

## THIS WOMAN TO THIS MAN

—BY—  
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"A Soldier of the Legion."  
"The Lightning Conductor"  
"The Shop Girl"

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Continued from Monday's issue  
"The worst of it is, I can't tell you exactly. Two men may come into this restaurant looking for me. One or both will speak to me. They'll call me a certain name, and I shall say they've made a mistake. You must say so, too. You must tell them I'm your husband, and stick to that no matter what the man, or men, may tell you about me. The principal thing now is to choose a name. But—by Jove—I forgot it in my hurry! Are you expecting anyone to join you? If you are, it's awkward."

"I was expecting someone, but I've given him up now."

"Was this table taken in his name or yours? Or, perhaps—but no, I'm sure you're not!"

"Sure I'm not what?"

"Sure you're not married. You're a girl. Your eyes haven't got any experience of life in them yet."

Annesley looked down; and when she looked down her face was very sweet. She had long, curved brown lashes, a shade or two darker than her hair.

"I'm not married," she said rather shyly. "I thought a table had been engaged in the name of Mr. Smith, but there was a misunderstanding. The head waiter put me at this table in case Mr. Smith should come after all. I've given him up now, and was just going away when—"

"When you took pity on a nameless man. But it seems indicated that he should be Mr. Smith, unless you have any objection?"

"No, I have none. You'd better take the name, as I mentioned it to the waiter."

"And the first name?"

"I don't know. The initial I gave was N."

"Very well, I choose Nelson. Where do we live?"

Annesley stared, frightened.

"Forgive me," the man said, "I ought to have explained what I meant before asking you that, or put the question another way. Will you go on as you've begun, and trust me still further, by letting me drive with you to your home, if necessary, in case of being followed? At worst, I'll need to beg no more than to stand inside your front door for a few minutes if we're watched, and—"

but I see that this time I have passed the limit. I'm expecting too much! How do you know but I may be a thief or a murderer?"

"I hadn't thought of such a thing," Annesley stammered. "I was only thinking—it isn't my house. It doesn't even belong to my people. I live with an old lady, Mrs. Ellsworth. I hope she'll be in bed when I get back, and the servants, too. I have a key because—because I told a fib about the place where I was going, and consequently Mrs. Ellsworth approved. If she hadn't approved, I shouldn't have been allowed out. I could let you stand inside the door if it had to be. But if anyone followed us as far as the house, and saw the number, he could look in the directory, couldn't he, and find out that it belonged to Mrs. Ellsworth, not Mr. Smith?"

"He couldn't have a directory in his pocket! By the time he got hold of one and could make any use of his knowledge, I'd be far away."

"Yes, I suppose you would," Annesley thought aloud, and a little voice seemed to add sharply in her ear: "Far away from my life!"

This brought back to her memory what she had in her new excitement forgotten; the adventure she had come out to meet had faded into thin air! The unexpected one which had so startlingly taken its place would end to-night, and she would be left to the dreary existence whence in desperation she had tried to break free.

She was like a pebble which had succeeded in riding out to sea on a wave, only to be washed back into its old place on the shore. The thought that, after all, she had no change to look forward to, gave the girl a sudden, passionate desire to make the most of this one living hour among so many that were born dead.

"Mrs. Ellsworth's house," she said, "is 22A Torrington Square."

"Thank you." Only these two words he spoke, but the eager dark

eyes seemed to add praise and blessings for her confidence.

"My name is Annesley Grayle," she volunteered, as if to prove to the man and to herself how far she trusted him; also perhaps as a bid for his name in payment of that trust. So at least he must have understood, for he said: "If I don't tell you mine, it's for your own protection. I'm not ashamed of it; but it's better that you shouldn't know that if you heard it suddenly, it should be strange to you, just like any other name. Don't you see, I'm right?"

"I dare say you are."

"Then we'll leave it at that. But we can't go on pretending to study this menu forever! You came to dine with Mr. Smith. You'll dine with his understudy instead. You'll let me order dinner? It's part of the programme."

"Very well," Annesley agreed.

The man nodded to the head-waiter, who had been benevolently interested in the little drama which, indirectly, he had stage-managed. Instead of sending a substitute, he came himself to take the order.

With wonderful promptness, considering that Mr. Smith's thoughts had not once been near the menu under his eyes, a number of dishes were chosen and a wine selected.

"Madam is glad now that I persuaded her not to go?" the waiter could not resist, and Annesley replied that she was glad. As the man turned away, "Mr. Smith" raised his eyebrows with rather a wistful smile.

"I'm afraid you're sorry, really," he said. "If I'd come a minute later than I did, you'd have been safe and happy at home by this time."

"Not happy," answered the girl. "Because it isn't home. If it were, I shouldn't have told fibs to Mrs. Ellsworth to-night."

"That sounds interesting," remarked her companion.

"It's not interesting," she assured him. "Nothing in my life is. I don't want to bore you by talking about my affairs, but if you think we may be interrupted, perhaps I'd better explain one or two things which have been on my mind."

"I wanted to come here this evening to keep an engagement. I'd made, but it's always very difficult for me to get out alone. Mrs. Ellsworth doesn't like to be left, and she never lets me go anywhere without her except to the home of some friends of mine. It's only real friends I have. It's rather odd, but their name is Smith, and that saved my telling a direct lie. Not that a half lie isn't almost worse. It's so cowardly."

"Ellsworth likes me to go to Archdeacon and Mrs. Smith's because I'm afraid because she thinks they're rather swells," Mrs. Smith has a duke for an uncle. Mrs. Ellsworth said 'yes' at once, when I asked, and gave me her key and permission to stop out till half past ten, though everyone in the house is supposed to be in bed by ten. She's almost sure to be in bed herself, but if she gets interested in one of the books I brought her from the library to-day, it's just possible she may be sitting up to read, and to ask me about my evening."

"Our bedrooms are on the ground floor at the back of an addition to the house. What if she should hear the latch-key in the lock (it's very old fashioned and hard to work), and what if she should come to the swing door at the end of the corridor where she'd see you with me?"

"What should you say or do?"

"H'm! It would be awkward. But isn't there a young Smith in your Archdeacon's family?"

"There is one, but I haven't seen him since I was a little girl. He's a sailor. He's away now on an Arctic expedition."

"Then it wasn't that Mr. Smith you came to meet at the Savoy?"

"No. They're not related at all." As Annesley returned in thought to the Mr. Smith who had thrown her over, she took from her bodice the white rose which was to have identified her for him, and found it a place in the vase with the other white roses. She had a special reason for doing this. The real Mr. Smith, if by any chance he appeared



The "Serve the Cavalier" number—one of the pretty song hits in Klaw and Erlangers' musical comedy de luxe, "The Little Cafe," which will be offering at the Grand Opera House on Saturday matinee and night, March 17.

now, would be a terrible complication. But without the rose he could not claim her acquaintance.

"Why do you do that?" her companion broke the thread of his questioning to ask. There was curiosity in eyes and voice.

The girl was tempted to tell some easy fib; that the rose was faded, or too fragrant; but somehow she could not. They both seemed so close to the deep-down things of life at this moment, that to speak the truth boldly, was the only possible thing.

"I arranged to wear a white rose for Mr. Smith to recognize me. We have never seen each other," she confessed.

"Yet you say there's nothing interesting in your life!"

"It's true! This thing was—rather dreadful. It could happen only to a girl whose life was not interesting."

"Now I understand why you put away the rose—for my sake, in case Mr. Smith should turn up after all. Will you give it to me? I won't flaunt it in my buttonhole. I'll hide it sacredly, in memory of this evening—and of you. Not that I shall need to be reminded of anything which concerns this night—your courage, and your generosity, your courage. But it may be that the men I spoke of won't find me here. If they don't, the worst of your ordeal is already over. It will only be to finish dinner with me, and let me put you into a taxi. To-morrow you can think you dreamed of the wretch who appealed to you, and be glad that you will never see him again."

Annesley selected her white rose from its fellows, dried its stem daintily with her napkin, and gave the flower to "Mr. Smith." Already it looked refreshed, as she herself felt refreshed after five years of "stiffness," by these few throbbing moments.

Continued on Wednesday.

CLERGYMAN TO FRANCE.  
By Courier Leased Wire.

Boston, March 13.—Rev. Ernest Guthrie, pastor of Union Congregational Church, announced yesterday that he had resigned and would sail for France next month to join an American ambulance corps.

His resignation was first presented several months ago, when he planned to enlist with a Canadian regiment, but officers of the church asked him to remain until spring. The minister said he would see earlier service as a member of the ambulance corps.

Mr. Guthrie, a native of New Zealand, was pastor of a church at Burlington, Vt., for six years before coming to this city in 1914.

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## SIDELIGHTS ON THE STAGE AND SCREEN

### The Brant

A stirring sea story of the olden days of pirates and buccaners of the golden romance of the Spanish Main; a tender yet powerful absorbing drama of the romantic seventeenth century, with two such popular stars as Pauline Frederick and Thomas Meighan in the leading roles. Such is "The Slave Market," now showing at the Brant Theatre, a film production of uncommon merit, and deemed by many, Miss Frederick's greatest production. None in whose blood runs the spirit of adventure and romance, and who can find pleasure in such stories as "Treasure Island," should miss the "Slave Market."

Billie Burke is once more a centre of popularity in "Gloria's Romance," while a side splitting Christmas comedy completes the motion picture bill. Frazier and Mack are sure fire mirth producers in their singing, talking and musical number, introducing one of the daintiest of the younger class of entertainers, upon the stage to-day. The Spessell Brothers and Mack present a comedy tumbling act extraordinary in their pantomime offering "The New Chief."

"The Little Cafe."

That playgoer who loves the best in musical plays and welcomes the opportunity to be at once pleased and interested, is cheating himself if he does not see "The Little Cafe," which comes to the Grand Opera House next Saturday, March 17th, St. Patrick's Day, matinee and night.

In a word, "The Little Cafe" must necessarily be a most delightful musical offering, for it has stood the test of time, this being the third season of its continued success, and that is saying something for a musical show in these days.

It was written by the late C. M. S. McLeellan and Ivan Caryl, who were also the authors of those well known successes, "The Pink Lady," and "Oh, Oh, Delphine," and was adapted from the French of "Le Petit Cafe" which had a run of a year or more in Paris.

The production to be seen here is identical with that which characterized its long run at the New Amsterdam Theatre, and the cast is one that is bound to please even the most fastidious, notably among whom may be found Louise Orth, the famous ten thousand dollar blonde beauty of the Pacific coast; Mile. De Lara, who created the principal role in the Paris production; Florrie Auburn, who is well known as a musical comedy star, also as a famous vampire on the screen; Frank Tierney, who will be remembered for his excellent work in "The Pink Lady," Lon Carter, Jesse Willingham and a host of other well known farceurs.

Particular attention has been paid to the chorus, which is large and well trained, the ensemble number being fifty, mostly girls—beautiful girls.

### My Killarney Rose

Al H. Wilson and his company will present the new play "My Killarney Rose" at the Grand Opera House on Wednesday, March 14th.

This new Wilson offering is the product of Herbert Hall Winslow, who has provided a captivating story with an Irish atmosphere embodying absorbing episodes that are novel, varied and picturesque.

Mr. Wilson has gained considerable renown by his ability to provide good wholesome entertainment replete with laughter that darts rays of sunshine through the bustle of every day life. He knows what his patrons desire in the nature of downright enjoyment, and he generally gives them just enough of that article to produce a feeling of contentment, furthermore he has an extremely sweet singing voice which he uses to great advantage, especially in songs of his own composition. In this new offering the musical program is particularly attractive, embracing a varied assortment in melodies that run from grave to gay—yet all possessing qualities that delight the senses and enthrall the listeners. The titles are "My Killarney Rose," "The Love I Give to You," "Where the Shamrock Grows," "Mary Houllihan" and "The Yodel that Stole My Girl Away."

The scenes of the play are laid in Ireland in the year 1800, near Killarney and in the city of Dublin. The plot deals with the adventures of Tom Carey (Mr. Wilson) and his many merry mishaps. The interest is accumulative from the start to the finish, punctuated with comedy that makes it doubly enjoyable.

### THE REX

A powerful gripping five reel story of railroad life as it really is, with a plot combining mystery, heart interest, dramatic action and no small measure of genuine, spontaneous comedy—illuminated throughout by the masterful and dominating personality of House Peters, one of the most popular stars upon the screen to-day, although a newcomer to Brantford audiences. Such is "The Rail Rider," which heads the motion picture bill at the Rex theatre for the first of this week. Other popular features are the eighth installment of the gripping serial "The Secret Kingdom," featuring Dorothy Kelly and Charles Richman, and a fantastically funny film of frenzied finance as formulated by Frank Daniels in his characterization of Kernel Nut.

## Housewives Please Note

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### HE LOVES THE SOUTH

Tom Meighan, who was so highly incensed because he was whisked away to Cuba the instant he reached New York on the occasion of his transfer from the Lasky studio, was very delighted to be included in the party that accompanied Pauline Frederick to Savannah, last week. Strange as it may seem, Meighan cannot seem to find an overcoat that is thick enough to keep out these chilly New York blasts. The redoubtable Mr. Meighan hopes to find some measure of comfort in the South and is quite willing to forego the pleasures of the G. W. W. until gentle spring wafts its laughing zephyrs—and all that sort of thing.

### TAKE WARNING

Mabel Taliaferro, Metro star, was doing exterior work recently for "The Sunbeam," and, dressed in rags, was sitting in an automobile at 11th avenue and 50th street when a crowd of urchins gathered near her.

"Gee," said one, "she's a movie actress."

"Aw, she can't be," commented another, "look at her clothes. Movie actresses make lots of money and dress grand."

"Then she's been pinched by the children's society," piped a third. "Let's beat it." And they did.

### LITERARY LOUISE

Louise Fazenda is having a literary spasm. She began by writing a biography of herself for the newspapers. Now she can't get her fingers unclutched from the pen. The young comedienne writes well and some of Mack Sennett's literary staff are urging her on toward the magazines. Anyhow the editors can't complain that we haven't given them fair warnings.

### BORZAGE'S BEST

Frank Borzage, the Mutual's popular actor-director of "Immature Lee," the stirring Mutual Masterpiece picture in which he co-stars with Anna Little, is the hero of small boys all over the world. It seems that all the boys are especially crazy about the way the curly headed westerner strikes off a match on his thumb nail. That seems to impress them much more than his daring feats of horsemanship, although they too, make a tremendous hit.

Mr. Borzage received a letter from one admiring youngster the

other day, who wrote in a sturdy scrawl: "Frank Borzage, friend Frank Go to it Frank, the way you like matches is fine. I'd rather see you life matches Frank than make love to that girl Anna Little. Do it sum mor. Cum on, Frank, send me your pitcher. Your friend, Bob Jones."

Frank Borzage had a special picture made, and you can be sure Bob Jones has it up on his wall.

### BATHED IT

Mike and Louie, better known as Kolb and Dill, went bathing the other day. They did not choose the sun bathed sandy California beaches however, nor did they appear in any striped bathing suits.

If the truth must be told, Kolb and Dill are not anxious that it should, as they really overlooked a mighty good bet. They went bathing in a stream of foamy stuff, that which made "Milkauke famous."

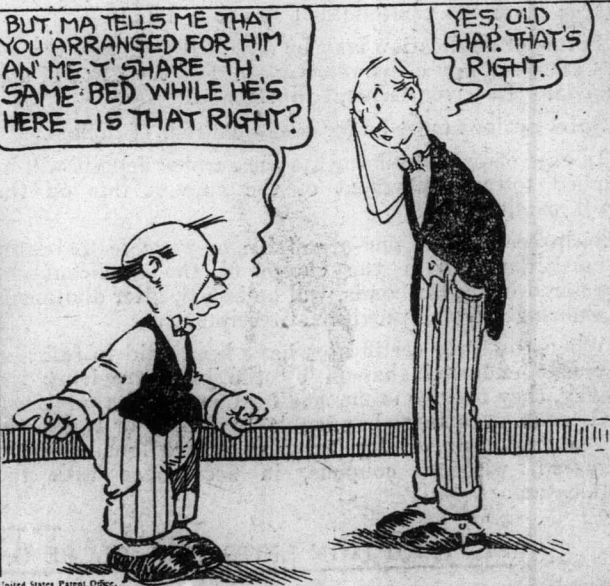
The how and wherefore is that they were rehearsing a scene for "A Peck O' Pickles" and turned on the spigot in a keg of beer, not knowing that there was one hundred pounds of pressure behind it. They were directly in front of the keg—enough said.

### BROKE MACHINERY

By Courier Leased Wire.  
Quebec, March 12.—The Island ferry boat Polaris with some 50-passengers, twenty bags of mail and freight from the Island of Orleans, broke her machinery this morning near St. Laurent and drifted through the ice from 8 to 11 a.m. being rescued and towed here by the ice breaker Montcalm.

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## Frowsy Fred Isn't Hard to Please



## THAT SON-IN-LAW OF PA'S

---By Wellington

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