



CHAPTER IV.

CHAPTER IV. Something seems to make the young Australian nervous and awkward in his fear of being deemed presumptuous by this tall, fair girl, with her clear, sweet voice, her graceful, kindly manner, and the dignity of her modest, self-possessed bearing.

voice, her graceful, kindly manner, and the dignity of her modest, self-possessed bearing. "Pray don't thank me; I have done mothing that anyone would not have done for you," Christabel says, tremu-loualy, smiling, and trying to avoid the ardent regard of those brilliant, dark eyes. "I came into the station to see if I would be of use to anyone, and you were the first injured person I saw," she adds, a little coldly, drawing away from the touch of his hand on her arm. Roderic notices the gesture, and no-tices the change of tone instantly. "Oh, ah-yes, of course!" he says, hur-riedly. "Im sure Pm much obliged to you, at all events." He struggles to his feet and tries to stand, but has to ait down dizily again. "It's that awkward blow on my head that's making me so stupid!" he mutters, impatiently. "But I'll do very well now. Don't trouble about me any more, thank you." "But you will surely let me assist you to get away from this place!" Lady Christabel urges, timidly. "The brougham will be here directly, and the groom shall drive you to the hotel, or anywhere else you wish in St. Crays." "What brougham!" Roderie says, buntly. "Anne:" Lady Christabel says, simply.

bluntly. "Mine:" Lady Christabel says, simply.

"Mine!" Lady Christabel says, simply. "H'm! I guessed you were one of the smart set!" Roderic mutters, half aud-ibly, feeling much more gloomy and ir-ritable than even the throbbing wound in his head warrants. "And I can telegraph to your friends," Lady Christabel continues, with a quick glanee at him.

ce at him.

"I have no friends," he says, shortly, "at least, none in England. I am a stran-ger here. I only came from Aus-tralia a couple of months ago, and I'm going back in a couple of weeks. Going back as wise as I came!" he adds, with a growl of annoyance in a lower tone. "No; thank you very much for what you have done." he says, deliberately, and as coldy as she has spoken; "there's nothing more you can do. As soon as-oh! there he is!-a fellow I sent for some braddy-braddy

face of Mr. Gerry, surgeon to the Poor-law Board of Guardians—"Dr." Gerry, by curtesy—one of the greatest toadies, gossips and mischief makers in St. Gray's. He recognizes her before he has well entered the booking offic, and near-ly leaps off the ground in exaggerated surprise and defrential pleasure. "Is it possible. Do I see your lady-ship here?" he giaculates, "Bless—my— soul! I hadu't the faintest idea that it was a friend of your ladyship's who was requiring my poor services!" with pompous humility. "Not the faintest idea I assure you. Lady Christabel!" "Her ladyship!" repeats Roderic to himself, under his mustache. "The kind curto of an anniable, great lady.

numsell, under his mustache. "The kind consideration of an amiable, great lady, Well, upon my word, this is a nuisance. I didn't want a female aristocrate play-ing at being the good Samaritan on my account!" he mutters, sotto voce, with numerated institution.

account!" he mutters, ungrateful irritability. ungrateful irritability. "This gentieman who is in need of your services, Dr. Gerry," Lady Christa-bel eays, quietly, "is a stranger who has been injured in the railway accident. J will say, goodby now, as I am leaving you in good hands," she adds, with a smilz, to her late patient. Roderic arises to his feet, and acknow-ledges the farewell with a formal, de-ferential bow, without even looking at her.

lood by, madam, and thank you very "Good-by, madam, and thank you very much for your kindness to a stranger," he says, deliberately, and sits down again, and never glances after her, as Lady, Christiabel leaves the booking of-fice. "She wouldn't even shake hands with me," he thinks, bitterly. "That would be permitting a liberty to a no-body, which her ladyship couldn't think of sanctioning."

sanctioning." "I should so like to have shaken hands

In two minutes more the deal where is laid on the stretcher and carried away, and Dr. Rydall follows to super-intend the placing of the injured passen-gers in the baggage car, and sends them off in the carr of a surgeon and a cou-

grily.

"That is all

litlte she knew that her cloak

sume your journey. Calm yourself now, and come with me." Dr. Rydall says nothing; he compresses his lipe tightly under the gray mons-tache, and glances keenly from one face to the other. Lady Christabel has obeyed the doc-tor's summons at once, but the stranger hesitates, and stands like one half dazed, clutching her dressing 'bag, a large, handsome one of morocco, with gilded monogram and lock. "Must I go through that door!" she asks, in a half-whispering voice, staring, with gleaming eyes, at the threshold; and Dr. Rydall notices, for the first time, that there jace. "Inta-that's blood-isn't it?" she says, in the same suppressed, hy-steric manner. "I-I-can't I'm afraid!" "What are you afraid of?" Rydall asks, his piercing eyes fixed on her with a cold smile. For answer the woman lifts her eyes, but not her head, as she stands rigidly in the carr, and a baleful "How litte she knew that her cloak would be her shroud before the day had ended" Lady Christabel thinks, with a sob of compassion; and as she gazes, the wind, which is rising now and driv-ing the rack of storm clouds before it, flickers at the edge of the mantle, and turns it back a little way, and Christa-bel sees, lying beneath, a white, marble-like hand, on which glitter two hand-some rings, and on the wrist is a gold bangle, whose pattern is that of plaited miniature ropes, with a tiny, gold anchor dangling from it, bearing letters in blue enamel.

Initial to the set of but not her head, as she stands rigidly in the centre of the car, and a baleful light seems to flash from those small, glittering orbs and fairly makes him Without a word more, firmly clutch-ing the bag, she dashes through the door in such fierce haste that the splintered wood seizes the fluttering skirts of the long, gray mantle, and holds it for a moment. until, with an actual shrick, and a frenzied exclamation, she rends the cloth away, and rushes, panting and gasping, to Lady Christabel, and seizes her erm. without a word more, firmly clutch-

And what Rydall has heard her say distinctly, in that terrified ejaculation, is this:

is this: "Begone! Let me go!" "Give me your bag, it seems very heavy," Rydall says, as he overtakes them toiling up the steep embankment. Once again he sees that baleful light flash out of the woman's half-shut, glit-flash out of the woman's half-shut, glit-Christabel says, with a sigh, as she turns away "but there is always something pninful or unpleasant as a reminiscence shout every present grandmother has made me!" At this moment she sees Dr. Rydall emerging from the carriage and looking impatiently about him. "Where have those fellows gone to? What a time they have been!" he mut tocc, crossly and irrelevantly. "Is she—is she dead, too?" Lady Chris-tabel asks, in a half whisper. H glances sharply at the girlish face, white to the very lips, glances at the uncovered, dead hand, and frowns an grily. ering eyes, as she turns her head, and er small, white face, her compressed, nall, white teeth, gleam in the

(To be continued.)

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WIFE ELOPES.

Man Deserted With Two Children to Care For.

"You are upset, Lady Christabel!" he says, sharply, "as I knew you would be. I will not allow you to stay here any longer, and I know Lord Cardonnel will say I ought not to have allowed you to stay at all. Dead? No; of course she's not dead!" he adds, irritably, reverting to Lady Christabel's question. "Nothing ails her, either, as far as I can discover, but fright. She seems almost scared out of her senses. And, as you are here, Lady Christabel, perhaps it would be as well if you would kindly sit beside her for a few minutes. You may be able to talk to her, and help her to col-let, her scattered wits." Care For. Woodstock, Oct. 29.—Fred Craig, a workman employed at Karni's factory and residing in the east end, has lost his wife. Mrs. Craig went to stay at a re-sort in Muskoka this summer and while there was the object of marked attention on the part of a young man staying at the same place. Mrs. Craig was joined by her husband, who put a stop to the filirtation. They returned to Woodstock, and not long after their return they were visited by the man whom Mrs. Craig had met in Muskoka. After being a guest at the house for let the scattered wits." He strides away as he speaks, shout-ing angrily to the porters to hurry. In two minutes more the dead woman

Cruig nad met in MISKOKa. After being a guest at the house for several days Mrs. Craig and the visitor last week disappeared. The husband is left with two small children to look after and he has the sympathy of many friends in his marital trouble.

Penitentiary.





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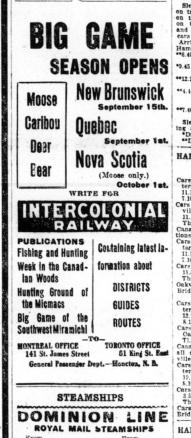
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Tottenham. Alliston, Craigburst, and inter-mediate statistical Craigburst, and inter-Arthur, Mount Forest, Harriston, Wingham, and Intermediate stations 5:05 p. m.-For Torono. 8:13 p. m.-For Torono. 9:13 p. m.-For Torono. 9:14 p. m.-For Torono. 9:15 p. m.-For Torono. 1:14 p. Montreal, Quebec, Sherbrooke, Port-iand and Boston, Saut Ste. Majrie, For Vil-liam, Winnipeg, Canadian Northwest, Krot-enay, and British Columbia points, Krot-enay, and British Columbia points. Trains arrive-8:45 a. m. (daily), 10.25 a.m., (daily), and 2:10, 4:40, 6:15 (daily), S:10 and 10:25 p. m.

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TRAVELERS' GUIDE

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM.

HAMILTON RADIAL ELECTRIC RAIL-

ROAD-TIME TABLE. ROAD-TIME TABLE. Taking effect October 1st, 1997. Cars leave Hamilton for Burlington and in-termediate points-6.10, 7.10, 8.00, 9.10, 10.10, 11.10, 12.10, 1.10, 2.10, 3.10, 4.10, 5.30, 6.10, 7.10, 8.10, 9.10, 11.10, 2.10, 8.10, 9.10, 11.10, 2.10, 8.00, 10.0, 11.20, 2.30, 5.10, 8.35, 11.10.

Cars leave Hamilton for Burlington and Oak-ville-6.10, 5.00, 10.30, 2.30, 2.30, 5.10, 8.35, 1710, 6.37, 8.50, 1.30, 2.30, 6.10, 8.35, 1710, 6.37, 8.50, 8.50, 1.3

These cars stop at all stations between Cars leave Burlington for Hamilton and in-Eridge and No. 12 station.

HAMILTON & DUNDAS RAILWAY.

of sanctioning." "I should so like to have shaken hands with him, and parted as friends," Lady Christabel whispers to her heart, as she is on her way in the rain to the scene of the accident, "only that I feared he might even resent my trying to make friends with him," and the rain-blurred twilight grows suddenly dimmer before her tear filled eyes. "I dare say he has been taught all his life to hate the very sound of our name. But I should like to have shaken hands, and been able to say: "I am glad to have met you, Con-sin Roderic," if I only dared. I wonder if his father has menæed him with a curse, as grandmother has me?" Lady Christabel muses, bitter anger mingling hotly now with her regret. "Then they are both equally wicked and heathenish old people!" she mutters, indignantly. "Their own lives are not long enough for their hatred, so they must pass it on to us. It is hard-cruelly unjust and hard-to Roderie and me!" I has a pleasant sound, with a sweet, frateraal sense of ties of kinship and friendship, these words-"Roderic and me."

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. In the care of a surgeon and a cou-o of attendants from the St. Cray's ospital.

Christabel says, with a sigh, as she turns

"You are upset, Lady Christabel!" h

Hospital. The train of four cars only, with its freight of dead and wounded, moves swiftly away: the repair gang are work-ing might and main by the pale light of the moon: lanterns twinkle here and there, a big fire of broken wood and coal from the overturned tender blazes cheer-fully, and the voices of the men, busily laboring on the line and below among the debris, bring a sense of renewed life and hopeful activity on the dreary scene of death and disaster. "And now, as the coast is clear, I will

Bears the Bignature of Chart H. Flitchers



