# An Outsider

(By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE)

AUTHOR OF
*"The Lone Wolf"*
*"Joan Thursday"*
*"The Brass Bowl" etc.*

Copyrighted

(From Thursday's Daily.)

After the glare of the hall the dusk of the verandah was as grateful as its coolness and spaciousness. Beyond the rail the purple-and-silver night pressed close and beckoned; its breath was sweet, its pulses throbbed with the rhythmic passion of violins that sobbed and sang in hiding somewhere in the shadows. Up and down that broad, smooth flooring gay couples swayed, to and fro. And when Sally darted across to and down the steps she found the lawns, the terrace, and the formal garden, too, peopled with paired shadows, murmurous with soft voices and low-pitched laughter.

And she who quartered so swiftly and so diligently that maze of lights and shadows found nowhere the one she wanted, but everywhere the confirmation of her secret thought—that there was no place here for her, no room, no welcome. On every hand love lurked, lingered, languished, but not for her. Whichever way she turned she saw some lover searching for his mistress, but not for her. They crossed her path and paused and stared, sometimes they spoke and looked deep into her eyes and harkened to the voice with which she answered them, giving back jest for jest—and they muttered excuses and hurried on; she was not for them.

It was as if life and fate conspired to humble her spirit and prove her ambitious of place beyond her worth: to persuade her that she was by birth, and must resign herself to remain always, outcast.

Forlorn and haunted, she circled back to the house, and on impulse sought again the boudoir door.

Marie answered, but shook her head; no, she could not say where Mrs. Gosnold might be found.

Impulse again took her out by the door to the drive. Motors were still arriving and departing, to return at a designated hour, but here, at what might be termed the back of Gosnold House—if that mansion could be said to have either back or front—here on the landward side was little light or noise or movement. And after an undecided moment on the steps beneath the porte-cochere the Quakeress stepped down and out into the blackness of the shadow cast by the western wing, a deep shadow, dense and wide, from the pale wall of the house to the edge of the moon-white lawn.

She moved slowly on through this pleasant space of semi-darkness, footfalls muffled by the close-trimmed turf, her emotions calming a little from the agitation which had been waxing ever more high and strong in her with each successive crisis of the night. Here the breeze was warm and bland, the music and the laughter a remote rumor, stars glimmered in a dome of lapis lazuli; peace was to be distilled of such things by the contemplative mind, peace and a sweet, sad sense of the beauty and pain of life. No place more fit than this could one wish wherein to shelter and nurse bruised illusions.

Insensibily she drew near the corner of the building, in abstraction so deep and still that she was almost upon them when she appreciated the fact that people were talking just beyond that high, white shoulder of stone, and was struck by the personal significance of a phrase that still echoed in ears which it had at first found heedless: ". . . Quaker costume, gray and white, with a cloak

* * * *

It never occurred to the girl to stop and eavesdrop; but between that instant of reawakened consciousness and the moment when she came around the corner, three voices sealed an understanding:

"You've simply got to make her listen to reason—"

"Oh, leave that to my well-known art!"

"She'll see a great light before one o'clock or I'm—"

Silence fell like a thunderclap as the Quaker Girl confronted Harlequin, Columbine, and Sir Francis Drake.

She said coolly: "You were speaking of me, I believe?"

Drake stepped back, swore in his false beard, and disappeared round the corner in a twinkling.

Columbine snapped like the shrew she masked: "You little sneak!"

And Harlequin capped that with an easy laugh: "Oh, do keep your temper, Adele. You've less tact than any woman that ever breathed, I verily believe. Cut along now; I'll square matters for you with Miss Manwaring—if it's possible."

With a stifled exclamation Columbine caught her cloak round her and followed Drake.

The accent of the comic was not lost upon the girl. She could not but laugh a little at Harlequin's undisguised discomfiture.

"So you're nominated for the office of peacemaker, Mr. Savage!"

"I'm afraid so." He shuffled, nervously slapping his well-turned calves with Harlequin's lath-sword. "I swear," he complained, "I do believe Adele is crazier than most women most of the time. She's just been telling me what a fool she made of herself with you. I'm awfully glad you turned up when you did—"

"I noticed that, believe me!"

"Oh, I mean it. Ever since dinner I've been looking for an opportunity to explain things to you, but until Adele told me your costume just now—"

"Well?" Sally inquired in a patient tone as he broke off.

"We can't talk here. It's no good place—as you've just proved. Besides, I've got an appointment with another lady." He grinned gracelessly. "No, not what you think—not philandering—but in connection with this same business. I've got to butter thick with diplomacy an awful lot of mistaken apprehensions before I can set Don and Adele right, after that confounded foolishness of theirs last night—and this rotten robbery coming on top of it, to make things look black! It's a frightful, awful mix-up, really, but as innocent as daylight, if you can only understand it. Look here, won't you give me a show to explain?"

"Why, I'm here, and I can't help listening."

"No. I mean later. I can't stop now, really."

"Let's see. It's nearly midnight, and all this has got to be cleared up and set straight before one. Do be patient with me until a quarter to one, now won't you please?"

"I may be busy then."

"Oh, come! That's all swank, and you know it. Besides, you do owe me, at least, some little consideration. I don't mean that, exactly—our account's pretty well squared, the way I see it. But, after all, life's a give-and-take affair.. Say you'll meet me at a quarter to one?"

"Well. Where?"

He appeared to take thought. "It's got to be somewhere off the beaten track. And you're not afraid of the dark. Would you mind coming as far as the gate to the drive?"

"Back there, beyond the trees?"

"I mean the gateway to the main road."

"I wonder why you want me there, of all places! Oh, never mind!" She forestalled a protest of injured innocence. "I'm not in the least afraid to find out. Yes. I'll be there at a quarter to one."

"You're a brick!" Savage declared fervently. "You won't regret being so decent to me. Now I'll run along and be a diplomatist."

He cut a light-hearted caper, just to prove he could, and slashed the air gaily with his wooden sword, then bowed low and skipped round the corner, leaving Sally even more puzzled than before, but somehow placated—conforted by a sense of her own consequence conjured up by the way in which apparently she could manage people—Savage, for instance.

CHAPTER XIV.

Magic.

For several seconds after Savage had made off Sally delayed there, alone on the empty lawn in the westerly shadow of Gosnold House, doubting what next to do, where next to turn in quest of Mrs. Gosnold; questioning the motive for that furtive meeting which she had surprised, wondering at Savage's insistence on a spot so remote and inconvenient for their appointment, and why it must needs be kept in so underhand a fashion, and whether she had been wise to consent to it and would be wise to keep it. She was at a loss how to fill in the time until the hour nominated, shrinking alike from the lights and gaiety of the hall, the supper-room, and the verandah, and the romantic, love-sick peace of the moonlit lawns and gardens. Altogether she was in a most complicated, distracted, uncertain, and unhappy frame of mind.

Then a latch clicked, the hinges of a shutter creaked, and the startled young woman found herself staring up into the face of Mrs. Gosnold—a pallid oval against the dark background of an unlighted window not two feet above Sally's head.

She gasped, but respected the admonition of a finger pressed lightly upon the lady's smiling lips.

"S-s-s-sh!" said Mrs. Gosnold mysteriously, with cautious glances right and left.

"There' no one here," Sally assured her in tones appropriately guarded. "You've been listening—"

Mrs. Gosnold nodded with a mischievous twinkle. "I have that!"

"You heard—"

"Something—not much—not enough. If you had only been a few minutes later—"

"I'm sorry, but I've been looking for you everywhere. Please, may I come in and tell you something?"

"Not now—"

"It's very important—something you ought to know at once."

"Oh, my dear!" the woman sighed with genuine regret. "I know already far more than I care to know!"

"But this—"

"Not now, I say. I've been too frequently and too long away from my guests as it is. I'll have to show myself for a little while. Then, come to my room in half an hour."

"At half past twelve?"

"Yes, and don't be late. Now do run along and have a good time."

(Continued in Saturday's Issue)

# SIDE TALKS

By RUTH CAMERON

LITTLE GIFTS.

There are a great many kinds of generosity, and people who are generous in one way will often be very selfish in others.

People who are generous in the giving of material things are often very selfish in the matter of having their own way.

**The Don't Have to be Gifts**

And people who are generous on the formal occasions set aside by custom for gift making are often very stingy about the giving of little gifts, casual gifts, "the-don't-have-to-be-gifts," as Molly calls them.

We all know people who are generous in this respect. For instance there is one woman among my acquaintance who never comes to dine with me without bringing some little gift. Sometimes it's a tumbler of jelly, again it's a magazine or a jar of pickle-lillie, or a little sachet. This same women seldom writes a letter without putting in some little enclosure, a packet of some of her flower seeds, some snap shots, or just some clippings she knows I will be interested in. As she also writes one of those delightful bonanzas, a newsy letter, you can imagine what a pleasure it is to see her writing on an envelope.

**Never a Record for The Music Machine**

On the other hand we all know people who never think of little gifts. I once had as a housemate a woman who was punctilious about all gift giving occasions. Christmases and birthdays; gave Christmas gifts to old friends whom she hadn't seen for years and remembered the birthdays of a large number of nephews and nieces, but never brought home any little gifts to the household. Never a new magazine, never a box of candy, never a bit of home hothouse fruit or a record for the music machine (which, by the way, she much enjoyed playing.)

**Would it be a bad Idea**

I suppose it's just temperamental. With some people the will-to-give expresses itself in one way, with others in some other way. But I must say I do love those jolly little don't-have-to-be-gifts. I almost wish they could be substituted for formal gift giving.

# Good Night Stories

By Blanche Sebold

**DAVID'S GIANTS**

David walked out of the gate with Doris and looked down the road.

"It's about time for me to go out into the world to seek my fortune," said David. "'Course I'm not really going far, just over into the woods at the end of the road and pretend I'm hunting bears."

"And maybe we'll see a giant!" exclaimed Doris.

"I don't know about taking a girl along when I'm going to seek my fortune," replied David with a frown on his face.

"Why girls seek their fortunes too," answered Doris. "Please let me go."

"All right," replied David, picking up a stick. "But you're not to cry if we happen to see a real giant."

Doris promised and they set out toward the woods. They walked until they were deeper in the woods than they had ever gone before. After a while Doris grew tired and begged to rest.

"See, girls can't search for fortunes or giants because they get tired so soon," exclaimed David scornfully.

"S-sh!" whispered Doris. "Some one's coming. Maybe it's a giant."

David peeked out from behind the nearest tree, then drew back quickly.

"Two of them," he whispered.

Doris hadn't really expected to see any giants, and when David said he saw two, she giggled.

"What was that?" asked a gruff voice.

David clapped his hand over Doris's mouth.

"Nothing, you're just nervous," replied a second voice. "Don't be a baby, all you've got to do is to blow up the safe and to hand me the money out of the window."

"All right, I'll be there," the gruff voice agreed.

Then David heard the scratching of a match and the voices grew more and more indistinct as the men walked further away. Holding Doris by the hand David ran towards home as fast as he could and told his mamma what he had heard, and mamma called daddy over the phone.

"Were they really big giants?" asked Doris when she could get her breath.

"Sure, do you think I'd have run if they hadn't been?" exclaimed David.

The next day Doris and David were taken down to their daddy's office.

"That's them," answered David when his daddy pointed to two men standing by his desk.

The officer with the strangers nodded his head and led the fellows out in the hall.

"Them! Who?" questioned Doris.

"Our giants," answered David.

"Giants nothing!" exclaimed Doris.

"Oh, yes, they were, dear, and very bad ones too, and if it hadn't been for you and David the safe in the town bank would have been blown up last night and all the money stolen," replied daddy, and he handed them each a new crisp five dollar bill.

"I guess girls can find a fortune after all, for if Doris hadn't gotten tired and sat down to rest, we'd never have heard these giants talking," laughed David, looking at the bill in his hand and planning the present he'd take home to mamma.

# Daily Courier Recipe Column

**BANANA LAYER CAKE**

One small cup of butter and 2 cups of sugar beaten together until light: then add 1 cup of milk and 4 eggs well beaten; add 3 cups of flour with 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted together: bake in thin layers and when cool take and slice bananas 1-4 of an inch thick: place between layers and whip 1-2 pint of cream with 1 heaping tablespoonful of powdered sugar, and spread over bananas and eat with cream.

**BUTTER COOKIES**

One cup sugar, 1 cup butter, 2 eggs, 1 1-4 teaspoons cream tartar, 1 teaspoon soda; flavor with lemons or caraway seed; will keep for months if let alone.

**DARK RAISIN CAKE**

One-half cup of molasses, 1 cup sugar, 1-2 cup butter, 2 eggs, 1-2 cup sour milk, 1 teaspoon soda, 3 cups flour 1 cup seeded and slightly chopped raisins, all kinds of spices, a little salt.

**CHOCOLATE CAKE**

One cup granulated sugar, 1-2 cup butter, 2 eggs, 1-2 cup milk, 1 1-3 cups bread flour, 2 level teaspoons baking powder, pinch of salt, 2 squares chocolate: cream butter and sugar: cream in unbeaten eggs: add milk slowly: stir in flour, baking powder and salt: add melted chocolate and beat well.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

# Courier Daily: Pattern Service

*Valuable Suggestions for the Handy Home-maker—Order any Pattern Through This*

*State Size*

## LADY'S SKIRT.

By Anabel Worthington.

8404

If it is a question of selecting a pattern for your new skirt it would be hard to find a more pleasing or easily made one than that shown in No. 8,404. It is a two piece model, gathered all around to the slightly raised waist line, and there is a narrow belt to be worn with it. The large fancy pockets of a contrasting material make all the trimming that is necessary. The button trimming emphasizes the odd line of the pocket. This skirt may be made of striped serge, mohair, silverbloom or pongee.

The skirt pattern, No. 8,404, is cut in 5 sizes—24 to 32 inches waist measure. The 24 inch size requires 3 yards 36 inch material, with 5/8 yard 36 inch contrasting goods.

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

Redpath SUGAR

No one ever doubts REDPATH quality, because in its Sixty Years of use no one has ever bought a barrel, bag or carton of poor Redpath sugar. It is made in one grade only—the highest.

*"Let Redpath Sweeten it."* 12

2 and 5 lb. Cartons—
10, 20, 50 and 100 lb. Bags.

Canada Sugar Refining Co., Limited, Montreal.

## NERVOUS TROUBLE

The nerve system is the governing system of the whole body, controlling the heart, lungs, digestion and brain; so it is not surprising that nervous disturbances should cause acute distress. The first stages of nervous debility are noted by irritability and restlessness, in which the victims seem to be oppressed by their nerves. The matter requires immediate attention, for nothing but suitable treatment will prevent a complete breakdown. The victim, however, need not despair, for even severe nervous disorders may be cured by improving the condition of the blood. It is because Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new, rich blood that this medicine has cured extreme nervous disorders after all other treatment had failed. The nerves thrive on the new blood made by these pills; the appetite improves, digestion is better, sleeplessness no longer troubles the former nerve shattered victim, and life generally takes on a cheerful aspect. Every sufferer from nerve trouble no matter how slight, should lose no time in giving Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial, thus regaining their old-time health and comfort.

You can get Dr. Williams Pink Pills through any dealer in medicine or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## ECHO PLACE

(From our own Correspondent)

Mrs. Delbridge and Miss Delbridge of James St., spent the week-end in Hamilton.

Mr. F. Snyder is moving to Hamilton.

Mrs. Blanchard is the guest of Mrs. Marshall.

Mr. Bodfish is leaving soon for Buffalo.

Mrs. Geo. Smith spent a couple of days with her sister in Ancaster last week.

Mrs. S. Flick of Buffalo is renewing old acquaintances in our village.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Marlatt have moved to their new home in the city.

The school fair was a decided success.

Sunday, Sept. 30th is rally day at Elm Ave. Special efforts are being made to have it as great a success as in former years.

Mr. and Mrs. Harding, Sen., of Terrace Hill, visited their son, Mr. H. Harding last Sunday.

## BURTCH

(From our own correspondent)

A number from this vicinity attended the rally day held at Newport on Sunday.

Miss Nellie Houlding spent Tuesday with her sister, Mrs. Herbert McIntyre.

Miss Edna Glass is visiting at Mr. and Mrs. Harris Charlton's.

Owing to Mr. Torrey being unable to be with us for rally day service, it will be postponed for one week, and will therefore be held on Oct. the 7th.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ferris visited at the former's parents on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Shellard and children of Princeton visited friends in this vicinity last week.

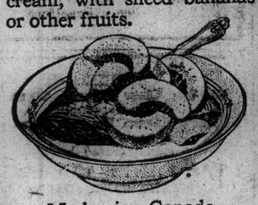
Miss Gladys Smith and Miss Isabel Chapin spent Sunday the guests of Miss Esther Wheeler, Newport.

**MAY RAISE PRICE**

By Courier Leased Wire

Montreal Sept. 28.—Local dealers have decided not to raise the price of milk before October 31, as requested by Hon. W. J. Hanna, but if the producers raise the price in the meantime, the dealers say they will have no alternative, but to follow suit.

**Boys and Books.** They will mix all right if the boys are kept mentally alert and physically active with nourishing, easily digested foods. **Shredded Wheat Biscuit** is the ideal food for youngsters to study on or to play on because it contains the life of the whole wheat grain in a digestible form. The kiddies like it with milk or cream, with sliced bananas or other fruits.



Made in Canada.

1918 Briscoe Models
Now in stock at show rooms
18 CLARENCE STREET
THE BRISCOE MOTOR GARAGE
THE CELEBRATED BRISCOE CAR—MADE IN CANADA
At a moderate price, $935.00
FO.B. Factory
Car Washing, Polishing, Oiling, Greasing, Repairing, Etc.
S. B. MILLER, SALES AGENT Phones: Bell 146, Auto, 512

Bicycle and Motorcycle Races
At Agricultural Park
Thanksgiving Day
MONDAY, OCT. 8th, 1917
For information and Entry Blanks.
F. R. MITCHELL, (Sec. Race Meet.) 80 Dalhousie St

*Twenty-First Year* Phone 283
CONSERVATORY of MUSIC
28-30 NELSON STREET, BRANTFORD
Affiliated with the Western University
One of the best equipped musical institutions in Canada.
Thoroughly qualified and experienced faculty
DEPARTMENTS
Vocal, Pianoforte, Organ, Violin, Harmony, Counterpoint Musical Form, Composition, Etc.
Elocution, Dancing and Deportment, Art-Drawing, Sketching, Oil and Water Colour Painting, China Painting, Wood Carving, The Celebrated Montesorri System.
Candidates prepared for all examinations.
Beautiful Recital Hall with excellent two manual pipe organ.
Information and Conservatory Year Book may be had on application to the Secretary—Mrs. W. N. Andrews.
FRED, K. C. THOMAS, L.R.A.M., A.R.C.O.
Musical Director

SUTHERLAND'S
Golf Balls and Golf Goods
*Are All Going Up In Price*
BUY NOW!
All the following in Stock.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| *Silver King* | $1.00 | *Dominoe Dimple* | .75c |
| *British Honor* | 85c | *Scarlet Dimple* | .65c |
| *Punsernel* | 75c | *Active* | 40c |
| *New Black and white* | 75c | *Eagert* | 40c |
| | | *Dimon* | 25c |

Driver's Brassies and Irons at ...$1.50 each
Driver's Brassies and Irons at ....$2.50 each
Driver's Brassies and Irons at ....$3.00 each
Caddy Bags $1.50 to ..... $15.00

Jas. L. Sutherland
Manufacturing Stationer