

# Love and Crime

Lilith Scrope is crouching down on the seat, her hands clutching the cloth cushion, her small, half-shut eyes are wide open now, with huge, black, distended pupils, and blazhing with a greenish lustre, which lights up the dead-white face in an unearthly manner.

"Are you frightened, Scrope?" reiterates Miss Surtees, more impatiently. "Nonsense! Rouse yourself! There, give me the bag, and I will get the things out myself. Do you hear me, Scrope?" The dressing bag cannot reach it without walking to her end of the compartment.

But Lilith Scrope never moves.

She is staring at the lightning with those awful, distended eyes, muttering to herself through her clenched, gleaming teeth: "Always something happens to me in a storm. Always something happens to me in a storm." And at each repetition she draws in her breath with a sharp, hissing sound, and shudders pass over her from head to foot. Her simultaneous body seems to elongate, and stretches out on the long, slender neck, her face contracts in a small, triangular, pallid outline, as she extends and writhes herself along the seat in a sort of convulsion.

"Good gracious, what is the matter with you. Pray don't, Scrope!" Miss Surtees pleads, and, rising from her place and moving toward her, "Good heavens, she looks like a serpent," she exclaims, involuntarily retreating in a sort of horror, as the small, bloodless, gray-white face, with the shining eyes, is upturned, and with a weird, magnetic power in their gleam, compel her to look to a fixed gaze from which she cannot withdraw them.

She cannot withdraw them until—as if the deadly spell is wrought—there comes a frightful jerk and crash vibrates through the cars; shrill whistles, and then shouts and screams; and then, with a few mad plunges and leaps—like a wild creature escaping from captivity—a roar of escaping steam and crashing metal, the engine with half its train, attached, tumbles headlong over the grassy embankment into a quiet meadow, and lies on its side, smothered and belching out smoke and steam amid its ruin like a dying monster.

The accident has simply been caused, in the first instance, by the breaking of the coupling irons between two of what are called "composite" coaches—the second-class cars becoming separated from the third and first—it is believed in consequence of a sudden strain and jolt over improperly closed couplings.

The engine, detached from half its load, has gone off the track, and being unmanageable, has toppled over the embankment—fortunately only a few grassy slope, or the ruin wrought would have been far greater.

As it is, after the cries and screams of the third-class passengers, among whom are several women, have brought speedy aid to their relief, and extricated them from the ruined car, it is found that, though everyone has sustained injuries, some very severe, in the shape of fractured ribs, and bruises, and cuts, only two are dangerously hurt and insensible.

The first-class passengers have suffered worst. One of the gentlemen, in a first-class smoking car, is found dead, and a young man in the same compartment is stunned and bleeding from a scalp wound. A lady in an adjoining car, and her daughter, both have fractured limbs; but when they reach the fourth of the first-class cars, exclamations of horror escape the lips of the party of searchers, with the surgeon among them.

The car door is open—it has been wrenched from one hinge, and hangs crookedly—and in the aperture a woman's body is lying, face downward.

"Battered pretty well to pieces, poor soul!" the men groan, and they lift the lifeless form out and gather up the garments—the plain black straw hat and dark-blue check dust-cloak—which are lying beside her.

"She is breathing, but that is all," the surgeon says, after a momentary examination. "The skull is fractured. The door in falling has done it, I expect. I wonder how it became unfastened. All the others are jammed tight. She opened it in trying to escape, poor creature. I suppose, and then fell halfway out in this fashion! Poor lady. I wonder was she alone."

They go back with a lamp to the wreck for it is growing quite dark now, beneficent torrents of rain in which the tempest is exhausting itself.

"There is somebody else here!" they cry, excitedly, as they hear a faint, moaning voice in the gloom of the wrecked car, and see lying on the floor, amid some fallen luggage a heap of light-colored, shining material.

"There's another lady here, sir," the men call out to the surgeon. "Another lady! badly hurt, too, we're afraid."

"Can't do anything for a few minutes till we can get another stretcher," the surgeon says, briefly. "There's no use in dragging the poor lady out in this pouring rain and darkness. They'll be back in a few minutes from St. Cray's, with more help."

The cars toward the rear of the wrecked train have been filled with as many of the injured as are able to be assisted into them, and an engine sent out from St. Cray's has carried them on to the station there. The same engine, with a couple of cars filled with a relief gang, and a party of ambulance assistants for the badly wounded, has promised to return as quickly as possible.

"Some of them are past feeling any more suffering, poor souls!" the surgeon remarks, presently. "That poor old gentleman from the smoking car, and this poor lady, I'm afraid. Hold that lamp here again, please."

They have laid the body down on one of the long seat cushions on the ground outside the wrecked car, and the surgeon, kneeling beside it, makes a second brief examination, feels the pulse in the thin white wrist, on which gleams a broadly gold band, of apparently foreign workmanship—a strand of plaited gold ropes, from which dangles a tiny gold anchor, with "Spero," in blue enamel—leaks beneath the eyelids, and puts the sides of the flask-cup to the clinched teeth.

"I think it is all over," he mutters, with a sigh, "anyway, it could only be a question of a few hours, with that in 'try to the head. See there!"

He points to the depressed wound on the side of the head, from which the blood is oozing over the brow.

The face is, besides, terribly disfigured, with a great extravasated bruise across the cheek and eyes, which has swollen up blackly, and changed the shape of the features.

"She is hardly recognizable, except by her dress and jewelry, poor thing!" the doctor continues, glancing at the rings on the cold hand he is holding. One is a sapphire ring—one of plain heavy gold, set with a small cluster of brilliants.

Even as he speaks, he feels a slight convulsion pass over the body—a long, shuddering breath parts the white lips—the poor, bruised face grows blanched and rigid at the touch of the icy hand of the Mighty Messenger, the chest heaves and falls in the struggle of the spirit which rends itself away from its ruined earthly tenement and escapes.

"It is all over!" the surgeon says, gently, laying down the clammy hand. "I wonder if there is anyone in the train who knew her? Any friend or relative?"

He holds up the lamp as he says this, and looks inquiringly into the dark interior of the car.

His senses have deceived him, he tells himself a moment later; but just now as he looks, he could have sworn he saw the lamp-light reflected in a pair of shining, eager eyes watching him from that heap of garments on the floor.

"I may as well see what is the matter here," he remarks, discerning dimly a white face lying on the dark carpet.

"But she is so quiet that it's either a deep swoon or killed outright," he mutters, as he prepares to clamber into the overturned car, which is sloping at an angle that renders it difficult to keep one's footing. "I wish to heavens they'd hurry up with that train from St. Cray's!"

"They're coming, sir," one of the men answers. "I can see the engine lights leaving the station."

"You're wanted, doctor!" another man says, suddenly. "Here's a lady coming, and calling you."

"She can call away!" the doctor replies, testily. "Can't be in two places at once! I must give a look at this case—why bless my soul! Is it possible!" he exclaims, astoundedly, stepping back into the car, as he recognizes the tall, slender figure, the fair, bright face, the high-bred carriage of the head set so firmly on the rounded, stately throat of the girlish form that comes swiftly toward him through the gloom, and the rain, and the ruin all around. "Lady Christabel! Can this be you in this terrible place! Were you in the train?"

"Thank heaven, no," cries Lady Christabel Laudesay; "but what a terrible accident!"

She is trembling with excitement, for men are rushing to and fro in a kind of panic, and the scene is bewildering in the extreme.

It is necessary to go back a little to explain the presence of Lady Christabel Laudesay on the scene of the accident.

If one had glanced at the unattractive local paper a few days before, the following announcement might have been seen:

"The Right Honorable the Earl of Cardonnel, the Lady Christabel Laudesay, and suite, have returned to the Albany, St. Cray's, for the autumn."

The editor might have added to his item of fashionable information the statement that the Right Honorable the Earl of Cardonnel and his daughter, the Lady Christabel, have returned to St. Cray's, because—they have just where else to go.

They had been on a three-months' visit in town to the house of a wealthy, ill-tempered, morose old lady, Lady Christabel's maternal grandmother—the Dame Mallibrane; as haughty, hard, prejudiced and narrow-minded an old woman as centuries of the bluest and coldest blood could make her.

In her secret heart Lady Christabel dislikes her mother's mother extremely, and cannot help disliking her, in spite of very sincere endeavors to love her very much.

Regularly as June comes, just when the old gardens at the Abbey are at their loveliest, does Mrs. Mallibrane—Dame Erynayrde Mallibrane—by the ancient title of courtesy accorded to the wife or widow of the eldest son of the house of Mallibrane—summon her granddaughter to London, to the large, dull, dingy, stately house in Portman Square, and keep her there, an unwilling captive, until the end of August.

Mrs. Mallibrane calls this "doing my duty to that poor child of Christabel's."

It is to be presumed that she alludes to her daughter, the deceased Lady Cardonnel, as "poor," because she was foolish enough and feeble enough to die when her baby was born, instead of living as a healthy, sensible woman should. She calls her son-in-law "poor" Cardonnel, because she despises him as an unsuccessful man, and pities him because he is as proud and high-born as he is poor. And she calls her granddaughter "poor" because she has a scornful compassion for the girl's beautiful, generous, gracious youthfulness.

Christabel Laudesay, daughter of the seventh Earl of Cardonnel, has inherited generations of that blue blood which has trickled through the veins of frigid, placid patricians—people with cold, proud, narrow faces, and straight, thin noses, with delicate nostrils, and slightly projecting, white teeth below short, curling upper lips.

Lady Christabel's own mother was of another type of high-bred, fragile, carefully-nurtured beauty—a languid, graceful girl, with an exquisite transparent skin, a rich, changeable color, and lustrous eyes—a girl without bone or stamina, who died at the trial of maternity.

And—strange to tell—the offspring of all this stately Norman blood—of all these pale, high-bred, fragile women—is just a lovely, fresh-blooming, young English rose, "of the rosebud garden of girls!"—a strong, bright, healthy girl, with a splendid physique, a sweet, forgiving, loving and lovable disposition, a quick temper and a true heart.

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Open for Business 8.30 a. m.

## At R. McKay & Co's., Saturday, October 26th, 1907

Store Closes at 10 p. m.



# McKAY'S Semi-Annual Hurry-Out Sale

### Starts To-morrow and Will Continue For Two Weeks

This will be decidedly one of the greatest clearing sales in dependable dry goods ever attempted in Canada

Watch for the Red Price Tickets, They Will Tell You of Wonderful Savings.

## Hurry-Out Sale

The Red Price Tickets Will be Here and There Through the Store. Look for Them.

To-morrow morning sharp at 8.30 o'clock this splendid store will swing open its doors to positively one of the greatest clearing sales in reliable and dependable Dry Goods ever attempted by any one store in Canada—stocks in every section of the store too heavy and must be brought down to normal—every line that goes on sale is guaranteed this season's purchases backed up by the McKay standard of quality which is well known to every woman in Hamilton and vicinity.

For to-morrow, the first day of the sale, we present to you a list of bargains that is unique in the matter of price reductions. We say to you, watch for the colored price tickets. They will change every day during the sale—to-morrow they will be RED. Watch for them, they will be here and there all over the store, and will denote reductions that have never been heard of in up-to-date merchandise. Come to-morrow, the first day of the great bargain festival, and we will demonstrate to you that this is the store for the people—YOUR STORE. Celebrate this great HURRY-OUT-SALE event by taking advantage of these great bargains, and come early in the day; we will be ready with a greatly increased staff of salespeople to handle the greatest business in our history. READ EVERY ITEM.

## Great Hurry-Out Sale of Umbrellas

1,000 Ladies' Fine Umbrellas, Worth Regular \$1.25, for each 79c

Don't overlook this splendid Umbrella chance. Get ready for the rainy days, they are coming. Guaranteed pure silk and wool tops, the paragon frame, patent runners, neat and pretty handles. On sale away below the cost of production, at each 79c.

## Don't Miss This Hurry-Out Sale of Black Silk

Full Yard Wide Taffeta, Regular \$1.50 Per Yard, Sale Price, Yard 89c

This is by all odds the Silk bargain of the season. A lovely quality, French dyed Silk; a silk that will give good satisfaction. On sale to-morrow away below the cost of production. Regular \$1.50 quality; Hurry-Out Sale price 89c yard.

## Hurry-Out Sale of Fringes and Laces 20% Off

Fancy Braids, Silks, Chiffon, Appliques, Persian Bands and Eyelet Silk Insertions, heavy embroidered, sectional trimmings and chenille, beaded combinations, also Oriental, Guipure, Plume, Torchon, Cluny and Duchess Laces, come in sets to match; also Allovers to match, worth from 25c to \$13 yard, on sale 20 per cent. off.

## Look, Embroidery Ends at Your Own Price

Grand Sale of Embroidery and Insertions, Manufacturers' Sample Ends, 5, 9, 11, 14, 19, 25 to 79c Yard

Hurry-Out Sale of manufacturers' sample ends of Embroidery and Insertions. Some 30 cartons of very fine and dainty little baby patterns and 1 to 2 inches wide to 15-inch flouncings, come in blind, eyelet and shadow designs, also fine beadings, and galon and medallion trimmings, hemstitched skirtings, and fine allovers. Worth up to \$1.50; Hurry-Out Sale 5c, 9c, 11c, 14c, 19c, 25c to 79c yard.

## Extraordinary Economy Features in \$5.98 To-morrow's Sale of Women's Coats

COME AND SEE THESE COATS—Look at the quality of the materials, the linings, the finish, the rich trimmings, and you will be convinced that nowhere else can the same Coats be duplicated under \$10 and \$12. A lovely assortment of light and dark colors, excellently tailored, all the season's good styles. Regular \$10 and \$12; Hurry-Out Sale price, while they last on Saturday \$5.98

## Tailor Made Suits \$9.98

These Suits are positively stunning, with all the earmarks of fit, style and finish of the very much higher priced tailored suits. Jackets are single and double breasted, handsomely tailored, lined throughout with silk and satin. Skirts are gored and pleated models. A splendid assortment of colors, regular \$15, \$17.50 and \$18 Suits, Hurry-Out Sale price \$9.98

## Children's Ulsters \$4.95

A lovely assortment of light and dark colors, including very pretty brown, navy and green tweeds, handsomely tailored and trimmed, all new models, worth \$6 and \$6.50. Hurry-Out Sale price \$4.95

## Special Skirts \$1.98

50 only Sample Tweed Skirts, splendid styles, every one up-to-date, all walking lengths. Make your selection early, regular \$3.50 and \$4.00, Hurry-Out Sale \$1.98

## Hurry-Out Sale of Neck Frills 5c a Length

100 boxes of dainty Ruchings for the neck. Come in pink, sky, white, cream, helio and black; cut in neck lengths. Regular 10c; Hurry-Out price 5c a frill

## Guaranteed Prints on Sale

Unheard of Values in Wanted Goods

500 yards Best English Prints, full width, in light and dark grounds, navys, lilacs, red, black, all clean, new goods, worth 12 1/2 and 15c, Saturday morning only, Hurry-out Sale 10c 20 yards limit, to each customer.

Wrapperette 10c

American and English Wrapperette, best twilled goods, light and dark coloring, for dainty waists and kimonos, worth 15 and 18c, Hurry-out Sale 10c

Scotch Gingham 7c

Even Checked Scotch Gingham, in black, navy, red, sky, fast color, extra quality, worth regularly 11c, Saturday, Hurry-out Sale 7c

## Hurry-Out Prices

From Our Big Staple Section

A grand opportunity for housekeepers, hotels, boarding houses, etc., to replenish their linen stocks at prices that are in most cases less than the manufacturers are asking.

Toweling 5c

1,000 yards Bordered Crash Toweling, firm, close weave, full width, value at 9c, Hurry Out price 5c. 10 yards to a customer.

## Toilet Covers 25c

Swiss Tambour Toilet Covers, 18 x 45 and 18 x 36, dainty patterns, odd lines, regular 50 and 60c; for 25c

## Table Cloths 1-3 Off

A big shipment of pure linen Table Cloths, dainty patterns, 2, 2 1/2, and 3 yards long, bordered all around, slightly imperfect, on sale at 1-3 less than regular price.

## Towels 11c

100 dozen Huck Towels, hemmed and fringed, just the kind for hotel or boarding house use, 10c value for 11c

## Towels 25c

Pure Linen Hemstitched Towels, big generous size, soft and absorbent, real value 35c, for 25c

## Flannel Sheetting 69c

72 inch Flannel Sheetting, soft, warm finish, clean and well secured, real value 85c, Hurry out price 69c

## Table Damasks

Beautiful Damask rich satin finish, 2 yards wide, slightly imperfect, \$1.50 quality for 80c

Cream Damask, 60 inches wide, pure linen, worth 50c yard, Hurry out price 35c

Cream Union Damask, 63 and 70 inch wide, regular 40c value for 29c

## Hand Drawn Linens 20% Off

A small lot of Irish Hand Drawn Linens, comprising Tray Cloths, Centre Pieces, Lined Cloths, etc., 20 per cent. off regular price.

## Bath Towels 35c

10 dozen white Bath Towels, heavy, absorbent weave, extra size, 50c value Hurry out price 35c

## For the Little Ones

5,000 Mammoth Balloons 10c ea.

Bring the little ones with you in the morning and buy them one of our Mammoth Balloons. On sale while they last at each 10c.

## \$50 Fur Lined Coats at \$37.50

Stylishly made, in a 50-inch mode, with covering of strictly all wool broadcloth, in black and colored, lined with finest quality Hampshire lining, finished with sable collar and revers, wonderful value at \$50. Hurry Out Sale price \$37.50

## Sets and Separate Muffs and Neckpieces

Natural Squirrel Sets \$13.95

Long Throw Scarf and Large Square Pillow Muffs, handsomely lined and made of clear Siberian skins, regular \$20, Hurry Out sale price \$13.95

Persian Lamb Sets \$15.50

Long Throw Scarf, of excellent quality Persian Lamb, very hand some Pillow Muff, regular \$21.50, Hurry Out Sale price \$15.50

## Hurry-Out Sale of Gloves

Long Kid Gloves 98c Pair

Hurry-Out Sale of 12 and 16 button length Kid Gloves, in grey, mode and white; sizes 3 1/4 to 7 1/4. A nice soft kid glove; regular \$2.00 pair, Hurry-Out Sale 98c pair

French Kid Gloves 57c Pair

Hurry-Out Sale of fine French Kid Gloves, in two modes, fine embroidered point; come in white, black, navy, mode, grey, green; odd sizes. Some of the best makes represented in this lot. Regular \$1.00 and \$1.25 pair; Hurry-Out Sale 57c pair

Fowne's Kid Gloves 89c Pair

Hurry-Out Sale of Fowne's Kid Gloves, in two modes. Come in greys, tans, browns, black and white. Sizes 3 1/4 to 7 1/4. Regular \$1.00 pair, Hurry-Out Sale 89c pair

## Hurry-Out Sale of Ladies' Golf Gloves 29c Pair

50 dozen of Heavy Woolen Golf Gloves, in greys, modes, browns, navies, cardinals, blacks, whites, also fancy Ringwood Gloves, all sizes 5 1/2 to 8. Regular 50c pair; Hurry-Out Sale 29c pr.

## Taffeta Ribbons 17c Yard

100 ends of Pure Silk Taffeta Ribbons, 4 1/2 inches wide, in navy, cardinal, green, rose, pink, sky, also black and white. Regular 25c, on sale 17c yard

## Hurry-Out Sale of Handkerchiefs 10c Each

200 dozen of very fine Swiss and Linen Handkerchiefs, nicely embroidered in scalloped edge and 3 1/4 inch hem, also lace trimmed, slightly soiled; worth up to 25c each, Hurry-Out Sale 10c each

## Linen Cross-bar Handkerchiefs 3 for 25c

75 dozen only of fine Linen Cross-bar Handkerchiefs, hemstitched, slightly soiled; regular 15c each, Hurry-Out Price 3 for 25c

## Hurry-Out Sale of Dress Goods

For the 1st Day of Our Grand Hurry-Out Sale 100 French Broadcloths for 59c

This is a grand Dress Goods bargain shown for a starter in the Dress Goods Section. All-wool French Broadcloths in the very latest two-toned effects in shadow checks and stripes. One of our best regular selling lines on sale to-morrow for a leader at nearly half price. Come early and secure your share of this great bargain. Regular \$1; Hurry-Out Sale price 59c

## \$1.25 Venetians, Hurry-Out Sale Price 89c

This is one of our best regular selling lines. Pure all-wool French Venetian, guaranteed thoroughly shrunk and unspottable, 48 inches wide, and comes in the very best shades of navy, browns, greens, reds, rose, cream and black. Be on hand early for this bargain. Regularly \$1.25, Hurry-Out Sale price 89c

## 85c and \$1 New Cheviots, Hurry-Out Sale Price 55c

Pure All-wool English and French Cheviots, in plain and herringbone stripes, dust proof finish and nothing more stylish for winter suits or separate skirts, 44 and 46 inches wide, and comes in good shades of navy, brown, greens, reds, and black, regularly 85c and \$1.00, for the first day of our Hurry-Out Sale price 55c

# R. MCKAY & CO.