

THE AMETHYST CROSS

By Fergus Hume

CHAPTER VI.
Purple and Fine Linen.

Mr. Michael Tait dealt mainly with the stocks and shares, but was not above any scheme, however wild or however shady, which promised result in large profits. His motto was: "Make money honestly if you can, but make money!" and he consistently acted up to this advice throughout a long career of speculation. He was not so much a spider sitting in a web to lure unwary flies, as an octopus who stretched out tentacles in every direction to draw victims into his maw. He indulged in dozens of enterprises, both openly and secretly, but all with the aim of making as much cash as possible. That many of these schemes led to much misery, that is, the misery of other people, he never stopped to inquire. And even if he had done so he would have taken no note of the answer. The race was to the swift and the battle to the strong, in Mr. Tait's humble opinion, and those who failed either in fighting or running had to make the best of their plight.

In appearance, Michael Tait was a squat, burly, sturdy man, with sandy hair and whiskers, and a pair of cold blue eyes devoid of all sympathy. He dressed expensively, wore a profusion

of jewelry, and was rarely without an admirable cigar sticking out of his mouth. For the sake of luring his victims he cultivated a jolly, free and easy manner, and exhibited an external good nature which deceived many. To quote Tennyson's cutting line, he "snakelike slimed his victim e'er he gorged," and acted the Pharisee by largely advertising his charities. He was looked upon in general as a good fellow, rough, but truly kind-hearted, and possessed of a true Christian spirit. As a matter of fact Mr. Tait knew very little of Christ and his teaching, and would not have subscribed to it, save by word of mouth, had he been aware of its spirit. But he passed as a good man because he went to church and talked largely of helping the poor.

This prop of British commerce, as he was wrongly described by a too ardent reporter, possessed a regal country-house at Henley, where he entertained largely. Also he had chambers in town, but these he only used on rare occasions when business or pleasure prevented his seeking his true home. Mrs. Tait had mercifully passed many years previously under the delusion that Michael was a good man, and the Henley mansion was managed by Maud Ellis, who was the stockbroker's niece. Miss Ellis was a young lady of five-and-twenty, certainly not bad-looking, although she could not be described as beautiful. Like her respectable uncle, she was of the sandy type, but, unlike him, she possessed a tall, full figure, finely shaped. As she always dressed in exquisite taste, and had a personality of the semi-hymotic kind, she was regarded as a fine woman. The fact that she was her uncle's mistress also may have something to do with this opinion. Maud was extremely cunning and as selfish in her way as Michael was in his. He sought money, she admiration, and they did very well in their efforts to attract both. And it was this clever young woman who had chosen to fall in love with George Walker.

Of course, she knew that he was a bad match, that he did not love her, and that as his wife she would hold no very exalted position. But the fact was that the girl, after playing with various suitors, like the princess of a fairy tale, with no serious intentions, had been snared herself. Whether it was Walker's good looks, or his kind heart, or his charm of manner, it is impossible to say; perhaps one of the three, perhaps the three together; but Miss Ellis was assuredly violently in love with the young man. Having arrived at the conclusion that life would be miserable without him, she set to work to make him propose, thinking that she would have small difficulty. To her surprise, however, George proved to be quite impervious to her appealing conversation and clever display of her somewhat limited charms. He was polite to her and nothing more, although she made her uncle ask him again and again to the palace at Henley. This conduct pleased Miss Ellis, but did not altogether displease her, as it gave her an opportunity of exercising her talent for intrigue. From a mere fancy, her passion deepened to ardent love, and she swore mentally that by hook or crook she would force the young fellow to make her Mrs. Walker. Rarely a week passed without George being asked to Henley, and Maud did her best to subjugate him. But George, being in love with Lesbia, had a very strong shield to oppose to her love darts, and managed to avoid the amorous pitfalls she spread for him. For six months the chase of this unwilling victim had been going on, and as the quarry always dodged just as the hunter was on the verge of capture, this middle-class Diana concluded that there was another woman in the case. With a view to learning the truth she watched and made stealthy inquiries, so that she speedily learned of George's infatuation—so she called it—for Lesbia Hale. To detach him from Lesbia, became the object of her life, and it was she who suggested to Mr. Hale that Lesbia might well marry Captain Alfred Sargent.

As Hale approved of Maud's cleverness, and was frequently indebted to her for getting what he wanted from Tait, he did his best to fall in with her plans, the more so, as he did not care whom his daughter married, provided it was to his interest. Maud promised if the marriage was brought about to interest her uncle in a wild scheme of Hale's contrivance. So the loving father did his best—as has been seen—to force the child into the arms of a man she loathed. George knew nothing of all this intrigue, and kept away from the Henley mansion as much as he could without openly offending his employer. But when he heard from Tim that Captain Sargent was to be a member of the Saturday to Monday house party he determined to accept this latest invitation. An interview with Sargent might clear the air of all these mysteries, and George—hating the ex-captain—was not averse to breaking his head, as Tim had advised, if there was no other way of releasing Lesbia. Also George fancied that Mr. Hale—a frequent visitor—might be enjoying Mr. Tait's hospitality, in which case he could speak to him and remonstrate about this tyranny to which Lesbia was subjected.

When George arrived in time for afternoon tea on Saturday he found that his own hopes and those of Tim were realized, that is, both Walter Hale and Captain Sargent were present. Mr. Hale looked as lean and grim, and smart as ever, while greeting the flushed young man with the air of a perfect stranger. Maud, who presided at the dainty tea-table, saw that flush, and from the juxtaposition of Hale's greened its reason. She was therefore none too pleased, but velling her annoyance with a sweet smile, she called the new arrival over to her side and poured him out a cup of tea. "You are quite a stranger, Mr. Walker," she said, graciously, devouring him with her cold, grey eyes, which only lighted up when they rested on his face. "It was here three weeks ago," said George, politely, and accepting the cake. "It would rather bore Mr. Tait if I came here oftener."

"It would never bore me," breathed Miss Ellis, "and my uncle is always

very glad to see you. He looks upon you almost as his son."

George flushed again and looked awkward. "It is very kind of Mr. Tait," he remarked coldly, "seeing that I am only a clerk in his office."

"Uncle was only a clerk once," said Maud smiling. "And look what he is now, Mr. Walker. Some day you will be like him."

"I don't think so," said George, looking across to the stout, ungraceful form of the successful stockbroker, who was being waited upon hand and foot by two society ladies of the smart set anxious to secure tips.

Maud took his remark in its wrong sense. "Oh, you must hope," she declared playfully. "With influence," she spoke meaningly, "you will do much."

"I have no influence," returned the young man coldly.

"That is your own fault," retorted Miss Ellis. "The tide of fortune is flowing past your door, and you will not launch your boat."

"I am waiting for a passenger," said Walker, thinking of Lesbia. Jealous and cunning as she was, Maud was quite taken in for the moment, and smiled graciously. She fancied that he referred to her. "You need not wait long," she hinted.

George found the situation intolerable, and on the spur of the moment—although it was neither the time nor the place to be confidential—he spoke out. There should be no further misunderstandings if he could help it. "My waiting depends upon Mr. Hale," he said bluntly.

Maud bit her thin lip, and leaned back, with an artificial laugh. Inwardly she was furious, as she now knew that his remark had referred to "that girl," as she contemptuously called Lesbia. But she was too much the woman of the world to reveal her feelings, and, moreover, utilized his observation to learn as much of the truth as possible.

"Ah," she said, "a little bird told me that Mr. Hale has a beautiful daughter. But I understood that she was engaged to Captain Sargent."

"She is engaged to me," flashed out George, quite forgetting that he was speaking to a jealous woman.

"Ah!" said Miss Ellis again, controlling her countenance with difficulty. "The course of true love is not running smooth. Poor Mr. Walker, I must help you to gain your wife."

"You!" blurted out George, like a fool.

Maud sat up and erected her crest like a snake. "Yes," she said, haughtily, anxious only for the moment to save her womanly pride. "Why should I not help a friend? I look on you almost as a brother."

Still like a fool, George believed her, and, indeed, her indignant manner would have received a much cleverer man. He was very young, and very green, with regard to women, and in Maud's capable hands could be molded like wax.

She could have struck him in the face for the insult he had offered her, but hiding her rage under a friendly smile, she laid her plans to entrap him beyond hope of escape. "I shall get Mr. Hale to bring his daughter here," she said quietly, "then you can talk to her at your leisure."

"Oh, how good you are!" cried Walker delightedly. "I am sure you will love Lesbia; she is so beautiful and charming—as you are," he added with an after-thought.

Again the impulse came to Maud to strike him, and again her worldly training came to her aid. "Hush," she said softly, "you will make Captain Sargent jealous. I believe he overheard."

"I don't care if he did," said Walker defiantly.

"Then I do," retorted Miss Ellis, who could not resist paying him out a trifle, much as she loved him. "I don't want you to quarrel here. Now go and talk to Captain Sargent while I receive these new people."

Several ladies and two gentlemen entered at the moment, and she went forward to greet them, followed by her uncle. George left the chair he had occupied near the tea-table and strolled across the room—not to Sargent, but to interview Mr. Hale.

(To be Continued.)

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

J. C. Carter

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION.

Purely Vegetable. No Harmful Ingredients.

CURE QUICK HEADACHE.

GUERRILLA WARFARE IN NEW YORK STREETS

Two Thugs Fatally Wounded, But Refuse to Name Assaultants.

New York, Nov. 5.—Two men were shot, one of them probably fatally, on the Bowery early today, in a continuation of a recently revived feud between two rival gangs. One of the victims, Jacob Silver, was shot through the abdomen and will probably die. The other, Charles Harrington, will recover. Neither threats of the police nor pleas of a priest who administered extreme unction to the men, could make them divulge the name of their assailants or give any details of the assault. Both swore vengeance in the event of recovery. Jimmy Kelly, manager of several prize-fighters and lieutenant of one of the district political leaders, was shot on Monday last after a ball at Tammany Hall. His followers laid the shooting to members of the "Humpty" Jackson clan, and since that time the rival gangs have been waging guerrilla warfare on the east side.

INVESTIGATING SONS DEATH

Port Huron Man Believes Boy Met With Foul Play.

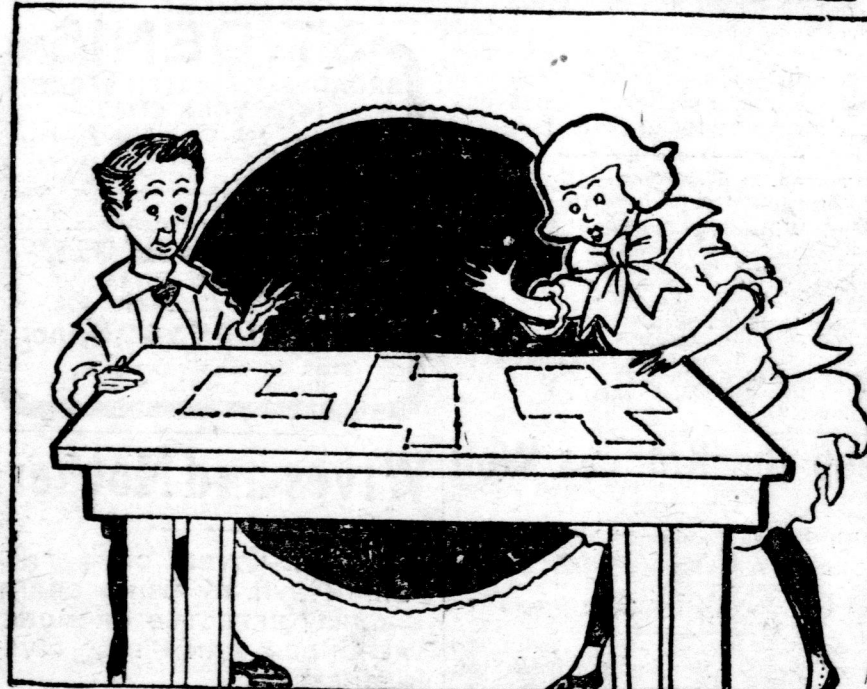
Port Huron, Mich., Nov. 5.—Alexander Martin, of Corunna, Ont., is in this city in consultation with Sheriff Davidson, looking to an investigation of the death of his son, Alfred Martin, whose body was found floating in St. Clair River below this city three weeks ago, after having been in the water for nearly two months. Martin made a partial investigation, which, he thinks, warrants a fuller probing by the authorities. On the left side of the lad's head was a wound apparently made by some blunt instrument. A theory advanced by Mr. Martin is that the boy was assaulted and the body thrown from a boat into the river. Martin was an expert swimmer, and if his boat had overturned he could easily have reached the shore. The officers will investigate.

Passengers on an elevated railroad train in New York saw a goat standing on a narrow billboard 30 feet from the sidewalk, eating a banana hat which he had seized from a passing business man.

SAM LLOYD'S PUZZLES.

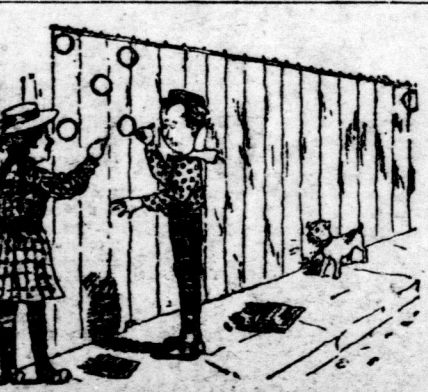
[Copyright by Sam Lloyd, New York.]

FOURTH DIMENSION PUZZLE



Johnny, the young surveyor, shows how twelve match sticks may be arranged in three different ways so as to enclose a similar area.

Then Kitty showed him a fourth arrangement of the twelve matches which enclosed a triangular space equal to the area of one of Johnny's diagrams. Can you show Kitty's arrangement of the match sticks?



Answer to the Scholar's Puzzle.

The accompanying diagram shows how one ring may be replaced so as to have four rows of three in a line.

Feather Beds, Pillows and Mattresses renovated and sterilized; also manufacture of Mattresses, Feather Pillows, Cushions and Spring Beds. Brass and Iron Beds, Stoves, Furniture, Camp Beds at the Feather Bed, Pillow and Mattress Cleaning Factory. J. F. HUNT & SONS, 593 Richmond Street. Phone 997.

Special dinner at the Tecumseh House on Thanksgiving Day, from 6 p.m. to 8:30 p.m., for 75 cents. A special menu card as a souvenir. 100-n

Florida and the South, Via New York and Philadelphia, are reached by through trains, via Lehigh Valley Railroad, from Suspension Bridge. For full particulars address R. S. Lewis, 54 King Street east, Toronto, Ont. 100a

It's Never Too Late To Mend

This old adage does not apply to the Mill End Sale. If you let it, and before you have filled every possible, present and future need in the merchandise it offers, the chance to enjoy the equal of its golden savings will be gone for many months to come.

Not till the manufacturers again "clean house" and sacrifice their factory surpluses, odds and ends, remnants, etc., will another Mill End Sale be possible. And we emphatically state that no sale event ever surpasses our Mill End Sale in value-giving.

Interesting Coat and Skirt News

The incentives we offer you are great style variety in cut, trimmings and fabrics, and our well-known moderate saving prices.

LADIES' COATS, semi-fitting, long lengths. Colors, brown, navy, green and black. Made of all-wool Kersey. \$7.50

LADIES' DIRECTOIRE COATS, all-wool Kersey; braided-trimmed, with high collar, and lapels. \$15.00

LADIES' COATS—A variety of styles and colors; nicely trimmed with satin; fancy braid and self-strapping; special qualities; all-wool Kersey; beautifully tailored. Prices \$20.00, \$22.50, \$25.00, \$28.00

Our \$10.00 Coats are second to none in Western Ontario.

SKIRT SPECIALS

Ladies' All-Wool Panama Skirts, trimmed with three rows silk, in colors, black, green, navy and brown. Very special \$3.95

Ladies' Skirts, special quality Venetian. Colors, navy, brown, garnet, black; self-trimmed. Each \$5.00

A splendid variety, materials and shades; handsome styles, ranging in price from \$6.50 to \$9.00

Special Black Silk Blouses \$3.00, \$3.95, \$5.00, \$8.00

Special Black Net Blouses, plain and fancy. \$4.50 and \$7.50

GRAY & PARKER

PHONE 1182.

150 DUNDAS ST., and CARLING ST.

Buying Clothing—and Horses

A man doesn't snap up a horse because he looks all right. As a usual thing, he leads the nag out where the light is good and strong and examines every hair of his hide. He squints under each hoof for the grand hailing sign of distress and peeks down his throat for dark secrets. He wants to know the horse's pedigree—and he is mighty particular about getting a line on the man he's doing business with. When all this is made satisfactory and the price agreed upon, the buyer will further stipulate that should the horse turn out a roarer, be balky or not otherwise as represented, he can get his money back.

This may be too much caution but it is mighty good business. A man buys a horse for use and wants him as nearly perfect as possible. Compare this caution in buying horses with the indifference usually displayed in buying clothes.

Nine times out of ten, a man takes the first thing offered. He does not examine its composition. He knows nothing about the quality, and less about the pedigree of the garments—where and how they are made.

He knows little about the man who sells the clothes.

Is this logical?

A man is in the company of his horse for a few hours, perhaps, a day.

You are in your clothes all the time you are awake.

You manage the world's affairs

- transact business
- meet strangers
- welcome friends
- make love and are married
- go to church
- in fact, spend two-thirds of your life IN YOUR CLOTHES.

"All of us can't be tailors." True enough—which is all the more reasons why we should buy clothes that have a pedigree—a reputation, and a guarantee at the back of it.

"PROGRESS BRAND" Garments are pedigreed clothes. Their pedigree—the "Progress Brand" trademark shown below—is registered at Ottawa.

They will stand the most searching examination inside and out.

They are made of the most dependable materials in one of the best equipped tailories in Canada, and sold only by the most reliable dealers with an unqualified guarantee—"satisfaction or money refunded."

Does it pay, or is it good business, to be indifferent when buying your clothes?

Figure it out.

19



"Progress Brand"

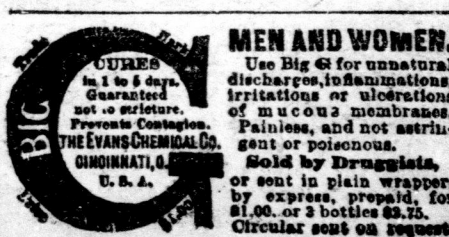
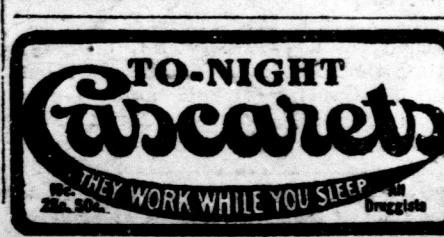


Sold and Guaranteed By J. H. CHAPMAN & CO.

FIRE DESTROYS BARN.

Chatham, Ont., Nov. 5.—In a disastrous fire near here last night on the farm of John Smith, and occupied by George W. Brown, two large barns, with all their contents, were completely destroyed. Three horses and several head of cattle perished. Loss about \$7,500, partly covered by insurance.

A Boston woman has just secured an on the grounds that he loved his auto-uncontested divorce from her husband, mobile more than he did her.



Advertiser Patterns

DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.



A SMART WAIST—8293.

Ladies' Fancy Blouses—Cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Each will require 2 1/2 yards of 44-inch material. This smart design is capable of development in almost any of the fashionable materials. It is made with a shaped vest opening over a chemise, which may be of embroidery or lace. The coat sleeve is easily full at the top and fits the lower arm closely. A pattern of the accompanying illustration will be mailed to any address on receipt of ten cents in silver or stamps.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE ADVERTISER

Please send the above-mentioned pattern, as per directions given below, to

Name

Street Address

Town

Province

Measurements: Bust Waist

Age (if child's or misses' pattern)

CAUTION.—Be careful to inclose above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is sent measure you need only mark 32, 34, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. If a skirt give waist and length measure. When misses' or child's pattern write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years." Patterns cannot reach you in less than one week from the date of order. The price of each pattern is 10 cents in cash or in postage stamps.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT, LONDON ADVERTISER

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Makes Your BISCUITS Light
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