

An Outsider

(By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE)

AUTHOR OF

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

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(From Thursday's Daily).
"That's all for now, and Mrs. Standish's compliments, and will you be so kind as to stop and see her, when you're dressed, before going down to lunch. It's the last door on the left, just this side the stairs. Will I turn on your bath now?"
"Please don't trouble. I—"
"No trouble at all, my dear. Indeed, and I'm sure you'll find us all very happy to do anything we can for you. I'll be a nice thing to be waiting on a pleasant spoken person like yourself after that"—with a sniff—"Miss Matting."
"Oh!" Genuine disappointment was responsible for the exclamation. But a moment's thought persuaded Sally she had been unreasonable to hope her secret might be kept from the servants. Even if Mrs. Standish had not betrayed it to this maid, there had been that flunky, Thomas, in the reception hall close at hand during the establishment of Sally's status, with his pose of inhuman detachment of interest—quite too perfect to be true.
"Beg pardon, ma'am?"
"Oh, nothing!" Sally swallowed her chagrin bravely. "I mean, thank you very much, but I'm accustomed to waiting on myself—except when it comes to hooks up the back—and you must have enough to keep you busy with so many people in the house."
"Not a great many just now, ma'am—not more than a dozen, counting in Mrs. Standish and her brother and you. This has been an off week, so to speak, but they'll be arriving in plenty to-morrow and Saturday, I'm told."
That gossip was the woman's failing was a fact as obvious as that her desire was only to be friendly; brief reflection persuaded Sally that it was to her own interest neither to snub nor to neglect this gratuitous source of information. With some guilty conceit, befitting one indulging in almost Machiavellian subtlety, she let fall an extravagantly absent-minded "Yes?" and was rewarded, quite properly, with the garrulous history of her predecessor's career, from which she disengaged only two profitable impressions: that the staff of servants was devoted to their mistress, and that it would little advantage a secretary to quarrel with the one in the hope of ingratiating herself with the other.
So she contrived, as soon as might be without giving offense, to interrupt and dismiss the maid; then stole her heart against the temptation to try on everything at once, and profited by long practice in the nice art of bathing, dressing, breakfasting, and trudging two miles in minimum time—between, that is, the explosion of a maternal alarm and the last moment when one might, without incurring a fine, register arrival on the clock at Hucker's entrance for employees. She hadn't the slightest notion what Mrs. Standish might want of her, but she was very sure that she didn't mean to invite displeasure by seeming careless of the lady's pleasure.
Consequently it was surprisingly soon that she stood, refreshed and comfortable in white linen, tapping at the door that Emmy, the maid, had designated.
Another maid, less prepossessing, admitted her to the dressing-room of the woman of fashion; and this last

greeted Sally with a fretful, preoccupied frown, visible in the mirror, which reflected as well the excellent results obtainable from discreet employment of a high-keyed palette.
"Oh, it's you!" said Mrs. Standish shortly. "I was hoping you wouldn't be forever. Though you do look well in those duds. I've something quite important to say. You may go now, Ellen; I shan't want you again until evening."
With a scowl Ellen made off, an effort of masterly self-restraint alone enabling her to refrain from slamming the door.
"A most ridiculous thing has happened," Mrs. Standish pined, delicately lining in her devastating eyebrows—"most annoying!" She jerked an impatient thumb at a telegram that lay open on the dressing-table. "Read that. It was waiting our arrival."
Sally obeyed with an opening wonder that swiftly gave place to panic and consternation.
"House entered by burglars last night discovered this morning forced entrance by scuttles of loss unknown but desk broken open safe cleaned out dining-room silver gone clothing dresses missing one of gang evidently woman left garments in bath-room name indelible ink faded but apparently manners or maneuvers police notified detectives on case advise return please wire instructions."
"Riggs."
"Now don't have hysterics!" Mrs. Standish snapped at Sally, with a low cry of dismay, sank stunned into a chair. "There's nothing for you to fret about—you're all right, here, with me, under my protection. No body's going to look for you here; but think how fortunate it was I had the wit to change 'our name'! No, it's I who have to worry!"
"But I don't understand," the girl stammered. "Of course there must be some mistake; you haven't really lost anything."
"Oh, haven't I? I wish I could believe that. Don't you see what the telegram says—'safe cleaned out, dining-room silver gone'? That sounds suspiciously like a loss to me. Walter didn't 'clean out' the safe, and of course he didn't touch the silver. On the contrary, he's positive he shut the safe and fixed the combination before leaving. As for the dining-room, he didn't once set foot in it."
"Then—that burglar must have come back."
"That's our theory, naturally. Walter was so sure he'd scared the thief off, he simply left the scuttles closed."
"But he told me he found hammer and nails and fastened it up securely!"
"That was just his blague; he was having a good time, pretending to be what you took him for—an amateur crackman; he made up that story to fool you. The truth is, he made an uncommonly assine exhibition, even for Walter—so excited and upset by the fight with the real burglar, to say nothing of the mystery of your interference, that he didn't stop to make sure he had got hold of the right jewel-case. As a matter of fact, he hadn't; everything I own of any real value was left behind; what Walter brought me was an old case containing a lot of trinkets worth little or nothing aside from senti-

Courier Daily Recipe Column

SPINACH ON TOAST

Pick the leaves over carefully, rejecting the stems, wash and put into sauce pan with a cup of water to a half peck of leaves. Cover and cook for 20 minutes, drain and chop as fine as possible. Put back over the fire, beat 1 tablespoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of sugar, salt, pepper, a dash of nutmeg and the juice of half a lemon. Whip smooth and press hard into heat and or custard cups to mold it. Have ready crustless rounds of toast, buttered well, on a heated platter. Turn out a mound of spinach on each and put a slice of hard-boiled egg on the top of the mound.

POTATOES BAKED IN MILK

Peel and slice thin 8 or 10 medium potatoes (raw) put into a shallow well buttered dish, sprinkle over level teaspoonful of salt, 1-4 teaspoonful of pepper, 1 teaspoonful of flour, 1 tablespoonful of butter cut into small pieces, 1 tablespoonful of minced parsley. Cover with milk; bake until tender and brown about one hour.

TURKISH RICE

(In quantity sufficient for six persons).
One-half pint rice, 1-2 pint strained canned tomato, 1 pint water, 2 tablespoonfuls butter, 1 teaspoonful salt, 1 teaspoonful onion juice, 1-4 teaspoonful pepper, 1-2 teaspoonful extract of beef. Wash the rice thoroughly, dissolve the extract of meat in the water and add the other ingredients to it. Put this mixture and the rice in a stew pan and set on the stove. When it begins to boil, set the sauce pan back where the heat is not great enough to keep the mixture bubbling. Cover closely and let cook for one hour. Turn the hot rice into a warm dish and serve at once. Do not stir the rice while it is cooking.

"Pennies Have Wings."
I wouldn't mind giving you pennies if you'd only put some of them in my bank. Until you do you'll never have any, for there's no use talking, pennies have wings," said Dicky's daddy, as he handed Dicky five brand new pennies.
"How can pennies have wings?" asked Dicky, laughing.
"Indeed they have and they fly away so quickly you can't see where they go. Watch them some time and see for yourself," replied Daddy, kissing his little boy he went to work.
Mamma suggested that Dicky put the pennies in his bank. "Before long you'll have enough to buy your automobile," she said, as she cuddled him.
But Dicky shook his head and stuck the pennies in his pocket and went out to play. When he thought of the pennies again he pulled them out and counted them, then he ran crying into the house—one penny was missing.
"It must have taken wings and flown away!" Dicky sobbed.
Mamma turned his pockets inside out, but only four pennies could be found.
"You must have lost it," said Mamma.
Dicky crawled on the couch and spread the four pennies on the pillow beside him.
"But none of them will get away unless I see them," said Dicky to himself, and he put his head on the pillow to keep watch over them.
"Ha! Ha! Ha! laughed a squeaky voice near Dicky's ear.
Dicky opened one eye and peeped at his pennies. Each wore a pair of tiny wings.
"We'll show him whether we fly or not," said the first penny. "I've decided to find a candy shop and trade myself for some chocolate candy."
"I'm going for a stick of gum," cried the second.
"Let me see—Dicky wants a top. Guess I'll trade myself for that," whispered the third penny.
"You can all do as you please. I'm going to stay right where Dicky put me, wings or no wings," exclaimed the fourth penny.
"Stay there then," cried the others, and they flew away.
Dicky opened his eyes. "If you'd put us in your bank as your mamma says, then we'd never have a chance to grow wings and fly away. If you would we'd pile up and before long you would have enough to buy your automobile and a new sprout wings then we have to fly away," and the fourth penny spread his wings to fly.
Dicky jumped up and grabbed it, crying out: "My pennies! My pennies! They've sailed out the window."
Mamma came running into see what was the trouble. She turned over the pillow and there lay the other three pennies.
Dicky laughed. "I guess I was dreaming. I remember I put them there before I went to sleep."
"I suppose you left this one out so you could watch him sprout his wings. You see dear, Daddy didn't mean the pennies would really fly away on wings. What he meant was that if you didn't put them in your bank they would be spent before night, dear," said mamma, when Dicky told her his dream. She brought his bank and Dicky gave a

Help to Save Canada's Fruit Crop

A Practical Thrift Suggestion

This year, as never before, every quart of Canada's fruit crop should be used to the very best advantage. Though it all ripens within four months, it can be made to supply every table, every day in the year, at moderate cost.

Canning and preserving, done at home at the time when each fruit is cheapest, provide in delicious

and economical form the daily fruit so necessary in a wholesome diet. Fruit put up at home is much cheaper than that which you buy, and the slight increase in its cost, due to the higher price of sugar, is small compared with the mounting cost of other foods.

Successful preserving and canning are by no means difficult, either, if you are careful to boil everything, and use



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"Let Redpath Sweeten It"

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Good Night Stories

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WHEN YOU CAN'T SLEEP

Dr. Cassell's Tablets Will Soothe the Nerve Restlessness that Causes Insomnia and Ensure Rest.

Sleepless nights mean overstrained nerves because they are always weak. That is why you cannot sleep. The remedy is to nourish your nervous system, and so build up new vigour and vitality, by taking Dr. Cassell's Tablets. Then you will sleep naturally and healthfully and wake refreshed. Dr. Cassell's Tablets are true restoratives. They act by restoring the vital power of the system, by promoting digestion, by enriching the blood, by strengthening every bodily organ. And there is no dope in them.
A free sample of Dr. Cassell's Tablets will be sent to you on receipt of 2 cents for mailing and packing. Address: Harold F. Ritchie and Co., Ltd., 10 McCaul Street, Toronto.
Dr. Cassell's Tablets are the supreme remedy for Dyspepsia, Kidney Troubles, Sleeplessness, Anaemia, Nervous ailments, and Nerve Paralysis, and for weakness in children. Specially valuable for nursing mothers and during the critical periods of life. Price 50 cents per tube, six tubes for the price of five from Druggists and Storekeepers throughout Canada. Don't waste your money on imitations; get the genuine Dr. Cassell's Tablets. Proprietors, Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Manchester, England.
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MT. ZION

(From our own correspondent)
Mr. and Mrs. F. Davies married and spent Sunday afternoon at Mr. Harry Daws, Paris Plains.
Mrs. A. Secord is spending a couple of weeks at Mrs. Bert Sibbick's, Woodbury.
A number from here attended the flower decoration at New Durham last Sunday.
Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Read attended the services at Mt. Vernon last Sunday.
Mrs. Wm. Clement spent over Sunday with her daughter Mrs. Lorne Scott, at Hatchley.
Mrs. Bert Sibbick and little daughter Muriel and Mrs. A. Secord, spent Friday with Mrs. Chas. Radford.

A LAST CHANCE FOR HARVESTERS.

Owing to the unprecedented need of Farm Laborers in Western Canada, and the lateness of the Harvest, arrangements have been made by the Canadian Northern Railway for an additional Extension on Sept. 10th
Don't Waste, Don't Starve—there is plenty of food for all if you will only do your bit in preventing waste. Demand the whole wheat grain in breakfast foods and bread. Shredded Wheat Biscuits is 100 percent whole wheat—nothing wasted, every particle utilized. It contains more real nutriment than meat, and costs much less. For any meal with milk and fruits.

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700 foot reproduction of Quebec and its rampart crowned heights

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PROBS—Cooler

Before deciding elsewhere call and see our wonderful display of Fall Clothing, we are confident that we can save you money and give you satisfaction in style and quality.

Some Specials for Labor Day

Stylish and practical models of All Wool Serge Suits with real tailored effects, some at \$25.00.

With braid trimmings, wonderful values at \$27.50

Handsome suits in velours and all wool gabardines, beautifully tailored styles to suit all tastes \$35.00

All Wool Serge and Silk Poplin Dresses, very attractive styles at early fall special prices.

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and Sept. 12th from all points west of and including Ottawa, Ont., at the rate of \$12.00 to Winnipeg, plus half a cent per mile beyond. This will be positively the last opportunity of taking advantage of a reduced fare to the West where high wages and every prospect of three months work prevail. For tickets and all information, apply to John S. Dowling and Co., Town Agent, or General Passenger Department, C.N.R., Toronto, Ont.

Courier Daily: Pattern Service

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

MISS' DRESS.

By Anabel Worthington.

To be in the mode one must have a shirtwaist dress this summer, either of silk or gingham, for it is considered the smartest thing for morning wear. It is made quite simply, sometimes with waist and skirt separate, sometimes joined under a narrow belt. No. 8421 is made in shirtwaist style, with fronts gathered at the shoulders. There is a broad box plait at centre front, trimmed with large pearl buttons. A youthful sailor collar of white finishes the neck. The shirtwaist sleeves are gathered into flare cuffs, but the shorter sleeves are without cuffs. The skirt is straight and gathered slightly all around. It may be made in one or two sections.

The dress pattern, No. 8421, is cut in sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires 4 3/4 yards of 30-inch material, with 3/4 yard of 30-inch contrasting goods.

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



8421

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TALKS

MERON

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Keep a closer guard on

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to go and fight.

NT—A BEDROOM

tenants while passing

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