

THEATRE

Special Feature
Carroll Troupe
Sensational Wire
Novelty

Frederick
Love That Lives

CHAPTER
Neglected Wife

News of the world
Monday, Tuesday
Wednesday
PICKFORD
Greatest Photo
Production
Little American
The Cruelities of
the Prussians

HOUSE

Five Saturday
Girl

See all seats 10c
MUSIC STORE

Fair

5th, 1917

1917

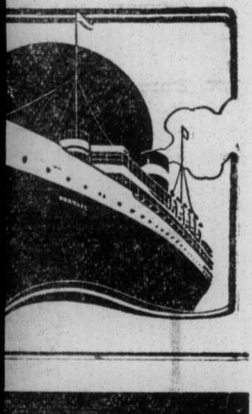
EXHIBITION
RIO

Attractions

Military and

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from the Secretary,
A. M. HUNT,
Secretary



Business

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Carrier

An Outsider

(By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE)

AUTHOR OF

"The Lone Wolf"

"Joan Thursday"

"The Brass Bowl" etc.

(From Wednesday's Daily.)
"You can't mean you'd do anything dishonest—"
"I'd do anything. Look at all the people in high places who begin as nothing more or less than adventurers. Nobody's fussing about how they got their money. It's no sin to be poor nowadays, but the sin of sins is to stay poor!"
A moment of silence followed this pronouncement; then Miss Spode observed pensively:
"Something's happened to you today, Sally. What is it? You haven't been—"
"Fired again? Not exactly. Just laid off indefinitely—that's all. With good luck I may get my job back next September."
"Oh, but, honey!" Lucy explained, crossing to drop a hand on Sally's shoulder. "I am sorry!"
"Of course you are," Sally returned stonily. "But you needn't be. I'm not going to let this make things any harder for you and Mary Warden."
"How perfectly mean! You know, I wasn't thinking anything like that!"
"Yes, dear, I do know it." In sudden contrition, Sally caught the other girl's hand and laid her cheek transiently against it. "What I meant to make clear was"—she faltered momentarily—"I've made up my mind I'm a Jonah, and the only decent thing for me to do is to quit you both, Lucy, my dear!"
She ended on a round note of determination rather than of defiance, and endured calmly, if with a slightly self-conscious smile, the distressed look of her companion.
"Don't be silly!" the last retorted, pulling herself together. "You know you're welcome—"
"Of course I do. All the same, I'm not taking any more, thanks."
"But it's only a question of time. If you can't wait for Hucker's to take you on again, Mary and I can easily keep things going until you find another job."
"But that wouldn't be fair!"
"What wouldn't be fair?"
"To sponge on you two under false pretenses."
"False pretenses!" Lucy iterated blankly.
"I was laid off last Saturday. I didn't say anything, but I've been looking for something else ever since—and this is Wednesday, and I'm through. I'm sick and tired, I've got just as much right as anybody to live on society, and that's what I'm going to do from now on!"
Miss Spode lowered a cloth skirt over her head and stiffly starched shirt-waist before pursuing. "But what I can't understand is how—assuming you're in earnest—"
"Deadly earnest!" Sally declared.
"—and mean to go through with this—how do you think you'll get a start without doing something downright wrong?"
"It wouldn't be fair to tempt me the way I feel to-day."
"There's only one thing," Miss Spode announced, adjusting her hat, "that prevents me from speaking to a cop about you; I know you're a fraud. You couldn't do anything dishonest to save you."
"Oh, couldn't I!" Sally returned ominously. "You wait and see!"
"Well, well," said the other indelicately, "have it your own way. Hoopay for crime! But if I stop her listening to you preach anarchy I'll be late for Sammy. So I'm off." Pausing in the doorway, she looked back with just a trace of doubt coloring her regard. "Do try to brace up and be sensible, honey. I'm worried about leaving you alone with all these blue devils."
"You needn't be. I can take care of myself."
"Well, promise to do nothing rash before I come home."
"Promises made for keeps are specifically prohibited by article nine

of the Social Pirate's Letters of Marque. But I don't mind telling you the chances are you'll find me on the roof when you get back, unless this heat lets up. I'm going up now; this place is simply suffocating!"
But her smile grew dim as she resigned herself to an evening whose loneliness promised to be unbroke; that faint flush faded which had crept into her cheeks in the course of her half-whimsical, half-serious hazy; she looked once more what life had made her—a work-worn shop-girl, of lack-luster charm, on the verge of prematurely middle-aged hopelessness.
Another six months of this life would break her, body and spirit, beyond repair.
Her eyes, that ranged the confines of those mean quarters, darkened quickly with their expression of jaded discontent.
Another six months? She felt as if she could not suffer another six hours.

After a time she rose and moved languidly out into the hall, from which an iron ladder led up through a scuttle to the roof, the refuge and retreat of the studio's tenants on those breathless, interminable summer nights when their quarters were unendurably stuffy. Here they were wont to lounge at ease, or deshabille, either the dressmaker nor the teacher of voice-production ever troubled their privacy, and seldom did other figures appear on any of the roofs which ran to the Park Avenue courtyard on an exact plane broken only by low dividing walls and chimney-stacks.

Three chairs of the steamer type, all maimed, comprised the furniture of this roof-garden, with (by way of local color) on one of the copings a row of four red clay flower-pots filled with sun-baked dust from which gnarled and rusty stalks thrust themselves up like withered elfin limbs.
Selecting the soundest chair, Sally dragged it into the shadow cast by the hood of the studio top-light, and settling down with her feet on the adjacent coping, closed her eyes and sought to relax from her temper of high, almost hysterical nervous tension.

Thoughts bred of her talk with Lucy for a time distracted her, blending into incoherent essays at pictorially realistic stages in the houses of the wealthy, as pictured by the sycophantic fashion magazine and cast with the people of its gallery of photographs, and finally inspiring, and polo-playing, motor-driving, clothes-mad men of an insouciance appalling.

On the edge of unconsciousness she said aloud, but without knowing that she spoke, three words:
—These were: "Charmeuse—Paquin—Bride."
And then she slept; her pallid face upturned to that high-arched sky of brass, from which light and heat beat down in brutal waves, she slept, the sleep of exhaustion, deep and heavy; dark and stupifying sleep possessed her utterly, as overpowering and obliterating as though induced by drugs.

CHAPTER II.
Burglary.
She awakened in sharp panic, bewildered by the grotesquerie of some half-remembered dream in contrast with the harshness of incident fact, drowsily realizing that since she had fallen asleep it had come on to rain smartly out of a shrouded sky.

Without the least warning a blinding violent glare cut the gloom, the atmosphere quaked with a terrific shock of thunder, and the downpour became heavier.

Appalled, the girl sprang from her chair and groped her way to the scuttle through a darkness resembling late twilight.

It was closed.
Somebody, presumably the janitor, had shut it against the impending storm without troubling to make sure there was no one on the roof, for her chair had been invisible behind the shoulder of the top-light.

With a cry of dismay the girl knelt and, digging fingers beneath the cover, dug out the key. She unlocked the door, and was securely hooked beneath and held fast.

Then, driven half frantic, less by the lashing rain than by a dread of lightning which she had never outgrown, she stumbled back to the glass face of the top-light and pounded it with her fists, screaming to Mary Warden to come and let her in. But no lights showed in the studio, and no one answered; reluctantly she was persuaded that Mary was not yet home from rehearsals.

The long rolling, grinding broad-shoulders of thunder almost continuous accompaniment—broken only by the fiery sword-play that slashed incessantly through and through that grim tilt of swollen black cloud.
Dazzled and deafened as well, the girl dashed the rain from her eyes and strove to collect her wits and grapple sanely with her plight.
Already she was wet to her skin—water could do no more harm here—but the mad elemental tumult confounded all her senses; her sole conscious impulse was to gain shelter of some sort from the sound and fury of the tempest.

It was a bare chance that a scuttle on some one of the adjacent roofs might be, at least, not fastened down. Fighting the blustering wind, she scoured the rain, and her panic fright, she gained the scuttle of the roof to the west, but found it immovable.

She tried the next roof, with no better fortune.
Panting, even sobbing a little in her terror, she scrambled on through a sort of nightmarish progress to the next roof, and on and on to the next and the next.

She kept no reckoning and couldn't have said how many roofs she had crossed, then at length she discovered a scuttle that was actually floored, and without pause to wonder at this circumstance, or what might be her reception and how to account for herself, she swung down into that hospitable black hole, found footing on the scuttle, let herself farther down—and by mischance dislodged the iron arm supporting the cover.

It fell with a bang and a click, and Sally barely escaped crushed fingers by releasing the rim and tumbling incontinently to the floor.
Happily she hadn't far to fall, wasn't hurt, and hastily picking herself up, stood half-dazed, listening for sounds of alarm within the house.
Coincidentally a storm sounded a crisis in a series of tremendous, shattering crashes, so heavy and so prolonged that all the world seemed to rock and vibrate, echoing the uproar like a gigantic sounding-board.
This passed; but from the body of the house Sally heard nothing, only the crepitation of rain on the roof and the sibilant splatter of drops trickling from her saturated skirts into the puddle that had formed beneath the scuttle.
(Continued in Friday's Issue.)

SIDE TALKS

By RUTH CAMERON

CALLING PEOPLE "SPLIENNY."
"Yes I suppose she isn't very well, but I think she's inclined to be rather splenny. She thinks an awful lot about her health. I think she'd be better off if she'd 'spudge up a bit and not think so much about herself."

So I heard one woman characterize another the other day.
The woman characterized had been visiting the other and had had the misfortune to have an attack of a chronic malady during the visit.
She is One of These Terribly Healthy People.

The woman who had the characterizing is one of those people who are born of hardy stock, have abundant vitality and think it "all nonsense" for other people not to be as abundantly healthy as themselves.
This trick of fancying that the other fellow is splenny when he does not fell up to the mark is one of the commonest human frailties.

We know he isn't well, but we can't help feeling that if we had the same ailment we would stand up under it better, would throw it off more bravely, would not act so depressed (and depressing). Why, we can remember perfectly well times when we felt just as bad as he does and wouldn't give in to it.
Maybe He's Bearing Up Wonderfully
And there's the rub. How do we

know we felt just as bad? How do we know just how does feel? Maybe, to do even as much as he is bearing up even as well as he is bearing up, is performing prodigies of self conquest. How on the face of the earth can we know?

I once had a great lesson in this which has helped me ever since. Some years ago a relative of mine with whom I was living had a bad attack of tonsillitis, a disease with which neither of us had had any experience until then. She was completely worn by it. For awhile I nursed her willingly and did her share of the work, and then I began to wonder if she weren't a little bit splenny because she didn't seem to have more ambition to get well, didn't try to make herself eat, didn't push herself a little harder. Yes, I'm not proud of it, but to tell the truth such was my opinion.

I Found Myself in Her Place.
And then the germ reached me and I also succumbed. I also felt that deadly lethargy, that miserable inertia, would hang like a weight upon one's every movement, almost on one's every thought. And then I knew how unjust I had been.

And that is why I am more careful nowadays how I advise people who are splenny, more sceptical when I hear other people pass that judgment.

Good Night Stories

WISE OWL SLEEPS WITH ONE EYE OPEN

One day when Mrs. Sparrow returned to her nest, she found one of her eggs missing. She set up such a cry that all the birds of the woods came flying to see what was the cause of her excitement.
"Some one has stolen one of my eggs!" cried Mrs. Sparrow.
"You don't suppose Black Crow did it, do you?" asked Mrs. Robin, who had not forgotten her own recent loss.
"No, I'm sure he wouldn't break his promise," answered Mrs. Sparrow.
"Maybe it was Wise Owl. He pre-



tends to sleep all day," suggested Woodpecker.
"Maybe that's a trick of his," joined in Jenny Wren.
After a great deal of chattering the birds flew to question Wise Owl. Wise Owl sat nodding at his window. When Woodpecker knocked at his door he opened his eyes. "It's a pity you can't let me sleep!" he cried.
Some one has stolen Mrs. Sparrow's egg, and we want to know if it was you," chirped Woodpecker, shaking his red topknot.
Wise Owl was so sleepy that his head nodded. The birds, thinking he had answered Woodpecker's question, flew at him.
Wise Owl, fully awakened by their noise, opened his eyes very wide.
"Who, who says I steal?" he shrieked. "I haven't been out of this house since the sun came up. The birds looked at each other.
"His voice rings true," said Mrs. Sparrow. "We'll look further for the thief." They were about to fly away when Wise Owl called them back.
"I'll tell you what, I'll sleep on a limb near your nest, and keep watch while you are away. The fellow knows there are more eggs, so he will return for them," said Wise Owl. Next day Wise Owl nodded with one eye on Mrs. Sparrow's nest.
Soon the twigs under the tree began to crackle and Wise Owl saw Red Squirrel run up the other side of the tree and out on the limb near the nestful of eggs. He reached in his two red paws and picked up an egg.
Red Squirrel dropped the egg, but before he could run he was surrounded by a flock of angry birds that threatened his life. Red Squirrel fell to the ground just as Mrs. Sparrow pulled a billful of red hairs from his tail.
As he hit the ground he hurt his foot and had to hobble away on three feet between the stones of the fence.
"Too bad we didn't get a chance to punish him!" exclaimed Mrs. Sparrow, as she displayed the red hairs proudly.
"He's punished all right," said Wise Owl. "He who would harm others generally hurts himself. Red Squirrel will limp for some time on that sprained foot of his," and Wise Owl flew back to his home.
Mrs. Sparrow was so proud of the red hairs that she wove them into her nest, and if you ever happen to climb into that tree you can see them there.
As for Red Squirrel, it taught him a lesson that he never forgot, and he never bothered the birds' nests again.

LANCFORD
(From our own correspondent.)
Rev. Mr. Down had charge of the service on Sunday morning, taking his text in Second Peter.
Dr. Lorne Stuart, Montreal, is spending a week here with his parents.
Mr. and Mrs. G. Duncan and family have returned to their home in the city after spending some time at H. M. Vanderlip's.
Mr. Lester Launs, is spending his holidays at his home here.
Mrs. E. Vanderlip, Hamilton, and Mrs. C. T. Templar, city, visited last Friday at Mr. E. M. Vanderlip's.
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ireland entertained friends from Hamilton, last Sunday.
Miss Nellie Stuart, Hamilton, is spending Tuesday with Mr. and Mrs. D. Stuart.
Dr. Lorne Stuart and his mother, spent Sunday in Hamilton and points east.
The meeting last Thursday evening held at the home of Mrs. E. R. Launs, to arrange for an entertainment to raise money for Red Cross work was very well attended.
Mr. and Mrs. John Hunter spent Sunday at Marlburg.
Mrs. E. M. Hunter entertained relatives from Toronto over Sunday.
Mr. and Mrs. David Westbrook spent last Sunday in Hamilton.

HARLEY
Blanche Pamplin of London, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Dave Shellington this week.
Mrs. Nina Postill of Northfield, spent one day last week here with her aunt, Mrs. R. Brown.
Mr. B. Cox has built a new verandah in the front of his store and house.
Miss Annie Secord of Mt. Zion, spent Wednesday last with Mrs. David Shellington.
Miss Lillian Williamson was holidaying in Brantford last week with Mrs. Cox of Brantford is visiting relatives here.
The Ladies Aid met at the home of Mrs. Robt. Shellington on Thursday last. Seventeen members and one visitor was present. The ladies re-organized. Mrs. W. Ryder was re-elected President Mrs. Ed. Bonney, Mrs. Geo. Clement again took his vice-presidency; Mrs. Geo. Clement, treasurer; Mrs. Medcalf, secretary; Mrs. B. Cox, organist. A committee was appointed to pack a box for Mr. Cotton, a former minister here and now a prisoner of war in Germany. After the meeting closed the hostess served dainty refreshments.
Mr. W. Clement, wife and children G. T. R. agent of Clinton motored here to spend a few days with their parents.
Mr. and Mrs. Walter O'Reilly and daughter Hazel, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Lundy, Mt. Pleasant.
The Sunday School will hold their picnic on the grounds of Mr. and Mrs. Dean on Wednesday August the 29th.
Mr. and Mrs. James Malcolm and son, of St. George motored and spent Sunday here with Mr. and Mrs. B. Cox.
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NEW RUSSIA'S FIRST OFFICIAL POSTCARD
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Courier Daily Recipe Column

Baked Ham.
One cup chopped cold ham, 1-2 cup bread crumbs, pinch of mustard and of parsley, chopped fine, tablespoonful of melted butter, 2 well beaten eggs, milk enough to make a cream of the mixture; bake in a well buttered dish in hot oven 15 minutes. Nice dish for tea.
Dressed Beef.
Take 1 slice of steak and put in a small pan; make a dressing of 1 small onion and 1 cup of bread crumbs, little pepper and salt, moistened slightly, and put on the steak; lay the steak over and roast about 1 hour.
Bacon With Sweet Potatoes.
Have the bacon cut in the thinnest possible shavings; first trimmings off all the rind and hard lean, smoky parts; cut cold boiled or baked sweet potatoes in slices about 1-2 inch thick, arrange them in a baking dish and cover them with the slices of bacon placed quite close together; put the dish in a hot oven and let them cook until the bacon is transparent or crisp. If you prefer add the potatoes hot; even if not browned enough to be hard they will be delicious with the flavor of the bacon.

TAXI CABS MITCHELL'S

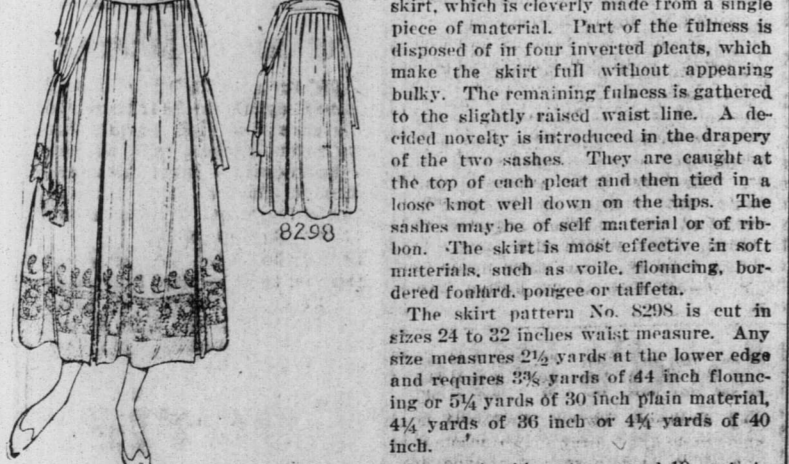
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Courier Daily: Valuable Suggestions for the Handy Home-maker—Order any Pattern Through The Courier. Be sure to State Size

LADIES' ONE-PIECE SKIRT.

By Anabel Worthington.



The Oriental influence which is shown so strongly in the fashions this season is also the inspiration for this smart looking skirt, which is cleverly made from a single piece of material. Part of the fulness is disposed of in four inverted pleats, which make the skirt full without appearing bulky. The remaining fulness is gathered to the slightly raised waist line. A decided novelty is introduced in the drapery of the two sashes. They are caught at the top of each pleat and then tied in a loose knot well down on the hips. The sashes may be of soft material or of ribbon. The skirt is most effective in soft materials, such as voile, flouncing, bordered tulle, pongee or taffeta.
The skirt pattern No. 8298 is cut in sizes 24 to 32 inches waist measure. Any size measures 2 1/2 yards at the lower edge and requires 3/4 yards of 44 inch flouncing or 5/8 yards of 30 inch plain material, 4 1/4 yards of 36 inch or 4 1/4 yards of 40 inch.
To obtain this pattern send 10 cents to the office of this publication.