Gems of Peril

By HAZEL ROSS HAILEY.

SYNOPSIS.

Mary Harkness undertakes to trap The Fly, whom she believes "framed" her brother, Eddie, with the murder of Mrs. Jupiter and later ran Eddie down and killed him to keep him from telling. As bait she plans to use the famous Jupiter necklace of rubies, which the murderer failed to get. She is aided by a Star reporter, Bowen. Mary's fiance, Dirk Roypher, objects to the notoriety.

Bruce Jupiter, absent many years, returns from Europe with a woman friend. His father orders him out and makes Mary his heir. Bruce swears to rout Mary, whom he thinks is a gold-digger.

Mary and Dirk quarrel because Dirk is jealous of Bowen and refuses to believe in the existence of The Fly. Dirk goes about again with his former sweetheart, Cornelia Tabor, who is trying to win him back.

CHAPTER XXVI.—(Cont'd.)

Well, she was sailing in the morning, probably on a wild-goose chase, but she couldn't back out now. How would she feel, though, once she had spread this elaborate web she was spinning, and seated herself in the centre of it with the gleaming Jupiter rubies as bait, if The Fly failed to appear? She almost wished she had not embarked on such an insane adventure. Much better to remain safely at home where women belonged and have no thoughts of one's own—then one could not be mistaken, and deservedly laughed at.

Dirk put his hand on hers looked earnestly into her face.

"Why not forget it?" he begged.

"I wish I could," she murmured unhappily. "But—we've made so many plans—you've no idea what preparations have been made. There's even a dictograph in his cabin—the cabin we're keeping for him—"

Dirk jerked his hand away.

"You're not going to take that—that animal on board? Associate with him? Why, he's—scum! If he's no more than a gigolo, he's not the sort you ought to be seen with! I'd trust him no more than I'd trust a snake. For all you know he may be a bank robber—a thief—an impostor of the worst order—"

"A murderer," Mary supplied gently.

"Even a murderer," Dirk agreed hotly. "I won't have him around you! By George, I thought old Jupiter had some sense, but—"

"You talk," she interrupted, "as if I were going to be the only one on the boat. There'll be Bruce, and the Countess, besides Mr. Jupiter and the crew—"

"The Countess? Who's she?"

"My chaperon, darling. And if you don't think that's funny you should know her. She's a friend of Bruce's. I mustn't tell you all I surmise about her or you'll think I'm as bad as that Town Tattle chap . . gossiping away without anything to prove it. But I do think she's the reason Bruce has stayed in Europe—one of the reasons. She hates New York and Americans. She only came over to protect her property—to see that no smart young debutante grabbed up her Brucey-boy and ran off with him to the altar. So far he's had sense enough not to marry her. But how she hates me!"

Mary made a wry face.

"Why should she hate you?" asked Dirk.

"She thinks I'm after the Jupiter money. Worse—she thinks I've already bagged it. J. J. worked himself into such a fury at Bruce that, out of spite, as much as anything euse, he made a new will. . . ."

Dirk stared. "So that's what the old boy was doing in the office bright and early Saturday morning!"

"Yes. Didn't your father tell you?"

"No." He seemed strangely disgruntled. "But then—I haven't seen him alone since. I left while Jupiter was there."

"Yes I know. Your father said you'd gone away—for the week-end." She felt again the stab of jealousy that had gone through her at sight of Bruce on Cornelia Tabor's tennis-court.

Dirk looked at her cautiously but said nothing. Mary tried to keep her manner casual, her tone light.

"Did you have a good time? I'm terribly jealous, of course. You know that," she said banteringly.

Dirk fished for a cigarette, leaned back. "You needn't be," he returned indifferently. "It wasn't a pleasure trip. It was stern duty."

"Duty?" Indignation got the better of her. "It was your duty to play tennis with Cornelia Tabor?"

Apparently it did not surprise him much that she knew where he had been.

"Not that, exactly. But the rest of it was. Politeness sentenced me to two days at hard labor, nothing less. Con called me—she was desperate and I pretty well had to go. Some flame of Ethel's had disappointed her at the last minute and she had to have another man."

Mary was coldly furious. "That's a likely story of Con's—I don't believe a word of it," she exclaimed angrily. "She just wanted to get you there."

"You're crazy," Dirk rejoined mildly. "No, it was true enough. It was that count chap Ethel met in the speakeasy. She's been chasing him ragged. Finally she got him to say he'd come for the week-end. He made Connie tell him who the guests were to be. She had to read the list to him before he'd say he'd come. Rotten little snob. Can you beat it?"

"Well, why didn't he come, then? Did the Vanderbilts steal him or what?" She wasn't really interested, but she wanted to believe well of both Dirk and Connie if she could. This crazy jealousy that flamed up whenever she saw the two together or heard Dirk speak Connie's name was like a painful sickness. She wanted to be inoculated against it if possible. And perhaps it was true . . . a capricious house-guest like Ethel . . . a manless emergency . . . and Connie always had depended on Dirk like a brother . . . perhaps there was no guile there.

"She should have asked me, too, though," she was thinking rebelliously.

"Oh, he's out of little Ethel's life for good," Dirk explained. "Called home to Argentina to settle his estate or something. She'll never see him again, and a darn good thing. Con's mother was worried sick for fear Ethel would elope with him."

He was holding her hand and stroking it gently with the other, just as he always did. Was it absent-mindedness, or had his stiffness melted for good? Mary relaxed happily against the pillows and listened, with only half her mind attentive to what Dirk was saying.

He looked down at her, smiling. "Too bad," he said. "He was so anxious to meet you, too."

"Meet me?" Mary sat up.

"Sure, you. Ethel took me aside and told me. Connie never would have peeped. It made her furious, naturally. Ethel said when she came to your name on the guest list, Count What's-His-Name wanted to know if you were the Miss Mary Harkness whose picture he had seen in the paper. She said you were, and what about it, and he began to kiss his fingers to the ceiling and exclaim 'Ah, ravishing! Charmant!' and all that. And right away he said he'd come. Burned Ethel up but she was glad to get him on any terms." He grinned down at her teasingly. "You've got quite a rep, kid!"

Humanly, Mary smiled. It was rather delicious revenge to have had that happen to Connie. But then, Connie had had her revenge by asking Dirk. The score was even.

"She didn't ask me," Mary murmured, puzzled. "Was that why?"

"Well—no," Dirk flushed. Then he burst out, "What could I say? That we'd had a fight? I told her you'd gone to Hot Springs for a few days to rest. That was when she asked me to fill in." He looked at her apologetically. "Takes somebody with a strong constitution to get along with Ethel. She has to be slugged every so often to keep her in her place."

Mary laughed. "And you're the brute to do it," she agreed. "But who was this other chap?" Somehow the episode did not ring entirely true . . . something about it had set her to wondering. She looked at him with earnestly puckered brow. "It couldn't have gotten out about the new will leaving the Jupiter money to me, could it?"

Dirk's scornful gesture didn't entirely reassure her.

"When was this invitation given, Friday?" Mary pursued thoughtfully. De Loma. De Loma. Where had she heard the name? "The Miss Harkness whose picture he had seen in the papers." That must have been those awful Friday stories about her and the Jupiter necklace. Suddenly she knew. . . De Loma was the name given in the racing papers as the owner of The Fly's horse, La Mosca! Could it be the same man? Was De Loma The Fly?

CHAPTER XXVII.

Mary was convinced beyond any doubt that the Count Enrique De Loma whom Ethel was infatuated with was The Fly. And Cornelia Tabor had barely missed having him in her house as a week-end guest!

It was frightful, and it was laughable. But most of all it opened up a new view of The Fly and his methods. So that was his game—tricking silly society girls with the old, old title racket! Whether his name was really De Loma did not matter; probably it was an alias. If so, it was a new one, for Bowen had searched police files for a record of a man by that name and found nothing. Also—and this gave her renewed heart for the chase—it was probably the name he would continue to use.

She dared not tell Dirk what she was thinking. He would think her utterly mad, looking for The Fly and finding him in every stranger who crossed her path. But there were some questions she simply had to ask.

"Did you see him at all—De Loma?"

"No."

"He didn't give Ethel his picture or anything?"

"No." Then he added pettishly: "What do you care, anyhow? Not going to fall for him, too, are you?"

She looked reproof at him. But the thoughtful pucker did not leave her brow.

"When did he call up and tell her he wasn't coming?"

"I don't think he did," Dirk answered after a moment's hesitation. "I think she said he failed to show up and when she called his usual hang-out they told her about his father dying and his having to go home to look after the estate." He looked at her. "You think he just ran out on her? Maybe he did. But I'd go to South America myself to get away from that young catamount. No matter how many millions her dad's got."

(To be continued.)

Be Proud of your Baking

You'll get a great thrill out of preparing new, delicious, economical dishes. The big, new Purity Cook Book contains 743 tested family recipes, each with a simple step-by-step method which assures success. A complete course in home cookery—bread, pastry, cakes, meats, salads, desserts—everything! Opens flat at any page, easily read type, grease proof cover. Took two years to complete. Very popular everywhere, thousands have already been sold. Well worth $2.00 a copy. Address: Western Canada Flour Mills Co. Limited, Dept. 207, Toronto, Ontario.

Sent Postpaid for 50c

ISSUE No. 50—'32

Spots Are "In"

A coat of black, rough wool with puff sleeves and scarf, collar and muff of leopard is a popular number in Paris. An antelope beret completes the outfit.

Who Wants Fog?

London's "Worst Ever" Lasted from November to the Following February

The latest achievement of science in Soviet Russia is the manufacture of artificial fog in a Leningrad laboratory, writes London "Answers." It is one which will arouse no enthusiasm outside Russia. To Londoners fogs Dame Nature produces are enough—or rather, too much.

The popular supposition is that the banishment of coal grates would eliminate the fog nuisance.

As it happens, that isn't true. Fog is prevalent in the country, as well as in town, and it would still occur even if coal fires were abolished. It is caused in a variety of ways, one of the most frequent being the sudden cooling of the air that is saturated with invisible water vapour. Part of this vapour then takes visible form, and tiny drops or particles of water become suspended in the air.

Actually, then, a fog is a cloud that has formed on ground level, instead of in the sky. And the water in it is quite sufficient to blanket out the surroundings, without any assistance from smoke or soot.

November is the worst month of the year for fogs in Britain's big cities. After this month is over, the number of fogs declines gradually until the middle of February. But at least once—in 1879—London experienced a winter of almost continuous fog. It started in the beginning of November, and lasted practically until February, 1880.

Another such winter is not likely to occur again. And even when the weather forecast predicts "fog," things may not be quite so bad as they sound. Officially, it is a fog if you can't see a house or tree against the sky at a distance of 1,000 metres.

That's a good bit over a thousand yards, so the condition might easily be fulfilled without pedestrians, or even motorists, being unduly worried.

And at sea November is one of the clearest months of the year—the worst time for ocean fogs is spring and summer.

Honesty

A saint's life in one man may be less than common honesty in another. From us, whose consciences He has reached and enlightened, God may look for a martyr's truth, a Christian's unworldly simplicity, before He will place us on a level even with the average of the exposed classes.—J. H. Thom.

Superstitious?

Are you superstitious? Do you, for instance, avoid walking under a ladder? If so, do you know why it is said to be unlucky? This is the reason given by Sir Charles Igglesden in "Those Superstitions."

"The dread of passing under a ladder has been looked upon by many in a material sense—the avoidance of anything falling from the hands of the painter, the bricklayer, or the man with the hod when ascending the ladder—but the superstition arises from the fact that when the ladder leans against the wall it forms a triangle, and is thus symbolical of the Trinity. The ordinary layman of olden days would, therefore, consider himself debarred from passing through this sacred arch."

THE SUPERSTITIOUS THIEF.

A Scotland Yard detective once gave Sir Charles an extraordinary example of the ladder superstition. A theif who was being chased "suddenly found that he had passed under a ladder. Although the police were close upon him he turned quickly, came back under the ladder, and then rushed into the road to pass it. This delay was fatal. He was caught and his remark, laconically uttered, was: 'Well, it's better to be copped than have bad luck all my life.'"

Possibly he did not know that all would have been well if he had crossed his fingers after passing under the ladder—some people say you should keep them crossed until you see a dog! This same detective told Sir Charles that most criminals are superstitious, and that few well-considered crimes, such as burglaries, take place on a Friday.

SIR MALCOLM THE FATALIST.

Sir Charles once asked Sir Malcolm Campbell whether he was superstitious. Sir Malcolm said that he wasn't, but added that he believed in luck, and was a fatalist. He said that "every time he started on a speed trial he felt that Fate had already determined if it should be his last. Nothing could make him swerve from the feeling that his end was foretold. Nobody who has passed close to the valley of death could believe otherwise. "But I am no fool fatalist," he added. 'When I cross the street I look on either side. Before driving my car I personally inspect every bit of the machinery.'"

IRVING AND THE PEACOCK FEATHERS.

The Stage, even today, possesses all kinds of strange superstitions. Whistling, says Sir Charles, is barred in most dressing-rooms, and if a first night happens to be on a Friday, actors and actresses step out of their dressing-rooms left foot first! A peacock's feather in a theatre is regarded with horror, "and Sir Henry Irving once caused a sensation by sending a polite note to a lady in the stalls at the close of the first act of 'Othello.' On the slip of paper he wrote' 'For God's sake take your peacock feather fan out of the theatre to prevent disaster.' The good lady meekly called an attendant and handed her the fan. But the girl drew back in horror. The lady herself, rather than make a scene, went to the entrance of the theatre and threw her fan into the road."

As a contrast to Irving there is a story of Lord Roberts and the superstition about the ill-luck that follows a dinner party of thirteen people. He used to tell how "he and twelve brother officers dined together just before the Afghan War, and, although they fought in that campaign, all were alive eleven years afterwards."

Again, as a contrast, Sir Charles says that he was speaking "to one of our best-known authors, and he told me that for very good reasons he dreaded to see a black moth in his house. Twice the advent of such a moth had preceded a death in the family."

COURTING BAD LUCK.

Some of those who read this book will find that they have been courting bad luck all their lives. If a girl "sits on a table while talking to a man she will never be married. A girl is also running the risk of spinsterhood should she fail to look towards the north when she goes out of the house before breakfast. If you trip when going upstairs it means a wedding in the house, the bride or bridegroom being the next single person to follow the tripper."

Again, if when dressing you place a button "into the wrong buttonhole it will bring bad luck, just as hooking the wrong eye is disastrous. Should either of these accidents occur, however, you can ward off ill-luck by taking off the garment and putting it on anew."

Sir Charles tells us that he came across a curious old Scottish custom which is said to bring good luck to a bride and bridegroom. During the present year a Scottish policeman was to be married at Strathspey, and friends on the eve of the wedding went to his house and the house of the bride. he two were stretched full length upon the floor, their feet made bare, and then smeared with soot and blacking. Afterwards they were commanded to stand up and receive similar treatment to their hands."

Afterwards the same ceremony was carried out with the best man and the bridesmaid. An equally old custom in a Staffordshire family was for "a bridegroom to take his young wife down the handrail of the ancient staircase. In the hall stood the best man, and it was his duty to catch the couple in his arms and then slide astride as they ended the journey. A disastrous end of the ride should the best man be a little mellow and the newly-married couple somewhat bulky!"

ITCHINGS.

Itchings in various parts of the body are said to have certain significances. If "the left palm of the hand itches you will have to pay money, if the right, you will receive money.....If the knee itches you will kneel in a strange church; if the sole of the foot you will walk over strange ground.... Here is a rhyme on the same subject:

"If your nose itches, your mouth is in danger,
You will see a fool, or kiss a stranger."

The white specks on the finger-nails, too, have special meanings assigned to them, and moles are said to mean all kinds of things, according to their positions on the body.

The Household Word For Tea

"SALADA" TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

An Understanding of Children

From very early college days began to emerge that beautiful side of Lewis Carroll's character which afterwards was to be, next to his fame as an author, the one for which he was best known—his attitude towards children, and the strong attraction they had for him. I shall attempt to point out the various influences which led him in this direction; but if I were asked for one comprehensive word wide enough to explain this tendency of his nature, I would answer unhesitatingly—love.

I think children appealed to him because he was pre-eminently a teacher, and he saw in their unspoiled minds the best material for him to work upon. In later years one of his favorite recreations was to lecture at schools on logic; he used to give personal attention to each of his pupils, and one can well imagine with what eager anticipation the children would have looked forward to the visits of a schoolmaster who knew how to make even the dullest subjects interesting and amusing.

Again, children appealed to his aesthetic faculties, for he was a keen admirer of the beautiful in every form. Poetry, music, the drama, all delighted him, but pictures more than all put together. I remember his once showing me "The Lady with the Lilacs," which Arthur Hughes had painted for him, and how he dwelt with intense pleasure on the exquisite contrasts of color which it contained—the gold hair of a girl standing out against the purple of lilac-blossom. But with those who find in such things as these a complete satisfaction of their desire for the beautiful he had no sympathy. . . .

Again, the reality of children appealed strongly to the simplicity and genuineness of his own nature. I believe that he understood children even better than he understood men and women; civilization has made adult humanity very incomprehensible.—From "The Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll," by Stuart Dodgson Collingwood.

Sabbath Twilight

A Sabbath stillness broods o'er all the land—
The softly misted hills afar are blue,
The sunset fires by fairy hands are fanned,
The hazy marshes cold and wet with dew.
A cricket chirps, a plaintive robin sings,
And gleaming where the sun has sunk to rest
Beneath the sombre twilight's wide gray wings,
A single brilliant star shines in the west.
A vague wind whispers to the nodding trees
While Night in sable robes comes out the west
And like a priestess chants on bended knees
Her rosary that puts sweet day to rest.
Nature's cathedral filled with fragrant balm,
I feel His Presence in this holy calm.

—Annette Thomas, Botha, Alberta.

Rainy Night in the Country

Over the rose garden the rain falls
Softly; the warm rich earth flowers
In odors of sweetfern and blossom; a bird calls,
Hidden in green from slow showers.

A first lamp kindles in the rain-gray night;
Trees shimmer in the moist silver, misty and cool;
Meadows fall—over the low roof of light
Patter of rain is music, quiet and beautiful.

—Carl Edwin Burklund, in "The Gypsy"

Two Good Rules

Life is a battle, as every human being finds out somewhere between the beginning and the end of it. Every man and woman who is worth anything has fought through more than one discouraging struggle along the way.

The publisher of a big modern magazine, who has fought his own way to success, quoted the other day two rules, which he said he has learned from an old cavalry captain and had found to be the best on guiding aphorisms:

First: "When in doubt, charge."

Second: "Admit nothing to be a hardship."

The first rule applies to action, the second to thought—to a soldierly attitude of mind. Taken together, they equip a warrior to enter any struggle with more than a chance of victory. They are equally valuable, so the publisher asserted, to the modern business man, struggling in the press of work and worry; and they are certainly applicable to the daily difficulties of life.

The worst obstacles, which grow as one looks at them, often melt away before a determined charge upon them. A man is more often beaten by his fears than by his enemy. As for hardships, many young people cheerfully endure, when on a camping trip or an excursion, discomforts by which they would be completely discouraged in doing church work, for example. Almost nothing bearable is a hardship to a determined and cheerful will; and very few really unbearbale hardships ever confront the average person.

To learn these rules, and apply them will be a help toward victory.

Miss Jones—"Of course, you've read 'The Mill on the Floss'!"

Mr. Smith—"Can't say that I have. I don't care for pugilism."

Love's Nobility

For this is Love's nobility—
Not to scatter bread and gold,
Goods and raiment bought and sold,
But to hold fast his simple verse
And speak the spech of innocence.
For he that feeds men serveth few;
He serves all who dares be true

EDWARDSBURG

"CROWN BRAND" CORN SYRUP

At trifling cost

the most Nourishing and Delicious Food

The CANADA STARCH CO., Limited, MONTREAL