INSTALMENT XXXXI.

"Neither do I," said the doctor calmly. "I haven't the right kind of nerve for that sort of thing. It has to be done. Quick! They may be here any moment."

The old man fingered the weapon a moment longer. He drew up his gaunt figure. "I won't!" he rasped out.

The Rope of Pearls

"Eh?" Dr. Moffett's sharp eyes cut a blaze through the green space that separated them. "You won't? When did you get so squeamish? You had no scruples about getting Miss Conway out of the way."

"That was different. She had it coming to her. But this one"—he glanced crookedly at the girl—didn't double-cross us, the way the other one did. She only did what anybody else would do in a pinch like that. I won't do it!"

He threw the pistol from him, and it clattered noisily to the floor, falling close to the motionless form lying there.

There was the sound of footsteps on the other side of the table. A deadly look pierced the shuddering old man. Dr. Moffett's dim and fragmentary figure stooped over the weapon.

"I won't forget this, Axelson, he muttered angrily. "Well, if you won't do it, then I must, The outcome will be——"

He broke off with a startled exclamation. He had just reached for the pistol lying on the floor but a quicker hand had forestalled him. With a laugh the Picaroon leaped to his feet.

"Don't move, Moffett," he advised quietly. "I can shoot straight, even if I can't see your face. Stay right where you are, Axelson, until I tell you to move. Permit me." He threw something at the doctor's feet.

"What—what's that?" stammered the doctor in a stricken voice.

"The bullet you wasted. And here is something else." His left hand dipped into the inside pocket on the left side of his coat. He drew out a volume of ancient appearance. "This is Lobeira's 'Amadis of Gaul,' the book I promised you. I trust you will appreciate the thick leather binding—thick enough to stop a bullet."

He tossed the book on the table. For an ancient volume it was a rather big book of a form slightly larger than that of the usual novel. The doctor tried to speak, but the words choked in his throat. From the wall, where Adele had been standing, came a trembling sigh of relief.

"Do you know, doctor, I didn't really think you would shoot," said the Picaroon. "But, since you had to shoot, it was nice of you to humor my whim and shoot straight at my heart. Oh, Axelson!"

With an uncertain gait, his head lolling unsteadily, the old man came forward.

"Axelson," said the Picaroon, "you are a vile old scoundrel. but I shan't forget that you refused to do as this blackguard told you." He looked out over the old man's head. "What are those things on the mantel?"

"Oh, to be sure. Green candles, aren't they? That's why they do not stand out in this light. More protective coloring!" The Picaroon chuckled musingly. "Light them Axelson."

The old man twisted his head and hesitated.

"Light them," the Picaroon sternly repeated, flourishing the pistol just a little.

Axelson obeyed. Soon two small yellow flames shone through the green illumination.

"One more thing, Axelson," said the Picaroon briskly. "I want you to switch off the green light. You know how. Hurry!"

The old man shook from head to foot. He looked at the dim figure of his master, but Moffett did not appear to notice him.

"I—I can't do that, sir," he protested.

"Hurry!" said the Picaroon, and his voice cut like steel.

With a tottering gait the old man went across the floor. A small, sharp sound came, and the green illumination faded out.

"Steady, Moffett!" The Picaroon warned. "One more move and I shoot—not to kill, but to cripple."

Now the only light in the room was the yellow sheen of the two candles. The Picaroon waited until his eyes had become accustomed to the different illumination, then took a brisk step toward the doctor.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "A green mask—exactly the same shade of green as the light. Talk about protective coloring! But what's this?" He gazed narrowly at the mask, noticing a faint, greenish glow emanating from the fabric. "Oh, of course! Some sort of phosphorescent substance. The mask had to be luminous itself, in order to blend perfectly into the general illumination. Now we'll see——"

With a swift motion he tore the mask from the doctor's face. Then he stood spellbound, staring.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed in a dull, hollow voice. "Mr. Ferryman!"

An hour had passed.

The two candles on the mantel were still projecting their pale sheen across the floor. Alexander Ferryman, alias Dr. Moffett, occupied a chair at the window. He was a gloomy, silent man, and his hands and feet were bound with curtain ropes. Facing him sat Axelson, equally silent and gloomy, his hands and feet similarly tied. And in a room on the upper floor Joan of Arc was a prisoner behind a locked door. The ferocious Caesar had been chained to a tree outside.

The door opened and Dale walked in. He had removed the trappings which, in the deceptive green light, had given him superficial resemblance to Mr. Castle. He dragged his feet a little, an unusual thing for him to do, and his head was a trifle bowed, as if weighted down with perplexities.

"Did you get Capt. Summers?" Adele inquired.

"Summers?" Dale looked up and blinked his eyes, as if slow to understand. "Oh, yes. He growled like a bear when I got him out of bed. I had to say the same thing over six times before I could make him understand that I am ready to make good my promise to deliver the murderer of Miss Conway into his hands."

He gave a tired laugh. "Poor Summers! Even now he half suspects that the Picaroon is up to another trick. Bue he will come. He really ought to be here in an hour."

She scanned his face in the dim light of the candles. "What else?" she inquired shrewdly.

He gave her an uncomprehending look.

"You were gone over half an hour," she pointed out. "It didn't take you as long as that to telephone Captain Summers."

"No, it didn't," said Dale reluctantly. "I had—er—a few other things to attend to. I stationed Bilkins at the gate to see that no undesirable persons get in till Summers arrives. Oh, I forgot to tell you. I didn't bring any policemen with me, but I brought Bilkins. It was he who set the gong in motion and fired the shots Bilkins can make as much noise as a regiment. Best of all, he does as he is told without asking questions."

She smiled a little. "Yes, you telephoned Summers and placed Bilkins at the gate. What else? I can tell from your looks that there is something more."

"Yes, there is." He seemed reluctant to proceed. "I also telephoned for a doctor."

"A doctor? Are you ill?"

"No, but"—with an anxious expression he studied her white, faintly smiling face—"Paul Ainsworth is in the house. I found him when I went to look for a telephone."

"Paul!" She sprang up from the chair she had occupied. "I just felt he was here! It must have been Paul who found me in the dark room. I thought his voice sounded familiar, but I couldn't be sure." She paused suddenly startled by his expression. "Where is he? Has anything happened to him?"

"Yes—an accident," said Dale awkwardly. "But it's nothing serious, I am sure. I think these ruffians"—with a glance at the two men at the window—"mistreated him."

She was at the door before he had finished speaking. She flung an excited question over her shoulder. "Where?"

"Second floor. First door to the left in the hall."

She was gone in an instant. Dale gave a sigh that was a little wistful. For a few moments he gazed moodily at the door and then he stepped to the table and opened the bag which Dr. Moffett had packed so hurriedly when he thought the police were at the gate. He emptied the contents on the table. Among other things there were several papers, and he gave them a hurried glance before he flung them into the fireplace.

Doctor Moffett turned in the chair and gave him a baneful glance.

"What are you doing?" he demanded.

"It's a chilly morning," said Dale, feigning a shiver. "It will take a $100,000 bonfire to thaw me out."

He struck a match, Doctor Moffett strained violently against the ropes that held his hands and feet. Dale laughed quietly as he touched the match to the papers and watched them flare up and curl into a black flake.

"So much for your little game, Moffett. All that's left is ashes."

To Be Continued Tomorrow

JASPER GOLF IN PROGRESS

Gardiner White Was in First Round for Totem Pole Trophy

JASPER PARK LODGE, Sept. 9.—Gardiner White, noted golfer and runner-up in the Canadian amateur championship, was the winner in the first round of totem pole trophy, the golf classic of western Canada, which opened on the Jasper Park Lodge course Saturday with a field of 75 entries. With three-quarters of his medal handicap, White defeated Old Man Par by two up. He counted 71 from the championship tees.

Miss Cecil Smith of Toronto won the ladies' event by a score of 87, four down to the C.L.G.W. par.

The tournament was officially opened by Hon. Dr. William Egbert, lieutenant-governor of Alberta, who is also an entrant with his son.

A. J. Hills, assistant to the vice-president of the C.N.R., who is captain of the Jasper Park Lodge golf week committee, stated that the recent rains have put the course in an excellent shape as it was during the recent Canadian amateur championship and that, judging from the entrants, some exceptional golf will be played this week.

Today the inter-provincial and state competition teams of six players each will tee off, the total medal round of all contestants for 18 holes to be counted, while in the afternoon the mixed foursome handicap match against bogie will be played, the players to get 50% of the combined handicap.

Race of Yacht Models is Held

Alex Wylie's Boat Won on Saturday With Oscar Sather's Close Behind; Four Boats Enter

Considerable interest was taken in the yacht model race Saturday afternoon under the auspices of the Canadian National Yacht Model Club.

Alex Wylie's boat was the winner covering the three mile triangular course off the dry dock in 38 minutes. Oscar Sather's boat was close behind and trailing were boats of Albert Palmer and Jack Gibson.

Only the four boats were entered.

CHICAGO CUBS DEFEAT BRAVES

Got Two Runs in Ninth Inning Rally Yesterday; Browns Lose Third Straight to Red Sox

NEW YORK, Sept. 10: — The Chicago Cubs rallied for two runs in the ninth inning yesterday to defeat the Boston Braves. Hack Wilson hit his thirty-seventh homer of the season in the seventh inning.

The Phillies scored five runs on six hits against the St. Louis Cardinals and won easily.

Pittsburgh Pirates won a hard hitting game from Brooklyn Robins as a result of a four run rally in the seventh.

New York Giants, behind Carl Hubbell and Fred Fitzsimmons, took a double header from Cincinnati Reds.

American League

In the American League, young Ed Welsh held Washington Senators to six hits and Chicago White Sox won.

Boston Red Sox inflicted the third straight defeat on St. Louis Browns who have now dropped to a poor fourth place.

Detroit at Chicago and Cleveland at Philadelphia games were postponed on account of wet grounds.

Yesterday's scores:

National League

New York 6-10, Cincinnati 3-4.
Brooklyn 7, Pittsburgh 9.
Boston 3, Chicago 4.
Philadelphia 9, St. Louis 3.

American League

St. Louis 2, Boston 6.
Chicago 6, Washington 4.

BIG LEAGUE STANDINGS

National League

	W.	L.	Pct.
Chicago	90	43	.677
Pittsburgh	77	56	.579
New York	70	60	.538
St. Louis	63	67	.485
Brooklyn	62	71	.466
Philadelphia	60	73	.451
Cincinnati	54	77	.412
Boston	51	80	.389

American League

	W.	L.	Pct.
Philadelphia	91	42	.684
New York	76	55	.580
Cleveland	69	61	.531
St. Louis	68	63	.519
Detroit	61	71	.462
Washington	53	78	.405
Chicago	53	79	.405
Boston	49	85	.366

Junior League Soccer Starts

First Game of Season to Be Played This Saturday—Annual Meeting Next Week

Arrangements for the commencement of the fall schedule of the Junior Football League were made at a meeting last night in the City Hall with President J. S. Wilson in the chair, other present being J. Campbell, vice-president; Miss S. A. Mills and Fred Hardy, representing Borden Street School; D. H. Hartness and Kazu Nakamoto, High School, and A. Halleran and S. Lawrence, Booth Memorial School.

The following schedule for the fall was drawn up, the second half to be played next spring:

Sept. 14—Borden Street School vs. High School.
Sept. 18—Booth Memorial School vs. Borden.
Sept. 21—High vs. Booth.
Sept. 25—High vs. Borden.
Sept. 28—Borden vs. Booth.
Oct. 5—Booth vs. High.
Oct. 12—Borden vs. High.
Oct. 19—Booth vs. Borden.
Oct. 26—High vs. Booth.

September 20 was set as the date for the annual meeting of the league and arrangements were also set in motion for the annual banquet, date of which will be selected later.

OLD COUNTRY FOOTBALL

English League—First Division

Astonvilla 2; Derby County 2.
Sheffield U., 1; Middlesboro 3.
Westham United 5; Newcastle United 1.

English Division— Second Division

Blackpool 5; Nottingham F., 1.
Charlton Athletic 4; Stoke City 4.
Notts C., 2; Bradford City 0.
Preston, N.E., 2; Cardiff 3.
Southampton 3; West Bromich Albion 2.
Wolverhamton Wanderers 2; Reading 1.

Sport Chat

Thistles and Regiment will meet this evening in what, if the Scots win, may be the final league football game of the season. The Thistles now have three wins without a loss in this series and will need just this one win to cinch. That it will go that easy, however, is not expected and the soldiers will be looked for to put up stubborn resistance even if they have lost three games and won none so far and have little chance to cop. This is one of the Mobley Cup games postponed from last month on account of rain.

—For the first time this year, the Rose Lake football team met defeat from the Burns Lake eleven on the Burns Lake grounds on Labor Day, the score being five to one. This score, however, was hardly indicative of the play which was much closer than might be suggested. The teams were: Burns Lake: Engsdad; Pedley and Thomson; D. Trusdell, O'Harra, Hauer; Satterstrom, McKenna, Brown, McLeod and Sandnes; Rose Lake: Mowat; Bach and Bach; Sturgeon, Espley and Crahmer; Mould, Faulkner, Mould, Mould and Bach.

TRAFFIC MEET IN WINNIPEG

C.N.R. Man Expects to be Elected President of American Passengers Officers Asso.

WINNIPEG, Sept. 10—The seventy third annual meeting of the American passenger traffic officers' association will be held in Winnipeg on the sixteenth and seventeenth. This convention will be one of the most important of the year in Canada since it will bring together the traffic executives of all the leading railway companies in North America, those eligible to attend being traffic presidents, traffic managers and general passenger agents. It is expected there will be between two and three hundred present at the convention. Following the meetings, which will be held in the Fort Garry hotel, the visitors will be given a trip through the Canadian Rocky Mountains by the Canadian National and Canadian Pacific Railways.

This is the first time in the history of the association that its annual meeting has been held in Western Canada and elaborate arrangements have been made to insure its success. The meetings will be presided over by the President J. D. Rahner of St. Augustine, Florida. It is expected that the meeting will elect as its next president H. H. Melanson, general passenger traffic manager of the Canadian National Railways, Montreal. Mr. Melanson was elected first vice-president at last year's meeting.

C.N.R. OFFICERS PROMOTED

Officers of the freight traffic department of the Canadian National Railways prominently concerned in the recent retirements and promotions are shown above. They are: (1) J. M. Horn who has been promoted Assistant Freight Traffic Manager, Winnipeg; (2) J. M. Macrae, who has been appointed General Freight Agent, Vancouver; (3) W. Hately, who becomes General Freight Agent, Winnipeg; (4) A. E. Rosevear, General Freight Agent, Winnipeg, who, on Dec. 15th, retires after 52 years of service, and (5) F. G. Adams, Assistant General Freight Agent, Winnipeg, whose duties are enlarged to give him supervision over rates and divisions.

STOCK QUOTATIONS

(Courtesy S. D. Johnston Co.)

Bayview, 2½. Nil.
Big Missouri, 1.15, 1.16.
Cork Province, Nil, 10½.
Cotton Belt, 36, 45.
Dunwell, 14, 16.
George Copper, 5.00, 5.25.
Georgia River, 34, 35.
Gladstone, 5, Nil.
Golconda, 70, 73.
Grandview, 31, 32.
Independence, 7, 8.
Indian Mines, 5, 7.
Inter. Coal & Coke, 33½, 35.
Kootenay Florence, 13, 13½.
Kootenay King, 42, 43.
L. & L., Nil, 3.
Lakeview, ½, 1.
Mohawk, 3¼, Nil.
Morton Woolsey, 4½, 5.
Marmot River Gold, Nil, 4.
Marmot Metals, 3½, Nil.
National Silver, 13, 14.
Noble Five, 57, 58.
Oregon Copper, 19, 20.
Pend Oreille, 5.65, 5.10.
Premier, 1.75, 1.80.
Reeves Macdonald, 1.60, 1.65.
Rufus-Argenta, 17, 17½.
Ruth-Hope, 34, Nil.
Silver Crest, 8, Nil.
Silverado Cons., 65, 70.
Silversmith, 7, Nil.
Slocan King, 3½, 4.
Topley Richfield, Nil, 15.
Toric Mines, 70, Nil.
Woodbine, 3, 3½.
Bluebird, Nil, 9.

Oils

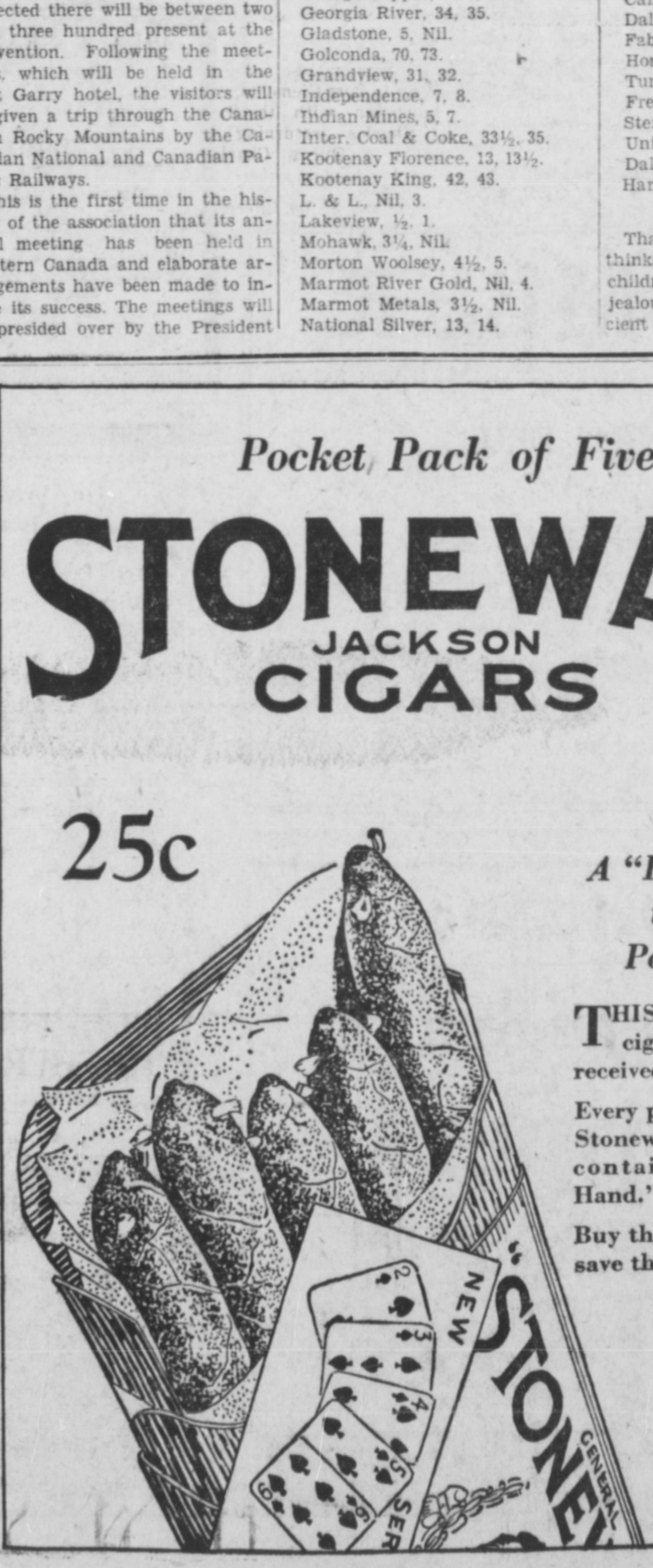
Advance, 1.50, 1.70.
A. P. Consolidated, 4.00, 4.01.
Calmont, 3.85, 3.90.
Dalhousie, 2.90, 3.00.
Fabyan Pete, 17½, 18.
Home, 20.00, 20.25.
Turner Valley, 1.00, Nil.
Freehold, 1.67, 1.68.
Sterling Pacific, 1.97, 2.00.
United, 1.07, 1.10.
Dallas, 2.20, 2.24.
Hargal, 1.72, 1.75.

That kind of mother-in-law thinks she is being "loyal" to her children, but her one motive is a jealous zeal to preserve her ancient right to boss them.

Pocket Pack of Five

STONEWALL
JACKSON
CIGARS

25c



A "Poker Hand" in Every Pocket Pack

THIS is the first time cigar smokers have received "Poker Hands."

Every pocket pack of five Stonewall Jackson Cigars contains one "Poker Hand."

Buy the pocket pack and save the "Poker Hands".