

THEATRE
 Feature Attractions
 London Trio
 Class Harmony
 Singers

The Gallons
 Comedy Jugglers

New Paramount Star
Wiolet Heming

"Running Fight"
 Serial Story of Business Life

Opening Episode
 "The Great Secret"

Featuring
*Bushman and
 Beverley Brune*
 Thrilling
 Serial

19th Chapter
Patricia's Romance

No Theatre
 Limited Photoplays
 Day and Tuesday

They Born or Made?
 4 Reel Drama

of Satan?
 2 Reel Drama

Bridegroom's Predicament
 1 Reel Comedy

ed. and Thurs.
 Selected Western
 es from General Film

atinee—2 to 4.30
 evening—7 to 10.30
admission—10c

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THE MAELSTROM

By Frank Froest
Late Superintendent of the Criminal Investigation Department of New Scotland Yard. (Copyright)

Menzies, of Scotland Yard. Punctually at half-past six the little plated alarm clock exploded and Weir Menzies kicked off the blankets. Punctually at seven o'clock he had breakfast. Punctually at half-past seven he delved and weeded in the square patch of ground that was the envy and despair of Maresfontein Road. Punctually at twenty past eight he left his semi-detached house and boarded a car for Westminster Bridge.

There were occasions when the routine was upset, but it will be observed that on the whole Weir Menzies was a creature of habit. He had all that respect for order and method that has made Upper Tooting what it is.

From the heavy gold watch-chain that spanned his ample waist, to his rufous face and heavy black moustache, he wore Tooting respectability all over him.

It was a cause of poignant regret to him that circumstances prevented him taking any part in the local government of his borough. Nevertheless, he belonged to the local Constitutional club, and was the highly esteemed people's warden at the Church of All Saints. The acute observer knowing all this delighted him as a deserving whole-sale ironmonger.

And the acute observer would have been wrong.

Punctually at half-past nine Weir Menzies would pass up a flight of narrow stone stairs at the back of New Scotland Yard into the chief inspector's room of the criminal investigation department. From his button-hole he would take the choice blossom—gathered that day at Maresfontein Road, Tooting—place it carefully in a freshly filled vase, exhaling his well-brushed morning coat for a jacket of alpaca, place paper protectors on his cuffs and settle down on his high stool—he preferred a high stool—to half an hour's correspondence.

Mr. Weir Menzies, church warden of Upper Tooting, was, in fact, Chief Detective Inspector Menzies, of the Criminal Investigation Department, New Scotland Yard. Not that he made any secret of it. Not that he had any reason why he should. It is only on rare occasions that a detective needs to conceal his profession.

Although the residents of Maresfontein Road, Upper Tooting, knew that Mr. Weir Menzies was an admirable church warden, they had to take his reputation as a detective on trust. And being constant subscribers to circulating libraries, they knew him as an innocent fraud.

A man, somewhat over forty, with an increasing waist-line, and a ruddy face, was obviously against the rules of all the established authorities. It was only understandable because he was at Scotland Yard. Everyone knows that official detectives are heavy, dull unimaginative fellows, always out of their depths, and continually receiving the good-natured assistance of amateurs, by whom they are held in tolerant contempt.

Maresfontein Road, Upper Tooting, would have smiled broadly had anyone remarked that Chief Detective Inspector Menzies held an international reputation—that he was held one of the subtlest brains in the service; that he was a man who had time and again shown reckless courage and audacity in bringing off a coup; that he, in short, had individuality and a perfect knowledge of every resource at his disposal in carrying out any purpose to which he was assigned.

He looked a commonplace business

man; he was a commonplace business man, with many of the traits of his class. He hated the unexpected, and protested that he loathed with a fierce abomination those in which he was engaged that meant a departure from the ordinary routine.

Yet there was no man more capable of dealing with the slippery intricacies of such cases than he. He had the faculty of adjusting himself to an emergency, of ruthlessly destroying superfluous red tape that in twenty-three years had carried him to within one rung of the top of the ladder.

It was shortly before midnight. He had returned from a remote suburb, where, with a corps of assistants, he had made a neat, entirely successful raid upon certain pick-pockets, who had been too well acquainted with the resident detectives to give them any chance.

It had been a triumph of organization and vigilance, and Menzies had gone back to headquarters to arrange that the histories of the birds he had caged should be ready before the police court proceedings in the morning. He was struggling into his overcoat when the telephone bell rang. He picked up the receiver irritably.

"Hello," he said.

A muffled buzz answered him, and Menzies allowed himself an expression that should be foreign to a church warden. Then far away and faint he caught a voice. "That Mr. Menzies."

"Yes," he answered, impatiently. "Speak up. What is it? What do you want?"

A prolonged buzz reached him. He was conscious of someone speaking, but only intermittently could he hear what was said.

"Pretty done-up—buz-z—come at once—buz-z—at thirty-four—buz-z—Gardens, Kensington—buz-z."

"Number, please?" said a new and distinct voice.

"Blast," said Menzies, simply, and put down the telephone. This addition to foreboding language on occasions of annoyance was a constant regret to him in his more reflective moments.

Jimmy Hallett's first impression on awaking had been that someone was swinging a sledge-hammer irregularly on to his temple. He lay still for a little, wondering why it should be. By and by he sat up and tried to piece together the events of the evening. His head ached intolerably, and he found consecutive thoughts painful.

It was totally dark, and he could make out nothing of where he was. Then the whole sequence of events flashed across his mind and he staggered rather uncertainly to his feet, and steadying himself against the wall, struck a match.

The feeble flicker showed him a blue-papered apartment, furnished as a dining-room. He had been lying just inside the door, and now he tried the door. It refused to answer to his tug, and he realized how weak he was as he all but toppled backwards. The match went out and he struck another.

Then it was that he noticed an electric switch, and pulled it over. A rush of light flooded the room, and he tottered to one of the Jacobean arm-chairs at the head of the table. The sledge-hammer was still swinging at his temples, and things swayed dizzily to and fro before his eyes. He made a resolute effort to pull himself together. His eyes roved over the room, and he noticed a pedestal telephone on a small table in the corner farthest from him.

"What was the name of the chap

SIDE TALKS

C. RUTH BAKER CAMERON

CATCHING ANIMOSITIES.

Speaking of animosities (once more) did you ever stop to think how many of your animosities you inherit or borrow or catch? Not just the way you catch measles or a cold but by the mental contagion the way you catch an affection of speech or a slang expression.

A woman just passed by the house and I looked at her with that vague feeling of antagonism that her presence always arouses. Then I noticed how pleasantly she was smiling to someone across the street. I heard her speak and thought how attractive her voice was, and all at once I found myself looking at her with new eyes, seeing how pleasantly she looked and wondering why on earth I disliked her. Since after all I scarcely knew her.

I Had Been Infected With the Dislike Gern

And then I remembered that a friend who dislikes her had infected me with her dislike.

And I was ashamed of myself.

First hand dislikes with some reason to them are bad enough, but second hand dislikes are terribly shabby unattractive things to have about one's house of life.

Disliking People He Didn't Even Know.

A man who came to live in the

Pinkerton gave me an introduction to," he muttered, and drawing a bundle of papers from his breast pocket, sorted them till the envelope he needed lay at the top.

WEIR MENZIES
 Chief Detective Inspector
 New Scotland Yard, S.W.

Cautiously the man began to move across the hearth-rug towards the telephone. Four shuffling steps he took, and then something that had been hidden by the table tripped him and he sprawled on all fours. He gave a little gasp of horror, and steadying himself on his knees, held his hands a foot in front of his face, gazing at them stupidly. They were wet—wet with blood, and the thing that had tripped him was the body of a man.

It is one thing to be brought in association at second hand, so to speak, with a crime, as are doctors, journalists and detectives, but quite another to be so closely identified with it as to be an actor in the drama.

Hallett had seen violence, and even death in his time, but never had cold horror so thrilled him as it did now. In ordinary condition, with nerves previously unshaken, he would have been little more moved than a spectator at a play—perhaps less so, for real life tragedies are rarely well stage managed.

Circumstances, however, had conspired to bring home to him the last touch of the horror. The sudden assault, the locked room, and now the dead man, had strung his nerves to a fine edge. He could have shrieked aloud.

He wiped his hands on his handkerchiefs, but the stain still remained. Carefully he stepped over the body and made his way to the telephone. His imagination was beginning to work, and he recalled cases where perfectly innocent men had been the victims of circumstantial evidence that had convicted them of hideous crimes.

The story of the checks thrust upon him in the fog seemed to him ridiculously unconvincing. Had his mind been less overwrought, had he been able to take a calmer survey of the matter, he would probably never have given his own position a thought. He fingered the telephone book clumsily and his mind reverted to the coincidence that he should hold a letter of introduction to one of the senior detectives of Scotland Yard.

(Continued in Tuesday's Issue.)

Chas. Groves, J.P., for many years license inspector of East Welling, died suddenly in his garden at Fergus.

Courier Daily
Recipe Column

Parsnip Stew
 Use 1-2 pounds fresh pork, boiled 2 hours or more, season well, add 6 parsnips and 8 potatoes. Thicken a little before taking out.

Carrot Pudding
 One cup grated carrots, 1 cup grated raw potato, 1 cup beet suet, chopped fine, 1 cup currants, 1 cup raisins, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup milk, 1 cup molasses, 2 cups sifted flour, 1 cup grated bread crumbs, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 of cinnamon, 1 of allspice, 1 of grated nutmeg, 1-2 teaspoon cream of tartar, add one heaping teaspoon of soda, dissolve in a little hot water. Steam steady for 3 hours. To be eaten with sweet hot sauce.

Potato Puffs
 Beat 1 egg light and melt 1 teaspoon of butter. Add one cupful of mashed potato with 1-2 cupful of cream or milk. Salt and pepper to taste. Beat until quite light. Fill greased popover pans half full of the mixture and brown in a quick oven.

Potato Puff
 To each 2 cups of mashed potatoes add one tablespoonful of melted butter and beat to a cream; put with this 2 eggs whipped light and a cup of milk, salting to taste. Beat all well, pour into a greased baking dish and bake quickly to a light brown. Serve in the dish in which it was cooked.

Milk and Butter
 Put into buttered pan or dish to the depth of 2 inches, cover with cracker crumbs, moisten with milk and dot with butter, bake to a nice brown, slide on to a nice platter and serve. Other vegetables use a vegetable cutter and potato ball cutter, and serve with cream sauce, or butter, pepper and salt.

Delmonico Potatoes
 Dispose a pint of cooked, sliced potatoes and a pint of hot white sauce, made with milk as the liquid, in alternate layers in a buttered baking dish. Cover the top with buttered cracker crumbs and set into the oven to brown the crumbs. A little grated cheese over the top if liked.

Our Daily:
Pattern Service
 Valuable Suggestions for the Handy Home-maker—Order any Pattern Through The Courier. Be sure to State Size

LADIES' TWO-GORED BARREL SKIRT
 By Anabel Worthington.

Many of the new skirts are showing various phases of the new barrel effect, though in a much modified form from the styles launched in Paris. One of the most successful adaptations is the slightly draped effect which is shown in No. 8234. The upper section is a smoothly fitting yoke, which is rounded in front and back in a new outline and square on the sides. Large ball buttons in a row at the side seams make an effective trimming. The lower part is in two gores, gathered to the yoke, and the drape is formed by the way the pattern is cut.

The two gored barrel skirt, No. 8234, is cut in three sizes—24, 26, 28 inches waist measure. The width at the lower edge is 2 yards. In the 24-inch size the skirt cut on a lengthwise fold requires 4 yards 38-inch, 3 1/2 yards 44-inch, 2 1/2 yards 54-inch. On a crosswise fold, to avoid piecing—3 1/4 yards 48-inch material.

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

Yesterday Was Jewish Feast

The Jewish Feast of Weeks took place on Sunday, commencing at sun down Saturday evening. The date of the feast is reckoned from the second day of Passover which was on Sunday April 8th this year, a special benediction and a varying formula were inserted into each evening prayer, so as to count the passing days. This ceremony is called The Counting of the Omer, because during the existence of the Temple at Jerusalem the counting of these days began with the bringing of the first sheaf (in Hebrew 'Omer') of the barley harvest, to the Temple, as a 'wave-offering.' When the count reaches forty-nine days i.e., a 'week' of weeks, the Feast of Shabouth (Weeks) or Pentecost (the Greek for 'fiftieth day') is celebrated.

The Feast of Weeks is one of the three Pilgrimage Festivals. In ancient times, men would come from all over the land of Canaan on a pilgrimage to the Temple at Jerusalem. Since this feast marked the end of the grain harvest, and the beginning of the fruit harvest, the pilgrims began to bring the first ripe fruits of their fields as a gift to the priests at the Temple. In modern times there are special holiday services; the synagogues are usually decorated with plants and flowers as a reminiscence of the ancient agricultural nature of the feast. In the morning service the Book of Ruth is read to the congregation. This book is particularly well chosen for this occasion because of its harvest scenes, and perhaps also because Ruth was a convert to Judaism, rejecting her Moabite gods and accepting the worship of the God of Israel; and this day is considered to be the anniversary of the day when the Law was given on Mt. Sinai and Israel accepted God and his Law. "Shabouth" therefore besides being the Feast of Harvest Weeks is also designated as the "Time of the Giving of our Law".

Since this feast is the anniversary of the giving of the Law on Mt. Sinai, Reform congregations in America have appropriately chosen it as the day for Confirmation. On the anniversary of the day on which Israel accepted the law of God, the young men and women of Israel accept the faith and affirm their loyalty to the religion of their fathers.

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 Sunlight Soap is made for the housewife's profit, for only thereby can the makers hope to profit. Sunlight Soap makes your work lighter, your clothes whiter, your home brighter. It is mild and pure and does not harm either hands or fabric.

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 IN GREAT VARIETY
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BEAUTIFUL CUT GLASS, FINE CHINA, ELECTRIC READING LAMPS, MAHOGANY SERVING TRAYS, LOVELY ORNAMENTS, CLUB BAGS AND SUIT CASES.

Jas. L. Sutherland

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