

NT Theatre

Light's Hawaiians... Dance and Music... Anita King... Squawman's Son... ROLAND... Neglected Wife... NEWS OF THE WORLD... STARS... Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday... "MANHOOD"...

House

ER 10, 11, 12... NEWS DAILY... "ION"...

ABS

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USE

Money's... Cabs... ne 730

SUCCEEDS

THIRD ATTEMPT... Man's Crop Was... Out; He... ould Worry

Leased Wire... 5—An Alberta far... of Calgary insured... hall early in the... was hailed out and... per cent of his policy... to come up after... again insured. He was... second time and col... 90 per cent. This... bushels to the acre... \$2 a bushel on the... set.

preys above the roar of... traffic a shooting range... on the roof of the Hotel



the Governor-General

An Outsider

(By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE)

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

(From Wednesday's Daily.) The solitary symptom of a tenantry... evidence here was a perfectly good American citizen in shirt-sleeves and overalls, pipe in mouth, toleration in his eyes, calmly steering a wheelbarrow down the drive. Sally caught the glint of his cool eyes and experienced a flash of intuition into a soul steeped in contemplative indolence of the city crowd and its silly antics. And forthwith, for some reason she found no time to analyze, she felt more at home, less apprehensive. As the car pulled up beneath the porte-cochere a mild-eyed footman ran out to help the valet with the luggage; Savage slipped blithely down and gave a hand to his sister, offering like assistance to Sally in turn; and on the topmost of three broad, white, stone steps the chateleine of Gosnold House appeared to welcome her guests—a vastly different personality, of course, from any of Sally's somewhat incoherent anticipations.

Going upon the rather sketchy suggestions of Mrs. Standish, the girl had prefigured Aunt Abby as a skittish female upward of three score years and odd; a gabbling creature with a wealth of empty gesticulation and a parrot's vacant eye; semi-responsible, prone to bright colors and an over youthful style of dress. She found, to the contrary, a lady of quiet reserve, composed of manner, authoritative of speech, not lacking in humor, of impeccable taste in dress, and to all appearances not a day older than forty-five, despite hair like snow that framed a face of rich but indisputably native complexion.

In her regard, when it was accorded exclusively to Sally, the girl divined a mildly diverted question, quite reasonable, as to her choice of traveling costume. Otherwise her reception was cordial, with reservations; nothing warranted the assumption that Mrs. Gosnold (Aunt Abby by her legitimate title) was not dissipated to make up her mind about Miss Manwaring at her complete leisure. Interim she was very glad to see her; a friend of Adele's was always welcome to Gosnold House; and would Miss Manwaring be pleased to feel very much at home?

At this point Mrs. Standish affectionately linked arms with her relation and, with the nonchalant rudeness that is in these days almost a badge of cardinal, dragged her off to a cool and dusky corner of the paneled reception hall to acquaint her with the adulterated facts responsible for the phenomenon of Miss Manwaring.

"Be easy," Mr. Savage comforted the girl airily: "trust Adele to get away with it. That young woman is sure of a crown and harp in the hereafter if only because she'll make St. Peter himself believe black is white. You've got nothing to worry about. Now I'm off for a bath and nap; just time before luncheon. See you then, So-long."

He blew a most debonaire kiss to his maternal aunt and trotted lightly up the broad staircase; and as Sally cast about for some place to wait inconspicuously on the pleasure of her letters, Mrs. Gosnold called her. "Oh, Miss Manwaring!"

The girl responded with an unfeigned diffidence apparently pleasing by the eyes of her prospective employer. "My niece has been telling me about you," she said with an engaging smile. "and I am already inclined to be grateful to her. It isn't often—truth to tell—she makes such prompt acknowledgment of my demands. And I'm a most disorderly person, so I miss very much the services of my former secretary. Do come nearer."

Sally drew within arm's length, and the elder woman put out a hand and caught the girl's in a firm, cool, friendly grasp. "Your first name?" she inquired with a look of keen yet not unpleasant scrutiny.

"Sarah," said Sarah bluntly. "Man'ring" stuck in her guilty throat. "S-a-r-a," Mrs. Standish punctiliously spelled it out. "Thank you; I recognize it now!" A shrewd, sidelong glance flickered amusement at Mrs. Gosnold's niece. "You come from the middle West, I understand, and you've had rather a hard time of it in New York. What do you do best?" "Why—I've tried to write," Sally confessed shyly. "Oh! Novels?" "Not quite so ambitious; short stories to begin with and then special articles for the newspapers—anything that promised to bring in a little money, but nothing ever did!" "Then, I presume you're familiar with typewriters?" "Oh, yes."

"And can punctuate after a fashion?" "I think so."

"You don't look it; far too womanly, unless your appearance is deceptive, to know the true difference between a semi-colon and a hyphen. No matter; you have every qualification, it seems, including a good manner and a pleasant smile. You're engaged—on probation; I mean—to say, for this one week we'll consider yourself simply my guest, but willing to help me out with my correspondence. Then, if you like the place and I like you as much as I hope I shall, you'll become my personal secretary at a salary of twenty-five dollars a week and all expenses. No—don't thank me; thank your sensible eyes!"

Mrs. Gosnold laughed lightly, gave Sally's hand a final but barely perceptible pressure, and released it. "Now Thomas will show you your room," Mrs. Standish tells me she has promised to outfit you; her maid will bring you more suitable things by the time you've had your tub and soon rest. Plenty of time; we lunch at one thirty."

The girl stammered some sort of an acknowledgement; she was never able to recall precisely what she said, in truth, but it served, and then she was amazedly ascending the broad staircase and following the flunky's back down a long, wide, drafty corridor to a room at one extreme of the building—a small room, daintily furnished and bright with summery cretonne, its individual bath adjoining.

"I'll be sending the maid to you at once, ma'am," said Thomas, and shut the door. Sally wandered to a window, lifted the shade and looked out with bewildered eyes.

From the front of the house to the edge of the cliff the grounds were as severely composed as an Italian formal garden, but to one side, screened by high box hedges, a tennis-court was in the active possession of four young people, none of them, apparently over twenty years of age. Their calls and laughter rang clear in the quietness, clear and vibrant with careless joy of living.

They did not in the least suggest the crew of adventurers which Mrs. Standish had led Sally to expect. Thus far, indeed, Sally failed to detect anything in the atmosphere of the establishment or in the bearing of its mistress to bear out the innuendo that Gosnold House was infested by a parasitic swarm and "Aunt Abby" the dupe of her own unholy passions. Doubts hummed in Sally's head, and she was abruptly surprised to find the view obscured by a mist of her own making—by, in short, nothing less than tears.

The simple kindness of Mrs. Gosnold's welcome had touched the in-prior more deeply than she had guessed. All this was offered her in this sport of poetic beauty, in return for nothing but trifling services. But she was not worthy!

SIDE TALKS

By RUTH CAMERON

ALARMISTS. There are certain people who always make out every calamity, every impending trouble, every minor mishap as worse than it is. These are the people who tell you that Mrs. So-and-so is very sick, that she ate something poisonous and the doctor hardly thinks she will live when, as a matter of fact, Mrs. So-and-so had merely had a severe but not at all dangerous attack of indigestion. They Always Magnify Any Little Household Uproar.

These are the people who, when anything goes wrong in a household always magnify the thing to the ears of the other members about it. The roof leaked in the thunder shower and they think the guest room ceiling is rotten. The guest room ceiling turns out to have one or two minor disfigurements on it.

The butcher didn't come and there isn't a thing in the house for supper. Of course the house yields up a perfectly good supper when properly cooked. She (the alarmist) is a "she" in a paroxysm of anger, but she liked to give the alarm. Johnny's face is all over blotches.

Each nation is to be restricted by the Tribunal as to the amount of ships and armament she can produce, and no nation allowed to buy or manufacture ships or armament without the consent of the Tribunal.

As no nation would dare to challenge the world single handed, there would be no more war, (excepting those wars which are more exactly wars of revolution) and the world would be at peace. The Tribunal would be a permanent body, and would be empowered to enforce its decisions. It would be a permanent body, and would be empowered to enforce its decisions.

There undoubtedly will be many individual objections offered against this idea, many by those delighting in bloodshed, when shed by his neighbor, by manufacturers of armament, and all those enriching themselves in blood, or, the strongest party by those fearing over-population of the globe. This may occur, but not for many years to come, and if human beings must be weeded out like plants in the vegetable kingdom, it is folly to kill the mature and most able-bodied, leaving the unfit to populate the earth.

The human mind has solved more difficult problems and will undoubtedly find a more humane way of keeping the earth peopled by fewer and happier lives, than by slaughtering the pick of nations by thousands.

BIG REVIVAL OF FLAX INDUSTRY. Forty Mills Will be in Operation in Canada Next Winter. Fifty years ago there were 100 flax mills in Canada, but at the time the war started three years ago the industry was almost extinct. At best eight or nine factories were in operation.

The Dominion Government has established at Ottawa an experimental flax mill for carrying on investigation work with flax and flax fibre, and the progress being made in the development of this most interesting industry is shown by exhibit in the Government building at the Canadian National Exhibition.

Rudolph Katz, an I. W. W. organizer, claims that he was kidnapped and evicted from Jamestown, N.Y., by masked and armed men. Two ships just completed in the States for British and French interests, have been released to their owners by the Shipping Board.

Madame Claire Dorva De Leon Plans To Prevent Future Wars. Madame Claire Dorva de Leon, who is appearing at the Rex this week, has since the outbreak of the war been a worker in the cause of securing a lasting and effective peace.

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The first and most important laws that this Tribunal must set down as immovable are: 1. That no nation, under any circumstance, in matters of jurisdiction, shall attack another nation or colony.

No alliances or ententes permitted, save the one international alliance of the world. The penalty for failure to apply to the Tribunal for judgment or attacking another nation or colony, is the same, viz: To remove and exile the offensive government, replacing same by a new one elected by its own people.

We now arrive at the salient point, that of enforcing the international laws and verdicts of the Tribunal. For this purpose, the Tribunal should reach a decision on how large an army and navy is necessary to overpower at least two of the most powerful nations.

This large Army and Navy, being simply that existing at present, each nation remaining home, but ready to furnish at once whatever amount of ships, armament and men as agreed upon as her contribution to

Good Night Stories

By Alice Stone

THE TALE OF TWO MEN. Once there lived two men. One was named Griggsby, the other one Grey. Folks said it was from starving his wife and children that Griggsby had been able to save so much. For he was very stingy and mean.

Farmer Grey, his neighbor, had a household of children and hardly enough to feed them, but he was always good and kind. One day a poor tramp stopped at Griggsby's door and begged for food.

"What would I have, if I fed every tramp who knocked at my door?" said Griggsby. "Get out of here!" "I'll work to pay for a bite to eat," begged the wanderer.

But Griggsby, who thought every stranger who entered the village had come to rob him, shook his head. "Then let your wife cook these two potatoes for me," the wanderer asked.

At this Griggsby became very angry, and he called his dogs and sent the wanderer on his weary way down the dusty road. When the wanderer reached Farmer Grey's house, Grey opened the door with a cheery smile.

"What can I do for you, sir?" asked Grey, and when the strange man made his wants known, Grey called his wife.

"Wife, here's a man who needs food. Give him what you have. You see, we haven't very much ourselves, but never a man goes hungry from our door," said Grey.

When Wife Grey brought out some sandwiches and a cup of steaming hot coffee, the wanderer handed her the two potatoes.

"Take these, cut out every eye and plant them in your garden. I wish I had more to offer you to repay your kindness," he said.

Mrs. Grey took the potatoes and thanked him. "I suppose he felt better after he'd given me the potatoes, poor fellow," she said to her husband after the wanderer had turned out of sight.

"As little as we have we could never complain, for we can always find some one who is worse off than we," replied Farmer Grey, and he took the potatoes and planted them in his garden.

The Wanderer Gives Wife Grey Two Large Potatoes. The year the village was beset by a plague of potato bugs, they soon destroyed every potato plant in the village excepting Farmer Grey's. His crop of potatoes ran into hundreds of barrels, which he sold and soon became wealthy.

"How many potatoes did you plant?" asked Griggsby, who with the rest of Grey's neighbors had lost their crops of potatoes in the same way. When Grey told about the two potatoes the wanderer had given Wife Grey, Griggsby was very angry.

"Why! that tramp came to our place first, and I refused to take them!" cried Griggsby. Grey laughed. "Well, we have plenty and can share them with you," said Grey, and he made Griggsby a present of a barrel of potatoes.

"It has always been my rule never to refuse food to any one who begs for it. What we have on this earth is just loaned to us and belongs to Him," said Farmer Grey, pointing to the clouds. "So when a man knocks at my door and seeks help I never send him away empty-handed."

Griggsby was very much ashamed and went home to tell his wife. Before the end of the year Griggsby, by lost everything he owned, and soon found himself a poor man, while Grey slowly became wealthy. Both men had been given the same chance. One had failed through selfishness and greed. The other had shared his little, and in return had received more, for the poor wanderer was none other than Fairy Reeper in disguise.

Courier Daily Recipe Column. Lots of Beef aux Champignons. Cut the meat 1/2 inch thick in a slanting way, to allow larger slices; then fry a light brown in hot bacon drippings; remove to a platter; in the frying pan add butter size of an egg and put in the meat, allowing it to remain but a minute, and remove again. Now stir in a tablespoonful flour, an onion cut fine and a cupful mushrooms which have been carefully drained; put the meat in again and add 2 cupfuls good stock, allowing it to boil slowly for 1/2 hour; season with pepper salt, parsley chopped fine; when about to serve add a wineglass of white wine.

FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE

We have received a limited supply of this new volume, in which the artist has maintained his high standard of humor.

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plings: when both sides are a fine brown, take them on a hot dish; put a wineglass of hot water in the pan; let it become hot, stir in a teaspoonful browned flour; let it boil up at once and serve in pan with the meat. Corned Beef. Corned beef should boil at least 5 hours. If boiled slowly it will be very tender and have a delicious flavor. Broiled Beefsteak. Take rump steak, cut in small pieces, and place on the broiler; let broil for a few minutes then turn; when done serve hot with butter.

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

LADIES' WAIST.

By Anabel Worthington.

This cleverly draped waist can be worn as a separate blouse, but it is much more effective if combined with a skirt of the same material and worn as a dress. It is cut surplus fashion and the fronts are crossed and dotted to the belt at the sides. The waist is gathered in the usual manner under this fitted belt. The opening at the front is in deep A shape, to show the crossed vest of georgette underneath. A narrow pointed collar of white satin adds distinction to the waist. The sleeves may be long ones, gathered into pointed cuffs to correspond with the collar, or short ones with turned back cuffs. The waist pattern, No. 8,390, is cut in sizes 36 to 42 inches bust measure. As on the figure, the 36 inch size requires 2 1/2 yards of 36 inch material with 1/2 yard of 36 inch contrasting goods. To obtain this pattern send ten cents to the office of this publication.



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