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a stated sum each month.

An Outsider

(By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE)

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

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(From Tuesday's Daily.)

Already she was almost finished dressing, and as yet Sally hadn't had a chance to breathe a word about her own information.

"But there's something I must tell you," she insisted, suddenly reminded.

"About what?"

"Last night—things that happened after everybody had gone to bed. You know I was restless. I saw several things I haven't told you about. You ought to know. They may clear up the mystery of the theft."

"I already know all about that," Mrs. Gosnold declared calmly. "About Mr. Lyttleton and the boat and the signals—"

Mrs. Gosnold turned sharply from her mirror. "What's this? Why didn't you tell me before?"

"I didn't know about the robbery and I thought it was none of my affair."

"It doesn't matter," Mrs. Gosnold caught up her cloak and threw it to the maid to adjust on her shoulders. "Whatever you saw had nothing to do with the robbery. Don Lyttleton's a bad lot in more ways than one, but he didn't steal my jewels last night—that I know."

"But who did?"

"I hope you may never find out," "You know, then—"

"Positively." The lady adjusted her mask and caught her cloak about her. "Wait here till I come back. Then you must tell me about Don Lyttleton and the boat and the signals. I'll be as quick as I can."

She darted hurriedly out into the corridor and drew the door to.

The wonder excited by Mrs. Gosnold's declaration that she knew the identity of the thief, even though the girl told herself she had all along suspected as much—kept Sally quiet for the next several minutes. She was sorely tempted to question the maid, but one look at that quiet, impassive countenance assured her that this would be wasted breath.

Insensibly the tempo of a haunting waltz that sang clear in the night beyond the open windows wove itself into the texture of her thoughts and set her blood tingling in response.

She recalled Teger with a recurrent glow of gratification.

Poor fellow!

One foot began to tap the floor in time to the music. She hadn't danced once that night, had purposely voided every chance of an invitation to dance. And now, of a sudden, she wanted to, without reason or excuse.

It was very curious. She wondered at herself. What had worked this change? Was it really nothing more nor less than a declaration of love on the part of a man she—didn't altogether like?

Though, of course, she hadn't ever been quite fair to him. He had had admirable qualities. His honesty. His scorn of pretense and subterfuge. His simple faith in Sally Manvers, however misplaced.

If he were to beg a dance when Mrs. Gosnold had returned and Sally recostumed, had re-joined the maskers, she hardly knew how she could in decency refuse him now.

The clock on the mantelpiece

SIDE TALKS

By RUTH YOUNG CAMERON

THE PEREMPTORY AUTO OWNER

A neighbor of mine was invited to spend a week end with some cousins who live about forty miles away. Some mutual cousins who own an automobile were also invited.

They communicated with my neighbor who had planned to go by train, and graciously asked her to go in their machine. The day before, they had a half hour for the guest to meet the auto as for the autist to call for him. That is another thing. But where it means a ten minute hindrance for the autist and a half hour for the guest, I should think courtesy would dictate the lesser inconvenience.

The Guest Must Wait With His Coat On

Again, many motorists expect the guest for whom they call to be ready with his motoring rig all on, the second they appear before the door, and seem to regard a minute's delay while he gets on his outer coat as an outrage. Of course the guest who keeps a machine full of people waiting five minutes while he makes a leisurely get-away is a nuisance, but there is some fair mean between these two extremes.

The Automobileist Thinks Beggars Shouldn't Be Choosers

The automobileist's feeling is "I am giving all this pleasure to this person, he ought to be willing to wait on my convenience." Perhaps he had. But that doesn't seem to me exactly a gracious way to give.

And now, lest you think I am prejudiced against the automobile owner, let me tell you one type of automobile guest for whom I have no use. And that is the person who thinks because a friend supplies the auto he should supply all other incidentals for the trip such as dinner, etc. I should think such parasites would find their invitations few and far between.

Daily Courier Recipe Column

English Plum Pudding

One and three-quarters pounds raisins, 1 1/2 pounds currants, 1 1/2 pounds sultana raisins, 1 1/2 pounds suet, 1 pound candied peel, 1/2 pound bread crumbs, 1 1/2 pounds flour, 1/2 pound sugar, pinch of soda, 1 nutmeg (cinnamon and mace if desired), 7 eggs and 1/2 pint of brandy.

Boil in small puddings 4 hours (5 hours at first and 2 more the day of serving). Put in bowls and cover with mixture of water and flour, and over all tie a cloth. It to be cooked second time do not remove cloth, but tighten second boiling.

Indian Pudding

Three pints milk, 1 cup Indian meal, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 1/2 cups molasses, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon cinnamon.

Scald 1 quart of the milk. Stir into this the meal and salt thoroughly dissolved in the molasses. Let boil 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Set away to cool. When cool add 1 cup milk, the eggs and cinnamon. Cover and bake in a moderate oven. After it has been in the oven an hour turn on the remaining cup of milk. Let this soak in gradually, do not stir. This makes the whey. Bake 4 or 5 hours. Let stand an hour before serving. Serve cream with it as a sauce.

Suet Pudding

Three-fourths cup molasses, 3/4 cup sugar, 1 cup milk, 1 cup chopped suet, 1 cup raisins, 1 cup whole wheat flour, 2 1/2 cups pastry flour, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon cloves, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1/2 teaspoon allspice, 1 egg.

Prune Pudding

Soak 24 large prunes over night. In the morning boil a few minutes and chop very fine. Whites of 3 eggs beaten stiff, small cup sugar, 1 small teaspoon cream tartar. Bake 20 minutes in a dish inside one with hot water, and serve with whipped cream when cold.

"I'm going to put my money in a home", you say.

A good idea. But don't forget that if death intervenes one payment made on a home will bind your widow to pay the mortgage or lose the home.

One payment made on an Imperial Life policy will bind this Company to pay your widow and save the home.

The proceeds of life assurance policies have paid off many mortgages.

We have an interesting booklet about this subject. Just ask for a copy of "That Home of Yours" and we'll send it to you post free. A Address:

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W. B. Collins, Branch Manager, Brantford

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Good Night Stories

By Alice Stone

THE NEWSBOYS' FAIRIES.

O go on, there's no such things as fairies!" exclaimed Ned. "If there are why don't they help us sell our papers?"

Benny didn't answer, for the day before he had sold only enough to buy milk for his baby sister.

"Any way, if there are fairies they don't fly around with newsboys," continued Ned.

"Well, my mother said fairies always go with good boys to help them through the day," retorted Benny, "and my mother knows."

The boys separated and stationed themselves at their corners. "Papers! Papers!" greeted each passerby all through the day. When evening came there were only a few pennies in Benny's pocket.

"Did the fairies help you to-day?" asked Ned when the two boys met to discuss the receipts of the day.

"No," replied Benny sadly. "I haven't enough to get the milk for the baby. Don't care about myself, for I'm not hungry," and his lip quivered.

"Well, I am, and my day's been better than yours, so come with me and we'll have a good dinner," suggested Ned, and he hurried Benny to the restaurant. Ned paid for the dinner, and bought a box of crackers and a bottle of milk which he gave to Benny.

"That's for the baby. Pay me some other time," he laughed.

"Believe me if there are such things as fairies, you ought to have one following you!" cried Benny.

"Maybe she'll catch up with me to-morrow," laughed Ned, as he bade his friend good-night.

He turned the corner and started home.

"Poor Benny and his fairies!" laughed Ned—his foot struck something and he picked up a purse. A roll of bills and a card fell to the sidewalk. Ned looked at the card.

"That's my luck!" and away he trudged to the owner's house.

The next morning Ned was later than usual and his face was all smiles.

"Well, Benny, your fairies caught up with me all right!" he cried, and he told Benny all about his wonderful find.

"He gave me a ten, and offered me a job in his office and when I told him about you, he said he could use another errand boy, too. So we're to report to him this morning," cried Ned, dancing around Benny and throwing his cap in the air in his glee.

"See, I told you mother always said the fairies tried to help boys who were good," exclaimed Benny.

"And your mother's right," answered Ned, "and I'll never tease you about your fairies again, for I know now they are with us, all right," and the two boys went arm and arm into their new life.

"Do you know," said their employer's secretary to him one day, "those two new boys actually believe a fairy helped them get their jobs?"

"They're right!" said the man. "The good fairy of honesty."

HOW TO CUT THE HIGH COST OF LIVING—A LECTURE ON COMMUNITY BUYING

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Showing differences in prices on community-bought supplies and supplies bought by individuals

Courier Daily: Pattern Service


Valuable Suggestions for the Handy Home-maker—Order and Pattern Through The State

LADY'S DRESS.
By Anabel Worthington.

Every one must have at least one basque dress this season to be in the fashion, and the model shown in No. 8459 is a very clever interpretation of this style. The waist fits smoothly at the waist line in front, but it is slightly draped at the underarm seams to give the desired fit. The back of the waist is gathered at the waist line, and a narrow belt of the material goes across the back and buttons onto the front. The neck is quite low and square at the front, and the opening is filled in with a crossed vest of lace. The collar is one of the new narrow ones. The long, close fitting sleeves are cut in points which come over the backs of the hands. A straight one piece skirt is gathered to the slightly raised waist line.

The dress pattern, No. 8459, is cut in sizes 36 to 42 inches bust measure. The 38 inch size requires 4 1/2 yards 36 inch material, 1/2 yard 36 inch contrasting goods and 1/2 yard 6 inch lace for vest.

To obtain this pattern send 1/4 to the office of this publication.



HOLD INQUEST

By Courier Special Writer

Winnipeg, Oct. 2.—An inquest concerning the death of Mrs. Ada Olive Mather, which occurred under tragic circumstances at a local hotel last week, was opened last night before Mr. McConnell, coroner. The husband of the deceased, who had attempted suicide by severing arteries in his arms was still in such a condition at the hospital that his physicians advised against his removal to give the evidence necessary for the completion of the case. Dr. Gordon Bell, provincial bacteriologist, said the woman's left hand with which she had presumably had steadied the barrel of the revolver, was powder-marked, also that the skin surrounding the incision was black and charred. The hearing was adjourned for one week.