

# The FLAMING JEWEL

by ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

(Continued From Our Last Issue.)

ABOUT that time, a mile and a half to the southward, James Darragh came out on the rocky and rushing outlet of Star Pond. Over his shoulder was a rifle, and all around him ran dogs—big, powerful dogs, built like foxhounds but with the rough, wiry coats of Alredies, even rougher of ear and features.

He had been seated there for ten minutes, possibly, with his tired dogs lying around him, when just above him he saw a state trooper emerge from the woods on foot, carrying a rifle over one shoulder.

"Jack!" he called in a guarded voice. Trooper Stormont turned, caught sight of Darragh, made a signal of recognition, and came toward him. Darragh said: "Your mate, Trooper Lannis, is down stream. I've two of my own game wardens at the crossroads, two more on the Ghost Lake Road, and two foresters and an inspector out toward Owl March."

Stormont nodded, looking down at the dogs.

"What are they, Jim?"

"Otter hounds," said Darragh. "—a breed of my own. . . but that's all they are capable of hunting, I guess," he added grimly.

Stormont's gaze questioned him.

"Well," said Darragh, "I left my two guests at Harrod Place to amuse each other, got out three couple of my otter-hounds and started them—as I hoped and supposed—on Quintana's trail."

"What happened?" inquired Stormont curiously.

"Well—I don't know. I think they were following some of Quintana's gang—for a while, anyway. After that, God knows—deer, hare, cotton-tail—I don't know. They yelled their halloo heads off—I on the run—the slow dogs, you know—and whatever they were after either fooled them or there were too many trails. I made a mistake, that's all. These poor beasts don't know anything except an otter. I just hoped they might take Quintana's trail if I put them on it."

They had been walking for twenty minutes, possibly, exchanging scarcely a word, and they were now nearing the hilly basin where Star Pond lay, when Darragh said abruptly:

"I'm going to tell you about things, Jack. You've taken my word so far that it's all right—"

"Naturally," said Stormont simply. The two men, who had been brother officers in the great war, glanced at each other, slightly smiling.

"Here it is, then," said Darragh. "When I was on duty in Riga for the intelligence department, I met two ladies in dire distress, whose mansion had been burned and looted, supposedly by the Bolsheviks."

"They were actually hungry and penniless; the only clothing they possessed they were wearing. These ladies were the Countess Orloff-Strelwitz, and a young girl, Theodora, grand duchess of Estonia."

"I did what I could for them. After a while, I found out that the crime had been perpetrated by Jose Quintana's gang of international crooks masquerading as Bolsheviks."

Stormont nodded. "I also came across similar cases," he remarked.

"Well, this was a flagrant example. Quintana had burnt the chateau and had made off with over two million dollars worth of the little grand duchess's jewels—among them the famous Emerald gem known as The Flaming Jewel."

"I've heard of it."

"I've been after him ever since," said Darragh. "But Jack, until this morning Quintana did not possess these stolen jewels. Clinch did."

"What?"

"Clinch served overseas in a forestry regiment. In Paris he robbed Quintana of those jewels. That's why I've been hanging around Clinch."

Stormont's face was flushed and incredulous. Then it lost color as he thought of the jewels that Eve had concealed—the gems for which she had risked her life.

He said: "But you tell me, Quintana robbed you this morning."

"He did. The little Grand Duchess and the Countess Strelwitz are my guests at Harrod Place."

"Last night I snatched the case containing these gems from Quintana's fingers. This morning, as I offered them to the Grand Duchess, Quintana coolly stepped between us."

His voice became bitter and his features reddened with rage poorly controlled.

"By God, Jack, I should have shot him!"

## JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES.



IT was not long before newcomers had dug holes all around where Jack was working. Jack was digging as fast as he could. He felt sure he was in the right spot. Shortly he couldn't see over the top of the trench.

Quintana when the opportunity offered. Twice I've had the chance. The next time I shall kill him any way I can. Legitimately."

"Of course," said Stormont gravely. But his mind was full of the jewels which Eve had. What and where were they? If Quintana again had the Estonian gems in his possession?

A few minutes later, as they came out among the willows and alders on the northeast side of Star Pond, Stormont touched his comrade's arm.

"Look at that enormous dog-otter out there in the lake!"

And now the hounds, unleashed, lifted frantic voices. The very sky seemed full of the discordant tumult; wood and rocks reverberated with the volume of convulsive and dissonant baying.

Darragh said, disgusted, "—that's what they've been tailing all the while across-woods—that devilish dog-otter yonder. . . And I had hoped they were on Quintana's trail!"

A mass rush and scurry of crazed dogs nearly swept him off his feet, and both men caught a glimpse of a large bitch-otter taking to the lake from a ledge of rock just beyond.

"Well, I'm in for it now," muttered Darragh, starting along the bank to ward Clinch's Dump, to keep an eye on his dogs.

CHAPTER IV. A FEW minutes before Darragh and Stormont had come out on the farther edge of Star Pond, Sard, who had heard from Quintana about the big drain pipe which led from Clinch's pantry into the lake, decided to go in and take a look at it.

He had been told all about its uses—now Clinch—in the event of a raid by state troopers or government enforcement agents—could empty his contraband hootch into the lake if necessary—and even could slide a barrel of ale or a keg of rum, intact, into the great tunnel and recover the liquor at his leisure.

Also, and grimly, Quintana had admitted that through this drain Eve Strayer and the state trooper, Stormont, had escaped from Clinch's Dump.

So now Sard, full of curiosity, went back into the pantry to look at it for himself. Almost instantly the idea occurred

to him to make use of the drain for his own safety and comfort.

Why shouldn't he sleep in the pantry, lock the door, and, in case of intrusion—other exits being unavailable—why shouldn't he feel entirely safe with such an avenue of escape open?

For swimming was Sard's single accomplishment. He wasn't afraid of the water; he simply couldn't sink. Swimming was the only sport he ever had indulged in. He adored it.

And at that instant the very heavens echoed with that awful tumult which had first paralyzed, then razed him in the woods.

In the bushes on the lake shore he saw animals leaping and racing, but in his terror, he did not recognize them for dogs.

Then suddenly, he saw a man, close to the house, running; and another man not far behind. That he understood, and it electrified him into action.

It was too late to escape from the house now. He understood that instantly.

He ran back through the dance hall and dining-room to the pantry, but he dared not let these intruders hear the noise of hammering.

Unconquerable terror seized Sard. Scarcely aware what he was about, he seized the edges of the big drain pipe and crowded his obese body into it head first. He was so fat and heavy that he filled the tile. To start himself down he pulled with both hands and kicked himself forward, tortoise-like, down the slanting tunnel, sticking now and then, dragging himself on and downward.

There came a hitch somewhere; his heavy body stuck on the steep incline.

Then, as he lifted his bewildered head and strove to peer into the blackness in front, he saw four balls of green fire close to him in darkness.

He began to slide at the same instant, and flung out both hands to check himself. But his palms slid in the slime and his body slid after.

He shrieked once as his face struck a furry obstruction where four balls of green fire flamed horribly and a fury of murderous teeth



DIRT was flying out of the hole in great shovelfuls. Jack's back was beginning to ache and his arms grew very tired. Suddenly his spade struck something hard. A metallic sound blared forth. The chest, at last!

by Mrs. L. Kindree and Mrs. P. Campbell.

WANTS TO MAKE GIFTS. As usual, the Campbell Becher I. O. D. E. turned out a big grist of business at the monthly meeting Thursday afternoon, of which Mrs. (Dr.) McLean was hostess, at the Westminster Hospital, one of the most enjoyable meetings in the history of the organization.

The treasurer reported that the net proceeds of the ice cream booth at the Western Fair amounted to \$209, and it was further reported that \$11 more had come in for chapter cook books.

Mrs. F. G. Greenaway, regent, C. B. King and Arthur Wiley, regent, were appointed a deputation to wait on the board of education at the next meeting to ask permission to make a presentation of a patriotic nature, to each of the schools of the city.

Conveners of the bride and euche party to be held at Wong's next Thursday, Mesdames Gordon Edgecombe and Harry Bell, and their assistants, Mesdames Elford, Winn and C. Atkins, reported tables already well filled. Unique prizes will be offered.

The charity hall committee is holding a conference with the committee from the Princess Patricia chapter next Tuesday, at 2:30 o'clock, in the Winter Garden.

The work for educational wards was reported to be going on most satisfactorily.

Unable to do anything definite in Canadian Authors' Week, the Echoes' secretary, Mrs. Claude White, is arranging an "Echoes" party at her home for a week from Friday evening, in the interests of the official organ of the order, husbands to be the chief guests, as well as their wives in the chapter.

Mrs. Hookway and Mrs. Wilbert Hodgins were tea hostesses with Mrs. McLean.

GREEN PLUME. A very long green plume is allowed to follow the front brim of a black panne velvet hat and hang to the shoulder in a cascade on the left side.

SILVER TRIMMING. Large bows of silver ribbon trim some of the newest felt hats. They are mushroom-shaped and brighten up tailored suits or dark wraps.



JACK took one look at the top of the iron box. "Hurrah," he shouted. And everyone in the vicinity heard him. "I've found the treasure chest," he continued. Then there was a rush and his trench was soon surrounded. To be continued.

## New Paris Gown



FROM Paris comes this frock of black self-striped chiffon trimmed only with a beaded design below the waist and a corsage of flowers in rose shades. Black may not predominate as it has for several seasons back, but frocks of this type are dear to the heart of the Parisienne and are being widely copied by domestic costumers.

## NAME CONVENERS FOR AID BAZAAR

Ridout Street Ladies' Aid completed plans for a bazaar to be held Nov. 28, at the regular meeting held Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. E. M. Russell, president, will take general charge, and associated with her as department conveners are the following: Aprons, Mrs. Lowes; tea aprons, Mrs. Parrin; children's wear, Mrs. Maloney; towels, Mrs. John Bickle; candy, Mrs. William Bickle; handkerchiefs, Mrs. T. McKim; dolls and fancywork, Mrs. Fred Floyd; tea room, Mrs. Robert Brown and Mrs. Percy Taylor; orange tree, Mrs. Smith. Mrs. Lowes will take charge of a shower for the bazaar on the preceding day, Nov. 27. Mrs. W. Deacon and Mrs. Summerhays were appointed to arrange the program for the evening.

Following the business refreshments were served by Mrs. Fleckner, assisted by Mrs. J. Wilson and Mrs. Proctor.

## Best Cough Mixture Is Homemade

Acts With Speed—Loosens the Phlegm—Stops the Irritation and Coughing Closes.

Fine for Chest Colds Too and Is Cheaply Made at Home.

When you can make, in two minutes, a world beating remedy that acts directly on the membrane and often overhauls causes stubborn coughs and even hard chest colds to disappear, why trade with druggists that will probably disappoint?

Hawking and snuffling and also soreness of the mucous membrane go and you will feel free in almost no time. Just get one ounce of Eucalypti (double strength) add to it a little sugar and enough hot water to make a half pint and you've got an inexpensive remedy better than you can buy ready mixed.

Its soothing, healing action on the membrane is the reason so many people use it for Catarrh and acute nasal colds.—Adv.

## Radio Radiations

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 2.—America, the radio hub of the world!

Increased activity in the construction of radio stations throughout the world, for the reception of messages from the United States, promises to add this distinction to the many now held by this country.

This conclusion is made from an account of the world-wide operations undertaken by American radio firms, presented by P. E. Nagle, communications expert of the U. S. department of commerce in "Commerce Reports."

"Every American communication company," writes Nagle, "is now actively engaged in the construction of additional facilities and in plans for new routes and methods for the improvement of operation conditions."

Before this expansion can be undertaken, however, corresponding stations must be erected abroad. This, says Nagle, is dependent on the development of the radio industry in each foreign country concerned. The fact that radio across the sea is either a government or private monopoly is considered a hindrance to American expansion there.

But most of the Latin-American countries permit the erection of foreign owned radio stations in their territories. Direct communication between Europe and both Americas, therefore, will be possible with the

completion of the Buenos Ayres station in about a year, and of a Rio de Janeiro station within two years.

Until these and other high-powered stations are completed, radio business will depend on co-operative efforts of the navy department and various commercial companies.

Lines Out. "Regular radio service," reports Nagle, "is now maintained by commercial companies between the United States and the Hawaiian Islands, Japan, Norway, the United Kingdom, Germany and France, and by land wire distribution from many of these countries to points beyond."

In addition the United States naval communication service is handling commercial traffic to the Philippine Islands, China, Siberia, Siam, Dutch East Indies, portions of Australasia, Italy and Belgium.

"American radio companies are also developing systems of radio communication with Central America, with New Orleans as the center."

"A new high-power station is in course of construction in Poland, another is nearing completion near Christiania, and various others are projected in the smaller European countries. A new high-power station has just been completed at St. Assise, France, which is designed to communicate chiefly with the United States, replacing the Lafayette station at Bordeaux. With this station and with those at Christiania and Warsaw, communication will be direct with the United States."

DARRAGH CAME OUT ON THE ROCKY AND RUSHING OUTLET OF STAR POND.

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**"Say it with Flowers"**

—This Thanksgiving—

**Chrysanthemums**

the most gorgeous Flowers of the year, are now in season.

**Flowers**

are also the ideal Thanksgiving remembrance or gift.

**Flowers**

can be Telegraphed everywhere by your local Florist.

IT'S READY AT LAST AND STARTS TOMORROW

# The Big Millinery Sale of the Year

Just in time for Thanksgiving. The event for which we prepare weeks in advance with values that have won for us season after season, our standing as London's Greatest Millinery Store at prices lower than anywhere.

**685 Hats at Less Than Cost Divided Into Lots As Follows**

**Big Rush Special Saturday Morning 9 TO 12 ONLY \$1**

THE SALE THAT MADE THE ROYAL FAMOUS.

365 Hats taken at random from our stock to gladden the hearts of the women buyers of Western Ontario. This lot includes Polo Hats, Velvet Hats, Duvelty Hats, Felt Hats, Tailored Hats, Matrons' Hats and a beautiful assortment of Misses' and Children's Hats—Some of them are worth as high as \$15.00.

SATURDAY MORNING, WHILE THEY LAST, ONE DOLLAR. WE WARN YOU TO GET HERE EARLY. WE CANNOT TELL HOW LONG THESE BARGAINS WILL LAST.

SPECIAL NO. 2	SPECIAL NO. 3	SPECIAL NO. 4	SPECIAL NO. 5
85 Hats, assorted, including Street Hats, Dress Hats, Tailored Hats and Misses' and Matrons' Hats, in a large variety. Not one of them worth less than \$5.00. While they last \$2.85	145 Hats in this lot. This is a wonderful selection of Hats taken from our regular stock. In this lot you will find beautiful Feather Hats, genuine Velvet Hats, Plush Sailors and Lyons Silk Velvet Tailored Hats, including a dandy lot of Trimmed Hats. Worth positively up to \$8.00. While they last \$3.95	65 Hats made to sell up to \$12, including Flower Trims, Brocades, Combinations, in the newest colors; also Feather Trimmed Hats and many imported Model Hats. This is a real bargain lot and sells regularly up to \$12. While they last \$6.75	25 Hats, some hand-made, some imported models. Every one an individual style, made of the finest silk and pan velvets and trimmed with the newest trimming effects. These Hats are positively worth \$9.75 up to \$20. While they last

**Big Fur Coat Specials for Saturday** In conjunction with our Millinery Sale we are offering Saturday Fur Coats at prices that will make you buy.

Guaranteed ELECTRIC SEAL COATS	KOLINSKEY MARMOT	MUSKRAT COATS	Beautiful PERSIAN LAMB COATS
40 in. long, trimmed with shawl collar and cuffs of fine Canadian Beaver and finest quality Alaska Sable. Best of selected skins and lined with high-class lining. Special.	40 inches long, self collar and cuffs, beautifully lined. Special.	40 inches long, made of fine selected skins, well lined and worked with fur-trimmed border, and trimmed with self collar and cuffs. Special.	Trimmed with large collar and cuffs of best quality Alaska Sable. Made from prime quality, even matched skins, finished with convertible belt and pockets, brocaded lining. Special.
\$167	\$95	\$135	\$295

**ROYAL MILLINERY AND FUR CO.**

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