

Alias the Lone Wolf

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

A glimpse of startled faces was all they had. Jules touched the head-light switch and opened the exhaust. Above the roaring of the latter Lanyard fancied he could hear a faint rattling sound. He looked back and smiled grimly. Sharp, short flames of orange and scarlet were stabbing the darkness. Somebody had opened fire with an automatic pistol. . . . Sheer waste of ammunition! . . . The pace waxed terrific on a road, like so many roads of France, apparently interminable and straight. And yet, long before the road turned, Lanyard, staring astern as he knelt on the rear seat with arms crossed on the folded top, saw the two white eyes of the gray car swing into view and start in pursuit. Quick work, he called it.

He crawled forward and communicated his news. "Don't ease up unless you have to," he counseled; "don't think we dare give them an inch." Back at his post of observation, he watched, hoping against hope, while the car lugged and tore like a mad thing through the night, snoring up grades, screaming down them, drumming across the levels, clattering wildly through villages and hamlets. His heart sank as minutes succeeded minutes, mile followed mile, and ever the lights of the pursuing car, lost to sight from time to time, reappeared with a brighter, fiercer glow, and conviction forced itself home that they were being gradually but surely overhauled.

He took this intelligence to the ear of Jules. The chauffeur answered only with a worried shake of his head that said too plainly he was doing his best extracting every ounce of power from the engine.

Less than three hundred yards separated pursuer and pursued as they raced out through open fields once more. And foot by foot the lead was being inexorably cut down. In the seat beside the driver of the gray car a man rose and, steadying himself by holding onto the windshield, poured out the contents of an automatic, presumably hoping to puncture the tires of the quarry. A bullet bored a neat hole through

the windshield between the heads of Liane Delorme and Jules. The woman slipped down upon the floor and Jules crouched over the wheel. Lanyard fingered his automatic but held it fast.

Instead, he turned to the lunch hamper and opened it. In the bottom of the basket lay six pint bottles of champagne, four of them unopened. Lanyard took them to the rear seat—and found the gray car had drawn up to within fifty yards of its prey. Making a pace better than seventy miles per hour, it would not dare swerve.

The first empty bottle broke to one side, the second squarely between the front wheels. He grasped the first full bottle by the neck and felt that its weight promised more accuracy, but ducked before attempting to throw it as a volley of shots sought to disconcert him. At the first full he rose and cast the bottle with the overhand action employed in grenade throwing. It crashed fairly beneath the nearer forward wheel of the gray car, but without effect. The lead had been abridged to thirty yards; in two minutes more it would be nothing.

The fourth bottle went wild, but the fifth exploded six inches in front of the tire, and its jagged fragments ripped out the heart of the tire. On the instant of the accompanying blowout the gray car



JULES OPENED THE EXHAUST.

shied like a frightened horse and swerved off the road, hurtling headlong into a clump of trees. The subsequent crash was like the detonation of a great bomb. Deep shadows masked that tragedy beneath the trees. Lanyard saw the beam of the headlights lift and drill into the zenith before it was blacked out.

He turned and yelled in the ear of Jules: "Slow down! Take your time! They've quit!"

Liane Delorme rose from her cramped position on the floor. "What has become of them?" Lanyard offered a vague gesture . . . tried to climb a tree, he replied wearily, and dropping back on the rear seat began to worry the cork out of the last pint bottle of champagne.

He reckoned he had earned a drink if anybody ever had.

CHAPTER XXVII

Buccarenerie a la Mode.

TEN minutes after their arrival in Cherbourg, Liane, Lanyard and Jules had darted up a gang-plank to the main deck of a small steam vessel, excessively neat and smelling of pine.

Lanyard stopped short with his hand on the mahogany handrail. "I say, Liane! Haven't we stumbled into the wrong pew? This is a private yacht!"

"It is the little ship of a dear friend, monsieur, who generously permits . . . But patience! very soon you shall know."

A door had opened in the after partition, two men had entered. Above a lank, well-poised body clothed in the white tunic and trousers of a ship's officer, he recognized the tragicomic mask of the old-disant Mr. Whitaker Monk. At his shoulder shone the bland, intelligent countenance of Mr. Phinuit.

From this last Lanyard received a good-natured nod, while Monk proceeded directly to Liane Delorme and bowed low over the hand which she languidly lifted to be saluted.

"My dear friend," he said in his sonorous voice, "in another hour I should have begun to grow anxious about you."

"You would have had good reason, monsieur. It is not two hours since one has escaped death—and that for

the second time in a single day—by the slenderest margin, and thanks solely to this gentleman here."

Monk consented to see Lanyard, and immediately offered him a profound salute, which was punctiliously returned. His eyebrows mounted to the roots of his hair.

"Ah! that good Monsieur Duchemin."

"But no!" Liane laughed. "It is true, the resemblance is striking; if Paul would consent to grow a beard, it would be extraordinary. But—permit me, Captain Monk, to present my brother, Paul Delorme."

"Your brother, Mademoiselle?" The educated eyebrows expressed any number of emotions. Monk's hand was cordially extended. "But I am enchanted, Monsieur Delorme, to welcome on board the Sybarite the brother of your charming sister."

Lanyard resigned limp fingers to his clasp.

"And most public-spirited of you, I'm sure, Captain Monk . . . Another bow. Lanyard looked 'o Liane: 'Forgive me if I seem confused, but I thought you told me Mister Whitaker Monk had sailed for America a week ago."

"And so he did," the captain agreed blandly. "Mr. Monk, the owner, is my first cousin. You see in me merely the skipper of my wealthy kinsman's yacht."

"And your two names are the same—yours and your cousin's? You're both Whitaker Monks?"

"It is the favorite name in our family, monsieur."

Lanyard wagged his head in solemn admiration.

"That makes it all so clear!"

"Well, anyway, I'm glad to meet you to your face," said Monk. "And now suppose we adjourn to the skipper's quarters, where we can improve one another's acquaintance."

Lanyard remarked that there were places laid out for four. He had been expected, then. Neither Monk nor Phinuit had betrayed the least surprise on seeing Lanyard; and Phinuit had not even troubled to recognize the fiction which Liane had uttered in accounting for him.

Liane had got her second wind and was playing variations on the theme of the famous six bottles of champagne. Lanyard lounged in his easy chair and let his bored thoughts wander.

Lanyard finally broke in: "Who is Dupont, and why?"

"If you're asking me," Monk replied, "I'll say—going on mademoiselle's story—Monsieur Dupont is by now a ghost."

"One would be glad to be sure of that," Lanyard murmured.

"But all this begs my question," Lanyard objected. "Who is Dupont, and why?"

"I think I can answer that question, monsieur." This was Liane Delorme.

"I recognized him this morning, when you were struggling with him. His name is Popinot."

"There was a Popinot in Paris in my day; they nicknamed him the Prince of the Apaches. But he was an older man, and died by the guillotine. This Popinot who calls himself Dupont, then, must be his son."

"That is true, monsieur."

"All of which brings us to the second part of my question, Liane. Why Dupont?"

Liane shrugged and studied her bedizened fingers. The heavy black brows circumscribed Monk's eyes, and he drew down the corners of his wide mouth. Phinuit fixed an amused gaze on a distant corner of the room and chewed his cigar.

"Why did Dupont—or 'Popinot,' Lanyard persisted—"murder de Lorgnes? Why did he try to murder Mademoiselle Delorme? Why did he seek to prevent our reaching Cherbourg?"

"Give you three guesses," Phinuit offered amiably. "But I warn you if you use more than one you'll forfeit my respect forever."

"You admit, then, you have the jewels?"

"I do," Liane said. "But I don't know where they are."

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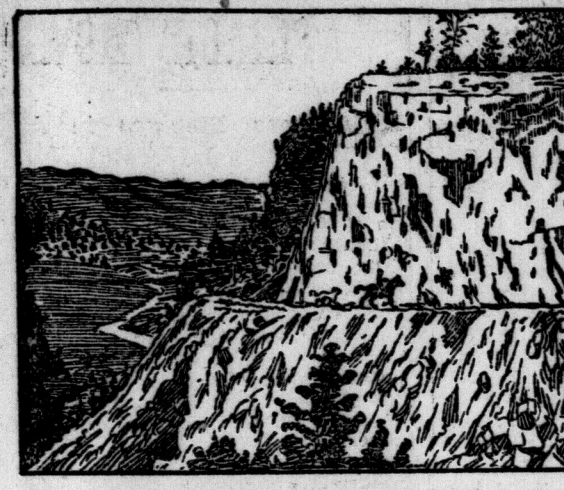
JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES.



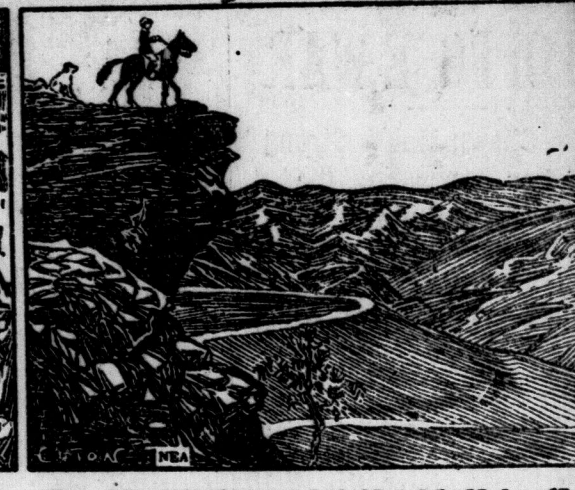
JACK, LIGHTNING, AND FAITHFUL FLIP WENT FLOWLY ON IN THE DIRECTION OF THE OLD MILL. THE TRIO WERE TRAVELLING THROUGH BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY, SO JACK HAD TIME TO SEE THE SIGHTS.



PRESENTLY JACK CAME TO A ROCKY PASS AND WONDERED IF HE WAS GOING UP HILL. THE ROAD DID NOT SEEM TO BE VERY STEEP, BUT RIGHT AHEAD THE ROAD BEGAN TO WIND UPWARD.



THE LITTLE ADVENTURER SOON FOUND THE ROAD WAS A NARROW MOUNTAIN LEDGE, AND JACK WAS GLAD HIS HORSE WAS SO STRONG AND SURE FOOTED. HOWEVER, HE WAS CAREFUL AND WENT FLOWLY.



AT LAST HE REACHED THE END OF THE ROAD. A HUGE ROCK PROJECTING FROM A HIGH MOUNTAIN, IT SEEMED MUST BE LOST, THOUGH JACK, AS I SHOULD HAVE REACHED THE OLD MILL BY THIS TIME. (CONTINUED)

Clothes For the Baby



EVEN styles for very small children change, and the modern baby is likely to be clad in such garments as are sketched here.

The all-enveloping Baby Bunting robe is made of double elderdown, lined with silk. The tiny dresses are made of crepe de chine or sheer handkerchief linen, with exquisite fine embroidery as their embellishment.

"Why not?" Phinuit inquired coolly. "We took trouble enough to get them, don't you think? You're taking trouble enough to get them away from us, aren't you? You don't want us to think you so stupid as to be wasting your time, do you?"

His imperturbable effrontery was so amusing that Lanyard laughed outright. Then, turning to Liane, he offered her a grateful inclination of the head.

"Mademoiselle, you have kept your promise. Many thanks."

"Hello!" cried Phinuit. "What promise?"

"Monsieur Lanyard desired a favor of me," Liane explained, her good humor restored. "In return for saving me from assassination by Popinot this morning, he begged me to help him find the jewels of Madame De Montalais."

Lanyard addressed himself to Liane: "Do I understand the jewels are on this vessel?"

"In this room."

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)

Fashions Forecast

1553

Jaunty Lines For the Junior Girl.

Simplicity, as revealed in this frock for the young girl, is charming indeed.

Left-side trimming is now being adopted for juvenile clothes with as much success as it proved for frocks for grown-ups.

If mother makes your clothes, she will undoubtedly be pleased to know that she could cut and finish this dress in two afternoons. A dress-up frock would be delightful indeed if made of a beige crepe de chine and brown and red banding were employed as trimming.

A less expensive dress could be made of linen at 25 cents per yard, with trimming at 25 cents per yard, and then the total cost would be about \$2.10.

The pattern No. 1553 cuts in sizes 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 8 requires 1 1/2 yards 36-inch material with 4 1/2 yards banding. Price 15 cents, stamps or coin (coin preferred).

Name

Town

Province

Age (if child's or misses' pattern)

Measurement: Bust Waist

The native forests of Australia are being replaced by species imported from other sections of the world.

TRY MAGNESIA FOR STOMACH TROUBLE

It Neutralizes Stomach Acidity, Prevents Food Fermentation, Sour Gassy Stomach and Acid Indigestion.

Doubtless if you are a sufferer from indigestion, you have already tried regimin, pepsinogen, charcoal, drugs and various digestive aids and you know these things will not cure the cure.

In some cases do not even give relief.

But before giving up hope and deciding you are a chronic sufferer, try the effect of a little Bismarck Magnesia—not the ordinary commercial carbonate, citrate, or salts, but the pure Bismarck Magnesia, which you can obtain from practically any drug store in either powdered or tablet form.

Take a teaspoonful of the powder or two compressed tablets with a little water after your next meal, and see what a difference this makes. It will instantly neutralize the dangerous harmful acid in the stomach, which now causes your food to ferment and sour, making gas, wind, flatulence, heartburn and the bloated or heavy, lumpy feeling that seems to follow most everything you eat.

You will find that provided you take a little Bismarck Magnesia immediately after a meal, you can eat almost anything and enjoy it, without the pain or discomfort to follow, and moreover, the continued use of the Bismarck Magnesia cannot injure the stomach in any way so long as there are any symptoms of acid indigestion.—Adv.

DYED A SWEATER AND SKIRT WITH "DIAMOND DYES"

Every "Diamond Dyes" package tells how to dye or tint any worn, faded garment or drapery a new rich color that will not streak, spot, fade or run. Perfect home dyeing is guaranteed with Diamond Dyes, even if you have never dyed before. Just tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton or mixed goods. For fifty-one years millions of women have been using "Diamond Dyes" to add years of wear to their old, shabby waist, skirts, dresses, coats, sweaters, stockings, draperies, hangings, everything.—Adv.

are you one of the marked 4?

Do your gums bleed easily? If so, take heed. Pyorrhea is coming. It strikes four persons out of every five past forty, and thousands younger, endangering their priceless teeth and health.

Brush your teeth with **Forhan's** FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea

35c and 60c in tubes

Radio Radiations

OCEAN depths no longer will hold their secrets.

Within a few years the world will know the contour of the undersea mountain ranges, plains and valleys as well as the dry land itself.

This will be made possible by use of a new sounding device perfected by Harvey C. Hayes, physicist. With this device it will be possible to map the ocean floor as accurately as the geographical survey maps the hills and valleys of the land.

Of more immediate practical use, the instrument enables the navigator to sound the depth of water through which he is passing at full speed.

The old, laborious method of "heaving the lead" will be abolished.

Radio.

Hayes' invention is the outgrowth of experiments conducted during the war on sound-detectors for locating German submarines. In it is embodied a principle of sound detection and amplification that has developed radio to its present high state.

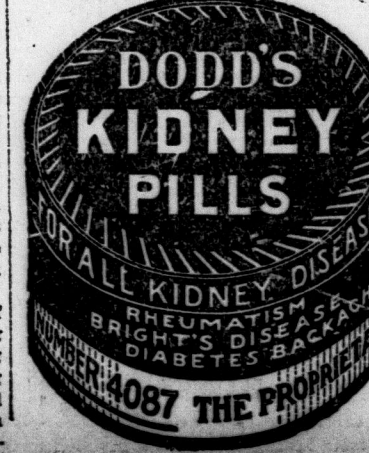
The vacuum tube amplifier, with its ability to receive the most sensitive sound impulses, plays an important part in this device.

The method of Hayes' system of depth-measuring is that of creating a sound on the ship and receiving its echo from the bottom. Knowing the velocity of sound in water and keeping tab on the time between the creation of the sound and re-

ception of its echo, and depth can be accurately ascertained.

To assure accuracy, the device has been made so sensitive that the time interval can be recorded to one-thousandth of a second.

Tests.



DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

The Right Breakfast—Less than One Cent

If you would finish the day right, you must start it right by eating the proper breakfast.

And the finest morning meal is the most inexpensive. Everyone should start the day on oats, the greatest food that grows, and the most economical.

The oat is more nourishing than any other grain food—it makes bone and brawn. But the maximum of oat nutrition, flavour and value is not found in ordinary rolled oats sold in bulk—it comes only in the Quaker carton.

We buy the very cream of the oat crop, which in turn we sift for the best grains. These rich, plump, perfect oats are milled into very thin flakes, and packed in sealed cartons. The Quaker package protects the Oats, preserves their original flavour, and prevents waste.

Perfect Oats—perfect milling—perfect packing—are the three simple reasons for Quaker's exclusive purity and wholesomeness.

Yet Quaker Oats cost less than a cent per dish.

Ask your grocer for the Quaker package. You can't get Quaker quality any other way.

Quaker Oats

In Sealed Cartons Only

QUAKER MILLS

PETERBOROUGH AND SASKATOON

Also makers of Quaker Flour, Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat, Quaker Corn Flakes, etc.

Visitors to Peterborough are invited to come and see the Quaker mills.

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McCormick's

JERSEY CREAM SODA

BISCUITS

Nourishing, and a most economical food.

Particularly healthful for little ones.

McCormick's

JERSEY CREAM SODA

BISCUITS

Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of Orchard White, which any drug store will supply for a few cents, shake well, and you have a quarter pint of harmless and delightful lemon bleach. Massage this sweetly fragrant lotion into the face, neck, arms and hands each day, then shortly note the beauty and whiteness in your skin.

Famous stage beauties use this lemon lotion to bleach and bring that soft, clear, rosy-white complexion, also as a freckle, sunburn and tan bleach, because it doesn't irritate.—Adv.

GIRLS! LEMONS

WHITEN SKIN AND BLEACH FRECKLES

The native forests of Australia are being replaced by species imported from other sections of the world.