

Love and Crime

"Are we going to sit here until we turn to stone, I wonder?" she thinks, irritably; and discerning through the open door the figure of her little groom as he crosses the hall, she calls to him eagerly.

"As soon as the rain stops, get out the phaeton, please," she says, hurriedly. "It must be getting toward luncheon time. Why!"—with an incredulous glance at her watch—"it can't be Mr. Lindsay, what is the right time? My watch gains so!"

"Half-past one, Lady Christabel," Roderic says.

"Is it really? I did not think it was quite so late. We lunch at two," she says, striving to speak composedly. "Bring around the pony and phaeton at once! I cannot wait for the rain to be over. Miss Surtees will think herself quite deserted this morning," she says, smiling nervously, and hastily drawing on her gloves.

"The rain's been over some time, my lady," the groom says, with the inevitable flourish, but with an unnaturally stolid, unconscious expression on his face. "It's quite fine and the sun's shining, my lady."

"Nonsense!" Lady Christabel says, quite sharply, when, on looking through the far-off, narrow, mullioned window, she sees enough she sees the glint of the sunlight through the diamond panel lattice. "Dear me! That was a very short shower! She mutters, crossly, tugging at her gloves, when, looking up, and seeing the smile in Roderic's eyes, she bursts into laughter.

"The time has flown," he says, gravely and sententiously.

"Indeed it has," she says, frankly, the pretty flush burning in her cheeks as she laughs again.

Then the pressing groom breaks in: "His Lordship and Miss Surtees have just driven past, down the Ashurst road, my lady."

"His Lordship and Miss Surtees?" Lady Christabel repeats. "Are you sure?" This very slowly, and Roderic says quite plainly that the rose-red flush has faded as quickly as it has come, faded, until Christabel's very lips have paled.

"Yes, my lady," the groom answers. "His Lordship and Miss Surtees were in the brougham."

"And did not my father know I was here—I mean he would have a message for me?" she falters.

"No, my lady. His Lordship didn't see me. I was in the garden."

"It is so strange—that is, rather strange—for my father to go out before luncheon! I cannot help wondering if there is anything wrong," she says, trying to explain easily to Roderic the cause of the curious tremor in her voice, the curious pallor in her cheeks, that she knows he cannot but notice. "I never knew father do so before!" she repeats, when, having bade adieu to the old caretaker, she and Roderic walk down the grass-grown avenue to the entrance gates opposite the great chateau. "Something very unusual must have induced him to go out so early in the day. Father dislikes driving through country lanes so much that he will scarcely ever come out with me!"

"A fastidious gentleman, surely!" Roderic mutters to himself, scornfully. "He may have been going to transact some business matter," he suggests, aloud; "perhaps some business of your guest's, Miss Surtees?"

"Even so. It is most unusual," Lady Christabel says, in a low tone, biting her lip nervously. "My father is in rather delicate health, and never leaves his study before luncheon time. He sends to his lawyer when he wants any business transacted. I had no idea Miss Surtees wanted to go to Ashurst! Why should she go to Ashurst, I wonder?" she repeats, as if partly to herself, the agitation and trouble very visible still in her clouded eyes and the anxious lines about her lips. "Good-by," she says, as she gathers up the whip and reins, and extends her little, gloved hand.

As their hands clasp, their eyes meet, and their spirits are in close touch, and Roderic knows that Christabel is suffering—that she is alarmed, agitated, pained—it may be, all three. Involuntarily he presses the warm, little hand tight and close in an earnest clasp in his strong fingers, and— involuntarily, it may be, earnestly and gladly it is—Christabel returns the pressure.

The troubled, frightened look in the sweet, wistful eyes haunts him as she drives away, and he stands to watch the light, little carriage bowling along through the green lights and shadows, with a golden dapple of sunshine here and there, down the long hill toward St. Cray's.

Along time he stands there, silently watching, until the last glimpse of the slim, girlish figure in the distance disappears from sight in the distance of the woodland road, and then the word "Darling!" rises from Roderic's heart to his lips.

"I wonder," he muses, as he sets out for St. Cray's, "if his lordship, the Earl of Cardonnel, is a very tender and loving father, or an exacting, selfish, hypochondriac? His daughter seemed curiously frightened and distressed at learning that her father had taken a morning drive with his guest. Why shouldn't he wonder? And only that it would make matters more incomprehensible, I should say Lady Christabel seemed afraid of Miss Surtees' poor! But that's absurd, of course. Poor Miss Surtees!" he adds, with a grim smile. "She was very much in love with me on the continent, or at least I thought so. Yet she didn't know me the other day when I met her, leaving on Lord Cardonnel's arm. She 'dears' it loves a lord! I know, like all wealthy English middle-class folk. I rather wonder she didn't question me about my relationship to the Lindesays, if she knew them so well!"

But, next moment, he dismisses all thought of Lydia Surtees from his mind. He wants to think of Christabel Lindsay, and her sweet, costly kindness, and her pure, high-bred face.

"And she is poor! They are very poor for their rank, I have been told," he muses, in a reverie so deep that it lasts him all the way from St. Cray's to London that same evening.

"What chance have I?" he mutters, bitterly. "What is the use of my singling out 'a bright particular star,' and beginning to wish and sigh for it in this idiotic fashion! She is sweet, and fair,

and kind, and true; she is the first woman I ever longed for; she is the first woman I ever felt I could adore and die for. And she is as high-bred and well-born as she is lovely. She is an earl's daughter, and Roderic, my man, you've about as much chance of winning her as you have of being Emperor of China!"

After the delirium of hope and despair, of joy and misery, gladness, jealousy, tenderness, and hatred have raged for about thirty hours—that is, counting day and night from the hour he has stood under the wide-spreading awning to watch Lady Christabel drive away—the fever burns itself out in quiet, cold hopelessness.

A sadder and a wiser man, poor Roderic returns to St. Cray's.

"Just to keep my promise," he says to himself. "I was a fool to say anything about it, or hope for anything, when there can be only a cruel disappointment waiting for me and my presumption! I promised her, and I am bound to keep my promise. Only for that I neither would nor should have come back here in the way of temptation!"

For Roderic Lindsay knows quite well, and looks the knowledge in the face of endurance wears slowly away, with the chiming hours. But he never crosses the threshold, though it is a glorious summer day.

"Here I am, and here I'll stay until his lordship, the Earl of Cardonnel, will come out to make a morning call on you at half-past nine, you fool!"

But when half-past five chimes out through the quiet streets, where the cool, shadows are lengthening now, Roderic leaps up, and begins bundling his belongings into his big Gloucester. In the midst of his labors the door is flung self-determinately forward and backward, and a functionary, including himself, announces in tones of sonorous satisfaction.

"His lordship, the Earl of Cardonnel!"

Roderic can never afterward quite remember that first interview with Lady Christabel's father, whether the early began by being frigidly condescending or not.

His impression is that this long-waited interview began with a good deal of stiffness on the one side and awkwardness on the other; but by degrees the young man's sentimental respectfulness toward his noble kinsman, his earnest expressions of gratitude and admiration for his father's goodness to him, and the Earl's evident pleased recognition of the Lindsay's face and figure of the young Australian stranger, mend matters wonderfully.

There are, it is felt, a deeper feeling than mere surface amiability working secretly on both sides.

The interview ends as Roderic's highest hopes have scarcely ventured to conjure up in vision.

"I promised my daughter, Lady Christabel, that I would bring you back to London, Mr. Lindsay," the early says, graciously. "We dine at seven. I am going to the club now, and will call for you at a quarter to seven. Merely a dinner in the family," he adds. "At least, there is but one guest, a lady, a friend of my daughter's, who is staying with us at present, Miss Lydia Surtees."

CHAPTER IX.

"It is so odd, so strange," Lady Christabel murmurs, half to herself, and sighing deeply. "I will try and like her, and be friends with her, since father seems to wish it so much, but—"

"What's odd?" Lady Flora says, solemnly.

"Oh, I wish she had never come!" means Christabel, as she flings herself on the couch in her room. "Yet for father's sake I must be friends with her. How can I? How can I? Little matter it will make anyhow to Lydia Surtees whether I am friends with her or not. It will not prevent one of her schemes from being carried out. I know it well! What is my influence against her? An acquaintance of a few days. Nothing. Less than nothing, if I attempt to thwart and annoy my father. She has supplanted me!" Christabel says, and bursts into bitter weeping. She says it. Not the first tears, by a great many, which the earl's daughter has shed since that fatal, stormy evening, when, in her gentle charity, she brought home her strange guest to her father's house.

Lydia Surtees, by the witchery of her wild beauty of face and form, the siren charms of her silvery voice, her glittering, magnetic gaze, and smile, has won, in those few days, a place far beyond his fair daughter's place in the earl's selfish, shallow soul; nay, a place which the wife of his youth—the fair girl, whose memory he has cherished so fondly, and whose tenderness of heart as a precious and holy possession—never attained. This white-faced, white-armed siren, whose seductive glance and soft, whispering tones have set his calm pulses thrilling and glowing, as if filled with liquid flame—she has inspired him with the first passion of his life! And that first passion, felt at fifty-four years of age, for a beautiful woman about thirty years his junior, is verily "the cruel madness of love" for Lord Cardonnel.

He is her slave—her victim, bound, enthralled, fascinated, beyond the power of even wishing to escape. He is a little ashamed of himself, and alarmed at himself, and blissfully, miserably happy and wretched, and hopeful and despairing, ever since that drive to Ashurst two days ago, the blissful drive through the pouring rain—patting through the sort, thick foliage of the overhead boughs with a soft, marmurous sound—as he sat by her side in the soft gloom and was sheltered from the close carriage, and her hand, fair and soft, and rosy-pinked, and glittering with gems like dew-drops,

came sliding down on the soft, silken folds of her dress, and touched his thin, pale, high-bred fingers with a touch that made his heart-strings tingle.

"On my father's home, at the very afternoon," she said, explained to his daughter, with the most unvarnished simplicity and frankness, the pressing necessity there had been for him to escort Miss Surtees to Ashurst to escort some business through his bankers, Lady Christabel, as she listened to her father in startled silence, knew intuitively, as well as if it were blazoned in letters of fire before her eyes, what Lydia Surtees knows, that she may be the Countess of Cardonnel as soon as the earl's headstrong passion prompts him to woo from her her ready consent!

Lady Christabel saw confirmation of what she suspected in every one and in every glance of the woman to whom her husband had innocently opened the door to enter into her dead mother's place.

She saw it in the gleams of stealthy brightness in the half-shut eyes beneath the long, brown lashes; in the curves of soft satisfaction around the delicate, cool, pink-tipped lips; in her every attitude, as Lydia Surtees—tall and stately, and dazzlingly fair in her rich, carriage toilet of myrtle-green silk—stood, perfectly poised, on the background of the massive, old, marble mantel that night.

She stood, revealing her slender, elegant form, her perfectly shaped arms, her beautiful, white hand with the long, pink-tipped fingers, which held her cap, perfectly self-possessed, serenely assured of the victory she had won; and the earl's admiring gaze grew more ardent as he reclined in his chair and watched her with adoring eyes, until his daughter, having asked him a question twice without eliciting anything but a vaguely incoherent reply, walked out of the room with a hot flush on her face and a choking feeling in her throat.

"I never thought I should feel ashamed of my father!" Christabel muttered, angrily, with that vexed, mortified flush burning hotter and deeper in her cheeks, and the tears welling up in her eyes. "He is like a man bewitched!"

Lord Cardonnel was indeed bewitched, under that most fatal and potent of all spells—the spell which an evil woman's mighty influence casts over the sensitive soul of a weak man.

Since that afternoon, Christabel has avoided her father, and he has avoided her. She, on her side, cannot meet the tacit strangeness; she cannot meet that changed, restless manner, that curiously novel amiability and sprightliness, and smiling talkativeness, so startlingly different from his usual manner, with any but feelings of pain and impatience.

But this morning, when Christabel had briefly told him of Roderic Lindsay's presence in St. Cray's, adding, with quiet self-possession, a statement of how she came to recognize in the stranger who was hurt in the railway accident the son of her father's Australian relative, the earl surprised her by the readiness with which he agreed to her suggestion.

"Certainly! Certainly! You'd like me to call on him. This young Australian—ah—cousin of yours? Eh, Christabel?"

"I am sure Mr. Lindsay would be very much pleased and gratified if you would, father," Christabel says, the ingenious flush tinting her face, her lips relaxing into softer curves in spite of herself as she speaks.

(To be continued.)

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That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE.
Look for the signature of Dr. W. Grove. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c

AT R. MCKAY & CO'S, SATURDAY, NOV. 9th, 1907



Immense Bargains

For the Last Day of Our HURRY-OUT SALE

We have decided on a perfect whirl of sacrifices for the last day of our great Hurry-Out Sale and then this sale will be entered upon our books as being the biggest selling events in the history of this grand store.

WE SAY TO YOU: LOOK FOR THE RED PRICE TICKETS

And be here early. Every buyer in the store has been straining every effort by gathering together one of the best sale lists that has been offered to you so far during this sale—the many lines contained in this splendid list were never made to sell, even at makers' prices, for the money we are asking, and it's all your gain, but you not only get the savings on such attractive and the best materials procurable, you also reap the double benefit of our desire to make to-morrow the bumper day of this sale. So come early expecting the biggest kind of bargains and you won't be disappointed. READ:—



Gigantic Sale of Manufacturer's Surplus Stocks Sold at Prices That Absolutely Defy Comparison

Women's Suits, Coats, Skirts and Fur Garments

We have planned this sale to be the banner one of our HURRY-OUT SALE and know it will be, because there is not a garment offered that will not captivate on account of its style, appearance and tailoring.

Women's Stunning Tailored Suits \$10.98
Of fine quality Venetian Cloth in all the popular shades. Also many striped and mannish materials. Coats are made in the new Prince chap styles, beautifully tailored, 25 and 27 inches long, lined throughout. Skirts in very chic forms. Many new plaited models, finished with inch bands of self-colored cloth on bottom. These suits are POSITIVELY worth \$17.50 and \$18.00. WHILE THEY LAST ON SATURDAY \$10.98

Women's Tweed Coats \$5.98
Women's Long Tweed Coats in numerous models, made of fine English tweeds in a good assortment of colors. All strictly tailored. AND WORTH \$10.00. HURRY-OUT SALE PRICE \$5.98

Women's Tweed Skirts \$2.49
Women's Fine Tweed Skirts, made in all the new models, nicely tailored and finished with stitching. Light and dark colors. These Skirts are worth \$3.50 and \$4.00. Hurry-out Sale price \$2.49

Sale of Fine Furs
The Season's Newest Shades

Mink Neck Pieces Mink Shoulder Pieces Mink Mitts Fur Coats

Near Seal Coats \$37.50
Finest quality fur; blouse front; lined with heavy satin. Very stylish out with quilted satin, 27 and 30 Coats and worth \$45.00. HURRY-OUT INCHES LONG. Regular \$40.00. HURRY-Sale price \$37.50

Astrachan Coats \$34.50
Excellent quality astrachan, double-storm collar, 27 and 30 inches long, breasted, storm collar, lined throughout. Lined with heavy satin. Very stylish out with quilted satin, 27 and 30 Coats and worth \$45.00. HURRY-OUT INCHES LONG. Regular \$40.00. HURRY-Sale price \$34.50

Our Sale of Millinery For Saturday Only

Pretty Hats, in assorted colors and shapes, with trimmings of velvet, silk plush, silk and wings, regularly \$5.00, for \$2.50

Felt Hats, in mushroom shapes, large and small, assorted colors and trimmed in our own workshop, especially for this sale, with silk and velvet flowers, soft wings and cock plumes, in the very newest designs, worth \$8.00, for \$4.50

Handsome Panne Velvet Covered Hats, in blue, brown, green and black, trimmed with assorted flowers, gourrah egrettes, coque plumes, soft wings, etc., regular price \$9.00, for \$5.00

Soft French Felt Hats, in delicate shades, such as pale blue, white, old rose, champagne, with dainty trimmings of Maline, ribbon, gold tissue, silk, flowers and plumes, suitable for tea or theatre hats, regular price \$10.00, Saturday \$7.00

Parisian Pattern Hats and Bonnets, bought from such artists as Poyanne, Mauquin-Maurice, etc., in black and rich colorings, regularly \$25.00, for \$12.00

Wings, Flowers, Pom-Poms, Quills, etc., all colors and shapes to choose from, to sell for 25 and 50c

Ladies' & Children's Night Dresses Reduced Greatly

Children's Gowns 39c
Children's Flannel Gowns, in ladies' sizes, some with tucked yoke, pink and blue stripes, nicely trimmed with fancy stitching, yoke and sleeves, sale price 39c

\$1.25 Night Dresses 59c
A few only slightly soiled Gowns, in ladies' sizes, some with tucked yoke, others trimmed with fancy stitching, sale price 59c

Annual Sale of Black Silks Starts To-morrow

Regular Values Up to \$1.50 Yard for 79 and 89c

To-morrow will start the most interesting sale of high class Black Silks ever attempted by us. Every class of Silk offered will be of guaranteed quality, comprising French Messaline, Louise, Palette, Grosgrains, Peau de Soie, Taffetas, with hard or chiffon finish, etc., Silks that are real value all over at \$1.25 to \$1.50 yard, start on sale to-morrow at 79 and 89c

Great Bargains for the Last Day of the Hurry-Out Sale

Hurry-Out Sale of Kid Gloves 47c Pr.
10 dozen of Fine French Kid Gloves, in navy, green, tan, grey, black, white, in odd sizes, 5 1/2, 6, 7 1/4, regular \$1.00, Hurry-out 47c pair

Long Sneed Kid Gloves \$1.98 Pair
12 and 16-Button Length in fine French Suede Kid Gloves, in black and white only, all sizes, fitted at counter, regular \$2.50 pair, Hurry-out \$1.98

Trefousse Kid Gloves 8 Button Length \$2.15 Pair
Celebrated Trefousse Glace Kid Gloves, a beautiful fine French Kid, in greys, tans, browns, whites and blacks, come in 8 button length; every pair guaranteed and fitted, regular \$2.75, for \$2.15 pair

Hurry-Out Sale of Ribbons 5c Yard
100 pieces of Fancy Dresden Ribbons, 1 inch wide, in sky, pink, Nile, helio, floral designs, suitable for fancy work, regular 10 and 12 1/2c yard, Hurry-out Sale 5c yard

Hurry-Out Sale of Handkerchiefs 5 for 15c
200 dozen of Fine Cambrie Handkerchiefs, nicely hemmed stitched by hand, 14-inch hems, regular 3c each, Hurry-out Sale 5 for 15c

Hurry-Out Sale of Long Kid Gloves 89c Pair
12 dozen of 12 and 16-Button Length Kid Gloves, in grey and mode, size 5 1/2 and 6, regular \$2, Hurry-out at 89c pair

Long Kid Gloves \$2.98 Pair
16-Button Length in Fine French Glace Kid Gloves, come in nice shades of tan, red, rose, grey and black, all sizes, fitted at counter, regular \$3.50, Hurry-out \$2.98 pair

Trefousse Kid Gloves, 16 Button Length \$3.19 Pair
A beautiful fine French Kid, in 16-button length, made from selected skins, in all the leading shades, also guarantee shades; every pair fitted and guaranteed, regular \$3.75, for \$3.19

Hurry-Out Sale of Dresden Ribbons 25c Yard
75 pieces of Dresden Striped and Polka Dot, 4 1/2 to 5 inches wide, beautiful heavy silk Ribbons, in dainty colorings, worth up to \$1 a yard, on sale 25c yard

Hurry-Out Sale of Handkerchiefs 4 for 25c
Fine Irish Linen Handkerchiefs, also Cross-bar Handkerchiefs, nicely hemmed stitched, in 14 and 14 1/2 inch hems, slightly soiled, regular 10 and 15c, Hurry-out Sale 4 for 25c

Immense Hurry-Out Sale of Ladies' Fine Umbrellas

Worth Up to \$3.50 for \$1.59 Each

200 fine Ladies' Umbrellas go on sale to-morrow at a price that will command early buyers. A splendid chance to lay in your holiday umbrellas. Guaranteed silk and wool tops. The Paragon frame. Patent runners. All swell handles. On sale all day to-morrow at each \$1.59

A Saturday Dress Goods Bargain

25 Ploid Panama Suitings 89c
Hurry-Out Sale Price

This is a worthy bargain in good quality Suiting, 54 inches wide in a splendid range of colors and designs, on sale to-morrow at a great saving for you, regular 50c quality, Hurry-out Sale Price 89c

Hurry-Out Sale of Silk Waists and Woolen Underskirts

\$5.00 Silk Waists for \$1.98
Jap Silk Waists made of good quality, back and front nicely tucked in, black or white, worth regular \$5.00, Hurry-out Sale Price \$1.98

\$3.50 Woolen Underskirts for \$1.75
Ladies' Woolen Underskirts, made of Scotch fingering, in grey or cardinal, worth regular \$3.50, Saturday's Hurry-out Sale Price \$1.75

Baby Department

\$1.50 Hats and Bonnets for 25c
Children's white and colored Hats and Bonnets, made of velvet and eldowden, worth regular \$1.50, Saturday's Hurry-out Sale Price 25c

\$1.25 Shawls for 95c
White and colored Honeycomb Shawls, worth regular \$1.25, Saturday's Hurry-out Sale Price 95c

Greater Bargains Than Ever for Hurry-Out Sale of Carpets and Squares

70c Tapestry Carpets 50c
Odd lengths Tapestry Carpets, from 20 to 60 yards; worth 70c, Saturday Hurry-out price 50c

\$1.10 Brussels Carpets 79c
Heavy English Brussels Carpets, fine saleable patterns; worth \$1.10, Saturday Hurry-out price 79c

\$1.75 Wilton Carpets \$1.05
Odd lengths Wilton Carpets, from 20 to 55 yards, rich goods; worth \$1.75 and \$1.75, Saturday Hurry-out price \$1.05

\$1.40 Velvet Carpets 95c
5 patterns best English Velvet Carpets, rich colorings; worth \$1.40, Hurry-out price 95c

\$12.50 Tapestry Squares 9.95
Best quality Tapestry Squares, size 3 x 3, handsome colorings; worth \$12.50, Saturday Hurry-out price 9.95

\$21.00 Brussels Squares \$17.25
Brussels Squares, size 3 1/2 x 3 yards, extra fine goods; worth \$21, Saturday Hurry-out price \$17.25

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