61922 GEORGE HAORAN COMPANY (Continued From Our Last Issue). she stopped short.

EPISODE ELEVEN. The Place of Pines.

CHAPTER I THE last sound that Mike Clinch tion of his own rifle. Probably it man she could think of. Under the was an agreeable sound to him. He glimmer of her touch they seemed

had fallen out of his pocket. Quintana shined him with an elec-

full of wonder and suspicion.

Unquietly he looked upon the dead -upon the glittering contents of the jewel-box-but always his gaze reverted to the dead. The faintest shadow of a smile edged Clinch's lips. Quintana's lips grew graver. He said slowly, like one who does his thinking aloud:

"What is it you have done to me, l'ami Clinch? . . . Are there truly then two sets of precious stones?-two Flaming Jewels?-two gems of Erosite like there never has been in all thees worl' excep' only two more Or is one set false? . . . . Have I here one set of paste facsimilies?

.... My frien' Clinch, why do you lie there an' smile at me so ver funny . . . . like you are amuse? I am wondering what you have done to me, my frien' Clinch. . . .

For a while he remained kneeling beside the dead. Then: "Ah, bah," he said, pocketing the morocco case and getting to his feet.

He moved a little way toward the open trail, stopped, came back, stood his rifle against a tree. For a while he was busy with his

sharp Spanish clasp knife, whittling and fitting together two peeled twigs, A cross was the ultimate result. Then he placed Clinch's hands palm to palm upon his chest, laid the cross with conplacency.

Then Quintana took off his hat,

a man! . . . Adios!" moved slowly, not daring to leave a long, long while, she saw a man. the trail because of sink-noles. What he had to have was a fire;

must build a fire and master this was deadly chill that was slowly para- crouched in the shadow of a treelyzing all power of movement. At last he came to a place of pines,

first growth giants towering into

dark hands had become nearly use- Quintana. less from cold. He could not have crooked finger to trigger.

pld limbs, but did not dare strip off in her ears. his foot-gear.

fuinch up there.

the Flaming Jewel. And now what terribly concerned her. And under her left arm and started back. there must be a way to stop that (Continued in Our Next Issue). smiling. At what?

a very low, passionless voice, tana cursed monotonously as he ed into the fire. In Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, he cursed ch. After a little while he rered Clinch's daughter, and he her, elaborately, thoroughly, shing her black mischance awake and asleep, living or dead.

Presently Quintana slept after his wa fashion-that is to say, looking closely at him one could discover a ner under his lowered eyelids. and he listened always in that kind of sleep. As though a shadowy part of him were detached from his body,

and mounted guard over it. The inaudible movement of a woodcouse venturing into the firelit circle awoke Quintana. Again a dropping leaf amid distant birches awoke him. Such things. And so he slept with wet feet to the fire and his rifle across his knees; and dreamed of Eve and of murder, and that the Flaming Jewel was but a mass of

At that moment the girl of whose white throat Quintana was dreaming, and whining faintly in his dreams, stood alone outside Clinch's Dump, rifle in hand, listening, fighting the creeping dread that touched her slender body at timesto touch her very heart with frost.

Clinch's men had gone on to Ghost Lake with their wounded and dead, where there was fitter shelter for both. All had gone on; nobody remained to await Clinch's home-com ing except Eve Strayer.

It was not yet dawn, but the girl could endure the strain no longer. With electric torch and rifle she T HE British people are theatre-started for the forest, almost running at first; then, among the first trees, moving with caution and in credit traditions of the theatre silence along the trail over which that are greater, and of more world-Clinch should long since have jour- wide importance than any other

But nowhere could she discover father's—that great, firm stride and similarly there of the constant and par- in the theatre. One of his own plays stage that the theatre is most resolid imprint which so often she had being a solid imprint which solid imprint which solid imprint which solid tracked through moss and swale and which she knew so well.

Once when she got up from her knees after close examination of the muddy trail, she became aware of the slightest taint in the night air—stood with delicate nostrils quiverstood with delicate nostrils and the night to Canada's credit that there has no the neglector of the state of Naramata came to be built.

The neighbourhood of muddy trail, she became aware of the United States, but it is greatly built.

the slightest taint in the night air—
to Canada's credit that there has taint, listening, wary, every stealthy is distinct from that of the regular could make actors out of anybody

instinct alert. She had not been mistaken: somewhere in the forest there was smoke.
Somewhere a fire was burning. It
might not be very far away; it might
be distant. Whose fire? Her father's?

Conditions its own in the developed a Canadian stage ter. It had to be built, but before that it had to be designed and, not real has its group of Community knowing so much about what regular theatres had in them, as about

darkness. There was not a sound. in the trail by sense of touch alone, she moved on. Gradually, as she dvanced, the odor of smoke became more distinct. She heard nothing,

In the faint, pale luster she say a tiny rivulet flowing westward from a spring, and, beside it, in the mud imprints of a man's feet.

The tracks were small, narrow heard on earth was the detona- slimmer than imprints made by any lay there with a pleasant expression quite fresh; contours were still on his massive features. His watch sharp, some ready to crumble, and water stood in the heels.

As she stole along, dimly shining tric torch; picked up the watch. Then, holding the torch in one hand, he santly to listen and peer into the went through the dead man's pockets darkness, her quick eye caught something ahead-something very slightly When Quintana had finished, both different from the wall of black trays of the flat morocco case were obscurity-a vague hint of colorfull of jewels. And Quintana was the very vaguest tint scarcely perceptible at all.



SHE UNHOOKED THE LARG EST AND STARTED BACK.

ouching the trunk of an unseen tree. how-somehow-ah!-Now, soundless over damp pine needles she crept. The scent of solution flashed into her mind. Men Apple's address as requested. smoke grew strong in nostril and of the wilderness knew how to take on his breast, and shined the result throat; the pale tint became palely creatures alive. To take a dangerous reddish. All about her the blackness and reasoning human was even less seemed palpable-seemed to touch difficult, because reason makes more "L'ami Mike," he said, "you were her body with its weight, but, ahead, mistakes than does instinct. a ruddy glow stained two huge pines. The night had turned frosty. Quin- And presently she saw the fire, burnhe realized that. Somewhere off the there at the foot of a great tree. But

a ready. night, and, looking up, saw stars, and obscurity made recognition im- dazzled by the glare, a barred owl infinitely distant. . . . where perhaps possible. And yet, somehow, every still struggling with its wood-rat kill. those things called souls drifted like quivering instinct within her was

And every concentrated instinct ominous hush of wide, still placeswas telling her that he'd kill her if part of its very blood and pulse and For a long time he sat close to he caught sight of her; her heart hot, sweet breath. the blaze, slowly massaging his tor- clamored it; her pulses thumped it Even when she came out among

yet Quintana had boasted that he hung. What a chase Clinch had led him meant to kill her rather. That was wound the chain around it, tucked it

Cynthia  $\mathbf{o}\mathbf{x}$ WANTS CORRESPONDENTS

Dear Boxites.—This is my second letter to your page. I did not see my other letter in print, but likely t was, as I didn't read every paper I did not get any correspondents before, so I am still asking for some. I would like the other Boxites to write first. I started to high school this fall, and like it pretty well. I have to board in the town where I go to school, as we live four miles out in the country. They do not take The Advertiser where I board, so I do not get a chance to read the letters. I miss them very

Well, how is the fund getting along? I suppose it won't take long before you will have the total. Find inclosed a wee mite. Wishing the Boxites and Miss Grey the best of

STAR OF THE GOLDEN WEST. It seems rather foolish to answer your etter through the column when you don't get the paper where you board. But maybe someone at home will see your letter and forward it to you Thank you for the wee mite. The total have placed your name on the family tree, and anyone wishing to correspond with you may have it.

A 1914 BOXITE.

Dear Miss Grey,-I have not written to our page for nearly a year; just too much work to do, I guess. Sorry there are so many needy ones. I know what it is to be scarce of clothing for the

danger-some way to stop it short of murder-a way to render this man harmless to her and hers.

No, she could not kill him this way. Except in extremes she could not bring herself to fire upon any numan creature. And yet this man But she knew it was firelight must be rendered harmless-some-

As the problem presented itself its to do so.

Stealthily, without a sound, the girl crept back through the shadows over tana, wet to the knees and very tired, ing low, but redly alive. And, after the damp pine needles, until, peering fearfully over her shoulder, she saw He had left the fire circle. His the last ghost-tint of Quintana's fire pack and belted mackinaw still lay die out in the terrific dark behind. Slowly, still, she moved until her trail, in big timber if possible, he when, finally, she discovered him, he sensitive feet felt the trodden path scarcely visible where he from Drowned Valley. Now, with torch flaring, she rar

trunk, with his rifle half lowered at carrying her rifle at a trail. Before her, here and there, little night She strained her eyes; but distance creatures fled-a humped-up raccoon She ran easily-an agile, tireless telling her that the crouched and young thing, part of the swiftness When the fire took, Quintana's thin shadowy watcher beyond the fire was and silence of the woods—part of the darkness, the sinuous celerity, the

the birches by Clinch's Dump she Had the girl been capable of it was breathing evenly and without fater he ate and drank languidly, she could have killed him where he distress. She ran to the kitchen door king up at the stars, speculating crouched. She thought of it, but but did not enter. On pegs under the s to the possible presence of Mike knew it was not in her to do it. And perch a score or more of rusty traps She unhooked the

children, but somehow I have al-ways managed to keep three neat and clean for school. It will only be a few years till I will have only one boy going.
one is handy with s
one can manage so
better. Sometimes, sewing much think

one can manage so much girls are sent to school and college too much, and then when they marry they can't sew or cook. I for one think every girl should learn cooking and ordinary sewing. They never know how soon after they leave home they may need to know how. Even if they get good men, they should not waste, as everyone can't buy just as they might like to. So, girls, learn to make the best of everything you have. I have one girl thirteen who has never had a coat bought for her yet, and she is dressed as nice as her chums. I do all my own sewing for six. My husband has only bought two pairs of overalls in 18 years, and never a shirt. These are very easy to make, also smocks, after they are cut out. I can make one in an hour and a guarter. I may they are cut out. I can make one in an hour and a guarter. I may have a few things to help someone later. Miss Grey, will you please send me "Snow Apple's address in the stamped envelpoe inclosed? Will you explain the "cot" in your answer? A friend wants to know why it takes \$1,000 for a cot, and if it is just the cot alone or room when finished, that will be Cynthia Grey's. Will send mite next time, and will sign my very first pen-name with a little added on.

MOTHER OF FOUR "1914."

MOTHER OF FOUR "1914." The \$1,000 for the cot goes towards the building fund; and in place of asking the donor to give so much each year for the upkeep of the cot, including linens, etc., the hospital committee asks for a lump sum of the mothers, who do not teach them ites keep on as they have.
to do so. I am mailing you Snow

FOR ECZEMA.

Dear Miss Grey,—I saw where a Boxite (I forget her name), was inquiring for a cure for eczema, so I have two, which I gladly pass on. I took them from an old book some 45 years ago. showed the book to a nurse a few weeks ago (she is a graduate), and she said they were all good, as she used the ingredients in her profession. They have all been translated from Latin into Eng-

Chronic Eczema - Yellowdock root 1 oz., bloodroot 1 oz. Bruise well and put into one pint of alcohol and half pint of good vinegar. Let stand 3 or 4 days. Then use as a wash for affected parts morning and evening.
Then apply the following salve: Fresh (unsalted) butter 1 oz., turpentine 1 oz., Burgundy pitch 1 oz., red precipitate 2 drachms, Melt pitch and turpentine to-gether. After it is cool add the butter and red precipitate, mix well. This is a very superior remedy for curing chronic ec-

2. Add sufficient sweet cream to sulphur to make a thin paste and apply to the affected parts morning and evening. In a few days

OFFERS CLOTHES.

Dear Miss Grey,-Who comes ftener than 1? But I have a little oftener than 1? But I have a little help this time. I have a winter coat which would fit a girl about 14 or 15 for school wear. It is a black and gray check. Also a black velvet hat and brown serge boxpleated skirt. My address is with Miss Grey for anyone wishing these things.

with the leaves changing color makes one think of winter. I was reading T. I. P.'s letter in the paper one day; her baby must cer-tainly be a tiny, wee mite. Hist-o-Hist, where are you? I think you must have deserted me or given me up as impossible, as I have not heard from you for so long, but thought you might see this letter in the paper. Well, must not use any more of your valuable space. Inclosed find mite for kiddies. Best regards to yourself and Boxites.
DAD'S BROWN-EYED HOUSE-

Anyone wishing these articles of clothing that Dad's Brown-eyed House-keeper is offering may have her address from the Mail-Box and send direct to

WANTS PLANTS. Dear Miss Grey,—I have been a silent reader of your wonderful page and would like to be a member of your corner. Now, like others, I still am coming for help, at least, I want to know if any of the readers would give me some strawberry plants. I would send a mite to the fund, but I would like very much to get

didn't get to school very much, as my mother died when I was eight, and I have kept house If anyone has any strawberry plants o spare and would be willing to them to Mrs. Mary they may have her address from the Mail-

Box and send them direct to her.

some. Excuse my writing, for

SENDS A DOLLAR. Dear Miss Grey,-Inclosed find \$1

for C. H. F. MARYGOLD. Thank you, Marygold, for the gen \$1.000, which entitles the giver to a crous hospital mite. Weren't you cot in his or her name. It is splendid pleased to see that our fund has grown Weren't you for every girl to learn how to sew to \$755. It won't be long before we and cook, and often it is the fault of have collected the \$1,000, if the Box-

Will Mrs. J. M. W. kindly send in

Robert S. Marx, former commander

War, didn't think much of that piece

Judge Marx had been continuing

at his daily work for the last four

years, never giving a thought to

the front. It was a cherished

souvenir of the war, and although it

was dangerously near the mastoid glands his physician did not believe

an operation necessary.

But the judge nor his physician

figured on the radio fever that fol-

lowed soon after the war. The judge

fell a victim, got a receiving set into

There came a difficulty. That piece of steel in Judge Marx's neck

interfered with the proper reception of the radio concerts. It was near

soon as the sensitive

his home and listened in.

receivers were attached.

to the ear to

wound that sent him back from

his enjoyment of broadcast radio ments.

And

of shrapnel in his neck.

of the Disabled Veterans of the World his evening's fun.

CINCINNATI, O., Nov. 7.—When metal's movement irritated the tis-

the war ended, Superior Judge sues around it. It was dangerous

But as soon as it interfered with hearing the nightly radio entertain

oward it, with the result that the radio material in the country. These

| mantelpiece.



THE FOURTH HEN DISAPPEARS For three days Farmer Brown's boy kept the hens shut in the henyard and as he went about his work he kept watch for Redtail the Hawk. But he saw nothing of Redtail. When he came to think the matter over he couldn't remember having seen Redtail for several weeks, nor did he see any of Redtail's relatives. Each night he counted his hens. No more were

On the afternoon of the fourth day ne opened the henyard grate and let the hens out for exercise. He watched them for a while and then went into the barn to husk some corn. Once he heard two or three of the hens squawking as if frightened. He rushed out of the barn, but by the time he got out there the hens were over their fright. He looked everyfrom the Mail-Box and send direct to where in the sky for Redtail or one where for them. Don't forget, Boxites, the of his relatives, but looked in vain. cetter to her asking for the clothes, and Bowser the Hound was dozing on the felt sure that no four-footed enemy could have been about or Bowsen would have at once started to look into the matter. So Farmer Brown's boy concluded that those hens had as is the way with hens, and so re-turned to his husking.

time. Another hen was missing! Yes, sir, another hen was missing! usual and he had failed to notice it. bound to be found out." He started out at once to look for that hen.

Farmer Brown's Boy hunted every- the where. He even looked under the barn. Nowhere did he find so much as a trace of that missing hen. Bowser the Hound sensed that something was wrong and trotted around behind have carried away a full-grown hen.
"If Shadow the Weasel had killed ner address, as it has been asked for? that hen I would would find the body

to the judge's health and it spoiled

So Judge Marx had the shrapnel

And the souvenir rests on the

CAR CROOKS, BEWARE!

automobile clubs. Among the first

organization of this kind to make

use of wireless is the Knoxville

Tenn., Automobile Club. Each night

BIGGEST IN FIELD.

ernment \$6,000,000 a year just

scription of each stolen car.

maintain its radio interests.

off," said Farmer Brown's Boy. "If Shadow the Weasel didn't take it and Reddy Fox didn't take it and Redtail the Hawk didn't take it, who did? That's what I want to know. Hens boy concluded that those hens had don't dsappear of their own accord. simply had a fuss among themelves, Now I've lost four and I am no wiser as to how they disappeared than was in the beginning. If this keeps Late in the afternoon he drove the up I am afraid I will lose all my hens. hens back into the henyard and, as One thing is sure and that is that I usual, counted them. Then he count- will have to keep them shut up. This ed them a second time, and a third last one disappeared when they were outside the henyard and it may be those others disappeared in the same Just to make absolutely sure, he way, only I didn't notice it at the counted a fourth time. There could be no doubt about it, another hen is, and I mean to find out. Sooner had disappeared! Perhaps it had or later he will give himself away, simply wandered further away than never knew it to fail. A thief is Farmer Brown's Boy stopped to pet

somewhere. Shadow couldn't carry it

the young fox before going back to the barn. The young fox was not outside, as usual, but was in his house. Farmer Brown's Boy called to him softly. Presently the young fox came slowly out, acting very much as if he were sleepy. his master, sniffing here and there he walked over toward Farmer with that wonderful nose of his. But Brown's Boy. Just as the latter put he smelled nothing to excite him and out his hand to pat the young fox on it was plain to his master that no the head he saw something which fox had been around and he could suddenly awakened his suspicions. think of no one else big enough to (Copyright, 1922, by T. W. Burgess.)

The next story: "Farmer Brown' Boy Finds Out the Truth.' firms have formed a \$500,000 organi-

broadcasting stations in London, Birmingham, Manchester, Newcastle, Cardiff, Glasgow, Plymouth and FELT HATS. Felt hats of the very soft variety that

Mark had the shrapnel clean easily are smart now. They Now he has no trouble are trimmed with velvet or flowers isually, but sometimes are made quite laborate with ostrich feathers.

nay be crushed in the hand and that

Lingerie is quite as apt to be black brown or navy blue these days as it just try Red Pepper Rub and you will is to be flesh-colored or white With have the quickest relief known. Automobiles are being found by radio, through the co-operation of dark dresses many women prefer lingerie that matches

Gibson Radio Supply

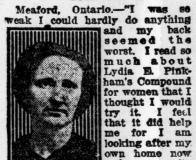
t broadcasts the number and de-The greatest organization in the field of radio today is beyond doubt the United States. It costs the gov-Broadcasting in England is under Everett Headsets, \$8.00 and. Brandes Headsets
Brown Headsets
Baldwin Headsets
November price list mailed fr the supervision of the postoffice au-thorities, but it is being conducted The magnet of the earphone thorities, but it is being conducted tended to pull the piece of shrapnel by the six chief manufacturers of



## SO WEAK **COULD HARDLY** DO ANYTHING

Now Looks After Home, Thanks to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable

Compound



own home now and seem quite strong again. I have recommended your Vegetable Compound to quite a few friends and you can use my pame if you wish to do so."—Mss. H. PORTER, Box 440, Meaford, Ont.

In your own neighborhood there are doubtless women who know of the great value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Women everywhere, either by word of mouth or by letter, recommend this splendid medicine for female weakness, change of life, and simi-

matism so you can hardly get around Nothing has such concentrated,

penetrating heat as red peppers. Instant relief. Just as soon as you apply Red Pepper Rub you feel the

8.00 chest Almost instant relief awaits 15.00 you. Be sure to get the genuine, with 22.00 the name Rowles on each package. the name Rowles on each package .-

### dies for eczema, which I hope will b THE COMMUNITY THEATRE AT NARAMATA



professional stage. Under existing who had a love for that sort of thing cessful.

—but the theatre was another mat—

The Would a hunter of men build a fire. Theatre, and Winnipeg, Vancouver what he thought they should have, and Victoria, as well as many other Mr. Aikins was able to evolve a arkness. There was not a sound. Canadian cities, have their theatrl- community theatre that in complete- tle theatre will have an opportunity Now, keeping her cautious feet cal organizations, all of which are ness of equipment and simplicity of of giving a first production to new

country. Therein, no doubt, lies the his small fruit ranch. For years he Being a small population lying along- mingham, and it was because there side a great one, it is but natural was no native theatre where Cana-

It was built by Carroll Aikins on | house. The stage is on the floor reason why Canadians today take so and Mrs. Aikins had been interested ally on shallow steps, but it is in its plastered dome with a specially prepared surface on which a splendid Once when she got up from her that Canada's professional stage dian plays could be tried out that the array of variously colored lights can

> simplicity itself and amazingly suc-The actors are the fruit pickers of the neighbourhood, reinforced by a number of enthusiasts from various parts of Canada who have gone to Namarata to study stage-craft. It is Mr. Aikins' hope that this number will grow, and that his splendid lit-

of giving a first production to new doing an excellent work, but none of them are more worthy of note than the little theatre which has been established in the fruit-growing village of Naramata in the Okanagan Valley, B.C.

ness of equipment and simplicity of the suffer in combination of giving a first production to new parison with any theatre of the kind on the continent, but which presents many novel and interesting features.

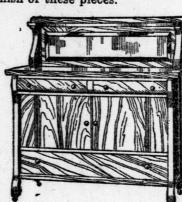
The theatre is built in the spacious upstairs of the fruit ranch packing Naramata.

# Club Plan Sale of Buffets

request.

## Plain and Quarter-Cut Oak

These illustrations really do not do justice to the excellent lines and finish of these pieces.





Fumed or Golden Finish There's quite a variety of design to select from, which space forbids us attempting to illustrate.

## Balance \$2.00 Weekly

This is an opportunity that rarely presents itself-buying the important dining-room piece at such a small payment down. This opportunity is given

to demonstrate to all the unique advantages and conveniences derived in furnishing your home on our Club Plan.

Always Buy On the Club Plan --- It Pays