

RESURRECTION ROCK

by Edwin Palmer
Little, Brown and Company

(Continued From Our Last Issue.)
So alarming was the consequence of this that Bennet could not at once realize it was simply a consequence. He jumped up in fright, imagining that his grandfather suddenly had suffered from a cramp or other physical seizure.

"Why, grandfather, you want some whiskies? I'll get you—"
Lucas controlled himself and stood up. "Indigestion," he mumbled. "Caviar here tonight. Go on, what else happened?"

When Bennet informed him that nothing else had happened at the scene, he thought for a while that his grandson was concealing something, but at last he satisfied himself that he knew all, and he went to his room.

For Lucas never did anything at all at Galilee except meet James Quinn there and there direct J. Q. to the dead that was to be done. It was marvelous how, throughout the 45 years which had passed since that meeting, Lucas had carried consciousness of his own guilt always associated with the place of meeting.

"Natural enough," Lucas muttered to himself. "Galilee had put his body in the lake. Who, then, knew about Galilee and could associate it with a flaming torch? No one else in all the world but Lucas himself! Yet Ethel and that Loutrelle and Bennet had found out."

By God, if they drew "Galilee" and the torch from him, what else could they draw? If they obtained it from the dead, how much more would the dead tell?

That was a staggerer for Lucas, who had acted upon the simple and effective formula that dead men tell no tales. "Galilee and a flaming torch!" Lucas winced and swung back to his window. So old J. Q., though dead, had told? How could Lucas shut up a ghost?

An idea, half formed, seized him, and he stood staring. It progressed in his mind, and he laughed. In a reaction, it revolted himself; he discarded it; but it came back to him, more convincingly, more complete, and it promised him triumph.

It was after nine the next morning before Ethel awoke, and then it was so delightful to lie in bed, dreaming over the hours of the evening, that she made no stir, and it was ten when a maid knocked at her door. She answered joyously.

"Yes, Miss Carew. Mr. Lucas Cullen, your grandfather?"
Ethel hastened down and found her grandfather, with his overcoat on and holding his hat in his gloved hand, standing in the center of the drawing-room and gazing critically about.

"You little fool!" he accused her, commiseratingly. "Can't you feel even when your own flesh and blood tries to protect you?"
"From what, grandfather?"
"Had it ever occurred to you that the reason your father never came to his house was that he couldn't?"
"No," Ethel said.

"Think over it a minute."
"Why?"
"Why wouldn't I have him there? He couldn't tell you, I wouldn't. I thought I'd never have to; but you've forced me. This fellow you call

Loutrelle. "You believe that your father—so Bennet's been telling me—got in touch with this fellow called Loutrelle after your father died? That started your interest in him?"

"Yes."
"Why do you suppose your father did that? Why did he pick him, I mean?"

"Why—why, grandfather, he was going to meet me. Father knew that, some way—"
"Tomfoolery!" Look here, your father was killed, and after he was dead—so you think—he tried to talk to this Loutrelle. So let's just take your own information; your father's spirit, the first thing after he was dead, goes about looking for a fellow named Barney Loutrelle. Now, spirits for those closest to 'em, don't they?"

"Why, usually, grandfather."
"Well, what makes you think this is an exception?"
Ethel shrank back, comprehending less his words than the ugliness of his question.

"What do you mean?" she demanded.
"Well, who more natural for a father to seek than his son?"

"My father!" Ethel said. "You're talking about my father?"
"Before he was your father. I knew him. He was about St. Florian quite a little in the old days—quite a little! You may remember I would not have him marry my daughter. So they ran off. I knew—there was a girl to go to Resurrection Rock."

Ethel flung herself at him and with her little fists clenched tight she pummeled him on the chest. "You lie—you lie—you lie! My father, you lie—you lie—"

He caught her fists and held her brutally before him. He saw that he had not at all convinced her; but he had not expected simply by this statement of the false before combining it with what was true. He was too old and shrewd in experience to fail to know how a truth told may carry with it a lie.

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JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES



HURRY, SAID THE MAN, LET'S GET STARTED. THE SHERIFF REPLIED THAT HE FELT PRETTY STIFF FROM BEING TIED UP SO LONG, BUT I'LL BE ALL RIGHT IN A MINUTE, HE SAID. THEN THEY JOINED THE OTHERS.



THE ROAD THEY FOLLOWED LED THEM OVER HILLY MOUNTAINOUS RANGES. JACK FORGOT THE CHASE FOR A MOMENT TO ADMIRE THE WONDERFUL SCENERY. THE CHASE CONTINUES IN THE NEXT CHAPTER.



JACK LED THE MEN BACK TOWARDS WHERE THE SHERIFF WAS TIED. AT A RAPID CLIP HE KNEW THE POSTER WAS OUTNUMBERED BY THE BANDIT MEN, AND HE WONDERED WHAT THE OUTCOME WOULD BE.



THE SHERIFF WAS SURPRISED AT JACK'S QUICK WORK, AND PRIZED THE LITTLE ADVENTURER HIGHLY TO HIS MEN. THEN ONE OF THE POSTER CUT THE ROPES THAT BOUND THE OLD FELLOW TO THE TREE.

shoulder. "What was he telling to you? Oh, you must tell me; he said Mrs. Cullen—"
"Nothing about her now!" Ethel cried. "I mean, he was talking about her long ago. But—but—suddenly she collapsed in the housekeeper's arms. 'I'm going away,' home to Wyoming, Mrs. Wain. You must help me off. And if Mr. Loutrelle calls for me or telephones, I cannot appear to him. I can't see him! Perhaps—perhaps I can write. I must never meet him again!"



ETHEL HASTENED DOWN AND FOUND HER GRANDFATHER.

chased a ticket and boarded a train for Sheridan, Wyoming. She had been unattended and plainly under the stress of strong emotion.

What Ethel had told Barney was brief and simple in its final statement.

"Dear Barney: 'I have found that I must leave at once for my home. Some time later, I shall know how to explain what must seem madness to you. Now I cannot.'

"Where you are and how you are and what you are doing remain with me the most important things in my life; so you must let me know all about yourself. My address will be Sheridan, Wyoming."

"It was several days later that Mrs. Wain, the housekeeper, phoned a request for him to call.

"I speak to you, sir," Mrs. Wain said breathlessly, after she had sunk into the seat, "upon my own responsibility, sir, entirely. So I must ask you, before I say another word, to give me your word as a

gentleman that you will make no use of what I shall tell—unless I allow you."

Barney felt his pulses pounding again. "What is it?" he demanded. "You will meet me, sir—when you're sure you're not followed?"

"Where?"
"At the corner of Tenth and Wash."

Barney went immediately downtown. He had to wait on the corner only a few minutes before Mrs. Wain drove up in a taxi and invited him in.

"St. Luke's Hospital," she said to the driver; and when the door was closed, she beckoned to Barney. "Come," she said, "another operation; it was performed the day before yesterday. She rallied at first but sank later."

Still the housekeeper gave no intimation of who "she" was; and Barney was aware that direct inquiry would be vain.

Barney did not know her; when the nurse, who had been beside the bed, moved away, and Mrs. Wain held back and Barney advanced alone, he was not conscious of ever having seen the woman who lay on her side with her profile plain against the pillow. Yet a fluttering of awe—of more than awe—came over him as he halted silently beside the bed.

Her face, as she lay turned toward him, was beautiful, though lined and intense suffering she had surely endured. Her skin was clear and lovely even in its deathly pallor; her hair—black and abundant—had clung to its luster as had her dark brows and the lashes which lay on her cheek. Even now the indomitable soul of her—that essence of her spirit which persisted though consciousness long was gone—was keeping up the fight, Barney felt. And he wanted her to win; oh, how he wanted her to win!

It seemed to him he had never wished so for another's life and why? Because, for the first time, he was beside someone who belonged to him by blood? Because she was his—mother?

(To Be Continued.)

Radio Radiations

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 9.

The world's greatest radio business is being conducted by the United States navy.

Facts and figures given out by naval officials here show an increased volume of messages among the department's radio stations, which they say surpasses the business of any other country or corporation on earth.

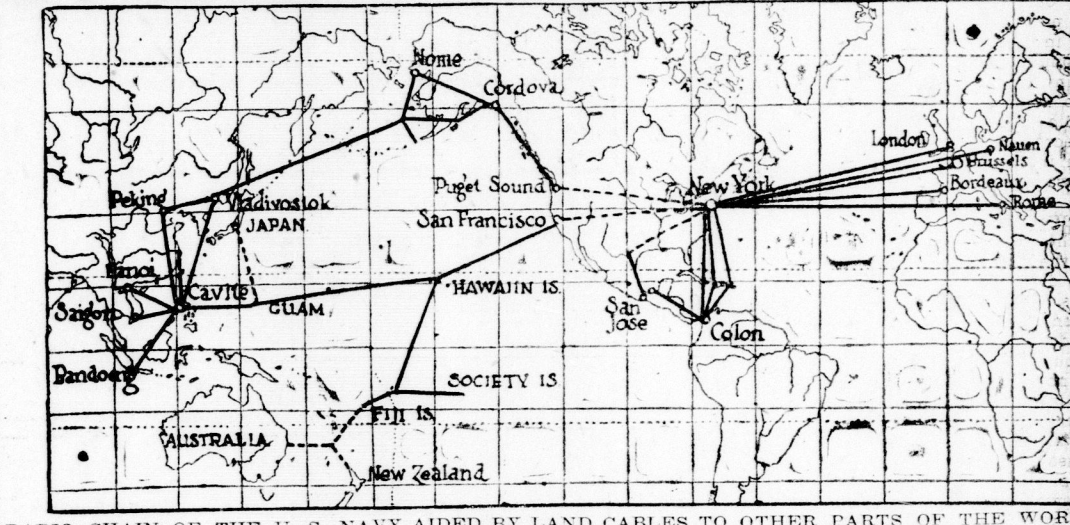
A world-wide Imperial Radio Chain is being contemplated by Great Britain and will be a competitor.

The immensity of the naval radio service may be imagined from the fact that the department has more than \$25,000,000 invested in this undertaking. More than 8,000,000 words are transmitted monthly. Besides its own official business, the navy does \$10,000,000 worth of commercial radio business annually.

Covers Globe.
This naval radio business extends to all parts of the earth, over land and sea—and into the air. For each naval airplane also has a complete transmitting and receiving set by which it can communicate with its ship or land station or with other airplanes.

Along both our coasts and at points on our island possessions are naval radio compass stations which form a chain of safety for ships at sea. There are more than 50 of these stations, all built up within the last three years.

By furnishing bearings to ships



RADIO CHAIN OF THE U. S. NAVY AIDED BY LAND CABLES TO OTHER PARTS OF THE WORLD.

approaching the coast, these stations have helped considerably in saving lives, time and property. It is during foggy weather, or stormy seas, that a vessel seeking port finds the aid of the naval compass station most beneficial. For lying off port until the fog lifts or the storm calms means an expense of at least \$500 to the ship owner.

Fleet Link.
For the fleet, radio is an essential link. Emergencies, manoeuvres and all sorts of utility work come under the direct orders of the naval department—by means of radio. There are some 650 naval ship stations, 102 naval airplane stations and 180 shore stations—all of which are joined together by radio. These stations are all over the globe.

Powerful stations they are, too. The station at The Presidio, near San Francisco, is one of the finest in the world. The first high-power continuous wave station was built by the U. S. navy in the Canal Zone in 1914. During the war naval engineers put up what is one of the world's most powerful stations at Bordeaux, France. This station has since been turned over to France.

RADIO SUPPLIES.
Mail Orders a Specialty.
Detector Set, complete with tube and batteries \$55.00
Crystal Set, complete with double headset \$15.50
Variocouplers, \$2.85; Variometer, \$3.50
Headset, 3,000 ohms, good value \$6.75
Murdoch & Frost Phones, 5,000 ohms \$7.75

GIBSON RADIO SUPPLY,
104 King St. W., Toronto, Ont.
A30, \$2.50

"CANADA'S GREATEST PIANO"

THROUGH the kindness of the Western Fair officials we have been able, at the last minute, to secure a space in the Annex of the Crystal Palace, where we will exhibit the Gerhard Heintzman "Canada's Greatest Piano," and the Gerhard Heintzman Phonograph.

GERHARD HEINTZMAN
LIMITED
222 DUNDAS STREET

Niagara Peninsula Growers Limited

PEACHES



The flavor and quality of the peaches from the Niagara district is the finest in years. The Crawford varieties now on the market are unexcelled for preserving or table use. Prices are so reasonable you should preserve plenty of this luscious, tempting fruit for winter use.

The best preserving varieties of plums, Lombards, Gages, Damsons and the Large Blues, are still obtainable at reasonable prices. The plum season is almost over, so if you want to preserve any of this fruit, order now.

Keep a dish of fruit on the table so any of the family can have it when they feel hungry. Order by the basket. The mark of the Niagara Peninsula Growers Limited on containers stands for carefully packed, evenly graded fruit.

NIAGARA PENINSULA GROWERS LIMITED
Grimsby, Ontario.

Cloth Coats So Alluring They Rival Furs



TWO STUNNING WINTER OUTFITS. AT THE LEFT, ONE OF THE NEW COATS OF BROWN WOOL, BANDED WITH BEAVER, AND A WINTER SUIT, ALSO OF BROWN, EMBROIDERED AND FUR TRIMMED.

BY MARIAN HALE.
NOW that you have done your fur-coat shopping early and probably spent your dress income for several months ahead, along come the alluring cloth coats and suits.

They are so very attractive, they are sure to give you anxious moments and make you wonder if, after all, you bought wisely.

You will find much to delight you in the new suits and wraps. They have a suppleness of texture, richness of coloring and a variety of treatment that is amazing and appealing.

They achieve a general effect of grace and softness that makes them universally becoming.

Short Model Coats.
In coats there are many new short models of the sport variety, as well as the long straight-line coat and the flaring model.

Much has been predicted for the flaring coat, and since it presents a new silhouette many women will favor it for its novelty.

cabochon fastening, the newest feature.

Very wide fur collars and cuffs are used on these wraps, and frequently fancy and unusual sleeves add an odd touch.

The flaring coat is usually banded at the bottom with fur and cut with a narrow shoulder line.

Few Gay Linings.
One sees few gay linings this season. Usually they are of crepe de chine, matching the color of the coat. Plain rather than figured material is chosen.

Kolinsky, beaver, mole, caracul and Persian lamb, as well as the various foxes, are the pelts most frequently used in combination with cloth.

Suits are to be more popular this year than they have been since the reign of the one-piece frock.

Quality Stores Sell Quality Products

DEALERS who sell the finest quality goods at reasonable prices, and refuse to offer substitutes for a line of recognized superiority, such as Maple Buds—these dealers deserve your support.

Quality products are usually found in quality stores. In such places you will find Cowan's Maple Buds.

All genuine Maple Buds are stamped with the name—"COWAN."

If They're not COWAN'S
They're Not MAPLE BUDS

Hand the dealer back his substitutes

