

An Outsider

(By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE)

AUTHOR OF

"The Lone Wolf"

"Joan Thursday"

"The Brass Bowl" etc.

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(From Saturday's Daily.)

"But—after I've stolen—"

"Don't say it!" Savage cut in. "You stole nothing, if you please; you merely anticipated a reward for a service not yet rendered."

"But—Oh, it's kind of you, but don't you see it's impossible?"

"Nothing is impossible except your refusal," said Mrs. Standish. "Do be sensible, my dear, and realize that we—that I intend you shall have this chance. What can you possibly find to object to? The deed? Surely an innocent deception, practised upon a dear old lady for her own good!"

"Deceit." Mr. Savage pronounced very sagely. "Like any other sin, it's only sinful when it is. That's elementary sophistry, but I invented it, and I'm strong for it. Besides, we've got just twenty minutes now to get aboard the Owl—and I've got to beg, borrow, or buy transportation on it, because there wasn't room left but the two I bought for you and me—and now Adele will have to have one of the rooms—"

"But I've nothing to wear but these things!"

"Don't worry about that," Mrs. Standish reassured her. "I've got nine trunks on the way—and you unquestionably fill my things out like a woman with a perfect figure."

"But how will you explain? Who am I to be? You can't introduce me as a shop-girl out of work whom you caught stealing your clothes!"

"La nuit porte conseil," Mr. Savage announced sagely, and with what was no doubt an excellent accent. "Let Adele sleep on it, and if she doesn't come through in the morning with a good, old-fashioned, all wool, yard-wide flannel that will blanket every possible contingency, I don't know my little sister."

"An elder brother, let me tell you, Miss Manvers, is the best possible preceptor in preparation."

"Elder!" exclaimed the outraged young man. "Well, of all—!" He turned appealingly to Sally. "What did I tell you?"

CHAPTER VI.

Miss Manvers.

Fickle-minded fortune favored Mr. Savage's belated application for additional sleeping-car accommodation; somebody turned back a reservation only ten minutes or so before train-time, in consequence of which Mrs. Standish and Miss Manvers enjoyed adjoining compartments of luxury, while Mr. Savage contented himself with less pretentious quarters farther aft.

Thus it was that at one minute past one o'clock, when a preternaturally self-respecting porter dispassionately ascertained that nothing more would be required of him till morning and shut himself out of her presence, the girl subsided upon the edge of a bed of such sybaritic character as amply to warrant the designation de luxe, and, flushed and trembling with excitement (now that she dared once again to be her natural self) and with all incredulity appropriate to the circumstances, stared at the young woman who stared blankly back from a long mirror framed in the door.

It was truly a bit difficult to identify that modestly dressed and brightly animated young person with S. Manvers of the hardware notions in Hucker's Bargain Basement, while reason tottered and common sense flittered when invited to credit

the chain of accidents responsible for the transformation.

Strange world of magic romance, this, into which she had stumbled over the threshold of a venial misdemeanor! Who now would dare contend that life was ever so grim, and cruel, and indigestible from soup to savory? Who would have the hardihood to uphold such contention when made acquainted with the case of Sarah Manvers, yesterday's drudge, unlovely and unloved, to-day's child of fortune, chosen of a golden destiny.

Sally's jubilation was shadowed by a pensive moment; dare she assume that the winters of her discontent had been forever banished by the wave of chance's wand?

She shook a confounded head, smiled an uncertain smile, sighed a little, broken sigh, and with determination bade adieu to misgivings, turning a deaf ear to the dull growls of mother-wit arguing that the board of health ought to be advised about the state of Denmark. Sufficient unto the night its robes de luxe; she found her couch no less comfortable for the sword that conceivably swayed above it, suspended by a thread of casual favor.

For a time she rested serenely in the dark—only half undressed in view of the ever-possible accident—cheek to pillow, face turned to the window that endlessly screened the sweeping mysteries of that dark, glimmering countryside, quite resigned so to white away the night, turning a deaf ear to the dull growls of mother-wit arguing that the board of health ought to be advised about the state of Denmark. Sufficient unto the night its robes de luxe; she found her couch no less comfortable for the sword that conceivably swayed above it, suspended by a thread of casual favor.

And immediately opened them to broad daylight, revealing, through that magic casement, the outskirts of a considerable city, street after suburban street wheeling away like spokes from a restless hub.

A simultaneous pounding on the door warned her she had but ten minutes in which to dress; no time to grasp the substance of a dream, a confident attitude with which to salute the fairy godparents of her social debut—time only to struggle into her outer garments and muster a half-timid, deprecatory smile for those whom she was to find awaiting her in the corridor—impatient, to be sure, none too amiably conscious of foregone beauty sleep, accepting their proffered with a matter-of-course manner most disillusioning.

"Got to hurry, you know," Savage informed her brusquely; "only twenty minutes to snatch a bite before our train leaves for the island."

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The platform thronged with fellow passengers similarly haunted by the seven devils of haste, beneath a high, glazed, but opaque vault peering an unappealing atmosphere composed in equal parts of a stagnant, warm air and stale steam, into a restaurant that had patently been up all night, through the motions of swallowing alternate mouthfuls of denatured coffee and dejected rolls, up again and out and down another platform—at last into the hot and dusty haven of a parlor-car.

Then impressions found time for readjustment. The journey promised, and turned out, to be by no means one of unalloyed delights. The early morning temper discovered by

Courier Daily: Pattern Service

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LADIES' WAIST.

By Anabel Worthington.



No woman ever feels that she has all the waists that she needs for all occasions, and so a charmingly simple, semi-tailored waist like No. 8370 is always a useful acquisition. The original of this was made of ricton taffeta and trimmed with ruffles of self-material and fancy buttons. Crepe de Chine, hemstitched and with ruffles of finely plaited and white possibility. The centre of attraction is the large cape-like collar and the revers, which are formed by rolling back the fronts of the waist. These revers may be attached to the collar or left free. One may choose either style of sleeves, as both the long ones with cuffs and the short ones are offered.

The shirtwaist pattern, No. 8370, is cut in sizes 36 to 44 inches bust measure. The 36 inch size requires 2 1/2 yards 36 inch material, with 1 1/2 yards plaiting. To obtain this pattern send 10 cents to the office of this publication.

SIDE TALKS

By RUTH CAMERON

There are a great many ways a yet there are women who need it, who can help her husband.

Frugality and thrift are two of the most press-agented, and yet there are times when too much thrift, too much of the Martha spir- it, that anxiousness over many things—are a let and hindrance.

We were talking the other day of a young business man who is very hard working, very intelligent and yet does not seem to get far.

"I think his wife is partly to blame," said the Authorman.

"How can you say that?" said the Authorman's wife, "why she works terribly hard and she is so economical."

A Wife Who Had to Have Money Might Have Helped

"She could work less hard and have a larger vision," said the Authorman. "I think it's her thrift and her habit of counting pennies that has helped hold him back. He fits her too small on the work he does. He doesn't ever dare take chances. He's somewhat that way and she makes him more so. If he had married a wife who was used to having money and thinking in big figures he might be forced to succeed."

The Authorman's wife looked entirely unconvinced. It is a dangerous philosophy to put up to women and

yawning delicately.

"Oh," he responded with an accent of doubt, as the white corduroy vanished round a shrunken neck of the deck-house, and he bestirred himself to pay a little attention to Sally.

(Continued in Wednesday's Issue.)

UNVEILING OF HONOR ROLL

Took Place Sunday Evening At Shenstone Memorial Church

The Shenstone Memorial Church was crowded to its capacity on Sunday evening, when a special service was held for the unveiling of the Honor Roll. Mr. George McKay, who has sent practically all his S. S. class to the front, unveiled the roll, which contains 27 names (church members and adherents). Two of those enrolled have paid the "supreme price" and another has been decorated with a Military Medal. The Pastor, Rev. J. H. Stinson, gave an excellent sermon from the text: "The Lord is a Man of War, Jehovah is His Name." The choir excelled themselves in two anthems "Fairest than Day," and "In God is Our Trust."

"One Meatless Meal a Day" is a good food slogan for war time, or any time—better make it two meatless meals a day—it would mean health and strength for the nation. But be sure and get the right substitute for meat in a digestible form. Shredded Wheat Biscuit is the ideal substitute for meat. It is 100 per cent. whole wheat prepared in a digestible form. Two or three of these little loaves of baked whole wheat make a nourishing, satisfying meal at a cost of only a few cents. Delicious with milk or cream or fruits of any kind.

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Good Night Stories

By Claude Sitwell

SOLOMON AND BOSSY

Solomon was an ugly white goat. He was tired of being beaten and half starved.

A boat's silly to be content tied in a vacant lot all day long, and I'm tired of eating refuse instead of real food. I'm going to find a real home. Surely there's some one who's kind in this world," Solomon confided to old Bossy, the brown cow.

"Well, if I wasn't so big and clumsy, I'd run away with you, but our master would be sure to find me, then both of us would be whipped," sighed Bossy.

"I suppose so," sighed Solomon. "But when night came and Bossy saw Solomon disappear out of the backyard gate she threw her head in the air and trotted after him down the road, through the meadows and past the village without even looking back."

Morning found the two wanderers a long, long way from their old home. They were very tired and hungry. Bossy ate the sweet green grass while Solomon lay down in the shade of a tree.

"When winter comes what shall we do?" said Bossy. "We'd best find some good, kind folks and live with them. I'd give them plenty of lovely sweet milk to pay for our board and you can perhaps help in some way."

"That's the trouble! What can a goat do to help, I'd like to know?" replied Solomon.

"Sh—!" exclaimed Bossy, who saw something moving in the grasses behind them. "Maybe it's our master."

A little elfin jumped out of the grasses and came running towards the two friends.

"It's I, Happy Giggles," cried the elfin. "I heard your wish, and I know just the home for you," and Happy Giggles straddled Solomon's back and the three went across the

meadows until they reached a broken down hut.

"Mother Grundy and Johnny live here. They're very poor but good and kind," Happy explained.

Mother Grundy and Johnny came running down the path to greet Happy Giggles.

"See what I've brought you. A lovely cow that will give you plenty of good milk, so you can sell it to the folk who buy your eggs," Happy Giggles said. "And Solomon's willing to pay for his board, so Johnny can make a wagon from an old box and the goat will pull it filled with milk and eggs into the village for him."

Mother Grundy was so happy she cried with joy.

"I've always wanted a goat," laughed Johnny, patting Solomon's head.

"How lovely it will be," whispered Bossy in Solomon's ear. "At last we've found good, kind people."

Bossy and Solomon were installed in the old, broken-down barn. "Not such a lovely home, but it's sure we will next to being beaten," said Solomon.

The two friends were so glad to find a home with nice folks that Bossy gave three pails of milk every day to Mother Grundy and Solomon was only happy when he was helping Johnny haul the little wagon into the village.

Happy Giggles came to visit Mother Grundy quite often. For Happy Giggles is the little elfin of happiness, who calls on every one who is good and kind, and makes them happy. He never failed to run out to the barn to see Bossy and Solomon.

"You have indeed made me very happy and we can't thank you enough to repay Mother Grundy for her kindness," Bossy told Happy.

They all worked so hard that they became so prosperous that they built a new house. Then Solomon and Bossy had a nice, new barn to live in, and they all lived happily ever afterward.

"Kindness pays," said Solomon, now no longer ugly, but beautiful in his well-kept white coat. "And it brings happiness and joy to both of us, doesn't it, Bossy?"

And Bossy moored "Yes."



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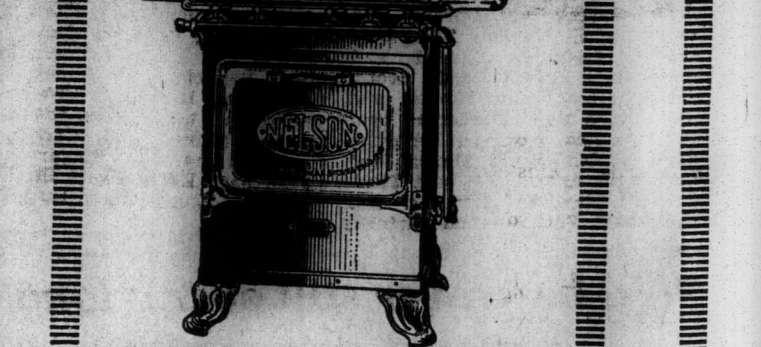
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Who doesn't love some—miles of 'em ocean breeze seeks sweetness, and a Jun with every perfect same time! Who baked apple too juicy, baked apple island in a sea of Nova Scotians asses are no apples to theirs, because the them a taste that no