

CONFESSIONS OF A GUN RUNNER

All Country Side Conspired on Rainy Night to Consume it—Historic Ride After Red Light Through the Mist.

A private writer describes his experiences during the recent gun-running episode in Ulster as follows: BELFAST.—It was on a night in the last of April that I was asked by a man who must be nameless (we are not mentioning names much in this business) to see that my tires were right; and to bring a trustworthy friend, and food for 12 hours. He was uncertain about the job, but he hoped that it would be gun-running. I got Jack, and at half past five we left the garage and went up to the top of the Horseshoe Hill, just at the back of the Cave Hill.

I found there were repair cars planted in among us, and found one chap who fixed up my burst tire, and who cheerfully ordered me to perdition when I asked him his charge. And men came around with petrol tins, filling us to overflowing, and leaving us an extra tin for luck. One of the young autoocrats sorted out North and South Tyrone, and Antrim and Armagh cars, and drew us up in line, and we lit our lamps, and some one hollered, "All South Tyrone cars go," and off we went, I behind a big, heavy Rolls-Royce, with a flaring red light, which I had reason to be thankful for, because we had hardly gone a mile when my headlights, with new burners, especially cleaned and tested for the occasion, went hopelessly out, and I had to plunge on in the dark, in the cold, obscuring rain, desperately sticking to the big red light in front, through the long winding lane which runs through Ballyclare.

Then we began to go off in sections of 12 cars, and then disappeared around a corner, and I would steer desperately to where the corner might be, until I saw its welcome face again. For the rain made my glasses hopeless, and I could not see without them, and we were all going "hell for leather," at 30 miles an hour, around the corners, and I daren't lose the big red light. By the grace of God I clung to it, though after every corner I heard Jack heave a sigh of relief. Once we hit a pile of stones on the side, and I thought we were over; most we scraped the ditch, but we got through.

Through Cheering Ballyclare Ballyclare was up and out, cheering along the streets, and volunteers began to appear, lining the roads and clustering in groups at the corners. Says Williams: "We were ordered to keep 25 paces behind, but who could do it? For we were all thirsting to get there, lest we should miss our load; and we went over the moors to Larne, and came to a halt in a jumble of cars all along the high road that drops down into Larne. We were pressed close together—so close that I had to crawl over my bonnet once to get my starting handle, and there we clung for an hour while I tried in vain to light my headlights, and had at last to fall back on my oil siphons, which barely made darkness visible.

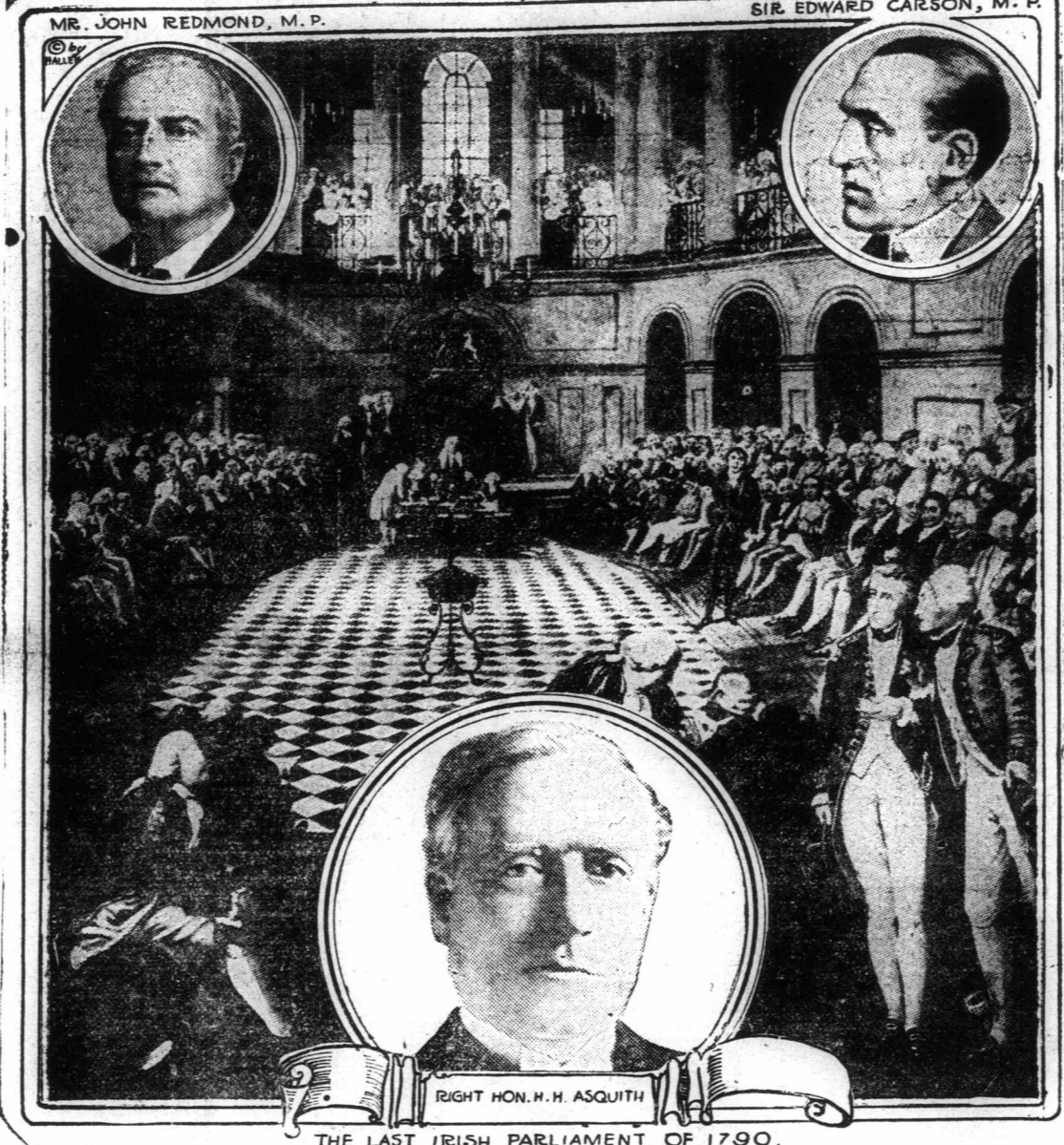
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SCENE AT LAST IRISH PARLIAMENT AND PRINCIPALS IN PRESENT FIGHT OVER THE IRISH HOME RULE BILL



(With the passage of the Irish Home Rule Bill by Commons, an armed clash with Ulster is looked for in London. The measure, bitterly opposed by Sir Edward Carson and other Unionist members, passed, 351 to 274. The end of the struggle came quite suddenly, the Unionists refusing to debate the bill without further information as to the government's intentions in regard to the proposed amending measure. Premier Asquith lifted a corner of the veil, but Andrew Bonar Law, leader of the opposition, declared Asquith had not told them anything. To discuss the third reading under the circumstances would, he said, be futile and ridiculous.

they were loaded. Then some one came along shouting, "South Tyrone can go," and we moved off, needing, just as we reached Larne street, a man who jumped on the car, quipped, "South Tyrone," and added, "Go quickly, don't waste time; come back along this road," and off we tore through Larne streets into the grounds, past his house, through his gardens, and out of his entrance gates and into Larne streets again, and down to the quay, where there was a big boat with two cranes going in the glare of light, lading out big handfuls of sacks, and beside it two smaller boats with their cranes going, transshipping away from the big boat.

Later I learned that one of these was for Bangor and one for Donaghadee, where cars were waiting for them and that in these places the post-offices were seized, the wires were cut, and the police barracks and coast guard stations surrounded, lest word should go to the authorities in Dublin and complications occur. Most Disgraceful Proceedin'. Also, I learned that the customs officer got through and protested against this violation of the law, which, as you know, prohibits at present any importation of arms into Ulster. He was politely escorted away, and went to the head constable, who cordially agreed with him that it was "a most disgraceful proceeding."

When I reached the loading place I found a giant of a man, with sweat pouring from him, tossing the packages, each as heavy as a heavy man, to a number of fellows, who looked at William's ticket, and pitched six sacks into us. Some one bawled, "Go off quickly," and off we went, tearing through Larne streets by another route, through crowds of cheering people, who kept the way open; back to the high road, and there one of our side lamps came out and scattered along the road, and we had to bid our section go, on while we went back to look for it.

We found it at another section came up, also South Tyrone, and joined on to them, behind a big car, with blazing headlights, that lit our way for us through the rain and the mist which had now come on again worse than ever.

Groups Cheer Them. Then along by the shores of Lough Neagh to Crumlin, on through Ballinacorney to Moira where daylight met us, for our way was punctured by stops, owing to the single tube tires of another car which insisted on bursting. From Moira we went on through Lurgan and Portadown, all the road lined with volunteers, and the people out of houses, yelling encouragement at us, and wishing us "safe journey." The groups cheered and we waved back. We felt we were as one people, in union with our kind. If there were any in Ulster of a different opinion, they kept behind closed doors that night.

We went through Portadown, out by Verner's Bridge, to Dungannon. There we were stopped, about 100 of us together all the South Tyrone contingent, and checked and sent off on our different ways. We went by a windy, stony road (it was now a pleasant and smiling spring morning) to Annahugh, which lies by the village of Ballyroney, which lies at the end of Gally's Speed.

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Mann's Coal. We Have Plenty of Coal Have You? Secret Was Well Kept. No one knew the night, the port, or the methods, except a handful of

CUT OFF THE BRIM OF YOUR SUMMER HAT

CHICAGO, June 16.—Cut off the brim of your hat, says James Henry Ashley's message in an appeal at the Open Forum for good citizenship. Mr. Ashley is a former president of the Prairie club and an advocate of the return to nature. "People seldom see the sky in Chicago," said Mr. Ashley. "The brims of their hats interrupt their angles of vision, and they are too busy looking at the sidewalks to keep from being run down. Their horizons are broken by houses of brick and stone. So they neither look upward nor sideways. They lose their contact with the heat out of doors and become bad citizens. Cut the brims off your hats, or, better still, wear no hats at all and restore the connection with nature."

I USE "TIZ" FOR SORE, TIRED FEET

"TIZ" for puffed-up, Aching, sweaty, calloused feet and corns.



Good-bye sore feet, burning feet, swollen feet, sweaty feet, smelling feet, tired feet. Good-bye corns, calouses, bunions and raw spots. No more shoe tightness, no more limping with pain, or drawing up your face in agony. We had only to run our load, and what struck me most was the willingness, the eager co-operation, and the enthusiasm of everybody. What I admired was the steady silent patience of the men who lined the roads, all the damp and weary night to protect us from the Nationalists, who would have paved the road with broken bottles, or stretched wire across it at the level of our head, as they had done before when they have suspected there would be gun-running, or the attempt of the police to hold up the main body or the divided sections.

BLIND MAN ON PHONE EXCHANGE

Has Been Sightless 33 Years But Does His Work and Satisfies People.

M'CURTAIN, Okla., June 15.—A general private telephone exchange in the eastern part of Oklahoma, operated by blind men, who do their work as rapidly and intelligently as with perfect vision. But they have a telephone exchange operated by a blind man who tends to all the other work of the exchange. T. M. Warrell, thirty-three years of age, is a half-blind man. He has been blind since he was a boy. He learned to operate the switchboard by first testing and feeling the wires as nearly as possible. He follows the wires with his fingers, and the broken part is found and mended. In operating the switchboard, Warrell can answer and connect calls as quickly as though he were not blind. He clears the switchboard by first testing and feeling the wires as nearly as possible. He follows the wires with his fingers, and the broken part is found and mended. In operating the switchboard, Warrell can answer and connect calls as quickly as though he were not blind. He clears the switchboard by first testing and feeling the wires as nearly as possible. He follows the wires with his fingers, and the broken part is found and mended.

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70 Columns FORTY-FOURTH Work A ROUSING AT SCOTLAND OF CONS Biggest Meeting luge--Messrs brook Were Received by Mr. W. S. Brewster and Mr. Westbrooke, Conservative M.P. for South and North Brant, held a joint meeting at last night in Dublin Hall, Belfast. It was the largest and most iastic ever held in the V.I. Scotland. The hall was crowded. Liberals held a meeting there before, but the Conservative was attended by 1,200 as many as the Liberal meeting. It was the universal opinion present that Mr. Westbrooke developed most rapidly since his election to the legislature, and he a finished speaker with a full of the affairs of the province would be a credit to any Irish Mr. Westbrooke dealt with cord of the Whitney govern Mr. W. S. Brewster, daily powerful speech and dealt statements made by the speakers at their meeting a news evening. He criticized the for having made the system of the Whitney Government, crossed the expenditure of a since from the million to the million. He said that the fact the expenditure does not eleven million dollars. Mr. B showed that notwithstanding that the expenditure had in the revenue had increased tonately, and that during the Consravative Registr Appealed Against Sustained by Court Out of 50 appeals against the registration of hood suffrage voters recently fected by the Conservatives, by one name was laid aside morning by the appeal board that voter already has a vote the township as a resident. The tactical nature of the machine methods in ent scores of appeals against who have every right to vote the approaching contest was exposed this morning. Name name was called and was not a title of evidence support the appeals made by Grit machine. The result that the names of those reged by the Conservatives sta the list. The appeal board consists Magistrate Livingston, J. Hardy and Registrar Graham view of the argument that a opportunity ought to be aff those appealed against to ap it was decided to adjourn Friday morning at 11 o'clock if necessary a night session be held. HE MAY REFEREE PARIS, June 15.—The referee of the heavy weight boxing contest of Europe has been named as referee of the fight between which is to be held in Paris. Numerous officials of the Frenchmen have been named as referee, but Carpano, an Italian able to both sides, is thought the French boxer will appoint Unloaded First Freight To Jim Smith, an honor of having been away the first load on the N. railway. The train from Galt.