An Outsider

(By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE)

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

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(From Wednesday's Daily.)

To a humor supple to such temptation the tang of lawlessness in a project innocent enough was irresistible. Besides, what was the harm? What could be the objection, even were the escapade to be discovered by misadventure?

Among other items in her collection of borrowed plumage she possessed an evening wrap, somewhat out of fashion, but eminently adapted to her purpose—long enough to cloak her figure to the ground, thus eliminating all necessity for dressing against chance encounter with some other uneasy soul. Worn with black stockings and slippers, it would render her almost invisible in shadow.

In another minute, without turning on a light, she had found and donned those several articles, and from her door was narrowly inspecting the hallway before venturing a step across the threshold.

It was quite empty and silent, its darkness moderated only by the single night-light burning at the head of the main staircase.

Satisfied, she closed the door and crept noiselessly down the steps, to find the side door not even locked.

Leaving it barely ajar, she stepped out beneath the stars, hesitated a moment of cautious reconnaissance, then darted across an open space of moonlight as swiftly as the shadow of a cloud windsped athwart the moon, and so gained the sheltering shadow of the high hedge between the formal garden and tennis-court.

The dew-drenched turf that bordered the paths muffled her footsteps as effectually as could be wished, and keeping circumspectly in shadow the better to escape observation from any of the windows, she gained at length that corner of the terrace overlooking the water where she and Trego had paused for their first talk.

Nothing now prevented her from appreciating the view to the full. Enchanted, she withdrew a little way from the brow of the cliff to a seat on the stone wall, overshadowed by the hedge, and for a long time sat there motionless, content.

Below her the harbor lay steel-gray and still within its guardian headlands, a hundred slim, white pleasure craft riding its silent tide. Far out a Sound steamer crawled like some amphibious glowworm, its triple tier of deck-lights almost blended into one. Farther still the lights of the mainland glimmered low upon the horizon.

At a little distance and a point invisible an incautious footstep grated upon a gravel path of the terrace and was instantly hushed.

But the girl, stiffened to rigidity in her place, fancied she could hear the whisper of grass beneath stealthy feet.

Abruptly a man came out into broad moonlight and, pausing on a stone platform at the edge of the cliff by the head of the long, steep, wooden zigzag of stairs to the sands, looked back toward the house.

Sally held her breath. But her heart was like a mad thing—the man was Donald Lyttleton. He still wore evening dress, but had exchanged the formal coat for that hybrid garment which Sally had lately learned should not be termed a tuxedo. The brim of a soft, dark hat masked his eyes. He carried one shoulder stiffly, as if holding something in the hollow of his arm. She could not make out or imagine what this might be.

His hesitation was brief. Satisfied, he swung round to the stairway, in another instant had vanished. Only light footfalls on the wooden steps told of a steady descent, and at the same time furnished assurance that Sally had not victimized herself with a waking vision bred of her infatuation.

The footfalls, not loud at best, had become inaudible before she found courage to approach the platform. With infinite pains to avoid a sound, she peered over the edge of its stone parapet.

For a little the gulf swam giddily beneath her who was never quite easy at any unusual height. But she set herself with determination to master this weakness and presently was able to examine the beach with a clear vision.

It was only partially shadowed by the cliffs, but that shadow was dense, and outside it nothing stirred. None the less, after a time she was able to discern Lyttleton's figure kneeling on the sands at the immediate foot of the cliff, a hundred feet or so to one side of the steps. And while she watched he rose, stood for a little staring out to sea, wasted a number of matches lighting a cigarette (which seemed curious, in view of the unbroken calm), and moved on out of sight beyond a shoulder of stone.

She waited fully ten minutes; but he did not reappear.

Then, retreating to her seat on the stone wall, she waited as long again—still no sign of Lyttleton.

But something else marked that second period of waiting that intrigued her no less than the mysterious actions of her beloved—this although she could imagine no link between the two.

Some freak of chance drew her attention to a small, dark shape, with one staring, red eye, that was stealing quietly across the Sound in the middle distance—of indefinite contour against the darkening waters but undoubtedly a motor-boat, since there was no wind to drive any sailing vessel at its pace, or indeed at any pace at all.

While she watched it incuriously it came to a dead pause, and so remained for several minutes. Then, deliberately, with infinitely sardonic effect, it winked its single eye of red at her—winked portentously three times.

She made nothing of that, and in her profound ignorance of all things nautical might have considered it some curious bit of sea etiquette had she not, the next instant, caught out of the corner of her eye the sudden glow of a window lighted in the second story of Gosnold House.

As she turned in surprise the light went out. A pause of perhaps twenty seconds ensued. Then the window shone out again—one in the left wing, the wing at the end of which her bedchamber was located. But when she essayed to reckon the rooms between it and her own it turned black again, and after another twenty seconds once more shone out and once more was darkened.

After this it continued stubbornly black, and by the time Sally gave up trying to determine precisely which window it had been, and turned her gaze seaward again, the boat had vanished. Its lights, at least, were no longer visible, and it was many minutes before the girl succeeded in locating the blur it made on the face of the waters. It seemed to be moving, but the distance was so great that she could not be sure which way.

A signal—yes, obviously; but between whom and for what purpose?

Who was on that boat? And who the tenant of that room of the flashing window? She was satisfied that the latter was one of a row of six windows to three rooms occupied by Mrs. Standish, Mrs. Artemas, and a pretty young widow who had arrived late Saturday afternoon and whose name Sally had yet to learn.

She pondered it all with ever-deepening perplexity until a change came over the night—a wind stirred, leaves rattled, boughs soughed plaintively, the waters wakened and filled the void of silence with soft clashing. Then, shivering, Sally rose and crept back toward the house.

But when she paused on the edge of the last shadow, preparatory to the dash across the moonlit space to the door, a step sounded beside her, a hand caught at her cloak.

She started back with a stifled cry.

"Steady!" Lyttleton's voice counseled her guardedly. "Don't make a row! Blessed if it ain't Miss Manwaring!"

(Continued in Friday's Issue.)

FELT LIKE A NEW PERSON

After Taking Only One Box Of "Fruit-a-tives"

EAST SHIP HARBOUR, N. S.

"It is with great pleasure that I write to tell you of the *wonderful benefits* I have received from taking "Fruit-a-tives". For years, I was a dreadful sufferer from *Constipation and Headaches*, and I was miserable in every way. Nothing in the way of medicines seemed to help me. Then I finally tried "Fruit-a-tives" and the effect was splendid. After taking one box, I feel like a new person, to have relief from those sickening Headaches".

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SIDE TALKS

By RUTH [illegible] CAMERON

ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN.

"Accidents will happen in the best regulated families; they do in ours."

There is a dear lady in our town who has a way of quoting that quaint old saying whenever something unforseen and upsetting happens in her household.

For instance, one of the childdren with childhood's characteristic awkwardness, born of its characteristic eagerness, tips over the cream pitcher.

We'll Have It Cleaned Up Before You Know It.

"Never mind," says this dear lady quickly, "accidents will happen in the best regulated families, they do in ours, get the cloth off the second nail under the sink and bring me the wash basin full of water and we'll have it cleaned up before you know it."

And then, while the child obeys, she turns the conversation to some interesting topic.

Could anything be a greater contrast to the way minor accidents are so often permitted to cloud the sunshine of the household. A sharp rebuke from the mother, an impatient remark from the father, tears from the child. Awkwardness for everyone else. A meal or a day spoiled just for the lack of patience not with deliberate naughtiness but with an entirely unintentional blunder.

Nor is it only with children's mistakes that this impatient, irritable attitude is taken. There are many families in which the habit of being irritable and impatient when anyone makes a mistake or has an accident of any sort is the family custom. Instead of seeing how easily they can pass over any such mishap, they seem to try to see how much they can make of it, how uncomfortable they can make the unfortunate cause of it. And in return, the unfortunate cause of it deals out the same treatment to other members of the family when they make some slip.

They Feel Badly Enough Anyway.

When I praised the dear lady for the gracious way in which she dealt with her daughter's mishap, she said, "The way I feel about it is that anyone who has made a slip like that feels badly enough anyway. That is no time to make them feel worse."

That's pretty good philosophy, isn't it

Of course if anyone, child or grown-up, is deliberately, selfishly careless and uncontrolled, that's another matter. But even in that case, I think that it is better to devise some way to let them share in the inconvenience caused (as the lady did by having the child help her clean up) than by flinging irritably out at them at the time.

Good Night Stories

By Blanche Sweet

SNOWBALL AND THE CAT QUESTION.

Snow Ball was a little, fluffy, white poodle, who had always lived in the city. One day Snow Ball went with her mistress to visit Aunt Mary, who lived in a beautiful place in the country, where there was a great, big yard. Snow Ball could hardly wait to run in the lovely green grass.

Bowser, Aunt Mary's big black dog, came running out to greet her, but Snow Ball hid under her mistress's skirt.

"Come on out; I won't hurt you," coaxed Bowser.

And Snow Ball, who was always ready to make friends, was soon romping over the yard, Bowser at her heels.

"What a lovely place to live in. Have you any cats around here?" asked Snow Ball.

"Sure we have," said Bowser. "Four beauties."

"If there's one thing I do love it's to chase cats," exclaimed Snow Ball.

Just then one of the cats crossed the yard near the house and Snow Ball made a dash after it. The cat disappeared around the corner of the house, and Snow Ball lost it.

She hunted high and low and was just growing discouraged when a faint "Me-ow, me-ow" came from the bushes. Snow Ball hurried in that direction.

"Me-ow!" sounded from another part of the yard.

"How did that cat get out of here without me seeing it?" thought Snow Ball.

Then a cat call came from the road-way, and Snow Ball ran out the gate and down the road, only stopping now and then to locate the "Me-ow" that came from every fence corner and every clump of bushes, always keeping just ahead of Snow Ball with its plaintive cry.

After a fruitless chase in the hot sun Snow Ball, tired out, decided to return home, but to her surprise she discovered she was lost. She had run a long way from Aunt Mary's.

Her beautiful blue bow was dragging on the ground in tatters. Her fluffy white coat was dirty and covered with burrs.

"Oh, dear! What shall I do? I'm surely lost," cried Snow Ball, and she sat down to try and think which road she had turned down.

Something black jogged down the road and Snow Ball gave a cry of joy when Bowser came in plain view.

"How did you get this far from the house?" he asked.

"Chasing cats," answered Snow Ball.

From the thicket near came the faint cry of a cat.

"There he is. I've almost tired him out," exclaimed Snow Ball proudly.

"Why, you silly dog, that's not a cat! That's a catbird!" cried Bowser.

"A catbird?" questioned Snow Ball. "And I've been chasing a catbird instead of a cat?" barked Snow Ball. "Let's go home."

It was a sorry looking poodle that trotted back to Aunt Mary's house beside Bowser, and, my! how they were scolded!

Snow Ball was scrubbed and given a new bow. Then she went out, to find her friend chained to his house.

"What are the chains for?" she asked.

"They blame me for taking you away and I'll get no supper in punishment," whined Bowser.

Snow Ball was very sorry, and when she was given a plate of chicken for supper she carried it piece by piece to Bowser.

"You shan't suffer for my wrongs. If it hadn't been for you I'd have been lost," said Snow Ball. "But it's taught me one thing—I'll let cats alone from now on. It's silly for a dog to chase cats, anyway!" and Snow Ball never was fooled again on the cat question.

Music and Drama

"CARTER THE MAGICIAN.

Carter, the magician, who will appear with his own Company and fifteen tons of accoutrements and apparatus at The Grand Opera House Sept. 14, 15, matinee Saturday, is conceded by all who have seen him to have no rivals, and to even be the peer of all prestidigitators, past and present. Carter, who is visiting the United States for the second time after a two years tour of the world, is a student of the occult; his entertainment is weird and at the same time instructive; old tricks he makes new, he fills his performance with the funniest scenes and have astonishing situations 'till his audiences everywhere convulse themselves with laughter. Mr. Carter has a number of elaborate and bewildering illusions, which he will present here for the first time. Carter's masterpiece is said to be what he calls levitation, described as the most astute, bewildering and hazardous illusion known to magic. It is original in principle and has confounded alike the minds of scientists and philosophers. After patient research and profound study this subtile magical achievement has been evolved and its perfection represents 15 years of abstruse thought and diligent experiment. Another feature of Carter's performance is "A Night in China," in which Carter impersonates the famous Chinese court magicians. This is an exposition of ancient Oriental necromancy, wherein the wonderful sorcerers of China are imitated and impersonated. Immense objects are produced from nothingness, and other seeming miracles performed. "The Lion's Bride" a beautiful spectacle in which a live lion is changed to Carter himself, is another sensational wonder.

MANUFACTURERS PLEDGE LOYALTY

Delegation Waited on Premier; Urge Abolition of Politics.

By Courier Leased Wire

Ottawa, Sept. 12.—A delegation representing the Canadian Manufacturers Association waited on the premier to-day to present a series of resolutions adopted recently by the association. The resolutions approve of the adoption of compulsory military service by means of the selective draft. (The members of the association pledging themselves to assist in every way possible in carrying out of the provisions of the military service act). Further, the resolutions argued that it is essential that the cabinet be reorganized along lines that will secure the fullest possible measure of national unity and co-operation they urge that a larger proportion of business men should be included, with a representative of agriculture, labor and manufactures. The association also expressed the opinion that, in view of the grave issues and responsibilities, party politics should be submerged, favored a reasonable tax on the enterprise and wealth producing power of the country, and thought that an income tax properly adjusted and applied, a fair method of reaching the end desired.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surface. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in the country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

Take Hall's Family's Pills for constipation.

Sold by Druggists price 75c.

Courier Daily Recipe Column

Peach Short Cake

Two eggs, well beaten; 1 small cup of sugar; beat eggs and sugar together 2 minutes; add 2 tablespoons of melted butter; beat again; add 1-2 cup of milk and 1 cup of flour, sifted, with 1 heaping teaspoon of baking powder; bake in 2 shallow tins; when cold add a can of yellow peaches cut up in pieces, and have them soft and well sweetened; place them between the two cakes and on the top. This should be eaten the day that it is made.

Chocolate Cream Pie.

Cake—Beat to a cream 1-2 cup of butter; gradually beat into it 1 cup of sugar; beat and add 2 eggs, 1-2 cup milk, 2 level cups flour, 1 1-2 teaspoons baking powder; beat quickly and pour into deep buttered tin plates; bake 1-4 of an hour in a moderate oven.

Cream—Beat well the yokes of 2 eggs; mix and add 1 tablespoonful flour and 2 of sugar; put into a double boiler 1 cup milk; when it boils add flour and sugar, with a little salt; stir constantly until it becomes smooth, take from the fire and flavor with vanilla.

Chocolate Icing—Mix 6 tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate and 1-2 cup of powdered sugar; beat to a stiff froth the whites of the 2 eggs; add gradually 1 cup powdered sugar and a tablespoonful of vanilla; put sugar and chocolate into a pan and add 2 tablespoons of water; stir over a hot fire until smooth; beat this into the whites of the eggs and sugar; now spread 2 of the cakes with a layer of cream and a thin layer of icing; place the remaining cakes on top and cover with icing.

BAPTIST CONVENTION

By Courier Leased Wire

Toronto, Sept. 12.—The Baptist convention of Ontario and Quebec will be held this year at Woodstock from October 17 to 24. Five hundred churches will send delegates.

Clean to handle. Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and General Stores.

Courier Daily: Pattern Service

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

LADY'S DRESS.

By Anabel Worthington.

What really might be termed a shirtwaist dress because of its simple construction is illustrated in No. 8,416. The trimming of contrasting material is a telling feature which lends smartness to the design. The waist is a plain shirtwaist model, with centre front closing, and an unusually large collar has the rounded points turned back and buttoned. A wide belt divides at the front and forms two tabs which button in opposite directions. Enormous outstanding pockets are suspended from the belt at each side and the lap trimming is repeated.

The dress pattern, No. 8,416, is cut in sizes 36 to 44 inches bust measure. To make in the 36 inch size requires 4⅝ yards of 36 inch material, with 1⅜ yards 36 inch silk.

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

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NOW SHOWING
Direct from the Big Time
The Minature Musical Comedy.

The Awakening of Venus
Introducing the Great Hawiian Dansuese
MAZA MAZOS
Special Scenery—12 People—Wonderful Lighting Effects.

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THE CRIMINAL

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The Great Vitagraph Serial
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Womanhood

The Stupendous Vitagraph Film Spectacle.

Held Over By Popular Demand For One More Day

Thursday, Sept. 13

RESERVE YOUR SEATS NOW

Special notice to patrons, regular patrons who have seats reserved for Thursday and who have already seen "WOMANHOOD" can have their seats changed to Friday night by leaving word at the Box Office.

Entire change of program for Friday and Saturday.

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Friday and Saturday with Saturday Matinee

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SEE *The Bewitched Hat, The Astral Hand, The Magical Divorcer, The Crystal Casket of Creation.*

Fifteen Tons of New and Spectular Illusions

SPECIAL PRICES: 25c, 50c, 75c and $1.00.
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Sept. 18th

CANADA'S MOST POPULAR COMEDIAN

ALBERT BROWN

IN HIS NEW ROMANTIC DRAMA

"The Love of a King"

BY PAUL KESTER AUTOR OF "WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER."

SUPERB CAST CARLOAD OF SCENERY
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SWEETEST LOVE STORY EVER WRITTEN

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Blank Books of all sorts. Stephens, Stafford's and Carter's Inks. Writing, Typewriter and Blotting Papers. Pens, Pencils, and Penholders, Waste Paper and Desk Baskets. Filing Devices of every description, Loose Leaf Sheets and books, all kinds, Waterman Fountain Pens. Sutherland's Perfecto Fountain Pens, Customs Entry Sheets and all office requirements.

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Rippling Rhymes

By Walt Mason

IN THE MO UNTAINS.

Majestic mountains round me stand, with awful gorges by them; I find them noble, solemn, grand — the blue prints, don't belie them. Here I have lived while happy weeks slid so I couldn't time them; I've gazed upon the snowcapped peaks, and never wished to climb them. I look upon the mighty hills, by which men seem like midges, and have as many pleasant thrills as though I climbed their ridges. And I alone am sane and safe, yes, I, who do this rhyming; for all the other tourists chafe to climb, and keep on climbing. Whene'er they look upon a peak and say "It's quite a boulder, we'll climb it if we takes a week, and bust a shin on shoulder." And so with alpenstocks and ropes, and other doodads silly, they're wearing out the mountain slopes, and spoiling vistas hilly. And here in this great pleasure ground they labor nine times harder than when at home they go their round, to fill the family larder. At home if they worked half as hard, they'd prance in righteous rages, and hand out protests by the yard and strike for higher wages. If one can call his labor play you'll never see him weary; he'll put in nineteen hours a day and still be fresh and cheery.

BULGARS AIM EXTERMINAT OF SERB

Insurrection Cause speakable Atro Committed

HANG MAN BY T

Children Exiled T Choose Suicide to

Paris, Sept. 13.—(Cor ence of Associated Pr has come into the posse Serbian authorities, rece ter, written by a Serbian barely escaped hanging garians. He describes i tail the insurrections in April last, the fate the unspeakable cruelties v the insurrectionists by ians.

His letter (the origina ent in the Serbian archi be seen at any time) is w his blood from his hiding Serbian mountains, and to his friend, a Serbian ing with the Saloniki captain fell into captivity ter the receipt of the mis ceeded in smuggling it of a Serbian sentry.

Hang Them By To

The letter frankly advi ians to kill themselves r submit to capture; it t forcible deportation of t children to Constantino frightful tortures inf prisoners before they by the Bulgarians, such by the tongue; of gibb everywhere to dispose prisoners of war, espec surrectionists.

The names of both se cipient have been suppr vious reasons, but both with the original letter as follows:

"Here I am in a mou actually, my sad reside on April 25 from the B on, where I was inca twenty comrades after surrounded and captur volt near ——. There 000 of us insurgents; over fought with a Ge that defeated us and flight. Then we had by two Bulgarian divi with cannon and mach was taken, put in pris demned to be hanged, the night my friend with a band of sentinel me. In consequence I reach the mountain. T than 5,000 of us insur all of the other mounta with insurgents.

Hang Women and

"The Bulgarians had the male population bet of 16 and 65 in order them in the army and meditately to the front. time they had gathered young people betwen 1 had sent them to Cons was this vandal process strous Mongols that revolt. The unfortun exasperated by the cri children as they were force, attacked the Bu stones. This was a g to which the Bulgars gibbets to which they men and children. Fi ple, exhausted and rev themselves upon the B pois. Men and wome arms and ammunition, ovatz, Lebane, Vranis, Zayetchar, Knlagevatz, and the villages.

"It was agreed that t of Zayetchar and its sub march on Nish, that th from Prokouplie, Leske anie, should do the s united, should take po city. Unfortunately the etchar were late; we g them and had, alone, an attack from a Ger We beat them and too batteries and 800 so battle took place nea From there we carried kovatz and Prokouplie made ourselves masters attacked Nish, carrying and half of the city.

Defeated by Cowardl

"Meanwhile two Bulga arrived, and a bloody oped; we should have defeat the Bulgarians, feated the Germans if used a cowardly strate us from attacking them the women and children front of their ranks. U upon our own people, w far as Korvingrad, whe tle began and where th attacked us from behin an opening and took re mountains. Since I wa fatigue, I was taken p with a dozen other inst condemned to be hang while the gibbet was p were incarcerated in t Prokouplie, but one o killed the garrison and

Children Commit S

"So here I am in the ——. It may be that wh these lines I shall no among the living, but t ion cannot be snuffed o for the Bulgarians are systematically to exter nation. On the 25th o placed aboard trains a 8,000 children between 12 and 15, bound for Co Many of the children j the cars along the way death in that manner.

"The Bulgarians gath population for the purpo ating everyone. But inst ing serum against chole pox, they innoculated contagious diseases. On tors admitted that to th