

# An Outsider

(By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE)

AUTHOR OF

"The Lone Wolf"

"Joan Thursday"

"The Brass Bowl" etc.

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(From Friday's Daily.)  
The last named impressed her as a little ill at ease, possibly because of the blandishments of Mrs. Artemas, who had openly singled him out to be her special prey, and discovered an attitude of proprietorship to which he could not be said to respond with the ardor of a passionate, impulsive nature. A youngish man, with a heavy body, a bit ungainly in carriage, Mr. Trego had a square-jawed face with heavy-lidded, tranquil eyes. When circumstances demanded, he seemed capable of expressing himself simply and to the point, with a sure-footed, if crushing wit. In white flannels his broad-shouldered bulk dwarfed the others to insignificance.

Mr. Lytleton—assigned to entertain his hostess, and (or Mrs. Gosnold flattered him) scoring heavily in that office—was as slenderly elegant and extreme a gallant as one may hope to encounter between magazine covers. He had an indisputable air, a way with him, the eye of a killer; if he perhaps fancied himself a trace too fervently, something subtle in his bearing toward Mrs. Standish fostered the suspicion that he was almost fearfully sensible of the charms of that lady.

Miss Pride, on Mrs. Gosnold's other hand, was a wiry, roan virgin who talked too much, but seldom stupidly, exhibited a powerful virtuosity in strange gestures, and pointedly designated herself as a "spin" (diminutive for spinster) apparently deriving from this conceit an amusingly eccentric to her audience. Similarly, she indulged a mettlesome fancy for referring to her hostess as "dear Abigail." Her own maiden name was eventually disclosed as Mercedes pronounced by request Mar-say-daze.

From her alone Sally was conscious at the very outset of their acquaintance of a certain frigidity as one may who approaches an open window in the winter and is aware. And it was some time before she discovered that Miss Pride accounted her a rival, thanks to a cherished delusion, wholly of independent inspiration, that dear Abigail was a forlorn widow-woman in some want of some thoroughly unselfish friend—somebody whose devotion could not possibly be thought meretricious—somebody very much like Mercedes Pride, spin.

The table talk was so much concerned with the sensation of the hour, the burglary, that Sally grew quickly indifferent to the topic, and thus was able to appreciate Savage's mental dexterity in discussing it with apparent candor, but without once verging upon any statement or admission that might count against the interests of his sister. He seemed wholly unconstrained, but the truth was not in him. Or, if it were, it was in on a life sentence.

The consensus pronounced Mrs. Standish a very fortunate woman to be so thoroughly protected by insurance, and this the lucky victim indorsed with outspoken complacence, even to the extent of a semi-serious admission that she almost hoped the police would fail to recover the plunder. For while many items of the stolen property, of course, were priceless, things not to be duplicated, things (with a possible sigh) impressively endeared to one through associations, she couldn't deny (more brightly again) it would be rather a lark to get all that money and go shopping to replenish her treasure-chests from the stores of the most famous jewelers of the three capitals.

This aspect of the case made Mrs. Artemas frankly envious. "How perfectly ripping!" she declared. "I'm almost tempted to hire a burglar of my own!"

"And then," Lytleton observed profoundly, "if one isn't in too great a hurry—there's no telling—one may run across the lost things in odd corners and buy them back for a song or two. Anne Warridge did, when they looted her Southampton place, some time ago. Remember the year 'motor-car pirates' terrorized Long Island? Well, long after everything was settled and the insurance people had paid up, Anne unearthed several of her best pieces in the shops of bogus Parisian antiquaries, and bought them back at bargain rates."

"It sounds like a sin to me," Savage commented. "But I call you to witness that, anything like that happens in this family, I hereby declare in on the profits. It's worth all that, this trip to town—and nobody sorry to see me go!"

After luncheon, the party dispersed without formality. Mrs. Artemas vanished bodily. Mrs. Standish in the car with her brother to see him off, Bob and Babs murmured ineffectually about a boat, and disappeared forthwith; and Lytleton pleaded overdue correspondence. Trego was snapped up for auction by Mrs. Gosnold and Miss Pride, Sally being elected to fourth place as one whose defective education must be promptly remedied, lest the roof fall in.

She found it very pleasant playing on a breeze-fanned veranda that overlooked the terrace and harbor, and proved a tolerably apt pupil. A very little practise evoked helpful memories of whist-lore that she had thought completely atrophied by long disuse, and she was aided, besides, by a strong infusion in her mentality of that mysterious faculty we call card-sense. Before the end

## LADY'S COAT.

By Anabel Worthington.

A lightweight coat of some sort is an absolute necessity for these seasons when the weather is so changeable. An ideal coat for this purpose is suggested in No. 8407. The pattern provides for two lengths—the 45-inch and the 53-inch. It has the popular Empire waist line, defined by a narrow belt of the material. The front is double breasted, and it may be buttoned up to the neck, as shown in the small view, or rolled open to form revers. There is a broad panel at the back of the coat, with corresponding gores at the front to give the same effect. Very large square pockets are stitched to the circular side sections. One of the smart new pointed collars finishes the neck.



8407

The coat pattern, No. 8,407, is cut in four sizes—36 to 42 inches bust measure. As on the figure, the 45-inch length requires for the 36-inch size 6 1/4 yards, 60-inch material, with 3/4 yard 30-inch contrasting goods.

To obtain this pattern send 10 cents to the office of this publication.

Pride announced briskly, that expression being sanctioned by convention. "To-night, dear Abigail? Or would you like another rubber now?"

Mrs. Gosnold shook her head and laughed. "No, thank you, I've had enough for one afternoon, and I'm sleepy beside." She thrust back her chair and rose. "If you haven't tried the view from the terrace, Miss Manwaring, I'm sure you'll find it worth while. And let your ill-gotten gains rest lightly on your conscience; put them in the war-chest against the rainy day that's sure to come even to the best players. If myself play a rather conservative game, you'll find, but there are times when for days on end I can't seem to get a hand much better than a yarborough."

"Do you," Sally interposed, timidly appreciating the impertinence, "do you lose very much?"

"? No fear!" Mrs. Gosnold laughed again. "It amuses me to keep a bridge account, and there's seldom a year when it fails to show a credit balance of at least a thousand."

If Sally's bewilderment was only

the deeper for this information, she was sensible enough to hold her tongue.

Why need Mrs. Standish deliberately have uttered so monumental a falsehood about the losses of her aunt at cards? She might, of course, be simply and sincerely mistaken, misled by over-solicitude for a well-beloved kinswoman.

On the other hand, the gesture of Adele Standish was not that of a woman easily deceived.

Thus the puzzle swung full circle. "Mind if I show you the way, Miss Manwaring?"

"Oh, now!" Sally started from her abstraction to find Trego had lingered, and, smiling, turned to the steps that led down to the terrace.

"I'll be very glad—"

But the truth was that she was not glad of this unsolicited company; she wanted uninterrupted opportunity to think things over; furthermore, she thought, the sheer weight and masculine force of Trego's personality less gratifying than another's—Savage's, for instance, however shallow, was always amusing—or Lytleton's, with his flashing, insouciant smile, his

## Courier Daily Recipe Column

### RICE MUFFINS

Dilute 2 cups of cold boiled rice with 1-2 pint of warm milk, stirring until free from lumps; add a tablespoonful of melted butter and the beaten yolks of three eggs; sift together one pint of flour; 1 tablespoonful of sugar; 1-2 a teaspoonful of salt; 1-2 tea spoonfuls baking powder; add to the rice and milk and beat until a smooth, firm batter results; have the muffin pans hissing hot, fold the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs into the batter; turn at once into the pans and bake them in a hot oven for 15 minutes.

### BROWN BREAD

One cup rye meal; 1 cup Indian meal; 1 cup molasses; 2 cups flour; 1-2 pints sour milk; teaspoonful soda; teaspoonful salt; 1 egg; mix dry ingredients together; beat the egg and add that; mix well; pour in buttered mould, about 2 quart size and steam 4 hours; put in oven for 2 hours.

easy grace and utter repose of manner.

But this Mr. Trego, swinging ponderously by her side down the terrace walks, maintaining what was doubtless intended as a civil silence, but what achieved only oppressiveness, of a sudden inspired a sharp impression that he would prove a man easy to dislike intensely—the sort of man who is capable of inspiring fear and makes enemies without any perceptible difficulty. (Continued in Monday's Issue.)

See the new Furs and Hudson Seal Coats and make your selection early at W. L. Hughes Ltd., 127 Colborne St.

## KEEP CHILDREN WELL DURING HOT WEATHER

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### VIRGINIA RICE BREAD

Over a pint of boiled rice pour a quart of skimmed milk heated almost to a boil; set it aside to cool; then add 2 teaspoonfuls salt; one tablespoonful melted lard; 2 eggs beaten separately. The white corn-

meal to make a medium firm batter, and 2 tablespoonfuls baking powder; this will make two medium sized loaves, which should be baked 40 minutes in a moderately hot oven; this is an old recipe, and with the latter-made not quite as stiff may be employed equally well for muffins.



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