

An Outsider

(By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE)

AUTHOR OF

"The Lone Wolf"

"John Thursday"

"The Brass Bowl" etc.

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(From Wednesday's Daily).
He went about that business, having committed himself to it, in a most businesslike fashion; he kissed (as he would have said) for keeps, kissed her lips hungrily, ardently, and most thoroughly; he had been wanting to for a long time, and now that his time was come he made the most of it.

She was at first too stunned and shocked to resist. And for another moment a curious medley of emotions kept her inert in his arms, of which the most coherent was a lunatic notion that she, too, had been wanting just this to happen, just this way, for the longest time. And when at length she remembered and felt her anger mounting and was ready to struggle, he disappointedly set her down upon her feet.

"There!" he said with satisfaction. "Now that's settled—and a good job, too!"

She turned on him furiously. "How dared you—?"

"Didn't I deserve it, catching you the way I did?" he asked, opening his eyes in mock wonder at her. "And didn't you deserve it for being so silly as to try anything like that?" He jerked his head toward that window. "What on earth possessed you—?"

"Don't you know? Don't you understand?" she stormed. "I've been accused of stealing Mrs. Gosnold's jewels—locked up. You knew that surely!"

"What an infernal outrage!" he cried indignantly. "No, I didn't know. How would I? I—I faltered—I've been having troubles of my own."

That drove in like a knife-thrust the memory of the scene in the garden with Mrs. Artemas. The girl recoiled from him as from something indescribably loathsome.

"Oh!" she cried in disgust, "you are too contemptible!"

A third voice cut short his retort, a hail from above. "Hello, down there!"

With a start Sally looked up. Her window was alight again, and somebody was leaning head and shoulders out.

"Hello, I say! Is that the Man-waring woman? Stop her; she's escaping arrest!"

Trego barred the way to the garden; and that was as well (she thought in a flash) for now the only hope for her was to lose herself temporarily in the shadows of the shrubbery.

The thought of the trees that stood between the grounds and the highway was vaguely in her mind with its invitation to shelter when she turned and darted like a hunted rabbit around the corner of the house.

Before Trego regained sight of her she was on the landward lawns; crossing them like the shadow of a wind-swept cloud, she darted into the obscurity of the trees and vanished. And Mr. Trego, observing Mr. Lytle-ton emerge from under the porte-cochere and start in pursuit, paused long enough dully to trip up that gentleman and send him sprawling with all the good-will imaginable.

Frantic with fright, her being wholly obsessed with the one thought of escape, Sally flew on down the drive until, on the point of leaving the grounds by the gate to the highway, she pulled up perforce and jumped back in the nick of time to avoid disaster beneath the wheels of a motor-car that was swinging inward at a reckless pace.

Involuntarily she threw a forearm across her eyes to shield them from the blinding glare of the head-lamps. In spite of this she was recognized and heard Mrs. Gosnold's startled voice crying out: "Miss Manwaring! Stop! Stop, I say!"

With grinding brakes the car lurched to a sudden halt.

Weak, spent, and weary, the girl made no effort to consummate her escape, realizing that it had been a forlorn hope at best.

CHAPTER XVII.
Exposé.

Some little time later there filed into the boudoir of the hostess of Gosnold House a small but select troupe of strangely various temper.

Mrs. Gosnold herself led the way, a portentous countenance matching well her tread of inexorable purpose, but in odd contrast to the demure frivolity of the Quaker Girl costume she still wore.

Sally followed, nervously sullen of bearing toward all save her employer.

Mr. Walter Arden Savage came next, but at a respectful distance, a very hang-dog Harlequin indeed, a cigarette drooping disconsolately from the corner of his mouth.

At the door, he stood aside to give precedence to his sister, no longer Columbine, but a profoundly distressed and apprehensive blond person in a particularly fetching negligee.

Miss Pride alone wore her accustomed mien—of sprightly spinsterhood—unruffled.

Mr. Lytle-ton was, almost too much at ease; Mr. Mason was exceedingly dubious; Mr. Trego, was, for him, almost abnormally grave.

This last, bringing up the rear of the procession, closed the hall door at a sign from Mrs. Gosnold. The company found seats conspicuously apart, with the exception of Mrs. Standish and Savage, likewise Mercedes, who stuck to her dear Abigail as per invariable custom. Sally, on her part, found an aloof corner,

where she could observe without being readily observed.

"So," said Mrs. Gosnold, taking her place beside the desk and raking the gathering with a forbidding eye. "Now, if you will all be good enough to humor me without interruption, I have some announcements to make, some news to impart, and perhaps a question or two to ask. It's late, and I'm tired, and short of temper, so you needn't be afraid I shan't make the proceedings as brief as possible. But there are certain matters that must be settled before we go to bed to-night."

She managed a dramatic pause

very effectively, and then: "I've been kidnapped," she announced.

Murmurs of astonishment rewarded her. She smiled grimly.

"Kidnapped," she iterated with a sort of ferocious relish. "At my age, too. I don't wonder you're surprised. I was. So were my kidnappers, when they found out who I was. For, of course, it was a mistake. They were conventional kidnappers, with not an ounce of originality to bless themselves with, so naturally they had meant to kidnap a good-looking youngster—Miss Manwaring, in fact."

She nodded vigorous affirmation of the statement. "So I'm told, at least; so Walter tells me; and he ought to know; he claims to have been the moving spirit in the affair. When he found out his mistake, of course, he posted off after me to rectify the hideous error, and arrived just in time to effect a dramatic rescue. And then he had to confess."

"The whole business," she went on, "from beginning to end, was very simple, childishly simple. In fact, ridiculous. And sickening. You're not going Adele?" she interrupted herself as Mrs. Standish rose.

Without answer her niece moved haughtily toward the door. Mrs. Gosnold nodded to Trego.

"Oh, yes, let her go. I'm sure I've no more use for her. But half a

minute, Adele; the car will be ready to take you and Walter to the nine-thirty boat to-morrow morning."

There was no answer. The door closed behind Mrs. Standish, and her aunt calmly continued:

"It seems that Adele's notorious extravagance got her into hot water shortly after she divorced Standish and had only her private means to support her insane passion for clothes and ostentation in general. She went to money-lenders—usurers, in fact. And, of course, that only made it worse. Then Walter, who has never been overscrupulous, conceived the brilliant notion of squaring everything up for a new start by swindling the burglar-insurance people. Adele has always carried heavy insurance on her jewelry—almost the only sensible habit she ever contracted. And so they conspired like the two near-sighted idiots they were."

"On the afternoon of the day they were to start for the island, they gave all the servants a night off, and contrived to miss connection with the Sound steamer. Then they went to the Biltmore for dinner, and when it was dark Walter sneaked back home to burglarize the safe. I understand he made a very amateurish job of it. Into the bargain, he was observed. It seems that the servants had carelessly left the scuttle open to the roof, and Miss Manwaring,

caught there in a thunderstorm, had taken shelter in the house—which was quite the natural thing, and no blame to her. In addition, a real burglar presently mimicked his way in, caught Walter in the act of rifling his own safe, and forthwith assaulted him. Walter and the jewels were only saved by the intervention of Miss Manwaring, who very bravely pointed a pistol at the real burglar's head, and then, having aided Walter to turn the tables, ran away. So far, good; Walter booted the burglar out of the house, loaded up with the jewels, and left to rejoin Adele. But fate would have it that he should meet Miss Manwaring again in the Grand Central Station."

(Continued in Friday's Issue).

BOY LOSTS FEET.

By Courier Leased Wire.
Dauphin, Man., Oct. 10.—William Bell, a young lad from Hamilton, Ontario, attempting to board a freight train a few miles out of Gilbert Plains yesterday was thrown between the cars, having both feet cut off.

BOY HANGED.

By Courier Leased Wire.
Winnipeg, Oct. 10.—George Hybin, a 13 year old boy, was found hanging by the neck in a barn at the rear of his home in St. Boniface yesterday afternoon. He is believed to have been temporarily drugged.



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---and to serve your comrades, the women in hundreds of thousands of Canadian homes have pledged themselves and their families to observe the Food Service Regulations.

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Woman's Auxiliary, Organization of Resources Committee, in Co-operation with The Hon. W. J. Hanna, Food Controller.

Practical Housekeeping Hints

Substitutes for Meat

Meat has always been considered the best tissue or flesh building food, and for this reason people have always eaten it in great deal. Meat of our meat has come from the Western Provinces, but the tremendous large ranches of twenty years ago are gradually being cut up into small farms and cattle are not being raised in such large numbers any more. This is one reason why meat costs so much. Another reason is the great demand there is for it on the part of our people who do not know that there are other foods that will supply the needs of the body in just the same way that meat does and which in ordinary times do not cost as much as meat. For instance, we can use fish in place of meat much more than we do.

Other foods that can be used in place of meat are eggs, milk, cream soups, cereals, peas, lentils and nuts.

Eggs should be eaten with foods that are rich in starch, such as bread and potatoes. If so eaten, they will take care of the body just as completely as meat would.

Milk contains heat-giving, energy-giving and tissue-building properties. Cream soups made with skim milk and the pulp of vegetables can take the place of meat.

Cereals contain in varying proportions all the elements necessary to support life. They contain a great deal of starch, which is valuable as an energy giver. Oatmeal and corn-meal contain more fat than the other cereals, and, therefore, make a good winter food, especially for hard-working people. Cereals with cooked fruits are particularly appetizing.

Peas, Beans and Lentils are richer in flesh-building elements than any other vegetable and can be used in place of meat. Lentils are more easily digested than either peas or beans. If properly prepared, all these make very appetizing dishes. A dish of baked beans costing about 20 cents, will furnish a family of six with more nourishment than two pounds of beef costing 50 cents.

Nuts contain in a condensed form flesh-building material as meat.

In stating that these dishes can be used in place of meat it is not our purpose to urge you to give up eating meat altogether. It is a fact, however, that as a people we eat too much meat, and you would undoubtedly find yourself much benefited physically if you would cut down on the amount of meat you eat and vary your diet more than you do.

to your Food Service Pledge

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