

# THIS WOMAN TO THIS MAN

—BY—  
C. N. and A. M. Williamson  
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AUTHORS OF  
"A Soldier of the Legion."  
"The Lightning Conductor"  
"The Shop Girl"  
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## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Annesley Grayle, companion of Mrs. Ellsworth, a selfish old spinster, in London, being despatched to the States, publishes an advertisement in a matrimonial paper, and meets a charming young man who calls himself Nelson Smith, though he is not his own name. He marries her next day. Even at the wedding she does not learn her husband's real name. She meets the Countess Santoro, an old-time friend of her husband's. Him she calls "Knight." At Sidmouth, where they go for their honeymoon, Knight engineers an introduction to the Annesleys, poor but titled cousins of his wife's. Through them the Smiths break into society and make a notable claret. A number of startling and mysterious jewel robberies occur, marred the season. Ruthven Smith, a New York jeweler, is a victim. The countess, becoming jealous of Annesley, sends an anonymous letter to Ruthven Smith, hinting that it is not his own name. The Countess Santoro, who has a blue diamond ring set in a chain, becomes alarmed, and manages to throw Ruthven Smith off the scent. Then Knight confesses to her that he is really Michael Donaldson, a sort of clever master thief, revenging himself on the world for the loss of his parents. Annesley turns from him with loathing, her love in ruins. To save appearances, he suggests that they go to America before anything happens to him. He goes to Texas, which she has obtained honestly, and she to Los Angeles. By force of circumstances they are obliged to travel together to Albuquerque, where they are to part. At the last moment Knight asks if she would not drive with him to the ranch with him.

From Wednesday's Daily.  
**CHAPTER XXIV.**  
**The Anniversary**  
The girl felt as if some great flood were sweeping her off her feet. She glided mechanically at anything in her way. He stood between her and desolation; but if he had spoken then—if he had said he wanted her, and begged her to stay, she would have chosen desolation. Instead, he was silent, his eyes not on her, but on the desert.  
"You—swear you will let me live my own life?" she faltered.  
"I swear I will let you live your own life."  
He repeated her words, as he had repeated the words of the clergyman who had, according to the law of God, given this woman to this man. The train was stopping. Then Annesley knew that she

# Good Night Stories

THE GAWKY GREEN PLANT  
It grew down in the cabbage patch. All the vegetables around wondered and wondered what it was. Its stem was tall and frightfully awkward, and the cabbage plants held their heads high in the air and refused to recognize it as one of them.

"Sure the gawky thing is no relation of ours!" said Mr. Cabbage to Miss Hollyhook, who grew near the walk.  
"How did she get there?" That's what we'd all like to know," snapped Mrs. Carrot as she waved her feathery leaves in the wind.  
"I was planted here just the same as the rest of you. I'm sure the kind lady that put me here knew what she was doing," replied Gawky Green Plant, and the Hollyhook looked over the fence to make sure no one was coming down the path before she replied.

"I suppose so, yet it seems funny to me that you don't know what you are," she said. But Gawky Green Plant held her head high and continued to grow.  
One morning the kind lady came to the garden, and seeing the Gawky Green Plant, she laughed and called her sister from the house.

"Well, what in the world is that plant?" she asked, and the sister shook her head.  
"I thought you put this space all in cabbage," said sister.  
"So I did," replied the kind lady, "and I can't tell what that thing is," she answered.

"We'll wait and see," said sister, and they went back to the house.  
"See!" cried Mr. Cabbage, "no one knows you."  
"I'd be ashamed not to know my name," said Miss Hollyhook.  
Pretty soon the two sisters came to her heart sank. It was glad that she was glad that there were no neighbors to come and see her, to call her "Mrs. Donaldson" and perhaps ask questions about England.

Lonely as she was, she was never homesick. Indeed, she had no home to long for, no one whose love called her heart back to the old world. And she was glad that there were no neighbors to come and see her, to call her "Mrs. Donaldson" and perhaps ask questions about England.  
She had no one except the Mexican servant-woman and the cowboys who stayed on with the new rancher when the old one went away.

Knight had suggested that she should wait in El Paso until he had seen whether the house was habitable for her, and had made it so, if it were not already. But Annesley had chosen to begin her new life without delay, for she was in a mood where hardships seemed of no importance. It was only when she had to face them in their sordid nakedness that she shrank a little.

Yet, after all, what did it matter? If she had stepped into the most luxurious surroundings she would have been no less unhappy.  
The low house was of adobe, plastered white, but stained and battered where the walls were not hidden by rank-growing creepers, convolvulus and madeira vines. If the girl had read its description in some book—the veranda, formed by the steep-sloping roof of the one-story building; the patio, walled mysteriously in with a high, flower-draped barrier; the long windows with green shutters—she would have imagined it to be picturesque. But it was only shabby and uninviting; at least that was her impression when she arrived, toward evening, after a long, jolting drive in a hired motor-car.

The painless wooden balustrade and flooring of the veranda were broken. So also were the faded green shutters. The patio was but a little square of dust and stinky grass. A few dilapidated chairs stood about, home-made looking, chairs with concave seats of worn corks.

Inside the house there was little furniture, and what there was struck

# LADIES' WAIST.

By Anabel Worthington.



# TAFT LOOKING FOR LONG WAR

Says Big American Army Will Help to Administer Finishing Stroke

London, Ont., May 9.—An assembly comprising more than two thousand of London's representative citizens packed the Winter Garden in this city tonight to hear the former President of the United States, William Howard Taft, deliver an address on the "United States and the War." The address was given under the auspices of the Women's Canadian Club, the members of which are uniting with the women of London to raise a fund of \$15,000 to furnish the new government pavilion at Byron Sanitarium for use of soldiers returning from the war afflicted with tuberculosis.

Mr. Taft's talk consisted largely of a resume of conditions that led up to the United States break with Germany and her final joining of forces with the Entente. He referred in terms of the strongest praise to President Wilson's patience in dealing with Germany and her deprecations on the high seas, her persistent and unprecedented assaults against American commerce, her unrelenting taking of American lives. Especially complimentary were his references to the diplomacy shown by Mr. Taft, and the "United States out of war for so long and then his tact and resolution in dealing with the situation when every act of the Germans was a direct affront to the United States and the Entente.

Speaking of the attitude being observed at present by the German citizenry toward the United States, Mr. Taft said that, while they were a terribly saddened people, they nevertheless recognized the justice of the American stand and America's entry into the world war. Germans in the United States, he declared, were in the main absolutely loyal and are assisting in the fight for freedom along with the fight for other citizens. "Among numerous other big blunders the Kaiser and his followers have made," said Mr. Taft, "is their failure to gain a proper understanding of us on this side of the world. They have looked upon us and have long characterized us as a nation of shopkeepers."

To Be a Long War.  
"Well, that is true. We are shopkeepers, but a man can run a shop and still be a man of man. Also, we are not altogether aroused in the United States yet. In spite of all the preparations we are making, returning a loan of several billion dollars and the multitudinous other things, there is a vast amount of information yet coming to the American people before they will be fully awake to the fact that there is a tremendous struggle in front of them. It is necessary for us to coordinate our efforts—all of us—Canadians, Britons, French, Russians, Italians, and Americans, in order to gain a victory that will be everlasting. We must recognize the truth. And that is that we have a long way to go."

When she had to speak to Knight she called him "you." There was no other name which she could bear to use. He had had too many names in the past.  
As time went on, however, the girl surprised herself by not being able to hate her home. She found mysteriously lovely colors in the yellow-gray desert; shimmers blue as lupines and purple as Russian violets; high lights of shimmering, pale gold.

Spanish bayonets, straight and sharp as enchanted swords which had magically flowered. Hired the desert stretches, and there were strange red blossoms like drops of blood clinging to the points of long daggers. Bird of Paradise plants were there, too, well named for their plummy splendor of crimson, white and yellow; and as the spring advanced the China trees brought memories of English lilacs.

The air was sweet with the scent of locust blossoms, and along the clear horizon fantastically formed mountains seemed to float like changing cloud-shapes.  
The cattle, which Knight had bought from the departing rancher, had their corrals and scanty pastures far from the house, but the boys' quarters were not far off, and Annesley never tired of seeing them mount and ride their slim, nervous horses.

This fact they got to know, and performed incredible antics to excite her admiration. They thought her beautiful, and wondered if she had lost some one whom she loved, that she should always look so cold and sad.

These men, though she seldom spoke to any, were a comfort to Annesley. Without their shouts and rough jokes and laughter the place would have been gloomy as a grave.

Continued in Friday's Issue.

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**SIDE TALKS**  
FOR SHOW OR USE.  
to consult, and started to do so. To his utter astonishment he found that there were no books at all, only pasteboard backs.  
Evidently They Were Only for Show.  
Another friend capped this story with a better. A wealthy customer of a book firm had ordered some costly and beautiful books which were to be put in a certain space in a built in bookcase. Unfortunately the architect got the shelves too shallow and the customer forthwith ordered the books chopped off to fit! Of course these are exaggerated examples of the "for show and not for use" spirit, but I think one finds it in less degree in many homes.  
I Don't Like Affected Houses or Affected People  
Houses that are obviously gotten up with the idea of impressing visitors impress me the same way an affected person does.  
I like natural people and natural houses best—pleasant, friendly, even a wee bit shabby, homes where the pincushions are meant to put pins in and the books are to read and the chairs are hospitable and the lights are well placed, and the red tape of order and immaculateness is not permitted to interfere with the great business of living and being happy.

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