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"

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From Thursday's Daily.

In order to insure the coming of the message, and to make it realistic, he motored into Torquay and sent off a long telegram, partly in cipher. Returning, he had a conversation with Charrington, the doctor, and Char, the chauffeur, a conversation which left the brothers grave and subdued. Later Char went off in the car again, though it poured with rain, and was gone until late at night.

Between twelve and one o'clock Knight, strolling toward the garage, heard the automobile return, and stopped in the blaze of the acetylene for the motor to slow down.

"Is it all right?" he inquired.

"It's all right," Char answered somewhat sullenly, yet with a certain reluctant respect. "Nothing will happen here Monday night."

"Good," his master answered, and smiled at the thought of Madelena's malicious prophecy which would not be fulfilled. It was not a pleasant smile, yet as he had said to Annesley, he planned no revenge against the tigress—the woman whose claws had stealthily scratched.

Tigress or no, she was still a woman, and he knew that, as far as she was capable of caring, she had cared for him once.

Perhaps it had been partly his fault. She was handsome, and years younger when he had met her first. She had been married to an old man, jealous and suspicious, knowing that his money had won the beautiful wild creature for him. It was at Buenos Aires, and the husband had found her out in an intrigue partly political, partly mercenary and partly passionate. He had turned her out of his house without a penny, and Knight—not personally concerned in the intrigue, but interested—had been flush enough just then to lend her a thousand dollars, enough to get away with. It had been called a loan, but he had not expected to get the money back, and never did get it.

In California she had set herself up as a palmist and had become very successful, a success she followed up in New York; and she had gladly made herself useful in many ways to "Don" and those he "worked with."

One way was to find out the number and worth of her rich clients' jewels, and where they were kept. Through her crystal gazing she was able to conjure women's secrets from their hiding places without their realizing that they, not she, gave them to the light. And aboard the Monarchie was not by any means the first time that she had been invaluable in diverting suspicion by throwing it upon the wrong track.

Knight had consulted her, praised her and flattered her from time to time. Now he told himself that he but paid for his thoughtlessness. He had taken Madalena for granted, and come to regard her as a useful machine rather than as a woman; and though he now owed to her the loss of his happiness, that happiness had been undeserved, and, as he expressed it to himself walking the wet paths at midnight, he had "stood to lose it anyhow."

He would frighten Madalena so that she would never dare to try her tricks again, and he would let her understand that because of what she had done their partnership had come to an end once and forever. Otherwise she should feel herself safe from him.

Bad he might be, and was, as he knew; but he didn't think it was in his make-up, somehow, to strike back at a woman.

He did not go back to the house, after his short talk with Char, until after he had heard the stable clock strike four. It was easier to think and see things clearly out of doors than in his room adjoining Annesley's—that closed room, forbidden to him now, where she was perhaps crying, and surely hating him. As for the long nightmare day he had just lived through, it had been too full for much deliberate thinking; and he wanted to think of the future; how to begin again, and how to keep the woman who had so strangely come to mean more for him than anything else had ever meant—more, he knew, than anything else could mean.

He was not sure whether the love in his heart for her was a punishment or a blessing, but there it was. It had come to stay.

"This woman to this man!"

He found himself repeating the words he remembered best in the marriage service, not bitterly as he had repeated them to Annesley last night, but yearningly, clingingly, groping after some promise of hope in them.

"She gave herself to me. I'm the same man she loved, after all, though she says I'm not," he told himself. "God! What's the good of being a man at all, if I can't get her back?"

As he wandered from one winter-saddened garden after another—the Italian garden, the Dutch garden, the rose garden—he searched his soul, asking it how much more he should have to tell the girl about his past. In a kind of desperate resignation he persuaded himself that there was nothing he would not be willing to tell her now, if it were for her good, and if she wished to hear.

But something within him said that she would wish to hear no more. Knowing what she knew, she would think more than enough. She would doubtless refuse to listen to him, even if she felt curiosity. She would doubtless refuse to listen if he volunteered a further confession. He was instinctively sure of his ground there, and in his bitterness of spirit there was a faint gleam of comfort; certain details of his degradation (she would think it that) might be kept decently hidden.

For instance, he would not have to tell her how, as a boy in Chicago, he had learned to make strange use of those clever, nervous hands of his which she had lovingly praised as "sensitive and artistic." He could almost see the girl shudder and grow pale at hearing how proud he had been at sixteen of being admitted to friendship with a "swell mobsman" as fascinating as any "Raffles" of fiction; how it had amused the fellow to teach him a deft and delicate touch, beginning his lessons with the game of jackstraws, in which he was given prizes if he could separate the whole stack, one straw from another, without disturbing the balance of the pile.

It would gain him no credit in Annesley's eyes if he should assure her that, though he knew how—none better—he had somehow never cared to put his skill in practice, but had always preferred leaving that part of the industry to others. No excuse could help him with her, and he was glad she need not know all the ways in which he had served the eccentric friend and employer with whose interests he had been associated more or less since his twenty-fifth year.

How disgusting would seem to Anita the inside history of the Monarchie episode, upon which he had rather prided himself until love for her had begun making subtile changes in his view of life? He and old Paul Van Vreck had laughed together at the patent lock on which the agent depended—a lock invented by the retired member of the firm himself, and followed by a second invention, even more clever; a little instrument designed to open a door in spite of it.

There had been the drug, too, which, leaving no odor behind, had the same effect as chloroform, and "took" even more quickly. Paul Van Vreck had read of certain experiments made by a professor of chemistry in Jena, had gone to Germany to see the man, had bought the formula which had not yet proved itself entirely successful; had added an ingredient on his own account, and triumphed.

These parts of the complicated and well fitting scheme had seemed deliciously amusing to Knight in those days; that Van Vreck should use his secret skill against his own brothers and nephews in the business he had made; that the great expert should add to his fortune by stealing from his own firm, or rather, from the great insurance company who would repay their losses; that in such ways, with such money he could add treasures to his famous collection, practically at no expense to himself, and have besides the exquisite pleasure of laughing in his sleeve at the work.

It had all added zest to the work. And Knight had been pleased with some small inventions of his own, praised by Van Vreck; a smart hiding place in the heel of a boot, almost impossible to detect, and another equally convenient and invisible in the jet standard of Madalena de Santiago's crystal. He had actually enjoyed the excitement when he and Madalena and their two assistants, among the other passengers on board the big ship, had voluntarily consented to be searched for the missing jewels. And he had laughed sneeringly at the credulity of those who had believed in Madalena's trumped up vision "of the small fair man," the lighted life-preserver dropped into the sea at night, and the yacht which sent out a boat to pick it up.

For that other vision her crystal had supplied after the robbery in Portman Square, he was not responsible; but it was he who had suggested the "pictures" for her to see on shipboard.

He hated the recollections now. Even Annesley herself could not think it more contemptible than he did.

Still worse was the remembrance of Mrs. Ellsworth's latch-key, the keeping of which had been accidental at first. Afterwards he had gaily regarded its possession as a gift from Providence. The way to Ruthven Smith's house was made clear by it; and better still, through it the dragon could be punished for years of cruelty to the captive princess. "Char" had been the man to whom fell the honor of bestowing the punishment, and leaving a missive from the princess's rescuer.

Knight writhed in spirit as he wondered whether the princess guessed the fate of the key.

He wondered also if she asked herself what part he had had in the mysterious disappearance of the Valley House heirlooms. She would loathe him more intensely, if possible, could she know how her presence with him on that public "show day" had helped to cloak with respectability his secret mission. How vilely mean he had been in distracting her attention from the two Fragonards and from the cabinets containing the miniatures and the carved Chinese gods of jade, while he "marked" the prizes for the eyes of his two assistants. How unsuspicious and happy the girl had been, trusting him utterly while behind her back he manipulated the diamond—his useful diamond—he always carried for such purposes!

Even then he had the grace to be ashamed of himself for his disloyalty, though not for his dishonesty, as quickly and deftly the diamond cut the glass faces of the cabinets directly opposite the miniatures and the Buddha meant to enrich Paul Van Vreck's secret collection. He had been glad to hurry his unsuspecting wife away, and let the eager pair of "tourists" crowding on his heels finish the work he had begun.

It seemed to Knight, as his thoughts travelled heavily along the past, that no other woman but just this Annesley Grayle, this fragile white rose that had freely given him its sweetness, could have turned him from the vow of vengeance for his parents' fate, which as a boy he had sworn against the world. Day by day, week by week, month by month the fragrance of the white rose had so changed him that looking back at himself as he had been, he saw a stranger.

Continued in Saturday's Daily.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

A "RAILINETTE" DRESS

A special feature about this costume is the deep flat belt adorned with tassels. It is a model most typical of the moment with the straight up-and-down line and emphatic simplicity.

Good Night Stories

By Blanche Silver

The Black Fairies

Little Bobby sat on the gate post and watched the people going by. Something black went step by step behind the folks as they walked up the street. A dog ran out, and Bobby hopped off the post. Yes, sure enough, there ran the black something right on the heels of the little dog, and Bobby ran into the house.

"Mother what is the black thing that follows every one down the street?" he asked, and mother said she thought maybe it was a fairy.

"But, mother, dogs don't have fairies chasing them, do they?" he asked.

"I guess they must be fairies. Run and play, dear; please don't bother me just now," said mother, and Bobby went out.

In front of him on the walk was the little Black Fairy, and as he stepped the little Black Fairy stepped with him.

"That sure is funny. If I could I'd step right on it," said Bobby, but as he turned he glanced over his shoulder and a little Black Fair. was following him, and he ran as fast as he could into the house.

"Mother can you see anything back of me?" he asked, and mother shook her head.

"No, dear, not a thing," she answered, and Bobby looked around.

"Well he came in with me, for I saw him running right behind me," said Bobby.

He hunted under the table and chairs, but the little Black Fairy was nowhere in sight and Bobby ran outside and looked all around. Why, there it was in front of him, and he stood very still for fear it might run away again.

"Mother, come quick," he cried, and mother, thinking something had happened, came running from the house.

"Here it is!" cried Bobby. Then he turned in astonishment, for a great, big Black Fairy ran in front of mother.

"No, there it is in front of you," he exclaimed pointing to the ground and mother laughed.

"Why, dear, that is simply a shadow. When you walk in a bright light of any kind you come between it and the ground, leaving the ground on the other side of you dark. Because the light cannot get through you it casts your shadow on the ground instead.

"See the peach tree and the dark spot on the grass under it with the patches of yellow scattered over it? The sun casts a shadow of the tree on the grass, the leaves on the tree are not thick enough to keep out all the light and little rays of sunlight peep through and make the yellow spots.

"My shadow is in front of me, because I am going away from the sun; yours is behind you, because you face the sun," explained mother.

But all that morning Bobby ran through the garden, puzzled by the shadow fairy. Sometimes it ran in front of him, sometimes behind him, then at his side. But when mother called him at noon he walked right on the shadow as he ran into the house.

Swindlers are Sought

By Courier Leased Wire.

Pittsburg, May 4.—Representatives of the attorney-general and constables from an alderman's office continued their search to-day for the seven men, who were yesterday accused by J. Denny O'Neil, insurance commissioner of Pennsylvania, of conspiring to defraud the Pittsburgh Life and Trust Company out of $1,900,000. None of the men could be located in Pittsburgh and it was said the search would be transferred to New York, where most of the men reside. Those for whom warrants were obtained are:

Clarence S. Birdseye, New York; Kellog Birdseye, treasurer of the company; George Montgomery, Robert R. Moore, president of the Commercial Trust Company, of New York; Albert Leury of New York, and W. C. McCausland and a Mr. Watson, whose addresses were not given.

It was intimated that additional warrants were to be sworn out, and that other men would be involved in the prosecution. This could not be confirmed as Mr. O'Neil, after closing the company's offices and ordering that no more insurance be written, left town. It was said he had gone to Harrisburg, for a conference with other state officials and he might go to New York before returning to Pittsburg on Monday, when his application for the appointment of a receiver for the company is to be appointed in the common pleas court.

Discussing the condition of the company, Mr. O'Neil said his examination led him to believe that the company's capital of $1,000,000 had been entirely wiped out. Through the operations of Clarence F. Birdseye, a promoter of New York, he said, $1,900,000 in actual cash had been secured from the company in two days. Of this amount, according to the commissioner, $1,000,000 went to finance the Dare Lumber Company in North Carolina, $440,000 went to pay certain alleged "dummy directors" another $400,000 went to promoters and $100,000 was dissipated in generaus payments to men little known in the deal.

The company was capitalized at $1,000,000 and its assets amounted to $24,000,000, protecting outstanding insurance of about $115,000,000.

Redpath SUGAR

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2 and 5 lb. Cartons—10, 20, 50 and 100 lb. Bags.

Made in one grade only—the highest!

Courier Daily Recipe Column

Financiere Garnish for Veal Loin or Saddle of Mutton.

One-half pound mushrooms, 1-4 pound truffles, 3 artichokes cut in quarters; cut the filets of a fowl in small pieces, melt in a saucepan, 1 tablespoon butter mixed with 1 tablespoon flour; add through a strainer the gravy of the tenderloin, etc. Add mushrooms, artichokes and truffles; boil a few minutes and pour this sauce around tenderloin placed in a long dish.

Fricassee of Beef

Take 2 pounds of bottom of round cut in small pieces. Roll each piece in flour, which has been slightly salted; cover with water and let simmer until meat can be easily pierced with a fork, then add 1 chopped onion, 6 medium sized potatoes, sliced and pepper and salt to taste. Boil until done.

Fried Chicken.

Cut up two chickens and season with salt and cayenne pepper. Roll them in flour and fry them in hot lard. When the whole are fried pour off the lard and put in one-quarter pound of butter 1 teacup of cream, a little flour. When boiled pour over the chicken and garnish with parsley chopped fine and sprinkle over the top.

Pork Pie

Take remnants of roast pork and boil until very tender; pick apart in small pieces and put in a deep baking dish; thicken the water it was boiled in and pour over the meat; sprinkle a little salt and pepper over and cover with crust made as follows:

One cup pastry flour, 1 tablespoon lard, pinch of salt and 1 teaspoon baking powder. A small onion sliced and put over the meat improves it if one likes onions.

BANISH PIMPLES AND ERUPTIONS

In The Spring Most People Need a Tonic Medicine.

One of the surest signs that the blood is out of order is the pimples, unsightly eruptions and eczema that come frequently with the change from winter to spring. These prove that the long indoor life of winter has had its effect upon the blood, and that a tonic medicine is needed to put it right. Indeed there are few people who do not need a tonic at this season. Bad blood does not merely show itself in disfiguring eruptions. To this same condition is due attacks of rheumatism and lumbago; the sharp stabbing pains of sciatica and neuralgia, poor appetite and a desire to avoid exertion. You cannot cure these troubles by the use of purgative medicines — you need a tonic, and a tonic only, and among all medicines there is none can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for their tonic, life-giving, nerve-restoring powers. Every dose of this medicinne makes new, rich blood which drives out impurities, stimulates every organ and brings a feeling of new health and energy to weak, tired, ailing men, women and children. If you are out of sorts give this medicine a trial and see how quickly it will restore the appetite, revive drooping spirits, and fill your veins with new health-giving blood.

You can get these pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ALLEGED EMBEZZLER

By Courier Leased Wire.

Montreal, May 3.—J. S. R. Leclaire, 21 years of age, was arrested here yesterday morning at a house on Clark Street. He was in bed when apprehended. The detective agency who effected the arrest, says Leclaire is wanted for an alleged disappearance of several hundred dollars last February from the Northern Crown Bank at Ottawa, where he worked as teller.

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CURES RHEUMATISM BRIGHT'S DISEASE DIABETES BACKACHE
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POWDERED PASTE
All you have to do is mix with cold water
15c and 25c pkg.

GLUE FOR SIZING
12c., 20c., and 35c pkg.

Wall Paper Cleaner
Will remove all spots, 15c pkg. Curtain Rods, 10c., 15c., 25c each. Picture Hooks, 10c., 15c., 25c dozen. Picture Wire, 8c., 10c., 15c pkg. Window Shades all colors and sizes. Room Mouldings and Burlaps.
All of the above in our Wall Paper Department

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WALL PAPERS, WINDOW SHADES, ETC.

SIDE TALKS

By RUTH ROSS CAMERON

BY THE AID OF YOU RNOSE.

If you were set down in a shop anywhere with your eyes closed, and asked to tell what kind of a shop it was, couldn't you almost guess by the aid of your nose?

And I don't mean only in cases where the smell was something poignant and unmistakable, as in a fish shop for instance.

I mean in any shop.

Take a shoe store, The next time you go into one notice the distinctive smell. No, it isn't wholly the smell of leather. If you think it is, go into a leather shop and see how different the distinctive odor there is. By the way, I wonder if there ever was a person who disliked the smell of leather? But in the odor distinctive to the shop, though leather is a component part, perhaps the dominant part, it is not the whole.

That Undefinable Smell of the Apothecary Shop

The apothecary shop is another examnle of a distinctive but unanalyzable odor. It seems to me that the soda fountain contributes an influence that dominates that odor but I am not sure. It is certainly a most wonderful blend in which one catches suggestions of soap, of toothpaste, of toiletpowder and the dry vague fragrance of a thousand drugs. Last time I was in an apothecary's shop I sniffed so hard and so thoughtfully in an attempt to analyze this subtle odor that I suddenly found the clerk looking at me suspiciously.

Wet Smells and Dry Smells

A grocery shop also has a fragrance all its own—a clean, spicy, dry smell. Smells can be divided into dry and wet, you know. And I think it is almost always the wet smells that are offensive. Leather is a dry smell. Fish is a wet smell.

Although it has nothing to do with shops, there is one more odor that clamors to be mentioned on the chance that it may arouse the same train of memories in your mind that it did in mine.

That Parlor-y Smell

I went to see a very old lady the other day. She insisted that I go into her parlor and fluttered in ahead of me to open the door and raise the shades. And oh the queer little stuffy parlor odor that smote my nostrils! It carried me straight back to the days when I used to go with my father on Sunday afternoons to call on elderly relatives, and parlors closed up during the week were opened to receive us.

The sense of smell is one of the humblest of our five handmaidens but when she touches the chord of memory she comes into her own and displays a power greater than even that of the two proudest, sight and hearing.

GRAIN MOVEMENT.

Calgary, May 3—A computation of the grain movement of the province since September 1, 1916, has just been complied by the Canadian Pacific Railway general superintendents office in this city. It indicates that a total of 54,000,000 bushels of all grains were transported by that 16, or since the new crop came in.

Of the total of 54,000,000 bushels were wheat, while the great bulk of the remaining portion was made up of oats shipments.

Taking these figures as a basis it seems not unreasonable to suppose that the wheat production for the last season was at least well over the fifty million mark, which would make a close second to the great yield of the previous year.

BANK CLEARINGS

Montreal, May 4.—Bank clearings for the week were $96,380,507, compared with $78,489,695 for the same week last year, and $55,911,529 for 1915.

Humors come to the surface in the spring as in no other season. They don't run themselves all off that way, however, but mostly remain in the system. Hood's Sarsaparilla removes them, wards off danger makes good health sure.

For cakes
PURITY FLOUR
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MORE BREAD and BETTER BREAD