

An Outsider

(By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE)

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

(From Monday's Daily.)
She was a love-sick school-girl of sixteen; a hundred times, if once, her barely parted lips breathed his name to the sympathetic night that never would betray her; "Donald—Donald—Donald Lyttleton—"

Now all the while she wasted sighing for him by the window Mr. Lyttleton spent his daily speculating about her—lounging in a corner of the smoking-room, on the edge of a circle of other masculine guests making common use of much alcohol to defer the tiresome formalities of going to bed and getting up again in the morning.

If this gentleman was Sally's junior in the matter of a year or two, he was overwhelmingly superior in knowledge of his world—a world into which he had been brought neither to tell nor yet to spin, but simply to be the life and soul of the party. And at twenty-five he was beyond permitting sentiment to run away with judgment; he could resist temptation with as much fortitude as any man, always providing he could see any sound reason for resisting it—any reason, that is, promising a profit from the deed of abstinence.

Mr. Lyttleton had ten thousand a year of his own, income from a principle fortunate beyond his power to apprehend; he spent twenty thousand with an easy conscience; he earnestly desired to be able to spend fifty without fear of consequences. Talents such as his merited maintenance—falling independent means, such maintenance as comes from marrying money and a wife above suspicion of parsimony. If only he had been able, or even had cared to believe himself, Mr. Lyttleton's fortunes might long since have been established on some such satisfactory basis. But his wife, severely handicapped by the weakness of a sentimental nature, would persist in falling in love with him—always, unobscuredly, women of good means. He couldn't help being sorry for them and seeking to assuage their sufferings; he couldn't forever be running away from some infuriated female, and so he was forever being found out and forgiven—by women. Most men, meanly envious, disliked him; all men held him in passionate distrust. Devilish hard luck.

Take this Manwaring girl—pretty, intelligent, artless little woman—perhaps a bit mature, but fascinating all the same, affectingly naive about her trouble, which was simply spontaneous combustion, one more of those first-night affairs. He had noticed the symptoms immediately the night of her introduction to Gosnold House. He hadn't paid much attention to her during luncheon, and only sought her out when they sat up on the spur of the moment, for that informal after-dinner dance by moonlight on the verandah—partly because he happened to notice her sitting to one side, so obviously longing for him to ask her, partly because it was his business to dance, and partly because—well, because it was less dangerous, everything considered, than dancing with Mrs. Standish.

And then the clearest treachery of Sally's eyes and that little gesture of surrender with which she yielded herself to his guidance. It was really too bad, he thought, especially since she had made occasion to tell him frankly she hadn't a dollar to bless herself with. Still, he must give himself credit for behaving admirably; he hadn't encouraged the girl, nor, at all events, of course, it wasn't in human nature to ignore her entirely after that; moreover, to admit her would have been completely not to say nothing. But one must draw the line somewhere.

To-night, for example, he had danced with her perhaps ten or fifteen times, and he had said nothing of his own. And they had sat out a dance or two—awfully old-fashioned custom, went out years ago—still one did it, regardless, now and then.

Critique girl, the Manwaring, one moment almost melting into his arms, the next practically warning him against herself. And certainly reticent—said she was "nobody"—let it go at that. Very probably told the truth; she seemed to know nobody who was anybody, and though she was apparently very much at her ease most of the time, and not read-

ily impressed, he noticed now and then a little tenseness in her manner, a covert watchfulness of other women, as though she were waiting for her cue.

At this juncture in his reverie Mr. Lyttleton, peremptorily dismissed the luckless Miss Manwaring from his mind, compounded his nightcap at the buffet, and joined in the general conversation.

Coincidentally the reverie of Miss Manwaring at her bedchamber window digressed to review fragmentarily the traffic and discoveries of three wonderful days.

Days in whose glamorous radiance the romance of Cinderella paled to the complexion of a gordinly realistic narrative of commonplace, contemplating them, Sally, for the sake of her self-conceit, felt constrained to adopt an aloof, superior, skeptical pose. Conceding freely the incredible reality of this phase of her history, she none the less contended that no more true permanence inhered in it than in a dream.

She recapitulated many indisputable signs of the instability of her affairs. And of all those the foremost, the most glaring, was her personal success, at once actual and impossible. She saw herself (from that remote and weather-beaten coin of skepticism) moving freely to and fro in the great world of the socially elect, unhindered, unquestioned, tacitly accepted, meeting, chatting, treating, and parting with its denizens with a gesture of confidence that was never the gesture of S. Manwaring of the hardware notions; a Nobody on terms of equality with indisputable Somebody—nearly important Somebody, indeed, for by common consent mankind had created for them a special world within the world and set it apart for their exclusive shelter and delimitation, for them to live in and have their being untroubled and uncontaminated by contact with the commonalty.

For all that, Sally couldn't see why they must be so cared for and catered to. The only thing that apparently distinguished them from those who lacked their advantages, who looked up reverently to them and read enviously of their doings in the papers, was their assurance, a quality ostensibly inimitable; yet she imitated it with seemingly flawless art. A contradiction that defied her wits to reconcile.

As for her antecedents, the life which credited her to the city of Massillon passed unchallenged, while a conspiracy of silence kept private to the few acquainted with it that hidden secret of her mother's store servitude. Mrs. Gosnold would have said nothing out of sheer kindness of heart even if it had not been her settled habit to practise the difficult arts of minding her own business and keeping her own counsel. Savage was still in New York, but had been at Gosnold House would have imitated the example set by his amiable sister and held his tongue even when most exasperated with Sally. Mrs. Trago, of course, knew no more than what he had been free to surmise from the girl's impulsive confession that she had been out of both work and money when befriended by Mrs. Standish, whatever her inferences, he kept them to himself.

A simple, sincere, stubborn soul, this Mr. Trago; so, at least, he made himself appear to Sally, persistently seeking her and dumbly offering a friendship which she, in the precipitation of the grand passion, had never thought now wish to cultivate, and which he himself ingeniously analyzed for on the plea of self-defense. He frankly professed a dread of "strong women," one of whom, he averred mysteriously, was bent on marrying him by main strength and good-will first. Time she caught him with lowered curtains (Continued in Wednesday's Issue.)

Good Night Stories

By Ruth Yancey Cameron

BUCK, THE OLD BROWN MULE.
Buck was an old brown mule with a very bad disposition. Nothing ever suited Buck. His food never tasted good, and the water of the sparkling spring was always too warm to drink. No matter which way you wanted Buck to go, Buck generally took it into his head to go just the opposite way—in fact, Buck was the most stubborn, disagreeable animal on the place.

"Some day when you lose this master and find a meat one you'll be sorry for the way you treat him," said Bossy, the brown cow, who shared the stable with him.

"I don't care to go to town on hot days like this," complained Buck when his master hitched him to the wagon.

"Go ahead and don't be foolish," Bossy advised. "The faster you go, the quicker you'll get back."

But Buck went away in a rage and made up his mind that his master would be sorry for the trip that day.

He jogged along slowly, stopping every now and then to nibble the grass at the roadside, until his master, who wanted to hurry at last got out of the wagon and reined Buck's head up so he couldn't eat.

This made Buck quite angry and he started so quickly that his master lost his hat.

"Whoa, whoa!" cried his master. But Buck paid no attention and ran pell-mell down the road, never stopping until he reached the bend. The high bushes hid the other side of the road from Buck's view and



suddenly he turned into the middle of the road and stopped dead still. He hadn't heard the foot of an auto horn, and before Buck could move aside, a great, big red auto crashed into him.

When Buck's eyes opened his master was stroking his throbbing head, and glad he's not killed," said the stranger.

"Yes, I'd hate to lose Buck. He's mean and stubborn, but I'm fond of him just the same. If he hadn't been cutting up one of his pranks, this would never have happened," said his master.

Buck, very much ashamed of himself, struggled to his feet. His poor old head ached and he trembled from head to foot.

"Well, I hope you profit by your bump. I've found if one does his work cheerfully it doesn't take nearly as long as when one is cross. Then, too, the bumps don't seem so hard."

"I've been stubborn and mean for the last time. If the master had beaten me for my meanness I wouldn't have minded nearly so much, but his kindness makes me ashamed of myself. Bless him!"

"From now on I'll work hard for him and if he wants me to hurry I'll run my heels off, no matter how hot the day," said Buck.

And Buck never forgot his promise. From that time on he was the best behaved animal on the place, for he had learned his lesson.

THE TALKS

By Ruth Yancey Cameron

BUCKING AROUND.
To judge people by their deeds is right and natural. To judge deeds by the people who do them is wrong and unnatural.

Do you know what I mean by that last? Let me explain by illustration. I told a neighbor of mine the other day the news that a mutual neighbor had fallen down and sprained his ankle.

"He's Always Tumbling Around!" "Is that so?" she said. "And it wasn't more than two months ago himself all up. He's always tumbling around."

You would certainly conclude from that response that my neighbor was a most unympathetic person, wouldn't you?

And yet, in regard to people she likes, she is far from that. But she doesn't like that man and she is instead of pitying him for his misfortunes (which come from the fact that he is very near sighted), she says unamiably that "he is always tumbling around."

It is strange to see what good, conscientious, lovable people will permit themselves to wear the blue glasses of prejudice. And the worst of those blue glasses is that one gets used to them so easily that one does not realize one is wearing them.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE STAGE AND SCREEN

THE GRAND.
Evelyn Nesbitt Thaw, divorced wife of Harry Thaw, is featured in the Grand Opera House this week, in her photo play production "Redemption" the opening attraction of the fall season. The story is one of modern life, with its pitfalls and tragedies. Its sunshine and shadow, and conveys a strong moral lesson to all.

The play is a production which has been acclaimed by critics and film experts as one of the finest of the season, shows the marvelous and unexpected ability of Miss Nesbitt as a player. Without previous experience she wins all the honors in the production. What she has suffered and the fact that she is asked to live the actual scenes in her life, aid her in her work, and enable her to show a depth of feeling and a strength of emotion which no artificial means could arouse.

AT THE BRANT.
Sherman was right. We'll say it was. That is, he articulated an earful when he vouchsafed his renowned definition of war. An elaboration of which definition is to be seen at the Brant this week, in Vaudeville's feature production, "Womanhood or the Glory of a Nation."

What a grand and leading picture reached the pinnacle of success, have achieved the masterpiece of a production, which can be likened only to such other spectacles as "The Birth of a Nation" and "Intolerance." These three, in fact, might be styled the classics of filmdom. The story of "Womanhood" is that of the invasion and devastation of America by a foreign foe, and the story of a compelling visualization of the horrors of warfare has ever been placed upon the screen. Record houses were in attendance at the Brant, and Buck was hitched to the wagon again and they went slowly home.

For several days Buck's head felt very bad, but the master was so good and kind to Buck that he didn't mind the pain.

"I'll never be right. I bet I never try that stunt again," Buck told Bossy.

"Well, I hope you profit by your bump. I've found if one does his work cheerfully it doesn't take nearly as long as when one is cross. Then, too, the bumps don't seem so hard."

"I've been stubborn and mean for the last time. If the master had beaten me for my meanness I wouldn't have minded nearly so much, but his kindness makes me ashamed of myself. Bless him!"

"From now on I'll work hard for him and if he wants me to hurry I'll run my heels off, no matter how hot the day," said Buck.

And Buck never forgot his promise. From that time on he was the best behaved animal on the place, for he had learned his lesson.

PROMINENT FRENCH GENERAL VISIT SCENE OF THE FIGHT IN 1914.
By Courier Leased Wire.
Meux, France, Sept. 11.—The ceremonies in connection with the celebration of the anniversary of the battle of the Marne contained a visit to the field of operations on the Orono River. General Michel Joseph Manoury, since blinded by a bullet received while on duty on the Aisne, who commanded the army of Paris, headed the visiting party. General Lamaze, one of Gen. Manoury's principal lieutenants, and several hundred maimed soldiers who took part in the battle, accompanied their blind commander.

Generals Manoury and Lamaze visited scenes of the late conflict and laid wreaths on numerous individual and collective graves of the soldiers of their armies who fell there. Great crowds were present at the ceremonies, as well as the religious services at different points on the battlefield.

CHEMICAL SOCIETY IS IN CONVENTION.
Fifty-Fifth Annual Session; Relation of Chemists to the War.
By Courier Leased Wire.
Cambridge, Mass., Sept. 11.—The American Chemical Society opened its 55th annual convention here yesterday. The discussion, extending over four days, will be held at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Chemical engineers and manufacturers will exchange views on the situation in the chemical world, brought about by the war, with particular discussion of discoveries and formulas which have enabled chemists in this country to replace many products formerly obtained mainly from Germany.

SHOT MAN AND THEN SUICIDED.
Kindersley, Sask., Sept. 11.—After shooting George W. French while he was sitting in his office in the livery barn, firing through the window, W. Albert Reed committed suicide Friday night by shooting himself with a rifle. The bullet fired at French struck him in the head just above the back of the neck, escaping a vital spot.

CARTER THE MAGICIAN.
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BRANTFORD RED CROSS MEMBERS

Editor Courier,
Dear Sir—Will you kindly enclose copy of a letter boy at the front.

Yours truly,
CHARLOTTE LIVINGSTON
Pres. V.
On Active Service,
Chaplain Service,
France, July, 25th
To the ladies of the Red Cross Society, Brantford.

Dear Friends—At present wearing a pair of socks and top is a little tab, and on it Brantford Red Cross. As the boys are wearing the same that it is only right to write line of thanks on behalf of and myself. I can assure you your work is greatly appreciated in France.

To know just how much I imagine doing from eight to ten days in the trenches and where everything you touch with a most generous mud and water. Nice dry socks a great deal of comfort, will no doubt want to know writing, and as we always address in the centre, this 730620 Pte. Harvey Fletcher, 8th M. G. Co's Canadian Exp. Force. As you are interested in our welfare, I will try to give some idea how we live day when going into the trenches, resembling pack mules laden with grub and material for our "Fritz" with lead souvenirs. M. Gunnery, a few more, a rule is a piece of corrugated mud on the top. The about the same material, mud. This keeps the rain about 20 minutes, in case storm. It also keeps out earth and steel thrown up by whizz-bangs, etc., but if one the top, good-night.

The shelter is one large five men and supplies about square. This is our kitchen, and we have a few things stay for our spell in the line in the day and working. Nights are generally very fine for water, but if it rains the rest either dig for more or put over a few thousand just to pass the evening. We have a few things to eat, some well that is as well, Fritz as it is to us, and in the morning he makes a very pleasant putting a few more things in. We wait till he is tired, then we get water and home. After ducking a few shells, we get back to the trench. "Fritz" is very quiet the night. The ration menu very similar experience. The party kept picking away in the trench, and we have a real time coming out.

When in the line we cook meals. You should see us! It is something never to be with a primitive stove or a few holes in it, we make this operation we must not smoke. This is an art learned after struggling manfully two hours, our meal is done. Then our chef howls a horn voice. "First call for coffee, second call for beer, like that. Everyone is required out of bed while the mess case any one insists on having a drink, he is severely reprimanded. There is generally a certain of hay in the tea, and plenty on the bacon, but our appetite, our teeth, our stomachs, each better, so that does us. Then comes the terrible washing the mess tins, and then we go to bed in our usual routine. We have the red and sixty-five days a day enjoy it (?) But we get sometimes in France, you fitted to ten days leave. To as a rule six months later. So everything is in the air. M. C. helps. We also have a few curious insects that keep Life in France is not all so have plenty of fun as well make the very best of it.

Now friends, I think I have you some idea of how we live day to day, as I will close wishes to the Brantford Red Cross Society. Again thanking you.

Yours truly,
HARVEY FLETCHER
small contribution to help to send to this soldier boy leave at Women's Patriotic this week.

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In order to court public favor with any degree of success, the modern man of magic has to be something far ahead of the hat and handkerchief genus with which our childhood

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