

BY ELTON

CHARM

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The FLAMING JEWEL

by ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

BEGIN HERE TODAY.

For the third time that day, beautiful EVE STRAYER faced death as an innocent victim in the battle for possession of the priceless gem, the Flaming Jewel.

First stolen from the refugees COUNTESS OF ESTHONIA by the great international thief, QUINTANA, and then stolen from Quintana by

MIKE CLINCH, who hoarded it in his disreputable hunting camp in the Adirondacks as the sole means of giving his beloved Eve the "education of a lady," the jewel was now in Eve's possession.

Facing her was Quintana and his gang. A prisoner with her was STATE TROOPER STORMONT, the man she loved.

In the surrounding forest, Clinch and his men were man-hunting, savagely intent on killing Quintana and his gang. Under the window was JAMES DARRAGH, who under the name of

HAL SMITH, had earned Clinch's friendship, but whose secret intent was to restore the gem to the beggarly countess. Smith had just killed

SALZAR, one of Quintana's men, in a fight, and now, dressed in Salzar's clothes, awaited an opportunity to aid Eve and Stormont.

Go On With the Story.

CHAPTER IV.

OUTSIDE in the rag-weed patch, Hal Smith rose, stole across the grass to the kitchen door and slipped inside.

"Now, senorita," said Quintana gaily, "my packet, if you please—and we leave you to the caresses of your faithful gendarme—who should thank God that he still possesses two good hands to fondle you! Alons! Come then! My packet!"

One of the masked men said: "Take her downstairs and lock her up somewhere, or she'll shoot us from her window!"

"Lead out that gendarme, too!" added Quintana, grasping Eve by the arm.

Down the stairs tramped the men, forcing their prisoners with them. In the big kitchen the glare from the burning oil-houses fell dimly, the place was full of shadows.

"Now," said Quintana, "I take my property and my leave. Where is the packet hidden?"

She stood for a moment with drooping head, amid the somber shadows, then, slowly, she drew the emblazoned morocco case from her breast pocket.

What followed occurred in the twinkling of an eye, for as Quintana

extended his arm to grasp the case, a hand snatched it, a masked figure sprang through the doorway, and ran toward the barn.

Sombody recognized the hat and red bandanna. "Salzar!" he yelled. "Nick Salzar!"

"A traitor!" shouted Quintana. Even before he had reached the door, his pistol flashed twice, deafening all in the semi-darkness, choking them with stifling fumes.

A masked man turned on Stormont, forcing him back into the pantry at pistol-point. Another man pushed Eve after him, slammed the pantry door and bolted it.

Through the iron bars of the pantry window Stormont saw a man, wearing a red bandanna tied under his eyes, run up and untie his horse and fling himself astride under a shower of bullets.

As he wheeled the horse and swung him into the clearing toward the foot of Star Pond, his seat and horsemanship were not to be mistaken.

He was gone now, the gallop stretching into a dead run, and

HE WAS GONE, NOW, THE GALLOP STRETCHING INTO A DEAD RUN.

shooting, hallooing in the starlight like a pack of leaping wolves.

But Quintana had not followed far. When he had emptied his automatic he halted.

"Something about the transaction suddenly checked his fury, stilled it, summoned his brain into action. He summoned his brain into action, stirring, every atom of intelligence in terrible concentration.

Presently he put his left hand into his pocket, fitted another clip to his pistol, turned on his heel and walked straight back to the house.

Suddenly she heard Quintana's step in the kitchen. Cautiously she turned the pantry key from inside.

Stormont heard her, and instantly came to her. At the same moment Quintana unbolted the door from the outside and tried to open it.

"Come out!" he said coldly, "or it will not go well with you when my men return."

"You've got what you say is your property," replied Stormont. "What do you want now?"

"I tell you what I want ver' damn quick. Who was he, thees man who rides with my property on your horse away? Eh? Because it was not Nick Salzar! No! Salzar can't ride thees way. No! Alors?"

"I can't tell you who he was," replied Stormont. "That's your affair, not ours."

"No? Ah! Ver' well, then. I shall tell you. Senor Flic! He was one of yours. I understand. It is a trap, a cheat—what you call a plant! Thees man who rode your horse he is disguise! Yes! He also is a gendarme! Yes! You think I let a gendarme rob me! I got you now. I want you now. You shall write your gendarme friend that he return to me my property, one day's time, or I send him by parcel post two nice, fresh-out right hands—your sweethearts and your own!"

Stormont drew Eve's head close to his: "This man is blood mad or out of his mind. I'd better go out and take a chance at him before the others come back."

But the girl shook her head violently, caught him by the arm and drew him toward the mouth of the tile down which Clinch always emptied his hootch when the Dump was raided.

But now, it appeared that the tile which protruded from the cement floor was removable.

In silence she began to unawer it, and he seeing what she was trying to do, helped her.

Together they lifted the heavy tile and laid it on the floor.

"You open thees door!" shouted Quintana in a paroxysm of fury. "I give you one minute! Then, if God, I kill you both!"

Eve lifted a screen of wood

JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES.



JACK then went outside the store and ate his lunch. Shortly he walked to the outskirts of the little town until he came to an oak tree. The treasure is in this vicinity, said Jack to himself. Then he spied a tramp on the roadside watching him.

through which the tile had been set. Under it a black hole yawned. It was a tunnel made of three-foot aqueduct tiles; and it led straight into Star Pond, two hundred feet away.

Now as she straightened up and looked sidlingly at Stormont, they heard the tramp of boots in the kitchen, voices, the bang of gunstocks.

"Does that drain lead into the lake?" whispered Stormont.

She nodded. "Will you follow me, Eve?" She pushed him aside, indicating that he was to follow her.

As she stripped the hunting jacket from her, a hot color swept her face. But she dropped on both knees, crept straight into the tile and slipped out of sight.

As she disappeared, Quintana shouted something in Portuguese, and fired at the lock.

With the smash of splintering wood in his ears, Stormont slid into the smooth tunnel.

In an instant he was shooting down a polished toboggan slide, and in another moment was under the icy water of Star Pond.

Shocked, blinded, fighting his way to the surface, he felt his spurred boots dragging at him like a ton of iron. Then to him came her helping hand.

"I can make it," he gasped. But his clothing and his boots and the icy water began to tell on him in mid-lake.

Swimming without effort beside him, watching his every stroke, presently she sank a little and glided under him and a little ahead, so that his hands fell upon her shoulders.

He let them rest, so, aware now that it was no burden to such a swimmer. Stupor and silent swimming over, the girl slipped lightly through the chilled water, which washed his body to the nostrils and numbed his legs till he could scarcely move them.

And now, of a sudden, his feet touched gravel. He stumbled forward in the shadowy overhanging trees, and saw her wading shoreward, a dripping, silvery shape on the shoal.

Then, as he staggered up to her, breathless, where she was standing on the pebbled shore, he saw her join both hands, cup-shape, and lift them to her lips.

And out of her mouth poured diamond, sapphire, and emerald in a dazzling stream—and, among them, one great, flashing gem blazing in the starlight—the Flaming Jewel.

Like a nalaad of the lake she stood, white, slim, silent, the heaped gems glittering in her snowy hands, her face framed by the curling masses of her wet hair.

Then, slowly she turned her head to Stormont.

"These are what Quintana came for," she said. "Could you put them into your pocket?"

Continued in Our Next Issue.

Western Ontario Women's Activities

Address News For This Column to The Editor of Woman's Page

SEND \$400 BALE TO NORTH.

The ladies of the W. M. S. of Guthrie Presbyterian Church, Melbourne, met at the home of Mrs. Duncan McGugan during the week ending Oct. 21st, and packed nine bales of clothing for the sufferers in Northern Ontario. The sum of \$69.75 was collected in the village and surrounding community. With this money material was bought and warm garments were made. Second-hand clothing was also sent. The total value of the bales was \$400.

The executive of the W. M. S. take this opportunity of thanking all friends in the village and community who contributed to help in any way to send cheer and comfort to the needy.

PROVIDES LAYETTES.

Two layettes were contributed by the members of the Ladies' Guild of the Embro Methodist Church to the box sent by the Women's Institute for the relief of fire sufferers in Northern Ontario. The guild held its October meeting at the home of Mrs. Bell, when much time was devoted to business. Refreshments were served. The next meeting will take the form of a quilting bee on Nov. 11 in the home of Mrs. Albert McBurney.

TEMPO W. M. S.

The W. M. S. of North Street Presbyterian Church, Tempo, met recently in the Sunday School room. After devotional exercises the members spent the afternoon quilting. Mrs. (Rev.) J. D. Barnattine of Bethel, will address the ladies at their thank offering meeting in November.

HARRIETSVILLE W. I.

Harrietsville Institute assisted by the Gladstone and Harrietsville Ladies' Aid shipped a large bale of clothing to the fire sufferers in Northern Ontario on Saturday. The bale was valued at about \$280, most of the goods being new. The Institute wishes to thank the ladies who helped so splendidly in this work.

TOO FAT? DON'T STARVE YOURSELF!

Proper Clothes Will Rid You of Avoirdupois.



THE TYPE OF FROCK HARRY COLLINS SAYS IS UNIVERSALLY BECOMING AND WILL SUBTRACT POUNDS FROM THE STOUT FIGURE.

BY MARIAN HALE.

THERE are two ways to get rid of your superfluous flesh—diet it off or dress it off. Calories or crinolines, take your choice.

If the spirit of the early Christian martyrs is not entirely corrupted within you, you can get surprising results with the first method.

If you can't bear to make others unhappy seeing you exist on spina-when they know your inner longings you may profitably try the latter.

"Figures may not lie, but the right sort of clothes will," says Harry Collins, the fashionable New York costumer, to whose palace on Park avenue come women who want clothes of quiet elegance, or the most extreme dressers of the New York social and theatrical sets.

Realism vs. Idealism. "Men are realists about their clothes," he explained. "They accept themselves as they are. Women are idealists. No woman wants ever to

look as she actually is, but as she would like to be. The successful dress maker appeals to a woman's ideals as well as her husband's wallet.

"At least 85 per cent of the women of this country believe they are overweight. Only about 40 per cent really are."

"So 40 per cent must be made to look lighter than they really are, and the other 45 per cent must be made to look as slim as they would like to be. The remaining 15 per cent must be made to look curved."

As I watched the slim, graceful mannequins that parade about the show rooms like lovely peacocks, it occurred to me they must really be slim—there could be no illusion about them.

All Sorts of Tricks. "They are the size the average woman would like to be," Collins said, reading my thoughts. "When a woman buys a gown her first impression of it is on her ideal self—the tall, slender, floating creature

that dwells in her mind.

"In the old days of the tight-fitted princess frock there was not much chance to do anything for the overweight woman. Today there are all sorts of style devices and tricks that will subtract flesh from any particular part of the body where it seems desirable to eliminate it.

"Drapery, skilfully manipulated, will conceal bad lines or emphasize good ones. Loose panels add height and take away width. Uneven hem-lines and longer skirts will reveal lovely ankles or artfully conceal those that are not beautiful.

"Side panels apparently reduce any hip line, and the present style of blouse makes it possible for nearly any woman to appear a perfect 36."

"Remember this about clothes. You can wrap up a hat in a cardboard box and make a big package out of it, or in tissue paper and make a small one. Smartly-gowned women this season are preferring to look like small packages."

ONE of the season's most interesting collar effects is shown here. It is plainly a compromise between the high and the low, but such a compromise as only an artist could have made. Second in interest are the diagonal bands of black braid, and the embroidered belt, which add to the decorative quality of the frock.

When winter comes, radio regains its popularity. ern section, daylight lasts longer and to the backwoods, while the cool, clear nights make radio reception a pleasure.

Static alone is not responsible for his unpopularity. There are other conditions that make static the out-cast that he is. Among these, and perhaps most significant, is summer with its accompanying sun's heat and long days.

Scientists have estimated that the hot rays of the sun absorb about 70 per cent of the strength of radio waves. During summer, the sun is at maximum strength in the northern section, daylight lasts longer and therefore absorption of the strength of radio is at its highest.

Summer heat greatly influences the amount of electricity, or static, in the air. That produces the atmospheric disturbances that cause so much interference to radio reception.

During cool nights, however, radio fans have been able to enjoy broadcast programs without much static interference. But the nights have been too short.

Autumn and winter mean less of the sun's heat and longer nights, when the atmosphere is cool and clear, and there is so much less chance for static to interfere.

ORNAMENTS. The craze for barbaric ornaments continues. It is the fad to catch up the front drapery of the new frocks with them, or to use them with long fringes of beads or silk.

CHOKERS. Soft choker collars, made of the same material as the bodice, are seen on many of the smart fall costumes.

SALT CODFISH

BY BERTHA E. SHAPLEIGH.

THERE is much fun had at the expense of people living on the ocean side of Maine and Massachusetts because of their liberal use of codfish. Where is there a dish more appetizing than "picked up" fish with a baked potato, done to a turn?

Or those delicious fish balls, or cakes, but with no tomato sauce. There is a great difference between an ordinary tomato sauce and a good tomato catsup when served with salt codfish.

1 cup salt codfish
2 cups potatoes
1 tablespoon butter
1 cup rich milk
Paprika to taste

Soak salt codfish over night and cook till tender. Cook potatoes with jackets on, and let stand over night. Shred codfish, peel potatoes and cut into small cubes. Place butter in saucepan. When melted, add codfish and potatoes.

Pour over milk, dust with paprika, and cook until milk is absorbed. Add more milk if necessary. Cook slowly, stirring with fork occasionally.

ARMY TANKS MOVED BY RADIO.

The problem of moving army tanks into battle by radio has been practically solved. A hidden operator in each tank receives directions by wireless from an officer in another tank and movements are made practically without sight. The officer directing the tank movements is shown above.

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Two Sensational Millinery Specials

for Tomorrow (Saturday) Only

Starting at 9 a.m.

Another record Millinery Special to add to the long list of bargains this millinery store has offered each Saturday since the new season opened.

600 NEW TRIMMED HATS, TAILORED HATS and GENUINE VELOUR HATS. On sale Saturday, only

\$3.95

Hats that will appeal to the young girl or the matron, amazing variety, Dress Hats, Tailored Hats, Trimmed Hats, Feather Hats and \$3.95 Genuine Velour Hats, on sale tomorrow for

Polo Cloth and Felt Hats, \$1.45

in a variety of styles one can twist and tilt to their own becoming style; in all different shades. On sale tomorrow, Saturday, \$1.45

ROYAL MILLINERY AND FUR

246 DUNDAS STREET

SULPHUR CLEARS A PIMPLY SKIN

Apply Sulphur as Told When Your Skin Breaks Out.

Any breaking out of the skin on face, neck, arms or body is overcome quickest by applying Menthosulphur. The pimples seem to dry right up and go away, declares a noted skin specialist.

Nothing has ever been found to take the place of sulphur as a pimple remover. It is harmless and inexpensive. Just ask any druggist for a small jar of Menthosulphur and use it like cold cream—Adv.

tired feet

Feet that are tired and sore from long hours of standing soon become rested and refreshed by gently rubbing them with Absorbine, Jr.

A hot foot-bath containing a few drops of Absorbine, Jr. will have a delightfully soothing effect on weary feet at the close of a strenuous day.

W. F. YOUNG, Inc. 344 St. Paul St., Montreal

Absorbine Jr.

Robert's

Cod Liver Oil & Tar

Is a scientific remedy in which the most potent curative properties of Cod Liver Oil and Tar are combined. The anesthetic effect of the oil having been removed, the extractive principles remain to build up wasted strength and remove the irritation set up by Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and other affections of the respiratory organs. Try it, for it does stop coughs

Battle Between Coats and Capes Ends In a Truce

THE case of capes vs. coats has been settled satisfactorily for both factions. Capes win! Coats win! Other



seasons' fashion has refused to be divided. It must be one or the other. This season both are to be worn. The coat pictured blouses at the waist and droops from the shoulder wappily—but that is due to the very new sleeve.

Collars this winter are high, more for smartness than for warmth, yet fashion is to be thanked for combining the two.

For those who like the comfortable, voluminous folds of a cape there is the style illustrated. Panel-like trimmings are the real reason for its very popular and fashionable existence.

LEATHER HATS. Leather sports hats are quite the vogue. Usually these come in bright shades of green, rose or blue, as well as tans. They are self-trimmed.

