Gems of Peril

By HAZEL ROSS HAILEY.

SYNOPSIS.

Rich old Mrs. Jupiter is murdered during the engagement party she gave for her secretary, Mary Harkness. Suspicion points to Mary's brother Eddie, who is run down by a car as he goes to meet her.

Bowen, police reporter, discovers that Eddie owed money to a racetrack crook called The Fly. Mary's fiance, Dirk Ruyther, forbids her to investigate further. They plan to marry at once. Mary meets Bowen in a speakeasy where The Fly is hiding. Dirk, on his way to lock up the Jupiter necklace comes to take Mary home. They are followed by the same make of car that killed Eddie. Bowen stops the thieves by turning his car in front of their. Dirk still questions the existence of The Fly and Mary goes with Bowen. Bruce Jupiter returns from Europe with a woman friend.

CHAPTER XXIII.—(Cont'd.)

Mary had been prepared to stay in her room, breakfasting alone, so that the Jupiters, father and son, might have the first hours of their reunion without the presence of outsiders. But if Mr. Bruce had gone away so soon, there was no reason why she shouldn't be about her own affairs. To her surprise, she saw that it was nearly noon.

"Mr. Bruce went away, you say?"

"Only into town, to look after his trunks. He had some trouble with the customs over something he brought over, and he had to see a man about it, a man that had a friend in Washington that could make it all right."

"Something he brought over?" Mary asked sharply. For some reason the image of the beautiful siren with the throaty voice came to mind just then. Obviously, she was an imported article; perhaps she was included among Mr. Bruce's contraband.

"Oh, you know what folks brings that comes in on ships," Della spoke as one woman of the world to another. "Or it might be paintin's. Mr. Bruce said he'd stay in town till he'd had his exhibit, and then he was goin' back to the Riveera, and he didn't care if he never saw America again. He's stayin' at the Ritz," she added, irrelevantly, but with obvious relish.

Jupiter House was too "country" to suit some of its servants, though its magnificence made that hostelry look pale by comparison.

Mary retreated into her own thoughts. Irony, Bruce's returning just at this time! She ought to rejoice; she was free now to go or stay, as she pleased. She did not take the quarrel between Bruce and his father seriously; it would have been surprising if something of the kind had not taken place, just at first.

On the surface, father and son were as unlike as it was possible for two men of the same blood to be, but surely the difference was more artificial than real. When they got a little used to each other, they would get along better. Bruce would surely see his father's need of companionship. And the old manufacturer would learn that a man was not emasculate merely because he was an aesthete in matters of dress.

She would have to take Bruce aside and bequeath him her knowledge of his father's ways. She wondered if he played cribbage, or if Mr. Jupiter could be converted to chemin-de-fer.

Suddenly a wave of heartsickness swept over her that almost rocked her as she stood. She dug the heels of her hands into her eyes and bit her lip. Dear Dirk! Darling Dirk! Why didn't he call up, or come to see her? She couldn't keep thinking of other people's affairs forever.

Perhaps if she called him — she was halfway to the telephone when it rang. Glad relief swept through her; her voice was almost singing as she answered.

"Just reporting in. How's everything?" It was Bowen.

"Oh, everything's fine," she lied, finding her voice with difficulty. "What's new?"

"The Fly's skipped town. I had a hunch he might."

"Oh—" there was utter despair in her wail. "Then what are we to do?"

"Well, Hialeah opens next week. I've just about got the boss talked into sending me down there to have a look around. The Fly's horse was shipped yesterday. He'll be there, if he's alive."

* * *

Mary started to speak but he interrupted her.

"Now listen. Here's more grief. I don't suppose anybody on God's green earth will believe me, especially Ruyther, but I didn't have a think to do with this—didn't know it till the paper came out and then it was too late. Have you seen the papers?"

"Which papers?" Dreadful suspicion assailed her.

"All of them. They have copies of Mrs. Jupiter's will. It was filed for probate yesterday—"

"What about Mrs. Jupiter's will?"

"Well, don't you know?"

"No, no—no one's told me—I never thought to ask—"

"Say, you're the coolest proposition I ever saw. Don't money make any difference to you at all? Why, she left you first choice of her jewels—the rest are to go to her son's wife if he marries, and to you if he doesn't. That makes you half a million ahead—or thereabouts."

Mary said "Wait. Let me think." She leaned her forehead against the cool metal of the telephone's mouthpiece. Presently, when she could trust herself to speak, she said:

"That's wonderful. But how do you make it half a million—even if the money value were to be considered?"

"The necklace, kid, the necklace! Don't tell me you'd pass up a gold mine like that if it's offered to you?"

There was an edge to her voice when she answered: "I don't know anything about this, but if it's true I can tell you this—I choose anything else but the necklace! You can tell your paper that!"

"All right. But don't get sore at me. I tell you I've nothing to do with it."

"Do the papers say I chose the necklace?"

"No, they just say—well, get 'em and read 'em yourself. They don't say anything but what any reasonable human would take for granted.

"Oh, how dare they? Oh, I wish I was sure you had nothing to do with it! Dick told me—oh—" She was crying now with helpless mortification. For a minute or more the sound of her dry sobs echoed in the telephone.

"I'm sorry. I'd have stopped it if I could. But after all, people are bound to speculate about you—you're in the public eye—you're young — you're beautiful—you've got the kind of luck that every shop girl wishes she had—"

"Oh, don't say any more!"

* * *

There was a pause.

"All right, Miss Harkness," Bowen said stiffly. "Sorry I bothered you, But at least, don't blame me for the Fly skipping town—blame that on your high-minded boy friend."

"Dirk, Why, what—"

"He must have gone around to Shay's with a warrant last night after we left. The Fly and his pals—by the way, that mug with him is his chauffeur, the one that did the driving for him every time—anyway, they got out the side-door and beat it. Now Jack's sore at me—thinks I stooled on him. I'll be lucky if he doesn't throw Mike out, too, and I'll have to lay my pipe-lines all over again. It'll be years before Jack will trust me with a birth announcement, much less a piece of real news. Well—that's the breaks—but I could poke that lover of yours. Keep him away from me, if you want him to stay pretty."

Mary came to Dirk's defense more from a sense of propriety than anything else. She was chagrined, too, but loyalty made her flare:

"Don't talk that way about the man I'm going to marry!"

It was a feeble attempt at dignity, but it hit Bowen in the most vital of spots—his jealousy of Dirk.

He took a deep breath and howled: "Go ahead and marry him, then, if you like 'em thick-headed!" and slammed the receiver viciously.

When Mary recovered sufficiently to make a retort she found the connection was broken.

Uncertain whether to laugh or be furious, Mary stood for a minute, then flung away from the telephone.

"Della, Della!" she called to what she could see of that lady's person protruding from an over-crowded closet. "Toss me out a dress — any dress. I've got to get out of here and walk off some feelings. Of all the stupid things, men are the stupidest—all men—this man, and that man, and Lindbergh, and all the rest of them—"

"Indeed you're right," Della agreed with warmth. "Here you are. And that reminds me. You've a call from Mr. Ruyther. Early this morning it came, but you were asleep."

Mary went white. But Della, why didn't you tell me—" She was already reaching for the telephone.

"Well, it's not my business, and that new maid's slower than molasses."

Mary was clicking the hook impatiently, speaking Dirk's office nummer, trying to still the happy tremor in her voice.

"Mr. Ruyther, please. Miss Harkness. Dirk?"

The pleasant, drawling voice of Stephen Ruyther was speaking: "Got a little news for you, Mary. Tried to get you yesterday, but you were out. Jupiter tell you his wife left a will? Better come in and see me when you can. Little bequest in it for you."

"Oh, I know all about that, Mr. Ruyther. I thought you were Dirk. Dirk there? Can I talk to him?"

"Why—" he hesitated, embarrassed. "Dirk went away on a little business trip. Didn't he tell you?"

CHAPTER XXIV.

Two utterly miserable people faced each other down the length of the great Jacobean inner-table that night . . . that night which should have held particular happiness for both of them.

Each was heroically resolved to keep his troubles from the other but their woebegone faces would have told the tale, even if the loquacious Della had not.

"You're looking a little peaked," Jupiter ventured. "Better come along to Bermula with me next week."

Mary raised stricked eyes at the word "Bermuda."

(To be continued.)

October

The level sun aslant through autumn woods
Touches the oak and beech to ruddy bronze,
Makes gold and ivory of bracken fronds, ..
And decks the silver birch with palest chrome.
Hawthorns have shed their harlequin attire
And, crimson-berried, vie with rose and briar
To feast the questing, squabbling finch and tit.

Lonely, the crows drift in an opal sky,
While o'er the bosom of the rich plough'd lands,
A shimmering garment wrought by fairy hands,
A million tiny webs in the breeze.
The robin's careless song so sweetly shrill
Brings to the heart a strange, elusive thrill.
So bitter-sweet the scent of fallen leaves.

—D. L. B.

The Jitters

We note that a Wisconsin farmer mistook a group of his relatives for gunmen, and opened fire, killing a cousin and wounding two others. This recalls the story of the English train which was stopped by an emergency signal from some unknown passenger. The guard in the course of an investigation met a nervous man who complained of the delay, saying it would make him late for his wedding. The guard looked at him sternly and demanded: "Are you sure it wasn't you who pulled the cord?"—Toronto Mail and Empire.

SHAM WORK

Depend upon it that all false, all sham work, however it may last for a little, the effect of it is ultimately to destroy reputation, to take away confidence, and to act most injuriously upon those who have adopted the trick.

Sporting Tales

Caruso must have been a disconcerting opponent at tennis. Before the War he occasionally went down to the Stoke Poges Club, then being run by Mr. N. Lane ("Pa") Jackson, the veteran sporting writer and founder of the Corinthian Football Club. He played a little golf, Mr. Jackson tells us, in "Sporting Days and Sporting Ways"

"but lawn tennis was his favorite game, and whenever he missed a ball he used to sing 'Ah, la, la, la!" in a voice of such terrific volume that on one occasion a nervous golfer actually complained of being put off his stroke at a distance of some 200 yards from the lawn tennis courts!"

What the player at the other side of the net said we are not told.

In his long life—he was born in 1849—Mr. Jackson has taken part in almost every form of sport, and his book is packed with anecdotes of the sportsmen he has met. James Braid, for instance, was once going out to play with a member at Walton Heath, "and on his way to the tee he said, 'I forget, sir, how we played last time, but I remember we had a very good match.' 'Oh,' was the reply, 'you beat me on the last green, though you were giving me four strokes; but I warn you, Jimmy, that I've been reading your book on golf.' 'Ah, weel,' Jimmy replied, 'in that case I'll give you six.'"

CADDY AND MR. BALFOUR.

Lord Balfour, then Mr. Arthur Balfour, came to play golf at Le Touquet, the French resort which was practically made by Mr. Jackson. Mr. Balfour's caddy was to be the son of the head groundsman, but as this youth was apt to roar with laughter whenever a shot was foozled he was warned that he would be carrying the clubs of the Premier of Great Britain. Mr. Jackson also warned Mr. Balfour, "consequently when he made a bad foozle at the third hole we both glanced instinctively at the boy, who had both hands over his mouth and was writhing in his endeavor to stifle his unseemly mirth. This amused Mr. Balfour immensely. A few holes later it was I who played a bad shot, and this time the boy roared with laughter out loud. 'How dare you do that after what I told you?' I indignantly demanded. 'Oh, m'sieur,' was the contrite answer, 'I thought it was only for Monsieur le Premier!'"

TENNIS GARB.

Correct dress for tennis players is a subject that frequently finds its way into the papers—but what about this? When Dr. Dwight, the "father" of American lawn tennis, came to England, Mr. Jackson arranged a game for him with one of the Renshaws "on the Maida Vale covered court, where there was usually a small gallery of both sexes to watch the play. Fortunately I went into the dressing room before he made his appearance on the court, for I found him arrayed in a woollen vest and a pair of woollen pants, partly buttoned and partly pinned in front—a rig-out which might have evoked comment in this country. With the aid of Tom Fleming, the keeper of the court, I made him respectable in the customary flannels. . . ."

One of the pioneers of English lawn tennis was Bagnall Wild, who invented the system of "draws" by which byes were avoided after the first round. In most of the early tournament prospectuses it used to be announced that—

"the 'Bagnall Wild System of Draws' would be adopted. On one occasion Bagnall Wild and his wife were staying at the Imperial Hotel at Exmouth. Mrs. Bagnall Wild was busy one afternoon making a diminutive pair of undergarments for one of her little ones, when two of her friends entered the room and one inquired what she was doing. 'Can't you see?' was the prompt answer. 'This is Mrs. Bagnall Wild's System of drawers.'"

FINDING A SOVEREIGN.

Before professionalism at football became legalized, Mr. Jackson tells us, there were all kinds of devices for making it worth while for amateurs to play. A player who had just taken part in his first game for a club he had been persuaded to join,

"was changing his boots after the match. He found something hard in one of them, which proved on examination to be a sovereign, whereupon he said to his neighbor: 'Oh, look! Someone's dropped a sovereign in my boot!' The reply was: 'Shut up, you fool! Don't talk about it, and if you play well next Saturday you'll most likely find two there.'"

Opinions about the Corinthians seem to have been curiously divided when the club was first formed. During one of their tours, says Mr. Jackson, a Sunderland newspaper stated that:

"The Corinthians who were not playing viewed the game from the stand, gently clapping their kid-gloved hands when applauding the team, or encouraging their men with a 'Well played, old chappie,' uttered in a listless drawling style." In violent contradistinction to this was the accusation which appeared the same week in a Lancashire paper to the effect that the Corinthians systematically indulged in rough play and were the most dangerously cruel team that ever opposed provincial footballers.

Mr. Jackson's father used to tell an amusing story about Sir William Rose, the first Colonel of the London Rifle Brigade, of which he was a member:

"That worthy knight was probably a better citizen than soldier. On an occasion, it seems, when the regiment was leaving Guildhall and had marched a short distance down Gresham St., he gave the following truly remarkable word of command: 'Right turn! No—er—left turn! I mean—er—right turn! . . . Oh, damn it! Turn down Basinghall Street!'"

SHAVING WATER.

Mr. Jackson has a delightful story about a certain mayor of Dunkirk he once knew. After the visit of the Russian fleet to various French ports the mayors were invited in turn to St. Petersburg. The unfortunate Mayor of Dunkirk found himself staying at a house where nobody spoke French:

"On his first morning he asked in French for some hot water for shaving purposes, but naturally could not make the valet understand. After he had been brought a varity of articles such as toothbrushes, bootjacks, and so forth, they served him with some tea. By this time he had arrived at a state of such despair that he willingly accepted it; for, after all, it was hot, and could therefore be made to serve the purpose of shaving water. And for the rest of his stay the poor fellow actually shaved himself morning after morning with tea."

He thought all was well. But when he returned to France he was reading some translations of what Russian newspapers had said about the visit, and was horrified to find: "Perhaps the oddest thing of all was that the Mayor of Dunkirk regularly used tea for shaving with'!"

Mr. Jackson's memory goes back an extraordinarily long way. Readers, young and old equally, will revel in his cheerful and crowded pages. The book is dedicated to Lord Riddell, "A real sportsman, kindly and generous to his fellows, and a truly loyal friend."

Forty warders, a clerk, a doctor, a chaplain, and a governor form the staff of Cork Prison (England), which recently had one prisoner in its hundreds of cells.

Those authors who appear sometimes to forget they are writers, and remember they are men, will be our favorites.—Disraeli.

Fresh Fragrance of Blossoms

"SALADA" GREEN TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens" 261

Friends—With a Difference

O, one I need to love me,
And one to understand,
And one to soar above me,
And one to clasp my hand,

And one to make me slumber,
And one to bid me strive;
But seven's the sacred number
That keeps the soul alive.

And first and last of seven,
And all the world and more,
Is she I need in Heaven
And may not need before.

—Mary E. Coleridge.

"Where is the population densest?" "Just above the eyes."

Quick RELIEF from pain

A lot of things can cause a headache or other pain, but there is one thing that will always give you relief! Just take a tablet or two of Aspirin. Your suffering ceases. Relief comes instantly, regardless of what may have been making your head throb with pain.

Aspirin is harmless—cannot depress the heart So there's no use waiting for a headache to "wear off.' It is useless to endure pain of any kind when you can get Aspirin. It is a blessing to women who suffer regular systemic pain; to men who must work on, in spite of eye-strain, fatigue or neuralgia.

Learn its quick relief for colds; for neuritis, rheumatism, lumbago. Be sure to get Aspirin—and not a substitute. All druggists sell Aspirin tablets.

"Aspirin' is a trade mark registered in Canada.

EDWARDSBURG "CROWN BRAND" CORN SYRUP

A Treat for the whole Family—an Excellent Food for GROWING CHILDREN

The CANADA STARCH CO. Limited Montréal

Try it To-day!

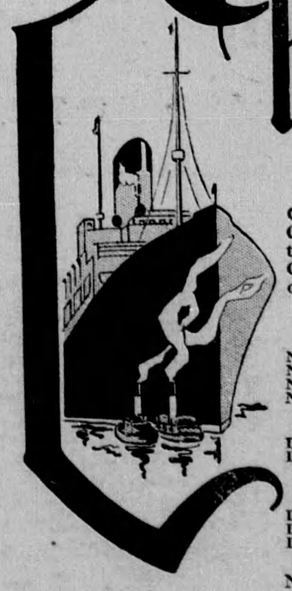
C4

"Did you say CRISP? Just try one"

Such crispness, flakiness, freshness are found only in Christie's Premium Soda Crackers. They furnish just the salty tang for soup or salad . . . just the crisp base for cheese or jam.

Christie's PREMIUM SODA CRACKERS

Christmas in the Old Country



Give the Old Folks the best possible Christmas present by going to see them this year. Enjoy the thrill of doing your Christmas shopping in London, Glasgow or Paris. Low ocean rates still in force.

Weekly sailings throughout the Fall

LAST SAILINGS FROM MONTREAL

Nov. 18 AURANIA Plymouth, Havre, London
Nov. 18 ATHENIA B'fast, Liverpool, Glasgow
Nov. 26 ANTONIA Gl'gow, Belfast, Liverpool
Nov. 26 AUSONIA Plymouth, Havre, London

FIRST SAILINGS FROM HALIFAX

Dec. 3 ASCANIA Plymouth, Havre, London
Dec. 10 *LETITIA B'fast, Liverpool, Glasgow
*From Saint John on Dec. 9

XMAS SAILINGS FROM NEW YORK

Dec. 9 SCYTHIA Galway, Cobh, Liverpool
Dec. 14 BERENGARIA Cherbourg, S'mpton
Dec. 14 *CAMERONIA Londonderry, Glasgow
*Calling at Boston

Nearly a century of sea-experience is back of the famous Cunard-Anchor-Donaldson service, accommodation and comfort.

Book through your local Agent—no one can serve you better, or CUNARD LINE, 217 Bay Street, (Elgin 3471) Toronto.

SAIL CUNARD ANCHOR-DONALDSON

AC.5