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## An Outsider

(By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE)

AUTHOR OF

"The Lone Wolf"

"Joan Thursday"

"The Brass Bowl" etc.

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(From Tuesday's Daily.)

His misgivings were measurably corroborated by the attitude toward Sally adopted by Mrs. Standish in her capacity as close friend, foil, and confidant of Mrs. Artemus. In the course of those three days the girl had not been insensible to intimations of a strong, if as yet restrained, animus in the mind of the older woman. In alarm and regret she did her futile best to discourage this gentleman without being overtly discourteous. She could hardly do more, impossible to explain to her benefactress that he was not the man of her heart's choice.

Unfortunately, Trego was indifferent to tempered rebuffs.

"If you don't mind," he interrupted one of Sally's protracted snerls, "I'll just stick around and keep on enjoying the society of a human being. Of course, I know these others are all human in their way, but it isn't your way or mine. Perhaps it only seems so to me because I don't understand 'em. It's quite possible. One thing's sure, they don't understand me. At least, the women don't. I can get along with the men—most of 'em. They're not a bad lot, if immature. You can stand a lot of foolishness from children once you realize their grown-upishness is only make-believe."

"They don't know how to enjoy themselves," he expatiated; "they've got too much of everything, including spare time. What's a holiday to anybody who has never done a stroke of work? You and I know the difference; we can appreciate the fun of loafing between spells of work; but these people have got no standards to measure their fun by, so it's all the same to them—fast, rapid, monotonous, unless they season it up with cocktails and carrying on; and even that gets to have all the same flavor of tastelessness after a while. That's why so many of these women are going in for the suffragette business; it isn't that they care a whoop for the vote; it's because they want the excitement of wanting something they haven't got and can't get by signing a check for it."

"You're prejudiced," the girl objected. "You're at loose-ends yourself, idle and restless, and it disturbs your mental vision. For my part, I've never met more charming people."

"That's your stigmatism," he contended. "You've been wanting to society thing all your life, and now you've got it you're as pleased as a child with a new toy. Wait till the paint wears off and it won't shut its eyes when you put it down on its back and sawdust begins to leak out at the joints."

"Wouldn't it be more kind of you to leave me to discover the sawdust for myself?"

"It unquestionably would, and I ought to be kicked," Trego agreed heartily. "I only started this in fun, anyway, to make you see why it is you look so good to me—different—so sound and sane and wholesome—that I just naturally can't help pestering you."

She did not know what to say to that. She suffered him.

Her duties as secretary to Mrs. Gosnold proved, when inaugurated the second morning after her arrival,

to be at once light and interesting. Her employer was conservative enough in an unmanly age to insist on answering all personal correspondence with her own hand, what passed between her and her few intimates was known to herself alone. But she carried on, in addition, an animated correspondence with numerous friends—artists, dealers, charities, professional poor relations, social workers, and others of that ilk—which proved tremendously diverting to her amantism, especially when she dictated, interspersing details with many an acid annotation.

When all was finished Sally found she had been busied for little more than two hours, and was given to understand that her duties would be made more burdensome only by the addition of a little light bookkeeping when she settled down to the routine of regular employment.

Of the alleged high play, at cards or otherwise, she had yet, at this third midnight, to see any real evidence. Mrs. Gosnold, most undoubtedly played a stiff game of bridge, but she played it with a mastery, facility, the outcome of long practice and profound study; her losses, when she lost, were minimized. Nor was there ever a sign of cheating that came under Sally's observation. Everybody played who didn't dance, and vice versa, but nobody seemed to play for the mere sake of winning money. And while the influx of week-end guests by the Friday-evening boat brought the number at Gosnold House up to twenty-two, they were all apparently amiable, self-centered folk of long and intimate acquaintance with one another as well as with their hostess and all her neighbors on the island. Of that dubious crew of adventurers she had been led to expect there was never a hint.

Such provision as their hostess made for their guests entertainment and amusement, they patiently ignored with equal nonchalance, according to individual whim; they commanded breakfasts for all hours of the morning, and they lunched at home and dined abroad, or reversed the order, or sought all their meals in the homes of neighboring friends, quite without notice or apology. Such was the modish manner with them that summer of 1914, a sedulous avoidance of anything resembling acknowledgment of obligation to those who entertained. Indeed, if one interpreted their attitude at its face value, the shoe was on the other foot.

And they brimmed the alleged lowliness of their days with an extraordinary amount of running about. There was incessant shifting of interest from one focal point to another of the colony, a perpetually restless swarming hither and yon to some new center of distraction, a continual kaleidoscopic parade of the most wonderful and extravagant clothing the world has ever seen.

To the outsider, of course, all this was not merely entertaining and

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## LADY'S APRON.

By Anabel Worthington.

It is hard to believe that this good looking apron is all in one piece, but nevertheless it is true. No. 8428 has the back cut in one with the front, and the extension of the back forms the belt, which fastens at the front. It is light, easy to put on, and is just the thing to slip on over a good dress, as it will not crush what is worn underneath. The apron fastens at the back with a button or strings. The housewife whose watchword is efficiency will see to it that she has a number of these handy slip-ons.

The apron pattern, No. 8428, is cut in one size only. It requires 2½ yards 36 inch material, with 7½ yards bias seam binding.

To obtain this pattern send 10 cents to the office of this publication.



## SIDE TALKS

By RUTH Y. CAMERON

HEREDITARY

DISEASES.

If you had an ancestor who died of some disease that was considered hereditary, and you found yourself showing symptoms of that disease, wouldn't you march to the doctor double quick?

Or suppose we put it less strongly than that. Suppose he did not die of the disease but only suffered much discomfort, lost a great deal of happiness, became obnoxious to others on account of it. Even in that case you'd rush for a doctor if you found the symptoms cropping out.

And yet how calmly people often take it when they find their parents' predominant faults cropping out in them. They are in a position to know just how much unhappiness, just how much loss of efficiency, perhaps, those faults were responsible for. Some better than others. They ought to be ready to pounce on such tendencies in themselves and tear them out if they are at the very sinews of their being.

Middle age often brings out a strong family look in people who, when young, looked little like either father or mother. Likewise it brings out family tendencies—the good and the bad.

novel, if much as she had imagined it would be, it was more—it was fascination, it was enchantment, it was the joy of living made manifest, it was life!

Of course, it must; even if not too good to be true, it was too wonderful to be enduring; the clock strikes twelve for every Cinderella, and few are blessed enough to be able to leave behind them a matchless slipper.

Whatever happened, nothing now could prevent her carrying to her grave the memory of this one glorious flight: "better to have loved and lost—"

The wealth of an old refrain troubled Sally's reverie. How did it go? "Now die the dream!" Saturate with exquisite melancholy, she leaned over the window-sill into the warm, still moonlight, thinking deep of the "what scent of roses, dwelling upon the image of him whom she loved so madly."

What were the words again? "The heart is not to vain, For wholly as it was your life, Can never be again, my dear, Can never be again."

She shook a mournful head, sadly endorsing the levity of the world through a mist of facile tears; that was too exquisitely, too poignantly true of her own plight: for, wholly as it was, her life could never be again.

And not for worlds would she have had it otherwise. Below, in the deserted drawing-room, a time-mellowed clock chimed monotonously the hour of two. Two o'clock of a Sunday morning, and all well; long since Gosnold House had lapsed into decent silence; an hour ago she had heard the last lagged footsteps, the last murmured good nights in the corridor; outside her door as the men folk took themselves reluctantly off to their beds.

She leaned still farther out over the sill, peering along the gleaming white facade; no window showed a light that she could see. She listened acutely; not a sound but the muttering of fretful little waves and the drowsy complaint of some bird troubled in its sleep.

Of all that heedless human company, it seemed, she alone remained awake.

Something in that circumstance proved almost resistibly provocative to her private lust for adventure. For upward of two hours she had been passive there in her chair, a prey to thoughts with much thinking, but as far as ever from the wish to sleep; never, indeed, more wide awake—possessed by a demon of restlessness, conscious of her desire to rise up and go out into the scent of moonstruck night and lose herself in its loneliness and—see what she should see.

Why not? No one need ever know. A staircase at her end of the corridor—little used except by servants—led to a small door opening directly upon the terrace. Providing it were not locked, and the key removed, there was no earthly reason why, if so minded, she should not go quietly forth that way and drink her fill of the night's loveliness. (Continued in Wednesday's Issue.)

How Much Whole Wheat do you eat? You have never thought much about food. You have eaten what you liked regardless of food value and you may continue to eat what you like but you are certain to like the foods that nourish and strengthen if they are prepared in an appetizing way. Thousands now eat Shredded Wheat Biscuit as a substitute for meat, eggs and potatoes and they have learned many palatable ways in which to serve it. It is 100 per cent. whole wheat. For any meal with milk or cream, sliced peaches or other fruits.

Made in Canada.

## Good Night Stories

By Blanche Selous

WHAT MADE BETTY CHANGE HER MIND

Betty loved to chew gum even better than she liked to eat candy. She enjoyed it most when she could chew it fast, and she didn't seem to care how she looked.

Her mamma tried to teach Betty to chew the gum with less display. "Betty, dear, you shouldn't chew like that. Only cows chew that way, not nice little girls," said Betty's mamma one morning, as she watched Betty.

"Cows don't chew gum," exclaimed Betty, laughing at the idea.

"Oh, yes, they do, and just the way you do," replied mamma.

Betty thought this very funny. She had seen many cows, but she never remembered seeing any of them chewing gum.

"It must be very funny," laughed Betty, and she ran to pack her dolly's things in the suit case, for mamma had promised to take her to visit grandmamma.

The next day when the train pulled into the station grandmamma was standing on the platform to meet Betty and her mamma.

"Grandma, do your cows chew gum?" were Betty's first words after grandmamma kissed her.

"Gum?" exclaimed grandmamma, and Betty's mamma laughed. "Why, yes! Mamma said—"

"Oh, she meant their cud," said grandmamma.

Nothing more was said about cows and grandmamma and mamma, for Betty forgot all about it, but Betty didn't.

Just as soon as they reached grandmamma's place Betty threw off her hat and ran out to the barnyard. There wasn't a cow there.

"Hello, Uncle Jim! Where are the cows?" cried Betty to her uncle, who was working in the garden.

"In the meadow over yonder," replied Uncle Jim, after he had kissed her.

Betty hurried to the meadow and climbed on the fence. The cows were scattered over the meadow. Some were eating and some were lying in the shade of the trees, and Betty spent one great brown cow sniffing the maple tree chewing lazily with her eyes half-closed. So Betty slipped down on the other side of the fence and ran over close so she could watch her better. The old cow was chewing at a terrible rate and Betty was ashamed she chewed like that.

"If I look like that—" laughed Betty.

"Betty! Betty! Run quick!" yelled Uncle Jim at the top of his voice.

Betty looked up. Toward her was rushing a great, big bull, his head almost touching the ground.

Betty flew back to the fence, and Uncle Jim pulled her over just as the angry bull crashed into the boards.

"Never go in there again!" cried Uncle Jim. "Had he caught you he would have tossed you sky high on his horns."

Mamma and Grandmamma came running out of the house. "What did you go into that field for, child?" asked grandmamma.

"To watch the brown cow chew gum," answered Betty.

Then mamma had to explain to grandmamma why Betty was so interested in watching a cow chew, and Uncle Jim and she had a good laugh, now that the danger was passed.

Betty ran upstairs and pulled a chair before the mirror. She chewed her gum as she always did—then she laughed.

"Dear, dear! I do look as funny as that old cow." Then Betty tried it mamma's way.

"That's better," cried mamma from the hallway, where she and grandmamma had been watching Betty.

"Yes, indeed, for an unbinding interference of views with similar deputations from the central powers under the chairmanship of Pope Benedict or his representative, Bishop Fraknie says that Socialist attempts were doomed in advance to failure. The Vorwarts of Berlin believes the bishop's suggestion is worthy of consideration."

Courier Daily  
Recipe Column

## STEWED CARROTS

Scrape and cut 6 big carrots into small squares. Boil them in salted water till tender. Let all the water boil away so they are dry; stir one tablespoonful of flour in a cup milk, 1 tablespoonful sugar; add to carrots and let boil a few minutes. When ready to serve add tablespoonful butter and some chopped parsley.

White turnips and cauliflower are delicious cooked the same way, but when they are tender pour the water off.

## SPAGHETTI—ITALIANE

One cup beef soup stock (jellied), 1 large onion (grated), 1 quart can tomatoes, 1-2 pound strong cheese (grated), 4 teaspoonfuls salad oil, 1 package spaghetti, 1 teaspoonful sugar.

Stew the tomatoes down to a pulp. Fry the onion in 2 teaspoonfuls of salad oil. Mix with the stewed tomatoes and strain through fine colander.

## SACKED POTATOES

Select 4 baking potatoes as near of size as possible; cut off each end; when baked scoop out the inside with a spoon, being careful not to break the skins; add to the potato, butter, salt and sufficient hot milk to make quite soft; beat till very light and smooth; fill the skins with this, and place on end in a buttered pan on the oven grate till browned on top. They will puff up if sufficiently beaten.

## TOMATOES BAKED

Butter a dish and when you have skinned the tomatoes lay them in whole. Sprinkle salt and sugar over them, and then fine crumbs of cracker. Bake 40 minutes in a dish which may be put upon the table.

## ECHO PLACE

(From Our Own Correspondent.)  
Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Barnes are enjoying their holidays in Brantford.

Miss Lillian Davidson, accompanied by her Aunt left Saturday for Cleveland to spend a couple of weeks holiday.

Mr. Harold Morris is home after a vacation spent at Hagersville and Toronto.

Mrs. Smith, Hamilton, and Mrs. Blanchard, city were Sunday guests at the home of Mrs. Marshall, Echo Villa Ave.

Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, Hamilton, spent Sunday at Mr. Debridges, James Street.

Miss Louise Campbell visited Toronto last week.

Mr. W. Clark, city spent Sunday in Echo Place.

Mr. and Mrs. Gullen visited their son in Toronto, last week.

Woman's Institute, after a two months holiday hope to begin their fall meetings Sept. 20, in full force and with renewed energy.

Mr. Stuart has purchased Mr. A. Patterson's house.

Mr. and Mrs. Harding and baby Amy, attended the Harding-Twymans wedding last Wednesday.

## LANGFORD

Last Tuesday evening the Sunday school was reopened, with all the old teachers and officers with the exception of the superintendent.

Mr. and Mrs. George Kendrick, Langford were Sunday guests at Mr. George Lang's home.

Mr. Harvey Hunter has bought the farm that Mr. O. Flanders sold some two years ago, he takes possession first of March.

Miss Daisy Westbrook, spent Sunday afternoon at Paris with friends.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Brand, Port Dover are visiting with relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Mattice and Miss Hazel and Master Harold were Sunday guests at Mr. W. B. Kendrick's home.

Mrs. McEwen city and Mrs. O'Connell, Calanville spent Monday with Mr. and Mrs. Leo Haley.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Wood, Jerseyville spent Sunday with Mrs. Wood's parents.

Mr. and Mrs. James Westbrook entertained company from the city on Sunday afternoon.

## Children Cry for Fletcher's

## CASTORIA

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