

THE COURIER

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Tuesday, October 21, 1913

RAILWAY TIME TABLES

The Ottawa Journal is right when it asks if in these days of reform for pretty nearly everything, isn't it about time something should be done to do away with some of the intricacies of the railway time table? We have a. m. and p. m. light and dark faced type; notes, footnotes, head notes and side notes to such an extent that the alphabet has been exhausted; there are asterisks, more asterisks, daggers, double daggers, cubes, angles and other totems with-out end or mercy until the modern time table looks pretty much like an inscription on an Egyptian obelisk, and the whole thing becomes a practical example of what the poet must have had in mind when he spoke of "Confusion worse confounded."

We venture to believe that a high school boy would rather do a difficult problem in algebra, parse a page of Browning, or conjugate a dozen irregular French verbs, than work out how to get from Ottawa to Oshawa, and the average man would prefer to go out of his way and lose some valuable time to drop in at a ticket office and have the clerks tell him what it's all about. And even the ticket-office people have their troubles. About the only person whose path appears upon the map to be made easy are the railway train crews. They are supplied with a time table covering their run which is altogether lovely when compared with the puzzle picture which is handed out to the public.

It should be possible to make things easier for us.

A CHANGE

Sir Wilfrid Laurier of the "sunny smile" has now become transformed into Sir Wilfrid of the "petulant mood."

He evidently has made up his mind to try and retain his hold on Quebec, and on Saturday made a speech at Joliette in that province presumably for the purpose of trying to explain away his recent personal reverse in that portion of the Dominion.

During the course of his speech, he said (Globe report):—"Chateauguay was won by fraud and corruption, and nothing else. I recognize my responsibility. But what I say I affirm, and we shall be able to prove it to you when the time comes. If there are any Conservatives here, let me say this to them: 'You may carry one bye-election, you may carry two or three bye-elections by—scandal, demoralization and debauchery, but you are making way for the downfall of your country.'"

To claim that the other fellow did not play fair is quite an old-time excuse on the part of certain people who get vanquished. There is an appeal in the matter, and there will probably be a counter appeal when it will be up to the courts to decide. Meanwhile no one need accept the assertion that matters were flagrantly rotten on the mere say-so of a badly disgruntled ex-Premier.

One of the significant features of Sir Wilfrid's plaint, is that there may be even three bye-elections carried against him.

He is evidently preparing the party which he wrecked over reciprocity, for still more setbacks, and in this he is right.

A TELEGRAPH LACK

The Courier has had its attention called more than once recently to the disability under which Brantford laborers because of the fact that on Sundays the two telegraph offices here are only open for a few minutes on Sunday afternoons, and not at all on week days after early night.

In other respects they are well run and the lack named is not in any sense chargeable to the local staffs. The two local telephone exchanges which run every hour of the night and day for 365 days of the year, of course meet matters to a large extent, but not altogether. There are many occasions when telegrams are necessary. If this were not the case the telegraph concerns could not show such a profitable and constantly growing business in spite of the big competition of the Bell invention. It has been abundantly shown there is room for both and this all the time.

Brantford is a place of great importance and is rapidly becoming more so. As an industrial centre we are well up in the first division of all

the cities of the Dominion and the telegraph returns both in and out must be very large. Surely with our present established position and assured future, the lack in the wire service complained of should be removed.

It might be a good idea for the Board of Trade to take the matter up at any rate.

PARENTAL RESPONSIBILITY

During a sermon on Sunday in London to the Seventh Fusiliers of that city, Rev. C. H. Flanders of the First Methodist Church declared that the streets of that city were unsafe for girls at night, and he asked for all members of the militia to form themselves into a body of chivalry to frown down much which he stated to be prevalent.

All of this is very excellent and timely, but the further fact remains that a percentage of girls are unsafe for the street, not in any vicious way, but owing mainly to a lack of proper home training and supervisory care. Light-hearted, and with the natural buoyancy of youth, some are far too apt to roam the streets at night, usually in pairs, and to allow themselves to be ogled and spoken to by young men just as thoughtless as themselves.

Even a casual observer can note this fact in Brantford as well as in other centres. No harm is meant or intended in the first place on either side, but the unfortunate and established fact is that mischief far too often results.

It is customary for some to sneer at the so-called "prudery" of grandmother's and mother's day, but that was an excellent and a desirable quality. There is no greater asset for the members of either sex than self-respect, and when that is impaired much of the essence of true manhood and womanhood becomes lost.

It is not necessary, or desirable, for parents to impose harsh restrictions upon the young, for such a course often quite naturally leads to rebellion and deceit, but wise guidance and kindly counsel are without doubt highly essential. There is in these modern and rush-about days altogether too great a lack in the essentials named. It is all very well to censure youth when trouble ensues, but the responsibility in far too many instances rests upon the sponsors of their being. Canada needs, and needs very essentially, a far more general regard with reference to parental responsibility. A newspaper comes into contact with many, deplorable incidents in connection with those on the threshold of what should be honorable careers, and in very many instances enquiry demonstrates that a faulty upbringing was the commencement of matters.

Rev. Rose will return this evening from the Baptist Convention at Tilsonburg.

Alfred Aston, a vagrant, sentenced to six months in the Central, left for Toronto last night.

Seventy-five wool, tapestry, Wilton and other floor rugs, on special sale this week at Crompton's.

To be able to send women's hats by parcel post is an improvement over the slower methods of transportation of an earlier day, but the demands of rapidly changing fashion will not be met until they can be sent by telegraph.—Bideford Journal.

A dog is wiser than a woman. He does not bark at his master.—Russian.

A goose, a woman and a goat are bad things lean.—Portuguese.

A woman and a cherry are painted for their own harm.—German, Spanish.

A woman can't own a poor boy better than a rich dotard.—Hebrew.

A woman's strength is in her tongue.—Welsh.

A woman's tongue is only three inches long, but it can kill a man six feet high.—Japanese.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children In Use For Over 30 Years Always bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

Farm and Garden

BLACK ROT OF CABBAGE.

Recognized by Blackened Vains of Leaves.—Treatment Recommended. Black bacterial rot of cabbage, says a bulletin from the Connecticut agricultural experiment station, occurs on a number of related cruciferous plants, but we have reported it from this before only on cauliflower. While we did not see it on cabbage until last season, it seems quite probable that it has caused more or less harm to this crop before, since it has been reported as quite injurious in several other eastern states in times past.

This disease is recognized by the blackened veins of the leaves, which in time extend down into the stem. The leaf tissues finally turn yellow, and the leaves are easily pulled off. Soft rot, caused in part by other organisms, often loosens them at the base and develops an ill smelling internal decay. The bacteria gain entrance through drops of water at the water pores on the margins of the leaves.



Photo by Connecticut experiment station.

As the germs of this disease can be carried on the seed, it is wise to see that the seed used does not come from a diseased crop. If doubt exists it is well to treat the seed with formalin, 1-240, or corrosive sublimate, 1-1000, for fifteen minutes. Likewise, if the disease shows up in a seed bed, this should be changed the next year. If bad in the field this land should not be used for cruciferous crops for several seasons and, even if the disease is not present, yearly rotation is desirable where it can be carried on without especial difficulty. Refuse from diseased cabbages should never find its way to the manure pile.

Two dozen for 30 cents. Simon, I feel like a robber," said Noah, diving into his pocket and bringing up a fifty cent piece. "That's the one. Keep the change if there is any way of spending 20 cents in this benighted hamlet."

Simon caught the coin, grinned delightedly and took the empty basket. "I'm going to treat Miss Molly to ice cream," he confided blissfully.

"Ah, ha," said Miss Molly. "Schoolteacher. She's going to stay all summer and teach again in September. She ain't got any folks to go home to, and she's boarding at our house. I wanted to treat her to something all winter, but gosh hang it all, I couldn't find the money. When the ice cream lady was 5 cents a glass I got 10 cents all at once, and on my way home to ask her I saw a sign in the store saying it had gone up to 10 cents. So I just gave it up. But, by cricky, if you wait long enough you can get hold of anything!"

"You like your teacher, eh?" asked Noah. "Simon's eyes shone. 'You betcher doing, mister?'"

"Why, just because me and Lem Peters, Susie Anderson couldn't sense fractions and she was a good girl, she's been here for a school year, and she helps us every afternoon with them fractions. She wants to help us on grammar, but I tell her I don't need it. Grammar don't bother me none; do you think so, mister?"

"Probably she'll choose strawberry," responded Noah gravely, as man to man, and Simon nodded solemnly and capered away toward the bridge where a slender, blue gown'd figure was crossing toward the town.

Noah saw her stop and wait for the lad, and he noted even from that distance that her hair was dark beneath her white hat, and that her face was softly oval. She put one hand on Simon's shoulder and swung her parasol to the other side. Together they went away. Once they passed, and Simon pointed back at the houseboat, where Noah ducked into the kitchen, where he proceeded to put the neglected potatoes to boil.

"She must be a nice girl," he said to himself as he washed up his dishes after the most that he realized, with a hot blush that unconsciously he had been thinking of Miss Molly for an hour and a half.

That night it rained heavily after a severe thunderstorm, and as morning dawned Noah, lying wide awake, realized that the Ark, as he had named his pleasure boat, was scraping bottom. He tossed on some clothes and in the pale gray light found that the river had risen until the hull of the Ark was resting on the muddy bank. He examined the motor and found it in order for an early start if it should be necessary.

Noah's Ark

It Needed a Mrs. Noah

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The houseboat was moored under the willows by the river bank. It was a blunt nosed, bargelike craft, its upper deck gay with red striped awnings and boxes of scarlet geraniums. A hatless young man garbed in white with his shirt sleeves rolled above brown arms was peeling potatoes in the doorway of the galley.

Every now and then the man lifted a pair of fine brown eyes and scanned the red bridge that crossed the river a hundred yards above the houseboat. Occasionally a farm wagon creaked across or a touring motorcar flashed by.

The river was uneasy these days. Successive spring rains had swelled it until it was now rising beyond its highest water marks. Almost imperceptibly the brown waters crept to the level of the banks, and the old bridge was alarmingly close to the surface of the stream.

But the country folk were slow going and not given to borrowing trouble. The Willow never had overflowed its banks, and it never would. Often it had reached the floor of the bridge, only to subside when its tributary springs and streams had spilled out their surplus share of the spring rains.

It had rained for weeks during this June, and when the hot sun crept up the stream, and east anchor under the willows the weatherwise predicted a wet vacation for the luckless voyager. They had watched the young man spread his easel on the shady deck and paint the slanting rain on the wheatfields or the sun peeping through the dripping willows or the boggy coolness of the farther shore with feet.

Noah Parker was enjoying this vacation as he had never enjoyed one before. But there was a feeling of uneasiness in the gradual rising of the river, together with the newspaper accounts of the devastating floods in the adjacent states, and he was not at all sure that he had never enjoyed one before.

"Hello, Simon!" he called to the tow-headed farm lad, who held forth a basket of eggs. "Come aboard."

Simon limberly set one bare foot on the narrow landing, and placed the other before it and finally reached the deck, where Noah promptly yanked him aboard, skillfully relieving him of the basket at the same instant.

"Two dozen for 30 cents. Simon, I feel like a robber," said Noah, diving into his pocket and bringing up a fifty cent piece. "That's the one. Keep the change if there is any way of spending 20 cents in this benighted hamlet."

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It seemed vastly important that he should get the Ark out of the main current and into some safe harbor before the red bridge broke away, as it must under the pressure of the swollen river. Even now he could hear the dull roar of water against the timbers.

But daylight brought a gathering of skeptical farmers, who reluctantly fastened the shanking bridge to the willows by heavy logging chains at the four corners of its thirty foot span.

"She'll stand all right now. We've seen it worse'n this," grunted Ezra Bead, with a quizzical squint at Noah's disturbed face. "Want any help pushing your boat off the bank?"

"If you can spare time," returned the young man, "if the bridge should break away!"

"It won't break away; the water's falling already," interrupted Ezra, examining the two inches of river that had overflowed the meadow where they stood.

By noon the Ark was moving down stream with the current. The red bridge was straining at the chains, and wagons were going round by the new cement bridge at the upper falls.

Noah made fast to a bending willow and cooked his dinner. Just as he had concluded the meal there came a grinding crash from upstream, mingled with the roar of coming waters. A little island protected the Ark from the main current, and Noah watched keenly from his safe harbor for anything that might come with the flood.

First came the red bridge end on like some queer, crazy raft teetering up and down in the strong current. Behind it bobbed one of the willows pulled from the bank by the wrecked bridge. When bridge and tree had disappeared Noah got into his skiff and rowed around the island to wait for further floating objects. Here and there along the river banks were bathhouses or occasional springhouses where the farmers obtained their drinking water. In and out of these riverside houses, which must come down with the flood, might be a human being caught unawares.

At last there was a sound of voices, and there came riding down the current a small bathhouse with its gabled roof pointing downstream, and sitting on the narrow landing, and placed the other before it and finally reached the deck, where Noah promptly yanked him aboard, skillfully relieving him of the basket at the same instant.

Noah looked curiously at them. There was Simon Bead, sunburned and dripping wet; there was undoubtedly Lem Peters, whose cranial contour indicated a fractured skull, and he would never come to a definite understanding; there was Susie Anderson, fat and flaxen haired and good naturedly sniffling, and last, because she was not the least, was a blue gown'd girl with raven hair and starry blue eyes and cheeks pink with excitement.

"Well, Simon, suppose you introduce me to your teacher and your schoolmates," he said at last.

Miss Decker looked encouragingly at Simon, who twisted his fingers in his hair and shot an agonized glance at his teacher. "That's her," he stammered, pointing a finger at his teacher. "That's Miss Molly, I mean; and that's Susie, and she never bawled once, mister, when the river flooded us and we was saying grammar; and that's Lem; he's holered some, and so did I; and say, mister, we had that ice cream last night!"

"I'm very glad," said Noah kindly, as she shook hands with Molly Decker and her two bashful charges. "Now that you're safely on the Ark—yes, this is really Noah's Ark, my name is Noah Parker—suppose we find something to eat. Perhaps Miss Decker will take you below and rummage in the kitchen while I go out and watch for more castaways."

While Noah waited around at the end of the island, Molly and the children found materials and prepared an appetizing meal for the weary Noah when he should return to the Ark.

As they gathered around the table in the pretty dining room, Molly Decker poured the tea with charming grace. Perhaps that was what aroused Susie Anderson to enthusiasm.

"Oh, Mr. Noah," she cried excitedly. "Let's play this is the real Ark, and you are Mr. Noah and Miss Molly shall be Mrs. Noah, and I will be the dove! The boys can be animals if they want to," she added generously.

"We won't play it today, dears," said Miss Molly gently, but for some unaccountable reason her cheeks flushed deeper.

"The Ark will return some other day," added Noah early, "and take all of you for a sail down the river—the whole school!"

"And Miss Molly, too?" asked Simon jealously.

"And Miss Molly if she will come," assented Noah softly, and in his heart he added that he would try to persuade her to remain forever, for at last the only girl had come to him, and he told himself that every Ark needed a Mrs. Noah.

David and Goliath By Walt Mason

Goliath, tall, majestic, grand, wore a forbidding scowl. "I am a wolf," he bellowed, "and this is my day to howl." He was the bully of the place, as history agrees; whenever people saw his face they climbed the nearest trees. With fear the residents were sick, as they for safety hid; Goliath, fresh from Bitter Creek, just bossed things as he liked. And to this champion of champs stood forth in brave array. "I'd like," he said, "to cast my lamps on any chesty jay who thinks he can poke my beard or joust me in the neck; if such there be I'll him be seen—I'll make him a wreck."

Then round the corner David came—a gentle youth was Dave; too young to know the fighting game, too young, indeed, to shave. But in his craw he had of sand a large and goodly store; he held a slinger in his hand, bought at the ten-cent store. He heard the proud Goliath's yell, and said: "Such piffle makes fifty little nephew David feel some fifty-seven aches. Just watch me while I wing—the guy and stop his loud bawling!" He hit Goliath in the eye; the people yelled "Hurroo!" And even in these humdrum days such things do often chance; the braggart brags, and while he brags he finds his name is Panca.

Fire Destroys (Continued from Page 1) Companies in Which Insured.

On stock: Northern \$13,000, London and Lancashire 12,300, Yorkshire 6,000, Scottish Union and National 4,000, British America 5,000, Hartford 5,000, Aetna 5,000, Palatine 5,000, Royal 5,000, Nova Scotia 2,500, \$48,000.

On Buildings: North British and Mercantile 2,000, Western 4,000, Fidelity Phenix 3,000, \$8,000.

On Machinery: Queen City 2,000, On Furniture and Fixtures: Palatine 1,000, Grand total \$79,000. Mr. W. H. Adamson of Toronto, will adjust the loss for all companies.

Door Intact. It was ascertained to-day that a door between the brick hide water-house and metal clad wood warehouse was not burned at all, and no evidence of fire in the vicinity of said door on either side. Yet when the firemen arrived flames were bursting from the two extreme ends.

GOOD RUGS. Good rugs, good in style, quality, and reasonable price, at Crompton's—Sale all this week. Come!

LIVER ILLS Are Cured by HOOD'S PILLS 25c.

THE RUGS YOU WANT The rugs you want for bed, dining and other rooms, you can find at Crompton's, with money saving feature thrown in. Rugs with a style to them, in every grade at Crompton's, prices from \$4.00 up. Crompton's.



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Send your collars, shirts, and other things, too, to this laundry. You'll be glad you did. Just phone 274.

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To Manitoba, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Via Chicago, St. Paul and Duluth or Saratoga and Northern Nav. Co. Winnipeg and Return \$35.00, Edmonton and Return \$43.00.

Proportionate low rates to other points. Return limit two months. Through Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars are operated to Winnipeg without change leaving Toronto 11:00 p.m. on above dates.

The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway is the shortest and quickest route between Winnipeg, Saskatoon, Edmonton. Full particulars and reservations at any Grand Trunk Ticket Office.

Tnos. J. Nelson, City Passenger Agent, Phone 80. R. WRIGHT, Station Ticket Agent, Phone 310.

Department of Railways and Canals, Canada. CANADIAN GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS. Halifax Ocean Terminals Railway, Halifax, N.S.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for docks, First St. Contract No. Halifax Ocean Terminals" will be received at this office until twelve o'clock noon Saturday, the twenty-fifth of Oct. 1913, for the construction of about 6,500 lineal feet of quay wall, foundations for buildings, sewers, dredging of harbor to a depth of 45 feet at low water and filling reclaimed areas.

Plans and specifications and form of tender may be seen and full information obtained at the office of the General Manager, Montreal, N.B., at the office of the Chief Engineer of the Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, and at the office of the Superintendent, Engineer, Halifax, N.S. The right is reserved to reject any or all tenders.

By order, L. K. JONES, Assistant Deputy Minister and Secretary, Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, Sept. 2nd, 1913.

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In a Household Pri Admirals Death

(Canadian Press Despatch) PLYMOUTH, Mass., Oct. 20.—Conditions in the household of Admiral Joseph Giles Eaton, his death by poison last week were described by neighbors trial of Mrs. Jennie May Eaton widow to-day.

Mrs. Charles M. Hill, testified in conversations with Mrs. Eaton said the admiral had married June, her daughter by a former marriage. The mixture, accord the witness' remembrance of Mrs. Eaton had told her, soap, vinegar, and either pepper salt. This testimony caused Eaton to smile.

Mrs. Magoun said she never any evidence of insanity in her husband. A Rockland tradesman, C. E. Rice, testified to Mrs. Eaton frequent airing of family troubles.

ST. JOHN'S Held a Supper and Concert The annual Thanksgiving and concert given under the auspices of the ladies of the congregation St. John's Church, Oxford street held yesterday evening, and was of the most successful affairs held in the history of the West.

The Ladies of Canada! Details of Dress are many, but most important among them is your Footwear. Style and Quality must travel with you wherever you go—foot-comfort is as essential as peace of mind. You will have style, comfort and quality if your shoes are "Slaters." Look for the "Sign of the Slate" on the sole when buying Shoes. Prices from \$4 per pair up. MANUFACTURED BY THE SLATER SHOE CO. MONTREAL, P. Q. Sole Agents for Brantford and Vicinity—THE ROBERTS & VAN-LANE Shoe Co. Limited 203 Colborne St.