## THE COURIER, BRANTFORD, CANADA, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1917.

vroved a delusion, a mockery, and a usre, Presently she stirred with reluct-noce, signed, resigned herself to the prospect of a night of hollow, grin-ling merriment, and turned back to confemplation of that importunate and. And while still she hesitated, l poised, with neither ny sort of announcement or any sort of announcement what-never the door flew open, and brough it, like a fury in a fairy's ress, flew Mrs. Standish clothed as olumbine

"Why do you ask?" she returned. lay of so "Because I've a right to know. If his appo

it concerns me...." "Why should it?" Sally cut in. "You know very well that if you breathe a syllable about last inght..."

"I don't care to bandy words with you, young woman. Tell me—" "You needn't to please me, you know. And I sha'n't tell you any-thing." Daily Courier

the insolence she knew how to infus-into her tone. "I think we covered that question rather completely las that question faither completely ma-night—or rather this morning. I imagined it was settled. In fact, it was, I don't core to reopen it; but I will say this—or repeat it, if you prefer: I'm not going to permit you to interfere in my private affairs." "You refine to tell me what

ou've written?"



errible thing.

That is certainly a diseased state of mind and one into which many

usual, nothing but a flat tire or de-lay of some business man in meeting his appointment, or any of the inserious accident. Besides, if it is coming it will come anyway. She cannot avert it by looking around every corner for trouble. She can only add to whatever actual trouble may be coming to her, the absolutely interest in the absolutely

nnecessary misery of constant ecting evil where evil is not.



NINE

Drovidence will take care of my family", you say.

Then quit working and saving. Eat, drink and be merry—Providence will take care of the morrow. Nonsense! Providence pro-vides means to attain ends. Life assurance is one of these means.

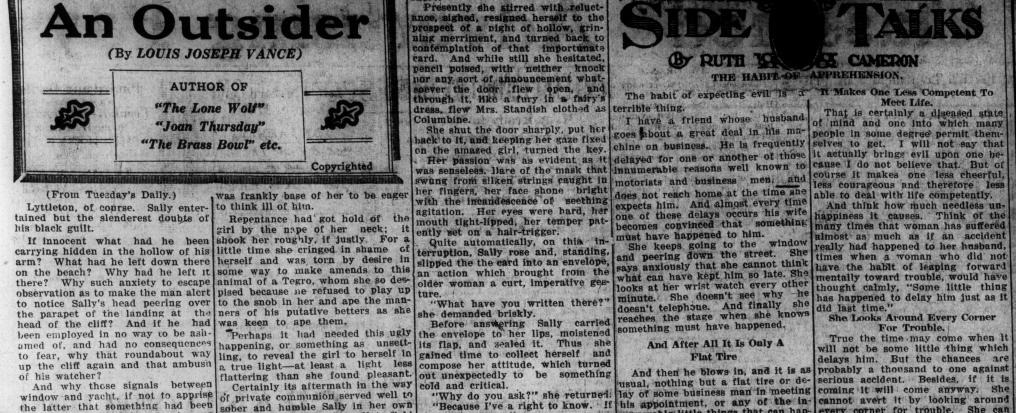
Do you know anything more pitiful than a wage earning widow? Would you care to have your wife come to that—through your neglect? You can save her from such a fate by means of an Imperial Life Policy.

Let us send you our free booklet "That Home of Yours" which tells all about it. You'll find it of interest.

THE IMPERIAL LIFE Assurance Company of Canada HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO W. B. Collins, Branch Manager, Brantford

Cooks, Stewards and Boy Stewards are wanted for the term of the war, for service on the ships of the Ganadian Naval Patrols Guarding Canadian Coasts The service is most useful and is well paid. Stewards and Cooks get \$1.50 per day with \$25.00 separation monthly and free food and kit. Boy Stewards get 50c. a day and free messing and kit. next morning, Bossy watched him from the window until he was out of Apply to COMMODORE AMILIUS JARVIS

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THEATRE

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**Class Singing** 

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Wilson in SIN YE DO

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FUGUTIVE ASSENGER ther Adventure of INGAREE

pisode Complete

Arbuckle and bel Normand reaming Triangle

HT LIGHTS

HOUSE

29th

Company of Fun

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HOUSE

Night Oct. 1 **DR'S FAMOUS** 

d \$1.00

ust Laughs.

BOLES

City.

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ne Shown in This

d and Dudley

eenan and Mar-

And why those signals between window and yacht, if not to apprise the latter that something had been consummated, that the coast wan clear for its tender to come in and take away the plunder? It would seem, then, that Mr. Lyttleton must have had a confeder-ate in the house, and for that role Mrs. Standish was plainly designated. An understanding of some close sort

ate in the house, and for that role Mrs. Standish was plainly designated. An understanding of some close sort between her and. Lyttleton had been quite evident from the very first day. And whose bedchamber window had shown the signals, if not hers? Not the pretty young widow's—not in any likelihood Mrs. Artemas's. To believe the latter intimate with the affair was to assume an understand-ing between her and Lyttleton—or Rise Trego. Trego! Trego! Sally was conscious of a slight t<sup>1</sup>0<sup>4</sup> accusation at Lyttletor<sup>2</sup>.

ing between her and Lyttleton—or else Trego. Trego! Sally was conscious of a slight and sensations, of judgment in con-flict with emotions. Why not Trego? A likelier man than Lyttleton for such a job, in-deed. Trego had such force of per-sonality as to excuse the suspicion that what he might desire he would boldly go after and possess himself of. With a nature better adapted to the planning and execution of adven-

of. With a nature better adapted to the planning and execution of adven-tures demanding courage, daring, and indifference to ethical consider-ations. Trego was capable of any-thing. Lytleton was of flimsier stuff, or instinct was untrustworthy. But after a little the girl sighed and shook her head. It was less plausible, this effort of her, to cast Trego for the roie of villain. True, he might have invented that story of

he might have invented that story of the marks on the sands; true again, he might have acted in accord with without its erstwhile power to stir. rego for the following promise. The might have invented that story of he might have invented that story of he might have acted in accord with he might have acted in accord with the marks on the sands; true again, he misc ross and tell in magic measure for the marks on the sands; true again, he misc ross and tell in magic measure for the misc ross and tell spectra for the misc ross and tell spectra for the misc ross and tell in misc ross and tell spectra for the misc ross and tell in magic measure for the misc ross and tell misc ross and tell spectra for the misc ross and tell misc ross and tell spectra for the misc ross and tell spectra for the misc ross and tell in misc ross and tell spectra for the misc ross and tell spectra for the misc ross and tell spectra for the misc ross and tell misc ross and tell misc ross and tell spectra for the misc ross and tell misc ross

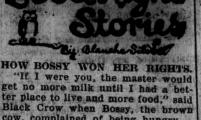
"Why\_" "My business." said Sally, with a

"For the last time -- positively." (Continued in Thursday's Issue.)

## RIBBON CAKE



CAPE COD GINGERBREAD. One cup of molasses, a little salt: tablespoonfuls lard; 1 tempoonful oda dissolved in 103" cup bolling vater: 102 teaspoonful ginger; mlx tiff with flour; roll 1-2 inch thick ind bake in sheets: 9 of



HOW BOSSY WON HER RIGHTS. "If I were you, the master would get no more milk until I had a bet-ter place to live and more food," said Black Crow when Bossy, the brown cow, complained of being hungry. "I haven't been turned out into the pasture for a long time. My house hasn't been cleaned for weeks, and the water stands for days in my bucket. It's not right, and I'm tired of it!" replied Bossy. "Keep back the milk and then see what he does," suggested Black Crow. "It's a shame to see the love-ly grass going to waste out in the green meadows." That evening Bossy decided to try Black Cow's advice, and gave her master very little milk. He grew an-gry and let her go to bed without her supper. After the master left the barn the next morning, Bossy watched him

light

