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Inspector of Police
Reel Police Drama

The Blazing Sea
3 Reel Drama

1 Reel Comedy

Matinee—2 to 4.30
Evening—2 to 10.30

THE MAELSTROM

By Frank Froest

Late Superintendent of the Criminal Investigation Department of New Scotland Yard. (Copyright)

(From Saturday's Daily)

"Take a good look at these ladies," said Menzies's suave voice.

Jimmie had not needed more than one glance. There was a sufficient general resemblance among the army of women, but she was unmistakable. She was the second from the right. He had taken one pace toward her when her gaze met his. There was nothing in it of appeal. It was indifferent, cold, impassive. Yet Hallett's resolution wavered. He walked past her along the row—and back again. He felt himself a fool. There was not the faintest reason why he should not identify her. She was a stranger. She was at least indirectly responsible for the unpleasant experiences that had beset him. She was possibly concerned in a deliberate murder. And then out of the corner of his eye he saw her moisten her dry lips. That was the only trace of emotion she gave.

"It's no good, Mr. Menzies," he said quietly. "I don't recognize any one here." He had played poker in his time, and his face and voice were absolutely expressionless. Menzies tapped a forefinger thoughtfully alongside his nose and smiled ruefully.

"All right," he said, and Jimmie fancied there was an inner shade of meaning to the words. "That will do, ladies, thank you."

The women—wives and daughters of police officials, for the most part—separated. Only the girl of the cheeks remained behind. As the room emptied she walked toward Menzies.

"That's our Miss Greye-Stratton," he said cheerfully. "I am so much obliged to you. I want you to know Mr. Hallett, the gentleman who first called our attention to the death of your father."

Jimmie concealed the surprise that the name gave him. Although there was a certain touch of melancholy in the oval face, there was none of that grief which might have been expected in a girl who had suddenly learned of the murder of her father.

For a moment he was repelled. He murmured some conventional phrase of sympathy, but she swept it away as though aware that her manner needed explanation.

"Yes, this is very dreadful, Mr. Hallett, but not so dreadful to me as it might have been. You see, I scarcely knew my father. We were almost complete strangers."

"Miss Greye-Stratton called on me at the Yard as soon as she heard of the murder," said Menzies. "I thought it as well in the circumstances that there should be no ground for misunderstandings. You see, your story of the way the checks came into your possession is bound to make talk when you give evidence at the inquest. I wanted it to be definitely clear that Miss Greye-Stratton was not the lady and she was good enough to consent to this arrangement."

Hallett wondered how the diplomacy of the detective could have got over the difficulty if the girl had refused. That she had consented showed nerve, for she had not known that he would not identify her. He was curious, too, as to what would have happened if he had picked her out. Would she have been arrested on suspicion?

"If it had been Miss Greye-Stratton she would hardly have sought you out," he remarked.

"No, no, of course not," said Menzies soothingly. "I never thought for a moment that she was the woman. One likes to save anything in the nature of scandal though. I remember a case where two elderly ladies—sisters—living in a country house were attacked by some one with a hammer. One was found dead, the

SIDE TALKS

By Ruth Cameron

"A CRAZY WAY OF MINE."

I wish I had gone to see his drawings but I had heard so much about them that I resolved not to see them. "A crazy way of mine, your honor."

So wrote Walter Scott many years ago of the famous bird drawing of Audubon which were then being exhibited in England.

Don't you think it is interesting to know that this "crazy way" of turning against things which have been too much recommended to us is Sir Walter Scott's as well as yours and mine.

We Like To Be Scott's Thousandth Cousin

It seems to us as a sort of thousandth cousinship with him when even Thackeray humbly called "that great and good man."

But what I wonder is the cause for this "crazy way" into which the greatest and the least fall?

I suppose it's just plain human perversity.

"We do want to do what we are told to do."

Too much sugar turns the stomach of the mind.

I Can't Make Myself Read It

I have on my shelves a novel which I have never read. I bought it because

CANADIAN CASUALTIES

Killed in Action
Ingersoll—Lieut. Roy Russell.
Woodstock—Pte. Gordon Kipp.
Culloden—Pte. T. M. Smith.
Stratford—Pte. E. Roper.

Dead of Wounds
Owen Sound—Pte. B. J. Travis.
St. Thomas—Corp. Thomas Hall.

Presumed Dead
Dutton—Pte. A. Garlick.
Died of Accidental Injuries
Bethwell—Pte. C. Miller.

Missing
Stratford—Pte. W. H. W. Babb.
Woodstock—Pte. E. A. Turner.
Waterdown—Pte. R. W. Mount.

Prisoner of War
Woodstock—Corp. Wyethe.
Unofficially Prisoner of War
Stratford—Pte. R. B. Elsom.

Wounded
Hespeler—Lance Corp. W. H. Renwick.
33rd Battalion—Pte. J. W. Houghton.

Princeton—Pte. E. G. Hughes.
Brammer—Pte. Joseph Mayford.
Stratford—Pte. Thomas Smith.
Galt—Ptes. Charles Hollis, C. Batten.

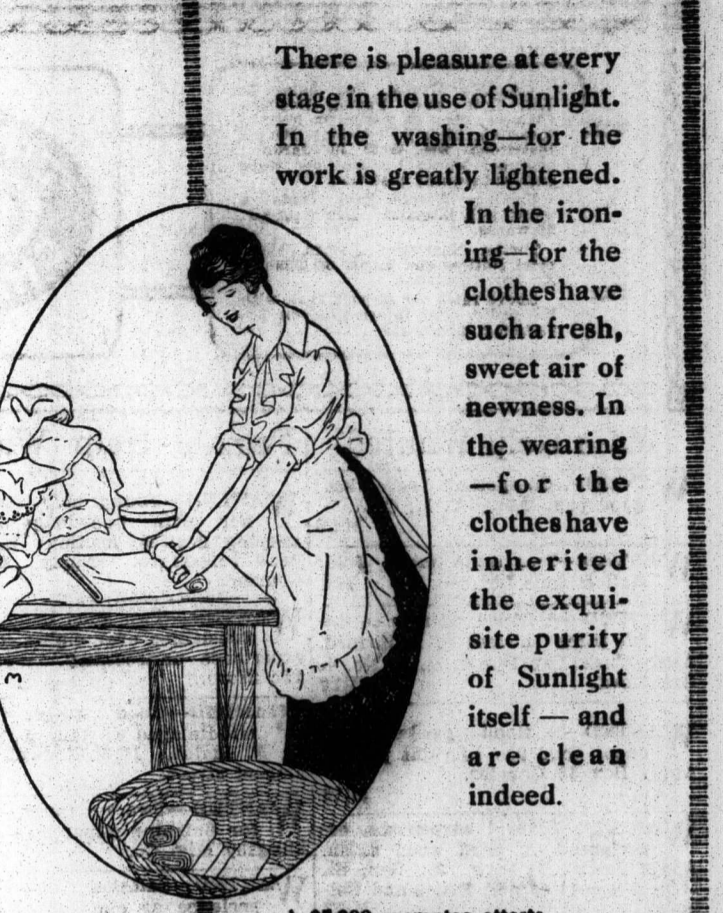
Woodstock—Ptes. F. N. Down, W. A. Domagala.
Owen Sound—Gunner J. P. Young.
St. Thomas—Pte. W. G. McAlpine.
Embro—Pte. A. M. Gibb.
Hespeler—Sapper R. MacKay.
Owen Sound—Gunner R. Thompson.

Shell Shock
St. Thomas—Pte. B. E. Colledge.

Ill
Sarnia—Gunner D. M. Allan.
Chatham—Pte. C. Praughley.
Tilbury—Pte. A. Coutis.

Not Killed or Wounded
St. Thomas—Pte. C. E. Gerrard.

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Courier Daily Recipe Column

JOHNNY CAKE
One pint corn meal, scalded with 1 cup boiling water, 1-2 cup flour, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon lard, 3 tablespoons molasses, 2 tablespoons baking powder.
Can be used with an egg or not. The egg improves it.

MARBLE CAKE
Light Part
Whites of 3 eggs (well beaten), 1 cup white sugar, 1-2 cup melted butter, 1-2 cup sweet milk, 1 teaspoon of cream of tartar, 1-2 teaspoon of soda, 2 cups flour, flavor to taste, salt.

Dark Part
Yolks of 3 eggs (beaten), 1 cup brown sugar, 1-2 cup molasses, 1-2 cup soft milk, 1-2 cup melted butter, salt, 1 teaspoon soda, 2 1-2 cups flour, all kinds of spices to taste.

Bake in loaves in alternate layers of light and dark.

DATE PIES
Crust, 3 cups of flour, 1 cup of lard, a pinch of salt, water enough to mix (about 1 cup); filling, 1-2 pounds of molasses dates, cook in water enough to cover until soft, then strain, add one-quart of milk, 3 eggs well beaten, a pinch of salt. Bake with one crust. This makes two large or three small pies.

CRANBERRY PIE
One cup ripe cranberries, cut each one in half, put in dish; put over them one cup of white sugar, 1-2 cup of water, a tablespoonful of sifted flour; stir all together and put into a baking dish. Add one upper crust and bake slowly in a moderate oven. Very nice.

BREAD AND BUTTER PUDDING
Cut thin slices of bread and butter, put in pudding dish, a few stones, raising between each layer of bread; make a custard of 1-2 pints of milk, 2 eggs, 4 tablespoons of sugar, a little salt, a little nutmeg; mix well and pour over the bread; let it stand one hour, then bake 45 minutes in a moderate oven and you have a very delicate pudding.

ATTRACTIVE DINING CAR SERVICE
Probably nothing helps more to make a railway journey really enjoyable than a visit to the "Dining Car," especially if it be a Canadian Pacific Dining Car, where the passenger is assured of the highest form of efficiency in the culinary art, the choicest provisions that the market affords, prepared on the scientific principle known as "Dietetic Blending."

Your favorite dish as you like it, may be enjoyed at a reasonable price. Ideal surroundings, while travelling on the Canadian Pacific.

Good Night Stories

THE TEARS OF THE BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS

Mother Nature was quite worried. There had been very few rains, and her children, the flowers, were drooping on their stems. Sleep had failed to revive them, for when morning came they remained of still being tired and thirsty, so Mother Nature went to see Old Black Witch.

"There is only one thing I know of," said Black Witch. "In the mountains lives a beautiful Princess. When she weeps her tears turn into wonderful jewels. In the moonlight they are silver, but just as the sun's rays strike them they turn into glistening gold with all colors of the rainbow. These jewels are good for the power of giving new life when sprinkled over flower children," said Black Witch.

Mother Nature said she would send one of the Imps at once to gather the jewels.

"Queer thing about this Beautiful Princess, she is so merry that she never weeps. So his task will not be an easy one," said Black Witch.

The next day the Imp started in search of the Beautiful Princess, and after many hours of hard climbing up the mountainside he at last came to a lovely castle where he knocked to ask his way.

"Why, this is the castle of the Beautiful Princess," said the page who opened the door, and the Imp was led before her throne.

Never in all his life had the Imp seen such a beautiful creature. Great clusters of golden curls encircled a rosy face all covered with smiles. She was dressed in pure white.

"She looks like an angel," thought the Imp as he knelt before her.

"What can I do for you?" asked Beautiful Princess, and the Imp told her he was in search of the tears that were silver in the moonlight and golden in the sunshine, and Beautiful Princess began to laugh.

"It is my tears you wish, but I am glad to say I very seldom weep," she replied.

The Imp told her of Mother Nature's great need of the jewels, and Beautiful Princess said:

"If you can make me cry you are welcome to every tear I shed."

The Imp told Beautiful Princess all the sad tales he had ever heard but she only smiled the more.

"How can one be sad when she sees the blue sky and glorious sunlight, and hears the merry songs of the dear little birds that make their homes in the tree-tops?"

"Among all these merry-makers you ask me to shed tears. Friend, that is impossible. Life is so full of the beautiful that there is no time for sorrow," replied Beautiful Princess.

"You are right Beautiful Princess," said the Imp, and he began to tell her

Children Cry for Fletcher's



CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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Bears the Signature of
Dr. J. C. Fletcher
In Use For Over 30 Years
The Kind You Have Always Bought

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CASTORIA
For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years
Always bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*

Submarines

The submarine still sinks and slaughters, and is the terror of the waters. Regardless of the law of nations, and scoring rules and regulations, it roots around the grieving ocean, wherever the blamed thing takes a notion, and sinks all vessels that are sailing in its coming, and too quick to mention, to stop the Kaiser's submarine, and leave him in the dump trench leaning. You can't do up on Uncle Sam's on land or on the billows clammy. No trap's so good, each donnerwetter, that he can't dig up something better!

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funny stories. And would you believe it, before long Beautiful Princess laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks and fell in jewels at her feet.

"Well, friend you may come often if you tell me only funny stories," laughed Beautiful Princess as she bade the Imp goodbye. And taking the jewels, he called away.

He handed Mother Nature the jewels, and she sprinkled them over her flower children. When morning came the little flowers lifted their pretty heads and the tears sparkled like a thousand diamonds in golden sunshine.

Every evening the Imp visits Beautiful Princess and tells her funny stories so he can supply Mother Nature with the wonderful jewels that Mother Nature calls them dewdrops.

FRUIT

every meal!

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