

Love and Crime

"Dare I venture it?" she says, in an impulsive whisper, through her clinched teeth. "It tempts me! It tempts me! Dare I venture so far? Is there danger to me in this name? Is it my fate that follows me in this name? 'Lindsay!' 'Lindsay!' How I hate it; how I curse it! Though they can be no kinder of those I knew, I am afraid of the name! I hate the name! I curse the name! Perhaps it is my fate that follows me, and my fate brings me good luck, at least! It tempts me; it tempts me!" she reiterates, feverishly, "for I should be safe! At least, this would be safe! She drags her finger around her shining, satin-fair neck, with a low, mirthless laugh. "They would not hang the Right Honourable the Countess of Cardonnel!"

Lord Cardonnel returns from the coroner's inquest, held in the large reception room of the White Hart Hotel, close to the railway station, in a frame of mind in which stately indignation mingles with the gloomiest pessimistic views as to the state of a country in which a nobleman's word is taken as a law, and as if they were absolutely of no account. That, too, by "common shopkeeper fellows," as he says to himself. For the jury—"common shopkeeper fellows"—to a man—have betrayed, along with their absurd inquisitiveness, the rude indifference, even to the expressed opinions of the Earl of Cardonnel.

They have persisted, in spite of suppositions and ridiculously impertinent questions, as he deems them, respecting his guest, Miss Surtees. Her position in life, her nationality, her acquaintance with and knowledge of the deceased, until the coroner interferes resolutely, and forbids any more needless prying into matters not in any way relating to the death of the poor woman, Lilith Scrope, who, according to the testimony of Miss Surtees, was a middle-aged spinster, "considerably past forty," a friendless, forlorn sort of person, without a near relative on earth, without position or income.

"She was in your employment?" one of the jurymen asks, through the lawyer, who watches the case in the railway company's interests.

"Yes," Miss Surtees answers, coldly. "At least, I had taken her into my employment on a temporary understanding, and more out of consideration for her than for any other reason. She knew nothing whatever of the duties of maid or companion, so I always attended to business matters, paying bills, and engaging rooms at hotels myself."

"Oh!" the lawyer says, slowly, and then, prompted by the solemn expression of his eyes, he asks, "Did you, young lady, named Wigen, see a final question?" "Were you on good terms with the deceased?"

It is at this point that the coroner interposes, and, gravely reprimanding the lawyer, says he is to comprehend the fact of such irrelevant questioning; and as they have ascertained the cause of death to be the injuries received through the broken door of the railway carriage, he bids her backward and forward, while the hapless woman lay in the carriage, with her head across the doorway, and her business is only to find a verdict in accordance with evident facts.

The jury go into the adjoining room to view the body, and, on their return, find the only verdict that, as the coroner said, could be found in the circumstances—"Accidental death;" and, with a view to questions and answers as to funeral expenses, which Miss Surtees promises at once to defray, the inquiry into the death of Lilith Scrope is over.

With a long sigh of relief, which is almost a moan, Lydia Surtees turns away, drawing down her thick, spotted tulle veil, and, accepting the help Lord Cardonnel proffers, to wind a long white Spanish lace scarf around her throat, partially muffling her face—almost concealing it, indeed.

"The day is very chilly, I think, and I have neuralgia so badly!" she murmurs, in meek explanation.

"I thought you did not look quite well," Lord Cardonnel says, and his tone is as chilly as the day.

His feelings toward the fair guest, whose charms had cast a spell-like witchery over him last night, have undergone a great change in the cold, sober light of day.

Locked in her lap, gazing at the door by feverish light during those midnight hours of pacing to and fro, sleepless and unresting.

"One would think I was mad, or that I had never seen a pretty woman, in a well-made gown before!" he tells himself, with contemptuous amazement, at the glances that meet her face, and her senses, as he glances at the woman who is sitting beside him, during that long hour before the coroner's jury.

For Lydia Surtees' weird beauty has vanished in the cold daylight, in that bare hotel room.

She is pallid, sagged and faded. Her rich, gold hair has a curious, washed-out appearance; there are lines around her colorless lips, and her sunken, half-closed eyes.

Her big, fawn-colored hat, lavishly trimmed with ribbons and feathers, and the silver-grey cloak, are both strangely unbecoming to the woman who, with her exquisite taste in dress, to array herself in for a public occasion like the present. Once, indeed, Lord Cardonnel's disenchantment reaches the stage of absolute repulsion—when the jury leaves the room to view the body, and the woman sits with her head tighter to her chest, and then she turns suddenly to Lord Cardonnel, gripping his arm with her long, slender fingers, which feel strong, and close as a grip of steel, through her glove.

"Will they bring her in here?" she mutters, the pallor of her face growing livid, her eyes gleaming like half-blinded flames.

"Here! Whom do you mean?" Lord Cardonnel asks, with calm surprise.

"Here! It—the body!" Lydia Surtees replies, with her greenish-lavender eyes glaring into his, her long, thin, purple lips drawing back off her little

white teeth, in the extremity of her rage and terror.

He shrinks from her in astonishment, and discomfit, even while he tries courageously to reassure her, and the moment the inquiry terminates, he hurries her out of the room, blaming himself intensely for the ridiculous knight-errantry toward a distressed damsel, which has nearly plunged him into the abominable predicament of a public struggle with a woman in fierce hysterics.

The inquiry into the death of Mr. Russell, the old gentleman—the only other passenger who was killed—is next proceeded with, and as Lord Cardonnel and his companion leave the room, which is on the first floor, they see two other persons coming hurriedly up the stairs, as they descend.

A slight feeling of curiosity makes Lord Cardonnel's glance rest a moment or two on them as they hasten past him.

One is Dr. Gerry, the red-faced, shrewd-looking, vulgar little, parish surgeon, whom the earl knows well by sight.

The other man is Roderic Lindsay, the tall, broad-chested, athletic young fellow, with the splendid, dark eyes. He has a cane in his hand, and leans on it as he goes up the stairs, and as he reaches the top, he glances back at Lord Cardonnel's glance, and the latter notices one or two slight scars on the young fellow's temple, and on the back of his hand.

"One of the injured passengers, I suppose?" Lord Cardonnel says, wondering vaguely at the same name where he had seen the stranger before.

A slight thrill, as of recognition of a long-vanished face, passes over him as he meets the slow glance of those steadfast, deep-set, brilliant eyes.

"I suppose so," Lydia Surtees assents, readily, although the truth is, that her mind is being confused by the fact that she has seen her on the broad staircase, she has not looked to right or left, or raised her face, half shrouded as it is in the white lace scarf, since she left the jury room.

"That's his lordship, that gentleman who just passed with the lady," Dr. Gerry whispers, eagerly. "That's Dr. Christabel's father, the Earl of Cardonnel!"

"Indeed!" Roderic Lindsay retorts, frigidly. "Well, speaking from a colonial point of view, I don't think much of him. Why that Dr. Christabel with him! I should have raised my hat, shouldn't I? Or would she consider it rather presumptuous—eh, doctor?"

"Not at all, not at all. Quite correct. Only a proper acknowledgment of her kindness and condescension, you know," Dr. Gerry says, with the air of a master of ceremonies, not perceiving even remotely the sarcasm and cynicism in Roderic's meek tones. "But that wasn't Lady Christabel, my dear sir," Dr. Gerry continues. "Oh, dear me, no; that's Miss—Miss—dear me, the name quite slipped my memory. She's a friend of Lord Cardonnel's who was in the train at the time of the accident. A very wealthy girl, an American heiress, I believe. She's staying at the abbey at present, with her lordship and Lady Christabel, and Lady Flora Lindsay, his lordship's half-sister. Dr. Gerry looks at Roderic, with a very inquisitive expression, as if he were about to say, "But that wasn't Lady Christabel whom we met with his lordship; oh, dear, no!"

"Well, it was his lordship, wasn't it?" Roderic says, with curt impatience. "That stiff-starched-looking old chap? Miserably sick-looking for a man of fifty-four!" "My father will be fifty in October, and he is vigorous, and active, and handsome as a man as he was at thirty!" "His lordship is not fifty-four! Dear me, no, not at all!" Dr. Gerry says, looking rather shocked at this rude handling of dignities.

"Dear me, yes, he is!" retorts Roderic, sharply. "He is just four years older than my father! At least, so I've been told—I mean—I was told by a relative of his."

"Oh, I wasn't aware you knew Lord Cardonnel at all," Dr. Gerry says, rather taken aback, and with a very inquisitive expression, as if he were about to say, "My father will be fifty in October, and he is vigorous, and active, and handsome as a man as he was at thirty!"

"But my name isn't the same! I spell mine without the aristocratic 'e' in the middle," Roderic says, with a slight smile. "That's a vast alteration in the case, Dr. Gerry!"

"Ay, to be sure," Dr. Gerry admits. "I am very glad I wrote that note to Lady Christabel this morning," Roderic says mentally. "Very glad, I had some absurd, fleeting ideas about venturing I left St. Cray's to-morrow, but one glance at that aristocratic icicle, the belted earl, revealed to me what a visit from a colonial stranger would be considered—the height of presumption."

"Of course, my lady, and even if she heard my name I dare say she has been brought up in ignorance of the very existence of her 'hushanger' cousins, as the old Dowager Mallibrane calls us. But the Right Honourable the Earl of Cardonnel is well aware of our existence, and, maybe, even who it was who is so indebted to her for her 'kind condescension,' as this old toady, the doctor, says. So, that stiff, little note which her lady Christabel had received by this time, will completely remove all present and future apprehensions of her vulgar cousin and his claiming kinship or friendship with her!"

In his heart of hearts, Roderic Lindsay can scarcely bear to think of the formal, polite gratitude of this valetudinary message, which is all the return he can ever venture to make to Lady Christabel for her sweet kindness to him.

"If she were anyone else, if I could have done what I liked," he says to himself, "I'd have walked up to the house, and told her I'd kept to the last hour of my life her pretty, silk kerchief that she bound around my head with her soft, fair, little hands. I'd have told her that I could never forget her! I'd have gone on my knees and kissed the little, white hands that were so good to me! But, as it is, I am very glad I sent that note. Now it's all over and done with, and by to-morrow evening I shall have turned my back on St. Cray's, and St. Cray's, and his lordship, the earl, and her ladyship, Christabel, forever!"

"A good thing, too!" Roderic adds, gloomily. "I've only wasted my time

and got a broken head for my pains—hunting on a lost trail! She gave me the slip in Antwerp. I told that detective so, but he wouldn't believe me. Well, I'll give it up now!" he adds, throwing back his head and squaring his broad shoulders, as a man does when he flings off a heavy load. "It's only waste of time and waste of money at the best, and I'll have no more to do with it! Let her go! She carries memories with her to sting her like scorpions, and make her life a curse to her. That is, if she is not remorseless, conscienceless, soulless! Soberly, I believe," Roderic mutters, with a slight shiver, "that she was a fiend in the shape of a woman!"

"Eh? I beg your pardon, were you speaking to me?" Dr. Gerry says, smoothly, by his cunning, feigning to be fixed on Roderic, who has been muttering half audibly to himself in a feverish fashion. "Head feeling bad?"

No! Hm! you don't look quite so well as you did when you got up. Better keep very quiet for the rest of the day. By the way, I've just recollected that lady's name we met with the earl just now—Miss Surtees, Miss Lydia Surtees. Oh, do you know her?"

"Know her?" Roderic says, guardedly, after a slight start of surprise. "Well, I have met her. She was staying at the same hotel as I was in Paris for a few days. At least, a Miss Lydia Surtees was staying there, that's all."

"Oh!" Dr. Gerry says, rather disappointedly. "She had to appear at the inquest, as this poor woman who was killed was her maid. So, I suppose you have seen her since?"

"Her maid! Indeed, poor girl!" Roderic says, recalling with some difficulty a slight recollection he has of a neat maid in a grey merino gown and snowy muslin cap and apron, who floated within earshot of Miss Surtees while on the Continent, and whom he could not remember.

"Yes, I suppose she was," the doctor says, dubiously. "The poor creature is scarcely recognizable now, you know."

"Poor soul!" repeats Roderic, mechanically. (To be continued.)

Noted Evangelist's Expatriation

Irene, Ill., Nov. 4.—"I always praise the bridge that carries me over safe," are the words of J. Dimick Taylor, the great American evangelist, whose home is in Irene, while in Nova Scotia, last winter I needed medicine and used Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They helped me wonderfully, and I recommend them to others. I send this testimonial because your remedy will work directly on the kidneys, and cure the renal disorders that often give pain to the man and woman affected with kidney trouble. I have not found anything to equal Dr. Hamilton's Mandrake and Butternut Pills. I give them to a man on Tan Cook Island that was suffering in the most horrible way in a few hours he was relieved. When a minister like Mr. Taylor comes forth in praise of Dr. Hamilton's Pills, it is evident their power is beyond the ordinary. For diseases of the kidneys, bladder, liver and stomach they have no equal. Easy to take, very mild, sure to cure, 25 cents per box at all dealers.

NEW WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Radical Changes Being Made in the Old Structure.

London, Nov. 3.—Visitors to London next year will find that a change has come over Westminster Abbey. It is now being restored, a process of which it stood in great need; for London's smoke-laden atmosphere had played havoc with the stonework, which was scaling rapidly and falling away.

The restoration work has been going on for some time, but it is only now that the real character of the work is apparent. Instead of merely repairing the fine ornamental stone parapets which, although of comparatively recent date, had begun to assume the appearance of age, new parapets of the battlement type are being erected by the cathedral authorities.

A good deal of criticism is being hurled at the heads of those responsible for this change, though it is declared that in erecting the battlement style of parapets they are simply following the original design.

Proof of this is shown in an engraving dated 1720, which depicts the Abbey without its towers, but with battlement parapets. The Secretary of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings complains that when the restoration work is complete, the new building will be a "new building."

CASTORIA.

Beats the Kind You Have Always Bought

FIVE WHALERS MISSING.

May Have Been Caught in Northern Ice Floes.

San Francisco, Nov. 3.—Venturing too far to the westward in the Arctic Ocean in quest of whales, five vessels at the whaling fleet sailing from San Francisco more than a year ago, with 225 men, may have been caught by the sudden closing of the ice in the northern winter, according to Captain John A. McNeill, of the whaler Jeanette, which arrived yesterday.

The missing vessels are the Herman, the Beluga, the Belvidere, the Thrausier and the William Bayles. None of these whalers was seen by the men of the Jeanette, which once had to make a path through the ice pack with gunpowder before the open sea was reached. All of the whalers went further to the north-west this season than usual, the Jeanette plainly sighting Prince William's Land.

Only one vessel of the fleet, the Bowhead, reached the open sea after the Jeanette escaped. The Bowhead was sighted off this port to-day.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

The Experts Say It Will Not Harm Coal Creek.

Frank, Alta., Nov. 3.—Reports of danger of another mountain slide similar to that which caused such terrible devastation here four years ago are alarming the residents of Coal Creek. A crack has appeared in the mountain above that town, and alarmists claim it was widening at the rate of several feet per day. However, experts claim the town of Coal Creek is in no danger, even should the slide actually occur.

SHELLS EXPLODED.

Ten Men Were Killed by Accident in France.

Bourges, France, Nov. 3.—While a cart was conveying eight shells to the testing grounds yesterday, seven of the shells exploded. The driver of the cart and an escort of eight privates and one non-commissioned officer were killed, and the remaining soldier, who was riding on the cart, was seriously injured.

Wonderful Undervalues

For Tuesday's Selling From the

HURRY-OUT SALE

And without doubt this is by far one of the most successful sales ever attempted by the McKay store. Thousands of women are taking every advantage of the price reductions we are offering in reliable materials, and wonder why we can sell so cheap. If you are not getting your share of the bargains, why come to-morrow, for in no other store has ever such a successful sale in every way been held. You will find interesting to you many lines not advertised, but the PINK PRICE TICKETS will tell the story of wonderful savings. Come.

Hurry-Out Sale of Laces and Trimmings at 20% Off

An entire stock of Trimmings and Laces to clear. Beautiful Plain and Fancy Bands, Silk and Chiffon Appliques, Embroidered Vestings, Persian Bands, etc.; also Hand-made Duchesse or Torchon Laces, Persian, Oriental, Gulpure Insertions, come in sets, also Chiffon and Laces, Allovers, ranging from 25 to 85 yard, Hurry-out Sale 20 per cent. off.

Hurry-Out Sale of Embroideries, Skirtings, Allovers 5c, 9c, 11c, 14c, 19c to 79c Yard

15 cartons of manufacturers' samples, and of Embroidery, dainty fine Baby Edgings, to 15-inch Flouncings, 18 to 27 inch Skirtings, and Allovers, also Insertions, Readings and Galoon Trimmings, come in 2½ to 4½ yard lengths, all exclusive designs, regular 10c to \$1.50 yard, Hurry-out Sale 5, 9, 11, 14, 19 to 79c yard

Hurry-Out Sale of Hose Supporters 11c Pair

20 dozen of Ladies' Hose Supporters, made with divided pad, on self-reducing belt, double straps of best lisle elastic, belt fasteners, in all colors, regular 25c, Hurry-out Sale 11c pair

An Important Sale of Coats and Furs

Winter Coats \$9.98

48 and 50 inch English Box Coats of excellent quality cloth, full flaring circular back, collar edged with velvet and nicely trimmed with braid. Regular \$15, Hurry-out Sale price 9.98

Persian Paw Sets \$20.00

Pillow Muff and Tie, excellent quality fur. The most fashionable fur of the season. See these muffs and ties. They are very handsome; worth \$25. Hurry-out Sale price 20.00

Persian Lamb Sets \$14.98

Pillow Muff and 25 inch Tie, good quality Persian lamb. Regular \$18.50, Hurry-out Sale price 14.98

Note—Our Fur stock is now complete, with a large assortment of choicest Furs, also Fur Coats, and Fur Lined Garments, at very moderate prices.

Great Sale of Up-to-date Tweeds

Regular \$1.00 and \$1.25 59c

Hurry-Out Sale Price

New and up-to-date Tweeds go on sale to-morrow regardless of their real values, at this season's latest designs and colors in stripes, checks and broken plaids effects. In the lot you will find splendid materials for winter suits or separate skirts. By far the biggest bargain of the season. Be on hand early in the morning and secure your share. Regular \$1 and \$1.25, Hurry-out Sale price 59c

Hurry-Out Values From Our Staple Section

Bleached Sheetings 25c

20 pieces Bleached Sheetings, plain and twill, round, even thread, 2 yards wide, 30c value, Hurry-out price 25c

Damask Cloths

Pure Linen Cloths, bordered all around, slightly imperfect, 2 yards square, regularly \$2.25, for 1.59

2½ yards long, regularly \$2.75, for 1.79

Cream Damask 27c

63-inch Cream Damask, good, firm quality, regularly 35c value, for 27c

Towels

Hemstitched Huck Towels, extra size, firm, absorbent weave, 25c value, for 19c

Hemstitched Huck Towels, pure linen, soft, absorbent weave, 35c value, for 25c

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THE DOUKHOBORS

FORT WILLIAM AUTHORITIES ARE UNEASY OVER SITUATION.

Meeting on Main Street—One of the Pilgrims Entertains a Large Crowd of Citizens With Some Peculiar News.

Fort William, Nov. 3.—The Doukhobor pilgrims were the centre of interest in this city to-day. The band here now number 78, and they are all quartered in one house, on one of the principal streets. This morning 18 children who are in the party paraded the principal streets, chanting their songs of praise. The older members held a meeting on the main street at noon, and one of their number addressed a large crowd of citizens in English for over two hours. His views were largely of the Socialistic variety, although he made several startling statements, which were somewhat original, among them being: "Newspapers do not tell the truth; jails should be abolished, work should not be made a hobby, animals should not be killed nor used as beasts of burden, all forms of government should be done away with, and most preachers are fat heads."

The party will remain here for the winter, and will start out for Montreal in the spring. The local authorities are somewhat uneasy over the situation, and may endeavor to get rid of the pilgrims in some manner.

RAILWAYS

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Containing latest information about

DISTRICTS

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From Montreal, Kingston, Nov. 9, Southport, Nov. 15, Canada, Dec. 7, etc.

From Portland, Dominion, Dec. 14, Canada, Jan. 4, etc.

From Liverpool, Dominion, Dec. 14, Canada, Jan. 4, etc.

From London, Dominion, Dec. 14, Canada, Jan. 4, etc.

From Glasgow, Dominion, Dec. 14, Canada, Jan. 4, etc.

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From London, Dominion, Dec. 14, Canada, Jan. 4, etc.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Niagara Falls, New York—12.00 a.m., 12.30 a.m., 1.00 p.m., 1.30 p.m., 2.00 p.m., 2.30 p.m., 3.00 p.m., 3.30 p.m., 4.00 p.m., 4.30 p.m., 5.00 p.m., 5.30 p.m., 6.00 p.m., 6.