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An Outsider

(By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE)

AUTHOR OF "The Lone Wolf" "Joan Thursday" "The Brass Bowl" etc.

(From Tuesday's Daily.) "That's the island," he said, languidly waving his hand. "That white-pillared place there among the trees—left of the lighthouse—that's Aunt Abby's."

Sally essayed a smile of intelligent response. Not that the island failed to enchant her; seen across a fast diminishing breadth of wind-darkened blue water, bathed in golden mid-morning light, its villas of delicious gray half buried in billows of delicious green, its lawns and terraces crowning fluted gray-stone cliffs from whose feet a broad beach shelved gently into the sea, it seemed more beautiful to Miss Manvers than anything she had ever dreamed of.

But what was to be her reception there, what her status, what her fortunes? "I've been thinking," Mrs. Standish announced when a sidelong glance had reassured her as to their practical privacy, "about Miss Manvers."

"I hope to Heaven you've done out a good one," Savage interrupted fervently. "In the cold gray dawn it doesn't look so good to me. But then I'm only a duffer. Perhaps it's just as well; if I'd been a good har I might have married to keep my hand in. As it is, I never forgot to give thanks, in my evening prayers, for my talented little sister."

"Are you finished?" Mrs. Standish inquired frigidly. "I'd better be."

"Then, please pay attention. Miss Manvers. To begin with, I'm going to change your name. From now on it's Sara Manwaring—Sara without the h."

"Manwaring with the w silent, as in wrapper and wretch?" Savage asked politely. "For Sally's benefit Mrs. Standish spelled the word patiently."

"And the record of the fair impostor?" Savage prompted. "That's very simple. Miss Manwaring came to me yesterday with a letter of introduction from Edna English. Edna sailed for Italy last Saturday, and by the time she's back Aunt Abby will have forgotten the question Miss Manwaring's credentials."

"What did I tell you?" Mr. Savage wagged a solemn head at Sally. "She's artfully placed name."

"She comes from a family prominent socially in—" Mrs. Standish paused a fraction of a second—"Massillon, Ohio."

"Is there any such place?" "Of course—"

"What a lot you do know, Adele!" "But through a series of unhappy accidents involving the family fortunes was obliged to earn her own living."

"Isn't it enough?" "Plenty. Simple, succinct, stupendous! It has only one flaw."

"And that, if you please?" Mrs. Standish demanded, bristling with a smile.

"It ain't possible for any one to be prominent socially in a place named Massillon, Ohio. It can't be done—not in a place I never heard of before."

"Do you understand, Miss Manwaring?" the woman asked, turning an impatient shoulder to her brother.

"Perfectly," Sally assented eagerly. "Who is Edna English?" "Mrs. Cornwallis English. You must have heard of her?"

"Oh, yes, in the newspapers—" "Social uplift's her fad. She's done a lot of work among department-store girls."

"To their infinite annoyance," interpolated Savage. "At all events, that's how she came to notice you."

"I see," said Sally humbly. "You may fill in the outlines at your discretion," Mrs. Standish pursued sweetly. "That's all I know about you. You called at the house yesterday afternoon, and I took a fancy to you and, knowing that Aunt Abby needed a secretary, brought you along."

"Thank you," said Sally. "I hope you understand how grateful—" "That's quite understood. Let us say no more about it."

"Considerable story," Savage approved. "But what became of the letter of introduction?" "I mislaid it," his sister explained complacently. "Don't I mislay everything?"

For once the young man was dumb with admiration. But his look was eloquent. Deep thought held the amateur adventures spellbound for some minutes. "There's only one thing," she said suddenly, with a puzzled frown. "And that?" Mrs. Standish prompted.

"What about the burglary? Your servants, when they came home last night, must have noticed and notified the police."

"Oh, I say!" Savage exclaimed blankly. "Don't let's worry about that," Mrs. Standish interrupted. "We can easily let it be understood that what was stolen was later recovered from—whatever they call the places where thieves dispose of their stealings."

"That covers everything," Savage insisted impatiently. "Do come along. There's the car waiting."

Concident with this announcement, a series of slight jars shook the steamer, and with a start Sally discovered that, without her knowledge, in the precaution of being fitted with a completely new identity, the vessel had rounded a wooded headland and opened up a deep harbor dotted with pleasure craft, and was already nuzzling the town wharf of a sizable community.

She rose and followed her fellow conspirators aft and below to the gangway, her mind registering fresh impressions with the rapidity of a motion-picture camera.

The gray cliff had given place to green-clad bluffs down thick with cottages of all sorts, from the quaintly hideous and the obviously inexpensive to the bewitchingly pretty and the pretentionally ornate—a haphazard arrangement that ran suddenly into a plot of streets linking a clutter of utilitarian buildings, all converging upon the focal point of the village wharf.

Upon this last a cloud of natives and summer folk swarmed and buzzed. At its head a cluster of vehicles, horse-drawn as well as motor-driven, waited. In the shadow beneath it, and upon the crescent beach that glistened on its either side, a multitude of children, young and old, paddled and splashed in shallows and the wash of the steamer.

Obviously the less decorative and exclusive side of the island, it was none the less enchanting in Sally's vision. A measure of confidence refused her mood. She surrendered absolutely to fatalistic enjoyment of the gifts the gods had sent. Half closing her eyes, she drank deep of salt-sweet air vibrant with the living warmth of a perfect summer's day.

A man whose common face was as impassive as an Indian's shouldered through the mob and burdened himself with the hand-luggage of the party. Sally gathered that he was a valet to Mr. Savage. And then they were pushing through the gauntlet of several hundred curious eyes and making toward the head of the pier.

"Trying," Mrs. Standish observed in an aside to the girl. "I always say that everything about the island is charming but the getting here."

Sally murmured an inarticulate response and wondered. Disdain of the commonality was implicit in that speech; it was contact with the herd, subjected to its stares, that Mrs. Standish detested. The machine, had she brought herself so readily to accept association on almost equal terms with a shop-girl misdeemant—out of gratitude, or sheer goodness of heart, or something less superficial?

The shadow of an intimation that something was wrong again came between Sally and the sun, but passed as swiftly as a wind-swept cloud. The valet led to a heavy, seven-seated touring-car, put their luggage in the rear, shut the door on the side the chauffeur. The machine threaded a cautious way out of the rank, moved sedately up a somnolent street, turned a corner, and picked up its heels in the tune of a long, silken snore, flinging over its hood two miles of white, wet melaeted roadway with no appreciable effort whatever.

A moment or two dwellings swept by like so many telegraph poles past a car-window. Then they became more widely spaced, and were succeeded by a blurred and incoherent expanse of woods, fields, parks, hedges, glimpses of lawns surfaced like a billiard-table, flashes of white facades maculated with cool blue shadows.

Then, without warning, it without a jar, the car slowed down to a safe and sane pace and swung off being between two cobble-stone pillars into a well-kept wilderness of trees that stood as a wall of privacy between the highroad and an exquisitely parked estate bordering the cliffs.

Debouching into the open, the drive swept a gracious curve round a wonderful wide lawn of living velvet and through the pillared portico of a long, low, white-walled building with many gaily awnined windows into its two, wide-spread wings.

Sentinelled by somber cypresses, relieved against a sapphire sky bending to a sea of scarcely deeper shade, banking in soft, clear sunlight, the house seemed to hug the earth very intimately, to belong most indisputably, with an effect of permanence, of orderliness and dignity that brought to mind instinctively the term estate, and caused Sally to recall (with misapprehension) the fulsome frenzy of a synoptic scribbler representing of feudal aristocracies, representative houses, and encroaching tenantry.

(Continued in Thursday's Issue.)

CANADIAN SOLDIERS ESCAPE FROM GERMANY



On the left Pte. H. Henderson, Toronto, C.M.R., who with three companions escaped from a German prison camp. The photo on the right is Pte. R. Dusenberg, of Brighton, Ont., another of the dauntless three.

SIDE TALKS

RUTH YOUNG CAMERON

Is there anything any sweeter and at the same time any sadder than to be the mother of a girl of sixteen or twenty, full of energy and happiness, and trying to lead her toward the full possibilities of life.

"Perhaps you wonder why I say sadder."

"I was talking the other day with a neighbor of mine. We spoke of mistakes. She is the mother of a girl of eighteen. 'I have made a great many unnecessary mistakes in my life,' she said, 'and sometimes I have been very unhappy over them. But nothing in the world ever made me half so unhappy as to find out that my daughter can't profit by them. She says that every one must learn by their own experiences. She doesn't know what she is saying and yet I am afraid it is true.'"

And never to be listened to. Another mother who has two daughters, one just entering her teens, and another just passing out of them, was present. "It certainly is," she affirmed vigorously. "I have learned the hard way that mothers are Cassandra's doomed to always prophecy the truth and never to have our prophecies listened to."

It is a clever characterization, isn't it? "There are few relationships in which there is need of more self control, forbearance and above all things, tact."

Don't be fretful Cassandras. Don't be fretful Cassandra mothers, be patient, watchful, loving, forbearing Cassandras. Teach yourself the great lesson of keeping your hands off at the right time and place. Know that what some day you shall find yourself throwing off. Cassandra's curse and speaking to ears no longer deaf.

LANGFORD

(From Our Own Correspondent.) Rev. Mr. Down preached on Sunday taking his text in Psalms and reading the Sunday school lesson. Mr. and Mrs. David Stuart spent part of last week at the Fair, Toronto.

Miss Daisy Westbrook attended the Fair at Toronto, on her last week. Several from here attended the picnic last week held at Mohawk park.

Mrs. H. Greigg's mother is spending a few weeks with her. Mrs. Rutherford is visiting with relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. H. and Harry, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Cornwall.

Mr. Ed. Hunter and Mr. Harvey Hunter spent the week-end in Toronto.

Master Frank Mulligan returned to the city on Saturday after spending the holidays at his uncle's, Mr. E. Mulligan's.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Tyson spent the week-end at Toronto. Mr. and Mrs. H. and Harry, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Cornwall.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Stuart Scotland, were Sunday guests at their uncle's, Mr. D. Stuart.

Mr. Arthur Foulds and his mother were guests of Mrs. M. E. Vanderlip on Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. H. Greigg entertained company over the holiday. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sumler, Calneville visited the Sunday School on Sunday in the interest of the Home class work.

Mr. and Mrs. Maddison Wilson entertained friends from Hamilton on Sunday.

HATCHLEY

(From Our Own Correspondent.) Mr. Ross Burtis, of Toronto, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Burtis.

A number from here attended the decoration service at the New Durham cemetery on Sunday. Miss C. Stoakley of Mt. Elgin, has been visiting Mrs. Silverthorne.

An auction sale of the stock and implements of the late W. E. Malcolm was held on Saturday. Mrs. Savage spent a few days in Brantford recently.

Miss Alma Currey has returned to Toronto. Miss Minnie Stoakley, of Mt. Elgin, spent the week-end with relatives here. Miss Stoakley has been engaged to teach at Norwich Gore.

Miss Clara Yates visited friends in Paris last week. A few from this district are attending Toronto Exhibition.

Good Night

By Alameda Schmitt

CHEEKETA, THE LAZY FAIRY. Once upon a time, long, long ago, there lived a little fairy, who was very lazy. She always had to be told several times before she would do as she was asked. She never liked to work, so her room was always untidy. She was so slow about doing things that her sisters would finish their work and be at play while she was still at her tasks.

One day Mother Fairy became discouraged and sought Forest Witch to ask her advice. "Cheeketa's so lazy and slow," said Mother, "we need your help."

"Send her to drink the dew from the first flower that opens in the early morning. Getting up early is the first step toward curing laziness," replied Forest Witch.

So the very next morning Cheeketa was awakened long before the sun was up and was led into the garden. Just as soon as Cheeketa was out of sight of her mother's house she lay down under a rose bush and fell asleep. She hadn't been there long when she was awakened by a voice

at her side and, opening her eyes, she saw a funny wood sprite standing at her side.

"It's very wrong for you not to mind your mother when she sends you on an errand," said the sprite. "Get up and do your work."

Cheeketa turned over and drew a nose leaf up to her chin. "None of us are wild about working, but every fairy has her share and must do her duty. Your sisters hurry and get their work finished, then they have the day to themselves. But you are so slow and lazy. There's only way to cure you and that is to give a house all your own. Then you'll have to care for it," said the sprite.

"I'll run away and leave it," cried Cheeketa.

A cloud passed over the sprite's face. "The house I'm going to give you can never run away from you, for it will be attached to your back and you shall carry it wherever you go," replied the sprite, and she touched Cheeketa with her magic wand.

Instantly Cheeketa was turned into a long, gray worm. On her back was a little house that looked just like a shell.

"Go now and never return to Fairyland. You may make your own time, but you shall always carry your house on your back for punishment because you were too lazy to take care of things when you had them," said the wood sprite, and she disappeared.

Cheeketa, very unhappy, returned to her mother's house. But her mother, not recognizing her, closed the door in her face. And Cheeketa, had to return to the woods, where you may see her most any time with her shell house still on her back. The children call her a snail.

Courier Daily

Recipe Column

Lemon Sherbet.

One quart milk, 2 cups sugar, juice of 3 lemons, turn into freezer and fill up two-thirds full with milk; when nearly frozen add white of 1 egg beaten stiff; if milk separates it will freeze smoothly.

Maple Mousse

One cupful maple syrup, 4 eggs, 1-2 pint cream; let yolks and syrup come to a boil, cool thoroughly, whip cream and also whites of eggs; add to the syrup, place in a mould and pack in ice to freeze; let stand in cool place 3 or 4 hours; serve in glasses with or without whipped cream. Chopped walnuts are very nice frozen with this.

Strawberry Mousse

Whip 1 pint of thick cream, add 1 pint of milk, mash 2 quarts of strawberries and run through sieve, add 3-4 cups sugar (1 cup if berries are very sour) and put with cream and milk; mix, put in freezer or ordinary tin pail and pack in ice and ice for 4 hours.

\$1,000.00

REWARD

For information that will lead to the discovery or whereabouts of the person or persons suffering from any disease of the Nerves—Skin—Blood—and Asthma, Bronchitis or Catarrh, who cannot be cured at the Ontario Medical Institute, 263-265 Yonge St., Toronto. Correspondence invited.

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Courier Daily: Pattern Service

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By Anabel Worthington.

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The girls' dress pattern, No. 8362, is cut in sizes 6 to 12 years. The 8 year size requires 2 1/2 yards of 36 inch material, with 3/4 yard of 36 inch contrasting goods.

To obtain this pattern send 10 cents to the office of this publication.



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