

An Outsider

(By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE)

AUTHOR OF

"The Lone Wolf"

"Joan Thursday"

"The Brass Bowl" etc.

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(From Friday's Daily.)

"And attend to me—you're not to give Adele or Walter, either, when he gets here, any reason to suspect you've confided in me. I wish everything to go on precisely as it has been going—so far as they can see. Avoid them as much as possible, when it isn't possible, give them a dose of their own medicine if necessary—I mean, fib. There's an explosion coming, but I don't wish it to happen until I'm sure who and what are going to be blown sky-high, and I am quite prepared to stand by and enjoy the fireworks. Meantime, don't let anybody frighten you; no matter how serious matters may seem or be represented to you, help implicitly on me. And whatever is said to you that seems of any consequence—or if you should see anything—find some way to report quickly to me. Now what did you say you did with that jewel-case Adele gave you?"

Sally repeated her account of its hiding place.

"You didn't unwrap it, you say. Well and good!" Mrs. Gosnold nodded intently. "Then don't; leave it as it is, and some time to-day, if I can manage without being observed, I'll drop into your room and have a look at the box myself. But you are on no consideration whatever to touch it until I give you leave."

"I understand."

"If Adele and Walter want to know what you've done with it, tell them the truth—you've done nothing. Say you've not yet found a good chance to tell them where it is, but assure them it's perfectly safe there."

"Yes, Mrs. Gosnold."

Momentarily the older woman was lost in a reverie of sullen malicious cast, to judge by the smile that faintly shadowed the firm lines of her handsome face.

"A surprise party—" she observed obscurely.

Of a sudden, with a sort of snap, she roused herself back to more immediate issues. "Oh, come! the

morning almost some already, and nothing accomplished! Oh, with you! But before you go, do, for goodness' sake, attend to your eyes; if some one were to see you going through the halls the way you are—it might be ruinous. Bathe them with cold water in the bath-room there—and you'll find plenty of powder and stuff on my dressing-table."

And while Sally hastened to profit by this advice, the other pursued. "You should school yourself never to cry, my girl. You're too sensitive and emotional by half. If you go on this way, at the least excuse—great heavens! what a humiliated life you'll lead! Now let me look at you. That's much better. You'll do very well—if only you've wit enough not to worry—to trust me, whatever the emergency. Now, when you come back, tell Thomas to let me know. If I need you during the day I'll send for you."

As it happened, she didn't send for Sally before nightfall; but she kept her busy with commissions delivered by word of mouth—so busy, perhaps considerably, that the girl found little time to waste in futile fretting, but was ever conscious, when now and again her thoughts did inevitably revert to the status of her personal affairs, of contentment crooning in her heart like the soft refrain of some sweet, old song.

Her social education had made a gigantic forward stride with her surprising discovery that confession is good for the soul, that honesty in all things is not only expedient, but wholesome. If material advantage had accrued unto her through that act of desperate honesty, if she basked all this day long in the assurance of immunity from the consequences of her folly and imprudence, it was less with the arrogance of Fortune's favorite daughter than with the humility of one to whom life had measured out benefactions of which she was consciously undeserving. The assertion that the world owed her a

living was forgotten; and if recalled, would have been revised to the sense that she owed the world the duty of honorable and conscientious living. If her temper was tolerably exalted, it was well chastened to boots.

Thanks to the tardy advertisement of the fête, the avidity of a people ever seeking some new thing, and the fame of Abrigall Gosnold as an entertainer of eccentric genius, that day could hardly be said to wane; rather, it waxed to its close in an atmosphere of electric excitement steadily cumulative. The colony dined like some huge dynamo with the rumor of select preparation against the night. Other than servants hurrying to and fro on pressing but mysterious errands, few folk were visible in the afternoon; the drives and beaches, the lawns, terraces, courts, gardens, verandas, and casinos were one and all deserted.

At Gosnold House, below-stairs, in kitchens and servants' halls, and all about the routine of a well-maintained household proceeded marvelously without apparent hitch or friction, luncheon and dinner degenerated into affairs of emptiest formality. At the latter, indeed, Mrs. Gosnold presided over an oddly balanced board; three-fourths of those present were men—fully half the feminine guests dining from trays in their rooms or else abstaining altogether, in order that not one precious moment might be lost to the creation of their improvised disguises. And the talk at table was singularly disconnected, with an average of interest uncommonly low. People were obviously saving themselves up. There was no lingering over tobacco; the last courses served, the guests dispersed in all haste compatible with decency.

It was at this meal that Sally got her first glimpse of Savage since his arrival in the course of the afternoon. She had been far too busy to keep watch and unable to invent any plausible excuse for inquiring after him, but the thought of his return had never been far out of mind. However busy, she had not been able to dismiss entirely the consideration that Savage was bringing the first authentic news of whatever activities the police might have inaugurated in connection with the burglary and whatever their progress in pursuit of the cine furnished by the garments discarded in the bath-room. And all the reassurances of Mrs. Gosnold were impotent to counteract apprehensions fostered by such reflections. But there was the length and the width of the table between them. She had to be content with all that

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LADY'S DRESS.

By Anabel Worthington.

Satin will be the smartest material to use for this dress for early fall wear, either in blue or any of the fashionable shades of brown, with collar and cuffs of white satin. There is a draped bib section which extends up in front as far as the square neck. It is drawn softly toward the underarms, where it joins the sash ends, which tie in a loose knot. Folds of Georgette crepe soften the outline of the neck. The collar is in the new shape—rather narrow at the back and having deep points at the front. The two gored skirt is gathered slightly all around to the regulation waist line.

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Savage found chance to accord her—a bow, a smile, and a glance down his nose significant of unspoken intelligence.

She thought he looked a bit pale and worried and betrayed more nervousness than was natural in the man as she had come to know him.

Whether or not he had been accompanied by the threatened insurance adjuster (for detained!) she was unable to surmise, notwithstanding several strange faces in the number at table, she was inclined to believe that a person of such character would have been lodged somewhere in the village which served as the island's main port of entry, rather than brought to Gosnold House—already crowded with guests.

As soon as the companioness Savage discovered to the side of the girl, detaining her long enough to convey a surreptitious message under cover of apparently care free greetings.

"Must have a talk," he muttered out of the corner of his mouth. "Something you ought to know immediately."

A bank of pure fear shot through her mind, but she retained sufficient command of herself not to betray her emotion or even to seem anxious to make an appointment with the man.

"Oh, these are changes for that now," she exhaled as he fastidiously, and with so successful a semblance of indifference that Savage was openly and profoundly perplexed. "Heaps of things we've got to do for Mrs. Gosnold—I'm really frightfully pushed for time even to dress."

"Yes—of course. But this talk has got to happen some time soon. However it ought to be easy enough under our circumstances. What costume will you be wearing?"

"I don't know. Mrs. Gosnold promised to find something and send it to my room. I presume she must have forgotten—but perhaps it's there now."

"Well, keep an eye bright for me, then. I'll be Harlequin—an old costume I happened by sheer luck to have left here some years ago. Otherwise, I guess, I'd have to wrap up in a sheet and act like a dead one."

She laughed mechanically, with mured "I must fly!" and forthwith dashed up the great staircase and to her room.

Her costume had not yet been delivered; she had still to wait half an hour by the clock; but there was plenty of detail wherewith to occupy her time. On the other hand, the routine of one's toilet is a famous incentive to thoughtfulness, and as she went automatically through the motions of beautifying herself and dressing her hair, Sally's mind took advantage of this, its first real freedom of the day, and focused sharply on her own concerns.

It reminded her, among other things, of the fact that she had not seen Littleton since an adventurous glimpse of him going in to breakfast as she was leaving the house to deliver the batch of invitations.

She wondered idly about him, in an odd humor of tolerant superiority. One might contemplate the peculiarities of an ill-bred child. And suspicion of an ill-bred child, and whom she found able to imagine without flinching an encounter with him of the mildly flirtatious description licensed by the masquerade.

Would he know instinctively who she was and avoid her? Or have the impudence to renew his advances? Or would he fall to fathom her identity and so lay himself open to her captivation?

(Continued in Monday's Issue.)

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY. Effective Sunday, Sept. 30th. General change of time will take place. Consular Agents or W. B. Howard, District Passenger Agent, Toronto, Ont., for particulars.

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Good Night Stories

By Alanda Schmitt

THREE MISCHIEVOUS FAIRIES. Once upon a time, long, long ago, there lived in the land of the Fairies three little brother fairies—Nanie, Payne and Nod.

They were terribly mischievous little fellows and spent most of their time playing pranks on the other fairies until Mother Fairy became very sad. Then she decided it was work they needed to keep them busy.

One night she sent them to hang the star lanterns in the sky so Lady Moon could see her way among the clouds.

"Shall we play, work or sleep first?" asked Nanie.

"Let's take a nap first. Then there'll be time to play before we work." Nod suggested, and the three little fairies cuddled down on a soft gray cloud and soon fell asleep. They forgot all about Lady Moon and the dangers of a dark sea of clouds, unaware that they were awakened by a cry for help.

Up they jumped just in time to see Lady Moon's silver boat tip and a great big black cloud wave wash her out of sight.

"Oh, what will Mother Fairy do?" cried Nod.

They didn't have long to wait, for Mother Fairy heard Lady Moon's cry and knew what had happened, and she was very angry, and Nanie, Payne and Nod were cast out of Fairyland.

They called down the cloud sea weeping bitterly. Sandman heard them as they drifted by his castle in Dreamland and called to them to stop.

They told him why they had been cast out of Fairyland.

"We aren't good for anything. What can we do?" cried Nanie.

But Sandman told them he needed three bright little fairies in his court and asked them to stay with him.

"I want someone to go into the world at sundown and sprinkle sand in little children's eyes to make them blink," said Sandman.

"That's me!" cried Nanie. "Sure enough," answered Sandman. "And one to fan them with the Dream fan until they begin to wink."

"That's work for me," exclaimed Payne.

"And last of all some one to make them nod until they drift into the castle of dreams."

"I can do that, for my name is Nod," cried the last little brother, and so the little fairies agreed to help Sandman in his nightly task.

When night came they sailed in tiny little boats into the windows of little children. Nanie sprinkled sand in their eyes to make them blink. Payne fanned them until they winked, and finally Nod helped them to drift into Dreamland.

They were so happy in their new life that they never cared to return to Fairyland, but still live with Sandman in his Castle of Dreams, and every night they creep into your bedroom on the last rays of twilight.

Maybe some night you may see them if you watch real close, for they never miss a single wink. But if you try to keep awake of course they can't come, so just watch for that last ray of twilight and then close your eyes and drift to Dreamland, in their tender care.

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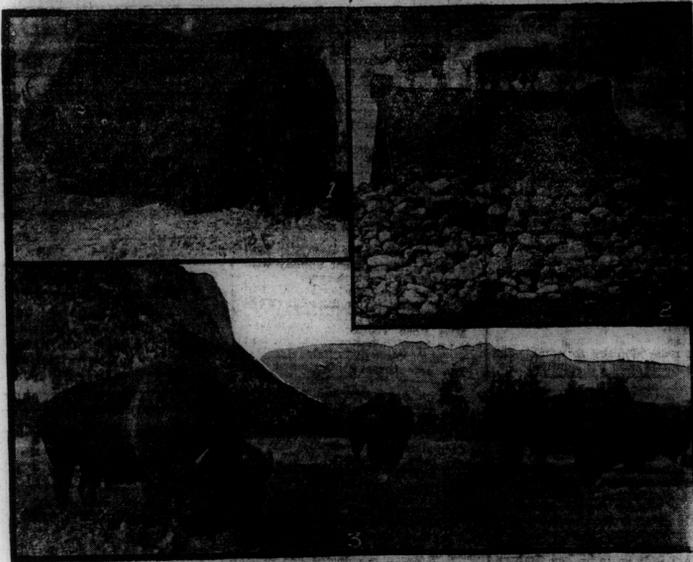
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WHY MAGGIE WANTS HER MOUNTAIN



Inhabitants of the park at Banff. (1) A solitary yak. (2) Mountain goats. (3) Buffalo.

THERE are a good many of us who wish the war would hurry up and be over, for one reason and another. But Maggie has a reason that's unique. If somebody would just go and kill the Kaiser, she'd get her mountain.

Maggie's second name is Mountain, too and her last is Goat. She lives at Banff, Alberta, together with two of her friends, in a big raggedy paddock full of bushes, with a stone-built house in the centre. You can generally see her up on top of it, silhouetted against the sky, gazing disconsolately away off to where she can see that mountain of hers, fur-trimmed and full of gloriously impossible ledges. She tries to pretend the ridge pole at her present home is one of them. But it's no go. The wretched little gophers climb up and run under her very nose and she's too mournful to care!

You see, the Parks Commission, which is the Supreme Court and the Privy Council and Santa Claus and the Board of Health to Maggie, had decreed that in 1914 the mountain goats were to be transferred to a locality more in keeping with family traditions. There is a large and indefinite number of unattached mountains around Banff, inhabited only by some of Maggie's uncaught relatives, and the Commission was going to fence in one of these for its goats. The ledges would give them exercise, the big trees would enable them to stretch their backs at the season indicated by their primitive fashion magazines, and the men interested in wool problems would have better looking goat specimens to judge from when they figured as to whether it was or wasn't worth while to try breeding them for mohair plush.

And then came this confounded war! Camp Hughes, Camp Borden, Valcartier and the rest of the khaki, features are up a million times over the cost of wiring poor Maggie's hilly heaven, which had to be pigeon-holed until "after the war."

That's how it comes the official in charge of all the wild wards of the park at Banff will tell you apologetically that the reason the goats look like ladies in evening dress is because they can succeed in rubbing the light wool off their necks, but the heavy matted body-growth won't come away from the paddock. So some day he'll have to catch Maggie and her two friends and pluck them like chickens. Which proceeding Maggie will resent most bitterly.

The rocky mountain sheep have the ideal range. They are trees that soar up like trumpet notes, there are meadows carpeted with wild columbines for looking at and the sweetest of sweet grass for eating. Above all there's a real, cool, compact little mountain for big horns to show off in.

There are twenty-three sheep in the pasture, five of whom are scary-looking spring lambs. If they were to die and go to the butcher's heaven, they'd bring far more than ordinary tame Mary-sorts lambs. At least they ought to, for they taste so much better.

"There are plenty of wild ones on the mountains hereabouts," our friend in the Government told us as we left the horses outside the gate and came walking in through the long grass, hoping to catch a glimpse of a big horn. "Last year I caught three in a trap I made—a hundred and twenty by eighteen feet. It works with a

gate, you know. Scares 'em a bit, but doesn't hurt 'em. They're in the—"

There was a scatter of little hoof beats and the whole flock came round from behind the big barn and stood, poised for the levellest photo with the brown tree trunks for a background.

The big horn is a wonderfully picturesque beast with a touch of the dramatic in his make up, or he could never have arranged his hair with such an oh-you-kodak effect. But the last film had been used up trying to get Maggie properly sky-lined and we could only sigh regretfully.

There's a herd of buffalo at Banff too, but they're not of a hand shaking disposition. Nobody is allowed to go to call on the monarch of all the plains the C. P. R. has left, unless he goes on horseback or in a motor. Old Dad, the boss of Buffaloville, has been known to charge an auto, when his dinner hadn't agreed with him. And when he charges, you wonder if the Imperial Limited hasn't got off into the meadow by mistake.

There's the funniest animal in the park—and doubtless the most sniffed at by the native Canadians—is the yak, who is a horn Tibetan, with a face that looks half way between an Arab and a moose-cow, a grandly sweeping tail, and a wonderful glossy black coat which is of normal length on his shoulders and flanks, but goes into the widest and foppiest of fringes on his legs and under body. To begin with, the sixteen Tibetans were demitted in Brantford. But however excellent the climate of Manitoba may be, as a substitute for the Himalayas it leaves a few things to be desired. So the yaks were hoisted up after the fashion of a man to Banff where they are doing splendidly.

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