say once that you didn't like your whiskey too strong," said Trowbridge; and thus it was Kenrith himself who held out the glass to his friend.

Oxford would rather have thrown Trowbridge's whiskey in his face than drink it, could he have followed his inclination; but if he refused to drink the man would know why, and he did not wish to quarrel over Lady Hilary Vane.

"She shall not marry him. Somehow, I shall save her, if I have to

run away with her to do it," he said to himself, as reluctantly he lifted the glass to his lips.

At this moment there came a knock at the door.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was the night porter who opened the door at Kenrith's "Come in," and he was holding a beautiful collie dog in leash.

"I beg pardon," he said, restraining the animal with difficulty, "but Prince Charlie seems half out of his senses to-night. He's been as good as gold most nights since he was put in my charge to look after till morning; but whether it's been the confusion of the fire in the house, or the smell of smoke, anyhow he's more like a wild thing than himself. I made bold to bring him up here, thinking if I saw a light still, I would knock and ask the captain to see what he could do to soothe the poor beast."

"That's right, Millar," said Captain Oxford, who paid a porter to take care of the dog at night, the only one in the twenty-four hours when he was separated from his master, even in a hotel. "Let him come to me."

As he spoke, Oxford put down his glass with the whiskey untouched. The porter unfastened the dog's leash from the ring in his collar, and the beautiful creature bounded through the door to his master. The young officer patted his knee, as a sign that Prince Charlie was permitted to lay his head upon it; but to his surprise the animal did not respond as usual to this much appreciated signal. Instead of accepting and giving the expected greeting, he turned and showed his teeth at Trowbridge, a film of bloodshot veins netting the white of his clear eyes. The whole graceful, feathery body quivered with the suppressed growling that rumbled in the dog's chest and throat.

Trowbridge flushed slightly and looked uneasy, as Oxford thrust a couple of fingers through Prince Charlie's collar, and prevented the spring he evidently longed to make.

"I'm afraid your dog doesn't fancy me," said Trowbridge, with rather an uncomfortable laugh. "I'm a favorite with most animals, but this one—"

"I must apologize for him," said Oxford, somewhat stiffly. "I have never seen the Prince like this before. He doesn't make friends easily, but he seldom takes dislikes—or if he does, he never shows them, except under extreme provocation."

"And now he has no provocation," returned Trowbridge.

"Apparently none," the younger man echoed. But he looked puzzled. He was sure that, unknown to him, Trowbridge must have done something to rouse the Prince's enmity, and he was asking himself what it could have been, when the affair could have happened.

"One would think," said Kenrith, smiling, "that the Prince expected Mr. Trowbridge to attack you, Oxford, and that he was standing on guard, to protect you at any cost. He has just that attitude."

Trowbridge laughed again. "I had better try to show the faithful old chap that his master and I are the best of friends," said he. "Now, let us clink our glasses together, and then drink. That act ought to prove to the dog that we're all right together, if he's the intelligent Scotchman I take him for; and then I'll bid you good-night."

He held out his glass and Oxford took up his again, Kenrith also lifting his to his lips once more. But as Trowbridge extended his hand towards Captain Oxford, each holding his glass, with a fierce growl the collie leaped up between the two men, and striking his tawny head against his master's tumbler, dashed it to the ground. It broke with a sharp crash, its contents spattering the floor, and drenching the dog's finely marked face and glossy ruff. Both men mechanically drew back to escape the deluge, and Kenrith was surprised at the expression which for an instant disfigured Trowbridge's features.

It was natural that he should be slightly startled, and perhaps vexed; but a look of such rage and hatred darkened his eyes for a second, that Kenrith feared in his sudden anger he would attempt to kill the Prince. Quickly as it had come, so quickly did the strange expression fade, however, and Kenrith was half-inclined to think it must have been a trick of light and shadow.

(To be Continued)

Burns Put Away in Training.

There came within an ace of being no Tommy Burns to fight Johnny Johnston in Australia. This is how it all came about. It seems that Burns took to horseback riding as a preliminary touch to the training grind which must precede the big fight. Tommy isn't the worst rider in the world, nor is he the greatest. He purchased a prancing steed and each morning, bright and early, he was on the trail winding in and out among the Australian hills. Recently, while enjoying a jog at the foot of Mt. Kosciusko, he got a bit bold, and when stepping across a field, he came suddenly upon a fence. It was too late to stop and without a bit hesitation, he took the fence on the fly and immediately became a cropper.

The horse made it all right, but say not so of Tommy. He landed on his head in a gravel patch and lay stunned for some time. The camp was in an uproar of excitement when Burns was seen coming down the road leading the horse. Mr. Nag went at half price the next day. There will be no more bareback feats while Tommy has such important business on hand. Also, the next time he goes over a fence it will be a deliberate, painstaking climb afoot. In the meantime he has been picking bits of gravel out of his complexion.—London Free Press.

Nice Legacy to Son-in-law

FIFTY CENTS TO BUY ROPE TO HANG HIMSELF.

Philadelphia, Pa., November 18. — The feeling entertained by the late George D. Wolfe, of Somerdale, a suburb of this city, toward Chas. W. Wenzel, his son-in-law, was shown in the following paragraph in his will which was admitted to probate to-day,—

"Fifty cents to be paid to my son-in-law, Charles W. Wenzel, a native of Huntingdon, Pa., to enable him to buy a good, stout rope with which to hang himself."

ECZEMA AND PILLS CURED.

Magistrate and School Commissioner Healed by Zam-Buk

Zam-Buk by its healing power has earned the praise of men and women in the greatest stations of life. One of the latest prominent gentlemen to speak highly in Zam-Buk's favor is Mr. C. E. Sanford, of Weston, King's Co., N. S. Mr. Weston is a Justice of the Peace for the County, and a member of the School Board Commissioners. He is also deacon of the Baptist church in Berwick. Indeed throughout the county it would be difficult to find a man more widely known and more highly respected.

Some time back he had occasion to test Zam-Buk, and here is his opinion of this great balm. He says,—"I had a patch of eczema on my ankle, which had been there for over twenty years. Sometimes also the disease would break out on my shoulders. I had taken solution of arsenic, had applied various ointments and tried all sorts of things to obtain a cure, but in vain. Zam-Buk, unlike all else I tried, proved highly satisfactory, and cured the ailment."

"I have also used Zam-Buk for itching piles and it has cured them completely also. I take credit in helping my brother man, and if the publication of my experience of Zam-Buk will lead other sufferers to try it, I should be glad. For the cure of piles or skin diseases, I know of nothing to equal Zam-Buk."

Zam-Buk also cures, burns, cuts, ulcers, blood poisoning, ringworm, scalp scres, chapped hands, cold scres, and all skin injuries and diseases. Rubbed well on to the chest in cases of cold, it relieves the tightness and aching. All druggists and stores sell at 50c. box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price, 3 boxes for \$1.25.

County House of Refuge

The Grey County House of Refuge is again being heard of. It seems that another Grand Jury has made a pronouncement, in which the charge of mismanagement is reiterated. It is interesting to recall the fact that just one year ago investigations of a similar previous charge constituted the chief business transacted at the November session of the County Council. On that occasion the body entirely exonerated the manager, and censured the Grand Jury. In spite of this finding and the rebukes administered, another Grand Jury fearlessly reports that they find as bad a state of affairs at the House of Refuge this year as was reported last year, and the matter will again be investigated by the County Council at its December session.—Aylton Advocate.

Are Your Joints Lame?

Haven't you a weak sport where cold and inflammation always settle? Whether it is in the neck, side, joints or limbs, the cure is simple—a good rub with Nerviline and then apply Nerviline Porous Plasters. These great rubefacients invariably cure strain, swelling, weakness and muscular pain. There is no mystery about this. Nerviline is the most penetrating liniment known—consequently it gets where the trouble really is. Nerviline Porous Plasters are great healers and draw out congestion. Be sure you get the genuine, substitutes can't do the work.

Will Join Owen Sound.

RAILWAY BOARD ENDORSES ANNEXATION OF TOWN PLOT.

Owen Sound, November 18. — The Ontario Railway and Municipal Board to-day endorsed the annexation of the town plot of Brookholm to Owen Sound. Council for the parties opposed to the annexation, pointed out that under the Consolidated Municipal Act, Owen Sound did not have a sufficient population in its present acreage to allow of any extension of the town. The Board stated that they would draw up an order for annexation, which would require to be ratified by a special Act to be obtained from the Legislature.

Owen Sound takes over all the assets and liabilities of the town plot, and provides water, electric light, sewers, fire protection, etc.



This is the trade-mark of **Scott's Emulsion** and is on every bottle of it sold in the world—which amounts to several millions yearly.

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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."

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On our floor for your inspection. Every Stove fully guaranteed.

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We also have a fine assortment of **Lamps Lanterns Globes, Etc.**

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In Furniture, our stock is complete and worthy of inspection. See for yourself and be convinced.

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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

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