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Here are a few titles of what arrived to-day, included with 500 others:

- "The Silent Barrier,".....by Louis Tracy
- "The Haunted Pajamas".....by F. P. Elliott (A Fiction Frolie)
- "The Little Knight of the X Bar B," by M. K. Maule (A Healthy Open-air Cowboy Story)
- "The Divining Waters,".....by T. A. R. Wylis
- "Making People Happy," "Find the Woman" "Secretary of Frivolous Affairs"

Also a large number of others which include "Joyce of the North Woods." We have a large variety of books from 25c up to 2.50, which are now on display.

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**TERRIBLE TRAIN WRECK  
THREE MILES FROM OTTAWA**

**Eight Killed and Many Injured When Train Plunged Into the River—Horrible Suffering Endured by C. P. R. Passengers—Details of Yesterday's Awful Tragedy.**

OTTAWA, June 26.—Warped and kinked from the heat of a torrid sun or else insecurely fastened after recent repairs, a rail, spread on the Canadian Pacific, and three miles west of Ottawa yesterday afternoon. The big westbound transcontinental train, No. 5, rushing along at a forty-mile an hour clip, struck the obstruction, two cars toppled over an embankment and into the Ottawa River, and the result of it all was one of the worst of later-day railway catastrophes in Canada. Eight people are dead and fifty injured, and a whole train load was severely shaken up.

It was the 9:45 morning train from the Windsor station, Montreal, which figured in the accident. Crowded with tourists and immigrants, more particularly the latter, en route to new homes in the West, the heavy train left the Broad Street station, Ottawa shortly before 2 o'clock. Between Ottawa and its principal summer resort, Britannia, is a fringe of summer villages flanking the Ottawa river; one of the newest of them is known as McKellar's Townsite. It was there that the accident happened. At this point the river runs to a little bay and into it two cars of the ill-fated train plunged over, side on and were half submerged. They were colonist sleepers full of British immigrants.

For the past few days sectionmen have been engaged on the line laying new ties, and this work involved the constant respiking of the rails. Whether this latter work was insecurely done or whether it was simply a kick from the heat is not clearly established. Something gave way and death and disaster followed.

**First Cars Passed Over**  
The train was running at about 35 miles an hour when the point was reached. The big engine, tender, mail and baggage cars passed over safely, but in doing so evidently displaced the defective rail, with the result that the two colonist cars next in line buckled and tipped over into the water. The remainder of the train, comprising the diner and first class sleepers, was derailed, twisted and partially smashed, but stayed on the embankment.

Like all similar accidents, it happened in the twinkling of an eye, and without warning. There was a bumping and jolting, which threw most of the passengers out of their seats. An instant later the colonist cars went over the embankment, and by breaking the line probably prevented the rear cars from telescoping, with even more disastrous results. A scene of wild excitement followed. The passengers who escaped without serious injury, many of them foreigners, ran about wildly in a state of abject terror: women screamed and fainted while from the overturned and partially submerged cars came muffled cries of pain and distress and calls for assistance. The train crew, who escaped with a shaking up, lost no time in going to the rescue and in utilizing the appliances for the purpose with which the train was equipped.

The Ottawa Electric runs nearby, and a gang of men employed by it, along with residents of the scattered suburban villages, got busy with axes, breaking windows and getting as quickly as possible to the work of rescue. It was accomplished with comparative expedition. In a few moments the injured, many of them covered with dirt or water-soaked, were brought out and carried across the field to nearby houses.

**Aid Brought From City**  
A hurry call had meanwhile been sent in for ambulances, automobiles and doctors, and there was a quick response. Many motor cars became improvised ambulances, and these were utilized in transporting the injured to the city hospitals, three miles distant. Fully twenty doctors whose services had been requisitioned, hurried first aid to the sufferers, and accompanied them to the hospitals. For the greater part those injured are not fatally hurt, and will recover.

The news spread quickly to the city, and in a short time there were a couple of thousand people on the scene, street cars on the Britannia line being crowded, and scores of automobiles pressed into service. A squad of police kept back the curious throng and facilitated the work of the wreckers.

The auxiliary wrecking train from the Ottawa division headquarters was hurried to the scene, and cranes put to work hoisting the derailed cars and clearing the blocked line. The work was pretty well completed during the night.

While the fact that the cars were partially submerged would have meant death by drowning, the condition of the bodies indicates that, with one exception, the victims were killed outright. There were many exciting and pathetic scenes attendant upon the disaster. In the terrific impact mothers were separated from their children and distractedly watched the work of the men who were among the dead, while a score of others, temporarily missing were restored to their relieved parents. One of them, calling for his mother, was rescued from the shallow water. A Scotch immigrant, feeling the train going over and realizing what had happened, grabbed his wife, instinctively, held her aloft till the crash came, and then hoisted her to safety through a broken window. Afterwards he got out himself, and though cut and bruised went to the aid of the others.

**Probe Has Already Begun**  
Officials of the Railway Commission went immediately on the scene and made a superficial investigation. A more thorough enquiry will take place later. They expressed doubt as to the real cause of the accident, but held to the view that it was a sum kink or else that the rails were not properly spiked by those who had been making repairs. The former theory is at present more generally accepted, but the coroner's inquest will doubtless establish which was the efficient cause. The Canadian Pacific officials say that the rails had spread because of the heat.

Strangely enough, the spot where the two colonist cars plunged down the embankment is the only one along that portion of the river where the water reaches the roadbed. The bay, if bay, it may be called, is a very tiny one, and touches the embankment for about only three car lengths only. Just at that point the cars dropped, and the rest of the wrecked train could not have fallen into the water.

Dan Cameron, the conductor of the ill-fated train, was in one of the colonist cars which toppled into the river and was in the act of punching a ticket. He escaped with a dislocated shoulder and was the only member of the train crew injured.

Passengers who were able to continue their journey were taken West last night in a special by way of Kemptonville, recking crews from Ottawa and Smith's Falls were promptly on hand. The train for Toronto was also sent around by way of Kemptonville.

**Mary the Magdalene.**

WHEN all had gone and left him to his rest, The woman crept back softly through the gloom That veiled the night hushed hill and weeping pressed Her cheek against the stone that sealed the tomb. Of all who loved him, she loved most of all, And she a daughter of Jerusalem, With roddy locks that rippled in their fall Of veiling beauty to her garment's hem.

And in her arms, still faintly sweet with myth, She carried three tall lilies, fragrant, white, And these she left beside the sepulcher, Pale tapers in the purple dusk of night. Then forth again went Mary Magdalene, And woeful was the heart her bosom bore, And morning lay upon the mountains when She sought that lonely garden place once more.

The dew empaled the grasses. Faint and far The sounds of day came upward from the plain, Against the dawn was but a single star When Mary, with weeping, came again.



SEE PASSENGER HER OTHER AGAINST THE WHEEL.

Her feet were shod with sorrow, and in woe Upon her breast was bent her heavy head, And thus she reached the sepulcher, and so She knelt a moment, weeping for her dead.

But, lo, the grave was open, and the stone Which slew the hopes of Judah rolled away. She cried aloud, but heard no answering tone, No shrouded dead within the portal lay.

But as she gazed in wonder and despair, She thought she saw three angels, radiant, bright, Sweep through the empty tomb and listening air— And vanish, like the mist, before her sight.

"Where have they lain him?" sobbingly she cried "Where have they taken him, my Lord and King?" And then she knew that some one walked beside, With gentle mien and kindly questioning.

And, thinking him the gardener, she stayed To pour her plaint of sorrow and of fear, When suddenly within the olive shade She heard his name and answered, "I am here."

"Mary!" again. She faltered, trembling now, "Mary!" in accents tender, low and sweet. She raised her eyes and saw his wounded brow, "The Christ!" she cried and worshipped at his feet. —Cecilia Duffie Boyle in New York Tribune.

**NEW YORK'S EASTER EXPENSE**

Millions Disbursed For Bonnets, Spring Raiment and Flowers. Easter—Christian Easter—may or may not be of pagan origin, but certainly it is that as now celebrated it has some pagan characteristics. Lavish display, which means lavish expenditure of money, is the most striking feature of the festival in New York. People who have never thought of this phase of Easter may be surprised to hear that the metropolis spends \$3,000,000 at this season for clothes, flowers, presents and church contributions. And of course New York is not alone; it only leads in the "spring opening" business. Here is New York's Easter bill:

The Easter bonnet	\$3,000,000
Easter gowns	1,500,000
Men's apparel	1,000,000
For dressing the children	500,000
Flowers	1,000,000
Candy and fancy boxes	250,000
Church contributions	250,000
Total	\$10,500,000

These figures are based upon careful estimates of a large number of the leading milliners, dressmakers, tailors, haberdashers, florists and other storekeepers. The figures probably do not represent the actual proportions of the average New Yorker's material and spiritual interests, but there is the bold fact—out of nine millions spent in connection with the observance of Easter the church gets a thirty-seventh part. —Washington Star.

**Washing the Beggars' Feet.**

Until almost modern times the ceremony of washing the beggars' feet, as performed by the Roman Catholic archbishop of Westminster, was observed in the Church of England. Every Easter Queen Elizabeth washed, dried and kissed the feet of as many poor people as she was years old. James I. and his successors appointed a deputy for the ceremony, but James II. performed it personally in full. After 1731 it seems to have been dropped, but in that year George II. delegated to the archbishop of York the duty of washing the feet of forty-eight beggars and presenting the royal gifts. The aged emperor of Austria still observes this royal custom, washing the feet of twelve old men on Maundy Thursday.

When little Bess came home from Sunday school, her mother asked her who was there. She promptly replied: "Everybody but Jesusy. He was out calling." The school had sung "Jesus is Calling, Calling To-day."

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**FIRST SECTION**  
FORTY-FOURTH YEAR  
**French President**  
**Royal Society**  
**King George, Prince of**  
**ought Present**  
**God-**

LONDON, June 27.—President Raymond Poincaré, after being a guest of King George and the British nation since Tuesday, left this morning for France amid a great display of cordial enthusiasm. King George, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, Governor General of Canada, and his son, Prince Arthur of Connaught, together with a brilliant assemblage of court dignitaries, cabinet ministers and military and naval officers, gathered at Victoria station to bid him farewell. Great crowds lined the streets.

**FACES DEATH LIKE A REAL KENTUCKIAN**

**General May Electrocutted for Murder this Morning.**

**His Revolver Had Slight Significant Notches in it.**

[Canadian Press Despatch] EDDYVILLE, Ky. June 27.—General May, in the stock of whose pistol was said to have been carved eight significant notches, was electrocuted in the State Penitentiary here to-day. May, who was christened "General" and was condemned for the murder of Mrs. Belle Meredith, of Clay county, May had killed her husband. The had differed over a boundary line. May was first convicted for the murder of Meredith and sentenced for life. Then he was paroled and tried for the killing of Mrs. Meredith. May had been a deputy sheriff. In a fight several years ago he received a bullet wound in the chest, which he thought was fatal. He was surprised to find he would not die a natural death and that as he had lived forty three years, he would rather know when the end was to come so he could be prepared.

**THEY CARRY REAL PISTOLS**  
Teddy Roosevelt and Attorney Whitman Both Have Permission.

[Canadian Press Despatch] NEW YORK, June 27.—Colonel Roosevelt and District Attorney Charles Whitman both have permission to carry pistols. Reports some time ago that they had applied for such permission were confirmed by Magistrate Corrigan when he told fellow magistrates at a meeting in Brooklyn yesterday that in issuing the permits he had waived one of the chief requirements of the law, and had asked neither of the applicants for an affidavit of good character. The magistrates forgave the irregularity and did not reprimand their colleague.

**BRITISH VISITOR IS ENTHUSIASTIC**  
Mr. Moorepark, Artist, Likes Brantford Exceedingly Well.

Mr. Carton Moorepark of London, England, one of the leading modern portrait painters, has been in the city the last few days filling a commission.

He came here from Washington where he did some work for Prof. Graham Bell and other notables and has other orders from prominent New York, Rochester and other people. "Do you know," he remarked to the Courier man this morning, "that Brantford is the prettiest place I have ever visited in all my travels. Residents may live too close to the scene to realize the fact, but you will see it in the fact, that your well wooded streets, your beautiful Grand River stretches, and the view presented from the surrounding heights, are a delight. In fact I am spending a longer time here than I should, from the sheer joy of it. Moreover, and speaking as an artist used to noting types, you have a remarkable proportion of good looking women and girls."  
Mr. Moorepark was a great personal friend of the late Mr. Percy Wood, the sculptor of the Brant Monument.