

EX THEATRE

Thursday, Friday and Saturday
CK PICKFORD
 IN
THE SPIRIT OF '17
 Charlie Chaplin
 IN
The Fireman
 The Great Rajah
 Wonder of the World
 Vengeance
 and The Woman
 TOMORROW
 Uram Nigh and Violet Palmer
 IN
The Blue Streak
 Famous Performance Saturday afternoon starting at 1.15

Mar. 2

MATINEE AND NIGHT



Adults, 50c.
 \$1.00
 DRUG STORE.

March 5th



US
 6-7-8
 AT Y.M.C.A.

SE CANCELLED
 senced Wire
 ar. 1.—Because liquor
 the Dean Hotel, Har-
 ard hotel license held
 rti for the premises has
 by the Ontario Li-

OVERSEAS!

oken60c
 cken45c
 Sardines22c
 Coffee30c
 Cocoa30c
 Milk20c
15c
 am and Tongue, 25c
 KLIN IN—
13c
35c
\$3.00

erson & Co.
 Market Street
 -820, Auto No. 1

Two Approved Ways of Making Love to the Fair

A Couple of Young Heroes, David Copperfield and Richard Feverel, Fall Victims to the Delightful, the Inevitable Feminine Charm—A Contrast Between Dickens and Meredith.

The anniversaries of the births of two almost contemporary British novelists, Charles Dickens and George Meredith, have just passed. Dickens was born February 7, 1812, and died June 9, 1870. Meredith was born February 12, 1828, and died May 18, 1909. Both belong to the "immortals," Dickens by virtue of the autobiographic, "David Copperfield" and "Great Expectations," "Oliver Twist," "Martin Chuzzlewit"; Meredith because of "The Order of Richard Feverel," "Diana of the Crossways," "The Egoist," "Rhosda Fleming" and his volume of poems entitled "Modern Love and Poems of the English Roadside."

These two novelists are of practically the same period, yet Meredith has in him much more of the "modern." There is no ground on which to compare them; they can only be contrasted. An interesting basis of contrast is offered in the following parallel passages, which depict declarations of young love, the one from "David Copperfield" and the other from "Richard Feverel."

THE DICKENS WAY
 I began to think I would put it off till to-morrow. I hope your poor horse was not tired when you got home at night," said Dora, lifting up her beautiful eyes. "It was a long way for him." I began to think I would do it to-day. "It was a long way for him," said I, "for he had nothing to uphold him on the journey." "Wasn't he fed, poor thing?" asked Dora. I began to think I would put it off till to-morrow. "Yes, yes," I answered, "he was well taken care of. I mean he had not the unutterable happiness that I had in being so near you."

Dora bent her head over her drawing, and said, after a little while—I had sat in the interval in a burning fever and with my legs in a very rigid state. "You didn't seem to be sensible of that happiness yourself at one time of the day." I saw now that I was in for it, and it must be done on the spot. "You didn't care for that happiness in the least," said Dora, slightly raising her eyebrows and shaking her head, "when you were sitting by Miss Kitt."

Kitt, I should observe, was the name of the creature in pink with the little eyes. "Though certainly I don't know why you should," said Dora, "or why you should call it happiness at all. But, of course, you don't mean what you say. And I am sure no one doubts your being at liberty to do whatever you like. Jip, you naughty boy, come here!"

I didn't know how I did it. I did it in a moment. I interrupted Jip. I had Dora in my arms. I was full of eloquence. I never stopped for a word. I told her how I loved her. I told her I should die without her. I told her that I idolized and worshipped her. Jip barked madly all the time.

When Dora hung her head and cried and trembled my eloquence

increased so much the more. If she would like me to die for her she had but to say the word and I was ready. Life without Dora's love was not a thing to have on any terms. I couldn't bear it, and wouldn't. I had loved her every minute, day and night, since I first saw her. I loved that minute to distraction. I should always love her every minute, to distraction. Lovers had loved before and lovers would love again, but no lover had ever—might, could, would or should ever love—as I loved Dora. The more I loved the more Jip barked. Each of us in his own way, got more mad every moment.

Well, well! Dora and I were sitting on the sofa by and by, quiet enough, and Jip was lying in her lap, winking peacefully at me. It was off my mind. I was in a state of perfect rapture. Dora and I were engaged. "What an idle time it was! What an unsubstantial, happy, foolish time it was!"

When I measured Dora's finger for a ring that was to be made of forget-me-nots, and when the jeweller to whom I took the measure found me out and charged me anything he liked for the pretty little toy with its blue stones, so associated in my remembrance with Dora's hand that yesterday when I saw another by chance on the finger of my own daughter there was a momentary stirring in my heart like pain.

When I walked about, exulted with my secret and full of my own interest, and felt the dignity of my being loved, so much that if I had walked the air I could not have been more above the people not so situated who were creeping on the earth.

THE MEREDITH WAY
 He calls her by her name, Lucy, and she blushing at her great boldness, has called him by his, Richard. Those two names are the keynotes of the most beautiful harmonies the angels sing aloft.

"Lucy! My beloved!"
 "Oh, Richard!"
 Out in the world there, on the skirts of the woodland, a sheep-boy pipes to meditative eye on a penny whistle. Love's musical instrument is as old, and as poor; it has but two stops; and yet, you see, the cunning musician does much with it!

Other speech they have little; light from playing upon waves of feeling, and feeling compact, that bursts only when the sweeping volume is too wild, and is no more than their sigh of tenderness spoken.

Perhaps love played his tune, so well because their natures had unblunted edges and were keen for bliss, confiding in its natural food. To gentlemen and ladies he fine-draws upon the viol, ravishingly; or blows into the mellow bassoon; or rouses the heroic ardors of the trumpet; or, it may be, commands the whole orchestra for them. And they are pleased. He is still the cunning musician. They laugh, and taste ecstasy; but it is, however sonorous, an unearthly concert. For them the spheres move not to two notes. They have lost, or forgotten and never known, the first supersensual spring of ripe senses into passion; when they carry the soul with them, and have the privilege of spirits to walk disembodied, boundless as to feel. Or one has it, and the other is a dead body. Ambrosia let them eat, and drink the nectar; here sit a couple to whom Love's simple bread and water is a finer feast.

Pipe, happy sheep-boy. Love! Irradiated angels, unfold your wings and lift your voices!
 They have outflowed philosophy. Their instinct has shot beyond the ken of science. They were made for their Eden.
 "And this divine gift was in store for me!"
 So runs the internal outcry of each, clasping each; it is their recurring refrain to the harmonies. How it illumined the years gone by and suffused the living future!

"You for me; I for you!"
 "We are born for each other!"
 They believe that the angels have been busy about them from their cradles. The celestial hosts have worthily striven to bring them together. And, O victory! O wonder! after toil and pain, and difficulties exceeding, the celestial hosts have succeeded!

"Here we two sit who are written above as one."
 Pipe, happy Love! pipe on to these dear innocents!
 The tide of color has ebbed from the upper sky. In the west the sea of sunken fire draws back; and the stars leap forth, and tremble, and retire before the advancing moon, who slips the silver train of cloud from her shoulders, and, with her foot upon the pine tops, surveys heaven.

"Lucy, did you never dream of meeting me?"
 "No Richard! yes; for I remembered you."
 "Lucy! and did you pray that we might meet?"
 "I did!"
 Young as when she looked upon the lovers in Paradise, the fair immortal journeys onward. Fronting

Another Chance to "Beat the Game" by Ordering To-morrow!

SAVE! EVERYBODY'S DOING IT!

GREAT NEWS!
 "Tip Top" Old Price Extended UNTIL MONDAY



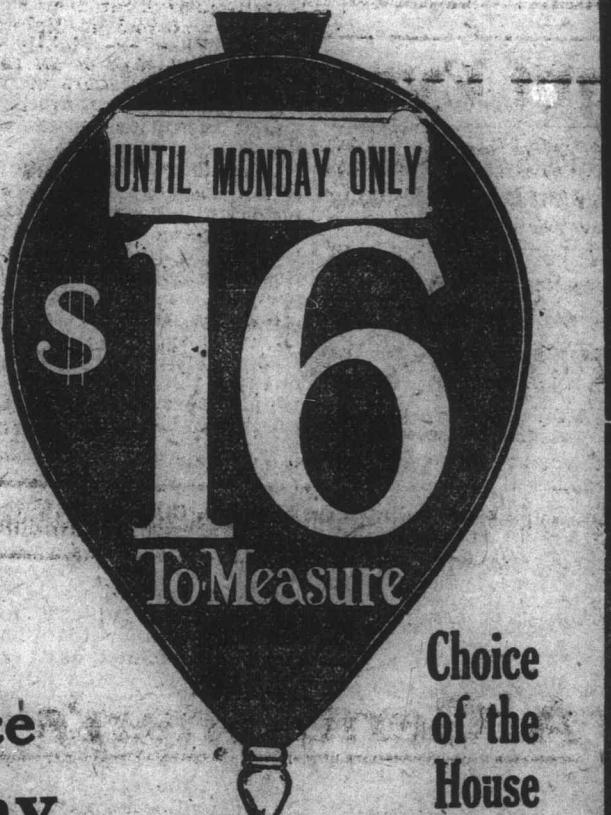
The Tremendous Business of Last Saturday Prevented Many Men From Getting Measured. These Men (Also Any Others Who Desire to Take Advantage of It) Will be Given

Another Opportunity Saturday and Monday to "Get In" at the Old Price and Save the Advance

Last Saturday over 100 Men—eager to Save the Advance price—left their measures at \$16. Many others' however could not get waited upon. Consequently we feel duty bound to give these patrons one more opportunity to order before our new price becomes effective, as it will positively when the Tip Top chain of stores open for business at 8.30 a.m. Tuesday, March 5th.

To Those Far Sighted Men Who Believe in Getting the Most for Their Money—

This announcement will be of the utmost importance. Our new Spring materials are included, and nowhere will you find a larger or more correct assembly. There is a variety in suitings and overcoatings that will enable every man to select the fabric and style that suits him best. Now that we have decided to extend the \$16 price until Monday, we are willing to take as many orders as possible. We know full well that every suit and overcoat will be a walking advertisement for us for a long time to come, and cannot be duplicated elsewhere for less than at least \$10 more than our price.



One Price Saturday and Monday

"ALWAYS FIRST"
 Tip Top Tailors One-Price Clothes Will Always Be Canada's Greatest Tailoring Value, Because—
 We buy our materials direct from the mills. We operate OUR OWN wholesale tailoring plant. We sell only through OUR OWN chain of stores. We only have one price. We only have one small profit, "from maker to wearer."

THE LARGEST EXCLUSIVE \$16 TAILORS IN CANADA
TIP TOP TAILORS
 A CHAIN OF STORES FROM COAST TO COAST.
 68 Colborne St., Brantford
 Every Garment Made to Measure

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

CANNOT BAN GERMAN
 By Courier Lensed Wire
 Toronto, Feb. 28.—The German language cannot be barred from Ontario's educational system. This was the statement made today by Sir Robert Falconer, president of the University of Toronto, in commenting on the bill introduced in the Legislature by Forbes Godfrey, M.P.P., to put a complete ban on German as far as it is publicly used. "We must know what our adversaries are doing in the field of science and learning," said President Falconer. "It would be unwise and impracticable for us to attempt to ban their language."

NO DEMONSTRATION
 By Courier Lensed Wire
 Montreal, Feb. 28.—The officials of Jubilee Park, at which 150 men believed to have been "absentees without leave" under the Military Service Act, were rounded up, by the Dominion police following a hockey match last night, deny this the hardship on the theatres, of morning that there was any demon-

stration or that any injuries were received.
TOO MANY COOKS
 By Courier Lensed Wire
 Buffalo, Feb. 28.—Carpenters and millwrights employed at the new Victory plant of the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation here struck to-day. No question of wages is involved, the difficulty arising over a question as to which craft should place the electric motors on machine tools. Only about 300 men are involved, but the plant, which cost the government \$3,000,000 is idle.

WOULD RESCIND ORDER
 By Courier Lensed Wire
 Toronto, Feb. 28.—The civic board of control to-day carried unanimously a resolution that the city submit a memorial to the Dominion fuel controller, asking him to rescind the Monday closing order for theatres, as the mild weather has relieved the fuel shortage and to rescind the theatres, of morning that there was any demon-

COAL CEMENT LIME BRICK
JOHN MANN & SONS
 323 Colborne Street
 BELL 90 MACHINE 46
MONTREAL CLEARINGS.
 By Courier Lensed Wire
 Montreal, Feb. 28.—Clearings for the month ending to-day, \$276,487,555.
OTTAWA CLEARINGS.
 By Courier Lensed Wire
 Ottawa, Feb. 28.—Bank clearings week, \$4,779,685; month, \$19,570,632.