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All grocers sell Sunlight Soap. Made by Lever Brothers, Limited, in Canada.

**SIDE TALKS**  
 ROUTE CANADIAN

**SELF DENIAL FOR ONESELF**

There are many kinds of self-denial. There's the self denial of things, perhaps the easiest one you get used to it, and yet, since it wars with the deep primitive instinct of acquisition, in some ways the hardest. And then there's giving up your own way, the self denial that yields up its own will to the will of others. Furthermore, there is the self denial of giving up your own way for your own sake. And that's the kind I want to call your attention to.

Permit me to illustrate from my own experience. A day or two ago I went to town to shop.

All Humanity is Divided Into Three Parts.

I started late, and as usual did my uninteresting errands first. I think all humanity is divided into three parts who eat their frosting first, those who eat both cake and frosting together, and those who save their frosting for the last. I belong in the third category.

The uninteresting errands this day included such tedious bits as seeing the credit department about a mistake in my bill, buying disinfectants and a new saucepan, making inquiries as to why some dishes I had bought had not come (in the course of this investigation I was handed from clerk to clerk to manager and had to repeat my story four times,—don't you love those little experiences?).

Each Errand Took A Little Longer Than It Should.

Each errand took me a little longer than I had expected, and the result was that when I came to my frosting,—an inspection of spring hats,—it was only a few minutes before rush time. If I stayed I should stand, and reach home too tired to enjoy the concert that evening.

I didn't really need the hat at once, but I had looked forward to buying it and it seemed as if I could not give that up. Yet knew that if I didn't I should spoil the evening and get up the next morning too tired to do good work.

And I was So Grateful To Myself Afterwards.

The part of me that always has arguments ready to justify whatever I want to do, presented all sorts of plausible arguments, but eventually I did give it up.

I That sounds awfully goody-goody but I don't mention it to glorify myself (I'm not often that good) only to tell you how worthwhile I found it.

I think we all frequently face little decisions like this. When you give up something for another's sake you get the reward of gratitude. Now maybe you've never thought of it that way, but when you give up things for your own sake, you will often get just as much gratitude from yourself.

**Our Daily: Pattern Service**

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

**MISSSES' AND SMALL WOMEN'S DRESS.**

By Anabel Worthington.

A new development of the much admired basque effect, suitable for slender figures, is presented in No. 8207. Its flish simplicity makes it a charming model for summer wear. The frock fastens at centre back so as to give an unbroken line in the front. The front is arranged in soft folds to fit the straight back. Bell shaped sleeves in three-quarter length are comfortable. The neck is finished with a collar having fish tail points at the back. The two piece skirt is separated from the waist and closes at the left side. Flowered or figured material combined with plain makes a very effective frock, and the Val. lace inserts are most attractive.

The misses' and small women's dress pattern is cut in three sizes—16, 18 and 20 years. The 16 year size measures 2 3/4 yards at lower edge, and requires 4 1/2 yards 39 inch, 3 3/4 yards 36 inch, 3 1/2 yards 33 inch figured material, with 2 yards 39 inch plain goods and 11 yards insertion.

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



**THIS WOMAN TO THIS MAN**

—BY—  
 C. N. and A. M. Williamson  
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AUTHORS OF

"A Soldier of the Legion."  
 "The Lightning Conductor"  
 "The Shop Girl"

Secured Exclusively for Publication in the Courier.

From Saturday's Daily. Annesley, wondering and somewhat startled, answered that the Countess de Santiago was one of the most beautiful women she had ever seen.

This riveted the attention which Knight had caught. He had his audience, and went on in a leisurely way. "The Malindore diamond!" exclaimed Lady Cartwright, forgetting politeness in her interest, and cutting short a sentence which began dully. "Isn't that the wonderful blue diamond that the British Museum refused to buy three years ago, because it hadn't enough money to spend, or something?"

"Quite so," replied Ruthven Smith, adding with pride: "But the Van Vrecks had enough money. They always have when a unique thing like that is for sale, and they are rich enough to wait for years, if need be, with their money locked up till somebody comes along who wants to buy it. That happened in the case of the Malindore diamond. The Van Vrecks hoped to sell it to Mr. Pierpont Morgan. But he died, and it was left on their hands till this last autumn."

"Ah, then that lovely diamond was sold with the other things the poor Van Vreck agent lost on the Monarchie?"

"Was to be sold if the prospective buyer liked it. He had married a white wife, you know, and—"

"Oh, yes, of course. It was Lady Eve Cassenden. That marriage made a big sensation among us. Horrid, I call it! But she hadn't a penny, poor girl, and they say she's the richest Maharajah in India."

"The Malindore diamond was once in his family, I understand, about five hundred years ago, when we first began to get at its history. Ruthven Smith went on, ignoring the Maharajah as he had ignored the Countess. "It was then the central jewel of a crown. But Louis XIV, on obtaining possession of it, had it set in a ring, and surrounded with small white brilliants. It still remains in that form, or did so remain until it was stolen from our agent on the Monarchie. What form it is in and where it is now, only those who know can say."

So strong was the call from Ruthven Smith's eyes to Annesley's eyes, that she was forced to look up. She had been sure that she would meet his gaze fixed upon her, and so it was. He was staring across the table at her, with a very curious expression on his long, hatchet face.

**CHAPTER XVII.**

Ruthven Smith's Eyeglasses.

Annesley could not read the look. Yet she felt that it might be read, if her soul and body had not been wrenched apart, and hastily flung together again, upside down, it seemed, with her brain where her heart had been, and vice versa.

Why had Ruthven Smith looked at her as he spoke, in his loud voice, of the stolen Malindore diamond—a blue diamond set with small white brilliants in a ring? Had he found out that she—did he believe—but she could not finish out the thought, it seemed as though the ring Knight had given her and told her to hide—was burning her flesh!

Could her blue diamond be the diamond, the famous diamond, about which the jewel expert was telling Lady Cartwright? A horrible sensation rushed over the girl. She felt her blood growing cold, and oozing so sluggishly through her veins that she could count the drops drip, drip, drip! She hoped that she was not going to faint! If she did that Ruthven Smith would certainly think—what would he think?

She found herself praying for strength, and the power of self-control that she might reason calmly with her own intelligence. Of course, if this were the diamond, Knight didn't dream that it had been stolen. Just then a hand reached out at her left side and poured champagne into her glass. It was the hand of Charrington, the butler. Annesley saw that it was trembling, and she thought looking like the snapped stem of a flower. She had never seen Charrington's hand tremble before. Butlers' hands were not supposed to tremble. Charrington spilled a little champagne on the table-cloth, and a very little, no more than a drop or two, but Annesley started, and glanced up. The butler was moving away, but she caught a glimpse of his face. It was red, as usual, for his complexion and that of his younger brother were alike in coloring; but there was a look of strain on his features, as if he were keeping his muscles taut.

Sir Elmer Cartwright began to talk to her. His voice buzzed unmeaningly in her ears, as though she were coming out from under the influence of chloroform.

"What will become of me?" she said to herself wildly, and then was afraid she had said it aloud. How awful that would be! Her eyes turned almost imploringly to Sir Elmer. He was smiling pleasantly, evidently unaware of anything unusual.

"Oh, yes!" she said at random. Fortunately it seemed to be the right answer; and the relief this assurance gave was like a helping hand to a beginner skating on thin ice. Sir Elmer went on to tell her some story which he said he had just been telling the Duchess.

Annesley suddenly thought of a woman rider she had seen at a circus when she was a small child. The woman stood on the bare back of

**Good Night Stories**  
 by Blanche Selwood

Tiny Fly's Adventure. Bugville was all excitement. A sign had been tacked up in the village that a frolic would be held that evening in honor of Tiny Fly, who's to be married to Brown Beetle, and a great time was expected.

When the merry-making was at its highest the moon rolled behind a cloud and the village was thrown in darkness. Everyone began to cry out and to run aimlessly about, for they could not see. And when the moon came out again Tiny Fly was missing.

"She is playing a joke on us," said Brown Beetle, and they looked behind the bushes and in the grass. "There is no nowhere to be found. They called until they were hoarse, but Tiny Fly did not answer. No one had seen her disappear, and Brown Beetle was almost beside himself with grief.

"Let's go in search," cried one.

"There is no use going in the dark, we cannot see. Suppose we borrow some lanterns from the glow-worms' family," suggested one, and they all flew in the direction of the swamp, and Brown Beetle knocked at the glow-worm's door.

"May we borrow your lanterns? Tiny Fly is lost and we can't find her," he said and the glowworm filled several tiny lanterns and gave them to the Beetles and they hurried away, calling at the top of their voices:

"Tiny fly, Oh, Tiny Fly, where are you?"

Soon they saw an old green frog under a bush and stopped.

"Have you seen Tiny Fly this evening?" asked Brown Beetle, and the old green frog trembled.

"She has not been around here," he answered, but just then they heard a cry from behind him, and the Beetles gave a shout.

"Open your door or we will break it down," they cried, and the old green frog not wishing to build a new door, threw it open, and Tiny Fly flew into Brown Beetles arms, and they all went back to the glow-



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**YES! MAGICALLY! CORNS LIFT OUT WITH FINGERS**

You simply say to the drug store man, "Give me a quarter of an ounce of freezeo." This will cost very little but is sufficient to remove every hard or soft corn from one's feet.

A few drops of this new ether compound applied directly upon a tender, aching corn should relieve the soreness instantly, and soon the entire corn, root and all, dries up and can be lifted out with the fingers.

This new way to rid one's feet of corns was introduced by a Cincinnati man, who says that, while freezeo is sticky, it dries in a moment, and simply shrivels up the corn without inflaming or even irritating the surrounding tissue or skin.

Don't let father die of infection or lockjaw from whitening at his corns, but clip this out and make him try it.

Worm's home to return the lanterns, I don't see why you do not always carry a light like we do. It's perfectly silly to go through the woods at this time of night without a lantern said the glow-worm, and the made Tiny Fly a present of one she carried.

"Never be without it and your mate will always know where to find you," she said, and Tiny Fly thanked her, and they all went back to Bugville to continue their frolic.

The other lady flies, seeing how the Tiny Fly's lantern was, went to the home of the glow-worm and bought them some, and you can see them most any evening flying around carrying their lanterns with them, and the children think them pretty, and call them "Lightning Bugs."

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**Directory First!**

WHEN you call a telephone number from memory or when you guess at it you are apt to be wrong.

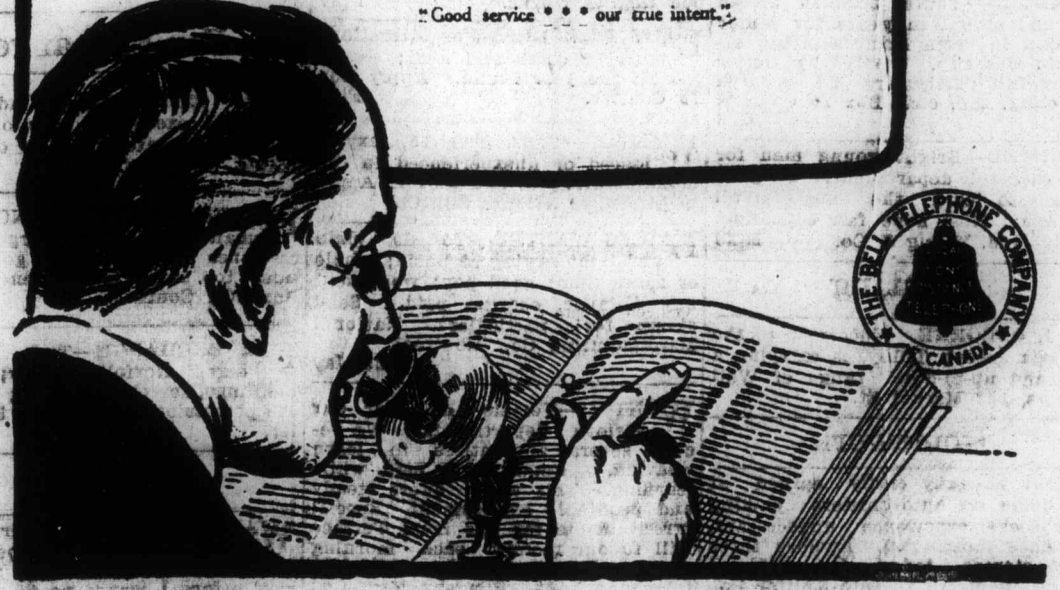
Q The mind has a trick of transposing figures—instead of "1263" you are quite likely to say "1623."

Q Also, telephone numbers, firm names, etc., are frequently changed.

Q And when you thus ask for the wrong number, you waste your own time, the operator's, and the time of the person called through your error.

Q Directory first is a good principle. In the end it saves time and temper to first consult the latest issue of the telephone book.

The Bell Telephone Co. of Canada



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Hood's Serravallo's Spring Tonic. Medication is Necessary.

Everybody's troubles this season with loss of vitality, failure of appetite, that tired feeling, or with biliousness, dull headaches, indigestion and other stomach troubles, or with pimples and other eruptions on the face and body. The reason is that the blood is impure and impoverished.

Hood's Serravallo's relieves all these ailments. Ask your druggist for this medicine and get it today. It is the old reliable medicine that has stood the test for forty years—that makes pure, rich blood—that strengthens every organ and builds up the whole system. It is the all-the-year-round blood-purifier and health-giver. Nothing else sets like it, for nothing else is like it; so be sure to get Hood's.