

## THIS WOMAN TO THIS MAN

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

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

Secured Exclusively  
for Publication  
in the Courier.

From Thursday's Daily.  
There was a colony of prairie dogs  
she could visit by taking a  
walk, and they, too, were com-  
ing. It was Knight who told her  
the creatures and where to seek  
him, but he did not show her the

things had been well between  
the man's anxiety to please  
her. As soon as he saw the  
interior of the house, he went  
to El Paso to choose furni-  
ture and pretty simple chairs, old-  
fashioned china and delicate glass,  
and a table and chairs. He or-  
dered books also, and subscribed for  
magazines and papers.

Returning, he said nothing of  
what he had done, for he hoped that  
the man might prick the girl to  
know, rousing her from the leth-  
argy which had settled over her per-  
son. It was Knight who told her  
the creatures and where to seek  
him, but he did not show her the

things had been well between  
the man's anxiety to please  
her. As soon as he saw the  
interior of the house, he went  
to El Paso to choose furni-  
ture and pretty simple chairs, old-  
fashioned china and delicate glass,  
and a table and chairs. He or-  
dered books also, and subscribed for  
magazines and papers.

Returning, he said nothing of  
what he had done, for he hoped that  
the man might prick the girl to  
know, rousing her from the leth-  
argy which had settled over her per-  
son. It was Knight who told her  
the creatures and where to seek  
him, but he did not show her the

things had been well between  
the man's anxiety to please  
her. As soon as he saw the  
interior of the house, he went  
to El Paso to choose furni-  
ture and pretty simple chairs, old-  
fashioned china and delicate glass,  
and a table and chairs. He or-  
dered books also, and subscribed for  
magazines and papers.

Returning, he said nothing of  
what he had done, for he hoped that  
the man might prick the girl to  
know, rousing her from the leth-  
argy which had settled over her per-  
son. It was Knight who told her  
the creatures and where to seek  
him, but he did not show her the

things had been well between  
the man's anxiety to please  
her. As soon as he saw the  
interior of the house, he went  
to El Paso to choose furni-  
ture and pretty simple chairs, old-  
fashioned china and delicate glass,  
and a table and chairs. He or-  
dered books also, and subscribed for  
magazines and papers.

Returning, he said nothing of  
what he had done, for he hoped that  
the man might prick the girl to  
know, rousing her from the leth-  
argy which had settled over her per-  
son. It was Knight who told her  
the creatures and where to seek  
him, but he did not show her the

things had been well between  
the man's anxiety to please  
her. As soon as he saw the  
interior of the house, he went  
to El Paso to choose furni-  
ture and pretty simple chairs, old-  
fashioned china and delicate glass,  
and a table and chairs. He or-  
dered books also, and subscribed for  
magazines and papers.

Returning, he said nothing of  
what he had done, for he hoped that  
the man might prick the girl to  
know, rousing her from the leth-  
argy which had settled over her per-  
son. It was Knight who told her  
the creatures and where to seek  
him, but he did not show her the

things had been well between  
the man's anxiety to please  
her. As soon as he saw the  
interior of the house, he went  
to El Paso to choose furni-  
ture and pretty simple chairs, old-  
fashioned china and delicate glass,  
and a table and chairs. He or-  
dered books also, and subscribed for  
magazines and papers.

Returning, he said nothing of  
what he had done, for he hoped that  
the man might prick the girl to  
know, rousing her from the leth-  
argy which had settled over her per-  
son. It was Knight who told her  
the creatures and where to seek  
him, but he did not show her the

things had been well between  
the man's anxiety to please  
her. As soon as he saw the  
interior of the house, he went  
to El Paso to choose furni-  
ture and pretty simple chairs, old-  
fashioned china and delicate glass,  
and a table and chairs. He or-  
dered books also, and subscribed for  
magazines and papers.

Returning, he said nothing of  
what he had done, for he hoped that  
the man might prick the girl to  
know, rousing her from the leth-  
argy which had settled over her per-  
son. It was Knight who told her  
the creatures and where to seek  
him, but he did not show her the

things had been well between  
the man's anxiety to please  
her. As soon as he saw the  
interior of the house, he went  
to El Paso to choose furni-  
ture and pretty simple chairs, old-  
fashioned china and delicate glass,  
and a table and chairs. He or-  
dered books also, and subscribed for  
magazines and papers.

Not believing in him,  
neither did she believe in his love.  
She thought that he was sorry for  
her, that he was grateful for what  
she had done to help him; that per-  
haps for the time being he intended  
to "turn over a new leaf," not really  
for her sake, but because he had  
been in very great danger of being  
found out.

Scornfully she told herself that  
this pretense of ranching was just  
one of the many adventures dotted  
along his career; one act in the  
melodrama of which he delighted to  
be the leading actor. His own love  
of luxury and charming surround-  
ings was enough to account for the  
improvements he hastened to make  
at the ranchhouse.

Very anxiously she put away the  
thought that all he did was for her.  
She did not wish to accept it. She  
did not want the obligation of grati-  
tude. It even seemed puerile to her  
that he should attempt to make up  
for spoiling her life by giving her a  
few easy chairs and pictures and  
Chinese cook.

"He likes the things himself and  
can't live without them," she insist-  
ed. And it was to show him that he  
could not give in such childish  
ways that she lived out of doors or  
hid in her own room.

At first she invariably locked the  
door of that room when she entered,  
thinking of it delicately as her fort-  
ress which must be defended against  
the enemy. But when weeks grew  
into months and the enemy never  
attacked the fortress her vigilance  
relaxed. She forgot to lock the  
door.

Spring and summer passed. Au-  
tumn and then winter came. Knight  
was a good deal away, for he had  
bought an interest in a newly op-  
ened copper mine in the Organ  
mountains, and was keenly interest-  
ed in the development which might  
mean fortune. At night, however,  
he always came back in the second-  
hand motor car which he had got at  
a bargain price in El Paso and drove  
himself.

Annesley never failed to hear him  
return, though she gave no sign.  
And sometimes she would peep  
through the slats of her green shut-  
ters on one side of the patio to the  
windows of his bedroom and office,  
which were opposite. It was seldom  
that his light did not burn very late,  
and Annesley went to bed thinking  
of his late hours, asking herself  
what schemes or new adventures he  
might be plotting for the day when  
he should tire of the ranch.

Often she wondered that her life  
was not more hateful to her than it  
was, for somehow it was not hate-  
ful. Texas, with its vast spaces and  
blowing gusts of ozone, had begun  
to mean more for her than her cold  
reserve had let Knight guess, more  
than she herself could understand.

On Christmas morning, when she  
opened her bedroom door, she al-  
most stumbled over a covered Mexi-  
can basket of woven colored straws.  
Something inside it moved and sigh-  
ed.

She stooped, lifted the cover, and  
saw, curled up on a bit of red blan-  
keting, a miniature Chihuahua dog.  
It had a body as slight and as dis-  
crepant as a tendril of grapevine; a  
tiny pointed face, with a high fore-  
head and immense, almost human  
eyes.

At sight of her a thread of tail  
wagged, and Annesley felt a warm  
impulse of affection towards the  
little creature. Of course it was a  
present from Knight, though there

was no word to tell her so; and if  
the dog had not looked at her with  
an offer of all its love and self she  
would perhaps have refused to ac-  
cept it rather than encourage him in  
the giving of gifts.

But after that look she could not  
let the little animal go. Its posses-  
sion made life warmer; and it was  
good to see it lying in front of her  
open fire of mesquite roots, happen-  
ing she had no Christmas gift for  
Knight.

He had made, soon after their  
coming to the ranch, a cactus fence  
round the house enclosure, and see-  
ing the dry ugliness of the long,  
straight sticks placed close together,  
Annesley disliked and wondered at  
it. At last she questioned Knight,  
and said impatiently that the "bric-  
a-brac" barrier was an eyesore. She wished  
it might be taken down.

"Wait till spring," he answered.  
"It isn't a barrier; it's an allegory.  
Maybe when you see what happens  
you'll understand. Maybe you won't.  
It all depends on your own feelings  
then."

Annesley said no more, but she  
did not forget. She thought, if her  
understanding of the allegory meant  
any change of feeling which the man  
might still be looking for in her,  
then she would never understand.  
She hated to look at the line of stark,  
naked sticks, but they, and the "alle-  
gory" they represented, constantly  
recurred to her mind.

One day in spring she noticed that  
the sticks looked less dry. Knobbly  
buds had broken out upon them, the  
first sign she had had that they were  
living things. It happened to be  
Easter eve, and she was very rest-  
less, full of strange thoughts as the  
yellow-flowering greasewood bushes  
were full of rushing sap.

A year ago that night her love for  
her husband had died its sudden,  
tragic death. In the very act of for-  
giveness forgiveness had been killed.  
Knight had gone off early that  
morning in his motor car, the poor  
car which was a pathetic contrast to  
the glories of last year in England.  
He had gone before she was up, and  
had mentioned to the Chinese cook  
that he might not be back until very  
late.

"That means after midnight," she  
told herself, and since she was free  
as air until then, she decided to take  
a long walk in the afternoon, as far  
as the river that it seemed that if she  
stayed in the house the thoughts of  
life as it might have been and life  
as it would kill her, on this day  
of all other days.

"I wish I could die!" she said.  
"But not here. Somewhere a long  
way off from everyone—and from  
him."

As she passed the cactus fence the  
buds were very big.  
Across the river, where the water  
flowed high and wide just then, lay  
Mexico. Annesley had never been  
there, though she could easily have  
gone, had she wished, from the  
ranch to El Paso, and from El Paso  
to the queer old historic town of  
Juarez. But she could not have  
gone without Knight, and there was  
no pleasure to be thought of any  
more in travelling with him.

Besides, there was trouble across  
the border now, and fierce fighting.  
There had even been some thieving  
raids made by Mexicans upon miles  
away; and that reminded her,  
Knight had remarked some weeks  
ago that she had better not go alone  
as far as the river bank.

"It isn't likely that anything  
would happen by day," he said, "but  
you might be shot at from the other  
side."

Annesley was not afraid, and there  
was a faint stirring pleasure in the  
thought that she was doing some-  
thing against his wish on this an-  
niversary. Deliberately, she sat  
alone by the river, waiting for the  
passage of sunset to pass; and when  
she reached home the moon was up,  
a great white moon that turned the  
waste of pale, sparse grasses to a  
silver sea.

She had taken sandwiches and  
fruit with her, telling the cook that  
she would want no dinner when she  
came back. Far away in the co-  
queters quarters there was music,  
and she flung herself into a haun-  
mock on the veranda, to rest and  
listen.

There was a soft, yet cool wind  
from the south, bringing the frag-  
rance of cressets blossoms, and it  
seemed to the girl that never had  
she seen such white floods of moon-  
light, not even that night a year ago  
at Valley House.

Even the sky was milk-white.  
There were no black shadows any-  
where, only dove-gray ones, except  
under the veranda roof. Her hair  
was screened away from the light  
by one dark shadow, like a  
straight-hung curtain. Save for the  
music coming from far off—music of  
a diddle and men's voices—the silver  
white world lay silent as if in an en-  
chanted sleep.

Then suddenly something moved.  
A tall, dark figure was coming to-  
ward the veranda. It paused at the  
cactus fence.

Could it be Knight, home already  
and walking? No, it was a woman.  
She came straight and fast and  
unhesitating to the veranda and sat  
down on the steps.

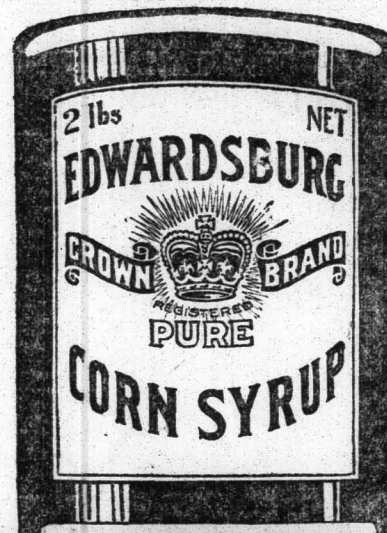
Annesley raised herself on her  
elbow, and peered out of the conceal-  
ing shadow. Who could the woman  
be? It was on the tip of her tongue  
to call out, "Who are you?" when  
a sudden lifting of the bent face un-  
der a drooping hat brought it into  
the searchlight of the moon.

The woman knew this, for she never  
visited the Flower Fairies again. The  
Fairy Queen kept her too busy ever  
to be disobedient again.

The Vancouver office of Frank  
Waterhouse and Co., of Seattle, has  
lost its whole staff, who have joined  
the 68th Battery Field Artillery, and  
will don the uniform at the end of  
the month.

Because he was defeated by a wo-  
man, is the reason ascribed for the  
suicide of Jacob Crull, Montana poli-  
tician, who was defeated by Miss  
Joanette Rankin, the first Congress-  
woman. His death took place at Elk-  
hart, Indiana, where he had been  
visiting.

Continued in Saturday's Issue.



## CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

Everybody's Favourite Table Syrup

In 2, 5, 10 and 20 lb. Tins — and "Perfect Seal" Glass Jars.

Write for Free Cook Book

The Canada Starch Co., Limited - - Montreal

## Good Night Stories

By Blanche Silvers

THE LOST SLIPPER.

One day a little Fairy grew tired  
of her home in Fairyland. So she  
went to the Queen of the Fairies and  
begged her to let her go to the mead-  
ows below. But the Queen shook  
her head.

"We have our work to do here,  
and we must not disturb the Fairies  
of Flowerland," said the Queen.  
But the little discontented Fairy  
became more restless, and one day  
when the Queen was away she sailed  
down a sunbeam to the lovely green  
meadow.

"What a glorious world this is!"  
sighed the little Fairy.  
The Flower Fairies told her what  
lovely times they had, and invited  
her to their frolic that evening, and  
the little Fairy thought it would be  
great fun. When the sun sank be-  
hind the hills the little Fairy sailed  
back to the meadow and joined in  
the sport.

All the Flower Fairies wondered  
who the lovely Fairy was, but she  
would not tell them for fear some-  
one would tell the Queen, and then  
she would be punished.

The Butterflies hovered around  
her, and she danced and chatted  
with them all.  
Old Green Frog had been asked to  
sing and all the time he warbled his  
"jug-rum" solo his eyes followed  
the little Fairy, and he made up his  
mind to find out who she was. So  
he asked her for a dance, but he was  
so ugly that the little Fairy became  
frightened and started to run away.

"Oh, no you don't!" he croaked,  
and seized her lacy gown. "Not until  
you promise me a dance!"  
But the little Fairy with a quick  
pull, tore loose from his ugly claws  
and ran into the woods.

"See what he did!" cried the little  
Fairy. "He made me tear my dress,  
and when the Queen sees it she will  
be angry." And she ran away as fast  
as she could with Old Green Frog at  
her heels.

Her slipper flew off, and when  
Old Green Frog stopped to pick it  
up, he saw the pattern of the lace,  
and Old Green Frog sold it to them  
for all the flies they could bring  
him, and before long the Flower  
Fairies of the meadow were wearing  
lacy white frocks like the strange  
Fairy's, and they called them  
Queen's lace.

Old Green Frog sold the tiny pink  
slipper to a Flower Fairy in the gar-  
den. It was on the tip of her tongue  
to call out, "Who are you?" when  
a sudden lifting of the bent face un-  
der a drooping hat brought it into  
the searchlight of the moon.

The woman knew this, for she never  
visited the Flower Fairies again. The  
Fairy Queen kept her too busy ever  
to be disobedient again.

The Vancouver office of Frank  
Waterhouse and Co., of Seattle, has  
lost its whole staff, who have joined  
the 68th Battery Field Artillery, and  
will don the uniform at the end of  
the month.

Because he was defeated by a wo-  
man, is the reason ascribed for the  
suicide of Jacob Crull, Montana poli-  
tician, who was defeated by Miss  
Joanette Rankin, the first Congress-  
woman. His death took place at Elk-  
hart, Indiana, where he had been  
visiting.

## Women's Institute

Cainsville Women's Institute

The annual business meeting and  
election of officers was held at the  
home of Mrs. Carnody Tuesday af-  
ternoon, May 8th with a fair attend-  
ance. The second vice-president, Mrs.  
A. Richardson, was in charge of the  
first part and conducted it in a very  
able manner.

The meeting was opened in the  
usual manner. Miss MacMillan, of  
Onondaga was present, and enter-  
tained the ladies by two splendid  
readings, also Miss Fox rendered an  
instrumental solo much to the en-  
joyment of all. A question drawer  
was opened, being ably conducted  
by Mrs. MacMillan. Many interesting  
and edifying questions were asked  
and answered.

Roll call was responded to by the  
paying of Red Cross fees, and \$5.50  
was received for that most worthy  
cause. The president then took  
charge, and an encouraging and  
thoughtful address on the work of  
the past year was given.

The officers for the ensuing year  
are as follows: President Mrs. Rose  
was unanimously returned to office;  
first vice-president, Mrs. A. J. Mc-  
Cann; 2nd vice-president, Mrs. G.  
Fox; Secy-Treas., Mrs. H. Foulger;  
press correspondent, Mrs. F. W.  
Sumler; auditors, Miss Reid and Mrs.  
Taylor; flower committee, Mrs. Car-  
mody.

The annual report revealed good  
work done. Total amount raised was  
\$262. Total disbursements, \$259.  
The singing of "O Canada" brought  
to a close a pleasant and profitable  
meeting.

## THANKFUL MOTHERS

Mothers who have once used Baby's  
Own Tablets for their little ones are  
always strong in their praise of this  
medicine. Among them is Mrs. Mar-  
celle Boudreau, Mazonette N. B., who  
writes: "Baby's Own Tablets are the  
best medicine I know of for little  
ones. I am very thankful for what  
they have done for my children."

The Tablets regulate the bowels and  
stomach; cure constipation and indi-  
gestion; break up colds and simple  
fevers; in fact they cure all the min-  
or ills of little ones. They are sold by  
medicine dealers or by mail at 25  
cents a box from The Dr. Williams'  
Medicine Co., Brockville.

Two hundred thousand men above  
the age which would subject them to  
the military draft law have volun-  
teered for service with Colonel  
Roosevelt for immediate service in  
France.

## PURITY FLOUR

Milled especially for particular  
home cooks—those who want

"More Bread and Better Bread"

Your taste  
for good tea will prove to you

## Red Rose Tea "is good tea"

When a soap has been in  
favor as long as N.P. has  
it MUST be good

## N.P. SOAP 15¢

It is the econ-  
omical way to buy soap—  
the big bar in the plain  
wrapper means more and better soap

## Redpath SUGAR



Redpath has introduced to Canadian homes every  
successive sugar improvement from "Ye Olde Sugar  
Loafe" to the modern Redpath Cartons of Extra  
Granulated. Made in one grade only—the highest.

"Let Redpath Sweeten it."

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

Canada Sugar Refining Co., Limited, Montreal.

## Children Cry for Fletcher's

## CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been  
in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of  
and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy.  
All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but  
Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of  
Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

## What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric,  
Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains  
neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its  
age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has  
been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency,  
Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising  
therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids  
the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep.  
The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

## CHILD CARE THES— NOW

Whether you  
ready-made,  
tion is wor-  
fluenced by  
ever was a  
or nothing"

DEPT.  
coats  
to

to \$6.00

dings, hon-  
and sat-  
ase of the  
leave your

AILOR  
orne Stree