

Alias the Lone Wolf

by Louis Joseph Vance
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(Continued From Our Last Issue.)

"It would seem safe to assume I am the man gossip says I am," Lanyard said cautiously.

"Then . . . to begin at the beginning," whispered Mussey in the darkness. "I've known Whit Monk a good long time. Before this, if anybody had ever told me Whit Monk would do a pal dirt, I'd've punched his head and thought no more about it. But now . . ."

In the darkness that disembodied voice took up its tale anew.

"And you are both in the same boat, in a manner of speaking. We're both on the outside—shut out—looking in."

"You propose, then, an alliance?"

"That's the answer. I know you can get that tin safe of Whit's open, when you feel like it, get the jewels and all; but what show do you stand to get away with them? That is, unless you've got somebody working in with you on board the ship. See here . . ."

The mutter sank into a husky whisper.

"Well, go to it; make your plans, consult with me, get everything fixed, lift the loot; I'll stand by, fix up everything so your work will go through slick, see that you don't get hurt, stow the jewels where they won't be found; and when it's all over, we'll split fifty-fifty. What d'you say?"

"Extremely ingenious, monsieur."

"I'll have to be pulled off tomorrow night or not at all," the mutter came with an eager accent.

"My thought, precisely. Now to what I will have to do, I must have ten minutes of absolute darkness. Can that be arranged?"

"Absolute darkness?" The general had a rising inflexion of voice. "By nightfall we ought to be Block Island, in traffic as heavy on Fifth avenue! Isn't there another way?"

"Not with lights to hamper my motions. But if some temporary light were to put the dynamo of commission—disturb to your what would happen?"

"The engines would have to be wed down until oil lamps could be substituted for the binnacle, the compass, and side-lights, also for engine-room."

"And there would be excitement and confusion, eh? Everybody would make for the deck, even the cabin would leave his cabin unattended long enough . . ."

"I get you"—with a sigh. "It's long, all wrong, but—well, I suppose it's got to be done."

Lanyard treated himself to a smile triumph there in the darkness.

CHAPTER XXI

The Trap Is Sprung.

IN their last night, a heavy fog settled down to aid the work of Lanyard and his volunteer assistant, R. Mussey. At 10:30 p.m. every light went out.

Mr. Mussey had not failed to keep his pact of treachery.

Lanyard was out of his chair before the first call of excited reprobation rang out on deck—to be heed in clamor.

And in that time of Stygian gloom violence was done swiftly, surely, and without mercy, with pity, yes, and with regret, Lanyard was sorry for the man at the wheel. But what was to be done could not be done in any other way.

The fellow offered barely a show of opposition. Swung bodily away from the wheel, he went over the rail to the forward deck like a bag of sugar.

Immediately Lanyard turned to the binnacle.

Thrusting a hand into the opening, Lanyard groped for the adjustable magnets in their racks, and one by one removed and dropped them to the grating at the foot of the binnacle.

The compass ought now to be just as constant to the magnetic pole as a humming-bird to one especial rose. Guiding himself by a hand that lightly touched the rail, Lanyard regained his chair, carefully composing himself in the position in which he had been resting when the lights went out.

The next instant, however, he was on his feet again. A beam of light had swept across the saloon skylight, coming from below, the beam of a portable electric torch.

It might have been the signal for the first piercing scream of Liane Delorme. A pistol shot with a vicious accent cut short the scream. After a brief pause several more shots rippled in the saloon.

Then the torch-light found and steadied upon the mouth of the panionway. Against that glare, a burly figure was instantaneously relieved, running up to the deck. As it gained the topmost step a final report sounded in the saloon, and the figure checked, revolved slowly on a heel, tottered, and plunged head-first down the steps again.

A moment later the lights came on, and Lanyard went below.

His bewildered gaze discovered first Liane Delorme. Her fingers were clenching her cheeks, her eyes widely dilated with horror and fright, her mouth was agape, and from it issued, as by some mechanical impulse, shriek upon hollow shriek.

On the opposite side of the saloon Monk lay with purple face and pressed eyes.

"There!" he said—"That's over. Liane. The beast is done for. Now forget him—and realize the debt you owe good Monsieur Phinuit."

With a grin, that gentlemen looked up from his efforts to revive Captain Monk.

"I'm a shy, retiring violet," he stated somewhat superfluously, "but if the world will kindly lend its ears, I'll inform it coyly that was some shooting! Have a look, will you Lanyard, like a good fellow, and make sure our little friend over there isn't playing possum on us."

Lanyard adopted the sensible suggestion of Phinuit. To his complete satisfaction no flutter of life was to be detected in that barrel-like chest. So this was the source of Mr. Mussey's exact understanding of the business.

As to the question of how the Apache had been smuggled aboard, and when, Lanyard never learned the truth.

Lanyard entertained for a moment a vivid imaginary picture of the scene in the saloon when Phinuit had surprised the Apache in the act of strangling Monk.

One saw the garrotter creeping from his hiding place in the cabin of the chief engineer, stationing himself at the door to Monk's quarters, with that deadly handkerchief of his trade, ready for the throat of the Lone Wolf when he should emerge with the spoils of the captain's safe in his hand.

Then one saw Monk, alarmed by the sudden failure of the lights, hurrying out to return to the bridge, the pantherish spring upon the victim's back, the swift, dextrous nosing of the handkerchief about his windpipe, the merciless tightening of it—albeit illuminated by the white glare of Phinuit's electric torch.

Phinuit, stretched out upon a leather couch, in his sitting-room, leveled eyebrows of suspicion at Lanyard.

From the saloon came sounds of shuffling feet and mumbling voices as seamen carried away all that was mortal of Monsieur Popnot.

Between roars of the fog signal, six bells vibrated on the air. Phinuit looked brightly to Lanyard.

"Ar-har!" he murmured—"the fatal hour!"

Lanyard gave him a gracious smile.

In attenuated accents Captain Monk inquired:

"What say, Phin?"

"The dear man promised to turn in his answer to our unsavory little proposition at six bells tonight and not later."

Lanyard slowly inclined his head: "I regret I must beg to be excused."

A look of fury convulsed Liane's face. Phinuit, too, was glaring, no longer a humorist. Monk's mouth was working, and his eyebrows had got out of hand altogether.

"It is my considered judgment that I would be a fool to associate myself with people of a low grade of intelligence, wanting even enough to hold fast that which they have stolen!"

"Come through," Phinuit advised in a dangerous voice. "Just what do you mean?"

"I mean that you, knowing I have but one object, to wit, the recovery of the jewels of Madame de Montalais, have not had sufficient wit to prevent my securing those jewels under your very noses."

"You mean to say you've stolen them?"

Lanyard nodded. "They are at present in my possession—if that confesses an act of theft."

Monk laughed discordantly. "Then I say you're a liar, Monsieur the Lone Wolf, as well as a fool!" His fist smote the desk again. "The Montalais jewels are here."

Liane Delorme said abruptly, in a choking voice: "Open the safe, please, Captain Monk."

Monk swung open the safe-door, seized the metal dispatch-box by the handle, and set it upon the desk with a bang.

Lanyard gave no sign, but his heart sank. He had exhausted his last resource to gain time, he was now at his wit's end. Only his star could save him now.

Intelligence, wanting even enough to hold fast that which they have stolen!"

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JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES.



JACK THEN WENT UP THE TERRACE TO THE OLD MILL. THE FISHING BOAT CONTAINED IT SCANDLED TO THE BOY LIKE SOMEONE TRYING TO CRY. SOME BODY IN TROUBLE HE THOUGHT.

JACK RUSHED UP TO THE DOOR AND POUNDED ON IT. THEN LISTENED. "I CAN'T OPEN IT—I CAN'T OPEN IT," WAILLED A LOW VOICE. "IT SOUNDS LIKE AN OLD LADY," SAID THE BOY.



THEN HE RAN AROUND TO A SIDE WINDOW AND PEELED IN JACK THEN SAW A MOST UNUSUAL SIGHT. "WELL," SAID THE BOY, "I WONDER WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HER."



WHEN JACK LOOKED IN THE WINDOW, HE SAW AN OLD WOMAN, SITTING UNDER A CIRCLE OF THIRTY LIGHTED CANDLES. THEN HE PICKED UP A STONE AND BROKE THE WINDOW PANE. (CONTINUED)

Can Conform Bobbed Hair, Now Taboo, to Latest Modes.



BY MARIAN HALE.

BEHOLD the transformation wrought by the reformation of the flapper!

At the left you recognize the close-up rear view of what has been the most-talked-of issue since the war, the bobbed hair—in its natural state.

Passing on, you see what seems to be a lovely head of hair, done in a sweet womanly way.

It's the same girl and the same hair, with the addition of some more in the way of a switch, designed particularly for the growing-out period.

Picture three shows how elaborate a structure may be erected on a bobbed foundation if one is ring.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, sen., will move to Exeter, and the young people will take over the homestead on their return from their honeymoon.

ROBB-BRUMWELL.

A quiet but pretty wedding was solemnized at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Brumwell near the village of Birr, when their daughter, Mary Maud, was united in marriage to Mr. James Charlton Robb of Ilberton.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Vance of Ilberton under a large white bell and streamers. The bride, who entered the drawing-room on the arm of her father to the strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March, looked charming in a gown of white cotton crepe with pearl and embroidery trimmings, and wearing a corsage bouquet of roses and maiden hair ferns. She also wore the customary bridal veil, caught up with pearls, which had been worn by her two elder sisters. The only other two bridesmaids, and wearing white dresses with a rope of hand-made pearls, the gift of the groom, and a pearl pin, worn by her mother on her wedding day. During the signing of the register Miss Irene Walls sang "Angels Guard Thee."

After showering congratulations and best wishes the guests were ushered to the dining-room, where a dainty wedding breakfast was served. The bride and groom were the recipients of many handsome gifts, including a miscellaneous shower from the Birr Women's Institute, a corsage bouquet left amid showers of rice and confetti for a motor trip to Toronto and Niagara Falls. The bride's going-away gown was a satin-faced canton crepe, trimmed with black and smart panne, velvet hat with silver trimmings. On their return Mr. and Mrs. Robb will reside on the groom's farm in Lobo.

KINGSVILLE

Special to London Advertiser.

KINGSVILLE, Sept. 23.—High school pupils to the number of 123 left here early Friday morning on the steamer Pelee for Pelee Island, where they put in the whole day having a real good old time at the field day. Sports of many varieties, including baseball and football, helped to make it one of the most pleasant outings ever held on the island.

Dr. Robert Dunlop of the Studebaker Hospital at Detroit was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Sech Tinsley here this week.

Everett Wigle is a busy man these days. He has opened up his sorghum mill, and hundreds of loads are being brought from far and near, which is being made into an extra fine quality of molasses.

The fishing tug Alva W., owned by Art Brown, is at the Midland dry docks, where she is being thoroughly overhauled. She will arrive here in a few days, and will be used for gill net fishing until late into this fall.

Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Stephens, who have been at Hamilton, Toronto and Niagara Falls, the guests of friends, for a week, arrived at their home here this week.

The White Laundry Company of Windsor, who have been doing business here for the past year, are about closing up their plant and moving back to Windsor for the winter months.

A large crowd from here attended the Old Boys' Reunion at Ruthven, and thoroughly enjoyed the whole program. The Kingsville Methodist Church Orchestra furnished fine music for the evening concert.

The Ladies' Aid of the Baptist Church met at the home of Mrs. Roy Scratch on Thursday and transacted a lot of business pertaining to the society, which is fast growing in numbers. Arrangements will soon be made for the annual tea meeting.

Chocolate Nut and Fruit Cookies.

BY BERTHA E. SHAPLEIGH.

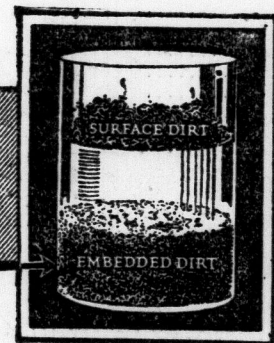
2 eggs
2-3 cup sugar
½ cup grated chocolate
½ cup chopped walnut or pecan meats
1½ teaspoons baking powder

½ cup citron and sultana raisins, chopped
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1 cup sifted flour

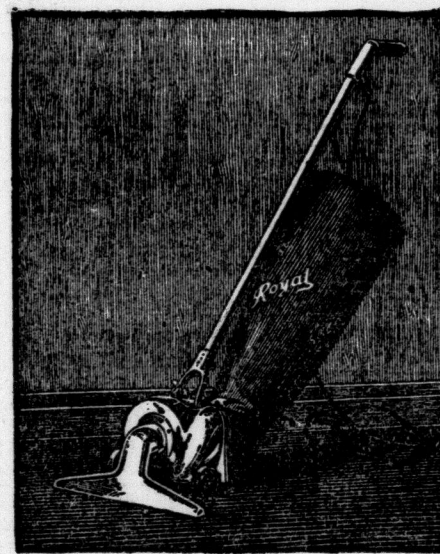
Beat eggs until thick. Add remaining ingredients and mix thoroughly.

Drop by the teaspoonful on a buttered tin; spread slightly. Place half a nut meat on top of each and bake about 10 minutes in a moderately hot oven. This recipe will make from 24 to 30 small cakes.

No rug is really clean until this dirt is removed



Let us show you how the Royal gets the unsanitary embedded dirt



The Royal is easy to use—weighs only 11 pounds. Made to last a lifetime. Practically trouble-proof.

The worst dirt is in your rug—not on it!

The jar-of-water laboratory test shows that a large part of the dirt is embedded in the rug. (It sinks because heavier—the surface litter floats.)

This embedded dirt is full of sharp grit that cuts and ruins your rugs. And it is the unsanitary dirt—the worst kind of dirt.

The jar-of-water test shows how the Royal Electric Cleaner gets this embedded dirt in the only way it can be removed—with a powerful suction scientifically applied.

The Royal gets more than surface litter—it gets ALL the dirt.

Let our Royal Man clean a rug for you in your home—free, and show you how the Royal gets the embedded dirt—the worst dirt.

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Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists. Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacturing of Mannesmann & Co. of Germany. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

Bloomer Dress Best For Sport



SPORTSWOMEN have solved the ideal costume. After much discussion of bloomers pro and con a satisfactory compromise has been reached in the bloomer dress.

It's a plain slip-on dress with round little collar, either short or long sleeves, wide patch pockets and a skirt that sits up to give one plenty of freedom and buttons fast to give one necessary decorum. Bloomers with wide cuffs are made of material to match the dress.

These costumes are shown in all summer materials and are beginning to appear in jersey and homespun as well.