

Fiction And
Story

JOURNAL'S MAGAZINE PAGE

Timely And
InterestingThe FLAMING
JEWEL

by ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

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(Continued from our last issue.)

CHAPTER III

Stormont followed, entered Clinch's quarters, and presently came down stairs again, carrying Clinch's snowshoes and a basket pack.

He seated himself near Darragh. After a silence, "Your wife is beautiful Jim. . . Her character seems to be even more beautiful. . . She's like God's own messenger to Eve. And—you're rather wonderful yourself."

"Nonsense," said Darragh. "I've given my wife her first American friend and I've done a shrewd stroke of business in nabbing the best business associate I ever heard of."

"You're crazy but kind. . . I hope I'll be some good. . . One thing; I'll never get over what you've done for Eve in this crisis."

"There'll be no crisis, Jack. Marry, and hook up with me in business. That solves everything. . . Lord!—what a life Eve has had! But you'll make it all up to her. . . All this loneliness and shame and misery of Clinch's dump."

Stormont touched his arm in caution. Eve and Ricca came down the stairs—the former now in gray wool snowshoe dress, and carrying her snowshoes, black gown, and toilet articles.

Stormont began to stow away her effects in the basket pack; Darragh went over to her and took her hand.

"I'm so glad we are to be friends," he said. "It hurt a lot to know you held me in contempt. . . But I had to go about it that way."

Eve nodded. Then, suddenly recollecting, "Oh," she exclaimed, reddening. "I forgot the jewel case! It's under my pillow."

She turned and sped upstairs and reappeared almost instantly, carrying the jewel case.

Breathless, flushed, thankful and happy in the excitement of restitution, she placed the leather case in Ricca's hands.

"My jewels!" cried the girl, astounded. Then, with a little cry of delight, she placed the case upon the table, stripped open the embossed cover, and emptied the two trays. All over the table rolled the jewels, flashing, scintillating, ablaze with blinding light.

And at the same instant the outer door crashed open and Quintana covered them with Darragh's rifle.

"Now, by Christ!" he shouted, "who stirs a finger shall go to God in one jump! You, my gendarme friend—you, my friend Smith—turn your damn backs—han's up high!—that's the way!—now, ladies—back away there—back or I kill—sure, by Jesus, I kill you like I would some white little mice!"

With incredible quickness he stepped forward and swept the jewels into one hand—filled the pocket of his trousers, caught up every stray stone and pocketed them.

"You gendarme," he cried in a menacing voice, "you think you shall follow in my track. Yes? I blow your damn head off if you don't before the hour. . . After that—well, follow and be damn!"

Even as he spoke he stepped outside and slammed the door; and Darragh and Stormont leaped for it. Then the four detonation of Quintana's rifle was echoed by the splintering rip of bullets tearing through the closed door; and both men halted in the face of the leaden hall.

Eve ran to the pantry window and saw Quintana in somebody's stolen lumber-sledge, lash a big pair of horses to a gallop and go floundering past into the Ghost Lake road.

As he sped by in a whirl of snow he fired five times at the house, then, rising and swinging his whip, he flogged the frantic horses into the woods.

In the dining-room, Stormont, red with rage and shame, and having

found his rifle in the corridor outside Eve's bedroom, was trying to open the shutters for a shot; and Darragh, empty-handed, searched the house frantically for a weapon.

Eve, terribly excited, came from the pantry:

"He's gone!" she cried furiously. "He's in somebody's lumber-sledge with a pair of horses and he's driving west like the devil!"

Stormont ran to the tap-room telephone, cranked it, and warned the constabulary at Five Lakes.

"Good God!" he exclaimed, turning to Darragh, scarlet with mortification, "what a ghastly business! I never dreamed he was within miles of Clinch's! It's the most shameful thing that ever happened to me."

"What could anybody do under that rifle?" said Eve hotly. "That beast would have murdered the first person who stirred!"

Darragh, exasperated and dreadfully humiliated, looked miserably at his brand-new wife.

Eve and Stormont also looked at her. She had come forward from the rear of the stairway where Quintana had brutally driven her. Now she stood with one hand on the empty leather jewel case, looking at everybody out of pretty, bewildered eyes.

To Darragh, in a perplexed, unsteady voice: "Is it the same bandit who robbed us before?"

"Yes; Quintana," he said wretchedly. Ricca began to redder his features. "Ricca," he said, "I promised I'd find your jewels. . . I promise you again that I'll never drop this business until your gems and the Flaming Jewel—are in your possession."

"But, Jim—"

"I swear it!" he exclaimed violently. "I'm not such a stupid fool as I seem."

"Dear!" she protested excitedly. "you have done what you promised."

AND THERE LAY THE ESTHONIAN JEWELS.

My gems are in my possession—I believe—

She caught up the embossed case, stripped open the first tray, then the second, and flung them aside. Then, searching with the delicate tip of her forefinger in the empty case, she suddenly pressed the bottom hard—thumb, middle finger and little finger forming the three apexes of an equilateral triangle.

There came a clear, tiny sound like the ringing of the alarm in a repeating watch. Very gently the false bottom of the case detached itself and came away in the palm of her hand.

(And there, each embedded in its own shaped compartment of chamois, lay the Esthonian jewels—the true ones—deep hidden, always doubly guarded by two sets of perfect imitations lining the two visible trays above.)

And, in the center, blazed the E-

Man To Mold Woman's Form

Symmetry Out of Sloppiness Motto of Male Corsetiere

By Margaret Rohe

There is a man in our town, And he is wondrous wise At working over figures Of every sort and size. He's no arithmetician, Nor yet a bank cashier, Yet how that man knows figures—For he's a corsetier.

New York, Nov. 8.—We have long since ceased to lift a surprised eyebrow over the boy of men dressmakers and men milliners popping up all about, but a man corsetier certainly does "stay" one for a bit—what?

By a term man corsetier you may gather that the stays themselves are designed to embrace the portly persons of overweight stage stars, movie heroes and professional lady killers whose tumblers have gotten a bit beyond restraint, but you are wrong. It's the corsetier himself who is a male of the species and the scientifically evolved bits of whalebone and pink brocade which he designs are all for the ladies and for all ladies.

Tis All The Same

Be they wobbly of hips and slobby of contour or scrappy and skinny as a well-plucked snipe it's all the same to Isidor Baer.

"Making over the human form from slobbiness to symmetry is certainly his meat—"baermet," as it were.

For 35 years Isidor Baer has been

site gem—the magnificent Flaming Jewel, a glory of living, blinding fire.

"Nobody stirred or spoke. Darragh blinked at the crystalline blaze as though stunned.

Then the young girl, who had once been Her Serene Highness Theodora, Grand Duchess of Esthonia, looked up at her brand-new husband and laughed.

"Did you really suppose it was these that brought me across the ocean? Did you suppose it was a passion for the girl that filled my heart? Did you think it was for these that I followed you?"

"You understand. Tell him that if he had been in rags I would have followed him like a gypsy. . . They say there is gypsy blood in us. . . God knows. . . I think perhaps there is a little of it in all real women."

Still laughing she placed her hand lightly upon her heart—"In all women—perhaps—a Flaming Jewel imbedded here."

Her eyes, tender and mocking, met his; she lifted the jewel case, closed it, and placed it in his hands.

"Now," she said, "you have everything in your possession; and we are safe—we are quite safe, now, my jewels and I."

Then she went to Eve and rested both hands on her shoulders.

"Shall we put on our snowshoes and go—home?"

Stormont flung open the bullet splintered door. Outside in the snow he dropped on both knees to buckle on Eve's snowshoes.

Darragh was performing a like office for his wife, and the State Trooper, being unobserved, took Eve's slim hands and kissed them, looking up at her where he was kneeling.

Her pale face blushed as it had that day in the woods on Owl Marsh, so long, so long ago, when this man's lips first touched her hands.

As their eyes met both remembered. Then she smiled at her lover with the shy girl's soul of her gaze, as the wild blind eyes as blue as the wild blind eyes that grow among the ferns and mosses of Star Pond.

Far away in the northwestern forests Quintana still lashed his horses through the primeval pines.

"Triumphant, reckless, resourceful, dangerous, he felt that now nothing could stop him, nothing bar his way to freedom.

Out of the wilderness lay his road and his destiny; out of it he must win his way, by strategy, by cunning, by violence—creep out, lie his way out, shoot his way out—it scarcely mattered.

He was going out. He was going back to life once more. Who would forbid him? Who stop him? Who deny him, now, when, in his pockets, he held all that was worth living for—the keys to power, to pleasure—the key to everything on earth!

In fierce exultation he slapped the glass jewels in his pocket and laughed aloud.

"The keys to the world," he cried. "Let him stop me and take them who is a better man than I!" Then his long whip whistled and he cursed his horses.

Then, of a sudden, close by in the snowy road ahead, he saw a State Trooper on snowshoes—saw the upflung arm warning him—screamed curses at his horses, flogged them forward to crush this thing to death that dared menace him—this object that suddenly rose out of nowhere to snatch from him the keys of the world.

For a moment the State Trooper looked after the runaway horses. There was no use following; they'd have to run till they dropped.

Then he lowered the leveled rifle from his shoulder, looked grimly at the limp thing which had tumbled from the sledge into the snowy road and which sprawled there crimsoning the spotless flakes that fell upon it.

THE END.

DR. MARTEL'S PILLS FOR WOMEN'S AILMENTS

25 years standard for Delayed and Painful Menstruation, Headache, Backache, Dizziness, Nervousness, Sealed Tin Box only, all druggists or direct by mail. Price \$2.00. Kalkreuth Remedy Co., 71 E. Front St., Toronto. Do not accept substitutes.



struggling with the problem of how to fit a three-quarter figure to a one-piece corset. He has stayed with the problem so persistently and stayed so many holocaust figures consistently that now nothing that comes to him in the figure line or curve is impossible—on the contrary it is always "Baerly possible."

WOMAN BANKER PROVES HER SEX
CAN MANAGE BOTH AT SAME TIME

MRS. LULA H. CUSENBARY.

By Marian Hale

Home before business, but business before pleasure, is the policy that has enabled Mrs. Lula H. Cusenbary to combine successfully a home and business career.

Now she is vice president of the Bank of Hydro, Okla., a job coveted by many a man and looked upon with envy by many of her own sex.

But this does not prevent her managing all the details of her home and keeping an accurate eye on all expenditures. Nor has she ever lost her knack with pies or forgotten any of the culinary technique she perfected before she undertook business.

"A woman should devote just as much time to her home as it takes to run it efficiently," she told me, "but if she uses labor-saving devices and keeps her head save her feet she should have time left to devote to a business or professional career if she wants one."

They Mix Well

"Business makes a woman appreciate her home. The contrast between an office and a home puts the home in a very favorable light."

"A knowledge of housekeeping and the ability to make a home makes a woman more valuable and resourceful in business than the mere mastery of shorthand and what the commercial world."

Oklahoma ranks first in the production of oil, with California second, and Texas third.

Radium worth \$20,000,000 but weighing only six ounces, has been produced in the last 26 years.



HELPED HUSBAND IN BANK.

APPOINTED VICE PRESIDENT

DOESN'T LET BUSINESS INTERFERE WITH HOUSEHOLD DUTIES

Trains Her Daughter

"I was training my flapper daughter, Olive, to be a business woman as well as a home-maker. I consider one just as important as another."

Mrs. Cusenbary believes that the next generation of women will be financially independent and that they will keep at their jobs after marriage just as men do.

"You would be amazed to know the progress women have made in the last 10 years," she says. "All the business women have their accounts, and the women from the rural districts now bring in their butter and eggs money and deposit it in their own personal accounts."

"Women are bringing to business their intuition and their particular feminine abilities, and they are completely changing business methods."

When Sick, Bilious, Headachy, Constipated, for Sour Stomach, Gases, Bad Breath, Colds

Clean your bowels—then feel fine! When you feel sick, dizzy, upset, bilious, when your head is dull or aching, or your stomach is sour or gassy, just take one or two Cascarets. As soon as the bowels begin acting

and bowel poison and bowel gases are cleared away, you will feel like a new person. Cascarets never sicken or cramp you. Also splendid for constipated children. 10 cents a box, also 25 and 50 cent sizes. Any drugstore.

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BADEN-POWELL
COMING IN 1923

Secretary Timberley Makes Announcement at Boy Scouts' Council—Officers Elected.

A comprehensive report was given by V. C. Timberley, secretary of the District Council of the Boy Scouts' Association, which met in annual session Thursday evening in Natural History rooms, with Rowland Frith presiding. In the annual review of the work of the year Mr. Timberley told that there were two million boys now enrolled in the Boy Scout movement. He also told of the consent of the Mayor having been granted for a Tag Day to be held on the ninth of December, to raise funds to carry on the local work.

James McMurray gave the financial report, which showed the imperative need of the Tag Day and Roland Frith and T. E. Simpson, both reported on the work of the lecture and civic service committees respectively.

The officers elected for the ensuing year were: Patron, Senator W. H. Thorne; president, A. C. Skelton; first vice-president, T. E. Simpson; second vice-president, F. I. McCafferty; third vice-president, Rev. G. D. Hudson; honorary treasurer, E. H. Turnbull.

The additional members of the committee were: Leadership trainer, Lt.-Col. W. H. Harrison; lecturer, Rowland Frith; civic service, G. G. Hare; educational and publicity, T. F. Drumme; camping, Dr. Wm. McIntosh; badge examiner, Major R. D. Magee.

Chairmen of Troop and pack committees were added to the Council executive as follows: Rev. H. A. Cody, G. L. Landry, Peter Clinch, Rev. Wm. Duke, Grover Martin, John H. Kimble, E. C. Waring. A recommendation from this executive was approved by the council at Ottawa was approved of by the meeting and requested to be sent for.

IF YOU HAVE NEURALGIA, RUB ON "NERVILINE"

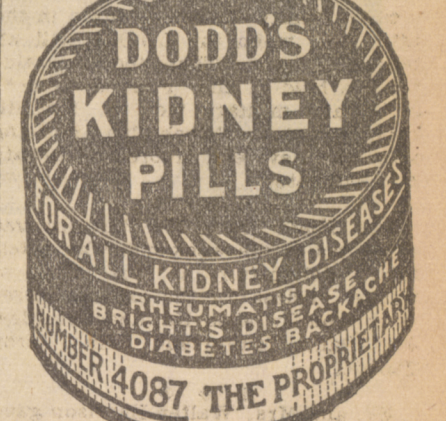
Apply Nerviline to the sore spot. Notice the warm glow that spreads deeper and wider as Nerviline's soothing influence is carried deep into the sore tissue. How quickly the pain is eased. In a little while you have forgotten it, the soreness has actually gone. For Neuralgia, Sciatica, Rheumatism, Nerviline is a boon. Large 35c. bottles. Sold everywhere.

WILL SELL THE
PLUMMER ASSETS

A meeting of the creditors in the estate of A. Gordon Plummer, Union Street jeweler, who made an assignment on October 27, held in the offices of the Canadian Credit Men's Trust Association, Limited, the authorized trustee Thursday afternoon at three o'clock. The meeting resulted in the trustee being authorized to sell the assets of the assignor at public auction or by tender.

ward, to the effect that it is desirable that all patrols be named, in future after animals and birds native to Canada, and the locality in which the patrols are formed.

Mrs. G. Wilfred Campbell will have the conveyance of the arrangements for the Tag Day next month.



Photographs For Christmas

LUGRIN STUDIO

38 Charlotte St.

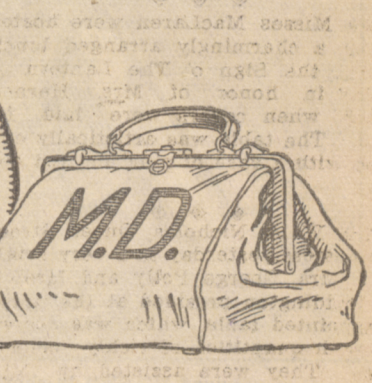
Free

If you bring this advt. ONE LARGE PHOTO Value \$5.00

with every dozen Cabinets ordered.

ASPIRIN

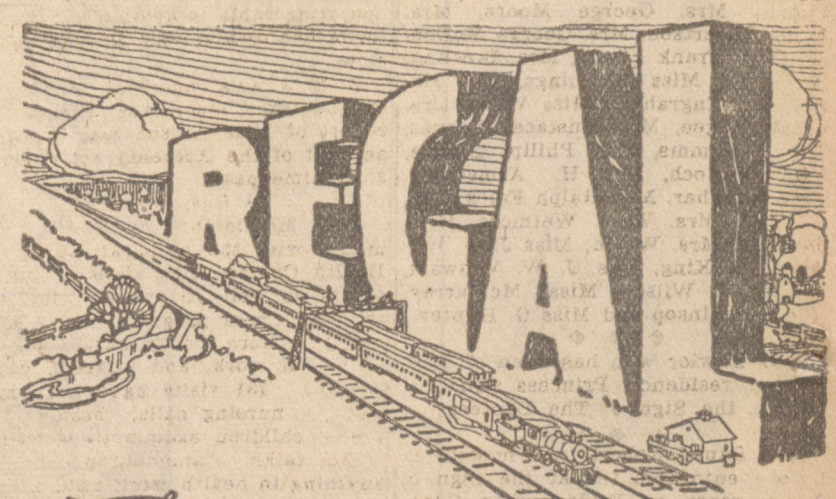
UNLESS you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting Aspirin at all



Accept only an "unbroken package" of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin," which contains directions and dose worked out by physicians during 22 years and proved safe by millions for

Colds Headache Rheumatism
Toothache Neuralgia Neuritis
Earache Lumbago Pain, Pain

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists. Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Mono-acetic acid ester of Salicylic acid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to guard this public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."



In Town and Country

In city, town and village happy families are today enjoying good food made with REGAL Flour. Thrifty housewives use it for all their baking. All are agreed that

It's Wonderful for Bread

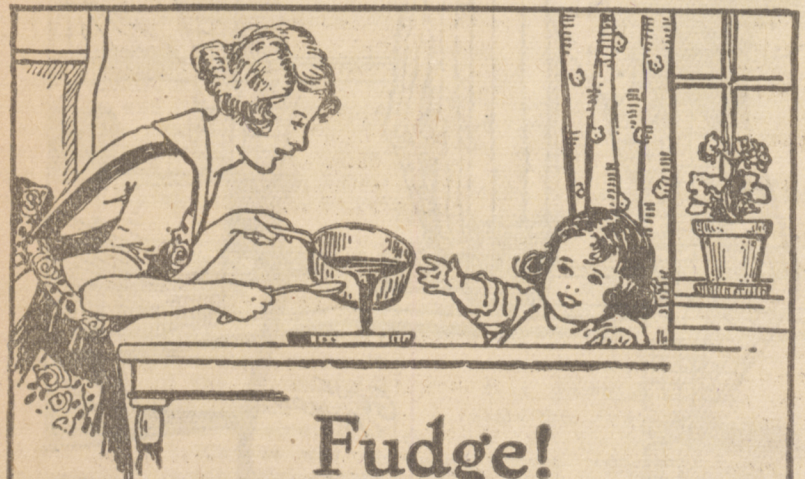


It's Wonderful for Bread

It's Wonderful for Bread

It's Wonderful for Bread

It's Wonderful for Bread



Fudge!

The first choice of eight generations

Baker's Chocolate

(PREMIUM No. 1)

For making cakes, pies, puddings, frosting, ice cream, sauces, fudges, hot and cold drinks.

For more than one hundred and forty years this chocolate has been the standard for purity, delicacy of flavor and uniform quality.

It is thoroughly reliable.

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