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THE MAELSTROM
 By Frank Froest
 Late Superintendent of the Criminal Investigation Department of New Scotland Yard. (Copyright)

(From Tuesday's Daily.)
 There are certain aspects that must be settled by specialists; there may be a thousand and one inquiries to make in rapid succession. Menzies had no idea of playing a lone hand.
 For a couple of hours a steady stream of officials and others descended on the house, and Linstone Terrace Gardens became the centre of such police activity as it had never dreamed of in its respectability and retirement.
 Men worked from house to house interviewing servants, masters, mistresses, cleaning such facts as could be obtained of the lonely, eccentric old man, his habits, his visitors, friends and relations.
 Inside the house the divisional surgeon had attended to Hallett. ("No serious injury; may come round any moment") and waited till flashlight photographs of the room had been taken from various angles ere examining the dead man.
 Draftsmen made plans to scale of the room and every article in it. A fingerprint expert peered round searchingly, scattering black or gray powder on things which the murderer might have touched. In the top-most rooms Congreve, Menzies's right-hand man, had begun a hasty search of the house, that would become more minute the next day.
 Menzies had occupied a morning room at the back of the house, and was deep in consultation with Sir Hilary Thornton, the grizzled assistant-commissioner, and Heldon Foyle, the square-shouldered, well-groomed superintendent of the criminal investigation department. There was little likeness between the three men, unless it lay in a certain hint of superiority in the eyes and a firmness of the mouth. A detective without a sense of humor is lost.
 Now and again Menzies broke off the conversation to issue an order or receive a report. Thornton observed for the first time the characters in which he made a few notes on the back of an envelope.
 "I didn't know you knew Greek, Menzies," he remarked.
 The chief inspector twiddled his pencil awkwardly. "I use it now and again, Sir Hilary. You see, if I should lose my notes by any chance it's odds against the finder reading them. I used to do them in shorthand, but I gave it up. There are too many people who understand it. Yes, what is it, Johnson?"
 The man who had entered held out a paper. "Addresses of the cook and housemaid, sir. One lives at Potters Bar, the other at Walthamstow."
 "Have them fetched by taxi," ordered Menzies curtly.
 "Couldn't you have statements taken from them?" asked Sir Hilary mildly. "It's rather a drag for women in the middle of the night."
 Menzies smoothed his mustache. "We don't know what may develop here, sir. We may want to put some questions quickly."
 While thus Menzies was straining every resource which a great organization possesses to gather together into his hands the ends of the case, Jimmie Hallett awoke once more. The throbbing in his head had gone, and he lay for a while with closed eyes, listlessly conscious of the murmur of low voices in the room.
 He sat up, and at once a dapper little man was by his side. "Ah, Menzies, you're awake up!"
 "Thats right. Drink this. We want you to pull yourself together for a little while."
 "Thanks. I'm all right," remarked Hallett mechanically. He drank something which the other held out to him in a tumbler, and a rush of new life thrilled through him. "Are you Mr. Menzies?"
 "No, I'm the police divisional surgeon. Mr. Menzies is in the next room. Think you're up to telling him what has happened? He's anxious to know the meaning of all this."
 "So am I," said Hallett grimly, and staggered to his feet. "Just a trifling groggy," he added as he swayed, and the little doctor with supporting shoulder under his arm.
 The three in the next room rose as Hallett was ushered in. It was Foyle who sprang up to assist Hallett and lifted him bodily on to the chaise longue, which Menzies pushed under the chandelier. The doctor went out.
 "Quite comfortable, eh?" asked Foyle. "Let me make that cushion a bit easier for you. Now you're better. We won't worry you at present more than we can help, will we, Menzies?"
 Three great detectives, for all that their solicitude seemed solely for the comfort of the young man, were studying him keenly and unobtrusively. Already they had talked him over, but any suspicions that they might have held were quite indefinite.
 At the opening stage of a murder investigation every one is suspected. In that lies the difference between murder and professional crime. A burglar, a forger, is usually committed for one fixed motive, by a fixed class of criminal, and the search is narrowed from the start.
 A millionaire does not pick pockets, but he is quite as likely as any one else to kill an enemy. In a murder case no detective would say positively that any person is innocent until he is absolutely certain of the guilt of the real murderer.
 Hallett, whose brain was beginning to work swiftly, held out his hand to the chief inspector. "Pleased to meet you, Mr. Menzies. I've got a letter of introduction to you from Pinkerton. That's how I came to ring you up. My name's Hallett."
 Menzies shook hands. "Pleased to meet you, Mr. Hallett. This is Sir Hilary Thornton—Mr. Heldon Foyle."
 "And now," said Jimmie decisively, when the introductions were done, "do you people think I killed this man, Grey-Stratton?"
 The possibility had been in the minds of every one in the room, but they were taken aback by the abruptness of the question. Weir Menzies laughed, as though the idea were preposterous.
 "Not unless you've swallowed the pistol, Mr. Hallett. We've found no weapon of any kind. You were locked in, you know. Now tell us all about it. I couldn't hear a word you said on the telephone."
 They all listened thoughtfully until he had finished. Thornton elevated his eyebrows in question at his own companions as the recital closed.
 "Where are those checks?" asked Foyle. "They may help us."
 Hallett patted his pockets in rapid succession. "They're gone!" he exclaimed. "They must have been taken off me when I was knocked out."
 "But the woman who was running after her, 'Can you make anything of it, Menzies?"
 The chief inspector was gnawing his mustache, a sure sign of bewilderment with him. He shrugged his shoulders. There's little enough to take hold of," he returned. "Could you recognize any of the people you saw again, Mr. Hallett? That girl, the man who was running after her, or the chap in the house?"
 "I haven't the vaguest idea of what the face of either of the men was like," said Hallett.
 "But the woman—the girl?" persisted Menzies.
 Hallett hesitated. "I—I think it possible that I might," he admitted. Then an impulse took him. "But I'm sure she's not the sort of person to be mixed up in—"
 The three detectives smiled openly. "In this kind of mess, you were going to say," finished Menzies. "There's only one flaw in your reasoning—she is."
 Wrung as dry of information as a squeezed sponge of water, Hallett was permitted to depart. The courtesy of Sir Hilary Thornton supplied him with a motor-car back to his hotel, the fore-thought of Menzies provided him with an escort in the shape of a detective sergeant. All that Hallett would have been less pleased had he known that the before-mentioned detective sergeant was to be relieved from all other duties for the specific purpose of keeping an eye upon him.
 Weir Menzies was always cautious, and though his own impression of the young man had been favorable enough, he was taking no chances.
 All through that night Weir Menzies drove his allies hither and thither in the attempt to bring the end of the raveled threads of mystery into his hand. No one knew better than he the importance of a first hot burst of pursuit. An hour in the initial stages of an investigation is worth a week later on.
 His irritation at being kept out of bed had all vanished now that he was on the warpath. He could think without regret of a committee meeting of the Church Restoration Fund, the following day, which he would be forced to absent himself.
 Scores of messages had been sent over the private telegraph and telephone systems of the Metropolitan Police before, at seven o'clock in the morning, he took a respite. It was to an all-night Turkish bath in the neighborhood of Piccadilly Circus that he made his way.
 At nine o'clock, spruce and ruddy, showing no trace of his all-night work, beyond a slight tightening of the brows, he was in Heldon Foyle's office. The Superintendent nodded as he came in.
 "You look fine, Menzies. Got your man?"
 The other made a motion of his hand deprecatory of badinage.
 "None," he said, "but I've got a line on him."
 Foyle sat up and adjusted his pipe. "The deuce you have. Who is he?"
 "His name is Errol," said Menzies. "He's a stenographer of Grey-Stratton, and was pushed out of the country seven years ago."
 "Menzies," said Foyle, laying down his pipe-pan, "you ought to be in a book."
 (Continued in Thursday's daily.)

SIDE TALKS
 MARRIED WOMEN IN BUSINESS

The man who sells is an important factor in any business. But not so important as the man who buys. At least so a business man told me recently.
 In the business of married life, in nine cases out of ten, the women are the buyers.
 One often hears married women complaining because their work is so monotonous and uninteresting and wishing they could go into business where they would have some chance to use their brains.
 Yet in the majority of cases these women are not using their brains in their share of the world's business.
 In fact the Small Income is The Hardest To Spend Wisely.
 To spend even a small income in the wisest, most efficient way is truly a task for all a woman has not only of brains but of character.
 Take the brain side of it first. A first class buyer, the kind who if she were a man would be offered positions by other houses, will know the value, not only the price, of all she buys. In the matter of food she will understand cuts of meat, she will know about the food values of various articles, she will see everything she buys instead of shopping by telephone.
 It is not the people who have the least money who will buy most carefully. A settlement worker told me of a woman who had six dollars a week to feed a family of five on and included in her budget a head of lettuce a day (ninety per cent water). The Woman Who Fills, Not Just Holds Her Job.
 In the matter of dry goods she will also be enough of a judge of materials not to be at the mercy of the clerk. She will know sleazy goods, she will be able to detect the shoddy, that so often lurks under the gloss of attractive styles. She will know at what shops each article can be bought at best advantage.
 These are a few—just a few—of the ways in which a woman who wants to fill her job of buyer, not merely hold it by virtue of the marriage agreement, will use her brains.
 Now as to character. The woman who buys to the best advantage must have self-restraint. She must know what she needs most and be able to resist a straight course towards it despite all temptations.
 She Just Went Out On A Spending Spree
 A dear little married friend of mine showed me a most attractive tea-table she had bought. It was a bargain, it was pretty, it was nice to have. But she needed so many things of every kind more! "My husband says I shouldn't have bought it. He's finding fault with what I buy," she pouted.
 Poor little lady! I know how it was. She has to scrimp and save all the time and she fell in love with this and knew it was a good value and she just went on a spree and bought it!
 And that's where character comes in.

BRITISH ENVOY GOES TO RUSSIA

Arthur Henderson Undertakes Important Mission to Petrograd
 London, May 29.—It is officially announced that Arthur Henderson, member of the British Cabinet without portfolio and of the War Council, has undertaken an important Government mission to Russia, and that George Nicoll Barnes, Minister of Pensions, has been appointed a member of the War Cabinet without portfolio during Mr. Henderson's absence.
 Mr. Barnes, who now enters the War Cabinet as the representative of Labor in place of Mr. Henderson, has since August, 1914, been a strong advocate of the vigorous prosecution of the war, and has used his great influence with the workmen steadily in that direction. He lost one son in the war.
 Although, according to the official statement, he enters the Council temporarily, it is understood it will be necessary to appoint a new Pensions Minister, which may involve further Ministerial changes.
 Another event considered almost certain to be announced very shortly is the resignation of Lord Devonport, the position of Food Controller involves a daily increasing pressure of work and anxiety. Lord Devonport's health is far from satisfactory, and it is understood that he is very desirous of being relieved of the strain of office.
EXPLORERS SAFE
 By Courier Lensed Wire.
 New York, May 29.—Donald MacMillan, the explorer and other members of the Crocker Land expedition, which went into the Arctic in 1913, are safe at Etah on the northwest coast of Greenland, according to a cablegram received to-day by the American Museum of Natural History.

Courier Daily Recipe Column

ORANGE MARMALADE
 Six Seville oranges, 2 lemons, 8 pounds of loaf sugar, 8 pints of water.
 Cut oranges and lemons very fine and put water on oranges and let stand 24 hours. Boil oranges until rinds are tender. Then add sugar and boil until syrup runs thick on plate. Cut oranges and lemons very fine and put water on oranges and let stand 24 hours. Boil oranges until rinds are tender. Then add sugar and boil until syrup runs thick on plate. Cut oranges and lemons very fine and put water on oranges and let stand 24 hours. Boil oranges until rinds are tender. Then add sugar and boil until syrup runs thick on plate.
BAKED SWEET APPLES
 Very perfect apples are required for baking. Wash them but do not pare or core them. Put them into a baking pan with a little hot water in it. Bake in a hot oven. When taking them from the baking pan, be sure that each apple gets a coating of butter and raisins.
 Dip each apple in the beaten white of an egg, then in powdered sugar, and allow to stand in a cool oven until the icing is set.
ORANGE ICE
 One dozen Florida oranges, 1 quart water, 1 pint sugar.
 Peel the oranges, cut them in halves across the section, take out seeds and squeeze out the juice; add sugar and water, and when the sugar is dissolved strain and put in the can and freeze. Without the rind, it will have no bitter flavor.
LEMON SHERBERT
 Take a gallon of ice water, the juice of 20 lemons and 3 pints of sugar; place in freezer and freeze as ice cream.
STRAWBERRY CREAM
 One quart ripe strawberries rubbed through a hair sieve, mix with three pints of rich cream and sweetener. Whip to a froth; add 1-2 ounce dissolved gelatine. Serve in glasses. A very nice dessert for a warm day.
NORSE SHIP SUNK
 By Courier Lensed Wire.
 Christiania, Norway, May 30.—via London.—The Norwegian steamer Norway, 477 tons, was sunk by gunfire on Saturday while on her way to her home port. The crew was rescued by a passing steamer.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA



Our Daily Pattern Service

Valuable Suggestions for the Handy Home-maker—Order any Pattern Through The Courier. Be sure to State Size.
BOYS' ROMPERS.
 By Anabel Worthington.
 Quite different from the usual style of rompers, is this play suit for the small boy, No. 8230. It looks very much like an old fashioned pair of overalls, though in reality the whole garment is connected, the romper section being stitched to the lower edge of the shaped yoke. The shoulder straps are only applied to the yoke. The back section is gathered to a belt with pointed ends, which buttons at the edges of the pockets in front. The round neck may be finished with or without the collar. The back view clearly shows how the suit is fastened. Short sleeves, as well as long sleeves, with a cuff, are included in the pattern.
 The romper pattern, No. 8230, is cut in three sizes—two, four and six years. The four year size requires of dark material for the lower part, 1 1/2 yards 27-inch or 30-inch, 1 1/2 yards 28-inch; light material, 1 1/2 yards 26-inch, 1/2 yard 36-inch. To obtain this pattern, send 10 cents to the office of this publication.

People More Particular

THE demand for package goods grows greater every year. Why?
 Because the world is ever growing more and more particular about foods.
 Packages keep the goods in wholesome, sanitary condition. They keep out dust, flies, moisture and odors, preventing deterioration.
 They preserve flavor, freshness and strength—insuring value for the money.
RED ROSE TEA is good tea
 In Sealed Packages Only

Good Night Stories

By Charles Steward
METTA AND THE PRINCE
 Metta lived with her grandmother, and they were very poor. One morning, as Metta was on her way to market with a basket of eggs she felt something pulling her skirt, and turning she saw a poor little fellow reaching the stump Metta sat down and the hospital staff were safely transferred to other ships, and the crew were also saved, with the exception of six men, who are missing, and are feared to have been killed by the explosion.
 "His Majesty's armed mercantile cruiser Hilary, Acting Captain F. W. Dean, has been torpedoed and sunk in the North Sea. Four men were killed by the explosion."
ALGONQUIN PARK
 Get a copy of the Algonquin Park booklet and see what a beautiful spot this region is for a few days rest. Nearly 2,000 feet above the sea. Just the out-of-the-way place for a delightful change. The Highland Inn offers splendid accommodation. Good fishing. Through sleeping car from Toronto Thursday nights until June 24th. After which every week day. Write C. E. Horning, Union Station, Toronto.
SUNDAY BALL OPPOSED
 The proposal to play Sunday baseball in the big league parks of the eastern cities for the benefit of the military or Red Cross funds is likely to be strongly opposed by the authorities of both Philadelphia and Boston.
 Officials of the city Government in both communities have indicated that it would require a special legislative Act, which would be likely to meet considerable opposition.
CANAL CAPTAIN SHOT.
 By Courier Lensed Wire.
 New York, May 29.—H. P. Binderman, 59 years old, a canal captain, was shot and killed by Private Herbert Taylor, a 19 year old infantryman at Long Island today. According to the police report, Taylor fired in self defense while on guard at a manufacturing plant. Binderman, the police were informed, was ordered away from the property and raised an iron bar in an attempt to strike Taylor.
 See the new Pope bicycles at C. J. Mitchell's, 39 Dalhousie street.

HOSPITAL SHIP AND CRUISER ARE U-BOAT VICTIMS

Total Loss of Life on Two Torpedoed Vessels Not Over Ten
 London, May 29.—The British hospital ship Dover Castle and the mercantile cruiser Hilary have been submerged in the Mediterranean and the North Sea respectively, it was announced to-day. Four of those aboard the Hilary were killed.
 The Hilary was evidently a converted cruiser, formerly the Booth liner of the same name. The Hilary was built in 1905, was a steel screw steamer, of 6,329 tons, and was registered at Liverpool.
 The text of the official announcement reads:
 "His Majesty's hospital ship Dover Castle was torpedoed without warning at 6.30 o'clock Saturday in the Mediterranean. At 8.30 she was again torpedoed and subsequently sank. The whole number of hospital patients and the hospital staff were safely transferred to other ships, and the crew were also saved, with the exception of six men, who are missing, and are feared to have been killed by the explosion."
 "His Majesty's armed mercantile cruiser Hilary, Acting Captain F. W. Dean, has been torpedoed and sunk in the North Sea. Four men were killed by the explosion."

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