

BY ELTON

# Alias the Lone Wolf

by Louis Joseph Vance  
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(Continued From Our Last Issue.)

"Ah, Michael, my Michael!" Liane cried. "It is so real to me, so true, so overwhelming, the greatest thing of all! How can it be otherwise to you? No, do not think I complain. But, oh, my dear, were I only able to make you understand, think what life could be to us, to you and me. You with your wit, your strength, your skill, your police—I with my great love to inspire and sustain you—what a pair we should make! Think, Michael, think!"

"Why, I think two things," said Lanyard. "First, that you deserve to be soundly kissed." He kissed her, but with discretion, and firmly put her from him. "Then—his tone put out a note of earnestness—"that if what you have said is true, it is a pity, and I am sorry, Liane, very sorry. And if it is not true, that the comedy was well played. Shall we let it rest at that, my dear?"

Half lifting her, he heaped her back into her chair, and as she turned her face away, struggling for mastery of her emotion, true or feigned, he sat back, found a cigarette case, and clipping a cigarette between his lips, cast about for a match.

As he struck the light he heard a sudden, soft swish of draperies as the woman rose.

Moving toward the saloon companionway, she passed him swiftly, without a word, her head bended, a hand pressing a handkerchief to her lips. Forgetful, he followed her swaying figure with puzzled gaze till admonished by the flame that crept toward his finger tips. He put it to his cigarette. At the second puff he heard a choking gasp and looked up again.

The woman stood alone, en silhouette against the glow of the companionway. Her arm thrust out as if to ward off some threatened danger. A second cry broke from her lips, shrill with terror, she tottered and fell, as dropping his cigarette, Lanyard ran to her.

His vision dazzled by the flame of the match, he sought in vain for any cause for her apparent fright. For all he could see, the deck was as empty as he had presumed it to be all through their conversation.

"Popinot!" she cried as Lanyard hastily took the glass away. "Popinot—he was there—I saw him—standing there!"

A trembling arm indicated the starboard deck just forward of the companion housing. But, of course, when Lanyard looked, there was no one there—if there had ever been.

"Impossible!" Phinuit commented, when told of the Apache's appearance. "Nonsense!" Monk added, speaking directly to Liane.

She had recovered much of her composure, enough to enable her to shrug her disdain of such stupidity.

"I tell you only what my two eyes saw. And I tell you, while that assassin is at liberty aboard this yacht, not one of our lives is worth a sou—no, not one!"

"Oh, we shall search," Monk gave in as one who indulges a childish whim. "But I can tell you now what we'll find—or won't."

"Then heaven help us all!" Liane went swiftly to the door of her room, but there hesitated, looking back in appeal to Lanyard. "I am afraid—"

"Let me have a look-around first."

## Molded Salmon With Peas

BY BERTHA E. SHAPLEIGH.

1 pound salmon, freed from skin and bones  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
Few grains pepper  
1 1/2 cups thin cream or top milk  
2 eggs. Slight grating of nutmeg

PUT salmon, after removing skin and bones, through the meat chopper. To this add seasonings, eggs slightly beaten and cream. Turn into a buttered mold, set mold in a pan of water and bake until firm, about 20 minutes. Remove from mold and serve with one cup cream sauce to which has been added one cup cooked peas.

If this is baked in a border mold it is pretty to serve the peas in center and sauce around the fish.

## JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES.



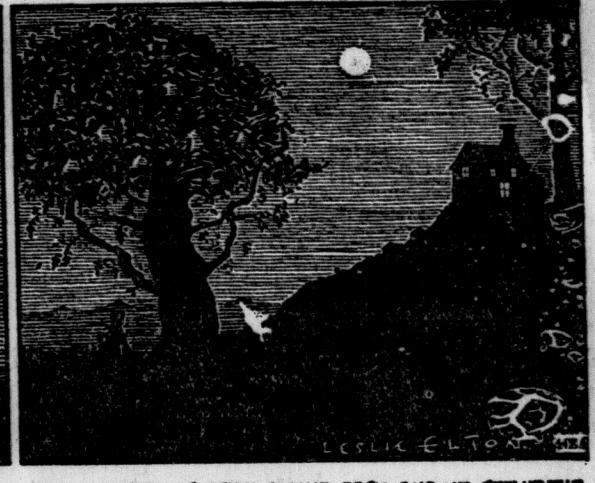
JACK WAS WITHIN SIGHT OF THE OLD MILL, SO HE THOUGHT HE HAD TRAVELLED FAR ENOUGH FOR ONE DAY. THEN HE LED THE HORSE TO A STRONG ARBOR AND THE HORSE AND DOG DRANK THIRSTILY.



JACK WAS VERY TIRED FROM THE LONG RIDE UP AND DOWN THE MOUNTAIN, SO HE LOOKED ABOUT FOR A GOOD PLACE TO SPEND THE NIGHT. THE BOY AND HIS DOG WENT TO BED AT SUNSET.



AT LAST HE FOUND A SOFT MOSSY SPOT NEAR A TREE. AND LAYED DOWN. IT WAS NOT LONG BEFORE JACK WAS IN A SOUND SLEEP. HE SLEPT WELL.



A LOW SIGHING MOAN AWOKED JACK, AND HE SAW THE OLD MILL WAS ABLAZE WITH LIGHTS. "I WONDER WHO IS THERE," SAID THE BOY TO HIMSELF. "I THINK I'LL GO UP." CONTINUED IN NEXT CHAPTER.

And when Lanyard had satisfied himself there was nobody concealed in any part of Liane's suite, and had been rewarded with a glance of gratitude, "I shall lock myself in, of course," the woman said from the threshold, "and I have my pistol, too."

Lanyard, scrutinizing the deck with the flash lamp, stooped, picked up something, and ferreted it from the clear electric beam.

"Cigarette stub?" Monk said, and sniffed.

"A cigarette manufactured by the French Regie. Who that uses this part of the deck would be apt to insult his palate with such a cigarette?"

"Then you believe it was Popinot, too?"

"I believe you would do well to make the search you have promised thorough and immediate."

"Plenty of time," Monk replied wearily. "I'll turn this old tub inside out, if you insist, in the morning."

Whether or not sleep brought Monk better counsel, the morning's ransacking of the vessel and the examination of the crew proved more painstaking than Lanyard had expected. And the upshot was precisely as Monk had foretold, nothing. He reported dryly to this effect at an informal conference in his quarters after luncheon.

"Now," Monk announced with a little bow, "for what, one imagines, Mr. Phinuit would term the Elaborate Idea."

## CHAPTER XX.

"THEY are such, monsieur," Monk said with that deliberation which becomes a diplomatic personage—"your talents are such that you can, if you will, become invaluable to us."

"Never sail a straight course, can you, skipper, when you can get there by tactics?" Let me act as interpreter. Mr. Lanyard, this giddy association of malefactors here present has the honor to invite you to become a full-fledged working member and stockholder of equal interest with the rest of us, participating in all benefits of the organization, including police protection. And as added inducement we're willing to waive initiation fee and dues. Do I make myself clear?"

Lanyard lifted his meditative gaze to the face of Phinuit.

"I find something lacking. You have shown me but one side of the coin. What is the reverse? You have forgotten to name the penalty which would attach to a possible refusal."

"I guess it's safe to leave that to your imagination."

"There would be a penalty, however?"

"Well, naturally, if you're not with us you're against us. And to take that stand would oblige us, as a simple matter of self-preservation, to defend ourselves with every means at our command."

"Means which," Lanyard murmured, "you prefer not to name."

"Well, one doesn't like to be crude. I have my answer, monsieur—and many thanks. The parallel is complete."

With a dim smile playing in his eyes



SHE TOTTERED AND FELL.

Parisian criminals, ambitious like you, who had grown envious of the Lone Wolf's success, and wished to persuade him to run with them."

"And what happened?" Phinuit inquired.

"As memory serves, I told them they could all go plumb to hell!"

"Well," Phinuit hazarded with a good show of confidence, "I guess you won't tell us to go plumb to hell, will you?"

"No, I promise to be more original than that. You shall have your answer by the time we make our landfall—perhaps before."

Lanyard went to bed the last night of the voyage, leaving a noisy gathering in the saloon, and read himself drowsy. Then turning out his light, he slept. Some time later he found himself instantaneously awake and alert, with a clear head and every faculty on the qui vive.

He felt a presence, and knew it waited, stifled, within arm's length of his head. Without much concern he thought of Popinot, that "phantom Popinot" of Monk's derisive naming.

Well, if the vision Liane had seen on deck had taken material form here in his stateroom, Lanyard presumed it meant another fight, and the last, to a finish—that is to say, to a death.

He heard a whisper, or rather a mutter, a voice he could not place in its present pitch.

"Awake, Monsieur Delore!" it said. "Hush! Don't make a row, and never mind the light."

His astonishment was so overpower-

ing that instinctively his tensed muscles relaxed and his hand fell back upon the bedding.

"It's me—Mussey?"

Lanyard echoed wittily: "Mussey?"

"I had to have a bit of a talk with you without anybody catching on."

"Well," Lanyard said, "I'm damned!"

"That's an unusual name, Michael Lanyard," cautiously replied its proprietor. "How did you get hold of it?"

"They say it's the right name of the Lone Wolf. Guess I don't have to tell you who the Lone Wolf is."

"They say? Who, please, are they?"

"Oh, there's a lot of talk going around the ship. You know how it is: a crew will gossip. And God knows they've got enough excuse this cruise."

This was constructively evasive. Lanyard wondered who had betrayed him. (Continued in Our Next Issue.)

## WALLACEBURG

Special to London Advertiser.

WALLACEBURG, Sept. 29.—About 50 guests were entertained by the ladies of the Eastern Star in the Foresters' Hall, when a most enjoyable time was spent playing euchre, after which a dainty lunch was served.

The lady's prize was won by Miss Hickson, and the gent's prize by Garnet Bramer, and the consolation prize by Mrs. Shaw.

Arthur Billiet, proprietor of the Montreal Hotel, has just returned from a visit to Belgium. He states that everything looks very flourishing over there now, and very little can be seen of the devastation caused by the war. The city of Ypres is being rebuilt and the work is nearing completion, and promises to make it one of the finest cities in Europe.

Reginald Sherwood, the 6-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Sherwood, who was so seriously hurt on Labor Day by a race horse, has recovered consciousness, and will be brought home from the Chatham Hospital today. Other than being very weak, the little fellow seems to be none the worse for his serious accident.

A. St. Clair Gordon, manager of the Wallaceburg Cut-Glass Works, is in the General Hospital at Chatham, where he was operated upon. He is progressing favorably.

John McDonald had an exciting experience at the glass works while driving a wagon, upon which there was a high, heavy machine. Without any notice the machine crashed through the wagon and the startled horses sprang forward, taking with them the front part of the wagon and McDonald, and got clear just as the machine toppled forward, missing McDonald by a hair-breadth.

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## Radio Radiations

ONE orchestra may yet supply music to the whole nation.

This is the prediction of Joseph O'Brien, president of the Dancing Masters Association. It follows installation of a radio receiving set in the ballroom of the Hotel Commodore, New York, for the reception of dancing music from a central broadcasting station.

The installation at the Commodore includes a loud speaking telephone outfit with the receiver. Projectors have been placed at various points in the ballroom and connected to the set.

The equipment is similar, on a smaller scale, to that used at Madison Square Garden in America where 18,000 people in and about the building were able to take part in the service.

Establishment of a central broadcasting system for dance music, O'Brien believes, would bring the world's best orchestra into every ballroom in the country.

If such a station is established," he says, "it could readily afford the best orchestra in the world. Yet the cost to each subscribing academy would be less than its present payroll."

"First-class music for dancing is essential if we are to please our patrons, and this kind of music costs us real money. It is an obvious waste for a hundred academies to employ a hundred orchestras if they can connect by radio with a central station which transmits dance music."

BETTER RADIO FOR SUBS. Submarines will soon be equipped with the latest improvements in radio. These improvements are such, say naval engineers, that they will be capable of sending messages up to a radius of 300 miles in the day, time and much farther at night. This is three times the distance spanned by the radio sets now installed in the submarines.

New radio sets recently issued have been formed from old apparatus along a design set up after careful experimentation by the naval radio experts. It will mean a saving of nearly \$300,000 in the cost of the sets.

Although detailed specifications of these new radio sets are withheld, it is learned that they are of the latest type of vacuum tube apparatus. Their efficiency, it is said, will vie with those of the German submarines, which succeeded in sending messages at night as far as 500 or 1,000 miles to their bases.

The new apparatus on submarines will be able to receive long-wave signals while the craft is submerged to a depth of about twenty feet.

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## TAILORED SUITS



IT is always the strictly tailored suits that appear first in the season. Later there will be elaborate three-piece, fur-trimmed models of nee and very fine fabrics with brocaded linings of gay colors.

But this early in the season all the fall suits shown are plainly cut and carefully tailored. Their lines are very simple. They are made of twill or serge or tricotine, and are lined in silks of plain colors or small patterns.

The model shown for young girls is most popular. The loose box coat, the new collar and the pockets set at a slant are all likeable features.

The coat to the woman's suit is longer, slightly bloused and has a plain notched collar. Skirts to both suits are plain and longer than skirts have been recently.

The Way To Be Well Good Health Maintained Through Rich, Red Blood.

There are many men and women who, every few weeks, have spells of weakness, during which time they are little better than invalids, yet at other times they feel very well. Why does their health fluctuate so?

In the case of men worry and overstrained nerves are usually responsible for this state of unfitness and inability to face the anxieties of daily life.

As for women, her back aches, she is dizzy with sick headaches, and often has stabbing pains in the side. The only real health is all-the-year-round health; and the secret of it is good, red blood and plenty of it. One way to keep the blood in good condition is to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

There is scarcely a nook or corner in Canada where someone will not be found who will tell you the benefit they have had through the use of these pills. And the reason is that through the improved condition of the blood they strengthen and tone up the nerves of worried, overstrained men and women, and at the same time have given new vigor to pale, delicate girls and thin, weedy boys. The value of these pills in all run-down conditions is shown by the statement of Mrs. Lawrence Brown, Walton, N. S., who says: "When I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I was in a weak, bloodless and nervous condition, suffering from all the depressing symptoms that accompany this run-down state of health. I had taken much medicine, but it did not do me any good, and as I had a family of small children, I was much discouraged. Then reading about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I decided to try them, and I can honestly say that I feel these pills have saved me from prolonged misery. My health is now good, and we now keep the pills in the house for use as a family medicine."

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through any dealer in medicine or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A Good Style for the Business Girl. Your everyday frock would give excellent service, if you made it from this pattern and fashioned it from serge, tweed or homespun. The woman who often makes her own clothes will find no difficulty in finishing this dress in a day. If homespun at \$1.00 a yard and linene for collar, cuffs and vest at 50 cents per yard were chosen as the best choice, the dress would cost about \$3.75.

The pattern No. 1533 cuts in sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards 36-inch material with 1/2 yard 36-inch contrasting. Price, 15 cents, stamps or coin (coin preferred).

Name .....

Town .....

Province ..