

An Outsider

(By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE)

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

(From Friday's Daily.)

The sky that now shone down upon the city was a fair shield of stars unblurred by cloud; the storm had passed without her knowledge, closing the window, Sally delayed no longer, but, after a hurried survey of her own person, she stepped out into the night and went to the door. She hardly knew why it was that she opened it so gently and waited so long upon the threshold, every nerve tensed to detect alien sound in the stillness of the empty house. But it was as if with darkness those vacant rooms and passages had become populous with strange, hostile spirits. She heard nothing whatever, yet it was with an effort she stole forth through the hallway and up the stairs to the topmost floor, where, perched precariously upon the iron ladder, she tried her patient, scarcely recalling the click that had accompanied its closing—the click of a spring-latch.

But this last, when gropingly located, proved equally obdurate; she tumbled doggedly until back and limbs ached with the strain of her position; but her fingers lacked cunning to solve the secret; and in the end, when on the point of climbing down to fetch matches, she heard a sound that chilled her heart and checked her breath in a twinkling—an odd, scuffling noise on the roof. At first remote and confused, it drew nearer and grew more clear—a sound of light footfalls on the sheet-tin.

Her self-confidence and satisfaction measurably dashed, she climbed down, so fearful of betraying herself to the person on the roof that she went to the absurd extreme of gathering her skirts up tightly to still their sliken murmur.

Now she must leave by the street. And now she remembered the policeman who kept nightly vigil at the avenue crossing!

She was beginning to be definitely frightened, vividly picturing to herself the punishment that must follow detection.

And as she crept down-stairs, guided only by the banister-rail, the sense of her loneliness and helplessness there in that strange, dark place worked upon the temper of the girl until her plight, however real, was exaggerated hideously and ended with terrors so frightful that she was ready to scream at the least alarm.

CHAPTER III.

Accessory After the Fact.

At the foot of the stairs Sally paused in the entry-hall, thoughtfully considering the light door, the plate rectangle of whose plate-glass was stenciled black with the pattern of its lace panel. But she decided against risking that avenue of escape; it would have been hardly but steal away via the basement, unobtrusively, that the always-possible passer-by might more readily take her for a servant.

Turning back, then, toward the basement staircase, she began to grope her way through blinding darkness, but had taken only a few uncertain steps when, of a sudden, she stopped short and for a little stood like a stricken thing, quite motionless save that she quaked to

her very marrow in the grasp of a great and enervating fear. If she could not have said what precisely it was that she feared, her fright was no less desperately real. She could see nothing; she had heard no sound; her hands had touched nothing more startling than the banister-rail, and yet—

It was as if sensitive filaments of perceptions even finer than sight, touch, and hearing had found and recoiled from something strange and terrible skulking there, masked by the encompassing dark.

Probably less than twenty seconds elapsed, but it seemed a long minute before her heart stirred anew, and she was able to reassert command of her reason and—reassured, persuaded her fright lacked any real foundation—move on.

Five paces more brought her to the elbow of the rail; here, in the very act of turning to follow it down to the basement, she halted involuntarily, again transfixed with terror.

But this time her alarm had visible excuse; that there was something wrong in that strange house, so strangely deserted, was evident beyond dispute.

She stood facing the dining-room door, the door to the library on her left; if not in any way evident to her senses, she could fix its position only approximately by an effort of memory. But through the former opening her vision, ranging at random, instinctively seeking relief from the oppression of blank darkness, detected a slender beam of artificial light no thicker than a lead-pencil—a golden blade that lanced the obscurity, gleaming down upon a rug, more bright on naked parquet, vivid athwart the dust-cloth shrouding the dining-table.

For a moment or two the girl lingered, unstriving, fascinated by that slender, swerveless ray; then, slowly, holding her breath, urged against her will by importunate curiosity, she crossed the threshold of the dining-room, following the light back to its source—a narrow crack in the folding doors communicating with the library.

Now Sally remembered clearly that the folding doors had been wide open at the time of her first tour of investigation; indeed, had the door between the library and hall—now tight shut, else this light would have been perceptible in the hall as well.

It was undeniable, then, that since she had closed herself up in the house, another person had entered the house—some one who had shut himself up in the library for a purpose apparently as clandestine as her own. Or why such pains to mask the light, and why such care not to disturb the silence of the house?

To have gone on and made good an escape without trying to read this riddle would have been hardly but man of the girl, for all her misgivings; she stole on to the folding doors with less noise than a mouse had made and put an eye to the crack, which, proving somewhat wider than she had anticipated, afforded a fair view of the best part of the other room.

An electric chandelier was on full blaze above the broad and heavy center-table of mahogany, beyond which, against the farther wall, stood

SIDE TALKS

By RUTH YOUNG CAMERON

LET'S FIND IT.

Once upon a time we had two workmen in the house making some repairs for us.

We had made certain plans, and something in the construction of the house suddenly loomed up in the way of these plans.

"What shall we do?" I said to the carpenter.

Said one carpenter, "I don't see anything we can do. That wall is in the way."

There must be some way to get round that difficulty.

Do you wonder? I don't.

The other day I met that second carpenter on the street. He is a master builder now. He has five men working for him. The first carpenter is one of them.

That little incident was so perfectly typical of two ways, the right and the wrong, the conquering and the lying down way, of meeting difficulties.

in the eyes of an excited young woman.

But a moment later, finding the case to be fast-locked, the burglar gave utterance to an exclamation that very nearly cost him his appeal to her admiration. She couldn't hear distinctly; for the impatient monosyllable was breathed rather than spoken, but at that distance it sounded remarkably like "Bahaw!"

(Continued in Monday's Issue.)

Good Night Stories

MARY BROWN BAT

Mary Brown Bat lived alone under the eaves of the old barn. She was very lonesome and unhappy until one day Mamma Red Bat stopped to inquire if there was room on the eaves for her and the little ones.

"That depends on how large your family is," replied Mary Brown Bat.

"Here they are," answered Mamma Red Bat, and two little bats untripped themselves for Mamma Bat's neck, where they had been hanging.

"Oh! So that's the way you travel—with the children hanging to your neck. Surely there's room enough for us all, and most happy I am to share the barn with you," said Mary Brown Bat.

The little ones settled themselves on the eaves, where they flattened themselves out and, clinging to the boards.

That night Mamma Bat with her babies clinging to her neck, played and chased bugs with Mary until they were tired, then they flew into the barn.

Mamma Red Bat set her little ones down on a branch and started over to join Mary, who sat on another limb when she saw something dark creeping along the limb back of her. Mamma Red Bat knew in a second it must be a wasp, and she screamed a warning just in time to save Mary's life, for the wasp was nearly on her. Mamma Red Bat gathered up her babies and they flew back to the barn.

"You certainly saved my life. How can I ever repay you?" said Mary, and she was very happy to feel that Mamma Red Bat had come there to live.

They were just about ready to take their daily nap when a sparrow circled around the corner of the barn chasing a bug. The bug flew over the place where Mamma Red Bat tucked her babies to bed, and when the sparrow saw the bug, he wing brushed against the little bats and they tumbled from their resting places. They were too young to fly, but as they fell toward the ground they spread their wings, which broke their fall, and they hit the ground unhurt but badly frightened.

Mamma Red Bat with a cry, flew to their rescue just as a big gray cat

Courier Daily Recipe Column

ALMOND WAFERS

Cream 1-2 cupful butter; add slowly 1 cupful powdered sugar, 1-2 cupful milk, drop by drop; then add 1-3 cupful bread flour, 1-2 teaspoonful extract of almond; spread very thin on the bottom of a dripping pan inverted and buttered; mark in squares; sprinkle with almonds blanched and chopped rather fine and bake in a moderate oven about 5 minutes; roll in tubular or conical shape while warm; it is better to set the pan on the back of the range while rolling the wafers, as they become brittle very quickly.

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE

One and one-half cups pastry flour, 1 tablespoonful butter, 1 generous teaspoonful baking powder, a little salt; mix with water; do not get it too hard; roll in two cakes as thin as pie crust; brush the top with butter and lay the other on top and bake; when done take apart and spread on each a layer of strawberries crushed a little, some sugar and butter and put together again.

Courier Daily: Pattern Service

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CHILDREN'S DRESS.

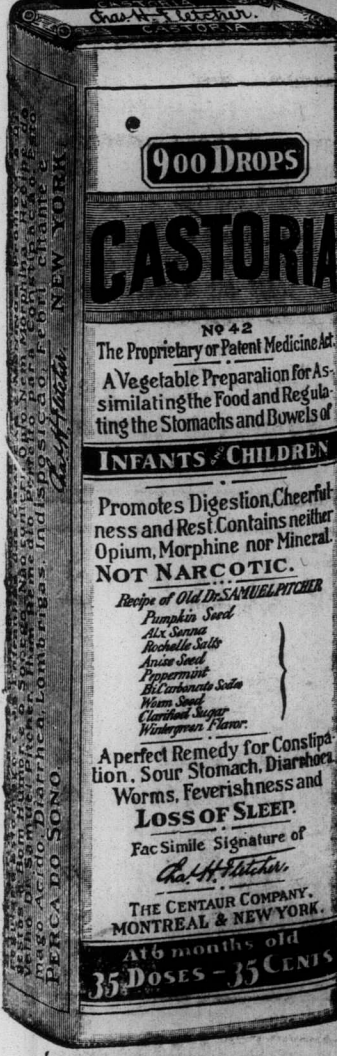
By Anabel Worthington.



A cleverly cut little one piece dress which is rather unusual is shown in No. 8398. It is cut on straight lines, but the secret of its individuality is found in the unique arrangement of the belt. The dress is to be slipped on over the head, and the gumpie is separate. The back of the dress is extended in tab shaped pieces at the waist line, which button onto the straight belt at the front. The same idea is repeated in the front of the dress, with the exception that the tabs pass through slots at the back before joining the belt. The sleeves may be made either long or short.

The pattern, No. 8398, is cut in sizes 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. In the 8 year size the separate dress requires 2 1/2 yards 36 inch material, with 1/2 yard 36 inch contrasting goods. The gumpie requires 1 1/2 yards 36 inch material.

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



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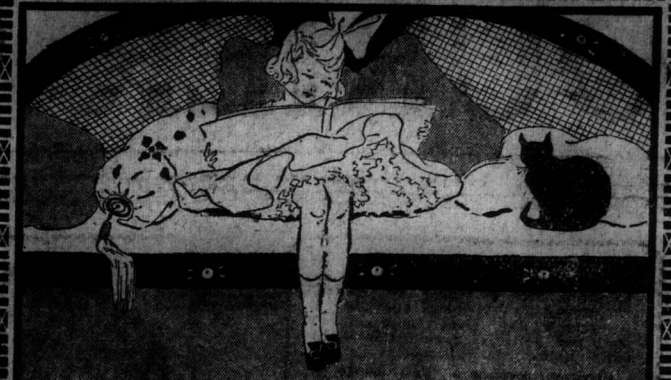
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