

The FLAMING JEWEL

by ROBERT W. CHAMBERS
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BEGIN HERE TODAY.

For two years, Fate, Chance and Destiny had been too busy to attend to MIKE CLINCH. Now the malevolent influence which had hung over each possessor of the priceless Flaming Jewel ever since it was stolen from a refugee countess of Esthonia, gathered like a fog about the disreputable hunting camp which Clinch owned in the Adirondacks. Here, among the criminals and riff-raff of the North Woods, Clinch lives with his beautiful step-daughter.

EVE STRAYER, JAMES DARRAGH learns from the countess that the Flaming Jewel was originally stolen from her by QUINTANA, a great international thief whose New York agent is EMANUEL SARD. Darragh robs Sard of a code letter from Quintana, which states that the Flaming Jewel is now in the possession of Mike Clinch. Darragh heads for Clinch's cabin at Star Pond and on his trail are two State Troopers, seeking to arrest him for the holdup of Sard.

Go On With the Story.
CHAPTER III
CLINCH, in his shirt sleeves, came out on the veranda. He had little light gray eyes, close-clipped gray hair, and was clean shaven.

"How are you, Clinch?" inquired Lannis affably.
"All right," replied Clinch; "you're the same, I hope."

"Trooper Stormont, Mr. Clinch," said Lannis in his genial way.
"Pleased to know you," said Clinch, level-eyed, unsmiling.

The troopers dismounted. Both shook hands with Clinch. Then Lannis led the way to the barn. From the care of their horses they went to a pump to wash.

Lannis said in Stormont's ear: "Here she comes with towels. She's pretty, isn't she?"

A young girl in pink gingham advanced toward them across the patch of grass.

Lannis was very polite and presented Stormont. The girl handed them two rough towels, glanced at Stormont again after the introduction, smiled slightly.

"Dinner is ready," she said. They dried their faces and followed her back to the house.

It was an unpainted building, partly of log. In the dining-room half a dozen men waited silently for food. Lannis saluted all, named his comrade, and seated himself.

A delicious odor of Johnny-cake pervaded the room. Presently Eve Strayer appeared with the dinner. There was dew on her pale forehead.

head—the heat of the kitchen, no doubt. The girl's thick, lustrous hair was brownish gold, and so twisted up that it revealed her ears and a very white neck.

When she brought Stormont his dinner he caught her eyes a moment—experienced a slight shock of pleasure at their intense blue—the gentian-blue of the summer zenith at midday.

Lannis remained affable, even became jocose at moments:
"No hootch for dinner, Mike? How's that, now?"

"The Boot-leg Express is a day late," replied Clinch, with cold humor. Around the table ran an odd sound—a company of catamounts feeding might have made such a noise—if catamounts ever laugh.

Stormont had finished dinner. He heard a low, charming voice from behind his chair:
"Apple pie, lemon pie, maple cake, berry roll."

He looked up into two gentian-blue eyes.
"Lemon pie, please," he said, blushing.

When dinner was over and the bar-dining-room empty except for Clinch and the two State Troopers, the former folded his heavy, powerful hands on the table's edge and turned his square face and pale-eyed gaze on Lannis.

"Spit it out," he said in a passionless voice.
Lannis crossed one knee over the other, lighted a cigarette:
"Is there a young fellow working for you named Hal Smith?"

"No," said Clinch.
"Sure?"
"Sure."

"Clinch," continued Lannis, "have you heard about a stick-up on the wood-road out of Ghost Lake?"

"No."
"Well, a wealthy tourist from New York—a Mr. Sard, stopping at Ghost Lake Inn—was held up and robbed last Saturday toward sundown."

"Never heard of him," said Clinch, calmly.
There was a pause.

"We heard you had a new man named Hal Smith working around your place."

"No."
"He came here Saturday night."

"Who says so?"
"A guide from Ghost Lake."

"He's a liar."
"You know," said Lannis, "it won't do you any good if hold-up men can hide here and make a get-away."

"Gwan and search," said Clinch, calmly.
They searched the "hotel" from garret to cellar. They searched the barn, boat-shed, out-houses.

While this was going on, Clinch looked out for Harrod's patrol, too.
"All right, dad," she said. "If I have to be out tonight, don't worry. I'll get word to Smith somehow."

Half an hour later Lannis and Stormont returned from a prowling around the clearing. Lannis said the reckoning; his comrade led out the horses. He said again to Lannis:
"I'm sure it was the girl. She wore men's clothes and she went into the woods on a run."

About three o'clock the two State Troopers, riding at a walk, came to the forks of the Ghost Lake road.
"Now," said Lannis to Stormont, "if you really believe you saw the girl beat it out of the back door and take to the woods, she's probably somewhere in there—"

he pointed into the western forest. "But," he added, "what's your idea in following her?"

"She wore men's clothes; she was in a hurry and trying to keep out of sight. I wondered whether Clinch might have sent her to warn this hold-up fellow."

"All right. Take your bearings. This road runs west to Ghost Lake. We sleep at the Inn there—if you mean to cross the woods on foot."

Stormont nodded, consulted his map and compass, pocketed both, unbuckled his spurs.
When he was ready he gave his horse a kick.

"I'd just like to see what she's up to," he remarked.
The forest was open amid a big stand of white pine and hemlock, and Stormont traveled easily and swiftly. He had struck a line by compass that must cross the direction taken by Eve Strayer when she left Clinch's. But it was a wild chance that he would ever run across her.

Far away in the open forest Stormont heard the shot and turned in that direction.
But Eve already was very near when the young man who called himself Hal Smith fired at one of Harrod's deer—a three-ping buck on the edge of the dead woods.

Smith had drawn and dressed the buck by the time the girl found him. He was cleaning up when she arrived, squatting by the water's edge when he heard her voice across the swale:

"Smith! The State Troopers are looking for you!"
He stood up, dried his hands on his breeches. The girl picked her way across the bog, jumping from one tussock to the next.

When she told him what had happened he began to laugh.
"Did you really stick up this man?" she asked incredulously.
"I'm afraid I did, Eve," he replied, still laughing.

The girl's entire expression altered. "So that's the sort you are," she said. "I thought you different. But you're all a rotten lot!"
"If you think me so rotten, why did you run all the way from Clinch's to warn me?" he asked curiously.
"I didn't do it for you; I did it for my father. They'll jail him if they catch him hiding you. They've got it in for him. If they put him in prison he'll die. He couldn't stand it. I know. And that's why I came to find you and tell you to clear out."

The distant crack of a dry stick checked her. The next instant she picked up his rifle, seized his arm, and fairly dragged him into a spruce thicket.

Do you want to get my father into trouble?" she said fiercely. The rocky flank of Star Peak bordered the marsh here.

"Come on," she whispered, jerking him along through the thicket and up the rocks to a cleft—a hole in the sheer rock overhung by shaggy hemlock.

"Get in there," she said breathlessly.
"Whoever comes," he protested, "will see the buck yonder, and will certainly look in here—"

"Not if I go down there and take

JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES.



JACK sped through the night, as fast as he could, with little regard for his safety. His only thought was to bring the doctor back to the old lady home," said Jack to himself. "Now to get him up."

AT last Jack reached the doctor's home and saw a light burning in an upstairs window. "He's home," said Jack to himself. "Now to get him up."

Went into the kitchen. "Eve," he said coolly, "the State Troopers are after that fellow, Hal Smith, who came here Saturday night. Where is he?"

"He went into Harrod's to get us a deer," she replied in a low voice. "What has he done?"

"Stuck up a man on the Ghost Lake road. He ought to have told me. Do you think you could meet up with him and tip him off?"

"He's hunting on Owl Marsh. I'll try."

"All right. Change your clothes and slip out the back door. And

your medicine. Creep into that cave and lie down."

"What do you intend to do?" he demanded, interested and amused. "It's one of Harrod's gamekeepers," said the girl dryly. "It only means a summons and a fine for me. And if it's a State Trooper, who is prowling in the woods yonder hunting crooks, he'll find nobody here but a trespasser. Keep quiet. I'll stand him off."

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

CLUB NEWS

What Women Are Accomplishing in London.

SOLDIERS' WIVES LEAGUE.
The first meeting of the season of the Soldiers' Wives League is being held Thursday afternoon in the officers' quarters at the armories. Plans for raising funds to carry on the relief work will be made, and the reports of the assistance given during the summer will be presented. At the close of the meeting tea will be served.

WIND UP WITH BANQUET.
Following the final games of the Y. W. C. A. Girls' Baseball League it is proposed to hold a banquet as a wind-up for the season. This will probably take place Friday evening, Oct. 13.

ARE FRIENDS OF S. C. H.
Mrs. C. L. Campbell, honorary treasurer War Memorial Children's Hospital fund, gratefully acknowledges the following contributions:

Rodney Women's Institute \$ 9.00
St. George's Church, I. O. O. F. D. E. city 25.00
Mrs. W. J. Reid, city 25.00
Mrs. Hugh McAlpine, Walkers, Ont. 1.00
Princess Patricia Chapter, I. O. O. F. D. E. city, for material. 200.00
Erie Avenue Club, city, on cash 250.00
Proceeds of a one-cent sale held by Dorothy Hill, Jean Todd and little friends, city, Sept. 30th 8.02

STILL WORK FOR KIDDIES.
Arrangements for a rummage sale in the near future will be made by the Abigail Becker Chapter I. O. O. F. D. E. city, on Oct. 25, 1922, at the home of the regent, Mrs. T. C. Duncan. Sewing will be continued this year for the War Memorial Children's Hospital, and the social service side of child welfare work.

START COURSE THURSDAY.
October sixteenth is announced as the date of the opening of the course in invalid cookery, which Miss Mary MacPherson is to conduct for No. 23, Lord Kitchener Nursing Division, in the new Central Collegiate. The interest aroused in the course is evidenced by the fact that already fifteen have registered for the class limited to nineteen. The course will include six practical demonstrations and two lectures.

Dr. F. R. Clegg gives the first lecture Thursday evening this week, to the class which the division is organizing in first aid for the autumn months. Though twenty have enrolled,

the young miss who has reached the age when she entertains certain ideas of her own as to what she shall wear, would be overjoyed if her new frock were fashioned after this pattern, and mother, too, would sanction it, for it can be cut and finished in about two afternoons. Homespun, tweed, serge, plaid, gingham or crepe de chine are suitable for this style. If made of homespun at \$1 per yard, and trimmed with lincens at 50c per yard, and 5c per yard for binding, the finished dress would cost about \$22.45.

The pattern No. 1551 cuts in sizes 8, 10, 12, 14, and 16 years. Size 8 requires two yards 36-inch material with half yard 36-inch contrasting and 3/4 yards binding. Price 15c—stamps or coin (coin preferred).

Name

Town

Province

Age (if child's or misses' pattern)

Measurement: Bust..... Waist.....

GOOD LINES FOR THE GROWING GIRL.

The young miss who has reached the age when she entertains certain ideas of her own as to what she shall wear, would be overjoyed if her new frock were fashioned after this pattern, and mother, too, would sanction it, for it can be cut and finished in about two afternoons. Homespun, tweed, serge, plaid, gingham or crepe de chine are suitable for this style. If made of homespun at \$1 per yard, and trimmed with lincens at 50c per yard, and 5c per yard for binding, the finished dress would cost about \$22.45.

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Radio Radiations

WILL we be able to see radio? That is not impossible, according to Prof. Dayton C. Miller, of the Case School of Applied Sciences in Cleveland.

In fact, says Mr. Miller, an instrument could easily be devised by which the smallest and largest waves may be caught and photographed as they flash by at the rate of 186,000 miles a second.

Professor Miller has been working on a machine which photographs sound waves. It is called an oscillograph. The sound sent into an extremely sensitive receiver is made to vibrate a needle of light, whose oscillations are photographed as they form.

Along the same manner, it is believed, the radio waves may be converted into sound waves, which in turn can be photographed by the oscillograph.

led, there are still a few openings, it is stated.
With the classes under way, Miss Ella Davis, lady superintendent, and other members of the division are busy with preparations for the visit of inspection of the assistant commissioner for Ontario, Dr. C. J. Copp, on October 12.

ST. JOHN'S M. U.
A very pleasant evening was spent this week, when Mrs. LaFrance, president, and Mrs. Newman, vice-president of St. John's Mothers' Unit, entertained at a progressive euchre party at the former's home. Members were present from the different units of the separate schools. During the evening Miss Agnes Harrison and Miss Genevieve Durkin rendered several musical selections, and Mrs. Haines gave a reading. The first prize was won by Mrs. F. Galbraith, and the consolation prize went to Mrs. John Mueckler.

MISS BROWN PROVIDES PROGRAM.
As in former years, Miss Belle Brown, of the Institute of Musical Art, provided a charming program at the annual crusade meeting of the Young Ladies' Mission Circle of Askin Street Methodist Church held Tuesday evening. The program was artistic and reflected great credit on Whetter.

the young artists, including Misses Eva Metcalfe, Madeline Sharratt, Mildred McGuffin, Grace Crouse, Cora Carson and Muriel Atkinson.

NEVER FORGETS MILK FOR CRECHE.
Meeting this week the Day Nursery board made arrangements for a rummage sale to be held in the course of a few weeks.

The average attendance of children at the present time was reported to be 26 daily.
Grateful appreciation was expressed of the continuous generosity of the Day Nursery of Mr. George H. May, 345 Wharncliffe road, who during the past year has never failed to leave a daily donation of two quarts of milk. Other donations for which thanks were expressed were: Canned fruit from Mrs. A. J. Murray, Wellington street; a treat from Mrs. Fitzgerald, King street; 5 gallons maple syrup from A. M. Smith & Co.; fruit and vegetables from Knollwood Park Presbyterian Church; canned fruit, Mrs. O'Dell, Queen's avenue; a treat, Social Service Club, through Miss Keene; three baskets of fruit, a friend; a treat, Dundas Center Methodist Sunday School; high chair, Mrs. Frank Whetter.

LATEST TOG

New Skirt and Blouse Shown; Drapes and Yokes in Style.



A NEW skirt and a new blouse are being shown for afternoon wear during the coming season. The skirt is draped, of course, in a series of graceful folds on the right side. A narrow fitted yoke is new and good-looking.

On the left side one sees sometimes a drape of the material that hangs from the belt to below the hem.

The blouse is the latest variation of the overblouse. It is most attractively designed with a tucked front and suspender shoulder pleats. The materials most used are the crepe silks and such fabrics as silk duvetyn. As both blouse and skirt are often made of the same material the costume has much the appearance of a dress.

Get acquainted with the daily possibilities of the Want Ads. Want Ads are at your service every day.

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\$1.25 Lydia Pinkham's Compound	97c	\$1.10 TANLAC	79c	50c GIN PILLS	32c	90c NESTLE'S FOOD	69c
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Try Radio Cold Cream Soap Most beneficial to the skin. 10c, 3 for 25c	\$1.30 SCOTT'S EMULSION, 89c	\$1.10 Nuxated Iron Yeast Vitamin Tablets both for 79c	10c TOILET PAPER, 5 for 29c	Make your little girl happy with a Walking and Talking Doll Regular \$6.00 and \$5.00, \$2.98 and \$2.49
40c CASTORIA 25c	\$1.00 PETROFOL (Pure Russian Oil) 79c	25c A. B. S. & C. TABLETS (100 in Bottle) 2 Bottles for 25c		

TOILETS 50c Pond's Creams 33c 75c Elcaya Cream 59c 75c Dierkiss Face Powder 59c \$1.25 Piver's Face Powders 69c 35c Italian Balm 26c \$2.00 Dierkiss Toilet Water..... \$1.69 \$2.50 Azura Toilet Water..... \$1.98 50c Emulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo 29c	FREE Something for the boys and girls—a 25c Top given FREE with every purchase of KLENZO DENTAL CREME, 35c or 60c Tubes. KLENZO CREME makes the teeth white and leaves that cool, clean taste.	25 Per Cent Reduction On ALL IVORY GOODS
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Jonteel Cold Cream Face Powder 50c	OPEKO 2 pkgs. for TEA 61c	OPEKO 2 lbs. for COFFEE .. 71c	CANDY 40c Jumbo Peanuts 29c lb. 60c Triola Chocolates 39c lb. (Fresh shipment) 60c Jordan Almonds 49c lb. 5c Chocolate Bars 6 for 25c
Cold and Combination Creams, 50c	Liggett's DRUG STORES SAFE RELIABLE THE LOUIS K. LIGGETT CO., LTD. 200 DUNDAS STREET. 432 HAMILTON ROAD. 249 WELLINGTON ST. 399 TALBOT STREET. 136 WORTLEY ROAD. 652 DUNDAS STREET. SIX BUSY STORES		



Taylor's

A soap not only for children but for grown folks as well. Refreshing, fine-textured, mild and delightfully fragrant. For toilet and bath.

JOHN TAYLOR & CO., LIMITED, TORONTO

INFANTS DELIGHT

IT'S WHITE TOILET SOAP

Save and Beautify Your Hair With Neubro's Herculicide

Herculicide is best for the hair because of its positive action in beautifying the hair, removing dandruff, stopping falling hair.
After an application of Herculicide the high lights of your hair begin to gleam and your scalp begins to tingle and become healthy. In a few days your hair will be completely transformed.
You will have the beautiful hair you have always longed for. Your scalp will be free from dandruff. Your hair will stop falling out. Your appearance will be greatly improved.

Neubro's Herculicide

Removes Dandruff - Stops Falling Hair
Read what Mrs. Anna Conner (pictured here) says of Neubro's Herculicide:
"I use Neubro's Herculicide daily. It is a wonderful preparation for the hair and scalp. My hair touches the floor."

What Herculicide has done for Mrs. Conner and thousands of others, it will surely do for you. Begin the use of Herculicide today. You will like it from the first application. Every bottle is guaranteed to do all that is claimed for it, or your dealer is authorized to refund purchase price.

Sold By All Drug and Dept. Stores
Applications At Barber Shops



Mrs. Anna Conner