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BEGIN HERE TO-DAY.

The reformed cracksman, Michael Lanyard, knowns to the police as the Lone Wolf, is attempting to recover the stolen jewels of Eve de Montalais, the woman he loves. Lanyard, who met Eve in southern France, where he rescued her from robbery at the hands of the brutal Parisian Apache, Dupont, suspects a motoring party consisting of the American, Whitaker Monk; his secretary, Phinuit; the latter's brother, Jules, and the Count and Countess de Lorgnes. De Lorgnes is murdered by Dupont. Lanyard, searching Paris, finds the countess. He learns her real name is Liane Delorme and believes she has the jewels. He enters her house to discover the jewels and finds her being throttled to death by Dupont, whom he routs after a terrific fight in which he is slightly hurt. Liane insists he stay for the night.

CO ON WITH THE STORY.

A glimpse of startled faces was all they had. Jules touched the headlight switch and opened the exhaust. Above the roaring of the latter Lanyard fancied he could hear a faint rattling sound. He looked back and smiled grimly. Sharp, short flames of orange and scarlet were stabbing the darkness. Somebody had opened fire with an automatic pistol . . . . Sheer waste of ammunition!

The pace waxed terrific on a road, like so-many roads of France, apparently interminable and straight. And yet, long before the road turned, Lanyard, staring astern as he knelt on the rear seat with arms crossed on the folded top, saw the two white eyes of the gray car swing into view and start in pursuit. Quick work, he called it.

He crawled forward and communicated his news.

"Don't ease up unless you have to," he counseled; "don't think we dare give them an inch."

Back at his post of observation, he watched, hoping against hope, while the car lunged and tore like a mad thing through the night, snorting up grades, screaming down them, drumming across the levels, clattering wildly through villages and hamlets. His heart sank as minute succeeded minute, mile followed mile, and ever the lights of the pursuing car, lost to sight from time to time, reappeared with a brighter, fiercer glow, and conviction forced itself home that they were being gradually but surely overhauled.

He took this intelligence to the ear of Jules. The chauffeur answered only with a worried shake of his head that said too plainly he was doing his best extracting every ounce of power from the engine.

Less than three hundred yards separated pursued and pursuer as they raced out through open fields once more. And foot by foot this lead was being inexorably cut down.

In the seat beside the driver of the gray car a man rose and, steadying himself by holding onto the windshield, poured out the contents of an automatic, presumably hoping to puncture the tires of the quarry. A bullet bored a neat hole through the windshield between the heads of Liane Delorme and Jules. The woman slipped down upon the floor and Jules crouched over the wheel. Lanyard fingered his automatic but held its fire.

Instead, he turned to the lunch hamper and opened it. In the bottom of the basket lay six pint bottles of champagne, four of them unopened. Lanyard took them to the rear seat—and found the gray car had drawn up to within fifty yards of its prey. Making a pace better than seventy miles per hour, it would not dare swerve.

The first empty bottle broke to one side, the second squarely between the front wheels. He grasped the first full bottle by the neck and felt that its weight promised more accuracy, but ducked before attempting to throw it as a volley of shots sought to discourage him. At the first lull he rose and cast the bottle with the overhand action employed in grenade throwing. It crashed fairly beneath the nearer forward wheel of the gray car, but without effect. The lead had been abridged to thirty yards; in two minutes more it would be nothing.

The fourth bottle went wild, but the fifth exploded six inches in front of the offside wheel and its jagged fragments ripped out the heart of the tire. On the instant of the accompanying blow-out the gray car shied like a frightened horse and swerved off the road, hurtling headlong into a clump of trees. The subsequent crash was like the detonation of a great bomb. Deep shadows masked that tragedy beneath the trees. Lanyard saw the beam of the headlights lift and drill perpendicularly into the zenith before it was blacked out.

Jules opened the exhaust.

He turned and yelled in the ear of Jules: "Slow down! Take your time! They've quit!"

Liane Delorme rose from her cramped position on the floor.

"What has become of them?"

Lanyard offered a vague gesture. ". . . . tried to climb a tree," he replied wearily, and dropping back on the rear seat began to worry the cork out of the last pint bottle of champagne.

He reckoned he had earned a drink if anybody ever had.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BUCCANEERING A LA MODE.

Ten minutes after their arrival in Cherbourg, Liane, Lanyard and Jules had darted up a gangplank to the main deck of a small steam vessel, excessively neat and smart.

Lanyard stopped short with his hand on the mahogany handrail.

"I say, Liane! haven't we stumbled into the wrong pew? This is a private yacht."

"It is the little ship of a dear friend, monsieur, who generously permits . . . But patience!very soon you shall know."

A door had opened in the after partition, two men had entered. Above a lank, well-poised body clothed in the white tunic and trousers of a ship's officer, he recognized the tragicomic mask of the soi-disant Mr. Whitaker Monk. At his shoulder shone the bland, intelligent countenance of Mr. Phinuit.

From this last Lanyard received a good-natured nod, while Monk proceeded directly to Liane Delorme and bowed low over the hand which she languidly lifted to be saluted.

"My dear friend!" he said in his sonorous voice. "In another hour I should have begun to grow anxious about you."

"You would have had good reason, monsieur. It is not two hours since one has escaped death—and that for the second time in a single day—by the slenderest margin, and thanks solely to this gentleman here."

Monk consented to see Lanyard and immediately offered him a profound salute, which was puntitliously returned. His eyebrows mounted to the roots of his hair.

"Ah! that good Monsieur Duchemin."

"But no!" Liane laughed. It is true, the resemblance is striking; if Paul would consent to grow a beard, it would be extraordinary. But—permit me, Captain Monk, to present my brother, Paul Delorme."

"Your brother, mademoiselle?" The educated eyebrows expressed any number of emotions. Monk's hand was cordially extended. "But I am enchanted, Monsieur Delorme, to welcome on board the Sybarite the brother of your charming sister."

Lanyard resigned limp fingers to his clasp.

"And most public-spirited of you, I'm sure, Captain Monk." . . . . Another bow. Lanyard looked to Liane: "Forgive me if I seem confused, but I thought you told me Mister Whitaker Monk had sailed for America a week ago."

"And so he did," the captain agreed blandly. "Mr. Monk, the owner, is my first cousin. You see in me merely the skipper of my wealthy kinsman's yacht."

"And your two names are the same—yours and your cousin's? You're both Whitaker Monks?"

"It is a favorite name in our family, monsieur."

Lanyard wagged his head in solemn admiration.

"That makes it all so clear!"

"Well, anyway, I'm glad to meet you to your bare face," said Monk. "And now suppose we adjourn to the skipper's quarters, where we can improve one another's acquaintance."

Lanyard remarked that there were places laid for four. He had been expected, then. Neither Monk nor Phinuit had betrayed the least surprise on seeing Lanyard; and Phinuit had not even troubled to recognize the fiction which Liane had uttered in accounting for him.

Liane had got her second wind and was playing variations on the theme of the famous six bottles of champagne. Lanyard lounged in his easy chair and let his bored thoughts wander.

Lanyard finally broke in: "Who is Dupont, and why?"

"If you're asking me," Monk replied, "I'll say—going on mademoiselle's story—Monsieur Dupont is by now a ghost."

"One would be glad to be sure of that," Lanyard murmured.

"But all this begs my question," Lanyard objected. "Who is Dupont, and why?"

"I think I can answer that question, monsieur." This was Liane Delorme.

"I recognized him this morning, when you were struggling with him. His name is Popinot."

"There was a Popinot in Paris in my day; they nicknamed him the Prince of the Apaches. But he was an older man, and died by the guillotine. This Popinot who calls himself Dupont, then, must be his son."

"That is true, monsieur."

"All of which brings us to the second part of my question, Liane: Why Dupont?"

Liane shrugged and studied her bedizened fingers. The heavy black brows circumflexed Monk's eyes, and he drew down the corners of his wide mouth. Phinuit fixed an amused gaze on a distant corner of the room and chewed his cigar.

"Why did Dupont—or Popinot," Lanyard persisted—"murder de Lorgnes? Why did he try to murder Mademoiselle Delorme? Why did he seek to prevent our reaching Cherbourg?"

"Give you three guesses," Phinuit offered amiably. "But I warn you if you use more than one you'll forfeit my respect forever."

"You admit, then, you have the jewels?"

"Why not?" Phinuit inquired coolly. "We took trouble enough to get them, don't you think? You're taking trouble enough to get them away from us, aren't you? You don't want us to think you so stupid as to be wasting your time, do you?"

His imperturbable effrontery was so amusing that Lanyard laughed outright. Then, turning to Liane, he offered her a grateful inclination of the head.

"Mademoiselle, you have kept your promise. Many thanks."

"Hello!" cried Phinuit. "What promise?"

"Monsieur Lanyard desired a favor of me," Liane explained, her good humor restored; "in return for saving me from assassination by Popinot this morning, he begged me to help him find the jewels of Madame de Montalais."

Lanyard addressed himself to Liane: "Do I understand the jewels are on this vessel?"

"In this room."

(To be continued.)

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FITTING GIFTS FOR RETIRING PROFS.

Three O.A.C. Professors Are Given Silver Services.

Guelph, Ont.—An event which is probably unique in the annals of the Ontario Agricultural College was the presentation of silver tea services to three of the oldest members of the staff of the institution, who are retiring this year. They are Dr. C. A. Zavitz, head of the field husbandry department; Mr. S. Springer, bursar, and Prof. John Evans, of the woodworking department, who were honored by their fellow-members of the faculty and staff in the Faculty Club rooms in the War Memorial Hall.

The gathering was honored by the presence of Hon. John S. Martin, Minister of Agriculture for Ontario, who, before the close of the little ceremony, spoke briefly, referring to the great service which the superannuated gentlemen had rendered to Ontario and to Canada. Following the serving of afternoon tea, President J. B. Reynolds spoke.

Minard's Liniment for dandruff.

Prize Crew Got Drunk.

Vancouver, B.C. — Following a statement that forty cases of liquor of the cargo of the Federalship, recently released from seizure at San Francisco, attention has been drawn to the affidavit of Captain S. S. Stone of the vessel made during court proceedings at the Golden Gate to the effect that after the seizure of the vessel far off the California coast, members of the American prize crew got drunk on the liquor while bringing the ship to port.

If your luck isn't what it should be, write a "p" in front of and try again.

INDIAN BEAM WORK GOES ON

New Stations May Be Ready This Year—Last Link in Empire Chain.

Bombay—The wireless stations, one at Poona and another at Dhond, which are being erected by the Marconi Company for the Indian Radio Telegraph Company are nearly completed, and with the anticipated opening of these stations this year the last link in the Imperial Wireless Chain will be completed, all the other stations round the mpire being now in operation.

The Indian system consists of a transmitting station at Poona and a receiving station at Dhond, which is about 50 miles from Poona, the former connecting with the receiving station at Skegness and the latter with the transmitting station at Grimsby.

The Poona transmitting station is situated at an elevation of 2200 feet above sea level and was selected in order that there should be no obstruction in the direct line of the beam. The acreage at present utilized for the buildings and aerial system does not exceed 20, but a considerable area has been apportioned for any future extensions which may be made.

The Marconi Company are endeavoring to have these stations ready for the trial tests at the earliest possible moment. The last touches are being put to the elaborate and intricate plants, and it cannot be long before the first message is sent from Bombay to London over the new system.

In addition to the activities of the Marconi Company, the Indian Radio Telegraph Company, who are their sole licensees for India and Burma, and who will operate the Wireless Beam System under concession from the Government of India, contemplate a future extension of their system for communication with Australia, Japan and South Africa.

Lacrosse Booming.

"In a little room in the Espanola Hotel, on Saturday night, northern Ontarios' newestchild of sportdom came into being. Weeks of patient work, of hoping, of bolstering up faint hearts and of dismissing and smoothing out unfavorable thoughts reached their climax when Chairman George H. Piper read the following telegram: "The Ontario Amateur Lacrosse Association endorses the organization of the Northern Ontario Lacrosse Association and hopes yearly playoff games can be arranged as an affiliated body with our association. We wish your organization every success in promoting Canada's national game." Constituting as it did the official authority for the Soo Lacrosse Association, the reading of that telegram, at the opening of the meeting, opened a new era in lacrosse in northern Ontario. In past years the game has not been organized. Teams played haphazardly, arranging games as best they could and playing only for the love of the game. It is indeed surprising that under the circumstances, the game has kept its hold even as it has. But this has been changed. The teams have now a definite object in view, a reason for carrying on the game. All it needs is a little push from those who call themselves 'sporting fans.' Not a downward push, but a helping hand up the hill to success. There is no doubt but that it will come. Lacrosse simply won't stay down."—Sault Star.

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