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Mr. Joseph Brodley, who Brockville with the 38th and a prisoner of war, is before Harbor Board will white light on the lighted, as the white was liable used with the town lights.

THIS WOMAN TO THIS MAN

BY C. N. and A. M. Williamson
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From Monday's Daily.
"THE WOMAN TO THIS MAN"
Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.
Annesley Graye, companion of Miss Ellsworth, a selfish old spinster, becoming despondent at her slavery, answers a letter in a matrimonial paper, and meets a very young man at the Hotel Savoy, who is dressed from two mysterious strangers. She takes him to her home where they are surprised to find Ruthven Smith, a rich Jew from America, and agent of Van Vreck and Company, New York jewelers. Mrs. Ellsworth makes a scene, and Annesley, who calls himself Nelson Smith, takes Annesley away and marries her next day. At the wedding she does not learn her husband's real name. She meets the Countess de Santiago, an old-time friend of her husband's. Him she calls "Nelson." At Sidmouth, where they go for their honeymoon, Annesley engineers an introduction to the Annesley-Setons, poor but titled cousins of his wife. Through them the Smiths break into society, and introduce the countess, who is a remarkable clairvoyant. A number of startling and mysterious jewel robberies occur, marking the season. The countess, however, through Countess Annesley-Seton, for an invitation to Annesley's big Easter party, but Knight refuses to invite her. Upon learning this from Countess, the countess exclaims: "Now—I know!"

Good Night Stories
By Blanche Selow

The Builders of Flowerland
Old Black Witch, who lived in the forest, was very jealous of the little fairies who made their homes in the weeds and grasses, and she decided that they must leave. "I shall never be happy as long as they live here," she told the dwarfs, and one, much uglier than the others, suggested they steal them away. "I must find a place to hide them so they can't tell the King," said Old Black Witch, for she knew the forest King loved the little fairies, and she went in search of a good hiding place. Near the roadside she found an old deserted flower castle. Its tiny rooms had no windows, and only a small door opened into them. The walls were orange red. "This is just the place," cried Old Black Witch, and she told Ugly Dwarf what she wanted. "You see they are unruly, and I want to put them in here until they promise to be good," she said. Ugly Dwarf declared he would see that they were held until she bade him let them out. "You shall be their keeper, and if you do your work well you may visit me when I become Queen of the Forest," said Old Black Witch. That evening the little fairies gathered in the meadow and were having a lovely time when Old Black Witch and Ugly Dwarf rushed in and carried them away to the deserted Flower Castle, where they were imprisoned in the orange and red rooms, with just a small crack left open so they could get air. "Why not send a message to the King?" asked one little fairy, and the next day when a honey-bee stopped for a drink, the little fairies pulled his foot into the crack and tied a tiny bundle to it and begged him to deliver it to their King. The honey-bee promised, and flew away, but Old Black Witch found it out and changed the bundle into seeds and the honey-bee scattered them all along the way, and the Forest King marveled at the beauty of the new flowers that sprang up in his garden, but he never knew they were messages from his lost fairies. Old Black Witch never became Queen, because the Forest King would not have her, and she was so angry that she ran away without telling him where the fairies were. But the little fairies always hoped for a day when they would reach their King, still tied a bundle to the foot of every honey-bee who stops to take a sip at their wells, and the little flower castles bloom all along the roadside. The butterflies hover over them so much to listen to the soft, plaintive song of the fairies that the country folk call them Butterfly Weeds.

CHAPTER XX.
The Plan.
Annesley sat as Knight had left her for a long, long time—minutes, perhaps, or hours. But at last she was very tired and very cold, so tired that she threw herself weakly on the bed, in her dressing gown, because she couldn't sit up. All through the rest of the dark hours she lay shivering, and did not even trouble to roll herself in the warm down coverlet spread lightly over the bed. It seemed right, somehow, that she should be cold and miserable physically. She did not care or wish to be comfortable. "Over and over again she asked herself: 'What shall I do? What is to become of me—of both of us?' She tried to pray, but her heart was too hard towards the man who had trampled on her life and love for his own cruel purposes. It seemed to her that God would not hear a prayer sent up to Him in such a mood; yet she did not want to soften her heart towards the sinner. Just because it had been so full of forgiveness before she was poisoned by the bitter stream of his confession, it was the more impossible to forgive now. It even seemed to Annesley that it would be monstrous and unthinkable to forgive in the ordinary human sense of the word a man who was a living lie. If there were room for thanksgiving in her weakness, it lay in the fact that her love had died a swift and sudden death. Had she gone on loving in spite of all such a love, she thought, must have brought death into her soul. She did not know how to name her husband now. Even in thinking of him she would not call him "Knight." What a mockery the name had been! How he must have laughed to know that she was fool enough to believe him a knight of chivalry, who had come like St. George to rescue her from the dragon! She knew at last that the name he had not wished to see in the parish register was Michael Donaldson. That meant, she supposed, that her name was Donaldson too; a name he had dragged through the mire. He pretended to love her. But such a man could not speak the truth. He had tried to excuse himself in every way. To talk of his love and its purifying influence was only one of these ways. He would not even have confessed, if he had not fallen into the mistake of thinking she understood that he was a thief, or head of a gang of thieves. He seemed almost to boast of what he was. Oh, how horrible life had become, and how she wished that it were over! She wondered if it would be very wicked to pray that his heart might stop beating tonight. But morning came and her heart beat on. She did not even feel very ill, only weak with a wry throbbing of each separate nerve in her head. She had meant to use the quiet hours to decide what must be done next, but always when she tried to pin her mind to the question that had escaped like a fluttering moth and turned to self-pity, or to calling up pictures of the past which brought tears stinging to her eyelids. Now the time was upon her when realities must be faced. Before seven o'clock it was light but neither she nor Knight took early tea, and there was more than an hour to spare before they would be called by Parker.

Continued in Wednesday's Issue.

Courier Daily Recipe Column

Potato Salad.
Slice cold boiled potatoes, enough to fill a quart dish, salt and pepper to taste; chop 2 small onions fine and mix with potatoes; put 1-2 cup vinegar, a teaspoon butter in a double boiler and let it heat; beat the yolks of 2 eggs thoroughly, pour into a cup and fill cup with cream; beat well and stir into hot vinegar; when it thickens add immediately over the potatoes and mix. Serve cold.
Cuban Salad.
Chop the clean white part of cabbage (1-4 of a cabbage will be enough); chop equal lean parts of celery and mix together. Cover with a dressing as follows: Mix 1 tablespoon sugar with 1 teaspoon mustard, 1-2 teaspoon salt with a tablespoon of water, beat up 2 eggs and stir in the mixture; add 1-2 cup melted butter. Warm 1-2 cup vinegar and mix all together and cook in double boiler a very few moments. Then take the curried small leaves of the cabbage and fill with this salad, placing the leaves prettily in a large round dish. Add a slice of beet to each and the effect and taste is very nice. It is easily done.
Ham Salad.
Chop fine the remains of a boiled ham; add the heart and inside leaves of a head of lettuce; pour over it a dressing made as follows: One tablespoonful of salt, 1 tablespoonful of butter, 1 teaspoonful of pepper, 1 teaspoonful of sugar, 1 teaspoonful of mustard, 1-2 pint of vinegar, the yolks of 3 eggs, well beaten. Boil till it creams; when cold, pour over the ham and lettuce and mix well; lastly, stir in a cup of sweet cream.

TEETERVILLE

(From our own Correspondent)
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Arthur of Pleasant Ridge spent Sunday at William Walker's. Mr. Roy Jackson and family of Brantford spent Sunday at John Jackson's. Mr. John Silverthorn made a business trip to Simcoe on Monday. Mr. Ed. Lawrence, our garage man is doing a rushing business in gas. Clark Davis of Lynville purchased a car from John Jackson on Tuesday. The farmers are busy putting in their spring seeding. The ladies of the village are putting in their garden seeds. Mr. J. Jackson was in Delhi and Simcoe on business last Tuesday. Mr. Ross Edgeworth, our miller, shipped another car of flour, this week. He is paying \$2.25 for wheat. Mr. Joe Scott and son, with their families spent Sunday visiting friends at Burgessville.

ARE YOU GOING WEST THIS SPRING?

If so, bear in mind that the Canadian Pacific offers especially good train service, with the finest possible equipment, including standard and tourist sleeping cars to Winnipeg and Vancouver by one direct, picturesque route in the world. If a trip is contemplated, apply to any C. P. R. agent for full particulars. Write to Mr. W. B. Howard, District Passenger Agent, Toronto, Ont.

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SIDE TALKS

DEFERRED ENJOYMENT.
All life is full of conflicts. We want to be good and we want to be bad at the same moment. We want our way and we want to be unselfish. We want to be cultured and educated, yet we aren't willing to make the requisite effort. We would not play false and yet would wrongly win. We want to spend our money and we want to save it. And in the case of the average human being I don't believe there is any conflict that rages more constantly or more fiercely than that last.

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But if you had, it would only have been a relief. "No, because I—I hadn't heard the truth about you. I didn't understand at all. I thought you had done just one unscrupulous thing. I didn't know your wife was what it is. I loved you as much as ever. It would have broken my heart if I had known." "But now that you don't love me, it wouldn't break your heart." "I don't seem to have any heart left," Annesley sighed. "It feels as if I had crumbled to dust. But it would break my life if you took yours. If anything could be worse than what is it would be that."

"Very well, you can rid yourself of me in another way," the man answered. You can denounce me—give me up to justice. If you hand over the Malindore diamond to Ruthven Smith and tell him how you got it—" "You must know I wouldn't do that!" "Why not?" "Because I—couldn't."

It couldn't spoil your life. No one could blame you. I would tell the whole story of how I deceived you into marrying me. You could perhaps free yourself—get a divorce—" "Don't!" the girl cut him short. "I'm not thinking of myself. I'm thinking of you. I can't love you again, and I wouldn't if I could, now that I know. You're a different man. The one I loved doesn't exist."

Our Daily Pattern Service

Valuable Suggestions for the Handy Home-maker—Order any Pattern Through The Courier. Be sure to State Size.
GIRLS' MIDDY DRESS.
By Anabel Worthington.
she will love the one shown in No. 8202. It offers a welcome change from the usual in the square cut of the neck, formed by a tab which may be unbuttoned to give greater freedom. The large square sailor collar, as well as the applied pockets, follow the same lines. The pockets need not necessarily be used, for the blouse is equally good looking without them, as shown in the small front view. Either long or short sleeves may be used. A kilted skirt always looks best in combination with a midy, and the separate one given is an "easy-to-make" one-piece model. For the blouse the most suitable materials are drill, khaki, galatea, linen or serge. For the accompanying skirt, serge, mohair, cotton gabardine or linen. The midy dress pattern No. 8202 is cut in five sizes—4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. The 4-year size requires for the blouse 2 yards 27-inch, 3 1/4 yards 44-inch, with 4 yards santonche braid. For the skirt, 1 1/2 yards 36-inch, 1 1/2 yards 44-inch. All of one material, 3 1/2 yards 27-inch, 2 1/2 yards 36-inch, 2 1/2 yards 44-inch. To obtain this pattern send 10 cents to the office of this publication.

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RUNNING ENGINES IN CLOSED ROOMS
Practice is a Fatal One Which Has Brought Death to Many

The following extract is taken from the Philadelphia Inquirer: Within a few days two owners of automobiles have died suddenly in their garages owing to ignorance of the deadly fumes of carbon monoxide which is the product of gasoline combustion in the cylinders. One strong inhalation of this gas will cause instant death to most persons, and, according to the Scientific American, a great number of such deaths have occurred even among expert chauffeurs. The danger arises exclusively when an engine is permitted to run in a closed room—as a garage. It is customary for automobiles to "tune up" their engines in a garage or to keep the engine running while they make some slight repairs. This permits the carbon monoxide to accumulate in the room, and if one strong whiff is received directly from the exhaust unconsciousness or death results. In the open air there is no danger because the gas easily diffuses in the air. The Scientific American issues a warning to all automobilists against letting their engines run in a closed room. Ordinarily there is no danger from starting the engine and running it out to the street. The great danger is from nosing around the engine or the exhaust inasmuch as we have had two deaths recently from neglecting safety it seems likely that this warning will be respected—for a time, at least.

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