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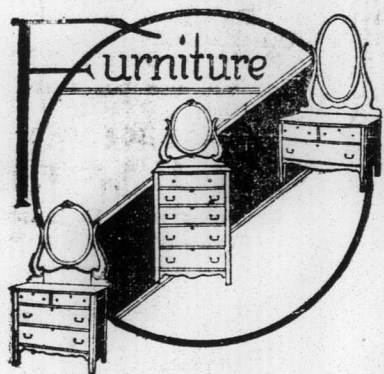
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**The Diamond
From the Sky**

By ROY L. McCARDELL

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meanwhile a fair vision was on the threshold of Abraham Bloom's private "club." This fair vision was none other than the stunningly attired and vivacious woman of the world, Vivian Marston.

Abe's "club" was on a quiet side street. The supposed "New York society belle" ran little risk of being seen by any of Richmond's "best society people" at 4 in the afternoon as she hurriedly passed from her waiting cab into the double doorway of the "clubhouse."

Abraham Bloom received the supposed "New York society leader" with an astonishing air of friendly familiarity. Vivian Marston may not have been a society leader in New York, as the rest of Richmond supposed, but it was true enough that she was a gay New Yorker, and Mr. Bloom had met her there on more occasions than one when he had visited the gay metropolis.

"Surprised to see me in your town, Abe?" asked Vivian gayly. "Well, I met one of your society dames, Mrs. Randolph, at Palm Beach last winter. I made a hit with her, and I am here as her guest."

"She gives that big blowout you hear so much about tonight. I want to pick up some rich guy of Richmond and marry and settle down among the southern aristocracy. I have got plenty of fine clothes, but I had to hock my ice in New York to get them and get here."

"I want to beg, borrow or steal a fine outfit of jewelry, and I want you to help me get the loan of some, unless you get enlargement of the heart and present it to me."

"Six on that generosity stuff, Vi, old girl," replied Mr. Bloom. "Business is bum. There's no money in Richmond except the old Confederate bills they printed here by the ton during the war. But I got a brother who runs a hock shop."

"And you and your brother catch them coming and going," wittily interjected the New York society leader, so called. "After you break the booby your hock shop brother gets their jewelry."

"Never you mind about that, kiddo," replied Mr. Bloom affably. "I'll give you a note to brother Ike to lend you all the ice in the refrigerator. He'll fix you out with sparklers till you'll look like a chandelier."

The lady departed from Mr. Bloom's establishment with a compelling note to his brother, the pawnbroker. The best Mr. Ike Bloom had in the shop was the diamond from the sky. In a fatal moment he displayed it to the opulent looking lady friend of his brother, Miss Marston of New York, and that dazzling young person had eyes for nothing else.

"That for me," she cried, "and nothing else! It would be a sacrilege to wear anything else with that!"

"Be very careful of it," warned the cautious Bloom reluctantly. "I don't know where it came from, but when you wear that I know you are wearing one of the finest diamonds in the world!"

"They can't come too good for me, Mr. Bloom," said Vivian, as she gazed enraptured at the great jewel in its antique setting.

That night Vivian Marston, in all her luxuriant beauty, set off as it was by the diamond of the sky blazing on her fair bosom, was the cynosure of all eyes at Mrs. Randolph's ball as she stood with her hostess in the receiving line.

Arthur and Blair gazed at her beauty, but stared as if turned to stone to see the diamond from the sky gleaming on the bosom of this fair stranger in Richmond.

Hagar, admitted as soon as her application reached the hostess, happy to have the novel diversion of real gypsies to tell fortunes at her ball, gasped, too, to see the diamond flaunted boldly by this dark, luxurious stranger from the great city.

She thought Arthur had given this bold faced beauty the diamond from the sky, and her heart again hardened to him.

Esther, dazzled by the lights and the luxury, clung timidly to Hagar's arm. She had never seen the diamond from the sky before nor had she ever heard its history.

Outside Luke Lovell jolted idly, awaiting to guard Hagar and Esther back from the ball when the function should come to an end.

"Shall we have the fortunes first?" asked the hostess of her guest from New York. "It will be great fun and help to get things started."

Hagar had given no sign of recognition to Arthur, and he in turn was relieved that his gypsy mother did not seem intent on creating any scene. He stood aloof with Blair and silent, and both of them gazed from afar as though fascinated at the diamond from the sky blazing on the breast of Vivian Marston.

How came it here? was the thought of both of them, for in all their recognition they had sedulously avoided discussing the baffling gem of their ancestor.

"I have a wondrous fortune to tell this lady," said Hagar huskily as she

indicated Vivian. "Will the lady go aside and wait for me?"

"What fun! You must tell me all your wondrous fortunes! Now, don't forget!" exclaimed Mrs. Randolph as Vivian Marston smiled and nodded assent to this and glided away to a seat by a low, heavily curtained window in the small tea room off the great Randolph parlors.

Vivian had just settled herself with the serene self-satisfaction that she



A Strong Hand Clutched at Her Throat. was the sensation of the evening, she and the great blazing gem upon her breast. Then she saw Hagar, leaving Esther to be gently patronized by Mrs. Randolph, coming toward her to tell her fortune.

She settled herself back in the low gilt chair against the parted velvet hangings of the window, and then she felt a strong hand clutch at her throat, throttling her through the curtains so she could not shriek aloud. Then a heavy forearm drew back her shapeless neck, and the strangling hand loosened its hold on her neck and snatched away boldly the diamond from the sky.

(To be continued.)

**SEVEN VESSELS SUNK;
SEVERAL LIVES LOST**

During the week-end seven steamers were reported sunk in European waters, presumably by Teuton submarines. The total tonnage was 22,217 and the total loss of life is unknown.

London, Nov. 12.—All on board were lost, it is believed, when the French steamship St. Malo, of 1,243 tons was sunk by a German submarine near the Island of Guernsey, in the English Channel Sunday. Twelve bodies have been washed up on the shores of Guernsey.

Among the other victims of the submarine war were the Norwegian steamship Wascana of 4,969 tons, the crew of which was saved, and the Italian steamer Bosnia was sunk near Ghando Island, south of Crete, by an Austrian submarine. The passengers and crew got away safely. The fourth, containing 19 persons, is missing.

The Bosnia was 2,561 tons gross, and was built in 1898. She was 307 feet long, 39 feet beam and 25 feet deep. She was owned by the Societa Nazionale di Servizi Marittima of Rome.

Reports from Bordeaux state that the Spanish steamship Bernabe, of 2,328 tons, registered at Bilbao, has been lost. Ten of the crew of 24 are missing. The despatch does not state how the Bernabe met her fate.

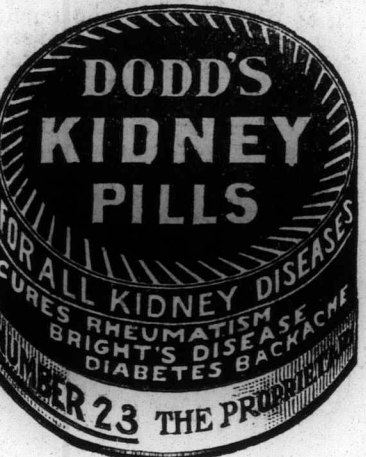
TWO BRITISH SHIPS LOST
The British steamships Sir Richard Awdry, of 2,234 tons, and Den of Crombie, of 4,949 tons, have been saved. The crew of the latter was saved.

The former vessel was 275 feet long, 44 feet beam and 19 feet deep. She was built at Port Glasgow in 1912, and owned by the Pekin Syndicate Limited, of London.

The Den of Crombie presumably was on her way through the Mediterranean, as she left Bangkok, Siam, on October 10 for Havana, her probable route being by way of the Suez canal.

The Italian steamer Firenze, 3,973 tons gross, has been sunk by a submarine. Twenty-seven passengers and 96 members of the crew are missing. The Firenze was last reported to have sailed from Genoa on October 12 to Alexandria. The despatch fails to state whether she was sunk in the Mediterranean. The steamer was owned by the Societa Nazionale di Servizi and her port of registry was Genoa. She was 344 feet long, with a beam of 44 feet, and was built at Stesia in 1912.

Sir Allan Aylesworth made a powerful appeal for recruits, pointing out that Britain was at war and Canada was a part of Britain.



**"HUMAN FREIGHT CAR"
WAS GOOD-NATURED**

Ed. Dunkhorst Told Many Funny Stories With Himself "the Goat."

There was genuine sorrow among old-time ring followers when the death of big Ed. Dunkhorst was announced. Dunkhorst was formerly Bob Fitzsimmons' sparring partner, and was known as the "Human Freight Car."

In fighting trim Dunk weighed about 500 pounds, and was the largest man that ever aspired for pugilistic honors. His death was due to kidney trouble. Several years ago a specialist told him his great weight would some day cause his death, as it interfered with his heart action.

For the last ten years Dunkhorst has made a good living playing the part of a country schoolboy in vaudeville. No one ever heard big Ed. knock a fellow man and his genial nature won him many lasting friends.

"GOAT" IN HIS OWN STORIES
As a story teller he had few equals, and the victim in most of his jokes was himself.

Dunk was a native of Oswego, N. Y. He started out in Syracuse, the home of Tommy Ryan and several brothers still reside there in comfortable circumstances. Although Dunk made \$500 a week on the stage, he did not save anything for the proverbial rainy day, and died without a penny to his name. He was 71 for about three months.

BIG ED LIKED HIS FOOD.
Dunk was a big eater, and liked fancy trimmings with his food, but he refrained from indulging in intoxicating drinks. Dunkhorst was a warm friend to Fitzsimmons until one night at a theatre Fitz played a cruel joke on Ed, that caused hard feelings to spring up.

The split was caused by Fitz handing Dunk a red-hot horseshoe during the performance of a "Village Blacksmith."

While visiting his old manager, Matt Glaser, last spring, the pair walked into a cafe and ordered a couple of sandwiches. When the bill was presented to Glaser the cost of Ed's sandwich was 50 cents. "How's this?" asked Matt of the proprietor. The hotel man then explained that he did not think an ordinary sandwich would appease Ed's appetite, so he made him a three star special. "All right," said Matt, "the next time I drop in I will bring a jockey with me and perhaps get a cut price in sandwiches."

PIANO TRUCK HIS CAB.
While showing in New York Dunkhorst wanted to treat himself to a good night's sleep in the swellest hotel in town. He got a \$10 room and went to bed. During his slumber the bed broke down. Ed. sent in a call for help and the clerk called him up on the phone.

"Send for a conveyance. I shall leave the hotel at once," shouted Ed. In a short time Dunk was dressed and down in the office. "There's your cab," said the clerk as a big piano truck drove up to the door. "Thanks," said Ed, as he dashed out and hopped on the truck. The driver took his load of human freight to a nearby hotel, much to the amusement of the fighter.

In a small Indiana town several years ago Ed got into a dispute about a contract with the manager. The house wanted to cancel his turn, but Ed would not be fluffed and went to his dressing room to prepare for the stage. While dressing the chief of police walked into the theatre and hunted up Dunk to serve the warrant.

He found Ed in the dressing room. The chief was a wee bit of a fellow and looked like a messenger boy in uniform. When he handed Ed the warrant the latter opened it as though it were a telegram. Then he tore it up, and turning to the chief, handed him a dime and shouted, "No answer, boy."

Ed. started to walk over a railway trestle one time when the night watchman halted him. "See yer," said the old tad, "kape off that bridge. It's no place for you. I ain't going to hurt your old bridge," said Ed with a growl. "I know yer not," responded the night watchman, "but I'm afraid the river will splash up and hit you in the face when the bridge starts to bend."

Don't scold your fretful peevish child. See if tongue is coated; this is a sure sign its little stomach, liver and bowels are clogged with sour waste.

When listless, pale, feverish, full of cold, breath bad, throat sore, doesn't eat, sleep or act naturally, has stomach-ache, indigestion, diarrhoea, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the foul waste, the sour bile and fermenting food passes out of the bowels and you have a well and playful child again. Children love this harmless "fruit laxative," and mothers can rest easy after giving it, because it never fails to make their little "insides" clean and sweet.

Keep it handy, mother! A little given to-day saves a sick child tomorrow, but get the genuine. Ask your druggist for a fifty cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. Remember there are counterfeits sold here, so surely look and see that yours is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company." Hand back with contempt any other fig syrup.

EVEN CROSS, SICK CHILDREN LOVE SYRUP OF FIGS

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