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THE MAELSTROM

By Frank Froest

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

(From Monday's Daily.)
"Queer that it should come in so handy," he grinned feebly, and then weakness overcame him.

He gave a number into the telephone and hours seemed to elapse before he got Mezzies. In a quick rush of words he made himself known to the detective and related the happenings of the evening. He was not to know that barely a dozen disconnected words had reached the detective. His strength was waning and he wanted Mezzies to know everything before he gave way. As he finished the receiver dropped listlessly from his hand, and for the first time in his life Jimmie Hallett faintly.

At the other end of the wire Weir Mezzies was left with one of those harassing little problems that he hated. It was an irregular hour—an hour when he had reckoned on being safely on his way home. For all the insistence of the voice at the telephone it might be quite a trivial affair. Mezzies did not like losing sleep for trifles. People in trouble are apt to take distorted views of the importance of their difficulties. That is why private inquiry agencies flourish.

Mezzies had once been asked to investigate a highly important West End robbery at the house of a duke. The duchess herself had demanded the services of "the ablest and most experienced detective possible," and had refused to give details to any one else. Mezzies went—to discover that a pet Pomeranian had strayed. "Madam," he had remarked after a frigid five minutes, "at one period I should have been delighted to try to find your dog. I was then paid for other things. There are many men as competent as I for the investigation to which you attach such importance. I regret that it would be a breach of duty for me to undertake it. I am merely a detective, but the salary I am paid for the use of my time would be out of proportion to the result, even if successful. I must refer you grace to the local police-station. Good evening."

Since then he had been very cautious of ambiguous messages. He thought of his well-aimed bed and sighed. Half was tempted to turn over the affair to the local division of police to deal with the case or leave it to the night staff of the criminal investigation department. The fact that he had been appealed to by name utterly swayed him. In two minutes he had set in motion the machinery which would reveal the point from which the voices originated. It needed no complex reasoning, no swift flash of inspiration. He broke up a game of dominoes and emerged with two men—one to extract from the Kensington directory a list of thoroughfares ending in "Gardens" and the names of the persons who resided at the respective thirty-fours, and the other with a telephone directory to eliminate all those not on the telephone.

"And get a move on," he added. "I don't want to hang about all night. Ask Riddle to come up and 'phone 'em through to the local people as you check 'em out. Tell 'em they'll oblige me by sending out as many spare men as they've got to ask at each address if any one rang me up."

He adjusted his coat with precision, lit a cigar, and sauntered over to the underground station opposite. Barring accidents, the address would be reached Kensington. His anticipation was not disappointed. One of the advantages

which the criminal investigation department has over the individual amateur detective, beloved by Magistratefontein Road, is the co-operation at need of a practically unlimited number of trained men.

True, the detective staff at Kensington had long since gone home, since there was no extraordinary business to detain them. But in this case a dozen ordinary constables served as well. Nine of them had returned when Mezzies walked in. There was only one who interested him. He had reported that he could get no reply from Linstone Terrace Gardens.

"Did you find who lives there?" questioned the chief inspector.

The reply was prompt. "Yes, sir. Old gentleman named Greye-Stratton. He lives alone. Had two servants until last week, when he sacked 'em both because he said they had been bribed to poison him."

"Ah!" Mezzies nodded approval. "You've got your wits about you, my lad. Where did you get all this from?"

The constable flushed with pleasure. He was young enough in the force to appreciate a compliment from the veteran detective. "The servant next door, sir," he answered. "That will do. Thank you." Mezzies rubbed his hands with satisfaction as he turned on the uniformed inspector by his side. "It begins to sound like a case," he muttered. All his petulance had gone. When it came to the point, the man was an enthusiast in his profession. "I'll get you to come along with me, inspector. It sounds uncommonly like a case."

CHAPTER III. The First Step.

The eminent Tooting churchwarden, perched on the staid shoulders of his uniformed colleague, wriggled his way on to the roof of the porch with an agility that was justifiable neither to his years nor his weight. He was taking a certain amount of risk, if there were no serious emergency within the place, for even a chief detective inspector may not break into a house without justification.

He worked for a while with a big clasp knife on the little landing window with a skill that would have done credit to many of the professional practitioners who had passed through his hands, and at last threw up the sash and squeezed himself inside.

"Wonder if I'm making a fool of myself after all?" he muttered with some misgiving as he struck a match and softly picked his way along the corridor. He was peculiarly sensitive to ridicule, and he knew the chaff that would descend on his head if it leaked out that he had elaborately picked out and broken into a house, empty for quite a plausible reason.

There would be no way of keeping the matter dark, for every incident of the night would have to be embodied in reports. Every detective in London is bound to keep an official diary of his work, however free a hand he is given in his methods.

He burned only one match to enable him to get his bearings. Noiselessly he descended the stairs into the hall, and his quick eyes observed a splash of light across the floor. It came from under a doorway. He turned the handle and pushed. The door resisted.

"Locked," he murmured, and knocked thunderously. "Hello! Hello! Any one about?"

Only the muffled reverberation of his own voice came back to him.

SIDE TALKS
By Ruth E. Cameron

DON'T GET SOUR.

We were speaking of a very young sort or great strength of character. And yet, to yield to this bitterness is fatal.

If You Yield You Will Be More Unhappy

You are bitter because you have not gotten more love and happiness out of life. But if you let that bitterness entrench itself in your life and heart and consequently in your face and manner you will drive love and happiness far away from you.

Make up your mind you simply won't grow sour.

Don't allow yourself to say sharp things about people. Even when you are apt to reflect more on people's opinions of you than on their opinions of the people about whom you say them.

Don't Be Cranky.

Don't be pessimistic and cynical and bitter in your point of view. Don't be down on the young people. Don't be always criticizing someone. Don't be cranky. Keep sweet. It may be hard just now but by and by you will get your mind set in the right direction and it will become natural. And if at any time you need something to bolster up your resolutions, just look about you for someone who has permitted herself to grow sour. I am sure that had example will be all you need.

Not to be embittered one needs a certain amount of courage and self-control. It is not easy to be unkind to a woman, but it is not easy to be kind to a man who is unkind to you. It is not easy to be unkind to a child, but it is not easy to be kind to a man who is unkind to you.

Courier Daily Recipe Column

Apricot Ice
A quart can of apricots, 1 1-2 pints sugar, 1-2 pint boiling water, 1 pint cold water, 1 tablespoonful of gelatin. Mash the apricots and strain on the sugar; mix and let stand one hour, dissolve the gelatin in a little cold water, then add the rest of the water, then the cold water and the lemon; mix all together, strain and freeze.

College Ices
Make a cream of 6 eggs, 3 pints milk, 1 jar cream, 2 pounds sugar, 2 pounds cherries. Flavor, or not as you like.

Ginger Ice Cream
Bruise 6 ounces of the best preserved ginger in a mortar. Add 1 pint of cream; mix well and strain through a hair sieve; freeze. This will make one quart.

Tutti Frutti Ice Cream
Take 2 quarts raw cream; add 1 pound pulverized sugar, 4 whole eggs; mix well together; place on fire, stir constantly, and just bring to boiling point; remove immediately and continue to stir until nearly cold; flavor with 1 tablespoonful extract vanilla; place in freezer and when half frozen mix thoroughly in equal parts of peaches, apricots, gages, cherries, pineapples etc. All of these fruits are to be cut up into small pieces and mixed well with the frozen cream. Finish freezing as in other ices.

Coffee Bavarian Cream
One-half box gelatin soaked 2 hours in 1-3 cup of cold water. Pour into this a very large cupful of clear, strong coffee, boiling hot; add cup of sugar and stir till thoroughly dissolved; stir through cheesecloth into a tin basin; set basin in a bowl of cracked ice; beat hard with egg beater till it begins to thicken; then stir in a pint of cream which has previously been beaten very stiff; when thoroughly mixed pour into a mold. To serve turn out on a dish and serve with another pint of cream whipped very stiff piled up around it.

Our Daily: Valuable Suggestions for the Handy Home-maker—Order any Pattern Through The Courier. Be sure to State Size

LADIES' WAIST.
By Anabel Worthington.

Femininity does not seem to be able to get along without lingerie waists and so every season a new crop of designs is brought out. The model shown, No. 8233 is a particularly pleasing illustration of what is being worn this spring. Though it looks very dainty and frilly in the sketch the small front view shows that the construction is very simple, the elaborate effect being gained solely by the use of lace inserting and edging. Long sleeves, with frills, are a style feature, though many will prefer the shorter ones for comfort. Pilet insertion and edging are the most popular at present, though Irish crochet is also being used extensively.

The ladies' waist pattern, No. 8233, is cut in four sizes—36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size requires 3 1/2 yards 27-inch, 2 1/2 yards 36-inch, 1 1/2 yards 40-inch material, with 6 yards insertion and 2 yards edging.

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

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Good Night Stories
By Blanche Selver

THE TWO FAIRIES' QUEST.
Once upon a time two fairies were having a discussion as to whether there were any people in the world who did kind deeds without thinking of the reward. They decided that the only way to find out was to go out into the world and see for themselves. So one bright day the two fairies changed themselves into two dogs and trotted into the village.

They entered the gate of a rich man's place.

"Don't feed these hounds or they will think they can stay here, and I don't want them," cried the owner to his wife, and gathering stones he chased the two dogs down the road.

"See, the more one has the more he wants," said one dog, and they went on until they reached the next house. And when they entered the yard a little old woman called to her husband.

"Come father, our wish has been granted. Here are two dogs," cried the little old woman.

"I only hope they stay with us," said the husband, and the two dogs wagged their tails and decided to remain.

From that day on the old couple's fields yielded better crops than any fields around there, and before long they had enough money to build a nice cottage.

"I can hardly get along on the grain my fields yield. Why is it that your ground is so much better than mine?" asked the Rich Man, and the old man laughed.

"My wife says it's luck to have stray dogs come to you, and it seems ever since these dogs took up their home with us our crops have been better. They are good to keep off things that would destroy the crops," replied the old man, patting the two dogs.

"Why! those dogs came to my place first, by rights they belong to me," exclaimed the Rich Man, when he recognized the two dogs, and he took them with him when he went home.

"They brought luck to our neighbor," he told his wife, and the dogs were tied so they could not get away. But the Rich Man's land grew worse every day, while the old couple's fields were producing better grain all the time and they steadily grew richer.

Finally the Rich Man lost all his money and his beautiful home had to be sold, and the two dogs became their property once more. One day, one of these night the old woman dozed in her chair, a hand touched her shoulder, and turning, she saw two beautiful fairies smiling at her.

"Dear little mother, we are no longer dogs, but fairies. We came to you in that disguise, poor and friendless, and you took us in and gave us home. We must return to Fairyland, but we leave you better off than when we came. From now on everything good shall come to you, not only one of the fairies and kissing the old woman the fairies disappeared.

When the old man entered the house he found his wife in tears. She told him what had happened. He laughed and said she had been dreaming, but as the days passed and the dogs failed to return he began to believe his wife had spoken truly.

"Yes, there are some people in the world who are not always expecting their kind deeds to bring them reward," agreed the two fairies when they had sailed back to Fairyland.

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