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THE MAELSTROM

By Frank Froest

Late Superintendent of the Criminal Investigation Department of New Scotland Yard. (Copyright)

(From Tuesday's Daily.)
"Just as you say," agreed Menzies, amicably. "What are you doing up in this quarter, Rufe? I thought Piccadilly was more your mark."
The other was ready. "There's a kiddo, chief."
"What's her name?"
"Enid Samuels. She—"
"Where does she live?"
"Her boss, he's got a little cigar factory down Commercial Road. She's a cigar maker. Say, chief, you ought to see her—she's a peacherino."
"Aren't you wasting time?" said Menzies, acidly. "Look here, Rufe, you know you'll get a square deal with me. You didn't come to meet your kiddo, your Enid, your peacherino, with a gun. You didn't expect to find her in Tim Donovan's kip, did you? What kind of suckers do you take us for to swallow that? You know what we want. Where's Ling and the others laying up?"
Rufe blinked several times in succession. "Come again," he murmured. "I don't get you."
The chief inspector crossed his knees and eyed the prisoner placidly. From his breast pocket he took an official blue colored document. "This is your full night, isn't it?" he asked. "You know all about English law, I reckon. I can't put you in the meat-box. A police officer mustn't ask incriminating questions of a man he intends to arrest. I can't make you give yourself away, Rufe, can I?" He shook a menacing finger forefinger.

The prisoner shuffled his feet uneasily, and his insolent eyes lost something of their boldness. He was shaken, and he showed it. "There ain't nothin' against me, anyway?" he agreed.
"No." There was an intonation of polite surprise in Menzies's voice. "Nothing at all. Just a few little things like arson and conspiracy to murder don't count in this game. I reckon Gwennie has been playing you for a duple."
The heady black eyes caught fire. "I ain't nobody's fool," he cried. "Gwennie can't put it over on me."
"I'm glad you feel like that, Rufe." From Menzies's air he might have been chatting confidentially with an intimate friend in whose troubles he took a sympathetic interest. "Shows a trusting nature."
Rufe glowered at him suspiciously.
"Funny though, isn't it?" the detective went on.
"Here's the mob of you go out for a batuff, and when you miss your jump who gets left behind? Why, Dago Sam and Errol and you, Gwennie isn't in the basket, I bet you. No, nor Ling either. That's what I mean when I say they played you for a duple."
Two deep, vertical lines etched themselves in Rufe's forehead, and his lower jaw dug in. It was part of the soundness of the detective's position that the other did not know how much he knew. He had instilled into Rufe a profound distrust of his confederates. The crook was being deftly calculated to stir the idea of reprisal in his mind. His hands opened and clenched.
"If I thought that," he said, and suddenly paused and raked the detective with his gaze. "How do I know you ain't stringin' me?" he demanded.
Menzies flung his hand out in a listless gesture. "It doesn't matter to me," he said. "I just hate to see folk double crossed though." He leaned forward. "Dye see, Rufe, you

were due to get left anyhow. They were using you to pull the chestnuts out of the fire, but do you reckon you'd have been in at the share-out? I don't."
"That's your word," persisted Rufe doubtfully. "You've want me to squeal on 'em. You're some sleut. Where do I come in if I put you wise?"
"I get 'em anyway," answered Menzies indifferently. "You'd maybe save some time and trouble." He spread his hands out wide. "You're no chicken, Rufe. You know what you're in for. I can't help that, can I? I guess you'll take whatever's coming to you like a white man. But after the dirty way they've treated you, you ought to get a come-back on them. Didn't you now?"
In point of fact Menzies had no knowledge as to whether Rufe was being treated fairly or not by his confederates. He was working on the line of least resistance. It is never at any time difficult to arouse in the mind of a crook a surmise that he is being double-crossed by his associates. Rufe had neither the skill nor the wit to conceal in his features the fact that the seed Menzies had sown had met with fertile ground.

"Worse," agreed that individual. "Of course, there's that little job of Errol's, but I know you, Rufe. You wouldn't go for to do a thing like that, without he properly asked for it."
It was a long shot, but by no means a shot at random. The very character of Big Rufe had been sufficient to convince Menzies that here he held the most likely author of the knife thrust which had laid up Errol. He spoke casually as though the fact was what lawyers call common ground, and he had his reward.
"You're on to it," said Rufe eagerly. "Dat guy was too fresh. He took liberties, you understand, and when he pulled a gun on me he got what was coming to him."
The chief inspector's face was immobile. He gave no sign of having scored another peg in his investigation. Leaning over against the door-congreve, apparently more interested in his finger nails than in the conversation, he looked up, and Menzies knew that he had heard and appreciated the confession.

"You know what you're saying, Rufe?" Menzies warned. "Of course, it isn't news to me, but I'll have to say you owned up. If you didn't mean it I'll forget it. Not that it will make much odds."
"Sure I know," said Rufe, with a definiteness that showed he had made up his mind. "I ain't blind. You guys have got it all fixed up for me, an' I don't make any trouble—see." He squared his shoulders. "Why should I be denying it? If it's me for it, you bet I want Ling for company."
There was no need to correct the crook's impression that his admission was a work of supererogation. It made things promise to go easier. So long as Big Rufe believed that things were utterly hopeless for him, so long would he do his best to see that he wasn't lonely in the dock.
"We'll pull him presently," said Menzies, confidentially. "If he's inside, our lines he can't get away."
The gold fillings in Rufe's mouth flashed again. He was amused and made no attempt to conceal it. "You're off your bearings there," he said. "You don't really think you

get Ling as easy as that, do you? He ain't inside no cordon. No, sir."
For half a second Menzies wondered if he had underestimated Big Rufe. Was the man as simple as he seemed, or was he trying to deftly confuse the trail? The reflection was swept away as swiftly as it had arisen. Rufe was not the person to get such a notion or to carry it out, if he did. He would not so willingly have committed himself to save his dearest friend.
"He had a private aeroplane waiting, I suppose?" Menzies said, with heavy irony.
Rufe's wide-mouthed grin extended still further. "Yen shee gawey?" he said, with deliberate mystery.
"En shee quay?" Menzies frowned. "Now what the blazes do you mean by that? You aren't trying to come the funny boy on me, are you, Rufe?"
"Huh!" Rufe was plainly disgusted. "You're a right smart. Alick, ain't you, not to know what that means?"
"My education's been neglected. Tell me."
Rufe squatted cunningly sideways at his interlocutor. "I'm telling you nothing—see? If any mutt says I squealed I didn't—see?"
Menzies began to see daylight. "Of course you didn't, Rufe. You wouldn't do such a thing. I get you."
"Why," went on Rufe, reminiscently, but with an air of intense seriousness. "I got left for a sucker as you said just now, chief. I been hanging round a joint back of this street with Ling, long time. I could see Gwennie's place from the back window. There's a room there she didn't use, and Ling framed it up wit' her only this morning, and if she wanted us around she was to send a handkerchief across one of the panes in daylight, or light up a candle after dark."
The chief inspector bit his lip. The possibility of a system of signaling had been so obvious that he had overlooked it. He cursed himself mentally. Aloud he merely said, "Go on."
"Well, when that tin-horn Cincinnati came nosing around Gwennie begins to smell something an' she tipped us the office. You better bet we came round, and Ling and Gwennie fixed the show for fireworks. I didn't have any hand in that, I swear I didn't."
"Get along," ordered Menzies, sharply. "How'd they get away?"
"Gwennie took her chance and beat it out the back in the yards before we put a light to the place. She's an active old lady for her age, and she seems to have a sort of respect for you, chief—kind as if she knew you'd block all bolt-holes from the front."
"She had a bit of an argument with Ling about it. He holds that there'd be time for a get-away from the front because we came that way, and calls her down for a mutt, giving the game away by climbing back-yard walls. She wouldn't argue."
"If you've any sense, Stewart," says she, "you'll do what I'm going

SIDE TALKS

WHEN IS A BARGAIN

"Yes," said my next door neighbor when we expressed our admiration of a distinctive looking plaid skirt she was wearing, "that skirt is one of the best bargains I ever bought."
"Why, I thought you told me before there were any mark-downs, said the lady from across the way in surprise."
"So I did,"
"But you said it was a bargain."
A Bargain Not A Mark-down
"It was my dear. It never had anything that so many people admired and thought becoming. Its dressy but not too dressy. And while it has a good style of its own its not a style that will go out of style. I've worn it all winter and I plan to wear it off and on this summer and all next winter. It's a splendid material and I bought it at a reasonable price. It's not a bargain, but I didn't say a mark-down, you know."
"Yes I suppose so," said the lady from across the way, "but you

to. The bulls'll be waitin' outside for Cincinnati."
"Dat woman's got some sense, chief, but Ling, he didn't see it. And I didn't reckon there was much to it till we got lit up. Ling, he stays behind. You go see if the old lady's got it straight," he says. "Dey's not looking for you, anyway."
"So I beat it and sees the cops holding everybody up just as the fire-engines come the lights back, but I didn't get the chance to get at Ling. But he must have tumbled to the racket, because the next I see of him he came out and walked straight down the street and through your lines, boss, and not one of your guys was wise to him. He's some nerry is Ling."
"You mean that Ling walked right through our men without being held up?"
"Sure. If I'd have thought of the gag I'd have done it, too." His eyes twinkled. "Can you figure it out?"
Menzies bit hard at a mouthful of mustache. Even Congress had lost all interest in his finger-nails. Suddenly the senior detective's face lighted up. "Congreve," he said. "Slip out and find what fire crews have gone away. If the divisional fire superintendent is still there ask him to have a rollcall taken."
"You've got it, boss—at last," said Big Rufe.
(Continued in Thursday's Issue.)

A Cincinnati bull-terrier pulled the bed clothes off his mistress and thus saved three sleeping families from being suffocated by ammonia fumes. Socialists have nominated Morris Hill as Mayor of New York. Recently he was refused a passport to attend the convention at Stockholm. Trying to calm a boisterous friend, John Moore, president of a Philadelphia club, was shot. Physicians say his slayer will be permanently insane.

Hurrah! How's This?
Cincinnati authority says corns dry up and lift out with fingers.

Hospital records show that every time you eat corn you invite lockjaw or blood poison, which is needless, says a Cincinnati authority, who tells you that a quarter ounce of a drug called freezone can be obtained at little cost from the drug store but is sufficient to ruin one's feet of every hard or soft corn or callus.

You simply apply a few drops of freezone on a tender, aching corn and soreness instantly relieved. Shortly the entire corn can be lifted out, root and all, without pain. This drug is sticky but dries at once and is claimed to just shrivel up any corn without inflaming or even irritating the surrounding tissue or skin.

If your wife wears high heels she will be glad to know of this.

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Has new rompers? Every mother knows how quickly they wear out on active children, and so a new style is always welcome. No. 8,296 embodies several features which are a little out of the ordinary for this type of garment. The waist has Gibson plaits over the shoulders, giving a square effect which is very becoming to child figures. The closing is at centre back, and a little round collar in two sections finishes the neck. The sleeves are comfortably wide and short. However, the important feature of these rompers is that the good section shown in the back view may be turned downward—a style which is especially good for very young children.

The romper pattern, No. 8,296, is cut in four sizes, 1, 2 and 3 years. The 3-year size requires 2 1/2 yards 27 inch material, 1 1/2 yards 36 inch, with 1/4 yard 30 inch contrasting goods. To obtain this pattern send ten cents to the address in this publication.

Let's talk about time that the small son of the office of this publication.



Good Night Stories

PEGGY AND THE CLOUD IMP.

Peggy stood gazing out the window. The rain pattered down on the flowers and the grasses, bending them almost to the ground.
"I wish it would stop raining," sighed Peggy.
"Don't complain of the weather, dear, we need the rain to make things grow," said her mother. "It will soon clear off, then you can play."

Peggy watched the blossoms of her rose bush fall to pieces under the heavy drops, and the wind whisk them all over the yard.
"The good my roses all to pieces. That makes me tired!" cried Peggy.
Something stirred on the pink petals that sailed by the window, and Peggy watched to see where it would light. Right in a puddle at the side of the walk.

"A tiny figure jumped out and ran over the grass to the sandstone near the well. Just as it perched on top of the stool the rain stopped and the sun shot from behind the cloud.
Peggy ran outside and tiptoed to the place where the Cloud Fairy sat shaking out his wings.
"I fell in that lake," he said when he saw Peggy.
Peggy laughed.
"That isn't a lake, it's only a tiny puddle, you couldn't drown in that," she replied. But when she turned the puddle was a big lake, for the imp had wished Peggy small like himself. "Oh!" was all she could say as the waves dashed on the stones at her feet.

Tinting The Clouds.
A pink petal boat sailed toward them, and the Cloud Imp jumped in, calling Peggy. Peggy got in beside him, and the boat drifted across the water, then sailed into the air and soared among the clouds. Little people hurried everywhere.
When it is a busy day with us, for when it rains we wash out our sails and hang them up to dry. You little folks think all rain is good for is to water your gardens, but rainy days are our washdays," explained the imp.

Little fellows with buckets of beautiful color ran around tinting up the clouds that were dry.
"Our artists color them and you people call them twilight clouds, but you can see they are only sails after all," said the imp.
Yes, Peggy could see them very plainly now, and she wondered why they would look from earth.

"The cloud boat they were in began to sink, and Peggy found herself once more on the garden walk. The imp leaned over the side of the boat.
"Now when it rains and you can't play out, just remember your trip to Cloudland, and that will help you pass the time until we finish our washing, then run and look at the sky. If you're cross with us because it rains, then the imp's refuse to work and cover the sun with a dark curtain, and he goes down behind heavy clouds. So be happy on rainy days and you'll find after the shower is over that your twilight sky will be glorious," said the imp, and the petal boat sailed away.

Peggy stuck her foot into the puddle and watched the petals float around.
"I always thought the clouds looked like sails flapping in the wind," she said, as she watched them change colors.

KILLED HIMSELF.
Because His Fiancee Broke Engagement.
London, Ont., July 11.—Russell Goff, an eighteen-year-old barber of this city, died in Victoria Hospital yesterday morning from the result of shooting himself in the head while crazed over a disagreement with his sweetheart. Goff had been keeping company with his cousin, who is three years his senior, and he had announced his intention of marrying her. The young lady changed her mind. After spending Monday evening with her he returned to the home of his sister, Mrs. William George, 701 Princess avenue, and roused the household by the shot that ended up his life. He was rushed to Victoria Hospital and the bullet was removed, but little hope was felt for his recovery. In his pockets was found a note written on the back of a snapshot, saying the girl knew his reason.

The young man had a large circle of friends and was well thought of. His home is near Glenora, but he left there a few years ago to learn his trade in Toronto. He worked in St. Thomas before coming to London.

The Waste of War is terrible, but the waste of food in times of peace is colossal. Rich and poor alike eat tons of food that has little food value—and this useless food breaks down the so-called eliminating organs and depletes the physical and mental powers. Shredded Wheat Biscuit is all food, prepared by a process which makes every particle thoroughly digested. It is 100 per cent. whole wheat. Two or three of these Biscuits with milk, make a nourishing meal, supplying the greatest amount of energy at lowest cost. Delicious with sliced bananas, berries or other fruits.

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