

The FLAMING JEWEL

by ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

(Continued From Our Last Issue.)

CHAPTER III.

EVE picked up her rifle. She was trembling violently. Then, mastering her emotion, she walked over to the pack, placed Quintana's rifle and mackinaw in it, coolly hoisted it to her shoulder and buckled it there.

Over her shoulder she kept an eye on Quintana who crouched where he had fallen, unstrapping his deadly eyes watching her.

She placed the muzzle of her rifle against his stomach, rested it so, holding it with one hand, and her finger at the trigger.

At her brief order he turned out both breeches pockets. She herself stooped and drew the Spanish clasp-knife from his sheath at his belt, took a pistol from the holster, another out of his hip-pocket. Reaching up and behind her, she dropped these into the pack.

"Maybe," she said slowly, "your ankle is broken. I'll send somebody from Ghost Lake to find you. But whether you're a broken bone or not you'll not get very far. Quintana. . . After I'm gone you'll be able to free yourself. But you can't get away. You'll be followed and caught. . . So if you can walk at all you'd better go in to Ghost Lake and give your self up. . . It's that or starvation. . . You've got a watch. . . Don't stir or touch that trap for half an hour. . . And that's all."

As she moved away toward the Drowned Valley trail she looked back at him. His face was bloodless but his black eyes blazed.

"If ever you come into this forest again," she said, "my father will surely kill you."

To her horror, Quintana slowly grinned at her. Then, still grinning, he placed the forefinger of his left hand between his teeth and bit it.

Whatever he meant by the gesture it seemed unclear, horrible, and the girl hurried on, seized with an overwhelming loathing through which a sort of terror pulsated like evil premonition in a heavy and tortured heart.

Straight into the fire of dawn she sped. A pale primrose light glimmered, undergrowth turned a dusky purple. Already the few small clouds overhead were edged with fiery rose.

Then, of a sudden, a shaft of flame played over the forest. The sun had risen.

Hastening, she searched the soft path for any imprint of her father's foot. And even in the vain search she hoped to find him at home—hurried on burdened with two rifles and a pack, still all nervous and a quiver from her encounter with

Quintana.

Surely, she thought, if he had missed Quintana in Drowned Valley he would not linger in that ghastly place; he'd come home, call in his men, take counsel perhaps—

Mist over Star Pond was dissolving to a golden powder in the blinding glory of the sun. The eastern window-panes in Clinch's Dump glittered as though the rooms inside were all on fire.

Down through withered weeds and scrub she hurried, ran across the grass to the kitchen door which swung ajar under its porch.

"Dad!" she called, "Dad."

Only her own frightened voice echoed in the empty house. She climbed the stairs to his room. The bed lay undisturbed as she had made it. He was not in any of the rooms; there were no signs of him.

Slowly she descended to the kitchen. He was not there. The food she had prepared for him had become cold on a chilled range.

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Radio Radiations

"Eve!"

"Let me go!"

"Eve!" He held her rigid a moment, in his powerful grip, compelled her dazed, half crazed eyes to meet his own.

"You must come to your senses," he said. "Listen to what I say, they are bringing in your father."

Her dilated blue eyes never moved from his.

"I found him in Drowned Valley at sunrise," said Stormont, quietly.

"The men are only a few rods behind me. They are carrying him out."

Her lips made a word without sound.

"Yes," said Stormont in a low voice.

There was a sound in the woods behind them. Stormont turned. Far away down the trail the men came into sight.

Then the state trooper turned the girl very gently and placed one arm around her shoulders.

Very slowly they descended the hill together. His equipment was shipping in the morning sun, and the sun fell on Eve's drooping head, turning her chestnut hair to fiery gold.

An hour later Trooper Stormont was at the Place of Pines.

There was nothing there except an empty trap and the ashes of the dying fire beyond.

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)

CYNTHIA GREY'S MAIL-BOX

ANCHOR OFFERS CLOTHES.

Dear Miss Grey and Readers—

Such lovely fall weather we are having! The country looks grand

now. The trees are turning and look grand and distant at last.

Wondering lately what the box-ites' opinions, also yours, Miss Grey, of the bathing suits worn

now. A few years ago a person would never think of appearing

in such an outfit. Do you approve of them? Now I have a

good warm coat, size about 34 or 36, would do for country wear. It

is good, but a little out of date, though would do very well if

sleeves were made little smaller at top, which would be easily

done. It is out in good use to

put up when it can be worn as it is, as it is a good coat.

An easy way to make up mitts for kiddies' every day wear:

Make out of old underwear, cut the shape of the hand or set the

thumb in separately. Miss Grey, I'm wondering what is included

in a "coat" for the C. H. when it takes \$1,000 to buy one?

Will try and send a mite next time, think when one has suf-

fered in one way or another, she then knows how to pity others

who are passing through the same experience.

I also have an overcoat to fit a medium sized man, a good coat,

but quite a long tear across the front, which could be darned, and

be useful for every day wear for driving in.

ANCHOR.

I think the modern bathing suits are just sensible for swimming, as

expert swimmers will tell you it is impossible to swim properly when

hindered by heavy skirts. But notice I said for swimming. I do not think they are quite proper to wear on the beach in, but for swimming I think they are splendid. We will be pleased

to hear from you on this subject, although just now it makes one shiver to think of bathing suits.

Anyone wishing the clothes offered by Anchor may have them from the Mail-Box. In place of asking for money each year for the upkeep of the cot, the hospital committee asks for a lump sum of \$1,000, which goes into the building fund, and no further maintenance is necessary.

HONEST I WILL.

Dear Miss Grey—I haven't written to your cozy corner now for some time, but I am coming back asking for help. We are ex-

pecting to have a school concert in a short time and I would like to get some good recitations (comic preferred) to read.

I would like to get "When Father Rides the Goat" or any others you wish to send me and will be real prompt in returning them. Hon-

est, I will! I think the cook book a splendid idea. Am sure mother wants one when ready. See where someone suggested send amount in money equivalent to one's age, so enclosed find cents

my age! Also enclosed for recitations.

FERN.

Am mailing you a few recitations, which I hope will be suitable, although they are not as good as some we have had in the Mail-Box. I haven't the one you referred to. Thank you for the enclosed hospital mite.

WITH BRIDES

GLOVER—FLOOD.

A very pretty autumn wedding took place at the home of Mrs. Ada Glover, 1082 Model street, London, at 4 o'clock Saturday afternoon, Novem-

ber 4, when her youngest daughter, Alice Anne, was united in marriage to Mr. John Thomas Glover of Lon-

don. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Ainsley under a graceful arch of oak leaves and roses.

The bride, who was given in marriage by her brother-in-law, Mr. Herbert Hotham of Delaware, wore a dress of nigger brown and sand crepe-de-armor, and a barpin set with diamonds and pearls, the gift of the groom.

She carried a bouquet of Ophelia roses and ferns. Mrs. Flood, groomed in navy canton crepe, was assisted by her daughter, Mrs. Hotham, in receiving the guests.

The wedding supper was served in the dining-room, beautifully decorated in pink and white. Amidst showers of confetti and good wishes, the happy couple left on the 7 o'clock train for Hamilton and other points.

The bride traveled in a seal coat, opossum trim and a black plush hat with glycerine ostrich tips. Upon their return they will reside in the city.

Guests were present from Delaware, Dorchester, Thorndale and the city.

PURDY—KIBORN.

A quiet wedding took place on November 3, at the home of the bride in Elm street, when Edith E. Kiborn was united in marriage to Philip Purdy of East Missouri, only the immediate relatives being present.

The bride, who was given in marriage by her brother-in-law, Mr. H. Shill, was groomed in seal-brown tricot, and wore the groom's gift, a lovely pendant. Rev. Mr. Reid of the Hale Street Methodist Church performed the ceremony.

For going away, Mrs. Purdy wore a seal-brown coat and a hat to match. After a dainty repast, Mr. and Mrs. Purdy left on the afternoon train for Niagara Falls and other points east.



RADIO RELIEVES JAIL ENNUY.

THE days aren't so long in the District of Columbia jail since a radio receiving instrument has been installed. No, it's not a gift of the government. The prisoners "chipped in" and got it. Superintendent W. L. Pack is shown at the receiver.



Judge not in haste, because some day times as large as the largest hen. You'll find, alas! it doesn't pay.

—Old Mother Nature.

Farmer Brown's Boy no longer allowed his hens outside the henyard excepting when he could keep watch over them, and so the young Fox did not get another chance to catch one of them. He had to be content with watching them, and you may be sure he did this every time they were out.

Then, one never-to-be-forgotten day a great event happened. Farmer Brown's Boy drove into the barnyard with a big crate on the wagon.

With great care he and Farmer Brown took the crate out and set it on the ground.

Then they went into the barn to watch the horse, but it seemed to him that he could see something inside which moved, and that something seemed to have feathers. He was sure that there was something alive in there when he heard strange sounds coming from that crate, sounds which he had never heard before.

The next story: "The Gander and the Young Fox."

CLUB NEWS

What Women Are Accomplishing in London.

HOLD W. M. ELECTION.

The following officers were elected at the annual meeting of St. Michael's Mothers' Unit held this week: Presi-

dent, Mrs. Irvine; secretary, Mrs. R. Jennings; treasurer, Mrs. Fred Burke; first vice-president, Mrs. W. Pierrie; press reporter, Mrs. Charles Griffin.

Mrs. Joseph Leech, president of the Catholic Women's League, gave a short address on the convention of the league held recently in Winnipeg. Plans were made for a tea to be held in St. Michael's Hall Thursday afternoon next.

EXHIBIT HANDIWORK.

At the close of the annual meeting Saturday of the London Girls' Cabinet, a demonstration will be given by Miss May Millar and Miss Helen Clark of handicrafts suitable to teach to girls' groups.

Kintyre Presbyterian Church on Sunday, October 5. An inspiring address was given by Rev. Bowman. Thanksgiving music beautifully rendered by the choir was much enjoyed by the congregation.

The making of wine antedates history.

Kintyre Nov. 9.—The annual service of the Bible Society were held in

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Your Corsets and Theirs—

For many years Warner's Rust Proof have been the largest selling corsets in the United States. For many years also they have been worn by discriminating women in all corners of the civilized world. At the outbreak of the War they were sold in 56 different countries or Dominions, and were made only in the United States.

To-day they are also made in Canada, cut from the same carefully designed patterns, and made to the same standards and specifications as the United States models. Corsets which are imported by other nations are offered to women of the Dominion without the costs of duty, ocean freight, etc.

You can, for instance, buy in Canada Warner Models for which your friends in England gladly pay almost double the price—and Warner Corsets are widely sold in England. You can buy comfortable corsets that represent the last word in Style at prices which mean true economy, and

Every Pair is Guaranteed Not to Rust, Break or Tear

Warner's
Rust-Proof
Corsets
MADE IN CANADA

Are not the cheapest, but we believe them to be the most economical, corset you can buy. Priced as low as \$1.50, but the added value at \$2, \$3, \$4, or \$5 is well worth the extra cost.

WARNER BROS. CO.,
Montreal, Que.