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An Outsider

(By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE)

AUTHOR OF

"The Lone Wolf" "Joan Thursday" "The Brass Bowl" etc.

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(From Tuesday's Daily.) Had she schemed deliberately to strike him dumb in consternation, her success must have afforded Sally intense satisfaction. Since she hadn't, her personal consternation was manifestly so overpowering as to numb her sense of appreciation.

Then perhaps a shade the quicker to recover, Sally fancied that her victim's jaw had slackened a bit and his color faded perceptibly; and with this encouragement she became herself again, collected, aggressive, confronting him undaunted, before recognition dawned upon Blue Serge, and, with it, some amused appreciation of her effrontery.

"There's a central office man over here," she observed obliquely, displaying considerable uncertainty as to what a central office man really was and why.

"If you go to Boston, I go," she persisted stolidly. His countenance darkened transiently with distrust or temper. Then a sudden the man was shaken by a spasm of some strange sort—the corners of his mouth twitched, his eyes twinkled, he lifted a quizzical eyebrow, his lips parted.

"Both!" With the dexterity of a stage conjurer Blue Serge whipped a bill from his pocket and thrust it beneath the wicket, not for an instant deaching his gaze from Sally. "And quick," said he, "I'm in a hurry!"

"The Owl train leaves when?" she asked with a finely speculative air. "One o'clock." "Then we've got over an hour and a half to wait!"

"Thank you," she agreed with a severe little nod. Lugging his bag, he led the way with the air of one receiving rather than conferring a favor. "Curious how things fall out," he observed cheerfully, "isn't it?"

"I mean, your popping up like this just when I was thinking of you. Coincidence, you know." "Coincidences," Sally informed him conclusively, "are caviar only to book critics. There's nothing more common in real life."

"I don't see the necessity," Sally returned, biting her lip, "yet." "Not from your point of view, perhaps—from mine, yes. Forewarned is fortunate, you know?"

"Why, forgive me for calling you bluff, it wouldn't be safe, would it? Of course, I'm a sure-enough bad man—and all that. But you must be a bird of my feather, or you wouldn't flock together so unceremoniously."

"I don't follow you," she said truthfully, beginning to feel that she wasn't figuring to great advantage in his passage of repartee.

"No, I know you won't go through with it; not that, is, unless you're willing to face Sing Sing yourself. For that matter, I don't see how you're going to make Boston at all to-night, after that break, unless you go on your own; I don't believe I'm scared enough to stand for being shaken down for your transportation."

He was gaining the whip-hand much too easily. She averted her face to mask a growing trepidation and muttered sullenly: "What makes you think I'm afraid?" "Oh, come!" he chuckled. "I know you hadn't any lawful business in that house, don't you?"

Courier Recipe Column

CHESS PIES

Beat the yolks of 3 eggs until light and thick; add 1-2 cup fine granulated sugar and beat again; add 1-3 cup butter, rubbed to a cream and 1-2 teaspoonful of vanilla; bake on a plate lined and bordered with puff paste; bake 1-2 hour in a moderate oven; when done cover with the whites of three eggs beaten stiff and mixed with 1-2 cup powdered sugar and 1 teaspoonful lemon juice; brown slightly and cut white hot, but serve cold.

MOCK MINCE PIES

One cup chopped seeded raisins, 1 cup sour milk, 2-3 cup sugar, one egg, 1 teaspoonful cinnamon, 1-2 nutmeg, 1-2 teaspoonful salt; if you use a coffee cup for measuring you will have three small pies or 2 large ones.

LEMON PIE

One slice of bread one-half inch thick, 1 lemon (juice and rind), 1 cup boiling water, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup bread, using only soft part; pour over it the cup of boiling water; drop in butter; stir these until the bread is nicely mixed; add sugar, grated rind and juice of 1 lemon; 2 egg yolks beaten; bake with egg crust; when done make meringue with egg whites and 2 table-spoonfuls of powdered sugar; spread on top and brown.

CHRISTMAS PUDDING

One pound seeded raisins, 1 pound currants, 1-2 pound citron sliced thin, 1 pound suet, 1 carrot, 1 potato grated, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoonful baking powder; flour to make like fruit cake; steam in a large 3-quart mould 5 hours. Sauce—One egg beaten light with 1-2 cup sugar; melt a piece of butter the size of an egg; pour in the sugar and egg; flavor to suit taste; the longer you stir the better.

be going peacefully with the kind policeman instead of being a willing victim of a very pleasant form of blackmail. Burning with indignation and shivering a bit with fear of the man, she stopped short, midway down the ramp to the "lower level," and momentarily contemplated throwing herself upon his mercy and crawling out of it with whatever grace she might find.

"Oh, very well!" she said ominously, turning, "if that's the way you feel about it, we may as well have this thing over." And she made as if to go back the way she had come; but his hand fell upon her arm with a touch at once light and imperative.

"Steady!" he counseled quietly. "This is no place for either bickering or barefacedness. You mustn't take things so much to heart. I was only making fun, and you deserved as much for your cheek, you know. Otherwise, there's no harm done. If you have to go to Boston, go you shall, and no thanks to me. Even if I do yap the bill, I owe you a heap more than I'll ever be able to repay, chances are. So take it easy, and I say, do brace up and make a bluff, at least, of being on speaking terms. I'm not a bad sort, but I'm going to stick to you like grim death to a sick dorky's bedside until we know each other better. That's flat, and you may as well resign yourself to it. And here we are."

Unwillingly, almost unaware, she had permitted herself to be drawn through the labyrinth of ramps to the very threshold of the restaurant, where, before she could devise any effectual means of reasserting herself, a bland waiter took them in tow and, at Blue Serge's direction, allotted them a table well over to one side of the room, out of ear-shot of their nearest neighbors.

Temporarily too tagged and flustered to react either to the danger, or to the novelty of this experience, or even to think to any good purpose, Sally dropped mechanically into the chair held for her, wondering as much at herself for accepting the situation as at the masterful creature opposite, earnestly but amiably conferring with the head waiter over the bill of fare.

Surely a strange sort of criminal, she thought, with his humor and ready address, his sudden shifts from slang of the street to phrases chosen with a discriminating taste in English, his cool indifference to her threatening attitude, and his paradoxical pose of warm—it seemed—personal interest in and consideration for a complete and, to say the least, a very questionable stranger.

She even went so far as to admit that she might find him very likable, if only it were not for that affixed little mustache and that semi-occasional trick he practised of looking down his nose when he talked. On the other hand, one assumed, all criminals must seem strange types to the amateur observer. Come to think of it, she had never considered to measure this man by, and knew no law that prescribed for such as he either dress clothing with an inventiveness and a mask of polished imperturbability, or else a pea-jacket, a pug-nose, a cauliflower ear, with bow legs and a rolling gait.

SIDE TALKS

BY RUTH YOUNG CAMERON SO FORTUNE.

There are some people in this world who seem to think that what they are in the beginning he should continue to be all his life, and to hold any improvement up against him as "putting on airs."

I am thinking especially of the case of a young woman who by dint of hard work keen observation and a determined will to rise, has lifted herself to a position where she commands the society of people of breeding and standing.

She began as a girl in a factory. She hated the work and managed to educate herself in stenography. From that she rose to an important secretarial position.

She read, studied, associated with refined people, and naturally she has acquired a different manner and point of view.

"Wants Us to Call Her 'Ann'" You would think her people would rejoice in the improvement. But no. The other day her sister was speaking of her. "It makes me laugh," she said, "to see the way Annie puts on airs. Talks just so and goes about with all those high-brow people, and wants to live the way they do. Doesn't even like her name any more, wants to call her ANN. I can't bear to see people putting on airs that way. Why she was only a girl in a factory just a few years ago. I suppose she has forgotten all about that."

Why shouldn't she forget? Poor Ann! Why shouldn't she forget? She hated it enough. And she certainly has earned the right to! I don't mean forget in the sense of growing narrow and unsympathetic and critical.

I know that people who have risen do sometimes criticize and look down upon their own. In that case you cannot blame those who are criticizing for resenting that treatment and calling it putting on airs. That's just what it is, for any breeding that will act like that is not real breeding, but just put on.

She Is Now a Social Leader Another case of which I often think is that of a fine looking, gracious mannered woman who is one of the social leaders in the delightful little town in which she lives. And yet I cannot tell you how many times I have heard new comers informed "Yes, she puts on airs now but she was only a housework girl when he married her."

Of course it's human nature to re-venge oneself for other people's successes by such criticism. Death is not the only one who loves a shining mark. But it's so unworthy, so ugly, so picaresque, that I should think people would hate to soil themselves by it.

ing place, so he scooted from the wall and turned toward home, Red Fox at his heels. Billy just had time to enter his doorway when he heard Red Fox shut his teeth with a snap. "Almost had my tail!" said Billy to himself. "Flip! Flip!" went the dirt from Billy's front door, and Billy held his breath.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Why didn't I finish my back door before I went to play! Now there's no way to escape!" cried Billy, and he crouched in the corner of the storeroom.

Good Night Stories

WORK BEFORE PLAY.

Billy Chipmunk worked hard until front hall and storeroom were completed. "The back hall and entrance can wait. It's too lovely a day to waste it working so hard," said Billy to himself, and he ran out into the beautiful sunshine and shook the dirt from his coat.

"Finished your place so soon?" asked Mrs. Blue Jay. "No, not yet but the day is so lovely I stopped to play a while," answered Billy.

"Better hurry, for they tell me winter will be hard and long. Fill your storerooms first, then play," said Mrs. Blue Jay, as she flew away.

Billy laughed and ran down the road to join his friends. "Work today and play tomorrow," said the wise old squirrel, filling his cheeks with nuts.

"There's plenty of time and the day's so lovely!" cried Billy, and he darted after a dead leaf that the wind carried over the fields, his companions at his heels.

When all was quiet Billy began with all haste to dig out his back hall and doorway. He was very tired and hungry, but he turned around when it was finished and began to clear away the dirt Red Fox had thrown in the front way, and when at last Billy reached the top the old moon blinked at him from above.

"Good morning, Billy," called Mrs. Blue Jay, "you're up early this morning."

"Yes, indeed," answered Billy, his mouth full of nuts, "and I mean to be full of that storeroom is full of food. If you hadn't reminded Red Fox of my back door, he'd have dug me out, and that would have been the end of me so from now on I'll follow your advice."

"Work first—then play." From that day Billy was the first to rise and the last to bed in that section of the woods, and when the cold winter days fell upon Chipmunkville, Billy's storeroom was crammed full of nuts.

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Courier Daily: Pattern Service

GIRLS' DRESS. By Anabel Worthington. Nowadays it is a difficult thing to distinguish between the styles for youngsters and those for grownups, for simplicity is the keynote for both. In the attractive little dress, No. 8372, the panel front, which gradually widens to form the very new pockets, has good lines for the growing girl. If the dress is made so that it can be opened all the way down the front it will be easier to launder. The back hangs straight from the shoulders, and a slash of the trimming material comes from the front panel and lies loosely at the back. A good looking pointed collar finishes the neck. The matter of sleeves is left to the preference of the young wearer, as long and short ones are both offered. The dress pattern, No. 8372, is cut in sizes 8 to 14 years. The 8 year size requires 2 1/4 yards of 36 inch material, with 1/4 yard 32 inch contrasting goods. To obtain this pattern send 10 cents to the office of this publication.