

Love and Crime

It is a hot, brilliant morning, when not a breath of air is stirring, and the passengers are gathered under the awning on deck, the women fanning themselves languidly in their white tulle frocks...

The men are more cheerful while they are gathered together smoking. Men always appreciate the society of their own sex. And in sheer, languid indifference to most of the recent topics of news, Roderic begins talking to a young fellow lounging in a deck chair nearest to him...

The young man in question, who had joined the expedition party at Cape Mearns, was a young fellow of about thirty, with a pleasant, smiling face, and a pair of eyes that were full of life...

"By the way," Roderic says, pleasantly, "do you remember that fellow who ran away with an actor's daughter in Melbourne, about five years ago? The father followed them to Perth, and fired at him in the open street, and wounded the girl, his daughter. What was he called? He used to play the lawyer, Tullingham, in 'Black House,' you remember?"

"I remember perfectly; but you don't," Mr. Smith retorts, dryly, glad of the chance of saying something disagreeable. When the thermometer stands at ninety-two degrees in the shade, and the sun is not apt to go on as inflammable as semi-scorching brushwood...

"Well, not exactly; Lily Scrope wasn't the sort of girl to go in for such rubbish as sentimentalism," Mr. Smith replies, caustically. Mr. Smith's young affections had suffered a blight from the faithfulness of a pretty cousin from Sydney, about six months ago; hence his contempt for amorous weakness of all kinds.

"It was the father—a hard drinker—who tried to put a bullet into Helmore, and then Lily Scrope, who shot him into the air, and gave the old man an ounce of lead in his arm, and said she was sorry she didn't give it to him a few inches more to the left! He was a bad fellow, Jim Scrope was, as bad as ever drew breath, though a capital actor, and a very clever fellow in his own way. He used to play the waiting maid, House, to the Tullingham, you know; and she was a very fair shot, both on and off the stage. Scrope began to curse her, and then began to cry when she shot him, and said he was a dead man. He knew that Lily had had capital practice and took a sure aim at the same time."

"Good gracious!" Roderic lays, laying his pipe down for a moment, as he listens to the brief drama of crime, and shame, and misery. "I never heard that version of it, Smith! I heard of Scrope's daughter having run away with some fellow—a fellow in the same way. I heard there was some shooting mixed up in it, and that the father took her back with him to Melbourne."

"Right enough; she went back with most of Helmore's spare cash and jewelry, which I believe he was glad to give her to get her out of his house. She was a good girl to go around when anything put her out of temper. A fiend incarnate wasn't it with fair Lily Scrope when she was aroused?"

"Then," Roderic says, starting up excitedly, as a sudden comprehension of the confused fragments of her beginning to shape itself in perfect outline in his brain, "then," he repeats, his breathing coming fast, with a gasping, hurried sense of a mystery revealing itself, of an imminent discovery, standing within in the unknown knowledge of the next few minutes, "this girl—Lily Scrope you call her—was the same girl who was used to live with that man Scrope when he kept a low, drinking saloon, and used to act under the name of Sinclair—Geraldine Sinclair?"

and robbed of four hundred pounds and some valuable family papers, by this woman, Lily or Lillith Scrope, alias Geraldine Sinclair, alias—Haven or hell knows what other names! She and her accomplice, Tom Blamire, had a brief fling in Melbourne and other places for three or four weeks, until they had gambled away and squandered most of the money, and then she, the woman, took what was left and fled to her accomplice, who was only discovered and arrested when he had been taken to a hospital in a dying condition. She escaped to Europe, and, after putting matters into the hands of the police, I've followed on the trail myself for the last six months, only to find the truth, that Lillith Scrope, if that was her true name, has eluded the law and eluded me together," Roderic adds, drawing a long breath, "and eluded us forever!"

"Forever? How could that be?" Mr. Smith asks, raising his eyebrows in vague astonishment. "I don't know, but we cannot follow her with earthly justice," Roderic answers, briefly and gloomily. "She ended up quietly enough, as some notorious criminals do when they have the chance. She had passed herself off on a lady as a governess or companion, and was her last appearance on any stage, poor wretch! There was a railway accident—a smash over the embankment—she went over in the smash, as well as others, and ended her evil life without the aid of judge or jury!"

"Good heavens!" Mr. Smith exclaims, taking out his pipe, he is deeply interested. "In the old country, was it?"

"Yes! At a little English railway station just outside the town of St. Cray's, in Kent," Roderic answers. "There she was killed, and there she is buried—at her employer's expense—in a nice little grave, and with a nice little text of scripture on her tombstone. Yes, that's the end of her, and my search is ended, and might have been long ago, if I'd only put two and two together, and saw they made four! I was hunting for Geraldine Sinclair, and never connected her with that man Scrope's daughter, as it was reported she was dead, or had disappeared just before the wretched father, James Scrope, had died!"

"Well, well, well!" Mr. Smith says, impatiently. "Quite a tragedy, eh? What a handsome girl she was—wasn't she? She had a fine skin, and heaps of splendid reddish-yellow hair—the fellows said she sprinkled it with gold dust—and such fine eyes! And she'd smile as sweet as an angel, and look at you under her lashes as if only wanted wings to get up to heaven. An arch hypocrite, of course, at all women are when they get the opportunity!" adds the gentleman, with a recurring memory of his own wrongs.

"But Lily Scrope was a very handsome girl, undoubtedly! Tall—fine figure—slim, and straight, and stately. My daughter ought to be a duchess, sir! Jim Scrope used to say, 'My girl ought to have a coronet on her brow—and as she goes to England and gets on the London stage, there is no saying what her beauty and her genius may bring her yet! And she ended up in a railway smash, after all! Poor Lily Scrope! And her employer—some pious, precise, old English lady, I suppose—never guessed what sort of a person she had got for a companion! Truth is queerer than what's its name, isn't it?" concludes Mr. Smith, with an exquisite and apposite quotation.

When, raising his eyes languidly to follow the rings of smoke floating upward from his meerschaum on the still air, he is startled at seeing Roderic leaning against the side of the deck, his face ashy pale, his eyes fixed in a stare of blank dismay, his sinewy hands clutching at one of the white-painted iron uprights of the davits, as if he has suddenly grown dizzy and caught at the nearest object for support.

"What's up, Lindsay? What's the matter, old fellow?" he demands, anxiously. "You're the best! You've been standing in the sun somewhere. Sit down in this chair until I get some cold water."

"No, it's not the sun. I'm all right, Smith; don't trouble," Roderic says, slowly staggering a little, however, as he drops heavily into the deck lounge chair. "But I feel as if I'd had a blow, I feel as if I'd had a blow that has nearly stunned me!" he mutters, as Mr. Smith hurries away anxiously to procure cold water and some brandy and ice. "I know the truth now; it has all come clear to me in a moment. Merciful heavens! I know now the woman who calls herself Lily Scrope!"

CHAPTER XX. "There is no reason for any further delay, that I can see," Lord Cardonnel remarks peevishly. "Not the least reason," Mrs. Malibranne assents, with her contemptuous smile. "If it has to be done, then 'twere well it were done quickly," to quote Macbeth, with the grim amusement at her accomplice's quotation. "And for my part, I want to take Christabel away with me before she loses every scrap of good she has left. As you say, 'What nonsense! What nonsense!' Lord Cardonnel reiterates, angrily. "Possibly, an only child like Christabel becomes a perfect tyrant when every whim is indulged. She chooses to resent the idea of my second marriage just out of pure contrariness, and—I am sorry to say—what looks like childish jealousy and selfishness!"

"Does that matter so very material now that you have got some one to make you happy?" she asks, smilingly. "Certainly it does," she answers, with dignity, but he winces at the taunt as the dagger is pleased to see. She delights in striking those little things and paring at them in the quietest way, and she will not let the wrong she can venture to take at present—for the mesalliance which annoys her so intensely.

For Lord Cardonnel is neither supremely happy nor supremely contented, even in the prospect of the possession of a beautiful, young wife possessed of a comfortable fortune. Lydia has informed him she is in possession of an income of over three thousand a year, principally derived from American railways. She has refused, positively and absolutely, with a determination which he has not been able to move in the slightest degree, to have any settlements drawn up or any lawyers consulted.

"I hate lawyers," she said one day, very sharply. "And I hate my family lawyer most of any of his kind! An old, presuming, meddling, meddling man! I mean to get rid of him, too! He won't let me do a single thing with my own money without hesitating and fussing over it!"

TRIPLE FORGERY.

THREE BROTHERS JENKINS INDICTED AT NEW YORK.

Were Officials of the Jenkins and Williamsburg Trust Company—Another Accusation Alleges Making False Entries.

New York, Nov. 26.—John G. Jenkins, jun., until recently President of the Jenkins Trust Company of Brooklyn; Frank Jenkins, deposed head of the Williamsburg Trust Company, and Fred Jenkins, formerly a director of the latter institution, were jointly indicted to-day for forgery in the third degree.

The indicted men are brothers, and the charges against them are out of loans made by the brokerage firm of F. & J. G. Jenkins, jun., & Company by the Jenkins Trust Company. The transactions were disclosed during the examination of the trust company's books made by the State Banking Department after the institution had suspended.

The Jenkins are jointly indicted on four counts alleging that they caused false entries to be made in the books of the Jenkins Trust Company, whereby loans made by the trust company to the President in excess of what he could have legally secured as an officer of the institution were made to appear as loans to companies of the firm of F. & J. G. Jenkins, jun., & Company.

The specific charge against former President Jenkins is that a certain part of the \$357,000 secured as a loan from the trust company on October 1st and standing in the names of the latter institution was in reality a loan to him, and that the whole amount had been loaned to him and his firm, and not to the clerks to whom it was nominally paid.

NO LONGER AN AUTOCRAT.

The Douma Robs Czar of One of His Titles.

St. Petersburg, Nov. 26.—The Douma to-night decreed that the title of autocrat which has been borne by the Emperors of Russia for centuries, is no longer tenable within the Empire. The Douma is to inaugurate with the regime inaugurated by the manifesto issued by Emperor Nicholas on October 30, 1905.

At the close of a great constitutional debate the Russian Parliament, by a vote of 112 to 246, rejected the word "autocrat," and adopted in reply to the address from the throne unanimously, amid scenes of intense excitement, prolonged cheering and the singing of the national anthem.

AN INDUSTRIAL REVIVAL.

Effects of Financial Stringency Passing Away in New England.

New York, Nov. 26.—Recent resumption of industrial activity in the eastern States contrivance to some extent the stories of general depression that have gained circulation on account of the closing down, partially or completely, of many concerns. The financial stringency throughout the country had its natural reflection in the partial suspension of operations in the chief Atlantic centres, but the fear of a complete industrial depression has not been realized.

A SOUND BANKING SYSTEM.

Saved Canada in Time of Difficulty, Says the Times.

London, Nov. 26.—The Times editorial emphasizes the satisfactory condition of Canadian finance compared with that in the United States. It says: "Our Canadian brothers are not much behind their neighbors in adventurous action in the sphere of industry and commerce, but they have been under the wholesome restraint of a sound banking system. The working of the Canadian banking system in a time of difficulty has been eminently satisfactory."

Headaches and Neuritis From Cold.

LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine, the world-wide Cold and Grip remedy, removes cause. Call for full name. Look for signature E. W. Groves.

Work on Detroit Tunnel.

Detroit, Nov. 26.—The second section of the Michigan Central double tube tunnel under the Detroit River was laid this afternoon, and was joined to the first tube laid a few weeks ago. Among the onlookers were Hon. E. F. Sutherland, Speaker of the Commons; Hon. J. O. Reame, Minister of Public Works, and Dr. Smith, collector of customs at Windsor. No more tubes will be laid until next spring. The two already down are near the Detroit shore. Work is being pushed forward on the approaches on both sides of the river.

AT R. McKAY & CO'S THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28th, 1907. A Tremendous 3 Days' Dress Goods Sale

HERE'S THE LEADER 85c and \$1 Suitings, November Sale Price, 42c the Yard. To-morrow morning we start one of the largest and best sales ever carried on by this store in this particular section...

Panama Suitings, Regular 65c, for 47c. 65c French Venetian Suitings for 42c. Delaines and French Flannels, Regular 50c, for 29c. 40c Tweeds and Cloths at 19c.

36 Inch Moirette Skirtings Regular 85c 59c. By no means fail to see these Skirtings—all reasonable, new, and only a little over half their proper value...

Grand Sale of Handkerchiefs. Irish Linen Handkerchiefs 5c Each. Ladies' Fine, Pure, Irish Linen Handkerchiefs, nicely hemstitched, in 14-inch hems, regularly 10c each, special sale 5c each.

Toboggan Caps 25, 39 and 49c. Children's Toboggan Caps, in plain and honeycomb, come in royal blue, cardinals, scarlet, white, navy, black, plain colors or with striped bands.

Rousing Sale of Women's Suits. Great Price Cutting on Good Quality Garments. We invite the careful inspection of these SPLENDID SUITS FOR WOMEN. The values are the best we have offered in many a day.

Special Staple Values. Don't fail to see those beautiful Damask Huck Towels selling at about 1/4 price. Table Cloths \$1.59. Pure Linen Cloths, rich satin finish, choice designs, 2 yards square, slightly imperfect, \$2.50 value, for \$1.59.

Flannelette 13 1/2c. 36-inch English Flannelette, soft, warm finish, neat underwear stripes, regular 10c value, for 13 1/2c.

R. McKAY & CO.

RAILWAYS GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM. To Chicago and Return. Good Going Nov. 28th to Dec. 3rd, Valid for Return Until Dec. 9th, 1907.

NEW NIGHT SERVICE TORONTO and OTTAWA DAILY. Lv. Hamilton 8:15 pm. Lv. Toronto 10:45 pm. Lv. Ottawa 7:00 am.

ROYAL MAIL TRAINS VIA INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. Canada's Famous Train. THE MARITIME EXPRESS. Leaving Montreal 12 noon Fridays, carries the European mail and lands passengers, baggage, etc., at the steamer's side, Halifax, avoiding any extra transfer...

T., H. & B. RY. NEW YORK. \$9.40. The ONLY RAILROAD making PASSENGERS GET IN THE HEART OF THE CITY (42nd Street Station). New and elegant hotel sleeping car accommodations.

STEAMSHIPS DOMINION LINE ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS. FROM PORTLAND. Dominion, Dec. 7. Demitola, Jan. 13. Kennington, Dec. 14. Canada, Feb. 8.

Buy Your Carpets and Rugs Now. Tapestry Rugs \$9.00. 15 Tapestry Rugs, size 3x3 yards, extra choice quality, worth \$12.50, November Sale price, \$9.00.

Ladies' Wrist Bags. In shapes that are decidedly new and styles that are sure to please; also a large assortment of Purse, Music Rolls, Club Bags, Toilet Cases, Flasks, Drinking Glasses, Wallets, Portfolios, Ebony Brushes and Mirrors, at all prices.

BACK COMBS. A Back Comb makes a finish to the hair dressing, and we have the largest assortment of Back Combs in the city to choose from. They would make nice Christmas presents, and are not dear. Prices from 50c to \$6.00 each.

F. CLARINGBOW. 22 MacNab St. North.