

Britain's Defence Against
COUGHS, COLDS
and all Bronchial Troubles.

You can cure a cold in one night with Veno's Lightning Cough Cure; coughs disappear—well, "lightning" is the only word to describe the quick curative effect of this wonderful British remedy. The reason is that it strengthens the entire bronchial system, helps Nature to cure in Nature's way.

Awarded Grand Prix and Gold Medal, International Health Exhibition, Paris, 1910.

One in every five of the population of Great Britain takes Veno's Lightning Cough Cure; it is the standard cough remedy in every British Dominion; it is known and valued in every corner of the globe to which British enterprise has penetrated. That surely is proof of merit. Test it for yourself; it is the supreme remedy for—

Coughs and Colds Price **30** cents. Difficult Breathing
Bronchial Troubles Whooping Cough
Nasal Catarrh Blood Spitting
Hoarseness Asthma

Large size containing 24 times the quantity 60 cents. Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere, or direct, on receipt of price, from the sole agents for Canada, Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., 10, McCaul Street, Toronto.

Proprietors:—The Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester, Eng.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

SUTHERLAND'S

Order Your Xmas Private Greeting Cards NOW

WE HAVE MANY LINES

On account of war conditions there will be many disappointments this year if orders are not placed early. Be wise. Order now.

JAMES L. SUTHERLAND
BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER

J. S. HAMILTON & CO.

44 AND 46 DALHOUSIE ST. BRANTFORD
IS WHERE YOU GET THE VALUE FOR YOUR MONEY

Smooth Old Whiskies
Fine Old Wines
Creamy Ales
Delicious Liqueurs

"QUALITY AND PRICES RIGHT"
J. S. HAMILTON & CO.
44 AND 46 DALHOUSIE ST. BRANTFORD

CITY BONDS

Treasury Certificates under By-Law 1345:
\$30,000 payable Oct. 1st, 1916.
\$30,000 payable Oct. 1st, 1917.
\$30,000 payable Oct. 1st, 1918.

With interest meantime at the rate of five and one-half per cent. per annum, on April 1st and Oct. 1st in each year.

Ask at City Hall for Copy of By-Law
ARTHUR K. BUNNELL,
Treasurer.

"THE GODDESS"
UNIQUE SERIAL STORY
BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

After the tragic death of John Amesbury, his prostrated wife, one of America's greatest beauties, dies. At her death, Prof. Stilliter, an agent of the interests, kidnaps the beautiful three-year-old baby girl and brings her up in a paradise where she sees no man, but thinks she is taught by angels, who instruct her for her mission to reform the world. At the age of eighteen she is suddenly thrust into the world, where agents of the interests are ready to pretend to find her. The one to feel the loss of the little Amesbury girl most, after she had been spirited away by the interests, was Tommy. In a few days, however, he found himself living amid luxurious surroundings as the adopted son of Mr. Barclay, who has planned to have Tommy marry into wealth. But Tommy's lack of interest in Barclay's business affairs changes matters. Barclay meets with success in breaking up the match he had really planned. Turned down by the girl, Tommy goes to the Adirondacks to forget the affair. While there he meets by accident, Celestia.

Not until he had finished his pipe did Old Man Smells-good give any signs of what had been going on in his head. When he rose to his feet, he said simply, "Me find um soon, and started off in the direction of the lake.

Fifteen minutes later he knelt suddenly and appeared to bury his long hooked nose in the ground. He rose after a moment's sniffing and said: "Me got um sure." Then he ordered one of the guides to remain behind with the dogs.

And then he went forward, pretending to follow a trail, pointing to marks which the other couldn't see for the simple fact that they didn't exist, listening, pretending to hear sounds that couldn't be heard, sniffing, kneeling, and poking his long nose into the ground.

He led them to the shores of the lake and pointed quietly across at the island. Even Stilliter could see a pale column of bluish smoke coming from among the trees.

"Bimby, swim over," said Old Man Smells-good, "for two dollars. Fetch dug-out. Better wait till dark." And they waited till dark. Then Old Man Smells-good, having been definitely promised the other couldn't see for the simple fact that they didn't exist, listening, pretending to hear sounds that couldn't be heard, sniffing, kneeling, and poking his long nose into the ground.

Meanwhile with Tommy and Celestia all had gone well. Tommy's old camp was less dilapidated than he expected. A few balsam boughs he made the rotten roof sound above and sweet beneath. Celestia had had a long rest and then she had followed Tommy along the shores of the island while he fished. Finally Tommy's long casts were rewarded. He hooked a fine trout and began to draw him strongly towards the beach.

In her excitement and eagerness to help, Celestia ran into the shallow water, stepped in a deep hole, and, falling forward, was for the moment, completely submerged.

Laughing and scolding, Tommy pulled her out and literally ran her back to the fire. Steam was so rising from her wet, clinging robe, but since the fire could only warm one side of her at a time, and since the chill of the evening had begun to set in, she shivered and now and then her teeth knocked together.

He went into the little hut and brought out the buffalo robe which he had left there. It was very much the worse for wear, but huge and warm.

"Now," he said, "you go into the hut and take that off and put this on."

He dried her theatrical white dress and made shift to iron it to a smooth hot stone, and watched her from the corner of his eye and thought how charming she looked, even in that bulky, clumsy buffalo robe.

After supper they sat for a long time by the shore and watched the stars grow brighter and brighter, and as the moon began to rise, dimmer and dimmer. They were happy at being together, spoke in low tones, and Tommy answered many questions about the affairs of the earth.

"But then, of course," said Celestia "you are wicked."

"I!" exclaimed Tommy. "I like that! What do you know about it?"

"Of course, if you are not a man—"

"But I am," said Tommy. "Is that why I'm wicked?"

"There couldn't be a better reason. If you are a man you are wicked, sinful, greedy, and covetous of what belongs to other people."

"That's only a judgment of men in general that has been handed to you all ready-made. But use your own judgment, not somebody else's. Since you've known me have I done

into one of Tommy's and leaned against him and laid her head on his shoulder. It was as if she had been a little child. Tommy was deeply moved and touched, and at the same time the close physical contact began to trouble him, to frighten him. He spoke and it seemed as if with his voice he was trying to lift a weight.

"Your poor baby," he said, "You're dead-tired. It's bedtime."

He rose, a little roughly, and helped her to her feet.

When they reached the little hut, Tommy said—

"Now, you turn in there and make yourself comfy. Good night."

"Good night," she said, and went into the hut.

In his hiding-place close at hand, no word or motion had been lost on Professor Stilliter. Write with reluctance and antipathy, but strongly resolved, he rose on one knee, cocked his Winchester, and aimed at the small of Tommy's back.

(To be Continued.)

"I'm wicked?"

"No, you haven't," said Celestia, "but that makes it all the worse. It smacks so of hypocrisy."

Tommy laughed aloud, thinking that she was joking. But he ceased instantly when he saw that she was not.

"Celestia," he said, "don't for a minute think that I'm pretending to be good. But wickedness is different. If I were wicked it wouldn't be safe for you to be with me. But as things are, you'd be safe as long as you wanted to be safe, and afterward, probably. In my opinion, very few men—even murderers and wife-beaters—are at this moment the better part they are just unintelligent."

"Exactly," said Celestia, "and there is nothing more wicked than that."

It was more fun talking about happiness," said Tommy. "Suppose we forget the world. Now you are not going to New York to work yourself to the bone for other people. You're just going to stay on with me in the good, clean woods, and be worked for and made much of. We'll just go on and on through the woods, camping at night by pretty lakes and brooks—"

He looked her very earnestly in the eyes and sang in a clear, quiet voice, with a kind of the gallant tenderness, those great lines of Stevenson's, beginning:

"I will make you brooches and toys for your delight,
Of bird song at morning and star shines at night;
And I will build a palace fit for you and me
Of green days in forests and blue days at a sea."

"What is that," said Celestia, when he had finished.

"That," said Tommy, "Why, don't you think it's a sort of hymn?"

After that they were silent for a little.

Then Tommy said, "Are you warm—Are you comfortable?"

She nodded.

"Then, very softly—"

"Celestia," he said, "are you happy?"

"I don't know," she said, "Can you be happy when it isn't right for you to be happy? It isn't right for one to be happy, because other people aren't."

"I am," said Tommy. "At this moment the sufferings of others don't get me. You see, I have to be shown, suppose at this moment the entire population of China, having eaten immoderately of contaminated rice, was dying of fits. I wouldn't care. I wouldn't even know, Celestia, if you stayed long enough in the woods, don't you think maybe you'd forget all about heaven and your mission to earth, and be content to be happy?"

"Listless! Once in my life I was really happy. I was a little boy; she was a little girl. If she'd grown up she would have looked like you. Perhaps that's why I'm so happy to be with you. She and I were always happy when we were together, looking forward to being together. Then one day she went away, Celestia. She went to heaven, they told me. And for a long time I was terribly unhappy."

"But you ought to have been happy."

He shook his head.

"If I could have gone with her, perhaps."

"But in heaven she is blissful always."

"But I haven't been. When some one you love is so unhappy, Tell me this: Why am I perfectly happy? I'm not good. I'm not sensible. I've never done anything noble or self-sacrificing. And, yet, I behold me; happy as the day is long."

"And, I'm happy, too," said Celestia smiling.

"You're happy," he said, "because you feel perfectly sure that you are going to make everybody else happy. But that's not why I'm happy. I'm happy because I'd rather be right here than anywhere else; because I've had a good supper after plenty of exercise, because the night smells of balsam, because the moon is shining, and because I've got a delightful companion."

"All these things make me happy, too," said Celestia, "but they couldn't keep me happy for long."

"No?" said Tommy, somewhat chagrined. "If these things are enough, why want more?"

"Why?" said Celestia, "after a while I'd get thinking about people who haven't delightful companions, and for whom the moon isn't shining; I couldn't rest then until I'd gone to them and tried to make their lives easier and their hearts stronger, (and here she laughed softly) their heads fuller of sense."

"It would be the opposite with me," said Tommy; "the longer we stayed here, the less I'd get thinking about other people and the more I'd get thinking about us. Every mortal man, I suppose, has his conception of heaven; the pulled luxuriously at this pipe), and this is mine."

After awhile Celestia became sleepy, and then she slipped her hand

PUSH BRANTFORD-MADE GOODS

Show Preference and Talk for Articles Made in Brantford Factories by Brantford Workmen—Your Neighbors and Fellow-Citizens—Who Are Helping to Build Up Brantford. Keep Yourself Familiar With the Following:

The Wm. Paterson & Son Co.

HIGHEST GRADE BISCUITS AND CANDY

Goold, Shapley & Muir Co. Ltd. BRANTFORD

Gas and Gasoline Engines, Windmills, Tanks, Pumps, Water Boxes, Concrete Mixers, Power Sprayers, etc. We manufacture the most complete and up-to-date line in our business.

—for—
HIGH-CLASS PRINTING

—try—
COURIER JOB DEPT.

SMOKE
El Fair Clear Havana Cigars 10 to 25 cents,
Fair's Havana Bouquet Cigar 10 cents straight
Manufactured by
T. J. FAIR & CO., Limited
BRANTFORD, ONT.

YOUR DEALER CAN SUPPLY YOU WITH
Blue Lake Brand Portland Cement
Manufactured by
Ontario Portland Cement Company Limited
Head Office - Brantford

Crown Brand Corn Syrup
—and—
Bensons Prepared Corn

CANADA STARCH CO

"MADE IN KANDYLAND"

SOME OF WHAT WE SERVE FROM OUR
Ice Berg Fountain

ICE CREAM SODA, ALL FLAVORS
EGG PHOSPHATES, ALL FLAVORS
COCA COLA AND GRAPE JUICE

A partial list of our COMBINATION DISHES and SUNDAES is as follows:

- | | |
|----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Kitchener's Call.....10c | Tommy Atkins' Smile.....10c |
| Heavenly Hash.....10c | Coney Island Dream.....10c |
| Banana Split.....10c | Chop Suey.....10c |
| Dick Smith.....10c | David Harum.....10c |
| Jack Canuck.....10c | Chocolat Soldier.....10c |
| Isle of Pines.....10c | Lovers' Delight.....10c |
| Allies' Peacemaker.....10c | Buster Brown.....10c |
| Pride of Canada.....15c | Cleopatra.....15c |
| Blood Orange Ice..... | Pineapple Ice..... |

All Made From Our PURE JERSEY VELVET ICE CREAM

TREMAINE

The Candy Man 50 Market Street

Rebuilt Stoves

We have a good assortment of these Stoves, both in heaters and ranges. If you are needing a Stove, these are good value, as they are in first-class condition and guaranteed. If ordered and paid for before Oct. 1, 1915, the price is attractive.

McCLARY'S STOVES OUR SPECIALTY

Howie & Feely

Temple Building Next New Post Office

LOOK!
Something Worth While

Lower Prices on
Cleveland Bicycles

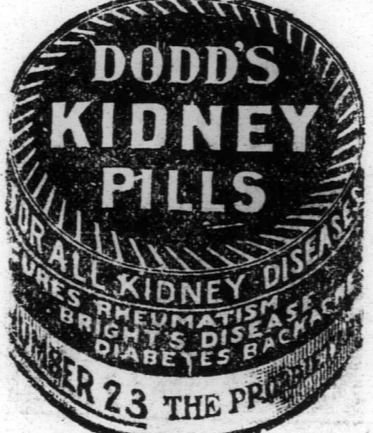
Cushion Frame Model at . . . **\$47.00**

Rigid Frame Model at . . . **\$38.00**

NOTE---The above prices are for NET CASH

C. J. MITCHELL

80 DALHOUSIE ST. Bell Phone 148



He Smashed His Way Through the Conservatory Window.

start it. Arthur had read enough of automobiles to know it were well for him if he paused in his flight that he did not stop the engine.

Looking back again and seeing he was not as yet pursued, a fit of desperate recklessness encouraged him in the resolve to pause and bid farewell to Esther. By this time all but a few of the curious neighbors had gone, and Esther was at the gate engaged in hanging a white wreath upon it in memory of her dear old friend.

The meeting, the parting, were brief, dramatic and passionate. There was no time for explanations on either side. Arthur held the fair girl to his heart for one brief moment and pledged his love and faith for her, and then was gone.

Now came the other car in a cloud of dust. On sped the pursued. Now at the railroad crossing the one armed watchman gave his warning flag. The gates are down, a long freight train is thundering up. At his highest speed Arthur takes the gates, that smash and splinter at the impact of his swift machine. He is gone, and the freight train blocks pursuit. Then pride has its fall. Around a bend of the road workmen are digging a great culvert. On one side is a sloping bank of the river. On the other side the embankment of the road bed, across which the open culvert cuts. One glance shows Arthur that this way lies death. He will trust the river.

(To be continued.)