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EXTRA SPECIAL!

Your choice of any Made-to-Measure Suit, up to \$20.00. SATURDAY ONLY

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LEINSTER

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Our Message to the Men

Broadbent built-to-order. Clothes are the best values to be had in Brantford.

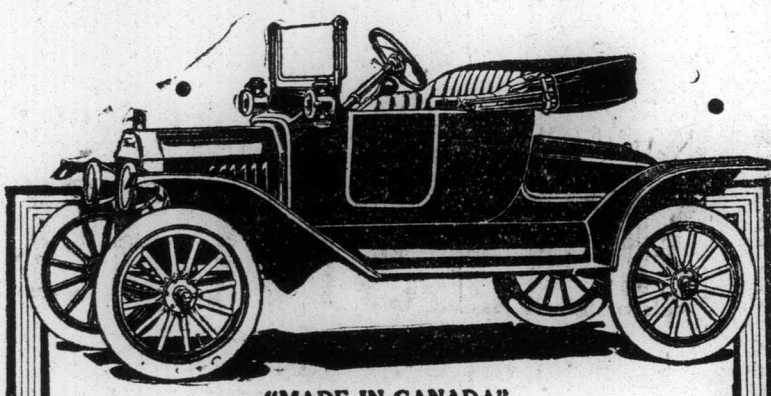
Broadbent Straw Hats cannot be duplicated in quality at the price.

Broadbent Coletta Shirts appeal to every man who requires the utmost in his demand for fit, exclusive patterns and superior tailoring.

In short, our message to the men is better—better apparel cannot be had—than is sold at our shop. And men who have done business with us for years appreciate this fact.

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Your neighbor drives a Ford—why don't you? We are selling more Fords in Canada this year than ever before—because Canadians demand the best in motor car service at the lowest possible cost. The "Made in Canada" Ford is a necessity—not a luxury.

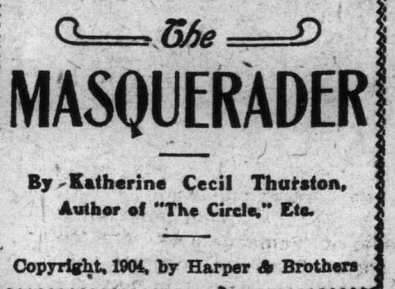
Tramping Car \$500; Town Car price on application. All Ford cars are fully equipped, including electric headlights. No cars sold uncompleted. Buyers of Ford cars will share in our profits if we sell 5000 cars between August 1, 1914, and August 1, 1915.

C. J. MITCHELL, 55 Darling St.
Dealer for Brant County



MOURNED AS DEAD
By Special Wire to the Courier.
Montreal, May 20.—A Montreal soldier, mourned as dead by his relatives, has been heard from as a prisoner of war in Germany. A postcard has been received by the Misses Field, 355 Mountain street, from their brother, Sergeant Arthur Frederick Field, previously reported killed in action, Sergeant Field was accountant of the Bank of Montreal at Peterboro, where

he had resided for two years, but previous to that he had been employed in the head office of the bank here and had been a member of the Victoria Rifles for three years.
Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA



By Katherine Cecil Thurston.
Author of "The Circle," Etc.
Copyright, 1904, by Harper & Brothers

of humor; he talked until Chilcote, strangely affected by contact with another personality after his weeks of solitude, fell under his influence, his excitement rising, his imagination stirred at the novelty of change. At last, garbed once more in the clothes of his own world, he passed from the bedroom back into the sitting room and there halted, waiting for his companion.

Almost directly Loder followed. He came into the room quietly and, moving at once to the table, picked up the notebook.
"I'm not going to preach," he began, "so you needn't shut me up. But I'll say just one thing—a thing that will get said. Try to keep your hold! Remember your responsibilities and keep your hold!" He spoke energetically, looking earnestly into Chilcote's eyes. He did not realize it, but he was pleading for his own career.

Chilcote paled a little, as he always did in face of a reality. Then he extended his hand.
"My dear fellow," he said, with a touch of hauteur, "a man can generally be trusted to look after his own life."
Extricating his hand almost immediately, he turned toward the door and without a word of farewell passed into the little hall, leaving Loder alone in the sitting room.

CHAPTER XII

ON the night of Chilcote's return to his own Loder tasted the loss of life poignantly for the first time. Before their curious compact had been entered upon he had been, if not content, at least apathetic; but with action the apathy had been dispersed, never again to regain its old position.
He realized with bitter certainty that his was no real home coming. On entering Chilcote's house he had experienced none of the unfamiliarity, none of the unsettled awkwardness, that assailed him now. There he had almost seemed the exile returning after many hardships; here, in the atmosphere made common by years, he felt an alien. It was illustrative of the man's character that sentimentalities found no place in his nature. Sentimentality were not lacking, though they lay out of sight, but sentimentalities he altogether denied.

Left alone in the sitting room after Chilcote's departure, his first sensation was one of physical discomfort and unfamiliarity. His own clothes, with their worn looseness, brought no sense of friendliness such as some men find in an old garment. Lounging and the clothes that suggested lounging had no appeal for him. In his eyes the garb that implies responsibility was symbolic and even inspiring.

And as with clothes, so with his actual surroundings. Each detail of his room was familiar, but not one had



"You would not desert me?"

ever become intimately close. He had used the place for years, but he had used it as he might use a hotel, and whatever of his household gods had come with him remained, like himself, on sufferance. His entrance into Chilcote's surroundings had been altogether different. Unknown to himself, he had been in the position of a young artist who, having roughly modeled in clay, is brought into the studio of a sculptor. To his outward vision everything is new, but his inner sight leaps to instant understanding. Amid all the strangeness he recognizes the one essential—the workshop, the atmosphere, the home.

On this first night of return Loder comprehended something of his position, and, comprehending he faced the problem and fought with it. He had made his bargain and must pay his share. Weighing this, he had looked about his room with a quiet gaze. Then at last, as if finding the object really sought for, his eyes had come round to the mantelpiece and rested on the pipe rack. The pipes stood precisely as he had left them. He had looked at them for a long time, then an ironic expression that was almost a smile had touched his lips, and, crossing the room, he had taken the oldest and blackest from its place and slowly filled it with tobacco.
With the first indrawn breath of

smoke his attitude had unbent. Without conscious determination he had chosen the one factor capable of easing his mood. A cigarette is for the trivial moments of life; a cigar for its fulfillments; but in real distress—in the solving of question, the fighting of difficulty—a pipe is man's eternal solace.

So he had passed the first night of his return to the actualities of life. Next day his mind was somewhat settled, and outward aid was not so essential; but, though facts faced him more solidly, they were nevertheless, very work, that blessed antidote to ennui, no longer forced him to endeavor. He was no longer penniless, but the money he possessed brought with it no desires. When a man has lived from hand to mouth for years and suddenly finds himself with £100 in his pocket the result is sometimes curious. He finds with a vague sense of surprise, that he has forgotten how to spend. That extravagance, like other artificial passions, requires cultivation.

This he realized even more fully on the days that followed the night of his first return, and with it was born a new bitterness. The man who has friends and no money may find life difficult, but the man who has money and no friend to rejoice in his fortune or benefit by his generosity is aloof indeed. With the haven of incredulity that works in all strong natures, Loder distrusted the professional beggar; therefore the charity that bestows ease and of other channels of generosity he was too self contained to have learned the secret.

When depression falls upon a man of usually even temperament it descends with a double weight. The mercurial nature has a hundred counterbalancing devices to rid itself of gloom—a sudden lifting of spirit, a memory of other moods lived through, other blacknesses dispersed by time, but the man of level nature has none of these. Depression when it comes is indeed depression; no phase of mind to be superseded by another phase, but a slackening of all the chords of life.

It was through such a depression as this that he labored during three weeks, while no summons and no hint of remembrance came from Chilcote. His position was peculiarly difficult. He found no action in the present, and toward the future he dared not trust himself to look. He had slipped the old moorings that familiarity had rendered endurable, but, having slipped them, he had found no substitute. Such was his case on the last night of the three weeks and such his frame of mind as he crossed Fleet street from Clifford's Inn to Middle Temple Lane.

It was scarcely 7 o'clock, but already the dusk was falling. The greater press of vehicles had ceased, and the light of the street lamps gleamed back from the spaces of dry and polished roadway, warm and smooth as a mirror by wheels and hoofs. Something of the solitude of night that sits so ill on the strenuous city street was making itself felt, though the throngs of people on the pathway still streamed eastward and westward, and the taverns made a busy trade.

Having crossed the roadway, Loder paused for a moment to survey the scene. But humanity in the abstract made small appeal to him, and his glance wandered from the passerby to the buildings massed like clouds against the dark sky. As his gaze moved slowly from one to the other a clock near at hand struck 7, and an instant later the chorus was taken up by a dozen clamorous tongues. Usually he scarcely heard and never heeded these innumerable chimings, but this evening their effect was strange. Coming out of the darkness, they seemed to possess a personal note, a human declaration. The impression was fantastic, but it was strong. With a species of revolt against life and his own personality, he turned slowly and moved forward in the direction of Ludgate Hill.

For a space he continued his course, then, reaching Bonnerie street, he turned sharply to the right and made his way down the slight incline that leads to the embankment. There he paused and drew a long breath. The sense of space and darkness soothed him. Pulling his cap over his eyes, he crossed to the river and walked on in the direction of Westminster bridge.

As he walked the great mass of water by his side looked dense and smooth as oil with its sweeping width and network of reflected light. On its farther bank rose the tall buildings, the chimneys, the flaring lights that suggest another and an alien London. Close at hand stretched the solid stone parapet, giving assurance of protection. All these things he saw with his mental eyes, but with his mental eyes only, for his physical gaze was fixed ahead where the houses of parliament loomed out of the dusk. From the great buildings his eyes never wavered until the embankment was traversed and Westminster bridge reached. Then he paused, resting his arms on the coping of the bridge.

In the tense quietude of the darkness the place looked vast and inspiring. The shadowy terrace, the silent river, the rows of lighted windows, each was significant. Slowly and comprehensively his glance passed from one to the other. He was no sentimentalist and no dreamer. His act was simply the act of a man whose interests, robbed of their natural outlet, turn instinctively toward the forms and symbols of the work that is denied them. His scrutiny was steady—even cold. He was raised to no exaltation by the vastness of the building, nor was he chilled by any dwarfing of himself. He looked at it long and thoughtfully; then, again moving slowly, he turned and retraced his steps.

His mind was full as he walked back, still oblivious of the stone parapet of the embankment, the bare trees and the flaring lights of the advertisements across the water. Turning to the left, he retraced Fleet street and made for

his own habitation with the quiet accuracy that some men exhibit in moments of absorption.

He crossed Clifford's Inn with the same slow, almost listless, step; then, as his own doorway came into view, he stopped. Some one was standing in its recess.

For a moment he wondered if his fancy were playing him a trick. Then his reason sprang to a certainty with so fierce a leap that for an instant his mind recoiled. For we more often stand aghast at the strength of our own feelings than before the enormity of our neighbor's actions.

"Is that you, Chilcote?" he said below his breath.
At the sound of his voice the other wheeled round. "Hello!" he said. "I thought you were the ghost of some old inhabitant. I suppose I am very unexpected?"

Loder took the hand that he extended and pressed the fingers unconsciously. The sight of this man was like the finding of an oasis at the point where the desert is sandiest, deadliest, most unbearable.
"Yes, you are—unexpected," he answered.
Chilcote looked at him, then looked out into the court. "I'm done up," he said. "I'm right at the end of the tether." He laughed as he said it, but in the dim light of the hall Loder despite the flush that the excitement of the meeting had brought to it, taking his arm, he drew him toward the stairs.
"So the rope has run out, eh?" he said, in imitation of the other's tone. But under the quiet of his manner his own nerves were throbbing with the peculiar alertness of anticipation, a sudden sense of mastery over life that lifted him above surroundings and above persons—a sense of stature, mental and physical, from which he surveyed the world. He felt as if fate in the moment of utter darkness had given him a sign.

As they crossed the hall Chilcote had, drawn away and was already mounting the stairs. And, as Loder followed it came sharply to his mind that here, in the slipshod freedom of a door that was always open and stairs that were innocent of covering, lay his companion's real niche—unrecognized in outward show, but acknowledged by the inward, keener sense that manifests the individual.

In silence they mounted the stairs, but on the first landing Chilcote paused and looked back, surveying Loder from the superior height of two steps.
"I did very well at first," he said. "I did very well—I almost followed your example for a week or so. I found myself on a sort of pinnacle, and I clung on. But in the last ten days I've—I've rather lapsed."

"Why?" Loder avoided looking at his face. He kept his eyes fixed determinedly on the spot where his own hand gripped the banister.
"Why?" Chilcote repeated. "Oh, the peculiarly false weakness stronger than strength. 'I'm—I'm sorry to come down on you like this, but it's the social side that bowls me over. It's the social side I can't stick.'"

"The social side? But I thought—" "Don't think, I never think; it entails such a constant upsetting of principles and theories. We did arrange for business only, but one can't set up barriers. Society pushes itself everywhere nowadays, into business most of all. I don't want you for theater parties or dinners. But a big reception with a political flavor is different. A man has to be seen at these things. He needn't say anything or do anything, but it's bad form if he fails to show up."

Loder raised his head. "You must explain," he said abruptly.

Chilcote started slightly at the sudden demand.
"—I suppose I'm rather irrelevant," he said quickly. "Fact is, there's a reception at the Bramfells' tonight. You know Blanché Bramfell—Viscountess Bramfell, sister to Lillian Astrupp." His words conveyed nothing to Loder, but he did not consider that. All explanations were irksome to him and he invariably chafed to be done with them.

"And you've got to put in an appearance—for party reasons?" Loder broke in.
Chilcote showed relief. "Yes. Old Fraide makes rather a point of it—so does Eve." He said the last words carelessly; then, as if their sound recalled something, his expression changed.

A touch of satirical amusement touched his lips and he laughed.
"By the way, Loder," he said, "my wife was actually tolerant of me for nine or ten days after my return. I thought your representation was to be quite impersonal? I'm not jealous," he laughed. "I'm not jealous, I assure you, but the burned child shouldn't grow absentminded."

(To be continued.)

"Canada's flour standard is milled from the pick of our famous Western wheat—Ask for Purify."

Wm. Cunningham of Toronto, was killed by a train northwest of the city.

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A Special Offering in Women's, Men's and Children's Shoes for Friday and Saturday

In the Season's Most Approved Styles

Compare our Shoes with any in the city, and you will satisfy yourself that we are giving you a Better Shoe for Less Money than you can purchase elsewhere, and furthermore, we will guarantee every pair. Don't take our word for it, but come in and look them over.

Suit Cases and Club Bags at cut rates

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W. H. BROUGHTON, Manager
You Pay Less Here

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SATURDAY

sees the end of the Great Sale of the Salvage of the Crompton Fire, our intentions are to make a Clean Sweep of the balance of this stock.

Be here bright and early to-morrow for the biggest values since the sale started.

SALVAGE WAREHOUSE

DALHOUSIE STREET
Formerly Occupied by J. S. Hamilton & Co.

THE WESTERN FAIR.
September 10th to 18th.
The Western Fair of London, Ontario, will maintain its reputation this year as being one of the best. Live Stock Exhibitions of the Dominion of Canada. Live Stock Exhibitors are always loud in their praises of the treatment they receive at London and the amount of business they do there. Buyers are always plentiful, surrounded as London is by the best agricultural district of Canada. Although large cash additions have been made to the prize list for the past three

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ESTABLISHED 1838
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