

THEATRE

Exclusive Features

News Four Who Can Sing

Lee and Heinie The Girl and the Dog

BURKE IN "Romance"

Hayakawa Greatest Screen Success

Bottle Imp"

Comedy

Thurs., Fri., Sat.

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Theatre

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Photoplays

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THIS WOMAN TO THIS MAN

BY C. N. and A. M. Williamson (COPYRIGHT)

AUTHORS OF "A Soldier of the Legion," "The Lightning Conductor," "The Shop Girl"

From Saturday's Daily. "You've got in touch with him, have you?" Knight broke into the rushing torrent of her words as a man might take a plunge into a tar-pit.

"Yes, why not?" she answered. "I didn't seek him out. It was he who sought me."

"You don't know how to speak the truth, Madalena! You said you found me through Lady Annesley's seton hearing from Mrs. Waldo, whereas you wrote to Paul Van Vreck."

"You do me injustices—as always! I did hear from Constance. Then I merely ventured to write and ask Mr. Van Vreck if he had kept up communication with you, and—"

"You said in your letter that you knew where I was, and gave him to understand that we were in touch with each other, or he would have let you know nothing."

"He has written to you and told you this!" She spoke breathlessly, as if the accusation had given her a fright.

"Ah, you give yourself away! No, I haven't heard from Van Vreck since I saw him in New York, and thought I convinced him that my working days for him were over. I simply guessed—knowing you—what you would do."

"I may have mentioned Texas," Madalena admitted. "I supposed he knew where you were, because I didn't know. But he wrote at once and suggested I should use my influence with you to reconsider your decision. Those were his very words."

"How much has he paid you for coming here?" "Nothing. As if I would take money for coming to you!" "You have taken it for some very queer things, and probably will again if you don't settle down to private life with your millionaire. It's no use, Madalena. Go back to San Francisco. Send in your bill to Van Vreck. Tell him there's nothing doing. And make up your mind to marriage."

"But Don, you haven't heard what he offers. It's a wonderful offer!" "It can't be more than he offered me himself when I saw him in New York—"

"It is more. He says that particularly. That he raises the offer from last time. It is three times higher! Think what that means. And, oh, Don, it means life, real life, not stagnation! I would give you a safety and a million to be in it with you—just as your partner again, your humble partner. I ask no more!"

"Here, on this bleak ranch, it is like death—a death of dullness. I know what you must be suffering, because you are obstinate, because you have taken a certain resolve, and are determined not to break it. You are afraid it will be weakness to break it. There can be no other reason."

"I have asked questions. I have learned things. I know she is cold as ice to you. If you stay on here you will degenerate. You will become a clod. You will be like your own cowpunchers."

"Leave this hideous gray place. Leave that woman who treats you like her dog. Let the ranch be hers. Send her money—much money, if you like. You will have it to spare. She can divorce you, and you will be freed forever from

the one great mistake you ever made. As for me—" "As for you—be silent!" The command struck like a whiplash. "You are not worthy to speak of 'that woman,' as you call her—very solemnly call her. If I did what you deserve to have me do, I'd send you off without another word—just turn my back on you and let you go. But—" he drew in his breath sharply, then went on as if he had taken some tonic decision—"I want you to understand thoroughly why, if Paul Van Vreck offered me all his money, and you offered me the love of all the women on earth with your own, I shouldn't even be tempted to accept."

"It's because of 'that woman'—who is my wife. It may be true that she treats me like a dog, for she wouldn't be cruel to the meanest of curs. But I'd rather be her dog than any other woman's master or lover."

"Do you see now. It's come to that with me. I won her love and married her for my own advantages. I lost her love because she found me out—through you. Mild justice that, perhaps! But all the same, getting her for mine has been for my advantage. In a mighty different way from what I planned, but about ten thousand times greater. Though she's taken her love away from me, she's given me back my soul. Nothing can rob me of that again, so long as I run straight."

"And I tell you, Madalena de Santiago, this ranch, where I'm working out some kind of expiation and maybe redemption, is God's earth for me. Now do you understand?"

"For an instant the woman was silent. Then she broke into loud sobbing, which she did not try to check."

"You are a fool, Don!" she wept. "A fool—a fool!" "Maybe! But I'm not the devil's fool, as I used to be. Don't cry. You're time to go. We said all we have to say to each other, except good-by—if that's not a mockery."

Madalena dried her tears, still sobbing under her breath. "At least take me to the automobile," she said. "Don't send me off alone in the night. I am afraid."

"There's nothing to be afraid of," Knight answered, the flame of fierceness burned down. "But I'll go with you, and you'll see the way back to El Paso. Come along!"

As he spoke, he started, and Madalena was forced to go with him, forced to keep up somehow with his long strides, if she would not be left behind.

When they had gone, Annesley lay motionless, as though she were under a spell. The man's words to the other woman were the spell which bound her, haunting as they repeated themselves in her mind. Again and again she heard, just as they had fallen from lips.

"His expiation—perhaps his redemption—have on his bit of 'God's earth.'" "It may be true that she treats me like a dog. But I'd rather be her dog than any other woman's master or lover." And this was Easter eve, a year to the night since his martyrdom began!

Something seemed to seize her by the hand, and break the spell that had held her, something very strong, although invisible. She sat up with a faint cry, as if she suddenly awakened from a dream, and slipped out

Good Night Stories

HOW DADDY BEE LEARNED TO WORK

There was quite a stir in Beville when Mama Bee married Daddy Bee. You see, Mama Bee's father, Old Bee, was a hard worker and was quite wealthy, while Daddy Bee was poor and very lazy.

As time went on Daddy Bee grew lazier than ever and Old Bee had to support Mama Bee's family, which had increased to five little Bees. He wanted his daughter and her children to come and live with him, but Mama Bee was loyal and said that Daddy Bee would soon change his ways, so Old Bee tried to think of a plan to help them.

One day Mama Bee begged Daddy Bee to find work, and Daddy Bee became angry and said that Daddy Bee would soon change his ways, so Old Bee tried to think of a plan to help them.

"Why does Daddy come?" thought Mama Bee, going to the gate and looking down the road. Soon her father came along and she asked him if he had seen Daddy Bee.

"Don't worry, daughter, said Old Bee, when Mama Bee told him of the quarrel with Daddy Bee. Daddy Bee is all right, in time he will find work, then you will be very happy."

Mama Bee began to cry and said she was afraid that Daddy Bee was tired of her. Old Bee laughed.

"I should say not! He will come in the morning, perhaps with work," he answered as he bade her good night.

But morning brought no word from Daddy Bee, and Mama Bee went in search of him. That he had been seen talking to Old Bee the afternoon before was all she could learn, and she returned home very unhappy.

"I can't find him," she sobbed and Old Bee tried to quiet her. Just then the door flew open and in rushed Daddy Bee. Throwing his arms around Mama Bee, he shook Old Bee's hands.

"That's the best thing that ever happened to me," he laughed. "Then he told Mama Bee how he had met Old Bee the day before and heard that she was held prisoner at Hollyhook inn."

"I rushed over there. But the innkeeper laughed at me and said it was a joke. But when I started away, I found the doors locked, so I had to stay all night. I had no money to pay for lodging, so the keeper said I could help him in his garden and carry some bundles to his relatives. I did the work so well, he offered me a steady place, and in pay, we can have all the honey we want," he said, and Mama Bee threw her arms around her father.

"You did it all," she cried, giving him a hug. "I knew when you got a chance, you'd make good, so I found you the chance," said Old Bee and the little family was quite happy, because Daddy Bee had at last learned to work.

of the hammock. There was a dim idea in her mind that she must go along the road where they had gone, so as to meet Knight on his way back. She did not know what she would say to him, or whether she could say anything at all; but the something which had taken her hand and snatched her out of the hammock dragged her on and on.

At first she obeyed the force blindly. "I must see him! I must see him!" The words spoke themselves over and over in her head. But when she had hurried out of the enclosure walled in by the cactus hedge, the brilliant moonlight seemed to pierce her brain, and make a cold calm appeal to her reason.

"You can't tell him what you have heard," it said. "He would be humiliated. Or—" what if he saw you, and knew you were there listening. What if he talked as he did, just for effect? He is so clever. He is subtle enough for that. And wouldn't it be more like the man he is, that to say what he said sincerely?"

She stopped, and was thankful not to see her husband's retreating back. There was time for her to go back, if she hurried. And she must hurry! If he had seen her, and made that theatrical attempt to play on her feelings, he would laugh at his own success if she followed him. And if he had not seen her, and were, in earnest, it would be best—indeed the only right way—not to let him guess that she was on the verandah steps had had a witness.

Annesley turned to fly back faster than she had come. But passing the cactus hedge again her dress caught. It was as if the hedge sentenially "look hold on her!" she was pulled down to free the thin white material; and suddenly color blazed up to her eyes in the rain of silver moonlight. The buds had opened since she noticed them last. No longer was the hedge a grim barricade of stiff, dark sticks. Each stalk had turned into a tall, straight flame of lambent rose. From a dead thing of dreary ugliness it had become a thing of living beauty.

Courier Daily Recipe Column

CURRENT MERINGUE PIE

Wash 1 cup fine currants, put into bowl, add 1 cup sugar, and mash slightly; add yolks of 2 eggs beaten with heaping teaspoon of flour. Turn this mixture into plate lined with crust and bake. When done, cover with whites of 2 eggs beaten with 2 tablespoons powdered sugar. Return to oven and brown. Serve cold.

STRAWBERRY AND FRUIT PUDDING

Two and one-half cups flour, 1 cup molasses, 1 cup milk, 1 cup chopped raisins, 1 cup chopped suit, 1 teaspoon soda, 1-2 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1-2 teaspoon nutmeg.

Stir the soda, salt and spice into the flour, add the suet and raisins. Mix the milk with the molasses and mix into the dry mixture. Steam in a buttered pudding mould for 3 hours. Serve with foamy sauce.

Women's Institute

The annual meeting of the Moyie-Tranquillity Women's Institute was held on Wednesday afternoon at the home of the President, Mrs. G. T. Wood, North Park St., with an attendance of thirty-five members.

After roll call and reading of the minutes, a short address was given by the President in which she expressed her appreciation of the work accomplished by the members during the past year, and their willingness to respond to every call for both work and money, and hoped the same spirit would continue throughout the coming year.

The chair being taken by the vice-president, Mrs. R. Greenwood, the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. G. T. Wood; Secretary-treasurer, Mrs. E. D. Clump; both being elected by acclamation; assistant secretary-treasurer, Miss Grace Brittain.

Vice-presidents—Mesdames Greenwood, N. M. Clump, R. Crichton. Directors—Mesdames Barney Osborne, Watson, Brittain, Crawford. District Representatives—Mesdames J. R. Moyie and Crawford, J. Kinney, Lowe, Gregory.

District Director—Mrs. J. Kinney. Musical Convenors—Mrs. J. R. Moyie and Miss Sharp. Flower Committee—Misses M. O'Brien, E. D. Clump, R. E. Sharp. Press Correspondent—W. E. Gregory.

The report of Secretary-Treasurer Mrs. E. D. Clump, proved most interesting, showing a full year's work and is as follows: 1916-1917. The year 1916-17, which has just come to a close, has been a busy one and much patriotic work has been accomplished by the workers of Red Cross Headquarters for Red Cross purposes (puzzle). To Red Cross \$28.00. Total Expenditure \$636.04. Total Receipts \$656.31. Cash on hand \$18.27.

Moyie-Tranquillity report of Receipts and Expenditure for year 1916-17. Receipts: Cash on hand from last year \$61.74; 53 members fees \$14.75; copper fund \$2.90; Donations to Red Cross Fund (including \$25 per generosity of Miss Brown) \$50.75; balance from autograph quilt \$11.99; 3 pr. socks at 50 cents pair, sold to members \$1.50; 2-10 pounds yarn sold to members at average price of \$1.15 lb. \$5.90; Receipts of Lawn Social at Tranquillity \$169.99; proceeds from sale of "snaps" of Institute group \$1.70; proceeds of autograph quilt donated by Miss Sharp's S. S. Class \$11.30; collection for Christmas boxes for boys at front \$13.35; Government grant \$24.00; proceeds of Red Cross Tea given by women of Kitchen's Section \$71.66; Sale of Mrs. Brown's booklet for endorsement of cot in England Hospital \$10.50; proceeds from Military Euchre at Oak Park \$153.00; sale of junk at Mr. Despeur's \$21.60; sale of junk at Mr. Dunsdon's \$25.15; sale of junk at Kitchen's \$11.75; donation from Tranquillity Farmer's Club \$24.00; interest on money in bank 58 cents. Total Receipts \$656.31.

Expenditure: Flowers \$6.38; postage, post cards, exchange money orders and postal notes (includes Christmas boxes and quilt to Clivedon \$11.23; 485 yards flannellette at an average price of 15 and a fraction cents per yard \$122.90; tape and buttons \$4.68; printing programs \$4.00; 189 lbs. yarn at average price of \$1.26 and fraction per pound \$238.45; Total expenditure of Tranquillity-Lawn Social \$36.59; freight charges on boxes for fire sufferers in New Ontario \$1.44; To North Brant Women's Institute Motor Ambulance fund (later changed to Red Cross) \$150.00; Expenses of Christmas boxes for boys at the front \$7.83; Expenses of delegates to Convention \$6.00; car fare for talent 50 cents; Red Cross booklets "War Work" 25 cents; for endorsement of cot in Princess Pats Hospital, England \$10.50.

The sale of junk netted nearly fifty dollars. With the exception of \$150, which was given to the North Brant Women's Institute Motor Ambulance fund (later changed to Red Cross fund) and \$25 direct to Red Cross, the funds have been used to buy yarn and flannellette. Seven hundred and eighty-five yards, costing \$122.90 and one hundred and eighty-nine pounds of yarn, at \$238.45, were purchased, and out of this the members have made 351 suits of pyjamas, app. value \$241.50; 93 surgical shirts, app. value \$55.80; and 307 pairs, app. value \$419.00. Yarn to the value of \$5.90 has been sold to members to knit for soldier friends.

An autograph quilt valued at \$45.00 was sent to the Duchess of Connaught Canadian Convalescent Hospital at Clivedon, and two boxes of quilts valued at \$45.00 were sent to the fire-sufferers in New Ontario.

Well filled boxes were sent to 17 boys of the district who are over-zealous and again at Easter valued at \$125.50, making the total value of goods sent out from the institute to be \$907.20. Besides this \$10.50 was given (through the sale of Mrs. Brown's booklet) towards the endorsement of a cot in the Princess Patricia Hospital in England \$18.27 and some-where around 60 pounds of yarn are on hand with which to start the work of another year.

Advertisement for Wrigley's Doublemint Gum. Features a cartoon character holding a box of gum and the text: 'A New and Tempting Taste: As toothsome as the name implies. Delicious, long-lasting. The third of the Wrigley trio of refreshing confections. Good for teeth, breath, appetite and digestion. Sealed Tight - Kept Right! Chew it after every meal. The Flavour Lasts. MADE IN CANADA. Three of a kind Keep them in mind.'

Advertisement for Sunlight Soap. Features the text: 'SIDE TALKS THE MAN I PITY. There is a certain man—a class, I mean, not an individual, whom I pity with all my heart because of the way his wife treats him. I do not mean that she is actually unkind to him. On the contrary, she is often most solicitous for his welfare and doubtless loves him as well as she knows how and would do anything for him. That is, anything except one thing. And the one thing which she would not do for him is to listen intelligently when he talks of things outside her immediate interests, especially of his business. He feels as if He Must Have Someone to Understand. He tells her about something that happened in the office, explaining carefully what this man said and that man answered. He is full of it and feels that he simply must have someone understand it all. Her response at the end is to say absently "Did you really?" and then with animation, "John, do you remember that cousin of mine who etc etc." She might just as well have said, "I didn't listen to a word you were saying. I was thinking of my own thoughts and waiting for you to get through." Like a Blanket Soaked in Ice Water. Or perhaps her husband touches on something she has heard before and with all the cordiality of a blanket soaked in ice water she says, "Yes, you told me all about that before." The vacant abstracted look which this type of wife will wear while her husband is talking about such subjects ought to be a sufficient warning but he hopes so persistently for the sympathy and understanding that we all crave that he is not as quick to heed it as he would, otherwise he, He just can't believe that he has married a blank wall as far as interest in his interests goes. The Punishment for Uninterest. One sometimes hears wives complaining because their husbands don't tell them about their business interests. And one sometimes wonders if these wives ever wore that look of blank uninterest when the husbands did try to tell them. There has been much said about the woman who keeps her husband's love. I have one more guess to hazard—that the husband of a wife who does not throw off her habit of listening to him intelligently as soon as they are married, but still tries her best to understand and sympathize and respond, will not go about looking for an affinity. A little of Sunlight goes a long way; every particle is pure; there is nothing to harm the clothes or impede the rapid progress of the wash. Every cake of Sunlight Soap carries a \$5,000 guarantee of purity. GUARANTEED TO CONTAIN NO IMPURITIES. Sunlight Soap'

Advertisement for Castoria. Features the text: 'Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment. What is CASTORIA. Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend. GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS! Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought. THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.'