

PRACTICES RED CROSS WORK.



Ms. Haig, British Commander-in-Chief, recently visited Brantford for wounded soldiers. She is shown here with the winner of the competition.

STOCK NOW COMPLETE

Overcoats, New Underwear, New Sweaters, New Shirts, New Odd Pants, New Hats, New Socks.

15c. per pair for Suits, at 65c, 75c, \$1.00 and up to \$1.25. Suits, or 65c. garment, worth 75c. each.

BIG RANGE OF

Fall Overcoats

of Coats, Etc., for Men and Boys. Best Values at Least Money.

Whitlock & Co.
112 WEST STREET, TEMPLE BUILDING
AT POST OFFICE.

ant Has Just Opened
Large Shipment of

er Specialties

ect From England

WOOL UNDERWEAR
PURE WOOL SOX
WOOL TAFFETA SHIRTS
WOOL SWEATER COATS.

ods are the finest procurable, and
s always pleased to show them.
also many other makes of pure
ear, Sox, Sweaters, etc., and at the
le prices.

DADBENT

Haberdasher—4 Market St.
r's Specialties, Ely's Neckwear, Artex Cellular
Underwear.
readboard for your Furnishing needs.

Complaints Of
on-Delivery

any circumstances the distribution of a
er is a big task, even with an organization
purpose. When great numbers of new
e all together, the difficulties become
ush during the Great Prize Contest now
on.

it will probably be impossible to avoid
mistakes, although every precaution
by the publishers to ensure the delivery
of the paper.

ers are determined not only to remedy
and mistakes, and to reduce them to the
but to spare no trouble or expense to
future.

and in view the publishers request sub-
mitting every complaint regarding late
s by letter, card or Phone 139.

THE BRANTFORD COURIER.

SISTERS THREE

(From Yesterday's Last Edition)

"You swear?"

"I promise."

And that simple answer sufficed.

Miss Willoughby was silent for a

long while, and then began speaking

in a low, even tone, rather as

though she were speaking to herself

then to a second person.

"There were only the two of us,

Harold and I, and our parents were

devoted to us, and brought us up

with every indulgence, so that, boy-

like, Harold flung about his money

far too freely and though often re-

proved and warned for extravagance,

was always helped out of his scrapes.

"Our mother was an heiress and

came of a wealthy family. She left

her fortune to me, and as her will

was framed it carried with it that I

also came in for a great deal more

money than would have fallen to her

from members of her family if she

had not predeceased them. Our

father therefore only left me the

London house with a few thousand

pounds, and the rest went to Harold.

"Unfortunately, we were orphaned

of both our parents very soon after

Harold had entered upon his career

in the Dragon Guards. I being

about four years his senior.

"I settled in the London House,

which was my own, and Harold had

free quarters there whenever he

was able to come. We were much

attached, but his reckless, extrava-

gant ways vexed me, for I was rather

of the other way. I was careful and

saving. I liked to be constantly add-

ing to my large income by judicious

investment of my surplus, and I

was always annoyed when Harold

applied to me for money, for I knew

that he had an income ample for

all he could possibly need, for every

reasonable luxury and even

extravagance as well.

"Harold hated friction, and very

soon he found out that by dipping

into his capital he could get out of

his difficulties without an appeal to

me. Unluckily, men seldom or nev-

er tie up to the money they leave to

their sons—only that which they

bequeath to their daughters, though

my experience is that women are far

more cautious in money matters

than men, and, apart from the over-

riding influence of their husbands or

male relatives, are far less likely to

play ducks and drakes with their

fortunes than men."

Allardye had seen enough of life

to endorse this sentiment with a

little sign of assent. Miss Willough-

by, who knew something of her

story, saw that she was understood.

"I suppose I ought to have guessed

why it was that Harold never applied

to me any more, though he was cer-

tainly going the pace of a great style.

I do not mean that he was vicious.

With all his faults he had no num-

bering vices, but he loved a num-

ber of pastimes which cost money.

He had polo ponies, he had splendid

chargers, he had hunters. During

his long leave he would take a fine

house in some shooting or hunting

neighborhood and fill it with friends.

His brother-officers borrowed of

him, and he seldom refused a loan,

which was equivalent often to mak-

ing a gift. He backed bills and then

had to pay. He played bridge for

high stakes, and his losses must have

totalled up to a very large sum.

Then in an evil hour, he took over

some racing stables that were being

sold off with the "fine stud of

horses. Next he must begin backing

his horses for heavy sums. He had

not the time, of course, nor the

knowledge for this pastime, and I

believe this was the final cause of

his ruin.

"I used to see him often. I doted

on him in a way, yet I was half

frightened at the things I heard, and

I knew that unless he was making

money either at cards or with his

horses, he could not go on as he was

doing."

"At that time I was much at

Clumbermere. An old uncle was

dying. He had left the whole of his

property to me, and he expected me

to be with him and nurse him

through his last illness. This I did,

and the illness was a long one, and

so I was much engrossed and

could not see much of Harold. His

letters were short and unsatisfac-

tory, but I did not ask any questions,

for I was afraid of what I might

hear. Allardye, the love of money

was getting a horrible grip upon me.

Though I could not spend half my

income, I hated to part with it. I

kept telling myself that Harold would

pull round after he had sown his

wild oats—that if he bought his ex-

perience dear it was well worth the

buying.

"And then suddenly came the war.

Before long the Dragons were ord-

ered out. Harold came to see me.

I thought him very thin and an-

xious looking, but he was full of the

war, and exceedingly keen to be go-

ing out. It would cut a lot of cab-

les, he said; he was selling off his

hustlers, his racers, his ponies. He

loved the war so dearly, so dearly,

and whom I was never to see again!"

Miss Willoughby's voice broke.

For a moment she hid her face in

her hands, and her whole frame

shook and heaved. But with a will-

ing that seemed wonderful to Al-

lardye, she controlled the wave of

her emotion, and, looking up, took

up the thread of her narrative cal-

mly and firmly.

"But I did not want to part with

my money to encourage extrava-

gance—as I put it to myself. So I

gave an evasive and non-committal

answer, saying that I thought

would have plenty when all these

things were sold off to meet any li-

abilities he had. I can see Harold's

face now as he took me in his arms

to say 'Good-bye.' He had never

let money troubles loosen the tie

between us. We were all in all to

each other—in a way. And he went

off brave and gallant, resolved on

turning a new leaf and coming home

to a better and less spendthrift life.

"Before he sailed I had a letter—

rather wild letter, blotted and

daubed—written in extreme haste

and in great agitation. The burden

of it was—'Send four hundred

pounds at once to Jim Kildare.'

I knew Mr. Kildare—Harold had

brought him sometimes to my house.

"This money must be sent! For the

honor of our house and name there

must be no delay! Harold sailed the

next morning. He made this appeal

to me, confident of my aid—'You

must do it—you must and will! On

board I will write you the whole

story; I cannot now. But I know

that you will send the money to Jim

Kildare.' Allardye, I did not send it."

The girl sat silent with wide eyes

fixed on the speaker. Light was

breaking in upon her. That which

she had once dimly guessed at she

felt now was certainty. It was Cap-

tain Willoughby who had forged the

cheque.

"Do not think too hardly of me,

Allardye. When that letter reached

me my old uncle was dying—actu-

ally dying. It was a painful death-bed. I

have seen several persons die, but

never one who died so hard. And he

could not bear me out of his sight.

For three nights and two days I

never left him. It was in the midst

of this long death struggle that Har-

old's letter came. I could not attend

to it. I laid it aside till I should be

more able to cope with it. Then, af-

ter death had released the sufferer,

my strength gave out and for three

days I lay in a darkened room, know-

ing nothing of what passed about

me. When I got up there were fune-

ral and family arrangements to en-

gross my mind. I never came upon

Harold's letter, which I had stuffed

away in one of my colored dresses.

What first brought the matter to my

mind was seeing in the papers the

arrest of James Kildare on the

charge of felony and that it was a

question of a cheque changed from

four into four hundred pounds."

"And what did you

do?"

Miss Willoughby dropped her

hands into her lap.

"I did nothing. It was too late.

Sentence had been passed before. I

awoke to what it could all mean."

"That Captain Willoughby had

really done it?"

"That I would not believe at the

first. I thought he was trying to find

a way of escape for his friend. It

was not until I had his packet—that I

knew the whole truth; and before I

had made up my mind how I should

act he was shot in the first engage-

ment."

Allardye sat breathing heavily.

"And you kept silent, even though

he was dead?"

"Would you blacken and disgrace

the memory of your nearest and

dearest when death had taken him

away?"

"If the innocent were suffering

for the guilty," said Allardye in a

low voice, "then I think I should

have to speak the truth, whatever it