

# The Crimson Blind

By FRED. M. WHITE

CHAPTER XXVII.—(Continued.)  
"Perhaps I am wrong," he muttered.  
"Perhaps there has been a mistake somewhere. And if ever I find out I have—pshaw, I am talking like a sentimental schoolgirl. Have I not had evidence strong as proof of Hight's wrong? . . . Get out of my sight, your presence angers me. Go, and never let me see you again. Reginald, you were a fool to bring that boy here to-night. See him off the premises and fasten the door again."  
"Surely," Christabel interfered, "surely at this time of the night—"  
"You should be in bed," Littler said, tartly. "My dear young lady, if you and I are to remain friends, if you must see me, you must see me in a way that will not offend the gentleman to whom you are a woman to do, but you must try, you understand?"  
Christabel was evidently putting a strong constraint on her tongue, she merely bowed and said nothing. She had her own good reasons for the diplomacy of silence. Henson and Frank Littler were disappearing in the direction of the staircase.  
"I say nothing," Christabel said.  
"But at the same time I don't fancy I shall care very much for your distinguished friend Reginald Henson."  
Littler smiled. All his good humor seemed to have returned to him. Only the dark lines under his eyes were more accentuated.  
"A slimy, fawning hound," he whispered. "A mean fellow. And the best of it is that he imagines that I hold the highest regard for him. Good-night."

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

A Squire of Damies.

A little later, and Christabel sat before her looking-glass with her lovely hair about her shoulders. The glasses were gone and her magnificent eyes gleamed and sparkled.  
"Good night's work," she said to her smiling reflection. "Now the danger is passed and now that I am away from that dreadful hound I feel a different being. What a difference a few hours has made! And I hardly need my disguise—even at this moment I believe that Edith would not recognize me. She will be pleased to know that her telegram came in so usefully. Well, here I am, and I don't fancy that anybody will recognize Christabel Lee and Chris Henson for one and the same person."  
She sat there brushing her hair and letting her thoughts drift along idly over the events of the evening. Reginald Henson would have felt less easy in his mind had he known what these thoughts were. Up to now that only sounded hound himself, a conclusion that nobody besides Frank Littler and himself knew that the second copy of "The Crimson Blind" had passed into Bell's possession.

But Chris was quite aware of the fact. And Chris Henson was supposed by Henson to be dead and buried, and was, therefore, in a position to play her cards as she pleased. Up to now it seemed to her that she had played them very well indeed. A cipher telegram from Longdean had warned her that Henson was coming there, had given her more than a passing hint what Henson required, and her native wit had told her why Henson was after the Rembrandt.  
Precisely why he wanted the picture she had not discovered yet. But she knew that she would before long. And she knew also that Henson would try and obtain the picture without making his presence at Littler Castle obvious. He was bringing Frank Littler with him, and was therefore going to use the younger man in some cunning way.  
That Henson would try and get into the castle surreptitiously Chris had felt from the first. Once he did so the rest would be easy, as he knew exactly where to lay his hands on the picture. Therefore he could have no better time than the dead of night. If his presence were betrayed he could turn the matter aside as a joke and trust to his native wit later on. He had obtained the picture by stealth he would have discreetly disappeared, covering his tracks as he retreated.  
Still, it had all fallen out very fortunately. Henson had been made to look ridiculous; he had been forced to admit that he was giving Littler a lesson over the Rembrandt, and through the thing appeared innocent enough on the surface. Henson was sanguine that later on she could bring this up in evidence against him.  
"So far so good," she told herself.  
"Watch, watch, watch, and act when the time comes. It was hard to meet Frank to-night and be able to say nothing. And how objectionable he looked! Well, let us hope that the good time is coming."  
Chris was up betimes in the morning and out on the terrace. She felt further uneasiness on the score of the disguise now. Henson was certain to be inquisitive, it was part of his nature, but he was not going to learn anything. Chris smiled, as she saw Henson lumbering towards her. He seemed all the better for his night's rest.  
"The rose blooms early here," he said, gallantly. "Let me express the hope that you have quite forgiven me for the fright I gave you last night."  
"I guess I don't recollect the fright," Chris drawled. And if there was any fright I calculate it was on the other side. And how are you this morning? You look as if you had been in the wars. Got some trouble with your throat, or what?"  
"A slight operation," Henson said, airily. "I have been speaking too much in public lately and a little something had to be removed. I am much better."  
The ready lie tipped off his tongue. Chris smiled slightly.  
"Do you know, you remind me very much of somebody," he went on.  
"And yet I don't know why, because you are quite different. Lord Littler tells me you are an American."  
"The Stars and Stripes," Chris laughed. "I guess our nation is the first on earth. Now, if you happen to know

portmanteau."  
"Dear friend, I know it," Henson said, with the same slow, forgiving smile. "But there have been cases of black treachery, dark conspiracies that one abhors. And Bell might have made some stupendous discovery regarding his character. I should see him, my lord; oh, yes, I should most undoubtedly see him."  
"And so should I," Chris put in, swiftly.  
Littler smiled, with all traces of his ill-temper gone. He seemed to be contemplating Henson with his head on one side, as if to fathom that gentleman's intentions. There was just the suspicion of contempt in his glance.  
"In the presence of so much goodness and beauty I feel quite lost," he said. "Very well, Henson, I'll see Bell. I may find the interview diverting."  
Henson strolled away with a slight of gentle pleasure. Once out of sight he flew to the library, where he scribbled a couple of telegrams. They were carefully worded and related to some apocryphal parcel requiring immediate delay and calculated to convey nothing to the lay mind. A servant was despatch to the village with them. Henson would have been pleased had he known that the fascinating little American had waylaid his messages and read his telegrams under the plea of verifying one of the addresses. A moment or two later and those addresses were carefully noted down in his teeth with an angry growl. And yet the great sleek head lay against the girl's knee in perfect confidence, Henson looked on uneasily and backed a little way.  
"See how the brute shows his teeth at me," he said. "Please send him away, Miss Lee. I am certain he is getting ready for a spring."  
"Nothing more than a mere coincidence, and wet, his lips trembled. He was horribly afraid. Chris patted the silky head and dismissed the dog with a curt command. He went off instantly with a wistful, backward look in his eye.  
"We are going to be great friends, that doggie and I," Chris said, gaily.  
"And I don't like you any the better, Mr. Henson, because you don't like dogs and they don't like you. Dogs are far better judges of character than you imagine. Dr. Bell says—"  
"What Dr. Bell?" Henson demanded, swiftly.  
"Chris had paused just in time perhaps her successful disguise had made her a trifle reckless.  
"Dr. Hatherly Bell," she said. "He used to be a famous man before he fell into disgrace, was a thing or two. I heard him lecture on the animal instinct in Boston once, and he said—but as you don't care for dogs it doesn't matter what he said."  
"You happen to know anything about him?" Henson asked.  
"Very little. I never met him, if that is what you mean. But I heard that he had done something particularly disgraceful. Why do you ask?"  
"He has done something that is mere coincidence," Henson replied. "It was very little strange that you should mention his name here, especially after what had happened last night. I suppose that, being an American, you fell in love with the Rembrandt. It was you who suggested securing it in its place, and then preventing my little jest from being successfully carried out. Of course you have heard that the picture was stolen."  
"The knowledge is as general as the spiriting away of the Gainsborough Duchess."  
"Quite so. Well, the man who stole the Rembrandt was Dr. Hatherly Bell. He was a gambler, and he was subsequently found in his luggage before he could pass it on to the purchaser. I am glad you mentioned it, because the name of Bell is not exactly a favorite at the castle."  
"I am much obliged to you," said Chris, gravely. "Was Dr. Bell a favorite once?"  
"Oh, immense. He had great influence with Lord Littler. He—but here comes Littler in one of his moods. He appears to be angry about something."  
Littler strode up, with a frown on his hand and a telegram in his pocket. Henson assumed to be mildly sympathetic.  
"I hope it is nothing serious," he murmured.  
"Serious," Littler cried. "The acme of audacity—yes. The telegram has just come. 'Must see you to-night on important business affecting the past. Shall hope to be with you some time later dinner.'  
"And who is the audacious aspirant to an interview?" Chris asked, demurely.  
"A man I expect you never heard of, said Littler, "but who is quite familiar to Henson here, I am alluding to that scoundrel Hatherly Bell."  
"Good heaven!" Henson burst out. "I—I mean, what colossal impudence!"

### CHAPTER XXIX.

The Man With the Thumb Agony.

Chris gave Henson a swift searching glance before her eyes dropped demurely to the ground. Lord Littler appeared to be taking no heed of anything but his own annoyance. But quick as Chris had been, Henson was quicker. He was smiling the slow, sad smile of the man who turns the other cheek because it is his duty to do so.  
"And when does Dr. Bell arrive?" he asked.  
"He won't arrive at all," Littler said, irritably. "Do you suppose I am going to allow that scoundrel under my roof again? The amazing impudence of the fellow is beyond anything. He will probably reach Moreton station by the ten o'clock train. The drive will take him an hour, if I choose to permit the drive, which I don't. I'll send a groom to meet the train with a letter. When Bell has read that letter he will not come here."  
"I don't think I should do that," Henson said, respectfully.  
"Indeed! And what would you do?"  
"I should suffer Bell to come. As a Christian I should deem it my duty to do so. It pains me to say so, but I am afraid that I cannot contravert your suggestion that Bell is a scoundrel. It grieves me to prove any man that. And in the present instance the proofs were overpowering. Lord Littler tells me you are an American."  
"The Stars and Stripes," Chris laughed. "I guess our nation is the first on earth. Now, if you happen to know

anything about Boston—" "I never was in Boston in my life," Henson replied, hastily. The name seemed to render him uneasy. "Have you been in England very long?"  
Chris replied that she was enjoying England for the first time. But she was not there to answer questions, her role was to ask them. But she was dealing with past-mey growl. In the of gleaming information, and Henson was getting on her nerves. She gave a little cry of pleasure as a magnificent specimen of an lighthound came trotting down the terrace and paused in friendly fashion before her.  
"What a lovely dog," she exclaimed. "Do you like dogs, Mr. Henson?"  
She looked up beamingly into his face as she spoke; she saw the heavy features darken and the eyes grow small with anger.  
"I loathe them, and they loathe me," Henson growled. "Look at him!"  
He pointed to the dog, who showed his teeth with an angry growl. And yet the great sleek head lay against the girl's knee in perfect confidence, Henson looked on uneasily and backed a little way.  
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# MEXICO MAKING RAPID ADVANCES

## VICTORIAN GIVES AN ACCOUNT OF TRAVELS

### Through Southern Republic—Much Outside Capital Being Invested in Mining Properties.

After a four months' tour of the Southern States and Mexico Rowland Machin, general agent for Canada of the Bennett Fuse Company, has returned and is full of enthusiasm, especially in regard to the possibilities of the country last mentioned from a mining, agricultural and general commercial standpoint. Mr. Machin visited almost every point of interest in Mexico, and, with his usual energy, never let an opportunity slip in the endeavor to gain a comprehensive insight into the conditions of the country, the stage reached in the development of natural resources and the future outlook. Mr. Machin, therefore, has come back with a thorough grasp of the situation, and was able to give some valuable information, much of which should make interesting reading to the general public, when in conversation with a Times representative of the other day.

Among the mining centres at which Mr. Machin called was Pachuca, one of the oldest camps in Mexico. While there he had the novel experience of meeting native born children of English parents unable to speak the Anglo-Saxon tongue. He also made the acquaintance of Bernard McDonald, former manager of the Le Roi B. A. C. corporation, under the Whitaker regime. This well-known mining man was then engaged inspecting the Realde Monte and Annexes, which property was sold to an American syndicate under his report for the sum of \$2,500,000. No less a sum than \$900,000, Mr. McDonald stated, is invested by American mining capitalists in the Republic of Mexico. He believed this accounted in a measure for the colony of 10,000 Americans to be found within the other day.

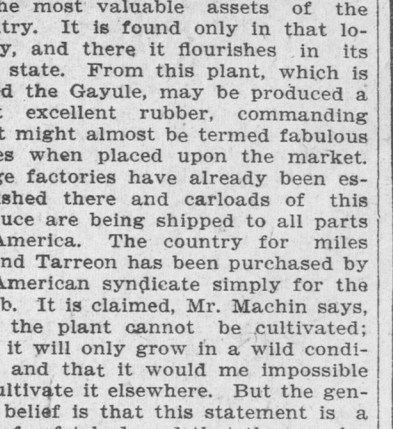
While probing the industrial activities of that promising republic, Mr. Machin learned that one of the largest properties controlled by British capitalists, with the exception of the La Esperanza and the El Bote, is the electric tramway system of the capital city. It was procured at an expenditure of \$2,000,000. According to authoritative returns, of which Mr. Machin made a careful note, it carried over 2,000,000 passengers during the month of January. The earnings for the past few months have been no less than \$1,000 a day, a figure which gives some insight into the present prosperity of the country. The Canadian-Mexican Light & Power Company, with its head offices in Mexico City, is a concern controlled by Canadian capitalists, as its name implies. It furnished the power for the use of residents of Pachuca, Guana Juanao, Eto' and a number of mechanical enterprises. General Manager Clouston, of the Bank of Montreal, recently inspected this plant and was very favorably impressed. Mr. Machin explained that these instances were enumerated to demonstrate the confidence which outsiders feel in the future of the republic.

While away Mr. Machin visited Monterrey, Saltillo, San Luis Potosi, Queretero—the point of distribution for the opal output of Mexico—Guanao, Irapuato and Guernavaca. At almost every point touched he came in contact with some former British Col-

# EARN CASH

## In Your Leisure Time

If you could start at once in a business which would add a good round sum to your present earnings—WITHOUT INVESTING A DOLLAR—wouldn't you do it?  
Well, we are willing to start you in a profitable business and we don't ask you to put up any kind of a dollar.  
Our proposition is this: We will ship you the Chatham Incubator and Brooder, freight prepaid, and You Pay No Cash Until After 1906 Harvest.  
Poultry raising pays.  
Thousands of people who tell you that there is no money in raising chicks may have tried to make money in the business by trying setting hens as hatchers, and they might as well have tried to locate a gold mine in the cabbage patch. The business of a hen is—its eggs. As a hatcher and brooder she is not classified. That's the business of the Chatham Incubator and Brooder, and they do it perfectly and successfully.  
The poultry business, properly conducted, pays far better than any other business for the amount of time and money invested.  
Thousands of poultry-raisers—men and women all over Canada and the United States—have proved to their satisfaction that it is profitable to raise chicks with the



No. 1—60 Eggs  
No. 2—120 Eggs  
No. 3—240 Eggs  
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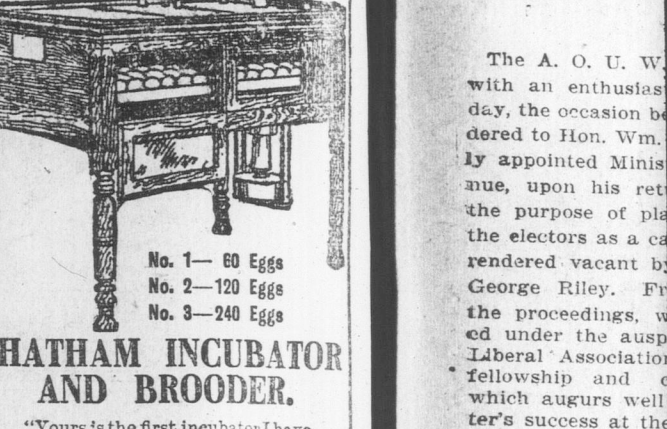
"Yours is the first incubator I have used, and I wish to state I had 32 chicks out of 50 eggs. This was my first lot, truly a 100 per cent. hatch. I am well pleased with my incubator and brooder. P. W. RAMSAY, Chatham Incubator, F. W. RAMSAY, Dunville, Ont."  
"My first hatch came off. I got 170 fine chicks from 100 eggs. I can beat that for the first trial, and so early in the spring. I am well pleased with incubator, and if I could not get another money could not buy from me. Every farmer should have a No. 3 Chatham Incubator.—F. W. RAMSAY, Dunville, Ont."  
"The incubator you furnished me works exceedingly well. It is easy operated, and only needs about 10 minutes attention every day. R. McFARLANE, Moose Jaw, Sask."  
The Chatham Incubator and Brooder is honestly constructed. There is no humping about it. Every inch of material is thoroughly tested, the machine is built on right principles, the insulation is perfect, thermometer reliable, and the workmanship the best.  
The Chatham Incubator and Brooder is simple as well as scientific in construction—a woman or girl can operate the machine in their leisure moments. You pay us no cash until after 1906 harvest.  
Send us your name and address on a post card to-day.  
We can supply you quickly from our distributing warehouses at Calgary, Brandon, Regina, Winnipeg, New Westminster, B.C., Montreal, Halifax, Chatham. Address all correspondence to Chatham.

Let us quote you prices on a good Fanning Mill or good Farm Scale.

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The Chatham Incubator and Brooder is honestly constructed. There is no humping about it. Every inch of material is thoroughly tested, the machine is built on right principles, the insulation is perfect, thermometer reliable, and the workmanship the best.  
The Chatham Incubator and Brooder is simple as well as scientific in construction—a woman or girl can operate the machine in their leisure moments. You pay us no cash until after 1906 harvest.  
Send us your name and address on a post card to-day.  
We can supply you quickly from our distributing warehouses at Calgary, Brandon, Regina, Winnipeg, New Westminster, B.C., Montreal, Halifax, Chatham. Address all correspondence to Chatham.

Let us quote you prices on a good Fanning Mill or good Farm Scale.

# WHAT WE CLAIM FOR FERROL

## FERROL

FERROL is an Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, and if it were nothing more it would take front rank because of the quality and quantity of the oil used and the scientific method of preparation. But Ferrol has specific claims which take it out of the ordinary class of emulsions altogether. For instance:  
FERROL combines Iron and Phosphorus with the oil, and no other emulsion contains these ingredients although it is well known that they should always be administered together, as each is the complement of the other.  
FERROL is so scientifically prepared that the first processes of digestion are actually performed in the process of manufacture, and the emulsion is ready for instant absorption into the blood, this is of the utmost importance to persons with delicate stomachs.  
FERROL unlike other emulsions, is positively palatable and not one in a thousand find any difficulty in taking it.  
FERROL contains the three essentials of life, viz.: Fat, Iron and Phosphorus—they have never been combined before.  
FERROL holds the record for increasing the weight.  
FERROL has received more endorsements from medical men than any other preparation on the market.  
FERROL will cure any case of Consumption that is capable of cure.  
FERROL is an absolute specific for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Bronchitis and all kindred troubles.  
FERROL is an unfailing remedy for Nervous Prostration, Insomnia, Chronic Rheumatism and Neuralgia.  
Finally the formula is freely published, and in taking Ferrol

"You Know What You Take" At All Druggists

# EARN CASH

## In Your Leisure Time

If you could start at once in a business which would add a good round sum to your present earnings—WITHOUT INVESTING A DOLLAR—wouldn't you do it?  
Well, we are willing to start you in a profitable business and we don't ask you to put up any kind of a dollar.  
Our proposition is this: We will ship you the Chatham Incubator and Brooder, freight prepaid, and You Pay No Cash Until After 1906 Harvest.  
Poultry raising pays.  
Thousands of people who tell you that there is no money in raising chicks may have tried to make money in the business by trying setting hens as hatchers, and they might as well have tried to locate a gold mine in the cabbage patch. The business of a hen is—its eggs. As a hatcher and brooder she is not classified. That's the business of the Chatham Incubator and Brooder, and they do it perfectly and successfully.  
The poultry business, properly conducted, pays far better than any other business for the amount of time and money invested.  
Thousands of poultry-raisers—men and women all over Canada and the United States—have proved to their satisfaction that it is profitable to raise chicks with the



No. 1—60 Eggs  
No. 2—120 Eggs  
No. 3—240 Eggs  
CHATHAM INCUBATOR AND BROODER.

"Yours is the first incubator I have used, and I wish to state I had 32 chicks out of 50 eggs. This was my first lot, truly a 100 per cent. hatch. I am well pleased with my incubator and brooder. P. W. RAMSAY, Chatham Incubator, F. W. RAMSAY, Dunville, Ont."  
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