

THEATRE
L. SHOWING
PICKFORD
Latest Photoplay
"The American"
story dealing with
present war
and Bayne
IN
"Great Secret"
Fun Refined
comedies
ELLE FEATURE
GO TROUPE
series of modern
uprisings
Thursday, Friday
Saturday
LARKY AND
HAYAKAWA
IN
"DEN PATHS"

Theatre
ENGAGEMENT
Byrne Must-
do Company
Refined Tabloid
Audience features
eg. Clever Girls
an Comedy
Tuesday and
Wednesday
"DAK GIRLS"
The Big Time Hit
Friday and
Saturday
"China Town"
Fantasy with
Costumes
ATTRACTION
BUFF, JACK
RD. THEO.
ROBERTS
IN
"They Can't Buy
with one of the
his ever assem-
blage includes James
part Bosworth,
Raymond Hat-
ther celebrities
DANCE IN
ICES

HOUSE
Play Matinee
Players
r Girl
all seats 10c

Coast
at once
Patrols.
and upwards
\$1.10 a day
officers \$1.50 to
of British sub-
Stokers, Sea-

An Outsider

(By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE)

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

Copyrighted

(From Saturday's Daily.)
And immediately the man turned back to the desk to renew his rummaging—in search of a key to the case, she guessed. But his business there was surprisingly abbreviated—interrupted in a fashion certainly as startling to him as to her who skulked and spied on the dark side of the folding doors.
Neither received the least intimation that the door from the library to the hall had been opened. Sally, for one, remained, firmly persuaded that they two were alone in the silent house until the instant when she saw a second man hurl himself upon the back of the first—a swift-moving shape of darkness, something almost feline in his grim, violent fury that afforded the victim no time either to turn or lift a hand in self-defense. In a twinkling the two went headlong to the floor and disappeared, screened by the broad top of the center-table.

There, presumably, Blue Serge recovered sufficiently from the shock of surprise to make some show of fighting back. Confused sounds of scuffling and hard breathing became audible, with a thump or two denoted by the rug; but more than that, nothing—never a word from either combatant. There was something uncanny in the silence of it all.
For an instant Sally remained where she was, rooted in fright and wonder; but the next and without in the least understanding how she had come there, she found herself by the open door in the entry hall, just beyond the threshold to the library, commanding an unobstructed view of the conflict.

Apparently this neared its culmination. Though he had gone down face forward, Blue Serge had contrived to turn over on his back, in which position he now lay, still struggling, but helpless, beneath the bulk of his assailant—a burly, black-avised scoundrel who straddled the chest of his prey, a knee pinning down either arm, both hands busy with efforts to make an unappetizing bandanna serve as a gag.
Pardonably rewarded for this inconsiderate treatment, the fat one suddenly snatched one hand away, conveyed a bitten finger to his mouth, instantly spat it out together with a gust of masterful profanity and the other, taking advantage of the opportunity to renew his struggles, shifted his grip to Blue Serge's throat and, bending forward, strove with purpose undoubtedly murderous to get possession of the short Roman sword.

It lay just an inch beyond his reach. He strained his utmost toward it, almost touched its haft with eager finger-tips.
At this a strang thing happened—stranger of all to Sally. For she, who never in her life had touched firearm or viewed scene of violence more desperate than a schoolboy squabble, discovered herself inside the library, standing beside the desk and leveling at the head of the heavy villain the automatic pistol that had, rested there.

Simultaneously she was aware of the sound of her own voice, its accents perhaps a bit shaky, but none the less sharp, crying: "Stop! Don't you dare! Drop that sword and put up your hands! I say, put up your hands!"

The stout assassin started back and turned up to the amazing apparition of her ludicrous mask of astonishment, eyes agog, mouth alope, pendulous, beard-rusty chin quiver like some unweary sort of jelly. Then slowly—thanks to something convincing in the manner of this young woman, aflame as she was with indignant championship of the under dog—he elevated two grimy hands to a point of conspicuous utility; and a husky whisper, like a stifled roar, rustled past his lips: "Well, can yah beat it?"

A thrill of self-confidence galvanized the person of Miss Manvers, standing at once her hand and her voice.
"Get up!" she snapped. "No—keep your hands in sight. Get up somehow, and be quick about it!"

Without visible reluctance, if with some difficulty, like a clumsy automaton animated by unwilling springs, the fat scoundrel lurched awkwardly to his feet and passed, under the eye of the cold, level menace of her tone, "Now stand back—to the wall! Cuck!"

She was abruptly interrupted by a vast, discordant yell: "Look out, lady! Look out! That gun might go off!"
And as if hoping by that sudden and deafening roar to startle her on guard, the man started toward her, but pulled up as quickly, dashed and sullen. For she did not flinch an inch.

"That's your lookout!" she retorted incisively. "If you're afraid of it—stand back and keep your hands up!"
With a flicker of a sheepish grin the man obeyed, falling back until his shoulders touched the wall and keeping his hands level with his ears.
Still holding the pistol ready, the girl shifted her glance to Blue Serge. He had already micked himself on and now stood surveying his ally with a regard which wavered between amazement and admiration, suspicion and surprise. Meanwhile he felt gingerly of his throat, as if he were still sore, and nervously endeavored to readjust a collar which had broken from its moorings. Catching her inquiring eye, he bowed jerkily.

BUBBLING TYPE OF GIRL POPULAR NOW

Men Rave Over Them, Says Woman Writer; Grouch Is Masculine Monopoly

What are the qualities that men admire most in women?
Why is one girl surrounded, another lonely?
Why does some little snub-nosed creature with flame-colored hair receive ten proposals of marriage, and a languid beauty wait helplessly for one that never comes?

It seems to be the opinion of Mary Alexander, the author of this interesting discussion in a current magazine article, that men do not like girls who run after them, and that the surest way to attract the interest of the matrimonial prospect is to pursue him. The ages are back of this opinion, to be sure. Yet I don't agree with them remarks a New York woman writer.
I've seen more men rounded up by ruthless, remorseless, relentless pursuit than I've ever known to be alienated by it. And nothing is more untrue than that men worship the haughty and contemptuous beauty.

The race is neither to the beautiful nor to the good. And if you follow the matrimonial axiom of the grandmothers and let one of your kind out for a nibble you will be pretty likely to lose your fish and perhaps your hook line and sinkers as well.
Men like the joyful girl. A "grouch" is a strictly masculine privilege to be guarded as jealously as they guard the ballot. Men may rail at Fate and question the eternal verities, but let a woman try it and immediately they discover there is something queer about her. It is her business to seem as a woman glad whether she is or not!

The geyser girl, the fountain playing in sunshine, dispensing sweetness and light and giving optimism on the world, is as much beloved by men eager to bathe their sombre spirits in her smiles as if she were a Coney Island bathhouse on Saturday afternoon.
Women don't like her so much. But that's because the fountain of light is not turned on for them. And they know it. They know that to frolic in public-means hysteria in private; that the woman who is really pleasant to live with dwells always in the temperate zone. Only a man could have written "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt," for only a man would believe that a girl who laughed with delight when you gave her a smile and trembled with fear at your frown was not fitful and ill-tempered around the house unless of course, she was the village idiot. And even idiots have their ups and downs of feeling.

"What do men like in women?" I asked a man and he answered, "They like good features anyhow. They like ankles; pep—and patience."
"They like eyes," I retorted "and teeth. Few care anything about noses or the shape of lips. I've known men to consider women beautiful whose mouth might have been cut with a can opener."
"No," the critic of woman admitted. "I don't believe men care very much about features anyhow. They like, wholesomeness, good temper, amiability what they call a sunny girl."

"Do they like brains?" I asked. "Brains are not important," he answered magnanimously. "No man begrudges a girl a brain—if, well if she can wear white spats as well as tags."
Is spending a couple of weeks holidays at her home here and Port Rowan.

Master Arthur Miller, of Toronto, is spending a week with his cousin, Miss Muriel Olmstead.
Mrs. Wesley Perney, an old resident, died on Monday, August 20th, at her home here, after a long illness. She was born at Bimbrook, on March 11th, 1836, and was married to Mr. Perney on Nov. 28th, 1854. Some years ago Mr. and Mrs. Perney came to Brantford, from Round Plains. Mr. Perney predeceased her 2 years ago. Although she had a quiet disposition, she was highly respected by neighbors and friends. She was a faithful member of the Methodist church, and always attended until her health gave out. The funeral was held from her late residence, on Wednesday afternoon, the service being conducted by her pastor, Rev. Henry Caldwell. Interment took place in Greenwood cemetery.

Three sons and four daughters survive. They are Charles, of Waterloo; John, of Ottawa; Sarah and Mary, at home; and Mrs. James Campbell and Mrs. James Humphrey, of the West. These will mourn the loss of a loving mother. The sympathy of the community is extended to all the sorrowing ones.
Miss Gladys Kalar spent Sunday with Miss Mildred Messacar, of Simcoe.
Mr. Delbert Collins and Mr. Joe Collins, of Brantford, spent the weekend with Mrs. J. R. Collins.

Miss Lena Evans is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. H. W. Langs, of Yorkmouth Centre.
Messrs. Earl and D. Henderson, of Wilsnville, and Mr. R. D. Gibson, are on a motoring trip in Muskoka district. They are carrying canteen, tent and bedding, and camp wherever night overtakes them.
Miss Margaret Watkins is spending a week in Toronto.
Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Sanderson and children motored to Grand Valley and spent a week at Mr. Sanderson's old home.

The Hot Weather Test makes people better acquainted with their resources of strength and endurance. Many find they need a stimulant which invigorates the blood, promotes refreshing sleep and overcomes that tired feeling.

SIDE TALKS

By RUTH CAMERON

JUST TRY IT YOURSELF.
"There was a young lady said 'Why' Can't I look in my ear with my eye If I put my mind to it Perhaps I can do it You never can tell till you try." You never can tell till you try. That is one of my favorite nonsense rhymes. I think I have quoted it before in support of the contention that one can often do much more than one thinks one can—in short that one never can tell till one tries, what one can do.

To-day I want it to point the opposite moral—namely that one never can tell till one tries what one can't do.
He Would Stop and Rest
A woman I know had a painter working for her by the day. It seemed to her that he was unnecessarily long in getting the work done. "My dear," she said, "the just sit there and brush back and forth and back and forth over the same spot. If he'd leave the paint there once he got it on, it wouldn't take him half so long. But he'll put the paint on and then go back over it and brush part of it off. And then every half hour or so he stops and lights his pipe and just sits there for two or three minutes. And I'm paying for all that time. I declare I'm all out of patience."
As it happened, at that time I had never done any painting (like the woman herself) and consequently I sympathized with her. "I suppose he wants to make all the money he can," I said.

Good Night Stories

WHY MRS. SPARROW CHANGED HER MIND
It had been raining all night and the breeze from the lake was quite cool. Dicky looked from the cheery fire-place, with its crackling logs, to the cold, dreary landscape outside. A crowd of little birds sat on a branch of the cherry tree near the window and chattered in loud voices. "Do birds understand one another, mamma?" asked Dicky. "I'm sure they must," answered mamma.

"Then I wish I could hear what they are talking about," exclaimed Dicky. "I wish you could," said mamma as she left the room. Dicky felt a tug at his elbow. "Good morning, Dicky," said a happy voice. "Hello, Squeedee," said Dicky. He was always glad to see Squeedee, for it generally meant a happy day for Dicky. "I'll let you hear what they are talking about, if you promise not to harm them ever again," said Squeedee. Dicky promised, and Squeedee touched him three times on the ear, muttering strange words. "Why not come South with the rest of us," asked Cock Robin. Mrs. Sparrow scratched her head with her claw. "I can't leave my babies and they are too young to fly," she answered.

"Too bad. Why not build a house under the barn eaves or under the porch there," suggested Mr. Robin. "Yes, so the bad boys can steal my little ones—too sir! I hate boys; they are all bad. Boys are our worst enemies," exclaimed Mrs. Sparrow. "Better build a warm house, for I heard the winds say this would be a hard winter," replied Mr. Robin. A cloud of birds flew over, headed South, and Cock Robin joined them. "Now you see what birds think of boys," laughed Squeedee, and he bade Dicky good-by and disappeared. Dicky turned from the window and pulled out his chest of tools and spent the rest of the day pounding and sawing. "What are you doing, dear," asked mamma when she heard the hammer. "Building something," answered Dicky.

LEMON SHERBET
One cup lemon juice, 4 cups sugar, 2 quarts milk, 2 teaspoonfuls lemon extract. Freeze same as ice cream.

ICE CREAM
Eight eggs, 2 coffee cups sugar, 2 1/2 quarts milk (scant), 2 1/2 teaspoonfuls lemon, or 1/2 cake chocolate, grated and dissolved in part of the milk heated.

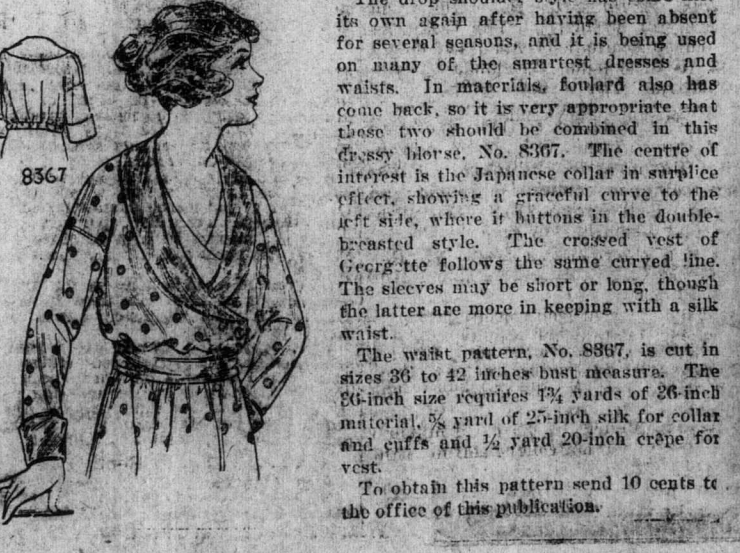
PEACH CREAM
Fare and stone 1 quart of very soft peaches. Add to them 1 pound sugar and mash thoroughly. When ready to freeze, add 2 quarts of rich cream.

CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM
One-half pint cream, 1 quart milk 1/2 cup powdered sugar, 1 can condensed milk, Flavor, then freeze.

COFFEE MOUSSE
One-half cup coffee (boiled), 1/2 cup powdered sugar, 4 eggs (yolks), teaspoonful of vanilla. Stir all together and then add 1 pint whipped cream. Pack in mould in salt and ice 5 hours.

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

LADIES' WAIST.
By Anabel Worthington.



Fresh from the Gardens
of the finest Tea-producing country in the world.

"SALADA"

Sealed Packets Only.
Try it—it's delicious. BLACK GREEN or MIXED.

SUTHERLAND'S NEW WALL PAPERS

BED ROOM PAPERS.
DINING ROOM PAPERS.
HALL PAPERS.
PAPERS FOR CHURCHES.
PAPERS FOR PLACES OF ENTERTAINMENT.
PAPERS FOR STORES.

We are one of the largest handlers of Wall Papers in Ontario and our prices are always right.

Jas. L. Sutherland

TAXI CABS and Touring Cars

For City and Country
TRY
HUNT & COLTER

155 DALHOUSIE STREET
Bell Phone—45, 49. Machine—45 "We meet all Trains"

Our August Fur Sale

Big Reductions on
Hudson Seal Coats

DEMPSTER & CO.

Hatters and Furriers
Tel. 4 8 Market Street

TAXI CABS
MITCHELL'S
PHONE 63

Hullman's Motor Transfer
USE
HULLMAN'S MOTOR TRANSFER TAXI CABS 30