

Fiction And
Story

JOURNAL'S MAGAZINE PAGE

Timely And
Interesting

The FLAMING JEWEL

by ROBERT W CHAMBERS

(Continued from our last issue.)

CHAPTER III

She was trembling violently. Then, mastering her emotion, she walked over to the back, placed Quintana's rifle and buckskin in it, coolly holstered it to her shoulders and buckled it there.

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

She placed the muzzle of her rifle against his stomach, rested it on his hand, and with one hand, and her finger triggered.

For brief order he turned out the pocket. She herself drew the Spanish clasp from the holster, another out of the pocket.

Then, she dropped these into her pocket.

She said slowly, "Your gun, I'll send somebody to take to you. But I want a broken bone or two from you."

He said, "You'll be able to free me, but you can't get away."

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"THEY ARE CARRYING HIM OUT."

It was when her eyes fell upon the watch that her heart seemed to stop. Suddenly her stunned senses were lighted as by an internal fire.

Under the awful blow she swayed up to her feet, sick with fright, her eyes fixed on her father's watch.

It was still ticking.

She did not know whether she cried out in anguish or was dumb under it. The house seemed to reel around her; under foot too.

When she came to her senses she found herself outside the house, running with her rifle already entering the woods. But, inside the barrier of trees, something blocked her way, stopped her—a man—her man!

"Eve! In God's name!" he said as she struggled in his arms; but she fought him and strove to tear her body from his embrace.

"They've killed Dad!" she panted—"Quintana killed him. I didn't know—oh, I didn't know!—and I let Quintana go! Oh, Jack, Jack, he's at the Place of Pines! I'm going there to shoot him! Let me go!—he's killed Dad. I tell you! He had Dad's watch—oh, the case of jewels—they were in his pack on the kitchen table—"

"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.

"We 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 shining 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.)

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Relieved Her of Headaches

Headache seems to be habitual with many people, and some, if any, are seldom free from it, suffering continually, and wondering why they can get no relief.

MANY CANADIANS SEEN IN LONDON

Several Recent Weddings Have Special Interest for People in Canada.

The wedding notices have contained several items of interest to Canadians lately. First, there was the wedding of Lady Byng, who defied custom by wearing a green wedding frock and sitting a new fashion for widows with the five small bridesmaids dressed in Joshua Reynolds frocks. Among the guests at the wedding were the Ladies Mary and Elizabeth Byng, the Countess of Strafford, Lady Joan Mulholland and many other people who are well known in Canada.

Last Saturday the wedding of Miss Madeleine Allhouse to Lieut. G. Conroy, R.N., son of Lieut. Gen. Sir Walter Congreave, V.C., at St. James Church, Piccadilly, interested many Canadians who during the war had experienced the kindly hospitality of the bride's grandmother, Lady St. Helier, at whose house the reception after the ceremony was held. Princess Christian, who was Miss Allhouse's godmother, was present, accompanied by Princess Helena Victoria. One tiny boy who was presented to her was heard lamenting audibly that though the princess she wore no crown. The bride wore a long-sleeved gown of silver brocade and her bridesmaids had early Victorian dresses of shot, mauve or frilled lace, with quaint little bodices with net fichus. Little Miss Sarah Churchill, Mr. Winston Churchill's eldest girl, was one of them and looked very attractive with her clear amber eyes and auburn hair.

The next wedding of Canadian interest will be that of Miss Diana Leader who will marry Captain the Hon. Donald Howard, late 3rd K. O. Hussars, eldest son of Lady Strathcona, at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, on Oct. 24th. Among the six grown-up bridesmaids who will follow the two children and a small page will be the lovely Lady Mary Thynne, who was one of Princess Mary's bridesmaids last spring.

Mr. Cecil Spriggs, grandson of the late Sir Charles Moss, Chief Justice of the Court of Appeal of Ontario, is to be married at St. Mary Abbot's Church, Kensington, to Miss Catriona Gordon Browne. Mr. Spriggs is the only son of Sir Squire Spriggs, the well-known editor of the *Lancet*.

Miss Eileen Larkin, entertained at lunch today in honor of Madame Lapointe and Miss Fielding, who are leaving this week to spend ten days in Paris, after which they hope to return to London.

KOMANSKI GOT ALL COMING TO HIM

New York, Nov. 7.—"Women in politics make me sick," ruminated Eugene Komanski, dry goods merchant, as he surveyed the line of feminine voters in front of a polling place on Upper Broadway.

The next thing Komanski knew he was in a west side court, his face bruised and scratched, his clothes torn and collar missing, answering a charge of disorderly conduct, preferred by one of the women. The magistrate said Komanski had been sufficiently punished already and dismissed the charge.

When I saw her at the Ritz she was

recalling on a chaise longue, with the knowing grace of a woman who recedes because it is becoming, not because she is weary, attired in a negligee of blue and silver brocade and pink satin slippers outlined with pink swansdown.

About her throat were yards of pearls and on one hand she wore a ring with an emerald the size of a plum, on the other a pearl of similar outline. The only diamonds she wore were set in her pearl earrings.

Judged by our standards, she is not beautiful, but she has the vivacity, charm, assurance and the ready wit that characterize the women of her country.

"American women are beautiful, stylish and distinguished," she said. "They are so well groomed as well as well groomed. New York is wonderful. The most vivid sensation of beauty I ever experienced was when we came up the bay."

Mademoiselle Sorel is the first visitor from France who has not complained about our prohibition. "Why should you drink wine?" she asked. "There is champagne in your air."

"Do not worry about styles," she assured me in parting, "I originated a number of things before I left, and when I return, I promise you the most startling inspirations of my career."

MARY MacSWINEY REFUSED REQUEST TO SEE PHYSICIAN

Meeting of Protest Held in Dublin on Treatment of Woman Prisoner.

Dublin, Nov. 7.—The other woman arrested on the same day as Miss

Mary MacSwiney, joined today in her hunger strike at Mount Joy prison. Miss MacSwiney was brought back weak after her exercise today and requested that she might be permitted to see Dr. Kathleen Lynn, but the application was refused.

A meeting of protest, was held here tonight and Mrs. Maud Conne MacBride called upon the audience to denounce the "crowning infamy of the attempt to murder the sister of Terence MacSwiney."

Mrs. Despard suggested that women volunteers should picket night and day, the residence of those responsible for the arrest of Miss MacSwiney, until she was released.

WOMAN ORIGINATOR OF STYLES ARRIVES



MADemoiselle CECILE SOREL

By Marian Hale

Don't expect any radical new styles to issue from Paris for the next two months—there aren't going to be any.

Because Mademoiselle Cecile Sorel, star of the Comedie Francaise, and darling of French theatergoers, who has set the styles not only in clothes, but in people and art as well for the past 20 years, will not be there to start them. She is making a two months' tour of the United States and Canada, and France must hold up its sartorial activities until she returns.

"I have launched every new style for the past 20 years," she told me. "I give to Paris, and Paris gives to the world. I am responsible for the long skirts you are struggling with today, and for the short ones you have just discarded. In Paris, the dancing craze is over and there is no reason for short skirts now."

Asked to venture some information about what is in the future for us, she refused.

"Styles are like fascinating women," she replied, "their charm lies in their unexpectedness. Clothes are never so intriguing as when they are ill-cast—when they make you like them and want them, even though you disapprove of them."

"When I left Paris the finest artists, designers, jewelers and manufacturers submitted to me their choicest materials to select from. All France took it upon herself to see that the 34 costumes I brought to this country should represent the very pinnacle of French artistry in dress."

"French people have great respect for the taste of Americans. They know they want only the very best. And France does not want America to become independent in the matter of fashion."

"The most startling thing I brought with me is a hat of diamond and pearls, worth \$100,000."

The gowns and hat were shipped immediately to Canada, in the care of two detectives, and New York gets no glimpse of them until she returns here for her month's engagement.

When I saw her at the Ritz she was

RED ROSE TEA is one of the first package Teas sold in the Maritime Provinces—for 28 years it has been the foremost.

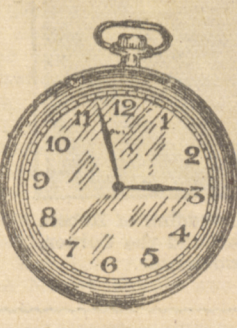


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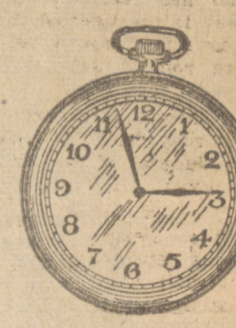
TEA

"is good tea"

RED ROSE COFFEE is as generously good as RED ROSE TEA.



FREE



GIRLS AND BOYS

We told you on Monday that we would help you to get your Xmas presents FREE this year. You can get

A Watch, A Sled or A Fountain Pen

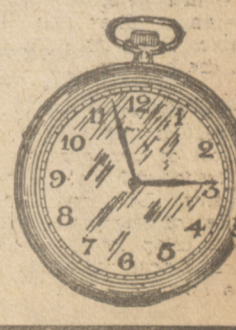
This will give you some idea just what kind of a Watch you can get—a full size watch just like Dad's.

Other interesting particulars will be announced shortly.

Keep on the watch for announcements in the

THE DAILY JOURNAL

SOON

Lot Holders Are Shareholders

One of the big reasons why individuals and families should take advantage of the opportunity to purchase in Cedar Hill extension is that they immediately become shareholders and assistants in beautifying the new cemetery. Lots are not sold for profit. They are sold to provide a revenue with which to "carry on." Trees must be planted, flower beds and walks must be laid out and purchasers all have their share in carrying on this work.

The vault in the present cemetery is sufficiently large to handle everything that may come its way during the winter months. Lot holders in the new extension need not be put to any inconvenience.

Therefore, we unhesitatingly advise you to purchase at once. 100 lots will be sold for \$25.00 each, and you may have your choice of any location in the entire cemetery. As soon as the first 100 are sold the price will be advanced to that set by the directors of \$40.00 and \$75.00, according to location.

Get in touch with either of the undersigned at once. You will be given every assistance to make your choice.

W. H. ALLINGHAM, President, 340 Duke St.
W. G. GLAY, Treasurer, 397 Main St.
HARRY LILLEY, Cemetery Mgr., at the Cemetery