

An Outsider

(By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE)

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

(From Thursday's Daily.)
She stood in what at first seemed unrelieved darkness—but for glimpses revealed by the incessant sizzle and flare of lightning—at one end of a short hallway, by the rail of a staircase well. Three or four doors opened upon this hall; but she detected no sign of any movement in the shadows, and still heard no sound.

Wondering—and now, as she began to appreciate her position, almost as unhappy in her refuge as she had been in the storm—Sally crept to the rail and peered down. But her straining senses detected nothing below more than shadows, solitude, and silence; which, however, failed to convey reassurance; the fact of the open scullie would seem to indicate that she hadn't stumbled into an uninhabited house.

Steadily she proceeded to investigate the several rooms of that top-most story—servants' quarters, comfortably furnished, but tenantless. Then step by timid step she descended to the next floor, which she found devoted to three handsomely appointed bedrooms, also empty.

And slowly, as her courage served, another flight took her down to a hallway given over wholly to two bedrooms with bath, dressing-rooms, and boudoirs adjoining, all very luxurious to a hasty survey.

Below this again was an entrance hall, giving access to a drawing-room, a library, and, at the back of the house, a dining-room, each apartment in its way deepening the impression of a home toward whose making wealth and good taste had worked in rarely harmonious collaboration.

And finally the basement proved to be as deserted as any room above; this though the kitchen clock still ticked on stertorously, though the fire in the range had been banked rather than drawn, though one had but to touch the boiler to learn it still held water piping hot.

It required, however, only a moment's sober thought, once satisfied she was alone, to suggest as one reasonable solution to the puzzle that the owners had fled to town for the week-end, leaving the establishment in care of untrustworthy servants, who had promptly elected to seek their own pleasure elsewhere.

Content with this, Sally chose one of the windows of the servants' sitting room from which to spy out stealthily, between the shade and the sill, over a flooded area and street, first remarking a sensible modification of the gloom in spite of an unabated downpour, then that the house was near the Park Avenue corner, finally a policeman sheltered in the tradesman's entrance of the dwelling across the way.

At this last disquieting discovery Sally retreated expeditiously from the window, for the first time realizing that her presence in that house, however adventurous and innocent, wouldn't be easy to explain to one of a policeman's incredulous idiosyncrasy, the legal definition of burglary, strictly applied, fitted Sarah Manvers with disconcerting neatness.

But nobody knew; it was only half past six by the clock in the kitchen. It was reasonably improbable that the faithless servants would come back much before midnight; and she need only wait for the storm to pass to return across the roofs, or, for that matter, to leave circumspectly by the front door. For it would certainly be dark by the time the storm uttered its last surly growl and trailed its bedraggled skirts off across Long Island.

For an instant finely thrilled with a delicious sense of the wild adventure of being alone in a strange house, free to range and pry at will, she found the full piquancy a bit difficult to relish with sodden clothing clinging clammy to her body and limbs.

None the less it was quite without

definite design that Sally retraced her way to that suite of rooms in the second story which seemed to be the quarters of the mistress of the establishment; and it was no more than common-sense precaution (prompted, it's true, by sheer, idiosyncrasy) which moved her to darken windows already shattered by drawing their draperies of heavy, rose-colored silk before switching on the lights.

It may have been merely the reflection of rose-tinted walls that lent the face of the girl unwonted color; but the glow that informed her eyes as she looked about was unquestionably kindled by envy as much as by excitement.

Nothing, indeed, lacked to excite envy in that hungry heart of hers. The bed-chamber and its boudoir and bath were not only exquisitely appointed, but stood prepared for use at a moment's notice; the bed itself was beautifully dressed; the dressing-table was decked with all manner of scent-bottles, mirrors, and trays together with every conceivable ornament in tortoise-shell with a silver-inlay monogram—apparently A-M-S; the rugs were silken, princely, priceless; elusive wreaths of seductive perfumes haunted the air like memories of lost carresses.

And when the girl pursued her investigations to the point of opening closed doors she found clothes-dresses containing a wardrobe to cope with every imaginable emergency—frocks of silk, of lace, of satin, of linen; gowns for dinner, the theater, the street, the opera; boudoir-wraps and negligees without end; robes innumerable, hats, shoes, slippers, mules—and a store of lingerie to ravish any woman's heart.

And against all this sybaritic store the intruder had to set the figure mirrored by a great cheval-glass—the countenance of a jaded shop-girl in shabby, shapeless, sodden garments, her damp, dark hair framing stringly a pinched and haggard face with wistful, care-worn eyes.

Her heart ached with a reawakened sense of the cruel unfairness of life. Her flesh crept with the touch of her rain-soaked clothing. And in her thoughts temptation stirred like a whispering serpent.

Beyond dispute it was wrong what she contemplated, utterly wrong, and wild to madness; but the girl was ripe for such temptation and frail with a weakness consequent upon long years of deprivation. Her heart's desire was here before her covetous fingers a tinselled trosser of beautiful belongings.

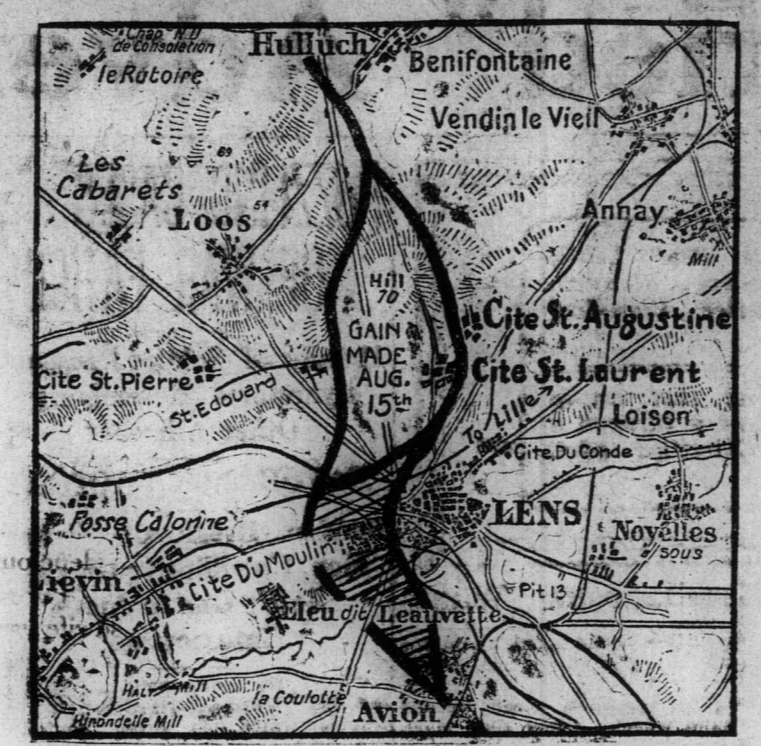
"It's only for an hour. No one need ever know. I'll leave everything just as I found it. And I'm so uncomfortable!" She hesitated a moment longer, but only a moment; of a sudden desire broke into devastating flame, consuming doubts and scruples in a trice. Swift action ensued; this was no more an affair of conscience, but of persuasion and resistless impulse.

She flew about like one possessed—as, indeed, she was, no less. Her first move was to turn on hot water in the shining porcelain tub. Then, instinctively closing and locking the hall door, she slipped from her despised garments and hanging them up to dry in a tiled corner where their dampness could harm nothing, slipped into the bath.

Half an hour later, deliciously caressed by garments of soft white silk beneath a feather-weight robe-de-chambre, she sat before the dressing-table, drying her hair in the warm draft of an electric fan and anointing face, hands, and arms with creams and delicately scented lotions.

A faint smile touched her lips now glances of any hint of silliness; she hummed softly to herself, whose

LENS FURNISHES EPIC IN CANADIAN ANNALS



The accompanying map shows how the Canadians are tightening their net on the mining city of Lens. The new line skirts the city proper on three sides while the eastern exits of the city are under Canadian fire.

SIDE TALKS

By RUTH CAMERON

FATHERS AND CHILDREN

The other day on the trolley I saw a little group that set my heart strings singing. It was just a father and his two boys but they were evidently going off for some kind of a picnic together and they were having such a happy time. The youngest was screwing around to look out of the window and laughing and chattering. And it was "Oh father this" and "Oh Father that" and it was very plain that the biggest boy of all wasn't having the least jolly time.

The Gold Mines in His Pockets I could just visualize them reaching their destination and seeing father dig his hand into those trouser pockets that seem to you a gold mine without bottom, and digging out nickels and dimes galore for popcorn and flying horses and chewing gum and Ferris Wheels.

Such a happy day, such a great adventure as they were going to have! And so many fathers there are who seldom if ever go on such adventures. What a lot they do miss. Mothers and Children Are Nearly Always Close

The relation of mothers and children is more or less the same in most families (except the wealthier ones) and just naturally has to be pretty close. With fathers and children on the other hand, the relationship varies with temperament of the father and the custom of the family, from a casual speaking acquaintance to a close and tender sympathy. And the latter alas is much the rarer. But when it does exist it is one of the most beautiful relations in life.

The Beautiful Friendship of Father and Son I have heard it claimed that the love between father and daughter is the most touching and selfless affection in the world. But I like as much to see a father and a grown son who have passed that almost inevitable period where youth and age stormily clash, and have come into the quiet happy harbor of a deep and enduring friendship.

Such friendships have their beginnings in such childish adventures as I witnessed the other day. Blind indeed is the father who is too busy, too careless or too selfish to cultivate the friendship of his children before a wall of formality and restraint and self-consciousness has grown up between them.

heavily had almost forgotten his birthright of song and laughter; never the least pang of conscience flawed the serene surface of her content.

Properly dressed, her hair was beautiful soft, fine, and plentiful, with a natural wave that lent an accent to its brownish luster. When she finished arranging it to her complete satisfaction she turned the face that smiled back at her from the mirror's depths. Miraculously it seemed to have gained new lines of charm; its very thinness was now attractive; its color unquestionably intrinsic; and her eyes were as the eyes of a happy child, exulting in the attainment of long-coveted possessions.

It wasn't in human nature to contemplate this transformation and feel contrition for whatever steps had been necessary to bring it about. And when she could do no more to beautify her person Sally turned again to the clothes-presses, by now so far gone in self-indulgence, her moral sense so insidiously sapped by the sheer sensual delight she had of all this pilfered luxury, that she could contemplate without a qualm less venial experiments with the law of mine and thine.

She entertained, in short, a project whose lawless daring enchanted her imagination, if one as yet of vague detail. But with command of the resources of this wonderful wardrobe, what was to prevent her from appropriating a suitable costume and stealing forth, when the storm had passed, to seek adventure, perhaps for a night those joys she had read about and dreamed about, longed for and coveted, all her life long? Nothing could be more mad; there was no telling what might not happen; there was every warrant for

believing that the outcome might be most unpleasant. But adventures are to the adventurous, and surely this one had started off propitiously enough.

"And what I need she'll never miss. Besides, I can send back everything in the morning, anonymously, by parcel-post. It's only borrowing." Already she had passed from contemplation to purpose and stood committed to the enterprise, reckless of its consequences.

But she found it far from easy to make her selection; it wouldn't do to take on a decoction without an escort—a consideration that sadly complicated the search for just the right thing, at once simple and extravagant, modish and becoming. Moreover, any number of captivating garments positively demanded to be tried on, then clung tenaciously to her prettish oulders, refusing to be rejected.

She wasted many a sigh over her choice, which was ultimately something dorkish, a frock (I think) of dark-blue crepe-de-chine, designed primarily for afternoon wear, but, supplemented by a light silk wrap, quite presentable for evening; and it fitted to admiration.

This question once settled, she experienced little trouble finding slippers and a hat to her taste. The testimony of a small gilt clock startled her when at length she stood ready for the next step in her nefarious career—the hour-hand was passing ten. That seemed almost impossible.

Running into the unlighted boudoir, she caught back the window-drapes, raised the sash, and peered cautiously out through the slanted slats of the wooden blinds. (Continued in Saturday's issue)

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Good Night Stories

By Blanche Selwitz

DAISY'S FAIRY TALE

Daisy heard the children quarreling, and she ran out in the garden to settle the affair. "Pretty is as pretty does," said Daisy, and then she told them this story:

"Once upon a time long, long ago there lived a little girl named Betty who was very, very proud. She was proud of her pretty face, of her blue eyes and of her golden curls, but above all she was so proud of her small feet that she made fun of other little girls who were quite so pretty as she.

"One day she told her little friend Polly, that her mamma said she was the prettiest little girl in the world and that she must never play with Polly because Polly was ugly. This made Polly cry and she went home. "That night when Betty went to bed, a big black witch leaned over Betty's pillow and touched her with a magic wand, and Betty was changed into a beautiful bird with wonderfully colored feathers.

"The witch carried Betty away and put her in a pen around which ran a wire fence. The people stopped to look at Betty and remarked about her beautiful feathers, and Betty was proud of them.

"She is indeed the most beautiful bird I've ever seen," remarked a lady to her handsome son.

"Her feathers are stunning, but, dear me, look at her ugly, ugly feet," exclaimed the youth.

"Betty hadn't noticed her feet before, and when she looked down at them her pride fell with a bump—her feet were nothing but claws, all



rough and certainly very ugly. Betty ran away to the other side of the pen and tried to hide her head.

"I must have a feather for my bonnet," cried the lovely lady, and before Betty could turn around the boy jumped over the fence into the wire pen.

"The boy snatched a feather from Betty's beautiful face and it happened to be the one feather that could break the magic spell, and Betty stood before them a little girl again.

With a shriek the old black witch ran away and has never been seen since that day," finished Daisy.

"But what became of Betty?" asked Dotty.

"Where did she go?" queried Ruth.

"Oh she went home as fast as she could, and the boy bought a new hat and put the peacock feather on it for his mamma," replied Daisy.

"But let me tell you, Miss Betty was never again heard to boast about her pretty face and little feet, for fear of the witch.

"That's why I say, 'Pretty is as pretty does.' Be proud of being kind, of helping others, of never quarreling, but don't compare your looks with those of your playmates, or maybe the old black witch will snatch you away like she did Betty," warned Daisy.

"Pooh! That's only a fairy tale! And it isn't true!" laughed David.

Daisy didn't answer his comment, but she never heard the children quarreling again as to who was the prettiest.

POSTPONE CONFERENCE? By Courier Lensed Wire. Stockholm, Aug. 23—It is generally believed here that postponement for some time of the International Socialist conference at Stockholm will be necessary in view of meeting of the Entente Allied Socialists in London. No promises have yet been looked for in the proceedings for the Socialist conference here.

Ancient Foresters—Don't forget church parade on Sunday night, meet at 9:15 at A. O. F., Hall, Wear your badge.

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LADIES' SKIRTS.
By Anabel Worthington.

The new sport materials—both in silks and in cottons—are so fascinating that the well dressed woman feels that she simply must have at least one skirt made of either one or the other. As a rule these skirts are made with severely plain lines in order to show the striking pattern of the material to the best advantage. The model shown in No. 8386 is designed especially for this purpose. There are broad panels at the front and back and the side goes have two deep tucks—a simple but effective method of trimming which is very popular this season. A draped giraffe of the same material is the usual finish for the waist line. Khaki-kool, pongee, printed silk poplin, cotton gabardine and taffeta are the materials most used.

The skirt pattern No. 8386 is cut in sizes 24 to 32 inches waist measure. Any size requires 4 1/2 yards 27 or 44 inch material, with 3/4 yard 36 inch contrasting goods.

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