

A FRENCH SENTRY AND HIS WAR DOG ON DUTY.



"WHAT WAS THAT?" AN OUTPOST ON DUTY IN FRANCE WITH A FRENCH WAR DOG. The French sentries are making good use of dogs to help them in the course of their duties. After being first used as Red Cross dogs they are taken by the sentries and outposts to help both in the trenches and to keep a sharp watch against surprise attacks.

Letters of a Canadian MR. ASQUITH AND THE EMPIRE

In an important speech recently delivered before the Canadian Club of Montreal Sir Clifford Sifton referred to the problem of Imperial reorganization. "Sir Robert Borden not long ago suggested the idea, and he expressed himself without much qualification, that in the future if Canada was to retain its present implied obligations and present relationships, something would have to be done to give Canada a voice in the foreign policy of the Empire. I believe also that Mr. Doherty, Minister of Justice, expressed the same opinion recently in the course of an address at Toronto. The Prime Minister of Great Britain, Mr. Asquith, the first administrator of the empire, has categorically stated that any such thing is impossible. Mr. Asquith has stated that any arrangement whereby the Dominions shall exercise a voice in the settlement of the foreign policy of the Empire is totally and entirely out of the question."

charge of as many Imperial functions as possible. Colonial representatives are always welcomed in the Imperial Defence Committee, and the process is not to stop with consultation. Speaking in Toronto in 1913 Mr. Herbert Samuel insisted without any qualification that whenever the Dominions were prepared to enter into the Government of the Empire, the present Imperial Government was ready to receive them. He could not have made such a momentous declaration without the consent of Mr. Asquith and his colleagues. Mr. Asquith has not therefore closed the way to Imperial federation or to any other effective form of Imperial union.

PRODUCTIVE PATRIOTISM

Boston Herald.—The grain acreage in Canada will be increased from 30 to 50 per cent this year. This is the result of the appeal of England that Canada do more to help feed the empire in the present crisis. In this matter as in the raising of men and money, Canada is showing its loyalty in a very practical manner and living well up to its watchword of "patriotism and production."

USE "TIZ" FOR SORE, TIRED FEET

"TIZ" for puffed-up, aching, smarting, calloused feet and corns.



Good-bye sore feet, burning feet, swollen feet, smelly feet, tired feet. Good-bye corns, callouses, bunions and raw spots. No more shoe tightness, no more limping with pain or drawing up your face in agony. "TIZ" is magical, acts right off. "TIZ" draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up the feet—the only remedy that does. Use "TIZ" and wear smaller shoes. Ah! how comfortable your feet will feel "TIZ" is a delight. "TIZ" is harmless. Get a 25 cent box of "TIZ" now at any drug or department store. Don't suffer. Have good feet, glad feet, feet that never swell, never hurt, never get tired. A year's foot comfort guaranteed or money refunded.

The MASQUERADER

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

"So I imagined," he said, "though, on my soul, I never really credited it. To have gained so much and to have thrown it away for a common vice!" He made an exclamation of disgust. Chilcote gave an unsteady laugh. "You judge hardly," he said. "The other repeated his sound of contempt. 'Justly so. No man has the right to squander what another would give his soul for. It lessens the general respect for power.'" "You are a believer in power?" The tone was sarcastic, but the sarcasm sounded thin. "Yes. All power is the outcome of individuality, either past or present. I find no sentiment for the man who plays with it." "The quiet contempt of the tone stung Chilcote. 'Do you imagine that Lexington has no fight?' he asked impulsively. 'Can't you picture the man's struggle while the vice that had been slave gradually became master?' He stopped to take breath, and in the cold pause that followed it seemed to him that the other made a murmur of incredulity. 'Perhaps you think of morphia as a pleasure?' he added. 'Think of it, instead, as a tyrant that tortures the mind if held to and the body if cast off.' Urged by the darkness and the silence of his companion, the rein of his speech had loosened. In that moment he was not Chilcote, the member for East Wark, whose moods and silences were proverbial, but Chilcote the man whose mind craved the relief of speech. 'You talk as the world talks—out of ignorance and self righteousness,' he went on. 'Before you condemn Lexington you should put yourself in his place.' 'As you do?' the other laughed. 'Suspecting and inoffensive as the laugh was it startled Chilcote. With a sudden alarm he pulled himself up. 'I?' He tried to echo the laugh, but the attempt fell flat. 'Oh, I merely speak from—from De Quincey. But I believe this fog is shifting—I really believe it is shifting. Can you oblige me with a light? I had almost forgotten that a man may still smoke though he has been deprived of sight.' He spoke fast and disjointedly. He was overwhelmed by the idea that he had let himself go and possessed by the wish to obliterate the consequences. As he talked he fumbled for his cigarette case. His hand was bent as he searched for it nervously. Without looking up he was conscious that the cloud of fog that held him prisoner was lifting, rolling away, closing back again, preparatory to final disappearance. Having found the case, he put a cigarette between his lips and raised his hand at the moment that the stranger drew a match across his box. For a second each stared blankly at the other's face, suddenly made visible.

sically. "But, pardon me, you are still waiting for that light?" "Chilcote still held the cigarette between his lips, the paper had become dry, and he moistened it as he leaned toward his companion. "Don't mind me," he said. "I'm rather—rather unstrung tonight, and this thing gave me a jar. To be candid, my imagination took head in the fog, and I got to fancying I was talking to myself." "And pulled up to find the fancy in some way real?" "Yes, something like that." "Both were silent for a moment. Chilcote pulled hard at his cigarette, then, remembering his obligations, he turned quickly to the other. "Won't you smoke?" he asked. The stranger accepted a cigarette from the case held out to him, and as he did so the extraordinary likeness to himself struck Chilcote with added force. Involuntarily he put out his hand and touched the other's arm. "It's my nerves," he said in explanation. "They make me want to feel that you are substantial. Nerves play such beastly tricks!" He laughed awkwardly. The other glanced up. His expression on the moment was slightly surprised, slightly contemptuous, but he changed it instantly to conventional interest. "I am afraid I am not an authority on nerves," he said. "But Chilcote was preoccupied. His thoughts had turned into another channel. "How old are you?" he asked suddenly. "The other did not answer immediately. 'My age?' he said at last slowly. 'Oh, I believe I shall be thirty-six tomorrow, to be quite accurate.'" Chilcote lifted his head quickly. "Why do you use that tone?" he asked. "I am six months older than you, and I only wish it was six years. Six year nearer oblivion!" "Again a slight incredulous contempt crossed the other's eyes. 'Oblivion?' he said. "Where are your ambitions?" "They don't exist." "Don't exist? Yet you voice your country? I concluded that much in the fog." Chilcote laughed sarcastically. "When one has voiced one's country for six years one gets hoarse. It's a natural consequence." "The other smiled. 'Ah, discontent!' he said. 'The modern canker. But we must both be getting under way. Good night. Shall we shake hands—to prove that we are genuinely material?' Chilcote had been standing unusually still, following the stranger's words, caught by his self reliance and impressed by his personality. Now, as he ceased to speak, he moved quickly forward, impelled by a nervous curiosity. "Why should we just hail each other and pass—like the proverbial ships?" he said impulsively. "If nature was careless enough to let the reproduction meet the original she must abide the consequences." The other laughed, but his laugh was short. "Oh, I don't know. Our roads lie differently. You would get nothing out of me, and I!" He stopped and again laughed shortly. "No," he said. "I'd be content to pass if I were you. The unsuccessful man is seldom a profitable study. Shall we say good night?" He took Chilcote's hand for an instant, then, crossing the footpath, he passed into the roadway toward the Strand. It was done in a moment, but with his going a sense of loss fell upon Chilcote. He stood for a space, newly conscious of unfamiliar faces and unfamiliar voices in the stream of passers-by. Then, suddenly mastered by an impulse, he wheeled rapidly and darted after the tall, lean figure so ridiculously like his own. Halfway across Trafalgar square he overtook the stranger. He had passed on one of the small stone islands that break the current of traffic and was waiting for an opportunity to cross the street. In the glare of light from the lamp above his head Chilcote saw for the first time that, under a remarkable neatness of appearance, his clothes were well worn—almost shabby. The discovery struck him with something stronger than surprise. The idea of poverty seemed incongruous in connection with the reliance, the reserve, the personality of the man. With a certain embarrassed haste he stepped forward and touched his arm. "Look here," he said as the other turned quietly. "I have followed you to exchange cards. It can't injure either of us, and I—I wish to know my other self." He laughed nervously as he drew out his cardcase. (To be Continued)

PROGRESS OF THE WAR

London Times.—We shall do well to preserve a due sense of proportion in contemplating the most recent episodes of the war. The real spring campaign in the west has hardly yet begun, and until it does we must not read any evidence of far-reaching designs into local successes. The French have given us a very cautious definition of their fresh advances between the Meuse and the Moselle. They speak of them as "offensive reconnaissances and attacks." Omaha insists on autoists parking motors in the centres of business streets. C. R. Willeman of New Brighton, Staten Island, is building a foot foot aeroplane.

CASTORIA

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

Take Notice That

1. The Council of the Corporation of the City of Brantford intends to construct concrete walks on the streets and between the limits set forth in the following schedule as local improvements, and intends to specially assess the whole of the cost thereof (except the cost of street intersections, which said cost is not included in the estimated cost hereinafter mentioned) upon the lands abutting directly on the works respectively. 2. The estimated cost of the works is the amount set opposite the same respectively (exclusive of the cost of street intersections), and the estimated special rate per foot frontage is the amount set opposite the works respectively. The special assessment is to be paid in twenty annual instalments, and the estimated lifetime of the said works is twenty years. 3. Persons desiring to petition against the undertaking of any of the works mentioned must do so on or before the 5th day of June, 1915.

SCHEDULE table with columns: Int. No., Street, Side, From, To, Width, Est. Cost annum, Est. rate per foot front. Includes streets like Broad Bruce, Carlyle, Campbell, etc.

Dated this 5th day of May, 1915. H. F. LEONARD, City Clerk.

LONG'S SPECIAL SALE of LINOLEUMS and LACE CURTAINS. See These Before Buying! Beautiful Dining-Room Suite—Buffet, Extension Table, China Cabinet, 1 Arm and 5 Small Chairs—all solid oak and solid leather upholstery. ONLY \$75.00 Think of it! M. E. Long Furnishing Co., Limited 83-85 COLBORNE STREET

"Cubist" Patterns in extra fine suits—and overcoats—built to your individual order—and they look the part—Let us demonstrate to YOU the real value of "Broadbent" Hand Tailored Clothes. They are comfortably upholstered for all bodies—and are made in two speeds—CONSERVATIVE—FASTIDIOUS—for particular men. BROADBENT JAEGER'S AGENT 4 MARKET ST. Also entrance through United Cigar Stores, Colborne St.

Keep Out the Flies! If in need of screens for doors or windows you will find our stock has the variety and quality to enable you to choose your supply. HOWIE & FEELY Temple Building Dalhousie Street

LAST EDITION FORTY-FIFTH YEAR CRI LOCAL Loco Gro More Brantford the Falle Hall and List --- Co Home, A

The price that 'G' comes in the recent brilliant of the fibre and quality Battalion begins to gro evident as one by one trickle through the office Ottawa. Today's list contain boys, Pte. W. Kerr and Hawke, both lads being and well known. W. K. of County Constable K. Hawke was well known Knights' circles, and c. Active service letters were common in the city the mail posted before however pleasing, was cent, in the thought of i have occurred since the penned. To-day's casualty list PTE. W. KERR, wounded. PTE. JOHN HAWKE, Park St.; broken ankle Hospital. PTE. W. HALL, 23 W—wounded. PTE. JACK GRANT, A PTE. R. CROSS W. Sends the Courier a pos of Field Service pattern, the cepic information th and has received no lette time, which means that a cel of papers, etc. has in transmission. A lett of how the Brantford i under fire can be expect versatile and clever sold ters have long been a p pondence with this jour humorous and descript much enjoyed.

FEELING IN German Pre View and For Italy's By Special Wire to the Rome, May 5.—(via G erland, to Paris) May 4 quarters, where the tra Italy is known, and no the anti-Austrian feeling unveiling of the Gariba at Quarto Sant' Elena, to-day that the possibil between Italy and Aust been so probable. NEVER SO G This fact, it was ass to Austria at last really was really determined t order to secure the ter rule, Italy's right to u acknowledged by Aus negotiations for their r gun. The differences bet countries now concern of the territories to be Austria to Italy, the fo tenting is a relative made. The greatest obs cerns Trieste. IN SHORT T Prince Von Buelow ambassador, is said to that if he can induce E the Italian foreign mi up claim on Trieste a constitution into a free ment between Austria a be reached in a relat The ambassador added concessions by Austria she understands the ne even what to her is a sacrifice with a view to causes of friction bet countries and ensuring ity in the war at pres her loyal support later AVOIDED COMPL In his interview wit