

SISTERS THREE

(From Tuesday's Daily)
"Delightful! You look like a Morwen-na-Gull! And I want to come and see you in your cave some day soon. May I?"

The girl's face brightened, but for a moment she hesitated.

"Any one is welcome to our cave," she said at length, "who is not friend to the Lebretons."

"That permits me," said Gipsy, "for I'm the enemy of Gaston Lebreton! I hate the whole crew of them!"

"He did not make it, though."

"No, I do not imply that. He wants very badly to shut us out. Mrs. Lebreton knows that that is absurd, and upholds our rights. But her son is the owner of the property, and he is not to be trifled with."

"I should have brought him up better!"

Audrey made a little whimsical grimace.

"My dearest Gipsy, I tried my hardest to bring you up well, and, behold, you are a little spiteful of the first magnitude, and I can do nothing with you!"

At this Gipsy burst into whooping, girlish laughter, and for

the moment the matter dropped between them, though Audrey very well knew that laughter with Gipsy was as far removed from submission as light from darkness.

By this time Gipsy had all manner of outside duties to call her away at almost any hour of the day. She had scarcely swallowed her tea before she was off to attend to the needs of a wounded bird she had picked up in the woods and was nursing back to health; and Audrey and Allard were thus left alone to gather while the soft dusk of the spring evening gathered in the corners of the western room.

"Audrey, did you like Madame Lebreton?" asked the younger sister, who had taken no share in the previous conversation.

"I did; I liked her very much. And I am very sorry for her, which counts for more."

"Why sorry?"

"Oh, I am often sorry for wives and mothers!" answered Audrey, with a little gesture of her hands. "I know something about it. It is for women to control them. I suppose it is something in the way the lords of creation are brought up!"

And the whimsical smile began to flit in Audrey's eyes. "It is so immensely difficult for them to realize that they can be wrong and their womenkind right. It begins in the nursery between sisters and brothers, and it goes on with cumulative force all through their boyhood and young manhood. Perhaps we are partly to blame. I often notice how much more women, as a rule, think of their sons than of their daughters, and how much more they indulge and give way to them. And then when the creatures are grown men and power is put in their hands, other people's lives and happiness very often

Audrey broke off, half laughing, but there was something in her face which was not mirth; and Allard understood. Although she had been little more than a dreamy child at the time when her elder sister had been passing through some searching experiences, she had not been entirely ignorant she had not been at all unobservant of much which went on. All three sisters were realizing keenly at this juncture that the pleasant and congenial life which now was theirs was not any doing or forethought of their charming, reckless, affectionate, spendthrift father, but was due to the happy circumstances of their possessing an uncle without closer kindred than themselves. Their father had left them pitifully unprovided for, although he had been a man of large means once. It was to the careful thrift of their mother's forebears that they owed their present happiness.

"If it had not been for uncle Richard," said Allard softly, "we might have had to live in London always and make our own living."

"Yes, and yet our father was once rich. When he married mother he had everything one could wish. And mother tried—I can remember so well—and on, how I tried when she was taken away! And he was always so kind and so merry! I used to

think he would change, but he never did. If men can only keep things smooth on the top, so that they look right, they seem quite happy. Oh, I know how helpless we are! That is what makes me so sorry for Madame Lebreton. One can feel how she has tried to influence her son, and how he will go on in his own way still. And that is why I mean to be friends with her if she wishes it, whether Gipsy quarrels with the boy Gaston or not. I fancy they are about equally matched in hot-headedness. But Gipsy is a darling underneath her hot temper, and I'm not at all sure what Master Gaston may be in that respect. So there you are! If they were people in a book it would end by their falling head over ears in love, after blackening each other's eyes well first! The question is, do books show us what life really is or only weave pretty little romances about what it might be?"

Gipsy, on her side, was slightly perturbed in spirit. She loved Audrey dearly and had a very high opinion of her wisdom and clear-sighted judgment. But it would be tame of Audrey to make friends with the family foe just when all the delights and romance of a real feud were theirs to enjoy.

And Gaston Lebreton was such a cut! In her thoughts Gipsy called him a beast! He had dared to stop their path. He was

Chapter IX
Allard and General Kildare sat together on the sunny terrace that lay before his windows; and the soft airs of May, laden with the scent of the gorse mingled with the ozone from the sea beneath the clouds, about them as they thus sat.

It was not the glory of the golden dawn which lay about them now, and the dark rocks behind them no longer glowed with a fantastic and magical sheen of color.

But the sun rode high in the sky, and this terrace lay hot in its noon-tide beams; and the white-haired old man had welcomed, with gladness in his eyes, the visitor who had come to him across the bay; while Allard, experienced in this lonely house on the black reef a place which to her was like a second home.

Yet she had only met General Kildare once in the interval. He had appeared in Mrs. Kildare's drawing-room the previous week when she had entertained the girls from Sunset Craig. One or two other neighbors had been there, but no Lebretons; and Allard had been glad to shrink into a secluded recess, where the General had also ensconced himself. They had not talked much, but each had felt the presence of the other welcome.

"You will come and see me again, my dear?" he had said at parting.

So Allard had come; and they were seated together on the wide stone bench where cushions were carried out on all fine days. Allard realized that the moment had come when she was to hear the details of that tragedy which had thrown so dark a shadow over a father's life and had brought to the fine old soldier's face that look of heart-broken sadness.

"He was all we had—our bright boy Jim. He was always the sunshine of our home. He loved this place, though we were often absent, for I was in command of my regiment, and often we were on foreign service; and then the boy could only come to us now and again in the long summer holidays. But whenever my leave came it was spent here. Jim had been born here, and the sound of the sea was the music which drew him only second to the call of the bugle."

"We meant to make a soldier of him. He had never thought of anything else. But at Woolwich he had rheumatic fever badly, and after that there was trouble with his heart. It did not seem to amount to much in daily life, but they would not pass him. It was a great disappointment, but Jim never gave up hoping that something would turn up. He studied and he could not settle to any other walk in life. He always kept saying that he must keep abreast with the times and if ever war broke out he would get a billet somehow. For many years we saw trouble ahead in South Africa. I had been there—I felt sure it would come, so I let the boy go his own way. Perhaps I did wrong."

"His mother had been taken away. She was always kind and far-sighted. Missing her so badly made us cling together the more. My time was up. I had retired before the thunder-cloud burst; and three years ago when things began to look very black, I went out there on my own account, and I ought to have taken the boy with me. That was the mistake."

"Why did you not?"

"There were a number of small difficulties at the time. Jim was a popular fellow wherever he went. He had made engagements and he was very keen about a colt he was training for an officer friend to be run in a regimental steeplechase. It was settled that he should follow me later if I found that I might do something by staying, so I went. I left him—my boy Jim. When I saw him next he was wearing convict dress. We spoke to each other with the prison warden within hearing and an iron grating between us!"

Allard put out her hand and gently touched the fingers of the old man's hand, which grasped his knee as he spoke.

"It must all have been some terrible mistake!"

"I am sure of it! Thank Heaven, I have never doubted my boy! His face—his words—were enough! Don't fret, dad! It's been a bit rough on me, I can't explain, but I didn't do it."

"He said that?"

"He did. It rolled a mountain's weight off my heart; but—"

"It makes it so terribly hard to bear. Does it hurt you to talk of it? I would so much like to hear how it happened—what made them think

"Yes, my dear; and that is what I



HON. T. P. SMITH
Member of the New Brunswick Conservative Government, returned in the Carleton bye-election.

Chapter IX
wanted to tell you. I brood upon it day after day and year after year, but no one speaks a word—they are too sorry for me. And yet sometimes speech eases the heart. I will tell you the tale as I heard it from my own lawyer, who had done what he could for the boy. But I was away; they could not even cable to me. I was moving up and down the country. It was all over before ever I heard a word. It chanced that it happened just soon enough before the autumn assizes to come on very quickly into court.

(To be Continued)

Harrisburg.
(From our own correspondent)

Mr. and Mrs. M. Smith, of Mount Clemens, Mich., who have been spending the last week here with their parents at Weir, left for their home on Saturday.

Mr. Martin Mack, of Sarnia, was the guest of his parents here a few days this week.

Mrs. Covley and son of Buffalo, are spending a few days with friends in the village.

Mrs. R. Cherry returned to her home here on Tuesday last, after spending a few holidays the guest of her daughter of Buffalo.

Mrs. E. Dargie, of Brantford, was calling on friends in the village one day last week.

Mrs. J. McCarthy and family, of Buffalo, N. Y., are spending a few weeks with friends in the village.

Mr. and Mrs. James Cooper, who have been visiting with friends in the village left for their home in London on Saturday.

The G. T. R. have a large gang of painters at work here painting the iron bridges on the Harrisburg and Brantford branch.

THE HOT WEATHER TEST makes people better acquainted with their resources of strength and endurance. Many find they need Hood's Sarsaparilla, which invigorates the blood, promotes refreshing sleep and overcomes that tired feeling.



Who Answers Your Telephone?

It is of prime importance to your business that the person answering your telephone be pleasant-voiced, polite, intelligent. A curt, snappy answer results in loss of trade.

It is important, too, that your telephone be answered by an employee who is thoroughly posted on the details of your business. It is annoying to call and be answered by someone who will let you tell him everything you have to say and then inform you that you will have to tell the whole story to someone else.

We suggest that you give this matter of incoming telephone calls your careful attention. Many merchants insist on their most experienced employees answering the telephone.

The Bell Telephone Co. OF CANADA.



SUBSCRIPTION PRICES of BRANTFORD NEWSPAPERS TO BE ADVANCED

Commencing October 1st. next, the subscription rates of the Brantford Daily Courier and the Brantford Daily Expositor will be advanced as follows:

Single Copies - - - - - 2 cents
Delivered in Brantford - 35c per month (\$4.00 per annum in advance)
By Mail to Outside Points \$3.00 per annum

These increases have been necessitated by the tremendous advance in the cost of white paper, labor, metal, and in all other commodities incidental to the production of a newspaper. For over 25 years the subscription prices of the two Brantford papers have remained unchanged, while during that period the price of most other things have doubled and quadrupled. During recent years The Courier and Expositor have actually been sold to the agents and boys, and to the subscriber, when delivery charges are added, for less than the cost of the white paper alone, to say nothing of the hundred and one other charges of which each copy should bear a share. Recently the situation has become so serious that the above advances, commencing October 1st, have become imperative.

Even Advanced Rate is Low by Comparison

Even these advanced rates are much lower than those charged by the papers in London, Belleville, Guelph and many other Canadian cities and many publications which for years have charged the prices the Brantford papers now propose, have announced advances considerably beyond these figures during the last few months.

Subscribers may renew their subscriptions for a period not longer than one year at the present rates, if payment is made before October 1st, but no renewals will be accepted at the old rate after October 1st.

(Signed)

The Brantford Courier
The Brantford Expositor

THE BRANTFORD FAIR

TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY
OCT. 3 and 4

BIG PRIZE LIST

"Galt Kilties" Band in Attendance on Oct. 4th.

Special Excursion
From Brantford
Wednesday

Temperance Beverages

Radiant Water, Cronmiller's Ginger Ale, Schwepp's Ginger Ale, Lime Juice, Unfermented Grape Juice, Carling's Ale, Porter and Lager.

J. S. Hamilton & Co.

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New Prices August 1, 1916

The following prices for Ford cars will be effective on and after August 1st, 1916.

Chassis \$450.00
Runabout . . . 475.00
Touring Car . . . 495.00
Coupelet 695.00
Town Car 780.00
Sedan 890.00

f. o. b. Ford, Ontario

These prices are positively guaranteed against any reduction before August 1st, 1917, but there is no guarantee against an advance in price at any time.

C. J. MITCHELL
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