

ANT THEATRE

Islander Four
Present
Musical and Singing Melange
Williams and Mack
IN
Classy Song and Dance Offering
Blanche Sweet
IN
Rose Without Sin
Tense and Thrilling
Drama
Charlie Chaplin
IN
Easy Street
Billie Burke in
Florida's Romance
ing Thur., Fri. and Sat.
guerite Clark, in
Fortunes of Fifi

POLLO HEAT E

Philip Steves, Mgr.
Mon., Tues.
Extra Attraction
Europe at War
wing some of the latest
fought in France.
addition to the regular
gram.
Reels of Pictures
MISSION - - 10c
nce 1.30 to 4.30; Evening
6.45 to 10.45.

a Quick Pick-Up
heon try that most
ous, nourishing, whole
food, **Triscuit**, the
fed wheat wafer-toast,
contains all the body-
ing material in the
wheat grain, including
ran coat which pro-
healthful and natural
movement. It is real
wheat bread without
baking powder or
icals of any kind—an
food for children be-
it compels thorough
ation and ensures per-
gestion. A crisp, tasty
"for picnics or excu-
Toast in the oven
erve with butter, soft
or marmalades.
Made in Canada
heral of Oxford county's
ssionary. Rev. Robert
took place at Woodstock
Memorial services were
in Knox church, presid-
ed by Dr. Gibson.

THIS WOMAN TO THIS MAN

—BY—
C. N. and A. M. Williamson
(COPYRIGHT)

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Annesley Grayle, companion to Mrs. Ellsworth, a selfish old hypocrite, desperate at the frugeness of her days, answers the advertisement of "Mr. N. Smith," who wants to meet a girl with a view to marriage. Keeping an appointment at the Savoy, in London, she is accom- panied by a man who asks her to pro- tect him by posing as his wife. She does so, falls in love with him, and to save him from two dark-faced strangers, brings him home to Mrs. Ellsworth's. Ruthven Smith, agent for Van Vreck and Co., New York jewellers, and an occasional lodger, comes unexpectedly. As Annesley tries to warn her lover, a pistol-shot is heard up-stairs.
Ruthven Smith has fired at the stranger. There is a row, and Annesley is ordered out of the house. "Smith" takes her to the Savoy, where the Countess de Santiago plays chaperon until they are mar- ried next day. He gives her pearls and a beautiful ring with a blue dia- mond. "Smith" has asked Annesley not to look at the register at the wedding, so she doesn't know her husband's real name. They go to Sidmouth for their honeymoon, and there "Knight," Annesley's name for her husband, manoeuvres for an acquaintance with the Annesley-Setons, poor but titled cousins of Annesley's. The girl gets a letter from Lady Annesley-Seton.

From Saturday's Daily.
"No, of course not," said the Countess. "I am sorry! Was it in the papers?"
"It will be in, this evening and to- morrow morning. But the police must hear about this vision of yours,

**AUTHORS OF
"A Soldier of the Legion."
"The Lightning Conductor"
"The Shop Girl"**

Secured Exclusively for Publication in the Courier.

the vision of the man with the late- key. It may help them."
"You must not tell the police!" Madalena said. "I have warned you all, if you talked too much about me any my crystal, that the police might hear and take notice. There are such stupid laws in England; I may be doing something against them. If you or Lord Annesley-Seton speak of me to the police I will go away, and you will never hear any more of my visions—as you call them—of the future. Unless you promise me now that you will let the police find the thieves in their own way, without dragging me in, I shall be so—so unnerved that my eyes will be darkened."
"Oh, I promise, of course, if you feel so strongly," said Constance. "I didn't realize that it might do you harm."

She wished very much to have Madalena go on looking in the crystal. She had been interested, excited, carried out of herself for a few minutes, but she had not yet heard what she had come to hear— why she had been spared the loss of all her personal treasures.
The desired promise hurriedly made, the Countess gave her attention once more to the crystal. For a time she could see nothing. The mysterious force or current had been severed by the diversion, and had slowly to be reestablished and re- woven by the seersess's will.

"I can see only dimly now," Madalena said. "It was so clear before! I cannot tell you why the things you care for were left."
"Something new is coming. It seems to me that this time I am looking ahead, into the future. The picture I get is blurred—like a badly de-

veloped photograph. The thing I see has still to materialize for it."
"Where?" whispered Constance, thrilled by the thought that some event on its way to her down the unknown path of futurity was cast- ing a shadow into the crystal.
"Where."
"I see a beautiful room. There are a number of people there, men and women. You are with them, and Lord Annesley-Seton—and Nel- son Smith and your cousin Anne. I know most of the faces—but not all. Every one is very excited. Something has happened. They are talking it over. Now I see the room more clearly. It is as if a light was turned on in the crystal. Oh, it is what you call the Chinese drawing- room, at Valley House! I know why the room lights up for me sudden- ly, and why I see everything in it so much more clearly. It is because I myself am coming into the picture. "The people want me to tell them the meaning of the thing that has happened. It seems that I know all about it. I do not hesitate to an- swer. It must be that I have been consulting the crystal, for I seem so sure of what I say to them! I point towards the door—or is it at some- thing on the wall—or is it a person? Ah, the picture is gone from the crystal now!"

"How irritating of it!" cried Lady Annesley-Seton, who felt vaguely that supernatural forces ought to be subject to her convenience. "Can't you make it come back, if you con- centrate?"
Madalena snook her head. "No, it will not come back. I am sure of that, because when the crystal clouds for me as if milk were pouring into it, I always know that I shall never see the same picture again. It is finished! Whether it is a cross current in myself or in the crystal, I cannot tell; but it amounts to the same thing, I am sorry! But it is useless to try any more. Shall we go back to the other room and have tea?"
Constance did not persist, as she wished to do. She had to take the Countess's word that further effort would be useless, but she felt thwarted and annoyed, as if the cur- tain had gone down by mistake in the middle of an exciting act, and all the characters on the stage had availed themselves of the chance to go home.
It was vexatious enough that Madalena had not been able to explain

Courier Daily Recipe Column

POTTED MEAT
A cheap piece of beef. Place in a covered bean pot or some covered utensil, water enough to cover, put in the oven and cook 3 or 4 hours. Cooks very nicely and avoids all steam in the room. Corned beef may be cooked in the same manner.

SWEETBREAD CROQUETS.
Two sweetbreads, over which turn boiling water and cook until tender, then make a cream of 1 cup milk and 1 tablespoon of flour, scald the milk and moisten flour and add; cook until smooth; chop the sweet- breads and add to the cream, season with salt and pepper, beat 1 egg and roll fine some crackers; mould your croquettes into small cone shape, dip in bread crumbs and egg and fry in deep smoking fat.

TO COOK A SMOKED HAM WITH- OUT BREADED.
Ham weight 10 or 12 pounds; put in kettle, cover it with cold water, set in on the stove or range, let it boil, then set it back on the stove or range and not boil, but keep it near the boiling point for 2 hours. Let it cool in the same water that it boiled in. When about to cool remove the skin, dust granulated sugar over it, set it in the oven to brown a little, stick in cloves if you want a flavor to spice. Cooked in this manner will not shrink in weight, but remain moist and juicy.

TO USE UP COLD MEATS.
Place in a deep pan, cover entirely with water, add salt, pepper and a little onion, if liked. Cook 4 hours in a good oven, covered closely; if meat begins to brown turn over and fill up with water, thicken with 1 tablespoonful flour, cover again and cook 1 hour longer. Serve meat on platter with a little gravy poured over it.

ESCALLOPED MEAT
Better pudding dish (large or small, according to the size of fam- ily), line sides and bottom with cracker split and slightly wet in milk, then layer of cold sliced potatoes, seasoned with pepper, salt and bits of butter, layer of chopped meat, beef, veal, chicken or cold roast, equally good; salt, pepper and sage, if liked. Add layers until dish is nearly full, then pour in gravy or warm water, or milk, wet. Cover with cracker or bread crumbs mixed with melted butter, bake until top is brown.

the mystery of last night. But this was ten times more so.
"Am I not to know the end of the act?" she asked as her hostess poured tea. The latter shrugged her shoulders, as if to shake off responsi- bility. "Ah, I cannot tell! Per- haps if—"
She stopped, and handed her guest a cup.
"Perhaps if—what?"
"Oh, nothing!" Madalena tasted her own tea and put in a little more cream.
"Do tell me what you were going to say dear Countess, unless you want me to die of curiosity."

"I should be sorry to have you do that," smiled Madalena. "But if I said what I was going to say, you might misunderstand. You might think—I was asking for an invita- tion."
Instantly Constance's quick mind unravelled the other's meaning. There was to be an Easter party at Valley House—a very smart party indeed. The Countess de Santiago wished to be a member of it. Lady Annesley-Seton, shrewd woman as she was, had a vein of superstition running through her otherwise practical na- ture, and, though one side of that nature said that the whole scene with the crystal had been arranged for this end, the other side held its firm belief in the vision.
"You mean," she said, "that if you should be at Valley House when the thing happens, and we are all puzzled and upset about it, you might be able to help?"
"The fancy passed through my head. It was the picture in the crystal suggested it," Madalena ex-

Good Night Stories
By Blanche Silvert

Miss Rose Fairy's Escape
Once in the petals of a beautiful pink rose there lived a tiny Rose Fairy. Every day an ugly Black Spider would crawl upon the rose leaves and sit blinking his sleepy eyes at her.
One morning he brought her a beautiful silvery gown which he had spun from a web. But the Bees had told Rose Fairy that the ugly Black Spider would do her harm. So she refused the gift, and asked Mr. Black Spider not to come near her again.

This made the ugly Black Spider very angry for he was deeply in love with Rose Fairy, and one night he stole her and carried her away.
When morning dawned Rose Fairy found herself in a beautiful golden buttercup. She ran to the edge to jump out, but below babbled the Brook, and when she darted to the other side she saw the ugly Black Spider had woven a thick net over the doorway.
"You refused the beautiful silvery gown I offered you, so now you must have to sit all day and look at the dark webby curtain I have hung at your door," said the ugly Black Spider.

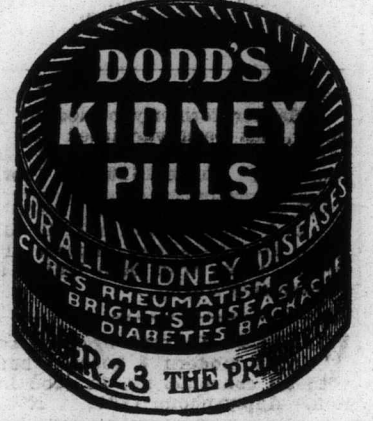
"Then I am your prisoner?" asked Rose Fairy. And the ugly Black Spider nodded his head.
"Yes until you accept my gift," he replied, and he left her in tears.
She never looked at the door for fear of seeing his ugly black face, but would sit near the edge that opened on the sparkling brook and gaze in the waters as they hurried over the pebbles.

One day after Rose Fairy had been held in prison a long time she spied a tiny speck of white on the stream near the bend, and when it came nearer she saw it was a beau- tiful White Duck. She quickly drop- ped a crumb of bread to attract his attention, and when he reached for it he saw the reflection of her pretty face in the water and looked up.
"What are you doing there?" he asked, and Rose Fairy told him, and begged him to help her.
He waddled out of the brook and disappeared around the edge of the buttercup, soon returning with the ugly Black Spider struggling in his bill, and dropped him into the water.

Rose Fairy was quite happy and stepped out of the buttercup upon the soft, white wings. Swimming gently White Duck took Rose Fairy to her home in the petals of the fragrant pink rose. Ugly Black Spider never troubled her again, for he was turned into a Water Spider, and most any time you can see great swarms of his children skipping on the top of the waters of the brooks and streams.

plained. "Do have an eclair!" Face and voice expressed indifference to the conversation; but Constance knew that the other had set her heart on being at Valley House for Easter; and there was really no visible reason why she shouldn't be. People liked her well enough. And she was never a bore."
Continued in Tuesday's Daily.

Miss Margaret Duggan, aged about 60, was instantly killed at Stratford by an incoming Goderich train. She was on her way to church with her brother and they had an umbrella up.



SIDE TALKS
BY RUTH CAMERON

TO SEND OR NOT TO SEND.
Do you like to get souvenir post cards from people who are away on trips?
A few weeks ago I took a brief vacation with a friend. I found, by-the-by, that there is no time in the year when a few days vacation will yield so high a rate of interest in increased efficiency in work and in the great business of being happy and making others so, as at the fas- end of the winter.
To return to the main, road, we were engaged one day in the occupa- tion (once a pastime, but now, to my thinking at least, rapidly be- coming a burden), of sending post cards to our friends and relatives.
I wondered Why She Left Her Best Friend Out
"Aren't you going to send one to Grace?" I asked, mentioning a mutual friend.
"No," said my friend decidedly. "I'm not."
"Why?" in surprise. The two are very good friends, and Grace is en- titled to especial consideration at the present since she has much to make life hard for her.
When Post Cards Tantalize
"Because I don't like the idea of sending a card telling her what a nice time I'm having when she is tied down and has such a miserable time herself. When the children

were small and I never could get away, my cousins were always send- ing me cards from this place or that, saying how lovely it was and what a good time they were having. It used to make me just crazy when I'd been up half the night with a sick baby and had a long tiresome day to face, to have the postman hand me a card with a picture of some perfectly beautiful place on it and a tantaliz- ing description of what they were doing. I made up my mind then that I wouldn't ever send cards to people to tantalize them."
"You don't think they did it for that?"
"People Do Enjoy Other People's Envy"
"I don't know," she said, "Per- haps not. But there's no use pre- tending that it doesn't add to peo- ple's good times to think someone else envies them. Of course I don't mean they really wanted to make me unhappy."
That's an interesting and suggest- ive point of view, isn't it?
Doubtless those cousins quite prided themselves on never forget- ting their stay-at-home cousin.
Even as you and I!
But in the light of her confes- sion, it does seem as if the tact that can deliberately forget, may some- times be kinder.

Sunlight Soap has a high stan- dard of purity which is backed by a \$5,000 guarantee. If a soap has no standard there is no reason why it should always be of uniform quality, always contain the best materials or be anything like as good as the soap with a standard.

Sunlight Soap

"To one whose foot is covered with a shoe, the earth appears all carpeted with leather."
— Ancient Proverb
To one whose house is decorated with our Wall Papers, the brightness and beauty thereof bring cheerfulness and joy, and act as an antidote of petty wor- ries and troubles.
We have patterns which will suit your taste at prices which will suit your pocket-book.

NOBLE & SON
Telephone 201 84 COLBORNE ST.

"There's no place like home" when

PURITY FLOUR

makes the pies, cakes and bread.
More Bread and Better Bread

SUTHERLAND'S
Before The Spring Rush—
CHOOSE YOUR
Wall Papers
NOW

When you can look over them leisurely. We have great assortments and it is a pleasure for us to show them. Papers to suit all rooms and all purses and all tastes.

Papers for Living Rooms
Papers for Dining Rooms
Papers for Parlors,
Papers for Bedrooms

We Carry One of the Largest Stocks in Ontario

Jas. L. Sutherland
Importer of Paper Hangings and Window Shades

Our Daily:
Pattern Service

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

MISSSES' AND SMALL WOMEN'S SKIRT.
By Anabel Worthington.

If you have not a gathered skirt or two of some soft material in your wardrobe then your wardrobe is not complete, for every one is wearing them and will continue to do so all through the spring and summer. The one shown is the simplest kind of two-gored model, gathered or shirred to the slightly raised waistline. The pointed belt sections are only applied and need not necessarily be used, though they will be found very becoming to the figure with a rather large waistline. Fancy buttons might be introduced on the belt pieces for trimming. You will find that this model will develop beautifully in taffeta, satin, chemise, crepe de Chine, crepe meteor or Georgette.

The misses' and small women's two-gored gathered skirt pattern No. 8216 is cut in four sizes—14, 16, 18 and 20 yards. Width at lower edge of skirt is 2 1/2 yards. To make the 16-year size requires 3 3/4 yards, 36-inch; 2 1/2 yards, 44-inch; 2 3/4 yards, 54-inch.

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

A New and Tempting Taste:

As toothsome as the name implies.

Delicious, long-lasting. The third of the Wrigley trio of refreshing confections.

Good for teeth, breath, appetite and digestion.

Sealed Tight — Kept Right!

Chew it after every meal

The Flavour Lasts

MADE IN CANADA

Three of a kind Keep them in mind.